

Three Imitations of Classic Works

This writing aimed to mimic the original style of the pieces, highlighting the narrative techniques used.

Imitation of Aesop's The Lion and The Mouse

Kramer and His Still Hands

Once, as Jerry Seinfeld returned to his apartment, he held his stomach in pain with his only thought being of him lying down in his bed. He had been stricken with the worst stomach ache in the world and only desired to lay his head down on his pillow and drift into sleep.

When he had them unlocked, he threw open the doors to his domain and was delighted not to have heard a single noise. No George, no Elaine, and no Kramer. Jerry was happiest that he hadn't heard from his neighbor, Kramer, who was known for frequent visits without Jerry's permission. His absence made Jerry smile and he rushed to his bedroom door intending to be asleep within the very minute, but after throwing open this door his jaw dropped.

Jerry stood in the doorframe staring at his most invasive neighbor who had an entire deck of cards stacked into a house all set up on Jerry's bed and was now taking a card from a second deck to add to it.

"Oh, hey there, Jerry," greeted Kramer.

"Kramer, ouch." Jerry let out a grunt and held his stomach tighter, "of all the days to bother me, I've been such a good neighbor to you, what'd I do to deserve this, you've pick-."

"George bet me that I couldn't build a house of cards, he said I was too finicky, and I had to prove him wrong, you see I've got such still hands, like a surgeon's, what's with the grunting, Jerry?"

Jerry stared at Kramer dumbfounded, he had not stopped adding to the tower of cards he was creating. Jerry exploded when he saw his neighbor add another card to the top.

"Kramer! This is my house and frankly, I don't care about your still hands, I want you to clean this all up or I'll, I'll- OUGH."

Jerry gripped his stomach now with both his hands, so tight that the veins in his hands pulsated. His face was flushed red and his eyes began to tear up. Kramer looked at his friend with his mouth agape and was shaken a bit.

"Now, Jerry, calm down there, I didn't mean to make you this upset, I just wanted to prove to George I'm not so finicky, hey Jerry, maybe, one of these days you'll be thanking me for my still hands."

"Your still hands! Kramer, yo-"

Jerry doubled over in pain and immediately fell onto his bed sending Kramer's cards flying.

"JERRY! My tower!" Kramer yelled. He continued to stare noticing Jerry hadn't reacted to his name being called.

“Jerry?”

Jerry’s eyelids began to come up and he looked around and noticed that he was in a hospital bed. Elaine and George were by his side and Kramer stood at the foot of his bed, scratching his head and looking around. He fidgeted with his hair and his cheeks were red. Jerry sat up to get a better look at his surroundings and grabbed at his stomach. He felt a sharp pain. His stomach ache was still there. As he awoke a nurse approached his bed.

“I have some unfortunate news for you, Mr. Seinfeld,” the nurse stated. She flipped through the pages on the clipboard. “We’ve run some tests and the pain is caused by an abnormally large kidney stone that could be fatal, but all of our surgeons on duty are unable to assist.” Kramer’s head shot up when he heard the nurse and he stared at her intensely.

“I’ve got still hands!” He shouted with a smile on his face. The nurse stared back at him for a while with confusion. Jerry looked at him just as confused. He thought there was no way the nurse would allow Kramer to perform on him without any medical education.

“Well, we needed someone with still hands.”

4 hours later Jerry’s eyelids began to come up again. He looked around at Elaine, George, and Kramer who all stood around him smiling and he sat up. He felt no pain. He looked underneath his gown at the scar on his lower right abdomen and then back up to Kramer.

“I did not believe that you could help me with your still hands, Cosmo, but today I learned how great they truly are,” Seinfeld said humbly.

“It was my time to be a good neighbor, my friend,” answered Kramer.

Never doubt Kramer’s still hands.

Imitation of Edgar Allan Poe’s Cask of Amontillado

Teacher of the Year

The thousands of times Dylan interrupted me bothered me, but it was when my Teacher of the Year award became subject to scrutiny that I realized I had failed. YOU know me, I am a good teacher, serving here longer than anyone else. It is necessary for me to be able to discipline students or else I will fail them. I could not allow that to happen when their parent had already failed them. Call me old fashioned but I grew up with the rod being never spared and that’s how I taught until recently. But I knew it was necessary to help my disengaged so I vowed to do this for him.

I have been the most professional when it has come to engaging with Dylan, with a smile on my face, and only answered with passive-aggressive comments that his young mind couldn’t comprehend. He could not have known that when I let him out for recess the only thought behind my kind eyes was of his earned mauling.

