Written Explanation:

For my creative piece I chose to write my own story which encapsulates Kennedy's style of writing. The story is written in a third person limited narrative voice mimicking many of Kennedy's stories. This gives us insight into the thoughts of a character who remains nameless, whilst also restricting the information available to the reader to create curiosity. Like the original stories, leaving the character nameless helps to reflect that they are on the outside, withdrawn and separated from their own lives (such as Frank's nameless wife in *Flaxion*). 

In terms of setting, I have replicated Kennedy's use of a domestic, rural scene within Australia. I have also replicated some of Kennedy's overarching themes including resentment and relationship dynamics.

The structure of my story is similar to Kennedy's in that there is a framing narrative of the present with small glimpses of the past worked in to interconnect the two time frames, allowing them to enlighten and build off each other. This is seen throughout my story as the characters reflect upon both their home-schooling days and Chris' comforting smile as a child. As seen in Kennedy's stories it is inferred that the character's within my story are stuck in a frozen emotional state of resentment and frustration, made obvious by small phrases of descriptive language that succinctly reveal...
character traits or the strained relationship between the siblings for example, "the irrepressible mix of boredom and cringe worthy small talk" highlights the tension that is present.

A key feature of Kennedy’s stories is a pivotal moment of realisation in which a character has a positive affirmation. This is then followed by the commonly selfish or self-absorbed character initiating a selfless act. I have tried to replicate this in my story through the small, selfless gesture of cooking lasagne, a meal which she despises, for her brother after she realises he is dying. The lasagne is used as a recurring idea throughout the story, imitating Kennedy’s use of extended metaphors or ideas.

The original stories are full of similes and personification and hence I have employed these literary techniques within my story. I have also used tone and diction of characters’ dialogue to further reveal character traits, a commonly used tool in Kennedy’s writing. This is seen within my story through the blunt, dismissive speech of the sister, as compared to the hopefully optimistic voice of Chris.

Conratulations Nina — the connections to the original text are clearly noted, both the creative process and reflection are most impressive.
The Visit.

She stands heavily on the side of the road as she waits for Chris, the scent of off scraps in the bin next to her pissing through her nostrils. He had only called a few days ago to ask if he could stay, she hadn't bothered to ask how long for, figuring the irrepressible mix of boredom and cringe worthy small talk would drive him away soon enough.

The visit had become an annual ritual, if you could even call it that, a pathetic attempt to ensure there was some kind of contact kept between them. But by the end of the encounter each year the possibility of it continuing seemed less and less likely. That is, of course, until roughly twelve months would go by before the soothing sound of the phone ring would turn to a screech, like a pack of crows callously calling, and she would see her brother's number light up on the screen, staring up at her like an impatient child waiting to be answered.

Chris' Porsche skids to a halt as he overshoots his park, upending the rubbish bin and sending the scraps of last night's dinner spilling over the road. Lasagne, she hated that meal.

"Ahhhh, sorry" says Chris in a feigned tone of casualness that is, nonetheless, hopefully expectant. "I, it seems like so long since we last caught up! How's it been?"

You know exactly how it's been, she thinks to herself.
Nothing happens around here. The closest town 80km away along a dry, dirt track, the constant sounds of silence and the bark of her farm dogs the closest thing to a conversation.

She musters up the effort to force a half-pressed smile across her face. "It's been good," she replies bluntly.

Chris turns his head to the mess he's created at her feet, the sheets of pasta cluttered over the grim bleakness of gravel and dirt.

"Lasagne?" He questions optimistically. "Love that meal."

"Oh great," Her voice as dry as the land around her.

Chris lugs his bag towards the door with obvious struggle, as if his suitcase is deriving a sadistic pleasure by weighing him down. Just as weak as before, she thinks unsympathetically.

Not used to the seemingly simple tasks of bag carrying and door opening, he'd have someone else to do that for him. She's sure of it.

Chris looks over to her nervously, as if too afraid to ask for her help incase she is not willing to give it. His mouth remains shut but his pleading eyes do all the talking. She stares back blankly for a moment before snatching the bag from him and dragging it inside.

It doesn't take long before the sands of silence that inhabit the house seep through the cracks saturating the walls and plague their conversation. A silence filled by Chris'
fabricated recollection of their home schooling days – his
go to story in times of uncomfortable glances and forced
smiles, looking at each other only through the corner
of their eyes as they stand uneasily against the kitchen
bench. She could never figure out whether he was embellishing
these past events on purpose, but from the shoes he was standing
in he wouldn’t need to, she thinks to herself.

"It just made everything so easy didn’t it," begins Chris. A
seemingly innocent sentence but one that year after year would
create an avalanche of eye twitches and out of sight
clenched fists. Her jaw buckling as the untold emotions of
years past would rise from the grave she’d tried so hard to
bury and creep up her throat, threatening against her lips.

"Having mum always there, she could teach us anything and
everything. Oh she knew it all. Those were the days, weren’t
they."

Every word painful to hear, like a Band-Aid being slowly
ripped from the skin. She could only imagine it would have been
easy to learn with the amount of attention and praise he received.
But for a rejected child, imagine was the best she could do.

She shove the frustration back down her throat. “Maybe for
some” she replies brusquely.

She waits for the usual silence to follow but is instead met
by the muffled sound of a snivel, seeming to echo through the
room like a foreign presence making itself known. She turns
to Chris to find that his eyes are beginning to swell, putting
out like they used to when he was upset as a child. She remembers the seemingly out of place yet reassuring smile he used to give off when this happened, as if to say “you needn’t worry about me”. She’d forgotten about that smile until now.

They stare at each other for a passing moment before Chris finds his voice. “There’s something I need to tell you.”

The apprehension in his announcement intrigues and infuriates her simultaneously. “Go on,” she replies meekly.

“This visit. Well, you see.” His speech is slow and staggered, as if the words are trying to run away from him before they can be expelled from his mouth. “This may be the last time I’m able to come out here. Next time... next time you may have to visit me. I’m sick... I’m really sick.” The devastation in his voice dominates the room, filling the air and leaving her feeling compressed and reduced in the little space remaining.

She feels her stomach drop as she feels herself internally collapse, frozen completely as an irrepressible mix of disbelief and shock fills her body.

Nonetheless, that hopeful smile eases across Chris’ face, the tips of his grin seeming to reach down and pull her upright, offering the same degree of comfort it had all those years ago.

It begins to make sense to her now, his hopefully expectant voice upon arrival accompanied by pleading eyes. She wished she could take back her dismissive response.

Chris’ face glimmers with surprise and relief as her hand reaches slowly towards his.
"I've got the ingredients for lasagne, let's have some dinner," she says tenderly as their fingers begin to interlock.

Excellent!

You have closely replicated Kennedy's style.
The integration of well chosen dialogue with descriptions and
phrasing that mimic Kennedy's style make this work so well.
The understated style with
the gesture of affirmation
at the end closely replicates
the original 'Arthur'.

Most impressive.