



Portfolio

Chloe Urquhart

Amber Dawn By Chloe Urquhart. Date modified: 10/12/2013. All rights reserved.

Enriching grains of rusty russet sand. Colorful merge of azure and aqua, teal and turquoise spread across the whole sea. What to describe next... the sun, its rays reaching out gracefully, dancing elegantly across that horizon – reminds me of ... of a... an... amber dawn. I had one of them once. My gawd! I must learn to control these childish, weak, pathetic emotions. I felt useless. All I could offer the lady, man, was them fries and Big Macs from McDonalds. She was cool with it, man... but she would be... she has a warm golden heart like a... an amber dawn first thing, man.

Intrusive thoughts By Chloe Urquhart. Date modified: 10/12/2013. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

I'm Ava, the bubbly, sensitive, giggly girl who can laugh, dance, sing and prance about without a care in the world.

I'm not that Ava anymore. I've been analysing the world too deeply, trying to see good in bad, seeing if Lucifer has some kind of point. I promised myself it wouldn't be literal. I hate these thoughts. I'm laying here in my cosy, colourful, nice bedroom that feels homely, knowing that I have a loving, caring, supportive, nurturing family inside this homely house. I'm scared. I'm having thoughts. Humans are evil. They created the problems in the world. We can't make peace. No, shut up.

Jessamine By Chloe Urquhart. Date modified: 02/12/2013. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

“Jessamine?” Aunt Mabel's withered eyes almost pop out of her sockets. Aunt Agnes and Aunt Cordelia exchange haughty glances.

“It’s a lovely name for the little un innit?” Old Arthur pipes up, always quick to defend his granddaughter’s choices.

Isabelle's expression remains blank, she sinks deeper into the armchair, cradling her two day old daughter, Jessamine, closer to her chest.

Mabel sniffs, but as usual, manages to maintain that gooey smile.

“Unique for certain, Arthur, but extremely few girls are called Jessamine these days. It creates a tone that is... a little... outlandish? Agnes and Cordelia, I'm certain, can see where I am coming from? Why not consider names such as Jessica or Jasmine? Jasmine is a flower name too, you know, Isabelle. They may be more common than Jessamine but at least it would allow your daughter to fit in better as she grows up.”

Old Arthur nearly spits out his tea. “Fit in? ***Fit in?*** She's not a blinking puzzle piece, Mabel.”

Mabel blinks. “I am not quite sure what you are getting at, Arthur, but -”

Arthur shakes his head. “You know ***exactly*** what I'm getting at. Just stop.”

The three aunts grimace, shifting in their armchairs.

Aunt Agnes stares at Isabelle.

“What inspired you to pick a flower name, Isabelle?”

“I wanted to honour Violet, a kind, generous, loving lady who passed away two years ago. She was a brilliant grandmother to me and a fantastic wife to Arthur.”

Tears well up in old Arthur's cloudy eyes. “Izzy, you gem! You're gem, you are! And Jessamine, she's my gem as well. Oh, sweet Jessamine!”

Aunt Cordelia frowns, full of distaste. “I shall never understand why you insist on calling Isabelle that dreadful, doggish nickname, Arthur, when she has such an elegant name.”

Old Arthur waves his fist. “I called her that since she was an un! Don't you tell me what to call my own granddaughter! She may be your niece, but she's my granddaughter! I'll only stop calling her Izzy if she has any objection to it!”

Isabelle smirks and gives old Arthur a wink.

Aunt Cordelia winces. "Alright, alright. Point taken."

Aunt Agnes clears her throat. "What flower names do you like, Isabelle, besides Jessamine and Violet?"

"Holly."

"Holly? Good will and Christmas, but a touch too prickly. Do you think so Mabel?"

"You can hardly call it a flower and prickly is not a pleasant characteristic. Another?"

"Lily."

"Purity. Refined beauty. But perhaps a little... immature? I cannot see it ageing very well. Silly Lily? Try another name."

"Daisy."

"Gentleness. Innocence. Loyal love. But far too cutesy. Pick another!"

Old Arthur groans. "Aw come off it, Mabel! Any flower name Izzy says, you're just gonna tear it apart, petal by petal!"

