

# Finding

## Accident

The sound of wind whistles by, and the cool air washes through John's skin. The sun rays emanating orange across the horizon; like a movie-perfect scene. His parents in the front seat, while his sister drolls on wishing her life could be greater; like she always does. Right in the middle of John's sister monologue, the sudden gust of wind blurred John's emerald green eyes. Swirls of gray smudged with little white specks sprinkled his vision. Feeling the blood rushing through his head; his brain suddenly felt like it would implode. Then, a chalkboard scratching sound filled the air. Everything turned black.

“Hey! Hey! Are you alive?” A man with a yellow hi-vis vest shook John. “HELLO? YOU THERE!” John shot out a breath of the air; he coughed black smoke out of his lungs.

“IS HE THE ONLY ONE ALIVE?” shouted another man in the same attire.

John's green emerald eyes opened; the sky was red and his eyes pulsated with red hot pain searing his veins. The oozing of blood came from every scrap of the metal. It was getting colder, and he could feel the blood draining as his body slowly paled with each minute. His breath drew shallow.

“Where is my family?” John whispered in a dying voice.

“Sorry son . . . they’re dead.” The man with the vest says with a sadden look. “We’re getting to the nearest hospital; hang in there.”

John could barely hear the wailing sirens in the background. The watery sounds filled his ears. With his eyes widening with a shocked expression. Pain shot through his body when John got lifted up into the stretchers.

## **Uptaking**

When Ell was a little girl, her favorite movie was the Disney version of Alice Wonderland. Every time she got off work at seven, Ell would always climb up the wood fence of the drive-in theater everytime it was on. She would watch this little girl fall into a big world. She always thought she could be like Alice; being a small girl falling into a big world, having a family.

The smell of burnt cigarettes filled the lungs. A smoky haze of sunshine beamed down from the window. The moldy walls felt as close as ever. Ell rose from her bed at 5AM like she always does, and got ready for school in one single room. The moldy doors creaked open when Ell pushed out.

As she looks out through the door she sees her *dad*, with a burnt cigarette between his finger and his arm held up high with the hand dragging.

“Hey, wake up.” Ells says in a shallow voice. She approaches him with a fed up look on her face. “if you don’t stop fucking around I’ll, I’ll...” A stuttering girl losing her confidence says, “I’ll do something that you will hate!”

“Don’t worry hon it’s going to pay off later..” Ells dad mutters.

“ Tch, whatever” she says, as Ell puts on the backpack when she got it as a present when she was 10 years old.

As Ell exits the house she sees her bus blur by. “Damn” she thought, “That almost hit a person.”

Ell was already used to this thing happening. 5/5 she would miss her bus so it was a daily occurrence. The sun was up and bright like a blinding smile that *no one* likes. Especially Ell, everytime she got the hit of vitamin D from the sun it made her feel tired, rejected, and sad.

“I guess it’s one of those days.” exclaimed Ell out loud. She made the executive decision to skip school for the day. It’s not like going to school will affect her in any shape or form. It was just a thing that got installed in her daily life. She doesn’t remember the first time she went to school, but knows the reason.

“Hey Ell! How was the first day of middle school” A woman in a dirty white apron echoed through the house.

“Hey mom. It was okay, I met people. ” Ell says after she takes off her work clothes.  
“Why do I have to go to school when I have 4 hours of work? Then I have to do my school work.”

“Well you are providing for the family.” Ell’s mom says in a lowered voice. “I don’t want you to work but it’s just how we live. Soon when you complete school you can go to college and get a good paying job.” exclaims Ell’s mom.

“Alright”

Her thoughts lead her all the way to work time. Ell wanted to fulfill her mothers dream of having a life of luxury. She got extremely lucky when she got accepted into a hospital as her internship. Even though an internship is different from a real working job, it was a good way to get into a college.

“Another day of the daily routine.”

## **Bearable**

The sound of beeping woke John up from his slumber. A big white tube loomed over him while he breathed heavily, through the respiratory system. Two white walls on the right and left of where he looked. A big blue curtain that let the sounds of others around him in. Chatter, crying, and doctors explaining patients' situations. A sudden sinking feeling settled in. Where am I? Where is everybody? Why am I alone?

All John remembered was that there was a big hump. It was like a speed bump but gray and hard to see. As soon as they drove over it was like a rocket lifting off. There was a steep hill right after the bump. It seemed like the car was flying.

“Skree” The sound of the curtains interrupted his train of thought.

“Are you John Smith?” A woman who looked around his age said.

