

# Example of portfolio: dialogue creative writing

[Sociology](#), [Women](#)



The chilly morning air blew gently across the damp corn field. The sun rose from a distance as it gave reason to the stark contrast between day and night. Strong smell of freshly ploughed red earth filled the lungs of a chubby eleven year old boy as he raced towards the hedge surrounding the farm.

**“ Wait up Timmy!” The young boy heard his little sister shout behind him between long gasps of air.**

The boy slowed down with a puzzled look drawn all over his freckled face.

“ What are you doing up so early?” Timmy asked her sister Tamara while still trying to catch his breath.

“ I heard u sneak out of the bedroom and I couldn’ t help but wonder where you were headed off to so early,” replied the lanky girl in a cheeky makeshift British accent. “ So I decided to pull on my sweater and follow you.”

“ No! You shouldn’t have Tamara,” he replied with a concern look. “ I’m not sure where I am going is safe for little girls like you.”

“ Dad was looking for you and I’m not sure I can lie about where you headed off to,” she replied. “ You know he does not like you going out to the fields all alone to do your little experiments,” she further added with a grin across her face.

Timmy stood there as the ghastly cold air blew across their hair. After what seemed like an eternity to her little sister he answered her in a huff.

**“ Ok, follow me but don’t get in my way.”**

“ You won’t even notice I was here,” she replied as they started racing into the field.

This time Timmy ran a slower so that her little sister could catch up to him. The cold morning air brushed against his brown eyes making tears to flow

periodically and his face numb. He was left pondering how an eight year old girl could be so manipulative.

Before his train of thought could come to a logical conclusion he took note of red stains on the ground and some on the leaves and stalks of the corn.

**“ What is that?” He asked himself paying minimal attention to it.**

However, as he neared his destination the amount of red substance that had sprawled everywhere was gradually increasing. Looking back at his small sister who was now closely behind her, the charming presence that once was had been replaced by great fear and anxiety. They would soon be at their target location.

**“ What happened here?” He asked himself while trying to keep his cool.**

He got his answer as soon as it had popped into his mind. Bewildered and in awe Tamara and Timmy stood in a small cut out field. An old oak tree that defied age stood in the centre. A small canary bird cage that had been mangled up with blood stains all over covered in feathers scattered throughout the ground lay sprawled on the ground. Four other bird cages were found in the same state.

**“ Timmy I’m scared,” Tamara whispered while sobbing softly.**

Timmy looked at the remains of nests belonging to his little spotted kiwi birds.

“ Who did this to your birds?” She further added.

As soon as she asked that, a long silver python rose from the wreckage.

“ Get down!” A deep voice from behind them shouted. It was there father.

Two loud gun shots rang through the morning air as the sun cast more of its daunting rays.