

The Barcode World



Chapter #1

James tucks down his sleeve as he made his way through the crowded streets of New Meridian. He had heard of this place for months, a gala for Blues. Getting an invitation must have been a mistake, but a new chance has been given to him. No one knows who he is. Everything is perfect.

The tower was illuminated by a dazzling array of lights that seemed to dance along its exterior. The walkway was lined with blue carpet and the entrance was marked with two marble columns and blue ribbon. He could hear the muffled sounds of classical music and laughter as his position in line got closer to the entrance.

“Name?” It felt more like a club than a high-class establishment.

“Haji, Aoyama Haji.”

The bouncer eyed him skeptically while he scanned his list. His eyes lands on James, then on the list, then on James, then back on the list again.

“Welcome to Nexus!” James can stop holding his breath.

The bouncer gestures to enter. Hesitant to take a step forward, he finally walks through the main entrance. The imperial staircase leads his gaze to the large crystal chandelier illuminating the open space. The room is filled with elegantly dressed guests dancing and sipping on champagne, and James could finally pinpoint the grand piano being played with elegance by a man dressed in black and blue.

James was in need of a break from the crowds of people and constant chatter. Scanning the room, his eyes landed on a bar tucked away in the corner. A polished mahogany countertop and the collection of wine bottles were coated in the dim blue light of the ceiling lamp. He sits down on the leather bar stool and lays his forearm on the counter, wondering if this was a good idea after all. He tucks down his sleeve.

“You here alone?”

Startled, James turns his head.

Someone sat next to him at the bar, a Blue.

“Who attends a party by himself?” she starts. “Don’t you have any friends?”

He stumbled to come up with something.

“Y-Yeah, they uh couldn’t attend.”

She was dressed in a luxurious black gown and elegant heels. Her hair was styled in a sleek bun, making her neck and shiny diamond earrings visible. She had applied a semi-bold red lipstick and smokey eye makeup to compliment her appearance. The QR code on her forearm was highlighted with black and white pearl colored bracelets. James tucks down his sleeve again.

“My date left,” she adds. “Said he had to take care of something, I didn't buy it. He’s such a jerk.” There were a few seconds of awkward silence. The music was loud, yet Haji could hear the bartender cleaning wine glasses with a dry cloth.

“Londyn,” she finally adds. “What’s yours?”

“Haji.”

Londyn slouches forward a bit. The ice in her drink hits the rim of the glass as she holds it in her hand. James has a feeling she’s drunk, but doesn’t say anything.

“Hey, Haji-”

She’s most definitely drunk.

“-do you ever feel like your life is stuck in a rut?” she starts. “I get stuck in ruts. Do you get stuck in ruts?”

“Yeah, it gets like that sometimes.”

Londyn’s chair was now facing him, and she used her arm as a pillow. She could easily spill her drink if she were to extend her arm too far outwards.

Londyn jerks her head up with frowned brows and a poked lip.

“I can’t be the only one drinking away here! Let me buy you a drink!”

“N-No no it's okay-”

She snatches James’ arm, pulls up his sleeve revealing his QR code, and lifts his arm for the bartender to scan.

“You should be thanking the lady,” the bartender says while he scans. “There aren’t many people like her in this world.”

A blue hologram appeared on the scanner the bartender used to verify his purchase. He looks at James in shock as the hologram starts flashing in red.

He knows.

They know.

He's not supposed to be here and everyone's caught on.

And now, Londyn knows.

A hand grabs James by the collar.

"You're a Red?!"

Londyn had a right to be angry. Yet she pauses and settles down for a minute. James gets more tense as guards slowly start to surround the bar.

"I, apologize-" Londyn cuts him off.

"You're cute, come on."

Londyn grabs James' forearm and pulls him through the crowd of black and blue. James was confused, but didn't question Londyn and followed. Running up the imperial staircase to the top floor and burst out onto the rooftop. Hands on his knees, he struggles to catch his breath.

James lifts his head. He can only see the silhouette of Londyn's figure, the wind swaying her dress to the north. She turns and faces him.

"Don't you find this exciting, James?"

"Y-Yeah, I guess so."

Her eyes glint blue.

"So, what now?" James asked.

Londyn grinned. "Let's make a deal. I want a new life. Let's switch."

The lights twinkled and the air was cool.

"What do you say, a soul for a soul?"

James felt a sense of freedom and liberation.

