

COOPERATIVE/COLLABORATIVE WRITING
DEVELOPING A “SHORT” STORY
“WRITING FOR RECOVERY” WRITING GROUP
10/25/2018

One sentence was written by a group member to start a story. Subsequently, one-by-one, a writer wrote a sentence, until the story was finished, as determined by the entire group.

On a beautiful, sunny, and cool Saturday afternoon, I sat silently next to a pine tree stump feeling peace while I contemplated my past, my present moments, and my future.

Pondering, it all became overwhelming – slamming my fist down on the stump. My mind yells – out loud – silently – too much, too much.

The sense of peace has disappeared particularly as I think about memories from the past. Some are there to torture me, some to remind me of my shortcomings, of a few good times that sometimes seemed to have been too few.

I slump down as I remember my home and the fear of returning there today, as I feel safer here in the woods.

As the dark descends, I crouch down and close in from the cold, shivering. It’s still safer outdoors when the only concerns I have are the mosquitoes, ants, and the cold, dark blackness of night.

I force myself to stand, realizing that I cannot succumb to this darkness that is taking over. I must stop this now.

Summoning strength from within, from above, praying to God for supernatural strength for light in the darkness, trying to remember that I have been here before but I refuse to stay. Darkness and hopelessness will not win.

My eyes begin to focus on a deer I see and hear pitter-pattering within the woods, bouncing around and full of life. Yes, I remember there is hope to bounce about my life again.

The End.