

Bottom Of The Wall

By Phil Skurski

Mrs. Baker stood at the bottom of the wall looking up and even though she had been standing there for his entire life, he still could not see the top. The wall went further than Mrs. Baker was capable of walking and showed no signs of ever wearing thin. This brick wall literally defined Mrs. Baker's world.

Strong opening

A little obvious isn't it?

How do you mean?

Well, it "literally defined his world" Come on. I think that'll become fairly apparent as you go on right?

I guess so.

You guess so? Should you know so? Do you even know what's going to happen?

Well...

I can't believe this. You don't know do you? Just my luck. I get created by some dimwit that doesn't even know what happens to me. Do you even know why you called me Mrs. Baker?

Actually yeah. It's a reference to Animal Man, his real name is Buddy Baker, so...

Great. A God Damn comic book nerd. So what, I'm like, married to the guy or something?

Well, I hadn't really considered that. I guess it's just an homage.

Fine. So what should I do now?

One day, Mrs. Baker stood by the wall, as he always did, and was looking at—
Can I be sitting? My legs are tired from standing my entire life.

One day, Mrs. Baker was sitting by the wall, as he always did, and was looking at the sky above him. He watched the clouds as they floated over the wall and wondered if he would ever be able to be that free.

What is that?

What is what?

That song you're listening to. Is that a My Chemical Romance song?

Well, I mean, this album isn't bad...

If you're going to take this long just to write two paragraphs, couldn't you spare me the teen angst and play something classy? Like Sinatra or Lee Hazelwood?

Who is Lee Hazelwood?

...who?

Suddenly, Mrs. Baker was startled by a loud noise. As if two gigantic dimes were being smashed together.

Dimes?

It's highly symbolic.

I don't think it is.

The cacophony was so loud that it knocked Mrs.

Baker to the ground. Startled, she gathered herself up and took stock of her surroundings. Nothing seemed different. The wall was still there, and nothing else.

Her world seemed to be in its regular state

With the obvious exception of this fucking noise.

the dimes thing is funny

that's cool!

now I'm really confused

wasn't she already sitting?

male or female?

with the obvious exception of the

extraordinary noise.

But, just as suddenly as the noise had begun, something about the wall changed.

Oh Brother.

The bricks started to shift. Moving from one place to another. Some of the bricks were even disappearing behind the wall. Eventually, an image was formed, a door in the wall was created out of nowhere.

I'm going through the door aren't I?

Only if you want to.

Oh bullshit. Only if you want me to.

I guess...

"I guess, I guess" jeez. Can't you ever give a straight answer? This is horribly tedious I hope you know. I am very upset with you.

Uhm, then you probably won't like what comes next very much.

Are you going to kill me? Is there a Kodiak Bear on the other side of that door? That's what I've been waiting all my life for, to die?

Not exactly.

Then what comes next?

Uh... what?

H. Linch

Your piece was really interesting!

I liked the interaction between the 2 voices

I'm not sure what the point of the story with the wall is though. I mean I think I got it, but I think you could make it clearer, something like "Mr. Baker sat at the bottom of the wall, as he always had. In fact, he had been standing there for his entire life."

Excuse me.

Uh...

That's right. You, with the pen and the stupid look on your face. Me? She gets it at last! Hooray. What's going on? What? My name is NOT "Mr. Baker", it is Mrs. Baker

→

I think I get it the bold voice is the author + Mr. Baker is being written cool

Excuse me? You heard me you dumb bitch. What are we listening to? Kefha? You're worse than Phil. I don't understand... You wouldn't would you? Right. So, what were you going to have me do? Uh... go through the wall. Oh, real fucking original. Could you please not swear so much? Fine. Whatever. So, I go through the door, then what? The End. That was it. None of you kids know what your doing do you? That isn't true sure seems like it. None of you can get a halfway decent ending. You can't even tell if I'm a woman or a man. So which is it? I am a woman, thank you very much. Created by a man. Isn't that a bit ironic. I don't think you know what "irony" means. So what are you then, an all knowing spirit or something? Fine you're a woman. No. Don't be retarded. I'm the manifestation of Phil's imagination that is housed in this paper. Really? I don't fucking know, stop asking me stupid fucking questions. Hey guys. Can I butt in for a sec? AHHA!!! Shut the fuck up bitch, before I make you. But who is that? Call me Arthur. I bet you think that's fucking funny. I don't, but you know who does. Anyway, I'm here to help. Like you can do shit. What is going on? Look, you obviously are having some trouble. I thought I would step in and lend a hand. Trouble with what? The story dumbass. Fucking retard. There is no need to be cruel Mrs. Baker. I know that dumbshit, it's not my fault she's making me volatile. You can't just blame me for your poor attitude. Actually bitch, that's about all your letting me do, so shut the hell up while the grown ups talk. I can't believe this has gotten so out of hand. This is absurd. So make it right. Tell that dumb bimbo bitch all about what's going on. I can't just come out and say it! That's not how this works, you ought to know that. Well she doesn't so... besides, YOU ought to know THAT. How come you're nice to him? Because I'm talking to him. Huh? God damnit you are stupid. No need to be so crass Mrs. Baker. She's not really meant to understand that. →

So what you're saying is...

