

English wriitentask essay



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Writing diary entries from Blanche's point of view about her emotions toward Stanley : A streetcar named desire Rationale In part 4 of our english course, we study and analyze famous literature works such as Shakespear's " Othello" and Tennessee Williams's " A Streetcar Named Desire". For this written task, we have to choose an imaginative way of exploring an apsect of the material we have studied. In other words, it is a creative assignment regarding an aspect or theme of either " Othello" or " A Streetcar Named Desire". I have chosen to explore the character of Blanche by writing diary entries in which Blanche begins to be delusional due to Stanley's actions towards her and how this makes her feel towards Stanley.

Looking at both characters, we can see that both of them are opposites of each other. Blanche, coming from a wealthy family and also from the south, has a higher status and therefore expects men to treat women with respect because this is what she experienced during most of her life. On the other hand, Stanley, coming from new orleans, but representing the new American, shows a obvious difference in character from Blanche. Stanley is portrayed as a brute, having power over both female and , in a sense, male characters too. By writing diary entries from Blanche's point of view, we are able to see the difference between the cultures from south and the new America , the difference of social status affecting how Blanche treats Stanley. Dear diary, Upon arriving at Elysian fields, the first thought that came to my mind: I must have taken the wrong streetcar! Oh how can this be where my dear sister, Stella, lives? After being brought up by the wealth of our great family, I had great expectations in my head! After the loss of

belle reve – the struggling, all those deaths – I had to endure – it has made me as weak as the crumbling walls of an old house.

What do I have to do to deserve a trip to paradise? If life hasn't given me enough troubles a sane human being can handle, here comes my lovely brother-in-law, Mr Stanley Kowalski. Oh what an, interesting man he is, asking me questions about my past that I tried so hard to lock up, and stow away, And what nerve! Snatching my love letters from my young husband, my sweet, sweet boy, he is definitely an inquirer. I can see, too, that he's of the more primitive side of nature, the way he walks and talks, not like the gentlemen who used to call for me for hours and hours till I replied them. Dear diary, If one Stanly Kowalski wasn't enough, what about four of them? I've never expected the gathering of the apes, nor have I seen that many in one place! Oh Stanley Kowalski, the alpha male, saying that I could not kibitz-who does he think he is, the king of the house? And the way he treats Stella, my dear sister, embarassing her infront of his friends. His true colors shine through and no man, no man in the world treats a woman this way. Oh What did she ever do to that beast, what makes her deserve such a life? And what does a girl need to do to enjoy herself around here? Can't Stella and I enjoy a little conversation between ourselves without having Stanley blowing his top off? Oh, the destruction that trails after Stanley, almost like a shadow. What a monster! He attacked my baby sister, how ruthless can he be? Kindness... Please find your way to me..

. Please find your way to Stella as she most certainly needs it. Dear diary: I cannot believe Stella! After what Stanley had done to her, she's still with that

monster. She told me about their romantic times together and how thrilling it is to have him smash their lightbulbs with the heel of her slipper.

Am I the only one who sees that she's in danger? Or that her head is way too far into the clouds to see what an animal Stanley is. She's a damnsel in distress, and I have to save her. To save her from the beast. Like a circulating rumor spreading ever so quickly through the high school corridors, my disgust for Stanley certainly escalates at that speed. Even after that big speech I gave Stella, after telling how awful and, oh so common Stanley really is, she still refuses to listen.

What she's feeling is just brutal desire – just desire! – that old tin can which rattles through up and down the street! And my, it's been a long time since I felt it and how dearly do i reminisce. Perhaps Mitch would now be the one to fill this empty hole, lingering in my heart. Dear diary, Mitch missed my birthday today... something must be terribly wrong for he did not asnwer my calls.

I'm afraid that the truth would come out any moment, and that Stanley will spill the beans, ruining our relationship.... Mitch knows, Stanley must've told him.

Oh, he must have told Mitch something about me! How can i face Mitch, face everyone? My image now tainted by the colors of shame. I can't let them know my past for I have been hiding it for so long. No, i can't let get out, not right now..

. He must have been to Laurel-to the Flamingo! Oh what have I done to deserve this? After all I have suffered for Belle reve, all I have sacrificed to fill my lonely soul, I deserve to be treated with kindness and love- after all that God has put me through. Isn't it time for a change? May miracles happen and Stanley will forever keep it to himself. Oh how silly of me, of course he wouldnt.

And now, my reality is slowly grabbing onto my dreams. Grabbing ahold of everything and turning it into a nightmare. dear diary: Stanley... Stanley-he.

.. Confronted me today. He was so happy at first, being a father and all. I was so relieved to see that Stanley Kowalski, was having a normal conversation with me, Blanche! He told me stories about his cousin, the human bottle opener.

And even opened a bottle to celebrate with me! I mean, maybe Stanley kowalski, the brute, the polack isn't so bad after all. It must have been something I said...

After Mitch had torn my paper lantern, exposing my light. I feel weak of the mind, like someone has torn out a piece of my brain. Nonetheless, I'm still and always will be a woman of intelligence and breeding, enough for my future husband , the wonderful Shep Huntleigh. What every rich man needs is a woman. A woman with a beauty of the mind, richness of the spirit and tenderness of the heart, and I have all those things! He came after me.

.. He insulted me... calling my dress a worn-out mardi-gras outfit rented for fifty cents.

.. I tried to stop him, I tried calling Mr Huntleigh but it was no use. It was inevitable, I was weak, I...

Gave up...