

Title: The BUZZ

Linear Narrative Draft

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It was another ordinary morning, just like any other morning. It was not too bright, not too dazzling. On a living room, The Wall was on and Rachel was staring blankly at it. There was nothing on The Wall, just a plain black wall. Rachel seems to be confused because she could not figure out what just happened. She suddenly hears footsteps from upstairs.

“Chris! There is something wrong with The Wall!” Rachel shouted.

“Huh?” Chris replied.

“T- The Wall!” Rachel responded. “Come here!”

“Um, what’s wrong with it?” asked Chris as he approaches her.

“Hmm? I’m sorry dear.. You know how it is..” said Rachel looking perplexed.

It seems that she had forgotten about her concern before.

Chris sighed. This is a completely normal situation, he said it over and over to himself. This has happened for as long as he can remember.

“It’s okay dear. This would’ve happened to me too.” said Chris as he pats her shoulder, “Let me look around, maybe I can figure it out” Chris then began to glance around.

“Ah! The Wall, isn’t it? It’s supposed to be on!” said Chris.

“Oh right, that’s it!” Rachel replied cheerfully.

Chris tried to press the “ON” button again and again, but there is still nothing on The Wall.

“Hmm.. I remember that it was on, I could hear some sound from upstairs, something important must have happened on The Wall and-” Chris’ thoughts began to run off in terror before he can finish his sentence. The radio-chip planted in his brain has sent some buzz. Chris shook his head, “Ah, that buzz again!”

“Never mind it, Chris. It does not matter.” said Rachel as she leaves the room.

“Probably.” Chris sighed, because he knows that none of them would not be able to remember what was on there, no matter how hard they try.

“Alright, goodbye honey!” said Chris as he leaves to work.

“Goodbye, sweetie!” said Rachel as she closes the door.

As Chris walked to his vehicle, he noticed something was different. The street was empty, there were no patrols on the street, not even any pedestrians or vehicles. It was quiet.

“I knew that I should’ve watched The Wall! Now, I have no clue what is happening.” Chris said to himself as he walks back inside the house.

Chris did not seem to be afraid or confused, it all seems normal to him. He knew that all residents of Liyure have to watch The Wall before resuming their daily activities, but Chris simply had forgotten to do so.

Rachel ran down from upstairs as quickly as possible when she heard the door slam.

“Oh it’s you! Geez!” said Rachel panting.

“Yeah, were you expecting someone else?” said Chris.

“O- Of course not! Why are you here? Did you forget something?” asked Rachel.

“The street is empty again, I know should have watched The Wall! Something must have happened!”

“Don’t worry, dear. I watched it and I never remember what’s on it..” said Rachel.

“That’s why I think it’s pointless!” said Chris jokingly.

Rachel grinned. “Have you locked the door?”

“Oh right!”

Chris then approached the door, only to find that the door was already open. The wind was blowing inside their house and the fallen leaves are starting to get swept inside. Slowly, they could hear the creak of the floors and see a shadow approaching. There was a woman coming to their house.

The loud thunder strikes. Rachel hurriedly dragged Chris upstairs.

“What are you doing? You’re hurting me!” said Chris as he struggles to break away from Rachel’s grip.

Rachel did not respond and continue to run upstairs. She quickly locked the bedroom door and grab her glasses.

“You have glasses?” asked Chris.

“Too many questions, shush!” said Rachel as she began to type on it.

“What are you doing? and Who was on our doorstep? Please tell me what is going on!!”

Rachel took a deep breath, she smiles and says: “It’s nothing, dear.” She tried to calm him down. “and um, you don’t know who that is?”

“No clue, is she harmful?”

She took the glasses again and began to type again. “Don’t panic, and yes honey, she was on The Wall this morning, and in many mornings be-” She suddenly stopped.

“Wait, I thought you don’t remember what was on The Wall just now? And now you’re saying that you remember every single-” Suddenly, a buzz went through Chris’ head, a real doozy one.

“Are you okay, honey?” asked Rachel

“Yeah, what just happened? I don’t remember.” said Chris shaking his head.

Suddenly, the bedroom door was opened and there was a woman. Rachel grabbed Chris closer to her.

“Hello.” said the woman with a smile and tears on her face.

“Stay back!” commanded Rachel.

“Chris, don’t you remember who I am?” said the woman in tears.

The buzz in Chris’ head began to struck stronger.

“Who are you? What in the world is going on here? Can somebody explain to me?”

Rachel was panicking, she was not sure what to do, she kept typing on her glasses.

“What’s the matter, Rachel? You run out of sweet things to say to my husband now?” asked the woman.

“Husband?” said Chris in confusion.

“Shut up!” said Rachel in anger. “Don’t listen to her! She is lying!”

“How do you know?” Chris took a step back from Rachel while he’s struggling with the buzz in his head.

“From The Wall!” It accidentally slips out of her mouth.

“But you never remember anything from The Wall, right?” The buzz is getting stronger.

“Yes! But.. you know.. I probably forget it again later, but now I remember!” Rachel tried to grab his hands but he refused.

In the middle of their conversation, the patrols began to arrive and began to barge into the house.

“It was nice to see you again my dear, even just for a while” said the woman as she fled away.

“No! Wait!” Chris cries. “Don’t go! Who are you? Please come ba-” Chris fainted.

After a while, Chris began to regain his consciousness.

“Chris?” said Rachel while shaking her husband’s body.

“Oh, I must have fallen asleep” said Chris as he opens his eyes.

“Do you remember anything?” asked Rachel.

“No, but I think something bad, something really bad must have happened.” said Chris “Why are there tears on my face?”

Rachel smiled and said:“I don’t know, I was downstairs.”

“Maybe... I don’t know.. I forget.” Chris responded.

“Good, forget sad things, dear.” said Rachel

“I always do.” Chris smiled.