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The Epic Tale of Me (and other not as epic tales)

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The Epic Tale of Me (and other not as epic tales)

Connor Rohan | ENG 185 - 001 | 12/10/20

Dedicated to: My family, who has supported me throughout my decisions to write creatively.

Whoops:

Elementary school is a time for kids to establish lifelong friends

You could meet people

Share interests

And become accepted in your own little group

People said making friends was easy and that I could do it without trying

Unfortunately, I did not.

I was desperate for any sort of connection

Which caused me to commit actions one could conceive as wrong

Then came that fateful day that solidified my separation from any future connection

It was silent reading time and naturally

Like when any child is told to sit somewhere quietly and read

My then friend and I were goofing around doing anything but

He then said held up a paperclip and said he could make it a weapon

That blew my ten-year-old mind

I asked him how and he told me

I had to douse the paper clip in battery acid and water

Then put it in a electrical socket

I had no idea at the time what that could have done

I guess I should have thought ahead

But I was blinded by friendship

I did something stupid

Sparks flew

And the next thing I know I was in the principal's office getting yelled at by my parents

The look of sadness on my mother's face

Tears flew down her face like a waterfall. I could sense the fear and worry emanating off
of her

She left her child alone and he hurt himself, she could protect him

The shame I felt overwhelmed me from one side

On the other side the pure fury of my father

Disappointed that I would let someone get into my head

Sad that he had a son who messed up on such a level

The combined feelings of guilt and shame washed over me

Forcing me to keep my mouth shut and hope it ended soon

All I wanted was a friend

I should have thought ahead

Christmas Miracles:

Christmas.

A time where the world dies

But we don't care.

That's on the outside whereas we are on the inside

Surrounded by warmth.

Surrounded by our loved ones.

Celebrating their existence and their importance in our world.

Giving gifts to those who we care for.

The time we would invite people over to our home.

Excited to meet the relatives we did not see often.

Christmas is such a happy time.

A time where it seems like nothing can go wrong.

But like always good things must come to an end.

And unfortunately, this end was not a happy one.

My grandma was on the phone with my dad.

She worked tirelessly day and night to make sure everyone around her was happy.

She always had a smile on her face.

She was talking about how excited she was to see us when she came over.

She sounded so happy.

Looking forward to seeing her grandkids again.

Preparing for the upcoming festivities.

The atmosphere a happy and lively one.

Then all the sound vanished as if it had been ripped from the air.

Stopping mid-sentence as if someone had muted her.

It was deathly silent.

Then there was a crash

The previous atmosphere was gone.

She wasn't able to happy anymore.

It turned out that the only gift she received that Christmas was a brain tumor.

Which had caused her total loss of function to her brain.

Christmas is a time of giving.

And the gift She gave my dad was the gift of listening helplessly as his mother died.

It wasn't a very merry Christmas that holiday season.

All holiday cheer replaced with something else

It wasn't sadness. More of an empty feeling.

A feeling of regret. Something I had never experienced before.

A new experience that I just wanted to end.

It was supposed to be the happiest time of the year.

That's what all the commercials said.

But I didn't see it. I couldn't feel it.

She was gone at the young age of 52.

But at least the tumor couldn't hurt her anymore.

And everyone always talked bout this great place you go when you die.

I guess it was a “Christmas Miracle”.

Vegreville Egg:

Like a hornet caught in a jar.

Static buzzing between words.

Living the life of a prisoner.

Being taunted by the thought of freedom so close

Like Tantalus himself.

Thirst and hunger clawing at his very being.

Existing his eternal suffering in a prison of his mind.

Taunted by an escape being held just out of reach.

Like an addict.

Who swears one is too much but it never is.

Trapped in a cage of their own making.

Unable to break free from the choices that their addiction chooses for them.

Like a rich lonely man.

Who lives the life so many dream of.

Yet they overlook how trapped this man really is.

Prisoner in a place where no amount of money can buy his escape.

For the mind will always be our greatest cage.

Throwing us down and locking us up.

Choosing what everyone gets to see.

And when they get to see it.

And yet the mind itself is more than just a prison.

It is a safe space where we can go to hide.

A place for ideas and stories.

Inventions and art.

Unfortunately, most see the mind as a jail.

A place of suffering overlooking the good parts.

Overlooking the joy and art the mind can put forth.

Seeing it as an enemy rather than a muse.

We claim to be trapped.

