



Not Evil, but Not Good

By: Adelaie Fielder

Rationale

The two genres that I will be using are Photography and a Short Story. The purpose of using these specific genres is to highlight and utilize two different mediums of storytelling. These two mediums are found in films, in which books and comics are often adapted from. Photography will symbolize the visual medium of storytelling. Visual storytelling is unique to movies. It is the main medium used. A lot of things go on in visual storytelling. Aspects such as a character's appearance, action, setting, clothing, colors, etc. all go into visuals. These are used to set up a character, location or event, or deliver exposition for a character's personality and backstory, worldbuilding, and even helps push the plot of the movie. This is all that the audience sees when they watch a movie. The short story will symbolize the written medium of storytelling. Written storytelling is pretty much the only form of storytelling used in a novel. Reading words on a page is different

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from seeing a person walking into a room. When you read about a person walking into a room, it's up to you how it is visualized. It is difficult to translate a book into a movie. Things from a book have to be cut to fit into the limited time of a movie. Readers get more information, and are able to interpret it in their own image.

A comic combines both visual and written storytelling. When someone reads a comic or graphic novel, they read speech/thought bubbles, and narrative boxes, but at the same time we see the environment, the appearance of the characters, and the action. This is my purpose of using these two genres to create a comic.

Reflection

My strategy for the audience was to basically imagine one. I imagined what kind of people would I see sitting in a movie theater watching a certain movie. For example, an animated film tend to attract a younger audience, than an older one. Different genres and ratings can attract or push away people from watching a movie. The purpose of a movie is to tell a story through a visual and auditory medium. Books are a bit different. I don't see books or novels being feature or promoted on TV or posters as much as movies are. I believe that first impressions of a novel or book are what influences whether or not they will read it. A story in a movie is told in a limited time with no rest or stop in between. The purpose of a book is to tell a story primarily through a written medium, so anyone can take their time reading a book. This allows them to take in information at their own pace and can come back to it whenever they want. The audiences for both books and

Reflection pt. 2

movies are very broad and quite vague. It depends on a lot of factors, including ratings, genres, characters, and content. So for my story or “comic”, I try to reach an audience that is of a younger demographic, as my main character is a teenager/young adult. I had an overall idea of what my story would be about, but as I wrote my story, I deleted some content that wouldn't add much of anything. I want to write clear and well-written story, and everything I write should have a purpose, sort of like Chekhov's Gun. I want each detail I add to develop the main character, move the plot forward, or foreshadow something.

She was on the train. Where was she going? If you asked her, she would say, “practice”. Where practice? “Practice”. She doesn’t like explaining her time to people. “This is: 57th Street” She put her phone and put it in the pocket of her hoodie. She waited for the door to open before stepping onto the platform. Every bone in her feet creaked like the stairs of an old house with each step she took, and her legs were sore. Soon enough, she reached her destination.



Taylor Mont took classes at Alvin Ailey. Before that, it was the Mark Morris Dance Center. Between balancing dancing and being a full time college student, she built up stamina over time.

Taylor walked up the stairs and opened the door, said hello to the receptionist, and continued into the changing room. ‘Pretty loose-fitting’ she thought. ‘Whatever’. She entered the studio. Class started shortly after.



Taylor pulled her shirt down her face. She looked at it, and it was covered in sweat. She was still taking deep breaths.

"I need a shower" she said in disgust.

"Who doesn't?" said Diana, who was 3 years her senior.

"Apparently Fran doesn't think so" another voice popped in. The changing room filled with words and sounds of agreement.

"Shut up" said the girl in question. Fran, who was 16, sucked her teeth and pouted.

"As it ya'll old ladies don't be givin' of some kinda stench" she retaliated.

"But you deadass be smellin' like... fish in the freakin' Saharra, or somethin'. Do you not have a shower at home?" asked Taylor

"Yes, I do."

"Look, I just wanna get home already, and y'all know the MTA."

Everyone shortly said their goodbyes to each other before heading out the locker room and out the building. Taylor was on her way out as well, before she heard her name being called. She turned around to see the shaved head of Donnell.

"Yo Tay" he said

"Tay? Who the hell said you could call me Tay?" she responded.

"I mean, we cool with each other, right?", Donnell suggested

"I ain't got no problem with you, if that's what you mean"



“Mh-hm. Look man, you just started here, so I only just know your name... from attendance. We're not close.”

Taylor explained.

“Well, you was givin' me a good show with them loose clothes you were wearin'. I'm down to hook up. You?”

Donnell asked with a not-so seductive raise of his eyebrow.

“No, I'm not, and don't look at me like that ever again.”

“Look Tay, I-”

“Don't call me that”

“...okay, Taylor, look, I'm a pretty nice guy, so maybe you should-”

“Aaand that's my que to leave. Bye, Donnell.” Taylor quickly ended the conversation and continued her way out of the building.

Donnell face was struck with shock and confusion.

“Taylor wait-”

“Bye Donnell”



She finally made her way out of the building, and joined up with her friend Camia. They both made their way to the R train.

“What did Donnell want from you” asked Camia

“My black ass” Taylor answered

“Like, your ass, or dat ass”

“Dat ass” They both stopped at the red light. Traffic running adjacent made their way to their destination.

“Lemme guess, you said no” Camia said

“Correct” Taylor confirmed

“Why you always rejectin’ folks? Don’t you want a little love, girl?”

“No such thing” Camia sucked her teeth and looked at her friend in disbelief.

“Donnell coulda been somethin’.”

