

Casey Flaim

Creative Writing

3 March 2011

### Hell Raised

Dear Reader,

I used to think, that the feeling of being alive was untouchable by any other feeling. I used to think that the world's beauty never stopped, and never ceased to give out so much beautiful life. Though now I know that that feeling, the feeling of living in a perfect world, does not exist at all. Beauty in this world does not exist and will never in my lifetime. That natural beauty is too far off, hidden in faraway places where someone like me will never find it. Sometimes I still find myself imagining that beauty is out there, and even though it scarcely exists in a place like Damina; just the thought of it keeps me alive.

I am Robert Damina, I am the secret highest rank of the hell bound town of Damina that you have happened to stumble upon. I live in the shadows in a secluded mansion in the deepest part of the Damina woods, for if I did not, I would be nothing, and I would have nothing. I have no family left on this earth, and the one friend I have, that has made it through alive, is on leave from this town for his own good, much like I should do. I do not have the heart to leave this town, it is the town where I was born, lived, and will die in, even though it is warped terribly from when I was young. Back then, Damina was just like every other thriving town, the town square was always bustling with people and shops selling anything you could ever need. The church was beautiful and shining and everyone gathered every week to attend the Sunday mass. The sun shown throughout the town almost daily, and mostly, you could not find a glum look on a single face on anyone who lived in Damian.

**Commented [CAF1]:** When I was writing this piece I was using a technique that was specified in the AWP's "Recommendations on the Teaching of Creative Writing to Undergraduates." The assignment was to try to mimic the work of another author, I chose Edgar Allen Poe. Which is why this text adheres to the AWP's view that students should "practice in integrating the strategies of literary models, especially through isolating a specific craft technique to achieve a particular affect."

No one but myself knows, or more accurately, no one but myself even remembers exactly what happened on the day when everything turned black. However, I know it all; every gruesome detail of what my grandfather did to Damina and its people. My grandfather was an angry, selfish, and soulless old man. Back in the days before he betrayed our Damina, he ran every part of our town, everything had to go through him and he had to be involved in everything. Many people saw my grandfather as a respectable man who did well for Damina, but as I am his grandson I know the things that they never would have fathomed in their wildest dreams. That nasty old man didn't care for his people or his town that was handed to him by his father and founded many years ago by our ancient family. My grandfather sold his withered messed up soul, the perfect town, and its people to the monster in the deepest parts of hell, just to get his hands on a little trinket that the devil himself possessed. There have been rumors that the trinket had the power to make my grandfather "all powerful" but that my grandfather was tricked by the devil and disappeared soon after receiving the object. However, I have no actual proof of that story, I still have never seen the object, and I do not know what that object had the power to do. Though I do know that that mysterious devilish thing caused me and the towns people of Damina such pain and suffering, that if the object was intended to do good, the good it could produce would never be enough to undo the horrifying effect it had on me and the townspeople, that still live on and are cursed to this day. They are cursed to live lives similar to hell on earth, and to constantly dwell in the streets of Damina. The streets that now have no life. The streets, trees, buildings, church, and the square, all the things that I once loved now are gray, somber, bleak, and dead just as the people. The sun shines no longer and everything has decayed and withered because of the darkness.

**Commented [CAF2]:** This assignment aligns with the SAS standards for 12<sup>th</sup> grade short story writing:

**1.4.12.A:**

Write poems, short stories, and plays with various organizational methods, literary elements and devices.

- Construct a strong story line with illustrative details that address a complex idea or examine a complex experience.
- Choose a method of organization that supports the intended purpose.
- Continue to exhibit a personal writing style.
- Demonstrate a sophisticated control of grammar, mechanics, spelling, usage, and sentence formation.

**Commented [CAF3]:** The SAS standard: "1.5.12.E:

Revise writing to improve style, word choice, sentence variety, and subtlety of meaning after rethinking how questions of purpose, audience, and **genre** have addressed."

Is one which I worked hard to accomplish. On many occasions while writing I found myself not writing in a way that would fit the "horror" genre which I was going for. Though, after revision I managed to catch these mistakes and try my best to use word choice that was appropriate.

The people, my old friends, the many kind and loving people, are now pale and demon like. I watch them from my highest tower that has a window with a view of the square. I watch them as they move their undead feet slowly and lazily across withered cobble stones. They groan and moan, and stumble along seeming to become more decayed with each step. The actions of the creatures that I once knew as friends almost drive more insanity into my brain. The people are ghastly to look upon. Their eyes dried up with their souls when the town was taken. The skin of every town folk is cracked and flaking as if a body part could fall off at any moment. There only sense is smell, but the strength of that sense is equivalent to having three pairs of eyes. They are the best at smelling blood, they can smell blood from even the tiniest of wild animals, so much as if a rabbit dared to step into the square, and the poor creature would be shredded in an instant by the zombified town's people and within seconds a blood stained carcass would be the only remains.

I never leave my house in the safe, dark, and desolate woods. I do not dare set foot in town because they look for me day and night. They look for me for revenge, to destroy me for the actions of my grandfather. They have recently learned that I am alive and well. They were never to know that my blood still ruins through my veins. I have hid from them for many years, ever since the darkness. They now know that if I am dead the hell that is cursed onto them will be raised and they will be free and able to die at last, peacefully and without worry. So as I sit here in my dark tower writing this to whoever is to find it, it is to tell you that on this day I took my life to save the damned zombie town folk and town of Damina. So as I take my grandfather's knife to my wrist, let it be known that I died for hell. I died for the hell that surrounds Damina to be shot back into the devil's home where it belongs, so that he and my grandfather may acquire even more sin and heated rage to fill their damned souls. My only wish is for whoever finds this,

**Commented [CAF4]:** While writing I was using one of the CWPA's "Habits of the Mind"; Creativity. I was writing in a way that was pushing my own creative boundaries in a way that I never have before. The CWPA feels that creativity is the act of "taking risks" in writing and this piece, for me, is an example of a time where I did just that.

my last note, for you to live and thrive in Damina and worship the beauty that I have restored to it.

Truly,

Robert Damina

**Commented [CAF5]:** An aspect of NCTE's position statement "Beliefs about the Teaching of Writing" that I would have liked to have experienced when writing this paper would be the type of feedback I received on this assignment. The NCTE states that teachers should be informed on "how to deliver useful feedback, appropriate for the writer and the situation."  
On this paper I received feedback that said a generic phrase such as "Good Job! Great use of imagery." I felt that this was not helpful to me as a writer, and did not help me improve. That type of feedback is also something that Nancy Sommer's would disagree with. In her essay "Across Drafts" she expresses the importance of constructive criticism and how that can help students strive to be better writers and improve with every assignment.