

Exercises:

The following were all bits n pieces of exercises I wrote for English 306 : creative writing. All for different purposes.. .

These are my favorites:

C. Joy Wood

Exercise # 4

I am Garcia Marquez

This exercise is to write a story/snippet that uses no punctuation.

Run faster and do not look behind you careful you do not want to trip and fall and catch your death yes I am serious and no you can not look back I just said do not look back why do you keep looking back See I told you not to look back now your going to get squished by that huge foot wow how did you dodge that that is an amazing trick I wish I had tried it before I lost my leg to canon yes a canon what you cant tell Im really a pirate too bad we cant exchange more stories but that foot is about to try for round two because you keep looking back do you have a death wish aww man now I will look stupid talking to myself whoops here comes that foot again looks like death wont be avoiding me today

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Exercise # 5

Short and Long

This exercise is to work on the difference between short sentences (up to 7 words per sentence) and long sentences (7+ words per sentence).

The Short Escape

Word Count: 138

“Shush!” Clink. Clank. The chains dropped on the floor. Hands from the darkness materialized. Grabbing. Grasping flesh. “Shush.” It was the same voice. My Hope. My only noise was a whimper. This time would be freedom. Silence broken only once. My whimper. My noise. Hefted to my feet. Hands return to the darkness. My Hope. “I’ve got you.” The door creaks open. A thud. Keys shuffling. I walk forward. Hope was draining.

My feet hurt. How long was this walk? Thud. Thud. How many to die? Thud. Thud. Was that my heart? Was it bodies? Thud. Thud. Is that light? Sunlight cascading. Hands from the light appeared. Freedom is close. It was so close. I'm tired... so tired... The light hurts. Burning against my skin. Why had I craved this? This light that burns. Did freedom always burn?

The Long Passage

Word Count: 206

It began when Kael'thas first stepped into the hole in the ground someone thought humorlessly to call a temple. It was a dark maw waiting to swallow anyone who came close to it. Hesper was the first one down into the darkness of the hungry pit. It was her bright, natural glow that illuminated the pit and showed the rich, black earth that held the hole open. The humming in his bones increased with every hesitant step into the maw of the beast. The cave was alive from the earthy, pungent smell that barely covered up the darker, rich scent of blood. The thought of his element made the humming in his bones deepen and almost sent him to one knee. Any minute his friends would see the tremble in his hands and his knees, compromising him for any fights that they might find below. It had really started deep in his fingers, the shaking that was now creeping up his body. As a warrior with a warrior's pride he did his best to cover the shaking that now threatened his entire being. Then suddenly with all the warning of an earthquake the humming and trembling stopped and Kael'thas found himself face to face with himself.

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Exercise # 6

Again & Again & Again, Part 1

This exercise was to repeat a word at least three times that wasn't a common word like was, that or said.

Addictions

I have said in my time, many things about habits and addictions. I claimed my only addictions were drinking coca-cola and eating pizza. I suppose it was a shock to discover at the end of my life I had missed one of my addictions. I think the big rig filled with coca-cola also found my addiction for getting in the way of objects larger than myself to be pesky.

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Exercise # 10

Telling it Slant

Using only 2 characters with dialogue a/b as characters nothing else tell a story.

A: That's dinner? The skinny blond with obvious hair extensions?

B: Don't knock it, she'll be easy.

A: Easy isn't a word I'd of used.

B: You're a prude! All these centuries and I never realized it- but you're a stuck up prude!

A: Just because I realized the modern era has brought interesting diseases that can be shared through the blood...

B: Most of which can't affect us. You're a paranoid prude! Are you sure you want to even hunt here? I wouldn't want to offend your eating habits by lowering the standards.

A: One more word out of you and I'll send you to the elders.

B: Word. Singular. Spoken with the intent to piss you off.

A:

B: So your tastes run more toward the humans like that one? Tall, dark and so broody that I can almost see a rain cloud over it's head?

A: The modern term is *Emo*. And yes, that one at least doesn't look like a reject fresh off the cheer leading squad.

B: *Emo*.... Oh Damn the blond has a date.

A: Ha! My dinner won't be snatched so easily. The Crowd practically pulses away from the corner where it sits.

B: Peh, like our corner? I swear the archetypes for our kind make me want to swear off reading.

A: Your just biased because we can't flaunt our natural aptitude to lead sheep to the slaughter without becoming slaughtered ourselves.

B: So true. So, my little prude, what do you recommend on the menu? This is after all your club and your cliental.

A: So the student returns to the master? Ow! Hitting my ankle will hardly stop my moment of gloating!

B: And yet the pain made me feel better.

A:I think the brunette at the bar. The shy little mouse would surely offer a bit of entertainment for you. Easy enough to draw off without gathering unwanted attention to yourself... or the attention of the police...

B: Well I'll be damned again! The blond was a cop. That'll make the papers and rags tomorrow. For shame, running a brothel!

A: I can't stop patrons from getting laid or doing business at the club. My membership may drop temporarily but you watch in three weeks we'll be turning away people at the door.

B: The blond was a plant wasn't it?

A: Of course. I can't stop thanking the fools who gave us a tipster line.

B: So... The shy one huh? Wish me luck!

A: You'll need all of it...