

## Author Emulation

In the night he woke and climbed out from under the tarp, shivering. The already cold weather had dropped even more so and only the embers of the fire were left. He could not see anything in the pitch blackness but could hear the rumble of nearby thunder clouds, which seemed to be closing in by the second. He heard the wails and screams of someone off in the distance and his heart doubled its pace. He ran to the boy, who was asleep, feeling for his heartbeat in a panic. Cold. Lifeless. Dead. Dark black curling clouds creeping along the ground, barely visibly lit by the dying embers. The sound of thunder or his heartbeat so loud he couldn't hear anything else. Then the fog encompassed the last of the embers and there was nothing but a cold so suffocating he could barely breathe.

Then he opened his eyes and the world was a dull gray as the night faded away. His dreams replicated his fears and they invaded his mind once more. The boy was still there beside him, slowly opening his eyes and sitting upright. He immediately felt his heartbeat slow and breathed a sigh of relief. You had a bad dream. No. Papa? Yes. I'm okay. I know. Okay. We need to go. I had a bad dream too, but I knew it wasn't real and woke up. He knew better now than to ask the boy what he had dreamt about and just nodded. You can discern whether or not something is a dream or reality by how realistic it is. The only thing was that he hadn't been able to discern if his own dream was real or not.

In this excerpt I wrote, I wanted to replicate McCarthy's use of dreams in *The Road*. Both the man and the boy frequently have dreams throughout the book. In the very beginning of the book, the man mentions reaching out to the boy to check if he is breathing. That is one of the first things he does when he wakes up, checks for signs of breathing and a heartbeat. In this dream the man has, I wanted to show his fear of waking up and the boy being, well, dead. I also wanted to replicate the darkness and many other fears of the world through the dark clouds that surround the man in his dream. In his dream the man is so suffocated in fear that it causes him to actually wake up. I also wanted to recreate the brief conversations the man and the boy have. They only ever talk in short sentences and never for very long. Additionally, as the story progresses, the boy becomes more independent from the man and shares his dreams with him less and less. The same thing happens here, and the man refrains from asking the boy what happened in his dream. Because the boy stops sharing his dreams later on in the story, I think this passage would fit best towards the middle or end of the book.