"May I just ask, Isabelle, if you wanted to honour Violet, why didn't you just name your baby Violet?" Aunt Cordelia questions.

Isabelle walks out of the room, cradling her two day old daughter Jessamine in her arms.

One that you hold in your hand By Chloe Urquhart. Date modified: 08/04/2013. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

I'm sitting daintily on the edge of the waiting room seat, absent-mindedly flicking through a *Heat* magazine, the glossy pages smooth at my fingertips. Suddenly, about a thousand irrelevant thoughts enter my head. Like the harsh texture of the rough, crunchy, crispy leaves on the large golden oak trees at Thetford Forest. What if the very pages of the magazine I am reading were made from those exact leaves? I'd have a handful of paper cuts by now. The trees wouldn't give a fig. What if the leaves' varicose veins were the writing on the pages? Come to think of it, their varicose veins twist in all different directions like western corals.

Speaking of snakes, that reminds me of all these twisted stories about celebrities I'm reading about in this magazine. Who am I kidding? These thoughts aren't relevant. I'm sitting with my Mum at the dentist waiting to have my teeth checked. Hmmm... what if my teeth were venomous, like a western corals? Yes, these innocent little pearly whites could possibly contain deadly poison. I fear for the spoon the dentist sticks in my mouth. Oh, and he/she had better keep their gloves on permanently.

There is a loud shrill sound. "Chloe Urquhart!", a female voice says in a harsh piercing tone. My mum and I hastily get to our feet and begin to make our way towards the corridor.

"Room number three", the receptionist quietly murmurs to us as we pass her desk. We quickly stride through the plain, dark corridor, glancing at shiny brass numbers on the wooden doors. One...two... "This one", I say cautiously to Mum as we come to a large, intimidating door with a number three on. I timidly open it and slowly walk in, followed by Mum.

The dental nurse spins round in her chair, swiftly sensing our presence. "Hello!", the dental nurse says in a friendly tone, revealing her gleaming white teeth as she smiles at us. "Would you like to sit in the chair, Chloe?", the oral hygienist asks rhetorically, noticing me eyeing the long white dental chair uncertainly. I obediently sit in the chair. I grimace nervously as the chair automatically flattens out like a sun bed.

"Now", the dental nurse says, turning to face me, "Have you had any problems with your teeth Chloe?",

"No", I respond, shaking my head.

"Good. How many times do you brush your teeth a day and how long do you brush them for?" the oral hygienist questions suspiciously.

"Twice a day and I brush them for two minutes", I reply confidently.

"Do you have many sugary foods or drinks?", the dental nurse asks, slightly raising her dark arched eyebrows.

"No", I respond truthfully.

“Do you use a manual toothbrush or an electric toothbrush?”, the oral hygienist asks.

My head spins in confusion and my eyes blink rapidly. What is the difference between an electric toothbrush and a manual toothbrush? I’m searching deep inside my blank mind for some colourful meanings which might possibly stand out to me in this situation. I look at her uncertainly whilst mimicking a hand movement and begin to say, “One that you hold in your ha-”, when Mum quickly says “Manual!”,

I glance at the dental nurse, taking in her nonchalant expression, and then catch sight of Mum, who has her hand clasped over her mouth giggling, her face bright red.

I’ve now clicked. Tears of laughter well up in my eyes and like a courageous lion, I immediately roar with laughter.

The oral hygienist smiles politely and briefly checks my teeth. Once the dental nurse finishes she reassures me that my teeth are in fine condition and dismisses us. Mum and I thank her and exit the room.

We trudge our way along the corridor sniggering. As soon as we are out of the dentist we burst into a fit of uncontrollable giggles.

“You hold both in your hands you doughnut!”, Mum exclaims, rolling her eyes.

“I just co -couldn't think of the difference between a m- manual toothbrush and an electric toothbrush. Though I suppose you don't ho -hold a toothbrush with your toes when you br -brush your teeth. You'd have to be pretty fl -flexible for that!”, I respond, struggling to speak through my laughter.

As we drive home, Mum decides to stop at the car wash on the way. I sing chirpily along to the radio as we pull in.

