Written Explanation

My creative response explores the sequel to 'Tendle,' which is part of Cole Kennedy's short story anthology, "Like a House on Fire." The sequel means I have taken the threads from the story and woven them through to a conclusion. 'Tendle' explores the relationships within the family, and now they are affected by a health scare. It is presented as a monologue in third person and the narrator enters the mind of Christine, her emotions and her journey in finding her fate.

Christine is the protagonist in the story. She is married to Al and has two children. When she has a cancer scare, she subtly worries about how her health will affect her and her family. Christine is a perfectionist, in contrast to her husband, Al, who doesn't do jobs efficiently and comes across as being very laid back. She imagines how her treatment will be if she is diagnosed with cancer, and how her children will react when Al and her children
wouldn't be able to cope with that situation.

Kennedy's story resonated with me because a member in my family has a similar situation to what Christine is dealing with. A whole audience of a in any community could relate to Christine's story situation as well.

I have tried to emulate Kennedy's style of writing by setting the scene to the close attention of senses being described. Kennedy has employed the use of metaphor and simile in her writing, as shown. I have tried this in my own style to include the metaphor for the lego narrative, lined up together along the train line, symbolizes Christine's life of wanting an eco-friendly lifestyle of living. The project Christine made, is a metaphor for her metaphorical life being a project and how she was overcoming her diagnosis. The use of short sentences in my story gives drama given theme. This links to the metaphorical meaning to nature that neatly closes the sequence.
“Like a House on Fire” - Sequel to ‘Tender’

With a sense of relief, Christine finds a seat on the commuter train. Her head against the window, hugging her bag tightly; she knows she needs to catch this appointment. It’s been in the diary for weeks. A voice over the loudspeaker announces that there will be delays due to track works. She adjusts her position in her seat, trying to get comfortable, but there is nothing that will make this day stress-free. She can’t help her heart in racing. She knows she needs to be there on time. She is never late.

She stares blankly out the rain streaked window, sweeps her hand along it and wipes away the condensation. Outside is dull, gloomy and the ominous clouds are a dark grey. Depressive thoughts are swirling through her mind. The other passengers are oblivious to this; they go about their own business, reading the paper, tapping at their computers, staring into their phones linked in through headphones that cut out the world around them. A recorded man in Beetleheri is needy; munching on Hi-Vi's.
and bunuelos boots in needy munching on
nut cheese and tuna toastie. The smell wafts
through the corridor and triggers memories of Al's
unforgettable tuna pasta casssrole. The only dinner he known how to
make. The pungent smell irritates her, but
she doesn't have the energy to move seats.
All she can focus on is her churning
stomach and the oread of her results
she will soon receive from the doctor.

Christine looks out the rain spattered
window to rows of neat lego houses that
follow the edge of the train line. They
appear to be all the same, with their
perfectly mown grass, flourishing flower beds
of roses and daisies, and all green and
well watered with automatic sprinkler
systems. She wonders if the houses are perfect
end neat as they on the inside or they
look on the outside. She imagines now
living different her life would be being in the posher
living in one of these lego houses she
wouldn't have to worry about starting up
generation after the long waits for good
rain and sun. The people in these houses
cents have to think about these issues.
they have these resources by a touch of a button or tap. She admires perfectionism, but it's something that is impossible to have in her own home.

The rhythm of the rain is making her sleepy and she starts to daydream. She is tired from the night before. Finishing the school project for Eric's orchestra. Would he know how much time she put in making it just right? It was way too perfect for a Grade Three project, but she felt good about making it look like she wanted it to look. Making the project pleasing to Christine made her feel calmer. It was just one more thing she could control.

The thought of chemo scares her. It would make her weak and she would have to struggle staying up all night finishing school projects or making the school lunches every morning. These small things Christine do usually do, At would never notice or see them happening.

The train slows down and approaches
approaches the station. Christine's heart is pounding in her chest; her breathing is shallow and she feel fear arising. The platform is crowded, and with strangers walking by, bumping her from all directions. She reaches the top of the escalator. It is outside in still dull, gloomy and lightly spitting with rain.

She arrives at the imposing building, to where the doctors are on the seventh floor. The marble foyer stands is grand and standing tall and intimidating. Her stomach sinks as she travels up to the floor in the lift. The waiting room is busy busy and full of strangers. She finds an out-dated magazine and elects to sit away from the others. Flicking through the pages she looks at the "top fashion trends". She thinks to herself now differently her life is to these famous modern wearing absurd clothing styles that are quite unnecessary. She turns over another page, then a voice from behind the desk informs her that the doctor is ready. Her heart tightens once again and gets a cold shiver down her spine.
Christine gets ushered into the oncologist's room. Her voice is calm and gentle towards her. She explains why she got a lumpectomy done. Christine finds it hard to focus on all the information. Her thoughts with her mind drifting. Her thoughts stray to the day outside, back home and to her family. Christine half hears the doctor saying her lump is malignant but treatable, a tiny slither of sunlight breaks through the clouds.