Yes?

No. That can't be possible.

Use, yet so far.

Thank You miss. That's all right. Did you see the movie Inception?

What did you mean I wasn't meant to understand? Not yet anyway, no. Cosh, how should I put this... O.K. So your name is Heather Sinclair right? How did you know that? Because he gave it to you. I am so lost... That's ok. Don't worry, it can be confusing. Did you also know that there was a character on Degrassi that had the same name? So?

So... Keep down for a moment Mrs. Baker, you understand little more than her. Fine. Whatever.

Now, did you also know that Phil watches Degrassi almost everyday? Really? And but true. Yes.

But I don't see what that has to do with me... O.K. How can I explain this clearer. Right. Look at your wall. It's pretty far away isn't it? Well yeah. Has it always been that far away? Was it ever closer before?

I... I guess it was. More guesswork!

What is it with you kids? Be nice Mrs. Baker. All right

Holly J, look at your wall again, has it changed at all? No. Right, but what did I just call you?

Holly J. Is that your name? Yeah. Holly J Sinclair.

But wasn't it Heather Sinclair a few lines up?

I think she's starting to get it Arthur.

Well, everyone's already dead, so some grimly ambiguous metaphors should work.

Mrs. Baker would never again sit idly by the Wall waiting.

Ah. Simple, yet powerful. I like it.

Brevity is the soul of wit, as they say.

Too true, too true. I do have one question though. Why is their blood black?

So what you're saying is...

Yes?

No. That can't be possible.

So close, yet so far.

O.k. O.k. Still not there yet? That's all right. Did you see the movie **Inception**?

Yeah.

It's kind of like that.

What do you mean?

That's what he's trying to tell you. Now what's this song?

I don't know.

Oh, are they talking about rape? That's awful! This is terrible! Why do you listen to this kind of thing?

I... I don't.

Uh-oh.

"Uh oh?"

We're going to have to move along a bit faster now.

Can't you just tell me plainly?

I'm sorry, but that's just not the way this works best. If I just told you then you would forget it in a day or two.

Chances are she'll forget it anyways.

What's that supposed to mean?

Suddenly, a Kodiak bear burst from the door that appeared in the wall. It was so far away before, but now seemed only a hairsbreadth away. Mrs. Baker screamed in terror as the bear ripped H Sinclair up right in front of her. Black blood was jetting everywhere like a macabre fountain. The Kodiak was done with its appetizer in seconds, and soon moved onto its next delicious victim. More black blood painted the Wall.

Gosh. Thin we'll ever get one before you get back?

Honestly? No, probably not.

You know, you didn't capitalize "wall" at the beginning. You should go back and change it, people are going to point it out.

Maybe I did that on purpose.

Come on. It's me. I know you didn't.

Well shit.

Do you think that anybody is going to be onboard with this when they see it?

I don't even think I'm onboard. So, tell me Arthur. How are we going to end this one?

Well, everyone's already dead, so some grimly ambiguous metaphors should work.

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- It becomes unclear in several places who is talking. The first typed set is fairly clear but as you move in to the handwritten section it becomes difficult to differentiate

- line breaks would work well for this

- The last page is especially confusing, and the amount of time it takes to figure out who's talking detracts from the piece. Don't be afraid ~~to address~~ of "he said" "she said", I hate those constructions as much as the next guy, but I think they would help this piece

• Although you might have to ~~sit down~~ dedicate some to working those constructions into meta-narrative explanation.

- Your setting (besides the wall) is vague. What does H. Sinclair's room look like?

• You've only defined the wall in Baker's world as well. What do the other 3/4 of her world look like?

- Wouldn't "Phil" (the character) have to be aware of Lee ~~Hazel~~ Hazelwood in order for his character to be aware of it

- If you want to avoid going into expanding the environment because it represents something about the 'Phil' character, it isn't clear what that representation means for the story

- Don't let the fact that Mrs. Baker's story exists only to lead into the meta-narrative keep her story from feeling too weak. How many issues of Animal Man did Morrison do before shit got really meta?
- Some oddly worded language in places. Read your piece aloud, in character, and listen for odd phrasing.

- I like the implication that Arthur is aware of the impending Kodiak attack
"We're going to have to move along faster."
- the whole idea is intriguing, interesting, and compelling enough to move you forward but as of now ~~it~~ ^{any} the ultimate message or idea about the implications of narrative and the writing process seems lost in the fun you're having with the piece.
- Also really enjoyed a story set ~~in~~ within the writer's workshop.
- And the use of different inks and paper appealed so much

~~substantive~~ ~~the~~ ~~hand~~
A crack could be heard as the white tile ~~above~~ above Anthony's head burst across starcrest's lobby, pieces shattering the wide, fishbowl-style glass ~~front~~ ^{acting} as the front end of the store. The Kodiak ripped shreds of ~~the~~ intestine out of the ~~splayed~~ ^{woman} splayed corpse gnawing in bits at intervals. The ~~car~~ ^{woman} driving ~~putting~~ through the sliding door drive-thru. Looked quickly from the bins full of laundry, to the new marble counters, and then upon the massacre before deciding ~~that~~ ^{she} she could probably wait one more day to get her blouse cleaned.

Somewhere Phil smiled.