“He called himself a ‘nice guy’, Camia”

“Oh... well shoot, nevermind”

Taylor and Camia had the light and made their way across the street. Eventually, they made their way to the 57th Street station and descended underground.



"This is Whitehall Street. Transfer available to the 1 and W trains." The train operator said in the usual apathetic voice.

Camia looked up from her phone and walked to the door.

"Later Taylor"

"Bye Camia" They gave each other one last smile before the doors opened, and Camia walked onto the platform.

"Stand clear of the closing doors"

As the train left the station, Taylor started getting a feeling. Bad, but not scary. Not evil, but not good. She suppresses it as best she can, but can't help but look around the crowded train car every 10 seconds. The feeling crawls up her stomach, into her throat, trying to claw its way out.

"This is 77th Street." Her stop had finally come. She stepped onto the platform and headed up the stairs leading to the street. The feeling did not go away, and she kept looking around, and over her shoulder. 'What the hell is going on now'. She walks down 77th, with the feeling slowly becoming stronger.

"Ugh, I just wanna get home already". Taylor is basically speed walking at this point.

10 seconds later, a hand lands over her mouth, an arm lands over her torso, and she's dragged into a space between 2 houses. She's pushed to the ground. She looks up to see a shaved head above her.



“Donnell?”

“You just gonna turn me down like that, Tay?”

“I said don’t call me that.”

“You want me, don’t you. Those clothes were for me, weren’t they?”

“You’re delusional. I’m not interested”

“Hoe! This ain’t funny” Donnell started walking towards her. The feeling within her increased tenfold.

“Get away from me Donnell” Taylor started crawling backwards. It was taking everything in her to keep it at bay. Donnell grabbed her by the arm, and started trying to rip her shirt off.

“I said get away from me!!” Taylor shouted out of desperation.

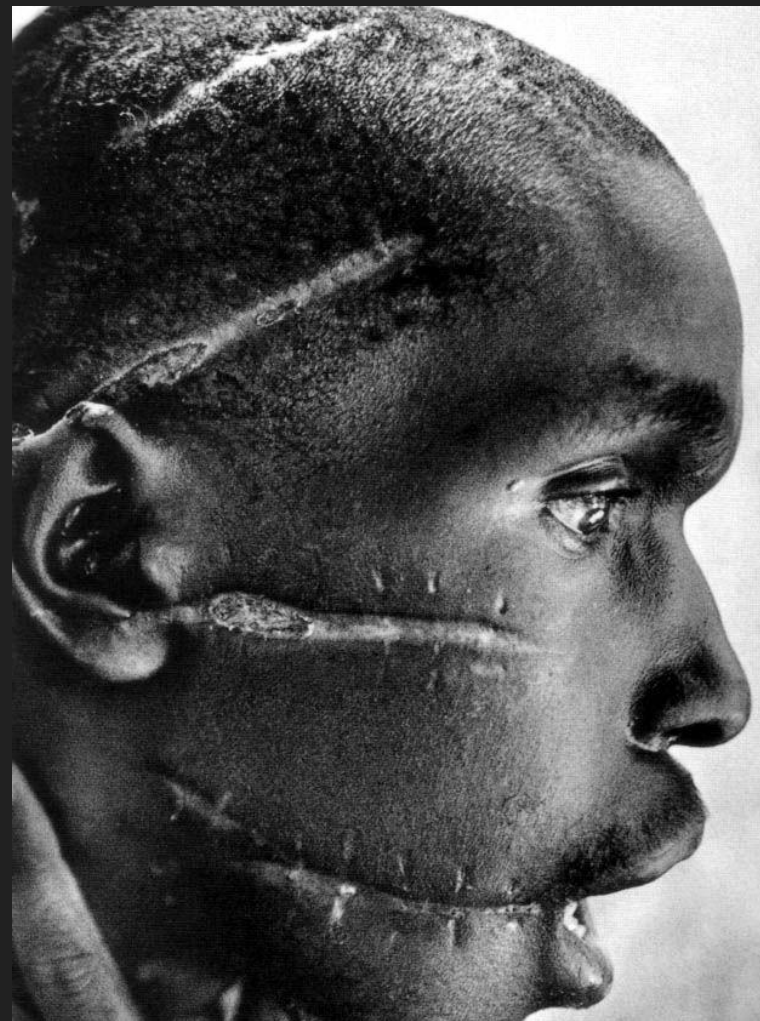
“Or what, hoe!” Donnell challenged.

Next thing Donnell knew, his back hit the wall, pushing the air out of him. He collapsed to the ground.

“Bitch, the hell was that?” Pain shot across his cheek. He touched it and drew back blood. Pain shot across his eye, his forehead, his ear, his other cheek, his nose, his temple. Soon, it hurt for him to open his mouth to scream in pain. His face was reduced to ribbons.

One last cut. Across his neck.

Ending his pain and suffering.



Taylor sat up one it was over and answered his question.

“That”

END

Pictures

https://www.google.com/url?sa=i&source=images&cd=&cad=rja&uact=8&ved=2ahUKEwiD5dPKsqLmAhWm1FkKHdAjAI4QjB16BAgBEAM&url=https%3A%2F%2Fminoapps.com%2F%2Fparanormal%2Fpage%2Fblog%2Fthe-black-mist%2FD8Ib_zNkHPumwzN5mXwkRnQqaM1jZ0kzwB6&psig=AOvVaw3n3-qL_5P5UG19Z_q20gwJo&ust=1575767942135532

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