Explode a Moment & Shrink a Century examples

Language Arts—Kaye

Explode a Moment

 Deep down, I always knew this day would come. Yet when it arrived, it all seemed surreal—like it was a bad dream, opposed to the realization I’d been preparing for and running through in my mind for years. The loud, resounding thuds on my front door that preceded the screech of the megaphone and the chaotic splintering of wood immediately sent me into motion. From my spot on the leather sectional in the living room, I dove for the floor, and reached up and blindly grabbed the transmitter sitting on the edge of the coffee table. The mirror violently shook and revealed the battle-dressed government agents storming through the door-wall.

The concealing protective visors shielded the faces of the elite squad ordered to procure—under any means necessary—the device responsible for years of personal scrutiny, physical surveillance, and trampled civil liberties.

 I clutched the device in my hand and tightened the straps on my gas mask as the room became engulfed in a thick toxic stew rendering visibility, and the ability to breathe and think, impossible. One by one, the agents fell to the floor and began to rip their helmets and masks from their faces. Eyeballs were gouged as the agents desperately clawed in a futile attempt to alleviate the burning. Deep maroon streams of blood and bile began to seep from the orifices of the agents’ heads—their mouths, noses, and ears unable to withstand the dangerously high level of sefaron. The piercing screams of the agents, as they hysterically rocked in tight fetal balls, could be heard from the neighbors next door, half an acre away.

Shrink a Century

 Day by day, I toiled in my makeshift laboratory. Consumed with my research and promising developments, I made little time for anything not related to my work. It had already been a year since my wife left with our kids. As hard as she tried to pry me from my experiments, she ultimately reconciled that I couldn’t be detracted or changed, that somewhere along the way, I’d been broken, and I couldn’t be fixed. My compulsion tore apart my family. The unanswered ultimatums; all the nights falling asleep alone, at my workbench; the inability to realize I was placing my wife and children in great danger: all of that was lost in my self-absorbed agenda fueled by notoriety and revenge. Yes, I’d taken my family for granted, and how I craved for a fresh opportunity to put into words what they meant to me. There’s no irony wasted in the fact that the only thing that got me through this time of exile and loneliness was the cause for my despair: my work on the creation of sefaron.

*How am I manipulating time? Note the decisions I make to navigate. Like a director and cinematographer, I select where to delve into details (and where to cut). What are my intentions? What do I want my readers to experience, above all?*

Blending Narrative & Dialogue

 I nonchalantly glanced toward the corner of the room, consciously trying to avoid making eye contact with the black half-sphere mirror concealing the camera mounted on the ceiling. Leaving me alone with my thoughts was standard procedure, along with the good cop-bad cop routine that occupied three exhausting hours of the morning in the interrogation room. Without windows to see out of—only those for others to look in, hidden behind charcoal black, bulletproof plate glass—I had no ties to the outside world. I was deserted on my own island, with no hope of rescue. Time was running out. They were patiently waiting for me to crack.

 The sudden crash of the heavy metal door shook me from my sleep-deprived stupor. The man with the unshaved face, breath that reeked of tobacco and coffee, and tendency to experience abrupt mood swings entered the room first. His shirt sleeves had been pulled up haphazardly since our last session, revealing forearm tattoos dulled by the sun and years gone by. The necktie he’d been wearing earlier was now wrapped around his hand, like a boxer’s hand prepped for the glove. “Listen, Miles, I’ve been thinking. All this nicey-nice stuff’s coming to an end. You don’t wanna answer our questions and cooperate, you’re gonna start paying some dues. You understand?”

 “How many times do I need to tell you? No one else helped me with sefaron. I’m not working for anyone! I don’t know Zubari—never even heard of ‘em.”

 “Care to explain these, then?” The manilla folder hit the table and spilled out itemized phone records, hundreds of pages of hand written documentation scrolled on yellow legal pads, and a stack of 8x10 glossies, visually depicting phases of my life I considered private. These people had clearly been monitoring my movements for the past several months; the extent of the surveillance was staggering. Suddenly my chest grew tight and I felt as if I was suffocating.