

Eliza Cucchiara

10/13

C band

Lit log #2

Based on scene on page 193- 194

Ol' Pete's narration based on his words from pages 45-47

**Creative piece:**

I never understood nothin' except for that I'm not how I'm supposed to be. I can't help it. I never been able to. I always been looked at like I never grew up. They treat me like I'm just a little boy. I'm grown. 55 years grown.

We always been treated two kinda ways. Them over there with their cards and us over here with our wheelchairs. I know why. I know that I wasn't born to be a real man, but I'm still a sort of man. They're all only sort of men too, that's why they're in her with me and not outside.

It's a lotta baloney, this business with McMurphy. He been making all these men feel like full men again. They don't even see the man in me. They look at me and look straight through me to the little boy inside.

I know that I'm different.

I'm so tired.

McMurphy wanted them to play cards for money. Then he wanted to watch the TV. The Nurse said no and no and then he asked to go fishing and she said yes. He been trying to get everyone all excited, and been getting mad when people been holding their tongues. It don't matter to me, because I can't play or swim or fish anyways.

None of us can. We have to sit over here on this side of the room. We watch as they sign their names to go fishing. Some of them don't. Some of them are too scared. I get being scared. But I would do all of the things they scared of if I was more like them and less like me. They got it easy. I was born dead.

When I woke up, I knew that today was the day they was going. I knew I was staying here. I don't get to leave. I don't get anything different. This place makes me so tired. I wake up and I go to sleep. It's easier here. Where they don't insult me, like they been doing my whole life. I want to go fishing.

My sheet is too tight around my chest. I can't breathe. I could wiggle out, I got the strength. But I can't bring myself to move all that much. I squint my eyes and try to see through the haze in my brain that comes from all the tiredness.

McMurphy is shouting, and he's pounding Chief on the back which don't make no sense.

*"Look here at the Big Chief; Here's an example of a good sailor."*

It settles in like a weight on my shoulders. He's going. He's going and I'm staying here. I can't place it. I can't reason out why. Maybe the others got it figured out. Maybe they got less figured out than me. Chief pulls a sweater over his head. A wooly one. A sweater like that is only for the outdoors. I never gonna be in a sweater like that.

It's not fair. Nothing's fair. How they got it so easy. When I never even got to play at being alive. Now the big chief gets to pretend he's one of them. My eyes follow him and I know that everyone else's do too. We all wanna know how he got lucky. Even the ones who can't make a sound are wondering.

I'm tired. I'm so tired. It's been hard. So hard.

### **Artistic Statement**

In this piece, I chose to rewrite the moment when it is revealed that Chief Bromden will be going on the fishing trip from the point of view of another chronic. I decided to write as Ol' Pete, because we know a little bit more about how he thinks than we do about the other chronics.

Before he leaves, Chief Broom is painfully aware of the chronic's eyes on him, "The chronics woke up to look around.. they finally centered on me with weak and watered-down old looks, faces wistful and curious." (193) It makes him uncomfortable to know that he is being watched, and he could tell that they were aware of what was going on, "They watched me, and knew instinctively that I was going. And they could still be a little jealous it wasn't them." (193) He understands their emotions, and notes that even though they can do very little in the world, they still have the capacity to recognize what was happening and for it to impact them. I tried to capture this in Ol' Pete's response to this moment, when I wrote, "It settles in like a weight on my shoulders. He's going. He's going and I'm staying here. I can't place it. I can't reason out why." I wanted to make it clear that even though Ol' Pete and the other chronics may not fully

understand the situation, or may not be thinking about it like one of the accutes would, he still is picking up on the fact that something unfair is happening.

In this piece, I also tried to mirror Ol' Pete's internal narration to the way that he talked in his outburst earlier in the book. For example, he said, "I can't help it... I had so many insults I died. I was born dead. I can't help it. I'm tired..." (49) He spoke in short sentences, which I tried to emulate in my work. When I wrote, "I knew I was staying here. I don't get to leave. I don't get anything different. This place makes me so tired. I wake up and I go to sleep." I was trying to copy the sentence structure as well as his tendency to use simple words. The reader knows that he supposedly thinks similarly to a child, so I tried to use words that a child would use. I also noticed that he spoke very informally, and tried to mimic his tone and some of his slang in my work.