

C. Joy Wood

**Ex. 7 : The Old Woman**

*This exercise is to show the difference between people, as well as tenses and p.o.v. (point of view) between an old woman and her younger self.*

**Version 1- I /She Past tense**

**Tuesdays**

It is Tuesday. I know it is Tuesday because the newspaper was delivered exactly five minutes before I have to leave to go to my doctor's appointment. Tuesday's are my least favorite day. Tuesday's, I tell my little black eared dog as I get dressed for the morning, are made of the devil to prove that Monday's are in fact not the end of the world.

She had always loved Tuesdays. Tuesday's were the day she could see her boyfriend in secret. She would wait under their oak tree and braid flowers into a crown to place above his brow. She would wait, sometimes five minutes before he would show up. Her lover with black hair that curled around his ears and the big brown eyes that always spoke in a language that wasn't vocal and always understood.

Hate really happens after I leave. I hated patted the dog on the head and promising in a coo of a voice that I will return promptly to its side. I hated going out into the muggy, foggy morning that promises by noon the sweater I have dragged on over my old bones will be trying to bake me from the outside in. I hated to pick up my feet over the cracks in the sidewalk. But most of all, I just hate being around people.

She always danced as she left the house in the mornings. She would always take a few extra minutes to talk to the neighbors and inquire about their health. She would stop and smell the roses that grew along the side of her house. She always hopped over the cracks in the sidewalk muttering nursery rhymes to herself. She believed wholeheartedly in her destination.

The thing I hated the most though, are the memories that impose themselves over my vision of a younger version of myself who skipped down these very streets with all the innocence of childhood. The smile that always was lurked on the edges of my lips. But most of all, I miss that innocence without the ache in my bones.

*Version 2:*

She/I & Present/Past tense

## **Tuesdays**

It is Tuesday. I know it is Tuesday because the newspaper was delivered exactly five minutes before I have to leave to go to my doctor's appointment. Tuesday's are my least favorite day. Tuesday's, I tell my little black eared dog as I get dressed for the morning, are made of the devil to prove that Monday's are in fact not the end of the world.

She had always loves Tuesdays. Tuesday's were the days she can see her boyfriend in secret. She waits under their oak tree and braids flowers into the shape of crown to place above his brow. She waits, sometimes five minutes before he shows up. Her lover with black hair that curls around his ears and the big brown eyes that always speak in a language that wasn't vocal and always is understood.

Hate really happens after I leave. I hated patting the dog on the head and promising in a coo of a voice that I will return promptly to its side. I hated going out into the muggy, foggy morning that promises by noon the sweater I have dragged on over my old bones will be trying to bake me from the outside in. I hated to pick up my feet over the cracks in the sidewalk. But most of all, I just hate being around people.

She always dances as she leaves the house in the mornings. She always take a few extra minutes to talk to the neighbors and inquire about their health. She stops and smells the roses that grow along the side of her house. She always hops over the cracks in the sidewalk muttering nursery rhymes to herself. She believes wholeheartedly in her destination and in her place in the world- a little rainbow of sunshine.

The thing I hated the most though, are the memories that impose themselves over my vision of a younger version of myself who skipped down these very streets with all the innocence of childhood. The smile that always was lurked on the edges of my lips. But most of all, I miss that innocence without the ache in my bones.