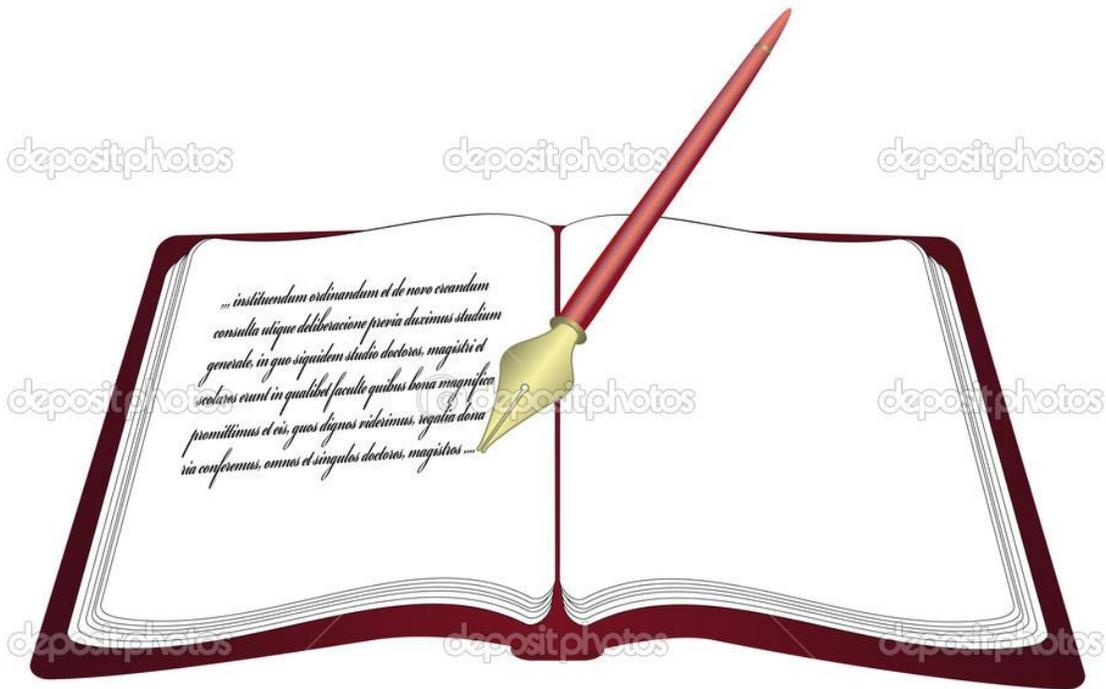


THE WRITING WORKS OF CULLEN CHAPRON



Cullen Chapron

Mr. Costello

Creative Writing

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Introduction

“There is no can’t in life, only things you aren’t good at or haven’t tried yet”, is what I follow and what I believe, and this class justifies just that. Prior to this class I never truly enjoyed writing, and I took this class just because there was nothing else on the schedule that I liked so I thought why not and chose this. I had always respected writers since some like Grisham and King write endless 500-1000 page novels and personally I do not like to read. But after this class I found that writing can be very fun, especially with Costello at the reins. When I came into this class I did not know what to expect, well sort of, I was expecting less regimen than regular classes and more fun to be had. Throughout the semester my goal was to survive and to have fun, and I did have fun. Also I would not be here writing this thing if I did not survive now would I?

Over the course of the semester I really discovered that I kind of liked all the styles that we did, but I really enjoyed the structured ones because I am the type of guy that needs to be told exactly how to do something. For instance, since the haiku has a five-seven-five syllable pattern to it, I could easily write it since I had the exact way to write it. For that reason, I was not particularly fond of the imagist poetry because I feel that it is not my best work. Looking over my work I noticed that my family in particular is shown in a starring role, for example, my elegy was on my great-grandmother, one of my odes was to my dad, the relationship between my dad and I is similar to the one I portray in “Helping Hand”, and I even did the poems on war and patriotism because my all the men on my dad’s side has fought in almost every U.S-involved war since World War I, that I know of at least. Before this class I had no style to this art, had no flow, but now that I have grown I have witnessed the world and horizons I have growing with me.