Chapter #1 Annotations

A technique I used was third person perspective. I chose to use this technique in this piece to express both characters and relevance equally in the story. Because this piece starts the dystopian story, working with the setting I found much easier than freewriting with the yet to be established personality of the characters.

(pg1, line 32-37) "My date left," she adds. "Said he had to take care of something, I didn't buy it. He's such a jerk." There were a few seconds of awkward silence. The music was loud, yet Haji could hear the bartender cleaning wine glasses with a dry cloth. "Londyn," she finally adds. "What's yours?" "Haji."

Another technique I used was descriptive setting. I chose to use this technique in this piece to give the reader more context into the setting of the story. I wanted the reader to be able to picture the environment the story takes place in and how it impacts the 2 characters.

(pg1, line 5) The tower was illuminated by a dazzling array of lights that seemed to dance along its exterior. The walkway was lined with blue carpet and the entrance was marked with two marble columns and blue ribbon. He could hear the muffled sounds of classical music and laughter as his position in line got closer to the entrance.

As a group, we chose to establish the world of our story with 2 blood types, red and blue, that would differentiate and separate our two characters to express the allegorical theme. Blue being high class (as in the idiom), and red being low class/uncommon. In this way, the reader would be able to establish the difference in our two main characters, as well as more context on the setting of the story.

(pg1, line 21-23) "You here alone?" Startled, James turns his head. Someone sat next to him at the bar, a Blue.

Chaper #2

"The last thing I wanted to do was attend another Black and Blue Gala" thought Londyn as she put on her black gown and new heels. She had spent an hour getting her hair in a sleek bun and picking out jewelry even though she didn't care much about the event. Fast forward a few hours, After my date my date left and a few drinks later I saw someone interesting that clearly came to the party alone. He introduced himself as Haji and I could tell there was something different about him. I felt comfortable opening up and telling him what I had planning for a long time.

Growing up with blue blood wasn't easy for myself. I am very grateful for what I have in my life and to be able to have such nice things. Londyn told Haji

“ I feel like something is missing in my life. I want to experience the world and become “red”. I want to live a more normal lifestyle and I want to understand the struggles and joys of everyday people”. Haji could not understand why anyone who was a blue would want this for himself.

That's why he was really shocked when Londyn said:

“I am starting the red school tomorrow”.

Haji had a funny look on his face

“I am starting at a new school soon too”.

Londyn woke up the next morning, jumping out of her bed excited for her new adventure. She was going to have a new name and a totally new personality so that no one would suspect she was truly blue. Londyn went through a painful process to get a red barcode. Because this wasn't completely legal, she ended up getting an arm infection that she had to take care of on her own. Londyn did not care, she was excited for her new life. Or so she thought...

Immediately when she got to school, she immediately stood out in her designer clothes. The students at the red school mocked her. “I didn't think anything of it with the outfit that I had worn to school but now I'm realizing I don't look a part of the red group.. I look completely blue.” I wore big sharp shiny heels and a small black leather dress with a little silver handbag, I wasn't sure if this was going to pass or not. I heard voices all around and whispers surrounded me fast. She even overheard someone call her a snob. Londyn got upset but she wasn't going to let this ruin her new life, she came out and confronted the bullies and specifically said “I am not going anywhere” Londyn began to wonder if she had made a mistake, she decided that she was going to continue to pretend to be a “red”

for as long as she could, even if she did not look the part today.

When the bell rang she hurried to her first class that had a lot more students in it than she was used to. “Lily?” the teacher said as she entered the classroom. Londyn looked at the teacher strangely before remembering that Lily was her new red name. The teacher introduced Lily, who was a new student from a neighboring red school. The teacher then motioned for her to go sit next to James.

Londyn could not believe what she saw, and it was clear that James could not either. Londyn began to shake as she sat down next to the boy she had met the night before. “Haji?” “Londyn” they both said to one another at the same time. Londyn could not believe another blue had the same idea she did.

“Did you steal my idea? What are you doing here?” James turned white and could barely make out a word let alone a sentence. Londyn kept asking “I can’t believe there’s another blue here! What are the odds!” Before Londyn could ask another question, James raised his hand and asked to use the restroom. He didn’t return for the rest of class..

After class, Londyn ran to find James in the hallway. When she found him, he pulled her into a quiet hallway with very few people around. When Londyn began enthusiastically asking questions again, James blurted out

“I AM NOT A BLUE, LONDYN, I AM A RED”.

