

## English Coursework Original Writing

As Kevin woke the world came into a blurry focus, he rubbed his neck as he woke up after falling asleep on the floor again. His sleeping problems had grown steadily worse over the last few weeks. He peeled the music he had been playing from his arm, tearing from his flesh like skin off a leather chair, then gently lifted his guitar from over his head, got up, stretched and changed his clothes. He walked downstairs and prepared for school by packing his bag and making his breakfast.

There was no sign of life in the house. The only other thing he would class as life was his father, a huge sweating grease-ball of a man, who's hair was as thick and sticky as wet liquorish. He was accompanied by a foul stench, because he rarely shaved or showered. He was someone Kevin avoided, not only because of his stench and unbearable obesity, but also because he saw Kevin only as a burden, to be carried until it could be dropped. It was Kevin's mother who had wanted children and it came as a shock to everyone when she died in childbirth, especially to his father, who partially blamed Kevin for her death. At the moment he was lying in bed on sick leave. Kevin's dad had a 'very rare condition' similar to arthritis and in his current workplace (a local subsidiary of a large drugs manufacturer) a "disabled" person only has to work eight weeks of the year to gain a full years pay, so most days where spent in bed, which suited Kevin nicely, As the less he saw of him the more free he felt.

Kevin walked quickly across the kitchen and placed his bowl in the sink. He slipped his trainers on and stepped outside. The cold winter air hit him like diving into water, dazzling his senses for a second as he began to look round he saw his favourite sight, a frosty winter's morning. He had always proclaimed that a good winters morning looked like someone had attached a million tiny diamonds to everything in it. He had once said this to a boy in his class and was laughed at, not just by that boy, but also by all the other boys in the class. It seemed fifteen year-old boys where not meant to be nature lovers. With this thought Kevin sighed, watching his breath float away, and letting his troubles do the same. He almost felt guilty as he wheeled his bike across the ocean of diamonds that was his lawn, and as he began to bike to school he felt glad the roads had been gritted the night before.

As he biked up to school he thought about the song he had been learning to play. Music was his favourite hobby; it was a reality contrasting the cruel "real" world, which was the one that seemed more like a dream to him. Whether listening or performing, he loved music; he would read thick dry boring textbooks simply to improve his knowledge on music so that he could become better.

His hobby was paid for buy a group of elderly people on his estate. He would do odd jobs for all of them, about seven in all and they in turn would buy him what

he asked for when Christmas, his Birthday or just a time when it was felt necessary came around. Kevin liked the elderly people; they found his comments about frost interesting and unlike his friends at school who laughed at him. Kevin locked his bike up with a metallic clang and walked towards the school doors. He smiled as the frozen puddles crunched underfoot, another perk of the winter weather. He wandered, inside admiring the new posters that had been put up by the various departments for the upcoming open evening. He found his way to his form room, a sterile, very well looked after maths room that had been covered in bright colours. To most it looked like an ageing whore covered in make up to hide its age, but Kevin seemed to find something in everything and admired it, and spent the rest of tutorial trying to devise a way of making out some of the impossible shapes shown on the wall.

After the register he and his classmates began to file to their next lessons one of the boys called Jake pulled Kevin's tie as he walked past, making a ridiculously small knot at the top. He knew Jake was just trying to get at him, and it was only a trait of Jake, not a specific attack on him. When he honestly thought about it, he didn't mind doing up ties. In his opinion the gentle feel of the material on his skin easily countered the inconvenience.

As Kevin walked to art he felt proud of his homework. Having taken the subject at O-level meant there was more interpretation and personal emotion in the work and less old boots. He was looking forward to sharing his work with the class. Upon entering he looked at the walls "again", the teacher, Mrs Parser, had put up her works in the classroom, various animal shapes cut out of wood covered in beads, glitter and what seemed to be anything she could find that sparkled. After looking around he sat next to what he would have classed as his only school friend. His name was David Neil. His Grandfather was a German POW in World War Two and had tried to instil his Nazi beliefs in him. Despite, or perhaps because of, his adamant attempts to convert his Grandson, David was a socialist. They began to discuss the fall of Labour and what four years of Thatcher, the first female prime minister, would be like. But the teacher cut the conversation short with her arrival. She walked in with flaming red hair which made many students compare her to a matchstick. As you would guess, she was a tall thin woman who was draped in hippy-esc garments from head to toe a purple tie-die dress today and a necklace made of seashells.

"Get your homework out class," she asked. The homework had been to do a self-portrait, a replication of how they saw themselves. As Kevin saw the work of the others he realised there was something very wrong. All their work was finely drawn sketches of themselves, mostly in pencil, some had used paint, but all were literally their physical selves. When Kevin got out his work there were sniggers from some of the students as he placed it on the table. When Mrs Parser caught sight of this she gawped. "What is... that?" she inquired "It's my homework" "That?" "Yes" What lay before them was a very simple and precise drawing of a musical note, a G to be precise. "What on earth possessed you to do that?"

"Well when I play the G chord, I dunno, I feel a connection, a link. I feel like it's me, in musical form, so I drew it because it's how I see myself"

**“That, Kevin, is not art”**

**“It is art and it is what you asked me to do” he replied in a relaxed tone of voice, there was no teenage rebellion in his action only his clear distinction between right and wrong art and not art.**

**“This is just a musical note, Kevin”**

**“It may be a musical note, but it’s also an expression of who I am psychologically, and I feel by attacking this you are making a personal attack on who I am”**

**“Well it won’t pass the exam, so it can’t be art.” she said triumphantly**

**“And beads on MDF will.” He retorted**

**Mrs Parser’s emotions ran high after the last comment. She felt like Kevin’s comment was a personal attack on her; she had obviously missed his point entirely. And because of that sent him to the Head Mistress who he presumed would see the logic of the situation.... But didn’t.**

**The headmistress was not dissimilar in appearance to Roald Dahl’s Trunchbull but was more business like in her disposition. To her the aim for the school was to cut costs, redistribute and participate in as many government grant backed schemes as possible. Some thought she has actually forgotten about student’s grades.**

**“Kevin,” she said as he walked in “I have heard you have been talking back to teachers...” “She was wrong” he replied politely. Even now he was beginning to get angry. The headmistress was taken back by this and decided to put him in his place.**

**“Kevin, Mrs Parser has studied art to a much higher level than you. She has been teaching for almost a decade, and I think has much more right to claim to know what is and isn’t art than you. I demand you apologise right now, or I will be having words with your parents”**

**Kevin felt a pain in the pit of his stomach he realised the repercussions of his farther finding out, his older friends being told (falsely) that he is a delinquent, and more importantly the possibility of a musical ban. His mind raced for an ethical and practical solution, until finally he thought of one. “Mrs Parser I am sorry for hurting your feelings and I regret doing so.” Kevin said genuinely “And I hope we can get on in the future”**

**“See Kevin don’t you feel better?” Smiled Mrs Parser “Yeah” But the reason was not because he had apologised, but because he was out of the situation with his morals intact. As he biked home he remembered the song he was learning. The morning seemed so long ago but he was home, back to his guitar and his music and he felt like he had just woken up.**