With this course, my writing has improved significantly from what it was, and I am very happy about that. As a writer, my job is to make people learn something new or have a good laugh, but I always wanted to be a screenwriter since most movies nowadays are either really bad, bad remakes of good movies from the 80’s(I’m looking at you Red Dawn), or book adaptations, which aren’t all bad. Overall, this class was very enjoyable and I wish I could take it again, but alas I cannot, yet I yearn for this class to make a new class called, More Creative Writing, so that way I could take it again.

The Escape

By the time I turned five, I knew I was different from everyone else. At age six I witnessed a small black shadow in the window during first grade, I bolted over to see it more clearly and it was gone. My teacher, Ms. Morelli, took me aside and asked me why I ran over to the window. Two years and 20 hallucinations later I ended up at Jensen Mental Institute. Now I'm 15, I know I can't control what I see, but I know they're real. A sharp metal clang startled me as a thick black line dashed across my tale.

“FOX!” the guard roared, “you're not writing one of them winky dinky stories are you?”

“NO SIR!” I retorted.

“It's time to eat, get off your bunk and get to the door ASAP!”

I threw my notebook and pencil under the bunk and into the metal grate that covered the air ducts that brought in an icy chill. I stomped over to the door in my bright blue jumpsuit as it opened in front of me. Sergeant Riley St. Cloud was my guard. He may have St. in his name, but he is far from it. I've even heard rumors of him killing one of the kids here shortly before I got here. I observed the long rows and tall columns of the metal framed rooms with a single door and window. I was hungry, and was glad that I could eat as St. Cloud escorted me to a table outside next to the goliath barbed wire fence next to my fellow “prisoners”.

“Hey Riley,” the kid said, “Ease up big guy.” That kid was James and he was my best friend here in this hell-hole. He was older than me by a few months, but he was shorter than me by about an inch.

“Thanks man, but I don't think that'll get me killed in one way or another” I said with a pound of sarcasm. We share a chuckle, but I soon put on my most serious face. “Dude, I think I found a way out of here.”

“First, I will see you there in hell or wherever we’ll go. Second, Ho—ow, man that sun is awful.”

“I’ll let you know tomorrow, times up for lunch, St. Clown will be over in a few seconds.”

“All right Eli, I’ll see ya then.” James replied.

St. Cloud ripped me up and said pointing at James, “I’m not finished with you, I should send you the heater for what you said you little punk.”

I did indeed have a plan, and it did involve the heater in a way. I, tomorrow, was gonna grab some extra plastic spoons from the mess and use them to dig ourselves out of those awful dirt-walled cells that made it feel 1000 degrees hotter. Over the years of this facility the walled have been deteriorating into little mounds of loose soil, perfect for our escape. I was so in sync with my plan that I jumped at the sound of a metal ping from the cell next to me.

“Yo, Fox,” the voice hissed, “What’re ya up to?”

“Never you mind Deets,” I replied, “Never... you... mind.”

The next night at dinner we, James and I, met at a table after our gracious host sat us down after getting four spoons, two for him two for me.

“So how we goin’ at this bro?” he asked me.

“Simple we use the spoons to dig out of the heater.” I replied nonchalantly.

“But those walls are drier than a desert man, it’s impossible.”

“We, my friend, are going to use the small amount of water that they give us every 30 on the 30 to wet the dirt and dig our way out of this place and drive away home free.”

“Sounds good man, but how are we gonna get in the heater in the first place?”

“Easy,” I whispered, “we just need to beat up Fatty McFatfat over there, and then we’re golden.”

“What!?” he barely whispered, “He’s three times our size, are you crazy? Wait, don’t bother answering that I know you’re crazy, it’s why we’re here in the first place.” He replied, questioning my smarts.

“Aww, poor wittwe baby can’t pick up a wittwe, fight wif him.” I said in my biggest baby voice, “Boo freakin’ who.”

“Shut it,” he said through his teeth, “Fine, but you hit first.”

