

# this is how it went

1. I started to write a story.
2. Then got bored with it.
3. I thought “how about a poem?”
4. Nope, not all that much came to me there, either.
5. I went back to my story, in the vain attempt to somehow salvage what little talent lay within.
6. It was about a guy who witnesses a robbery at a Chinese supermarket in France.
7. He starts off as a bit of a chicken—you know, very “reality” style—but managed to overcome it to try and save the day.
8. The shop owner, an old lady the protagonist had known since childhood, did not survive the incident.
9. Before she dies, she hands him a yellowed, crinkled, stuffed envelope and asks him to deliver it to a certain person in old school China.
10. He travels for the old lady’s memories, and finds the house.
11. At first he thinks it is empty.
12. He warily steps his way through, until he hears the soft sounds of a little girl playing with dolls.
13. You know, little hessian sacks filled with rice.
14. He creaks the door open, and says hi to the little girl.
15. She says they’re having a tea party.
16. He asks where her parents are, if he could speak to them.
17. She says there’s nobody else here—who is he after?
18. He mentions the name, the one he is supposed to give the envelope to.
19. She says “that’s my name.”

20. She opens the envelope, and within it are photos from the 1930s of herself, sepia-tinted, completely unaffected for the past 80 years.
21. He asks how this is possible.
22. She says memories live forever.
23. He begins to see the old lady's face in the young girl's.
24. She smiles at him.
25. His mind races, then starts to feel drowsy... and he passes out.

### **what was the point of it?**

1. It mostly seemed like a good idea at the time.
2. I think the original direction was headed somewhere else.
3. At some stage I had a moral or lesson in it somewhere.
4. Somehow it turned into that.
5. It has never been finished.
6. I have unfinished works from as far back as a half dozen years ago.
7. Some could be salvaged.
8. Others are best left hidden.
9. In shame.

### **so, where to from here?**

1. I started to write a story.