Londyn could not believe what she was hearing “If you are a red, how did you attend the gala last night? They never would have let a red in”.

James explained the mix up and how he would have done anything to attend. Both of them realized the danger they would be in if they got caught together. They had to stay away from one another so their fake barcodes were not suspicious. James gave Londyn or “Lily” as she was now being called a few pointers on how to survive life in the “red” world.

“You may want to ditch the shoes”

Londyn rolled her eyes and went on to her next class. When she turned the corner, she saw the same girl who had called her a snob earlier..

Londyn’s stomach sank “had she heard our conversation?”

Londyn could not shake the feeling something was wrong but she continued on to her next classes anyway.

Londyn enjoyed the rest of the day. The classes had many students, people in normal clothes, and no mention of any galas or stupid events that they had to attend with their parents, co-workers and business partners. Londyn was really starting to think she could stay red forever.

At the end of the school day, Londyn was not ready to go home. She was not ready to go back to blue life after the day she experienced. She told her parents she did not feel well and went straight to her room after school. She didn't want to give them any reason to be suspicious.

The next day at school, Londyn, or Lily started to wonder why anyone who has a normal life would want to pretend to be a boring old blue..

She needed to find James and find out exactly why he had pretended to be a blue..

When she got to her first class, where she was supposed to sit next to him. She noticed he wasn't there.

She asked the teacher “Have you seen haj.. Jame. Have you seen James?”

The teacher shook his head “Yesterday was actually James' last day. He is attending a new school, but I am not sure where.”

Londyn could not believe it. James was taking it as far as she was. James was transferring to a blue school.

Lily spent the rest of the day wondering what was going to happen to a red pretending to be a blue. She knew what the students were like at Blueblood high. What was James going to wear? How was he going to act? He pretended to be blue pretty well at the gala? Or did he? Londyn could not really remember.

Londyn started to wonder why her and James were going through so much work just to change who they were.

Londyn started thinking if it was worth it to “fit in ” what did fitting in mean anyway?

“Is being a “normal” person worth what might happen if I get caught?” Londyn thought to herself.

It wasn't long until Londyn saw the girl who had called her names and eavesdropped on her the day before. She didn't say anything this time, but she downed Londyn looking at her outfit, silently judging.

As I walked by, I could have sworn I heard her say “Are you blue”. I froze and looked at her..

“What??” I replied with a shaking voice. “Are you new? Where are you from?”.

Londyn was so relieved that the girl didn't say blue, but then she realized she did not have an answer. She had not thought much about where she would tell people she was from.

“Ummmm. A small school in a small red neighborhood. I doubt you've heard of it!”

Londyn, looking very guilty, ran away. She was sure this girl was on to her. The only way she would be able to calm her nerves was by going to her next class, and hopefully meeting some normal, red friends.

When Londyn got to class, she thought about it again “What is James thinking going to a Blue School” The security was very high at Blue schools and Londyn was starting to think, for the first time, she may have made a huge mistake. (Lowe's annotations)

Chapter #3

I try my best so that way I could fit in but it almost never really works. I was never really comfortable with being seen as an outsider by other people based specifically on the color blood I have. There was this one time when I was in middle school I got into a fight with this guy named Caleb who was my bully at the time. I got so tired of him trying to pick on me for no reason. I didn't want to be bullied anymore by anyone. I approached him,

"Hey Caleb I know we're not the best of friends but could you not bother me anymore?" He laughed in my face cruelly saying I was a joke and that he would never stop then pushed me to the ground. I got up from the ground and proceeded to push him back which resulted in a fight and Caleb beating me up. I began to bleed but everyone was freaking out as I was bleeding because my blood wasn't normal, it was the color red which made all of the other kid's panic and ran away from me. No one wanted to be around me because I was so different from them. Some people even said I am some kind of alien, which made me upset and insecure about going near others. My middle school was hard, especially since everyone had blue blood and I was the only one with red. I tried so hard to avoid the prying eyes of everyone because it's like everywhere I go there's someone there constantly following me.

