

Imaginative: Diary Years 10 – 12

So, I won't say that I'm proud of myself. It's more like, a happiness I suppose. I stuck to my guns, no matter what those belligerent bucks said, and look at me now. Jobless, poor; a nobody. In my eyes though, I'm a somebody. They can never take it away from me. They tried everything, and I mean everything, to make me like they wanted me to be. Did I change, though? Damn straight, I didn't. Damn straight!

'Dear Miss Palmer,

We regret to inform you that as a result of in-office conflict, management has decided to let you go.'

I got this letter yesterday. Found it just lying on my desk. Not a single one of those spineless managers could summon up the strength and self-respect to hand it over personally. Such is the life at a newspaper, I suppose. We all hide our insecurities behind the words we type up at our desks, saying what we're required to say, what the public 'want' to hear. Occasionally someone will lace it with a little bit of genuine opinion, but really, how often will that ever happen? What our bosses want is a paper that's popular, and popularity is related to pleasing the people, and to please the people, apparently you need to tell them exactly what they want to hear. So, day after day, we sit at our desks and type up stupid, soothing non-sequiturs which sound of so very sweet to the ear and eyes of the reader. Then I came along. Fresh out of school where opinion is everything, where you define yourself with the choices you make, and to be unique was the way to succeed. Sure, it flies well in interviews. Once you get in the work place though, it's insidious, uninspired, underpaid, and basically filled to the brim with pusillanimous ignoramuses who are the product of constant repression. That was who they wanted me to be. Hell, no!

My father used to read me this book when I was a little kid, every night before I went to sleep. The Catcher in the Rye it was called. Not the greatest bedtime story, but it was either that or the Bible. Catcher won ninety-five percent of the time. I guess I could say that Holden, the main character, taught me how to be just me. Not to be a 'phoney'. Of course, he wasn't too good at it, he'd lie through his teeth, 'shooting the old bull' he'd call it. What a hypocrite. Of course, when I was eleven years old, I never really understood it. I spent more time giggling when I heard the word sex; made my night. That's another thing. I'm a virgin. Yeah, that's right, twenty-five and sexless. It's the reason all my girlfriends broke up with me. Well, blame the Bible, and the rare occasion it was read. Everyone

Launches straight in to how the writer is feeling giving us insight about their self-image

Sets up an antagonist, at this stage unknown but hints at the reason for writing

Alerts the reader to what has caused the reaction

Because of the personal, reflective nature of this form, the writer is able to let go and share their innermost thoughts and feelings, they can say things they might not say to an audience

Choice of adjectives creates cohesion across the text with regard to tone eg. 'spineless' 'stupid' 'insidious' 'uninspired'

Through reflection on their childhood, the writer is able to let us in to see what has made them the person they now are, they are also able to reference their stimulus text (this is a context piece)

Varying the sentence structure helps to create a sense of the combination of free-flowing thought (longer sentences) and revelations or points to be

goes on about how great sex is, even in *Catcher*, Holden's 'really sexy' friend Stradlater. A commodity, that's what sex had become. 'Five for a throw, ten for the night' as the hooker said. What a joke. What an utterly ridiculous joke.

It coursed through our workplace like dirty blood. Sex. 'You want a promotion? Let's discuss it in bed.' 'Want you piece published? Put it like this, I'll publish you if you 'publish' me, deal?' Sexist pigs! Chauvinist animals. I refuse to sleep my way to the top. 'Stay true to yourself' as Geel Piet said in Bryce Courtney's, *The Power of One*. Me? I won't give myself away like some old sock. Basically, all I was expected to do was write what I was told, then jump into bed and hope that I was a better screw than the ten other women before me. Sorry, I actually brought my self-esteem to world today. Try Lindy, she hasn't had anything published in months. In every sense of the word.

I don't care that I lost my job. No, I'm not just saying that to make myself feel better, and no I'm not going to go and cry in my closet. Hell no. Everything I say is God honest truth, as sure as my name's Sarah Palmer. Everyday I'd walk into that office, and without fail, some degenerate would make a pass at me. Ignoring them should have been a tax deductible part of my salary. It happened that often and took that much effort to put up with. All the other women loved it, though. Oh and they'd reciprocate, as readily as a pick up line would be passed out. An extra inch off the skirt, a blouse which looked like it could barely contain its contents. Great work, girls. I'll stick to my cargo pants and Target-brand skirts and blouses. I don't have anything to hide, I'd just rather work in comfort than three-inch stilettos.

OK, so maybe I am a little proud. Proud and happy that I'm still me, the girl who expressed herself, lost her job because her pieces had opinions, because she didn't sleep around. I can walk out of here with pride, and know that what I am is better than everything they wanted me to be, and everything I could have been if I'd done it. Winston Churchill said 'that kites fly highest against the wind.' Right now, I'm flying pretty high. Try to take that away from me!

emphasised (shorter sentences)

Figurative language is used to create imagery

Series of quotes from co-workers provide an example to the environment which has created the problem

Sarcasm and attacks signal the writer's anger

Rebuts against or directs anger towards an imaginary audience, suggesting inner turmoil

Further examples to illustrate the problem

Separates self from others to convey a strong sense of identity

Ends on a positive, as though the writing of the journal has helped to strengthen the writer's resolve

From: VCAA English GA3 Examiner's report 2009 published February 2010