Locked down without creativity.

Unable to see just how much there is right in front of us.

What did we know of art?

Prose Poem (I think)

“Okay, line up for recess.” Possibly the five best words a kid could hear in elementary school. This was it. The chance for us to let out all our endless energy in a not so controlled environment. Only this day was different. For today the greatest game my elementary school had ever know would be created. (Now I know what your thinking. What could this game possibly be?) The answer? We had no idea either. You see what the premise of said game was. Would be we would get into a square. And there would be a ball. And in the most intelligent and sensible fashion we could mister. We would Hurl said ball at one another. Now this being a game there had to be a way to win. And as it would turn out. We had no idea what that way was.

Regardless we were having fun with our un – named game. The rules were whatever made the most sense at the time. Which pretty much consisted of “I got you!” “Nuh UH! No you didn’t” “Yes I did” “NO” “YEAH” and so on. The witty banter between us was ground – breaking. This game went on for a while. And as the year went on more and more people started to come by and watch the grand spectacle. This unfortunately was the start of the disaster. Said disaster was that soon kids wanted to do more than just watch. They wanted in. And they would do whatever it took to get in. And what started out as our private game. Turned into a battlefield. The entire grade joining in on our

game. Establishing rules and laws. What happened after all this was the worst thing to ever happen in the history of every (Well to us). These newcomers gave our game an ending. A way to win. They massacred a perfectly good nonsensical game. It was brutal. It was unfortunate. And most of all it was really inconvenient.

Flight in its purest form:

4...3...2...1...click. Followed by silence. The countdown began again. I was getting quite good at determining the length of time in - between clicks. Making it into a make – shift way of telling the time. I counted slowly in my head, waiting. *Click* There it was, the countdown started once again. It had been that way for several weeks now. The inability to tell time. Trapped in this infernal prison. Time had lost its meaning. Escape was impossible and this was the only way to stay sane. But I would not let it break me. I was strong. I had resolve. I had...” Connor?? You can come out of your room, its dinnertime!” This was it, the grand escape. It was time to go through with the plan that was in development since I first got put into this cage of unforgiving torment. “I won’t ask you again. Your food is going to get cold!” I recognized that voice. It was the warden. The heartless being who put me here in the first place. I went to the door which was the only way in or out of his cage. And began my escape. With the silence and agility of a feline type creature or something. I opened the door and stealthily made my way down the hall. Careful not to be noticed by any other cell mates. It was then that I came upon my second greatest enemy.

Stairs. Two whole flights of them. Wooden and squeaky. The cause of many prisoners getting caught. They always think they can get past the stairs. But the stairs always know.

There I was, trapped between my cell and a hard place. And the warden was getting impatient. Two ideas popped into my head. One of maximum stealth but slow. The other of high risk but speed. I decided to go with the slow one. I sat down and step by step slowly slid down the stairs. Stopping at every new step to make sure no one had heard me. It took a while, but I eventually got to the bottom. One step closer to freedom. This level was known for its cruelty. Being the floor, the warden was on most of the time. Upmost silence would be needed. I tip toed around the bottom floor careful to avoid detection. Making my way to the buildings front gate. Freedom was in my grasp. And just when I thought I was in the clear a voice emanated behind me.

“There you are, your dinner is in the kitchen come eat it.” Oh no. I was discovered trying to escape and now was being taken to the interrogation room. “Your father will be home soon, and you can have a little chat about what you did today.” This was not good. They were bringing a special interrogator just for me. Keeping me under surveillance I had no choice but to cooperate for now. Devising an even more clever plan of escape before the interrogator came. I sat in silence eating my mac – n – cheese. Prison slop, but the more I ate the less chance I had to be asked questions. Time drew on forever, silence making it worse. And eventually I felt it. The rumble of the bay doors as the interrogator’s vehicle pulled in. Followed by silence. Dread crept up my spine, I still did not have a plan of escape. The door opened and in walked a man. Radiating such immense power and commanding respect. Truly a terrifying man. “Hi honey. What’s for dinner?” He spoke in a tone I did not dare respond too. He sat down next to me and the interrogation began.