"He's such a freak, why is his blood that color?" is what I heard almost every single day going to school so I just began to adjust to it but I tried my best to tune all of that noise out of my head. I felt like I had no way out from the criticism that I was receiving from others so I decided to find a way to change the tattoo on my arm that I have because I thought that maybe if my blood were blue like everyone else's then they wouldn't look at me like they did then. I feel like ever since that day those screams of everyone followed me like shadows that would never disappear. So since then, I've just tried my best to seclude myself from everyone so that way I wouldn't be seen as some kind of freak. Now I go to Blueblood High, where everyone there has a way better financial situation than I do. But even though I don't have that, I'm still able to fit in and be who I want to be with the people here because no one truly knows me. The school is so nice inside and out, it has so many nice traditions and everyone just seems as though they get along so it's never really any problems. I'm so happy that I found a way to get a new tattoo so that I could truly fit in this school with no one noticing my real blood. I always walked around school purposely showing my tattoo that way when the security guards that were near me would see that I am a blue blood by scanning my arm. They would see me as just like them and no one would ever find out that I had red blood and not blue blood. I could say that high school was definitely better than middle school by far and I wouldn't change anything if I could. I did start to contemplate whether or not I could live up to the lifestyle of being someone with blue blood or will I be broken down and caught trying to live a life that wasn't mine to live. Then again, I was just so tired of not having all of the luxuries that people with blue blood have so I figured I'd try and be someone with blue blood so I could experience what it was like living amongst the people of luxury. If there was anything I wanted more, that would be to not have to fake who I was to be able to have a good financial lifestyle.

While life inside of school was going very well for me, on the other hand life outside of school was kind of different and not as safe as I thought it would be. After school, I would always try to stay outside for as long as I could before I would go home because there was nothing to really do at home. I would do things like go to an arcade, try to hang out with friends that I made at school but it never seemed to go right

because I had different interests and beliefs than they had. All they ever wanted to do was go to country clubs, stay on their fancy yachts, and treat people who don't have what they have as if they were beneath them. That always made me think about if they knew who I actually was, would they have treated me like that. I knew right then and there that I would never want to become anything like that and I wouldn't ever treat someone better or worse for what they have or don't have. No matter what, my last resort was to go home so I would keep myself busy for as long as I could knowing that I could tell my parents that there was something going on at school that I had to stay for and I would always hear "We're so happy at how hard you're working at school James! Keep us updated with everything going on." which would always make me so happy at how supportive they were of me. The good thing about having rich friends is that I always got invited to all of the fancy galas that they would have. I got an invitation sent to me but it was completely anonymous so I wasn't really sure if I should even go but then again I was so curious about going because I had never been to a gala before so I decided to go. As I was preparing for the gala, I wasn't sure if I had the expenses necessary to purchase a suit so that I would be able to dress appropriately. I asked my father if he had a suit that I could borrow and luckily he was able to give me his old black suit which was special to me because we don't really have much but my parents make it work for me no matter what. While I was on my way to the gala, I was excited because this would be my first time ever going to one so I wanted it to be special and just have night. When I got there I was immediately alerted because I realized that everyone around me was dressed in blue and black but then again I didn't let it bother me because I was so proud at the fact that I even had a suit to come to the gala in. I was so distraught being at the gala because I knew that I could never really have anything like this when I'm being myself so I picture myself as someone I'm not to have stuff that I don't actually have. I always thought about what my life would've been like if I was born a blue blood and didn't have to fake to have what I want to have. Everything at the gala was beyond perfect, there was the best of everything and I wouldn't have wanted to trade that for anything but I knew it would only be but so long until I was caught or someone questioned me on my tattoo and then all of this would be over and it would fade. I tried not to think about any of that for the rest of the night and just enjoyed the gala for as long as I could until I had to leave. I really enjoyed the gala. It was one of the best experiences I have ever had and I don't regret a single thing about tonight. It showed me how good life really can be. As I was on my way home, I was thinking about admitting to my school principal that I forged another tattoo on my body that states I am blue blood but in reality I'm red blood. I was willing to give up the life of a blue blood because I've come to accept and cherish my life for what it was and not what made it better. I was walking to the bus stop so that I could make my way home but I had just missed the bus so I just sat at the bus stop waiting for the next one to come. But as I was waiting, someone grabbed me from behind and before I knew it I was forcefully being thrown into a scary quiet car.