We stuffed the spoons in our pockets, I nodded and we walked up behind him. “Hey lard muncher!” I said. He began to stand, but as he rises, I begin to rethink my plan. He soon spun around, punching me and nearly ending my short-lived life, but I got back up and sock him right in his large, wide, now-broken nose. The guards begin to pour in like a flash flood, but James and I refuse to go down without a fight. They finally restrain us after a short lived scramble. All of a sudden I hear the words I was looking for.

“Rest of the night in the heater!” St. Cloud roars. He and ten other guards escort James, Fatty, and I over to the cells, and as if luck was on my side, they placed James and I next to each other. They gave us our first waters, it was only enough to quench or drench, I was beyond ready. I took the spoon of my back pocket, and threw the water on the blistering dirt. The water seemed to evaporate, but I knew it working. Digging with all my ferocity I was almost there, only a few more. *This is it*, I thought, *finally*. With one final shovel I destroyed the final wall between me and what I believed was grass-covered dirt. I gazed up into the sky and nearly burned my eyes out. I peered behind me and saw James, free as well. We gave a silent cheer of

our success. I saw a car and knew we had to get to it, neither of us could drive but I guessed there could be a first time for everything.

“James, RUN!” I screamed, “They see us!” We bolted through the darkness that was only illuminated by the spotlights that shone on us, and the lunar phenomenon. “James, forget about the car, they’ll get to it before we do.” We quickly reversed direction and headed back over towards the yard while the guards clip-clopped down from the towers. The yard was barren, dark, void of anything but us; I turned to get a look of my surroundings, but tripped on a stupid rivet that stuck out of the hard metal floors. We booked it past the Van Gogh’s of macaroni art and smiled, hearing cheers as we went past. *Maybe, just maybe.* But, a guard bursts open the door and fired fully-automatic tranquilizers at us. James and I grabbed some cover behind the moldy library couch.

“Whatcha thinkin’ now smart stuff?” James asked with a hint of aggression. I simply held up my hands, knowing this was almost over, but also knowing they wouldn’t shoot us if we came peacefully. He waltzed over to us as I shot a quick nod at James—punching him and the stomach and grabbing the dropped gun in one fell swoop. James and I decided to run and as we did we laughed like hyenas. The break room was deserted, with only the TV on blabbing on about some stupid politics or something like that.

“You ready man?” I whispered to James. A nod was all he replied with, and we ran outside only to be greeted with more tranquilizers. James was shot almost instantly, and I was hit soon after, as I began to fade, I only remember crawling towards James and freezing an inch away from him.

“Hey, hey, wakey wakey.” St. Cloud said.

“Whe... where’s James?” I asked, still shaken up by the whole ordeal. Finding myself in steel bindings.

“Huh, who now?”

“James P. Davis III,” I repeat, “where is he?”

“I know those tranq’s can do a number, but there is no record of a James P. Davis III” he replies with the biggest smirk I have ever seen. He continues, “The only James that we have record of is your buddy.”

“Yeah, I know, where the hell is HE!” I bellowed, almost losing my edge.

“Well, punk, I hate to be the one to finally tell you this, but, he’s you, your ‘friend’ is you.” He said with a slight bite.

“Ha ha, very funny, now seriously, where is he?”

“Did I stutter B-B-Boy? He’s you.”

The Five

As the burnt rain abused me

In the slight light

A large red machine

Emblazoned with a golden five

Runs with incredible speed

And loud bells

The trampling wheels

Flying through molten streets

Water

So much depends upon
One drip
One drop
One tree
One plant
One glass
Yet so many lives depend

Frost

Born of winter chill:
Fingers numb and darkness warps
beyond all reason.

Forest Winds

Small green trees topple.
The little forest creatures
lose their home, too soon.

War of the Lords

Broken skies clash when
the kind sun shines no longer.
Where bolts break calm air.

The Emblem

Waving in the wind,
Mother Betsy takes her seat.

Thirteen and fifty.
Without it, we are nothing
but a land without a heart.