Like every eight-year-old in my care, Dylan had his weaknesses and they weren’t candy or valuables that I could offer him. No, his weakness lay in his reputation, On the playground he

was one of the best when the kids played flag football, someone to be respected and even feared because he held this position even with his asthma. He prided himself on his strength. Few students I have taught or had the pleasure of meeting have shown matching strength. He couldn't sit still in a seat or write his name legibly, but he was the top ranking in his class's arm wrestling competition. I matched him in that regard, I was an Olympic athlete in the fatherland and was the strongest among all the teachers. Moving anything would not have been a challenge for me or Dylan compared to our peers.

It was 3 pm, the most glorious time of day when all the children leave. It was the middle of the last week of school and pizza parties and celebrations all day had driven me to madness. As I walked through the halls of excited children heading to the bus line, Dylan himself ran past me in a fury almost knocking me over. My hand gripped his shoulder with such a force stopping him in his tracks. And I heard his feet scuff, a dreadful noise that I knew all to well.

I put on a smile and spoke to him. "My dear, Dylan, it's so lucky that I found you. I was looking for a big strong volunteer to come help me roll in the TV cart from the storage room. The big one for watching movies we'll need it for tomorrow's class."

"What?" he asked. "TV Cart? It's the end of the day."

"We'll need it for tomorrow's class," I replied. "Silly old me is losing myself, I forgot I would need help getting it out of the closet. I've waited until now, I'm so stupid."

"The TV Cart!"

"We need it for tomorrow."

"The TV Cart!"

"And I need someone big and strong to help."

"TV Cart!"

"Your mom is probably waiting for you, I will go ask Everett. There's no one as strong as him. He cam—"

"Everett can't even do a pushup, he does girl pushups."

"Some students tell me he's just as good as you."

"My mom's not picking me up, I'm walking home today, Mrs. T, so let's go."

"Where?"

"Where the TV is."

"We can't, sweetheart. It's far too dusty down there and your asthma would have you wheezing. The walls are all covered in cobwebs."

"I can go, Mrs. T, I'll get it quick, I please. The TV cart! You need my help. And Everett can't even do a pushup."

Dylan began to tug at my long skirt and I covered my face to conceal my sincere smile. He did not know what he agreed to and I hurriedly led him to the storage closet. Equipped with

flashlights we ventured through the dust-covered corridors and dark cavernous like arena that was the storage closet. It was huge and in the back was where I aimed to take Dylan. As we walked I noticed him slightly wheezing. The sounds of a rotary fan emitting from his mouth.

He never stopped to pick up his feet off the floor to walk and I once heard that agonizing scuffing noise from his heels striking the floor.

“The TV Cart, Mrs. T?” He asked.

“I don’t know where they put it in here, it’s been so long since we last used it.” I smiled once again and led him past more cobwebs and dust-licked door frames.

“Oh, Dylan, look at how musty it is in here, it hasn’t been cleaned in a long while.”

Dylan looked up at me his eyes glistening with enchantment.

“The TV cart!” he demanded.

“The TV cart,” I called back. “Do you have your inhaler with you?”

“Ugh! ugh! ugh! --ugh! ugh! ugh! --ugh! ugh! ugh! --ugh! ugh! ugh! --ugh! ugh! Ugh!”

Dylan’s head bowed and he put his hands behind his back.

“What was the question?” he said after a while.

“That’s it,” I said in my teacher’s voice, “we will go back, I care deeply about your wellness. You have your mom to return to, mine has crossed over, and you would be missed, I will go on and find someone else to help me, maybe Everett has not le—”

“I’m going to get it Mrs. T!” Dylan was shouting again, “Everett still wets the bed, I’m the biggest and strongest 3rd grader and my mom says that Asthma doesn’t kill you, so don’t worry about that killing me.”

“That is true,” I placed my hand on his hair and patted him while smiling at him. I continued to walk with him until we came across an area that had been cleared beside a single stool and a door immediately behind it.

“Just beyond the door, Dylan, that’s where the TV is.” I had to stop myself from snickering. “But that’s the room that’s the dirtiest it’d surely mess with your asthma, let us go get Ever—”

Dylan proudly stepped up, “I’ll go in there right now Mrs. T, and I’ll—”

He was interrupted in the middle of his statement, while he had his back turned making his way to the door. I had lifted him and took to the stool placing him bent over my lap. He kicked and screamed not knowing what would happen next.”

“Mrs. T, what are you doing?” He squealed in my arms, but I had an even tighter grip on him and as he tried to wriggle out his shoes continued to hit the floor and come off of it with a scuffing sound and it further enraged me. I reached over to the side where I had hidden a ruler and I held it in my hand. I undid Dylan’s pants exposing his bare bottom to air and pulled back my hand before cracking the ruler down on him.

