

Discovery creative writing essay sample



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Write an original narrative which deals with the idea that the best discoveries are unintended. You must include a birthday party. The lingering light was immersed by the rapidly falling night. The once salmon, purple sky transformed into a vast expanse of jet-black that engulfed the whole town. Yet at the corner of the street, the house remained unchanged. Supported only by stilts, its shabby character inconsistent to the grace and elegance of its neighbours. Its door flung open and a large figure emerged under the flickering light juxtaposed by dark shadows, followed by ‘ Don’t go Benjamin’. The sentimental tone evident in the melodious voice. But the arrogant figure departed blithely without regard for the tender values. ‘ He shouldn’t have done that. Old wounds should never be reopened’, the old man whose eyes adamantly refused to leave the windowpane let out solemnly as though the times which he ran away from, caught up to him. The tough times of latter years had wrinkled the skin on his face, yet the old green eyes affectionately gleamed about the times ahead. He gazed intently at his gnarled hands which persistently provided reminiscence of the past. His aches were his constant companions, not friends, but always with him. His voice was slow as he stumbled upon words at times. But often he was overwhelmed by emotions that had been buried for decades. These emotions, however were destroyed in an instant. The nostalgia of the photographs hung on his worn walls, were constant memories of his cheerful past, when Benjamin actually cared. ‘ But now, now, he left in an instant.’ The wizened man’s words served to console the dreadful experiences of the past minutes. Here in this room, holding a photo frame tightly, he should have felt honoured and proud, yet his eyes simply could not smile.

He shifted uncomfortably and evasively, looked away, lost in contemplation, thinking of the jubilant birthdays of his son, however he was continually reminded of the conversation with Benjamin prior to leaving. ‘ Years had passed, he knew not that he was adopted’. But, the futile conversation with Benjamin had been at the forefront of his mind. ‘ Ben’s demeanour lacks the courage to overcome this challenge’, the man persistently mentioned. At this point in time, the battered out door, which had previously flung open, was heavily thumped. The old man, ridden with emotions, leaned on his walking cane and with a shuffling gait approached the door. His hands tightly clenched the handle ironically however, the swift movements were a contrast to his great old age. The door creaked open, to a persona previously encountered, his son Benjamin. Embarrassed and regretful, his son’s words were inarticulate. He spoke in a calm manner, perhaps realising mistake, nonetheless, the old man reciprocated his son’s feelings by engaging in a conversation.

‘ Sit down, son.’ the old man said, taking him by the arm, ‘ you deserve to be happy.’ Similar to a leaking tap, Ben’s words trickled out of his mouth yet his remorse was for his actions was seeping through. He searched for words to say and finally managed to blurt out his true sentiments. ‘ Dad why?’ These two words however, exhibited a much significant meaning and captured the true essence of the relationship between the father and son. In response, the old man moved his lips to speak, yet his frail and benevolent nature restricted him. He merely sat on his chair and drew on a cigarette, though as he removed it from his lips, he blew the smoke in the air carefully as if it was the lingering of aches in his life he was struggling to elude. He stood

cautiously from his chair, walked to the adjacent room and returned with a piece of paper. Under the warm and mellow light, he adjusted his glasses, squinted his eyes and began to read. ‘ Dear Son...

I remember the day you were born. You were so small, so perfect. As you looked up at me with your deep brown eyes, so innocent and trusting, the responsibility hit me. I could never have given you all the time and attention you deserved. I could never have offered you the support you needed. As I looked down at the beautiful baby in my arms, as I looked down at you, I knew that you deserved to much more than I could ever give you, so much more than me.’ A single tear rolled down the old man’s cheek, nevertheless he persisted to read. ‘ Your parents, the people I chose for you, are some of the nicest people I have ever met. I hope that you are kind to them, respectful of them. They opened their hearts to you, and they deserve everything you can give them in that way. They are your parents, never forget that, they love you just as much as I do, and in some ways I’m sure even more. They’ve been there with you every step of the way, watching you grow into the amazing person that you are. Respect and always honour that.’ His eyes now quickly filled with desolate tears glistening in the light, abounds the serious and sombre atmosphere.