Migratory Shifts

Two birds
One midnight sky
The moon is their flashlight
Flying towards the northern air
Always

Thoughts

I didn't know what to write,
maybe I'll do a haiku,
but they're not my forte—
Sorry Alla—
Maybe I'll rap
but I'm right crap.
My brain is on edge,
it's going over the hedge
like that one BW flick
where Steve Carell sounded like a chick.
Yeah I know movies,
from the simple to the doozies.

Ok I'm done,
I'll just write some other time.

Unsure

What is this?
It's a complete swing and miss.
I don't want to hear this awful tune,
I'd rather be a blue balloon.

Island Paradise

Summer winds tap me
as the warm waves slap my feet.
The shade does no help.

Resting Lands

An island among
the hot fog sleeps quietly.
But sleep no longer.

Father

From the day you brought me back to the house,
You have been such a great person to me.
Even though you are a little crazy.

You are great, except when you dressed me up as a mouse.
You have given me so much love and care

Even when I was almost out of air

You have taught me how to be a great man,

As well as saluting all veteran

An entire building may have crushed you,

But no one else knows what you have been through

I love you, even if you drive me mad

But I love you because you are my dad.

Winter Wanderland

Standing out here in the cold

An ancient hut, ridden with mold

The wind bites my scarf-covered neck

And snow begins to fall, only in a speck

I want to be back home

Not in this ice biome

I guess I should go in this hut

But this wind keeps it shut.

I ram the door with all my might

This wind is nipping at me with a bite

The wood cracks with every attempt I give

It's almost like I don't deserve to live

But then, a miracle happens

The door suddenly opens

I run in and shut the door behind me

Hours later the wind begins to flee

I go outside to see all caked in snow

I'm glad, but I remember; I'm lost though

No one will ever find me here

They have better luck of finding a deer

I love the winter so much

But I see something, how very clutch.

It's my brother, I'm going to win hide and seek

I run after him as a smile grows on my cheek

Thank you winter for letting me have fun

Even though our little game is all done

I probably should go back to the house

Carefully, I scurry like a small mouse

My mom is in the kitchen

Making me some fried chicken

But my brother beat me back there

Sitting in nothing, but his underwear

The Flowered Woman

(Dedicated to the memory of Beatrice Chapron neé Keefe)

You have been heavily missed
But never forgotten
It's been three years
But it seems much longer
You have seen many die around you
Your son, husband, daughter-in-law
Even your siblings before

Your lively smile was bright
Laugh great, comedic sense impeccable
We're an awkward family
But everyone's all right with that
You were a mother to all
From the three generations to you

But now you hang on the tree
The little old lady of one hundred and three
I know you're here watching me
Write this heartfelt elegy
Your angel on my shoulder
Watching me grow bolder
Thank you for your love
For which it hugs me like a glove



Selfless

I remember the day we first met

You caught me peekin', I caught you lookin'

But you were with some lunatic named Chet

I followed you back and saw you cookin'

I was out there the entire night

Until I decided to come inside

So I snuck in without the slightest fight

But the dog found me, so I had to hide

I heard your voice, which was so nice

But you saw me there complete with a stare

Shh, you said, with frozen eyes made of ice

I looked at your face, which was oh so fair

For the selfless love, that I feel for you

Is blasted back, because you love me too

2:23:45

Up on top of the high mountain, it gleams

The brave men who challenged death for their homes

Stare out into the glorious sea's foams

Fighting up through a loud volley of screams

Achieving what could only be in dreams.

Apology letters, journals, and poems

Lie scattered throughout the empty biomes

And it is won, Rosenthal starts to beam.

This horrific battle is now over

But at the cost of multiple lost lives

Come August, the Gay flies its only run

Until then, this round is only a clover

And they must clear all the remaining hives

February twenty-third, it is done

Taking Chances

live your life

as if each day

was your last

don't tread only on the past

see a girl



take the chance
there ain't nothin' wrong
but it won't be long

before you end up
dressed in a suit
contemplating your blunder
while your six feet under

remember that you are here,
here for a reason
so open that door
and discover a whole new floor

Daren

Characters

Daren- a kid with a tutor who is forced to read Moby Dick

Carole- Daren's tutor

Setting

Daren's school, midday, quiet room but Daren can't hold his anger, tense atmosphere

Scene 1

Carole: Daren, be realistic. This book is a masterpiece.

