

.1.

Literary Piece.

“The C Word”

the middle of our living room desperately clinging on to each other and with my girls sobbing uncontrollably, the impact and realisation hit me. My whole body fell limp as I slowly let go of John's embrace, and my body crashed to the ground. My stomach wrenched at the thought of the pain I was going to have to face. My heart sank as guilt overcame it due to the hell I would put my family through. Tears gushed from my eyes, as if trying to escape from my body which would soon turn into The Devil's abode. Simply, I completely broke down.

Days went by without anyone in the house talking to each other unless it was completely necessary. Walking around with our heads to the ground and desperate to not make eye contact with each other, we were all scared; scared that if we actually looked up we would have to face this disease in the home. And that's exactly what I had become, a disease.

Apart from when I was at the hospital being pricked and prodded with injection after injection, I stayed at home all of hours of the day. Lying on the sofa with my trusted remote control right by my side, I had found my way to cope. My family became a blur to me and as much as it sickens me to admit, I simply stopped caring about them. Their problems were *pathetic* compared to mine. Were they dying? No. So who actually cares? Well I certainly didn't.

This was until I overheard the girls talking one night. Their voices were hushed which made it difficult to hear, but the "I hate mum" stood out above the rest. As a lump rose in throat and my lip began to quiver, I knew I would never forget this moment. The moment where it became conclusive that I had failed as a parent; the only thing I once cared about.

I needed to get help and counselling was the start. My first counselling session was difficult. We sat in a circle, all with a different story which we were all reluctant to tell. However, as we were forced to discuss our horror stories and talk about ourselves honestly, we all eventually unveiled the real us; the 'us' which the cancer had turned ourselves into.

As I talked about the hatred my children had for me and the fact that my own husband couldn't even look me in the eye anymore, I realised what my life had become. A mess. A wreck. And I was not prepared to leave my life this way. At the hardest point where life challenged to escape me, I needed to grab onto it; cling on tighter than ever before. If this was going to be the end, I needed to make my life the most exciting it had ever been and actually start living.

My one life dream has always been the same. My dad is Hungarian and escaped during the Hungarian uprising and he had never returned. I had always wanted to visit where he lived, try the delicacies, see the landmarks; a true family holiday where we can all be together and experience our heritage; together for possibly the very last time.

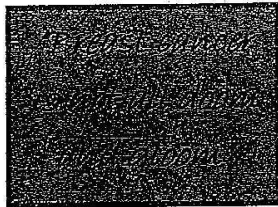
That night, I began putting the holiday into action. I called all my family and told them about the arrangements and in just two weeks time I would be fulfilling my life's dream; something I never thought I was going to do.

As we arrived in the town and I gazed around at the discoloured buildings and dingy streets, my heart sank. Hungary was not what I expected. I had heard all the horror stories from my dad about what it was like in the past, but I thought it may've moved on. I looked at my dad; a tear came to his eye as we walked past an alley of flats. The flats were crumbling and the reek forced us all to gasp

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Non-literary Piece.

“The Crazy Lady”



The idea was to organise a mufti day for Highfields, the school where Glennis worked, and to allow children and staff

to wear their own clothes (and crazy hats if they really wanted to become involved) for a nominal amount. But, the word spread and many head teachers in the area were getting their schools involved in the project. Eventually 161 schools became involved and March 15th 2002 was to become officially 'Crazy Hats Day'. And from this one day £20,000 was made! "I knew that this was going to be the beginning of something big. So, we started to put the charity into action."

Glennis held a competition for the children in her class to design a logo for the charity, and when she saw the pink mortar board, it represented everything the charity was for. "It's not just all about raising money; it's about having fun and teaching people about cancer."

However when she was 48, Glennis was told due to her cancer and operations, she was not able to go back to work. "I was heartbroken! I had been aiming to be a head teacher my whole life, and it was just taken away from me."

This is when she knew 'Crazy Hats' was something she needed to continue, as she needed a project. "I'm just too crazy to sit back and do nothing!"

As the anniversary for the first 'Crazy Hats Day' arose, Glennis knew something crazy had to be organised, so she decided on a walk around Wicksteed park in Kettering.

But this wasn't just any walk around the park, this was walking a whopping ten times around the park. Despite the demanding challenge, almost 200 walkers arrived at the event dressed with crazy hats and banners and t-shirts to support and walk for those who have suffered from cancer. "Breast cancer is not all doom and gloom." However, they then realised 10 laps of the park was a bit extensive so they cut it down and did as many as they could manage. But still, the walk raised a staggering £7,500.

Glennis didn't stop there, she continued with an amazing team of supporters when in 2005 Crazy Hats was made an official charity.

Since, then many more laps of Wicksteed Park have been walked, so much more money has been raised, more supporters have joined and many more laughs have occurred thanks to this courageous crazy woman and her courageous crazy ways. "We all have to carry on what we're doing. There have been times where it's all got too much, but then when I see the thousands of supporters we have and the thousands of people that know of someone who has died from cancer, I know every minute is worth it!"

Crazy Hats next walk is on March 21st in Wicksteed Park. Join the hundreds of people to raise money and have an amazing day with amazing people. And remember to bring your crazy side!



"value life and be positive. Live for today and savour every moment"

My theme is the celebration of life which I thought deserved to be highlighted as it is something taken for granted.

The stimulus text for my coursework pieces, *Twelfth Night* by William Shakespeare, is where I obtained my theme. "Your true love's coming." Despite loss being a major theme, love that the characters have for each other help them to continue living life positively.

Both pieces are set in the present day and are based around the survival of cancer. Due to the serious topic, both pieces aim at a mature audience who are able to understand and appreciate that. My fiction piece, *The C Word*, is a short story showing a person's battle with cancer in first person narrative. This creates a direct link from the character to the reader making the piece emotional. I chose short story as my genre as creative writing is one of my skills, therefore could be used to write a successful piece.

My non-fiction piece, *The Crazy Lady*, is a local newspaper article celebrating the life of a past cancer sufferer and the work she has done after beating the affliction. I chose the genre of an article as I have written articles for newspapers before, so I used a skill of mine.

My objective was to create emotional pieces of writing which would make the reader truly appreciate life. To do this, I changed the semantic fields at different points in the writing to change the emotion and keep the reader involved.

"Die", "suffer", "lifeless", were used in the opening of *The C Word*, but the semantic field then changes to "amazement", "excitement", "piece".

"Dreams", "amazing", "enjoying" were used in *The Crazy Lady*, but the semantic field changed to "struggled", "cancer" "die."

These changes in tone help to show the emotional journey of which people who have suffered with cancer go through and make the audience more involved with the piece.

Taking the negative of cancer and making your life positive is a common theme used which was taken from the film *My Sisters Keeper*. The film is about a sufferer of leukaemia and throughout the film her determination to fight the cancer is inspirational to view. I wanted both my pieces to be inspirational to the reader.

In *The C Word* I used short, simple sentences to display the character's struggle. "Not here; not now." The semi-colon helps to express her distress as if a deep pause is needed between these four simple words. Everything in her life is now exhausting, but she will not give up her life. This shows an amazing inspiring strength to the reader.

In *The Crazy Lady* I used quotations from the woman in the article to show her uplifting personality. "Breast cancer is not all doom and gloom." By using rhyme when talking about cancer, it shows how confident she was to beat the cancer and how comfortable she is to talk about a sensitive topic.

Typographical devices are used in *The C Word* to change the tone of the piece. "Pathetic". Italics are used to place emphasis on the word and change the prosodics of the piece making the tone more emotional as the characters desperation shows through.

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