“How was school bud?” I would not give him the satisfaction of seeing me break. So, I stayed silent. I had survived worse interrogations before. “Are you okay? Why aren’t you talking?” Oh, sure I bet you would just love it if I spilt all my secrets right here to you right now. Tough luck. The warden spoke up. “He isn’t talking but there is something he should say to you. Something he did at school today.” My mind raced. How did they know where I worked? Were they spying on me? How did they know where I was? With all the courage I could muster I looked my interrogator directly in his eyes. And promptly started crying. “I – I was on the swings with my friend. And – And I told him that I could fly. And he said he didn’t believe me. S-So I told him that h – he could do it too. And he tried it and jumped off the swings and hit the ground and got hurt and told on me.” I was nailing this. The interrogator responded. “Dude, people can’t fly. Your going to have to apologize for saying he could, but it isn’t really your fault. Maybe next time don’t do that.” It was as soon as he finished that sentence that my mind was blown. One, People couldn’t fly. That was something I did not know. And two, my prison sentence was up. I had survived through sheer willpower and toughness alone. I had escaped the prison. And I didn’t plan on ever going back.

I'm a scary Soccer Turkey:

I was the scariest turkey. My fierce threatening cries would shock and terrify all those who heard me. I ran around my old stomping grounds that was first grade soccer practice. Making everyone scared. I had always heard that the best players were threats on the field. So naturally I decided to do just that. While running around no one could have ever suspected that I had a secret technique up my sleeve. There I was, jogging down the field with astounding grace. Gasping for breath, and uncomfortably tired. And just when I was about to collapse like a professional, The planets aligned and I felt the ball hit my foot. And that, that's when things went into overdrive. Turkey mode had been engaged. And there was no stopping me. I stared triumphantly at the goalie and let loose a bloodcurdling gobble. I ran down the field gobbling over and over, flapping my arms up and down (for speed of course). My exhaustion had vanished, it had been replaced by turkey stamina. Whenever someone approached me, I would let loose loud screeching until they stopped. No one was getting in my way. I closed in on the goal and with all the power I could muster I belted the soccer ball. And it flew straight and true. Directly into the woods. No one saw it coming. It was such a beautiful shot. I slowed to a stop and stared into the crowd of parents, looking for mine. And when I finally found them they were looking away. My shot was so good they couldn't even handle looking at it. It was that good. The coach must have not wanted the other players to be outshone because he called me off the field and allowed me to sit on the bench. What a nice guy, he must have

known I was tired too because I sat on that bench until practice was over. After practice I went to my parents, and the look on their face was indistinguishable. I asked them “Did you guys see my shot?” And in a very parental tone they responded with “Yes, very nice, but why were you screaming?” Why was I screaming? I thought it was obvious. Clearly it was an intimidation tactic. “I was being a turkey!” I responded confidently. The car fell silent, then my dad spoke up. “hey bud, do you still want to do soccer?” What kind of question was that? “yeah!” replied. My dad responded to that with a small “hm” and not much else was said after that.

The thing is my parents must have talked to my coach about how great I was. Because I never went back to soccer practice after that. Obviously, both the coach and my parents felt like I totally outclassed all the other kids. And I couldn’t blame him. I thought so too. It was only a few years later that I would learn the truth. For one thing turkeys aren’t actually that scary. Stupid maybe, but definitely not fear inducing. And the other was the real reason I didn’t go back to practice. And that was to save my parents from immense embarrassment. Turns out they didn’t want to watch a half human half soccer fueled turkey run around a soccer field flapping his arms and screaming every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. And I couldn’t blame them. Turns out when you play soccer your supposed to just run silently. Gobble – less. It was an earth-shattering revelation, But there was still one thing I just couldn’t believe. And that was apparently I was terrible at soccer. I know! I had absolutely no idea. If only someone could have hinted at

it. Maybe I would have known sooner. But they didn't, and my world has never been the same since.



Connor is currently enrolled at Providence College. In his freshman year. He is working towards a law degree with a minor in acting or script writing. His hobby usually consists of brainstorming different characters into existence for his writing. Making new people and new stories. However, he considered changing to movie script writing solely to see if he could act in any of the movies he would create.

When asked about this author's work, students said:

- "Rohan's work will leave in tears as he weaves his stories that remind us about the ups and downs of our childhoods." (Daniel Cano)
- "In, *The Epic Tale of Me (and other not as epic tales)* Connor Rohan brings to life past experiences and thoughts through intricately written poetry and short stories. It is clear that each work was created to perfection by this extremely talented writer. I admire the dedication Mr. Rohan has to each piece, and I can see the sheer passion shining through every poem and story." (Maeve Conway)