

Week 1 Writing Homework

Rewrite the first examples through INVERSION or CHANGING OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES. Ensure you use a unique narrative voice through quirky objects, mannerisms etc. (200 words each)

EXAMPLE 1

I gulped in regret. After tearing up a package with my dead mother's tidy handwriting, I have just realised that the package probably wasn't for me. But I'm not the sort of person who reads instructions or follows them anyway. I'm the sort that daydreams all the time and always bursts out laughing for no reason.

The half opened package sat on the kitchen counter for two days. I walked past it a few times before I opened it. My mother would have split the tape delicately with scissors, an expressionless face staring at whatever lay in the package. I am not my mother. I inherited her dark hair and her inability to whistle, but not her way of being a neat freak.

Finally, I couldn't resist but ripped the rest of the wrapping off. I found a map. Not a regular map, the kind you buy at petrol stations or download on your phone. This was hand-drawn on thick paper that felt smooth and silky, with tiny illustrations on the sides: a compass drawn in a perfect circle, a stack of books next to the legend, mountains rendered in such detail you could almost feel their granite faces. I didn't know my mother could be that artistic.

EXAMPLE 2

The pipe screamed. Not the usual discord of an out-of-tune organ pipe, but an actual scream-high, thin, and unmistakably human. I glanced at Master Cornelius. He didn't flinch. He simply adjusted his tuning fork. My tense expression relaxed. Bright Christmas lights hung around the cathedral ceiling. The air smelled faintly of organic flowers left too long in a vase. Cornelius made a note in his leather-bound journal, and said, "C-sharp. As I suspected."

I'd been his apprentice for three months, long enough to know that organ pipes don't scream. They whistle, they wheeze, they occasionally produce sounds like dying cattle, but they don't scream. I tried to assure myself it was just an accident and nothing would happen. After all, only this morning had I felt that nothing could stop me. But it had. I opened my mouth but Cornelius silenced me with a raised finger.

"Listen," he commanded.

I listened. The great cathedral organ towered over us in the cheerful light, its thousands of pipes ranging from pencil-thin whistles to massive bronze columns thick as tree trunks.

The scream was back. Definitely C-sharp. Definitely human. Definitely coming from somewhere deep within the organ's wooden case.

A voice broke the silence.

“The cathedral organist disappeared in 1847.”