Written Explanation

My creative response explored the sequel to 'Tender,' 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. 'Tender' explores the relationships within the family, and now they are affected by a health scare. It is presented in a monologue in third person and the narrator enters the mind of Christine, her emotion, 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 had 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, that doesn't do jobs efficiently and comes across as being very laid back. She imagines how her treatment is, and how she thinks Al and the children
Kennedy's story resonated with me because a membre in my family had a similar situation to what Christine was dealing with. A wider audience of anyone in any community would 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 used this in my own style to include the metaphor for the lego neurons, lined up together along the train line, symbolizes Christine's life of wanting an eco-friendly lifestyle of living. The project Christine made, being a project and how she was overcoming her diagnosis. The use of short sentences in my story gives drama, given drama. This links to the metaphorical meaning to nature that neatly closes the sequel.
"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 work. 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 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, grey, and the ominous clouds are 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, sifting into their phones linked in through headphones that cut out the world around them. A bearded man in fluorescent neon orange is muttering on Hi-Viz.
and (bulky) roots in needy munching on
mayonnaise and tuna toastie. The smell wafts
through the corridor and triggers memories of Al's
unforgettable tuna pasta
casserole. The only dinner he knows 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 dread 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
and neat as they on the inside on they
look on the outside. She imagines now
living
different her life would be, being in the perfect
living in one of these Lego houses. She
wouldn't have to worry about starting up
generators after the long waits for good
rain
and sun. The people in these houses
couldn't 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 play cream. She is tired from the night before finishing the school project for Eric's drama club. 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, when everything in the world around her. This was something she could control.

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

The train slows down and approaches.
approaches the station. Christine’s heart is pummeling in her chest; her breathing is shallow and she feels 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 outdated magazine and elects to seat 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 doivent clothing styles that are quite uncommon. 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 laparoscopic colonoscopy, Christine finds it hard to focus on all the information. Her thoughts with her mind drifting. Her thoughts stray to the clay outside, back home and to her family. Christine finally hears the doctor saying her lump is malignant but treatable, a tiny sliver of sunlight breaks through the clouds.