A technique I used in my piece was dialogue. I made that choice because I think that dialogue helps the reader feel what is actually happening in the story and I think it enhances the view at which the reader sees the story. "We're so happy at how hard you're working at school James! Keep us updated with everything going on." is an example from my piece that I used to enhance the reader's understanding of the story. An author that influenced my choice was Ken Liu. Ken Liu uses dialogue in the short story "The Perfect Match", he uses dialogue in his story so commonly and makes things clear in his dialogue which inspired me to use it. Another technique I chose to use in my piece was writing in first person. I wanted to take a deep dive and give the reader a clear image of what it's like being in the life of my character James. I wanted them to have a vivid view of some of the things that the character was experiencing and the effects it had on him. "He laughed in my face cruelly saying I was a joke and that he would never stop then forcefully pushed me to the ground." is an example from my piece that I used. Carrie Vaughn influenced my choice because in her story Amaryllis she gives so much detail and gives vivid images as to why she makes the choices in her stories which I admired and inspired in my piece.

One more technique that I used in my story was symbolic meaning. We used symbolic meaning in our stories because the meaning "Blueblood" originally means wealth so we tried to tie that into our stories by showing that people with blue blood in our story were originally high class and came from a better kind of lifestyle. The meaning "Blueblood" has a great impact on the reader's understanding because since it stands for wealth it lets the reader know that anyone with "blue blood" is of wealth or has that high class. "I now go to Blueblood High, where everyone there has a way better financial situation than I do." is an example from my piece where I give the reader a clue as to what the meaning of blueblood is.

Chapter #4

James was thrust into a car and his blindfold was finally taken off when he noticed Londyn besides him. She leaned in, wrapped her arms around, and squeezed him tightly with tears falling from her face.

“What’s going on?” he asked with a shake in his voice.

Before she could respond, tape was thrust over her mouth and soon over his. They shared a commiserating glance. That was when James noticed this was not a normal car. Its windows, or where windows should have been were merely black walls. He could see there was someone in the driver's seat but couldn't quite make out anything about them through shaded glass. After what felt like hours the vehicle they were in finally stopped and out of nowhere blindfolds were shoved over their eyes and they were pulled out of the car.

James felt himself being led blindly through twists and turns, inside and out. Eventually he was shoved into a seat and the blindfold and tape ripped off. Luckily Londyn was still next to him but now there was a man sitting in front of them. James quickly realized what had happened. They were figured out. The Feds knew.

“I’m sure you two know why you're here”, the man said with a deep steady voice.

Londyn’s voice quivered as she denied any knowledge of what was going on. James wondered whether she genuinely didn't know but he figured agreeing with her was the right way to go.

“I was just taking a walk and someone grabbed me.” The man in front of them raised an eyebrow in the way James had always wished he was able to do. In an intimidating way that made him want to laugh just a little bit. He noticed then that there were no windows in the room. Similar to the vehicle earlier, all the walls were black.

Londyn spoke aloud, “Well, are you gonna tell us?”

The serious man paused for a second before saying,

“Can you both roll up your left sleeve?”

He worded it as if it was a question but Londyn and James both knew it was an order. They had no choice but to obey. This was the moment, James thought, that something needed to stop this. Someone needed to come and save them. But nobody came. No one broke down the door or flew through the ceiling. It was just the two of them and the frightening man sitting in front of them.

James flipped his arm over so his palm was facing towards the ceiling. He slowly began to roll up his sleeve and after a second Londyn sniffed and began to do the same. First James’ DIY ID tattoo and then as the sleeve reached midway up his forearm his original tattoo was exposed. He turned towards Londyn and could see that her sleeve as well had uncovered their secret.

The man in front of them picked up some kind of device and muttered something into it. James tried to stand up but he suddenly noticed he couldn't get up. He was trapped in the chair. When did that

happen? Londyn followed suit and tried to make a run for it but she as well was stuck to it and the seat was stuck to the floor. The man did his signature eyebrow raise as if to say

“did you really think it would be that easy”.

The door opened and a man in a white coat pushing a cart came in. James didn't know what exactly was in the cart but they looked like medical supplies. The guy slipped on a pair of blue medical gloves stretching the wrist of them before snapping them dramatically on each hand. He walked over to Londyn who looked pale and petrified with fear. He took out one of the scary looking devices,

“this is going to hurt a little”, he said.