“One.”

His eyes went wide and let out a squeal and kicked furiously creating more noises with his feet which only motivated me.

“Two. Three. Four.”

As it went on he began to moan and cry out and his feet chaffing the floor continued to make that noise as he kicked and tried to leave my grasp.

“Five. Six. Seven. Eight.”

His bottom had turned a bright shade of red and now he had resorted to begging, but I couldn’t hear his pleas, I continued my duty to my student.

“Nine. Ten. Eleven.”

And was around then when he began to howl and the kicking began to slow down but he still was able to produce that ungodly sound when his feet pushed off the floor. I couldn’t let myself stop now, this was a child who knew very little of discipline, I had to strike it into him.

“Twelve. Thirteen. Fourteen. Fifteen.”

For the most part, his sobbing was inaudible, but after this strike, I could hear him apologizing. It struck me as odd. I ceased for a moment.

“I’m sorry, Mrs. T.” He uttered out pathetically. I was baffled. In all my years of teaching no student had apologized with such honesty, it shook me. Or maybe it was the dust, it had been a while since the custodians had given this place attention. Another reason why duty is so important and why I must be diligent in my duties.

“Sixteen. Seventee-”

Dylan’s body had barely reacted to that seventeenth strike and so I thought my lesson over and I let his body roll from my arms onto the floor. He twitched and his body shot a jolt of energy causing his foot to skid the floor one last time, but after it was quiet. I wiped the sweat from my brow and disembarked, back to my classroom gathered my things satisfied with my work. It was good work too because even to his graduation, Dylan was never a problem for any of his teachers.

Imitation of Ernest Hemmingway’s Hills Like White Elephants

Stump Perfect for Pissing On

The stump was the only feature that marred the surface of the perfectly cut lawn. There were no shrubs. There were no decorations. On the front of the house on the door, there was a doggy door. A businesswoman and her husband sat on either side of it. In 30 minutes, she'd leave for work; she wouldn't risk being late.

“What should I do today?” the husband asked.

“Jackson won’t have traffic at this time,” the woman said.

“I think I’ll go to the park.”

“Out here, mutt.” the woman pushed the doggy door flap open.

“Woof, Woof.” The dog’s paws skidded across the floor.

“And bring that damn collar.”

The dog stepped through the flap, carrying his collar in his mouth. His wagging tail paused when he entered the atmosphere, and he sat down and stared. The husband put on his collar but paid more attention to the stump in the yard. It was lopsided and discolored, and a hole was off-centered on its surface.

“It’s perfect for pissing on,” he said.

“Why would I think about that.”

“I guess you wouldn’t think about pissing outside.”

“I could have,” the woman said. “Doesn’t mean I wouldn’t because you say that.”

The husband looked at the doggy door flap. “It doesn’t go all the way in anymore,” he spoke. “Why’s that?”

“He plays too rough.”

“Really?”

“Get your ball, mutt.”

“I’ll throw it for him,” he said.

“See, he plays too rough.”

“Is that his fault?” the man asked.

“Are you blaming me?”

The husband pet the dog. “It’s just your nature.”

“That’s the way with everything,” she said.

“Sure,” he said. “Everything is due to nature, especially with people you know, like Steven.”

“Stop.”

“Hey, I was being calm.”

“Let’s keep being calm, then.”

“I was only thinking about the stump, I’m ‘under control.’”

“Yes, you’re ‘under control.’”

“I just wanted to play with him because that’s all it seems we can do together.”

“I guess so.”

He looked across at the stump.

“You know it doesn’t look very pissable. It’s just that hole.” “Let’s keep playing fetch with him.”

“All right.”

The flap flipped open, reaching toward them.

“He’s obedient, though.”

“And he’s healthy,” he added.

“It’s not terribly bothersome to him, Max,” the woman said. “He’s asleep for it all.”

The man looked at the dog in his lap.

“I just know he won’t mind it, Max. It’s really not anything. It’s just to free up the useless bits.”

The man had nothing to add.

“It’s all natural.”

“What will we do after.”

“We’ll be fine, like when he was a puppy.”

“You really think so.”

“I do, but you’ve gotta understand.”

“I do. If we do it, you’ll be happy.”

“No, that’s not what I’m-”

“Can we talk about something else?”

“But you do-”

“Please, please, please, anything else?”

“But you-”

“I am going to take him by myself!”

“What?”

He got up and walked to the other side of the porch.

“Are you-?” she asked.

“I’m under control.”