Daren: (*yelling*) I don't care if it's a masterpiece! So what? I still don't know what it means!

Carole: But I can he— (*gets cut off*)

Daren: (*screaming now*) Nobody knows what this means, and anyone who does (*Throws book*) is full of crap!

Carole: I can help you understand. Daren you're going to fail English if you don't.

Daren: (*flips desk, yelling*) I don't care if I fail!

Carole: I'm your tutor and I can help you.

Daren: (*heavy sigh*) Look, Carole, you can tutor me all you want, but how do you expect me, of all people, to read this lame trash by some low life, about some idiot who pranced around the ocean looking for a damn whale!

Carole: Herman Melville was certainly no low life. He was highly respected.

Daren: (*scoffs*) No he wasn't. (*Opens book and points*) It says right here in the front of the book that Herman died broke and nobody ever heard of him. Know what. I'm done.

Carole: (*taken aback*) what?

Daren: You heard me. I'm doooooonnnneeee. I ain't readin' this low-life's piece of crap. I'm getting a coke.

Carole: (*Daren storms out*) Daren, wait. (*Runs after him*)

Helping Hand

Characters

Damon- a 16 year old boy with an addiction

Dr. Michael Stevens- Damon's therapist/doctor who tries to help him with his addiction

Mr. Harper- Damon's sarcastic father who checks him into therapy

Scene 1

[Damon wakes up to have a nice relaxing Saturday when he sees that his flash drive is missing]

Damon: (Jumping out of bed) Oh crap! (*Scrambling*) Ah! Where is it? Where in the hell is it?

Mr. Harper: [through the bedroom door)] Where's what son?

Damon: Nothing dad! Just... uhh... sleep talking.

Mr. Harper: Ok son. Oh, and by the way we gotta go somewhere today.

Damon: Where?

Mr. Harper: I'll tell you after you get ready. But do it fast we leave in 20.

Damon: All right. [Puts clothes on, brushes teeth, and eats breakfast] Ehh, I just find my flash drive later. It shouldn't be that long.

[The two of them get in the car and leave]

Mr. Harper: Damon, I'll need you to put on this blindfold and these headphones

Damon: Why?

Mr. Harper: We're going somewhere, (*stammers*) special.

Damon: Oh sweet! (*Puts on blindfold and headphones*) I hope it's Six Flags!

Mr. Harper: Yes son, we're going to Six Flags.

[15 minutes go by and the two pull up at "Six Flags"]

Mr. Harper: (*removes Damon's headphones*) we're here.

Damon: Awesome! (*Removes blindfold*) So what're we gonna— (*sees sign labeled Dr. Michael Stevens' Sex Addiction Clinic*) why—wh—what the hell!

Mr. Harper: You know why we're here.

Damon: No I don't!

Mr. Harper: We're here because of this. (*Damon looks over to see his flash drive hypnotically swinging in his dad's hand*)

Damon: Well, shit.

Scene 2

[Scene opens with Damon sitting with his arms crossed while Mr. Harper checks Damon in with the receptionist]

Damon: (*Grumbling to self*) Stupid dad. I don't need help. (*More unintelligible grunts and grumbles*)

Mr. Harper: All right Damon you're all checked in.

Damon: I don't need to be here. I'm not sex-crazed! [Other patients look and stare]

Mr. Harper: (*mockingly*) Not according to this (*Holds up flash drive and dangles it*)

Damon: Give me that. (*Reaches for flash drive but **Mr. Harper** pulls it away and Damon falls face first out of his chair and just lays there*)

Mr. Harper: I think that just proves my point

Damon: (still laying on ground, voice is muffled) I hate you.

Mr. Harper: I figured.

[Nurse walks in]

Nurse: Damon Harper?

Damon: (*still on ground, voice is muffled*) that's me! (*Raises hand*)

Nurse: Oh. (*Surprised by him on floor*) Come with me I'll take you to Dr. Stevens. And you should get off the floor it has, uhh (*thinks*), DNA on it.