“Uh, yes-yes I’m John Smith.” John says without being too sure himself.

“It says here you were in a car crash with a family of four, is that correct?”

“Yes, that is correct.” With an unsure face John says, “Do you know where the other three are?”

In an awkward speech the woman says “Well, I don’t like giving news without them knowing my name first.” She let out a big sigh that seemed to be building up. “ My name is Ell Boaz, and about the three others. We don’t have any other patience with the last name Smith.”

John showed a shocked expression, his world was getting so much smaller. What happened, no right? They’re not dead; they are probably at another hospital. They usually make it alive in these hard situations.

## **Findings**

Ell could instantly tell that he was getting smaller. The expression that John was showing was the same as Ell when her mother left. Seeing a person lose family wheeled up emotions that were always suppressed. Every time she sees a human use those facial muscles, she starts to sink

under swirls of emotion that can't be described. A shadow figure holding a baby in her hand, light shining out of the door frame, and a little girl screaming terms that she doesn't remember.

“The report says that they are dead...” Ell said in a watery tone. “I'm sorry for your loss; do you want time for yourself?”

The boy with ruffled hair says nothing. His green eyes just had a blank stare. Ell starts to back away when the boy mumbles something in a zombish tone.

He says, “Where will I go without a family, how will I live?”

That, I do not have the answer to. Is what Ell would have normally said. Instead she said “Well I looked in your records and you don't have any extended relatives.” Ell knew what she was going to say was a mistake, but she didn't care. She had the slight feeling that he could be the white rabbit; he could lead her into a new world.

“You could either go into some sort of orphanage or you could come into foster care.” Ell takes a deep breath and says, “My family used to be a foster home, and we are looking to open up again. I think we can take you into our foster home.”

Her home used to be a foster home. Why? It was because her dad needed money to live in the house. They had 1 extra room after her mom left so why not. Her dad always tried to make a profit off of them. Cutting cost on their food; trying to cram as many humans in one room.

They had four humans living inside of one room. The house technically was a foster home but they didn't have any children inside.

“Yes. Yes! YES!” he exclaimed. Instead of John living in a big world nowhere else to go, Ell offered him a home. Even though they just met, John showed the expression that Ell couldn't quite describe. She could tell that if she stuck with him he could find her dream. A family, Ell didn't know what a family was or even if her parents were part of a *family*. She just knew that he was a clue in the big wide world.

## **ARTIST STATEMENT**

Hello my name is Ryan Suprijanto, I'm the writer of finding. Finding is about John and Ell meeting each other, and the start of them rebuilding their lives. It starts off with John's traumatic experience of losing his family. Then Ell and her living situation. Why did I have John first, not Ell? Well it's because it sets up the story of the two meeting. It also sets up the order of why they're doing something. John is always lost and relies on Ell as a family. When it's Ell's chapter it will explain how and why they got into a situation.

It also shows how their family impacts their identity. How Ell's abusive dad and absent mother shaped her decision of taking John in and fostering a family, and her desire to find her mother in the story. At the same time she questions what it means to be family. In John's perspective his identity is a blank slate. His family died in a car crash that he couldn't control. He tries to suppress the emotions, but in turn makes him into a husk of sorts.

In this story I also tried and used dramatic irony. I tried to use it more towards the end of the story. In the last chapter of the last paragraph I used Ell's thoughts to express dramatic irony. The way she thinks meeting John is fate, and a clue to the wider world makes it seem like he is going to be a charismatic and eccentric character. But he is just a husk saying yes to everything with no direction of where he is going.

I created many snapshots in the story of finding. These snapshots used all five senses to make a scene more intense. I tried to use snapshots whenever a major scene was happening. Like



how the snapshots of the car accident used all five senses throughout to let the reader be more in the moment.

In *finding* I also used dialogue to express characters' feelings, and the interactions between each other. It also shows a perspective on what is on the other character's mind. How they respond to each other tells you how they're feeling at the time. The second chapter of the third paragraph when Ell is talking to her father shows how I used dialogue in *Finding*. It showed her relationship with her current family and moves the story forward.

My motif in this story was living in a big world with a small body. Metaphorically and physically. Why did I add this? I did it because it shows how being alone in this world is hard. You feel too small to make an impact, or even live. If you try and build up yourself with people the world won't feel as small. This motif conveys their progression towards a new family.

This is why and how I added all the elements of a multi-narrative story. I hope you understand why I added these elements of snapshot, thoughtshot/dramatic irony, and a motif. If you don't understand why then just read the artist statement again. :)

Maker, Ryan Suprijanto