

Story synopsis creative writings example

[Family](#), [Father](#)



Synopsis

A man stands blindfolded in a firing line. He is dirty, wearing rags, and looks as though he has been tortured. It is clear by his surroundings that he is being held at a type of military base. His skin color differentiates him from that of his captives, who wear cleanly pressed uniforms. Their expressions are emotionless and stern. The man shakes but remains where he stands. A flashback takes place. We see the man's home and himself as a child. His childhood home is small and modest. It is not dirty, but it is lived-in. His mother prays in the next room, and weeps. We watch as his father packs a bag of clothes, looks longingly, once, at the boy and his mother. He looks as though he wants to say something. The boy looks confused and curious. The father opens his mouth, as if to explain, but then closes it. An ominous figure in a vaguely familiar uniform stands at the door, shaking his head. His father pats him on the head, looks one last time at the boy's mother, and leaves. Several years pass, and we see the woman deteriorated even further. She has never recovered from the loss of her husband, nor does she notice what goes on around her. She does not work, cook, or mend clothes, and is unable to provide for her young son. It is evident that she spends most of her time in a small chair beside the family's front porch, staring over the horizon, as if waiting for her husband to return. The boy brings the small animals he is able to catch in the desert home for their supper. It is barely enough to keep them alive, and he has never been taught how to cook. He has grown tall and broad in his father's absence. However, the desperation that has plagued he and his mother have made him appear stringy. He keeps a watchful eye on the horizon, as the burning towns approach closer and

closer to his own.

Finally, one night, we see the trouble has come to the boy's village. He is now a man, and the enemy enters his home. He offers himself in place of his mother. He is now an adult, and the enemy takes him. Perhaps they believe he will be valuable to their rebellious cause against the home country.

The man is beaten and tortured. He refuses to speak. He refuses to cry. He will not accept the enemy's food or water. Instead, he accepts that this is how he will die, even though it frightens him. He remembers being dragged from his small cell that morning, only to be blindfolded and stood in the firing line.

The boy, now a man, returns to himself and the firing line. His final thoughts turn to his own face. His dark hair, skin, and blue eyes reflecting at himself in the mirror once reminded him of his father. He sees his father again. No other men in the village looked like he or his father. At one time, he took great pride in the brightness of his eyes, and darkness of his hair, and as he thinks of the young man staring into the mirror, he sees his father standing next to him. He always thought this was special. This thought consoles him as the executioner cocks his gun, and fires.

The prisoner falls. The guard steps forward, nudging the blindfold over the man's head with his shoe. He notices the man's lifeless blue eyes, dark hair, and skin are similar to his own. He remembers a boy who looked like this. He remembers a boy he left behind with a woman he never loved before joining the war effort. It is a fleeting memory that he releases before moving on to check that the next body is dead.