Damon: Explains the smell (*still on floor at this point*) Ok fine. (*Gets up and rips flash drive from **Mr. Harper***)

Nurse: Let's go.

Damon: Do you mind if I wash my face off first.

Nurse: Not at all. Go ahead

[Damon walks into bathroom and washes face. He then proceeds to walk out of bathroom and follow nurse through winding hallways filled with his fellow sex addicts]

Nurse: This is his office.

Damon: Thanks. (Knocks on door)

Dr. Stevens: (Through the door) Come in. (Damon walks in and sits down) So Damon, why are you here.

Damon: You should know, you're the doctor after all.

Dr. Stevens: Indeed I do. But do you?

Damon: Yeah. Cuz apparently some jackass thinks I'm a sex addict.

Dr. Stevens: Let me see your flash drive.

Damon: Why?

Dr. Stevens: Because I'm your doctor.

Damon: Why?

Dr. Stevens: Because your dad hired me.

Damon: No, why'd you become a doctor

Dr. Stevens: I'll tell you, if you give me your flash drive.

Damon: *(Sighs)* Fine. *(Hands over flash drive)*

Dr. Stevens: Okay. My father...

Damon: I didn't give you that for a life story.

Dr. Stevens: No no no, this explains why. My father was a rich banker and my older brother Randy was a businessman who lived in Maine. So because of that I cleaned up my act and created this.

Damon: Where are they now?

Dr. Stevens: Randy quit business to go down to Mexico and my father passed away *(counting on fingers)* nine or ten years ago.

Damon: That it?

Dr. Stevens: That's it. Now, let's see what you have on this thing. *(Opens folder but screen is hidden from viewer and Damon)* What in the high holy hell is this?! You definitely need some help, and it starts now.

Scene 3

Damon: What part disturbs you?

Dr. Stevens: All of it.

Damon: Come on, it's not all bad.

Dr. Stevens: NOT BAD? How much does this store?

Damon: Eight gigs.

Dr. Stevens: And how much was it?

Damon: I don't know like 15 bucks.

Dr. Stevens: Fifteen dollars for a damn porn stash?

Damon: What, I can't have it all out in plain view on my hard drive.

Dr. Stevens: THAT. IS. IT. (*Dr. Stevens turns into giant black dragon*)

Damon: What the hell?

Dr. Stevens: DON'T LEAVE YET!

Damon: (*runs out door*) Oh god, oh god, oh god.

Dr. Stevens: COME BACK HERE!

Damon: (*Looks through doors and sees the Nurse at a medical cabinet, runs and screams at her*)

Nurse. Nurse. You gotta help me. He... he turned into a... a giant-

Nurse: Dragon. Yes we all know. (*Turns to reveal lizard face*)

Damon: (*Screams and runs*) What the hell is going on here. And she was so hot before. (*Two Guys in Suits cut him off*)

Guy in Suit 1: There he is!

Guy in Suit 2: Get him!

Damon: (*Runs into reception area with all chasing him, runs up to his dad*) Dad help. They're chasing me. The... I don't know just help me.

Mr. Harper: It's all good Damon.

Damon: Okay good. (*notices something*) Um, dad?

Mr. Harper: (*Turns around and Damon sees that Mr. Harper's head is upside-down*) What.

Damon: (*Falls over fainting*)

[Damon wakes up screaming in his room and notices his flash drive is still in his computer]

Damon: What the hell just happened? But everything seems normal now.

Mr. Harper: (*opens door*) You alright son?

Damon: Yeah, I'm fine. Just a bad dream as all.

Mr. Harper: Ok, Damon breakfast is almost ready. *(Phone rings downstairs)* I'll get the phone while you get ready. *(closes door and picks up phone downstairs)*. Hello.

Man on Phone: Does he know?

Mr. Harper: No, he thinks it was a bad dream. Do you think this'll work?

Man on Phone: It always does.

Mr. Harper: Thank you.

(Silence as dial tone rings ominously)

THE END