

## Ellie Santy – Writing Portfolio

### Academic Writing Excerpts:

Excerpt: An Analysis of Bo Bartlett's Homecoming, 1995

"... Is commentary on the excessive pressure we put into young people in sports. In my own days of high school, I saw many people my age stumbling on crutches and wheelchairs because of injuries sustained during practices and games. There's so much expectation put on these kids, to the point where they will injure and hurt themselves for the sake of making the adults around them proud. Broken bones and torn muscles are serious problems, yet the people I've spoken to, who've played sports, treat these injuries as normality. They refuse to show pain or reveal to those their "inadequacy". The students in this image, expressions gleeful, standing in front of a destructive, all-encompassing flame, represents a façade of unbothered students and the turmoil inside them..."

Excerpt: Penny Dreadful's Sympathetic Varney The Vampire, 1845

"...The first notable hint of humanity we see in Varney was his walk at nightfall and contemplation of his conflicting feelings. Whether or not these feelings are innocent, he finds Flora sleepwalking and attempts to confess his troubles and love for her, "I have seen the grave close over the young and the beautiful—those whom I have doomed by my insatiable thirst for human blood to death, long ere the usual span of life was past, but I never loved till now" (Rymer). Although Flora was Varney's victim, he had grown to love her, and it is almost bittersweet. I believe that in this moment we are supposed to sympathize with Varney. He is an undead monster, but he also feels love and wants to be loved. He also seems not to take full advantage of his vampiric power, and only feeds when he needs to, suggesting that he doesn't particularly enjoy his affliction, nor did he ask for it..."

## Poetry Samples:

### *Electric Love*

You're enticed by the light,  
A shivering glow.  
Falsities please you, craved only by you.  
A touch from another, softer than silk,  
You're repulsed.  
Sweet words that hold no meaning,  
Ecstasy in anonymity.  
You desire only that electric love.  
Burning through your skin,  
etched again and again.  
Silk is meaningless to you,  
Nothing is better than you.

### *Night Watcher*

My flashlight warm with an orange glow, I set off into the woods.  
Tall pine, rustling with night wind, my shoes slicked by mud,  
A distant coyote howl, chipped stone overgrown with dark moss.  
I am calmed by its presence, that starry night sky, pale moonlight.  
I climb into a ditch, hands scrapped, jeans torn, I can see its fragile face.  
The skeletal remains of a forgotten animal, I don't know what it is.  
Limbs embedded in the earth, dusted by dirt, flesh eaten away,  
The flash from my phone's camera illuminates a watcher's eyes.  
Softly, I hear it, bushes rustling, it runs away.  
Its eyes were like stars.

## Conceptual Book Samples:

### **Conceptual Book 1 – Positive Affirmations**

A book that knows exactly what someone needs to hear, however that someone is never the reader. Each day, the pages alter, catering to what that someone must know in that moment. One day, it may offer detailed advice, spanning hundreds of pages, another day, containing only one page, with only one sentence, a simple affirmation. The book's bindings and cover differ from person to person, morphing itself into that someone's ideal form. Whether it take the form of a hard cover novel or small booklet, its purpose remains the same. It may be relevant to the reader, but the content of the book is never really for them.

### **Conceptual Book 3 – Homunculus Book**

This book is an awful amalgamation of flesh, bone, and blood. It whimpers when you open it, disturbed by the way it's handled. It will wail and cry if you tear its marrow pages, seeping viscera and tears. It cannot speak, but can understand human language, responding to inquiries with gargled moans and wet noises. It cannot eat, expel waste, or die; this immortal horror bound to it's disgusting and sad existence. The only content written within is the same words, repeated over and over: "kill me".

## Short Story Excerpts:

### *The Glass Dollhouse*

“...The dim light grew brighter as she approached the hallway’s end, regaining lost thoughts with every step she took. Vi was awake now. And this house was not a home. This was not a dream. She would no longer let The Glass King rule. She would move on from him. Yes. She was unwanted and she was going to move on. She would become a child once more.

Vi emerged from the darkness and stepped into a small room, illuminated by a dim, flickering, yellowed light: It was *that* room. The peeling, yellow wallpaper, and splintered floors, untouched, familiar. The television was playing a soft, droning static, and The Glass King, splayed across a worn leather couch, was sleeping silently. This was where her mother disappeared, where Vi was made into a woman, and this was where she would kill him...”

### *Ball-Jointed*

“...Ath’s muscles rippled under her freckled, beige skin, her hands gentle yet strong. Her hair was down today, pooling over her beautifully broad shoulders. She towered over Elpis, as well as many others at home base, making for quite the intimidating solider. Elpis was particularly drawn to Ath’s lips, watching intently as they moved. They looked so soft, so emotive whenever Ath spoke.

Elpis couldn’t help but stare.

“Elpis.” Ath snapped her fingers, waking Elpis’ from her trance. “Are you listening to me?”

“Yes.”

“Repeat me, solider.”

“I cannot.”

“Why not?”

“I was not listening.” Elpis avoided Ath’s gaze...”