Londyn cried out. The sounds of her pain hurt James so much more than any physical pain he could experience. He realized then what they were doing. The tattoo was being ripped off of her arm. Leaving below it red, rashy skin. They left her whimpering in pain and rolled the cart over to James and he breathed in, wondering what the pain would feel like. He squeezed his eyes shut and soon the feeling came. It was like nothing he'd ever felt before. Like thousands of tiny people yanking his skin off. Luckily it was soon over and he was left with an aftermath just like on Londyn's arm.

The doctor-like man wheeled his cart out and the door shut.

“Now the two of you are going to receive punishment for your actions.”

“Was this not punishment enough?”, Londyn said.

This seemed like a stupid question to James based on the fact they broke numerous of the core laws. *Thou shall not alter thy body with ink* as well as *Thou shall not tamper with thy given markings with ink* and *Thou shall not enter a place for the other blood*. James thought back, he had definitely learned these in elementary school.

Two large men came out of nowhere and lifted James and Londyn from their chairs, and placed them on the ground, holding their arms tightly behind their backs. James wondered how they were able to get out of the mysterious chairs this time. They were swerved through hallways and outside.

When they made it outside James peeked over at Londyn who had a strange look on her face. It didn't quite match the doom of the moment. She had a sly grin growing on her face. The next few seconds were a blur to James as Londyn lifted up the tiny pointed heel on her left shoe and stabbed it into the foot of the man holding her which caused him to let go of her and leap back grabbing his foot in pain. She walked over and kissed the cheek of the man holding James leaving a red lipstick stain as she slammed her heel into his foot causing him to let go of James. They ran faster than either knew was possible.

James had no idea where they were and where they were running to for a long time, he just knew if they stopped that would be the end. James wasn't ready for that so he ran. He ran until his breath was so heavy he couldn't lift his lungs to take another breath. He ran until his heart beat so intensely it was going to burst out of his chest. He ran until his legs were so tired that they just refused to move. He turned

around and looked at Londyn who was battling to catch her breath between sobs. The heels she had been wearing earlier were long gone on the journey behind them.

As James stumbled towards Londyn, he noticed something in the distance. He couldn't quite make out what it was from where they were but he knew it was coming closer. Was it the Feds following them? No that's not right, they were in the opposite direction. This mysterious mass coming towards them was coming from the direction that they were headed. Wait no maybe that was to their left, or was it the right? James spun around trying to gather where they had come from but all he could see was white all around them. It was so quiet James could only hear his breath. In and out. He felt at peace for some reason. There was a tap on his back and he jumped. Fuck it was just Londyn.

"You okay man?", she asked with a confused expression.

"Look", he said pointing at the object that appeared to only be around thirty feet away at this point.

"Let's go see what it is!", Londyn said, grabbing his hand. How could she still have energy to run? He wondered.

As they approached the thing (James behind Londyn who was dragging him)

Londyn yelled "It's a robot!!" James sneaked up peeking behind her at the robot

"Do you think the government sent it?", he whispered.

"No stupid! It's the company my dad works at", she replied.

"See it says *The Movement*. That's his company!"

"What exactly do they do at *The Moment*?", James asked.

"I don't know", she replied.

"I think he makes gym machines or something boring like that. He's here to rescue us though! I'm sure of it."

Then out of nowhere the *thing* began to speak in a robotic monotone.

"Hello I am a representative from *The Movement*. We have heard about your trials to break out of the blood color norm" James and Londyn side eyed each other nervously. The robot continued,

"*The Movement* works to end the blood color gap and end extreme governmental control. You are in danger, please come with me."

Chapter #4 Annotations

I tried to vividly explain how James felt and what he saw during these final crucial moments of the story. I hope to make the reader feel as if they're in the story and can really feel how the characters felt. I

wrote, “The guy slipped on a pair of blue medical gloves stretching the wrist of them before snapping them dramatically on each hand.” I wanted the reader to be able to really picture what this looked like because it personifies the doctor character and these kinds of small things are what James notices in the moment.

I wrote in 3rd person, limited omniscience. I wasn't planning on writing omnisciently but I got really interested in James' thoughts through these major moments of the story. Londyn is full of surprises so I thought it would make the pacing more fun for the reader to not know her point of view.

My writing is the very end of the story so I slowed it down and stretched out a short period of time. The period of time I wrote about is extremely dramatic and event-packed so I described every little detail of it. I think this gives the reader a sense of suspense and a satisfying ending. For instance when I wrote, “The sounds of her pain hurt James so much more than any physical pain he could experience.” This may seem like a mundane thing to spend time describing but it seemed right to