Shockingly, instead of the big fat multi-coloured rollers washing our car the machine produces hundreds of tiny toothbrushes with toothpaste on. I squeal in shock, pinching my cheek at least ten times to check I’m not dreaming.

“Wow, those are toothbrushes you don't need to hold in your hand!”, I joke half-heartedly, noticing that Mum's jaw has dropped so low it looks like it's at risk of falling off.

On spur of the moment, the toothbrushes begin to scrub our car. “What the - ?!”,

Mum spits angrily, as the toothpaste begins to cloud up all the screens and windows.

Suddenly, a loud screech and the engine roars.

The car shoots off like a rocket.

“Arrggghhhh!”, I scream, my heart thudding so much it feels like it's going to fracture my ribcage. Like fountain pen ink, streaks of mint in the white toothpaste freely flow across the windscreen as if it is writing out my will on paper in case I happen to pass

away. Pass away? What is this telling me? Tears of fear and sadness well up in my eyes.

“*Shit!*”, Mum shrieks, fiercely gripping the steering wheel, trying to control a car which is hurling itself uncontrollably in every direction.

Mum eventually manages to gain control of the car. All of our screens and windows are clogged up with toothpaste thicker than six inch snow, and, however menacingly the windscreen wipers zap at it, they still fail miserably to clear it.

We have no idea what is going on around us.

Smash. Our hearts almost leap out of our chests as we are thrown forward in our seats.

The car immediately comes to a crashing halt.

We groan in pain, clasp our aching backs and looking up in horror, to see several cracks appearing in the windscreen with toothpaste leaking through them and dripping on to us.

“*Out!*”, Mum shouts, forcing the car door open, “Before the glass breaks and caves in!”, I meekly obey, trembling like a flame blown by the wind.

We gasp like goldfishes regurgitating algae as we see four men kneeling on large car wash rollers flossing the wheels of our car. We glance behind us to see more men running towards our car on identical rollers, travelling at full speed.

“Ah, you escaped then, since we were just about to hurl you both out of there. You drove into a branch, Mam”, one of them says to Mum, nodding pitifully at the heaving, crooked branch which is slightly detached from its tree.

“*I drove into the branch?! The car moved by itself! And how dangerous is it to clog up someone's car windows with toothpaste!*”, Mum snaps, her body rigid with anger.

“Don't fear what you don't know. Ah, and you must've slammed down on the accelerator by accident”, the man explains senselessly, shrugging. Mum shakes her head in disbelief. “Aren't you going to call Autoglass?”, she asks another man blankly.

“No need”, the man responds, getting to his feet. We impatiently watch as he pulls a leaf off the tree and places it on the ground. Suddenly, the leaf's varicose veins turn to snakes and all slide off the leaf. The leaf is blank with no veins. The man picks up the leaf, moulds it into a shape of a toothpaste tube and gets a snake to spit venom inside of it. He then holds the tube upside down over the car windscreen whilst a snake wraps itself round the tube and squeezes. Venom leaks out of the tube and on to the windscreen. Miraculously, the toothpaste fades away and the cracks disappear.

He does the same to the car windows. Mum and I can scarcely believe our eyes. The car is literally sparkling like stars in the night sky.

“The toothpaste would have had the same effect. The only differences are that snake venom toothpaste can repair cracks, and you'll never have to wash your car again, as snake venom gives your car a dose of some nasty stuff, and makes it immune to getting dirty. A bit like an injection. You were very fortunate to hit that branch”, the man truthfully insists.

The man who had spoken to us previously grins. “Your wheels will never gather a speck of dirt again. You see, ladies, sometimes disasters need to take place for miracles to happen.”, the man explains wisely, flossing the car wheels one last time.

The Lost Art of Persuasion By Chloe Urquhart. Date modified: 10/12/2013. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Rhetoric is best known as 'The Art of Persuasion' – it can be used in language to persuade others to do what you want, used to pick apart arguments and to analyse poetry and prose. Right, now I am pleased as punch [*punches the air*] to discuss some examples of rhetoric with you. Rhetoric...can you believe your ears? Or the two rhetorical devices I've used so far?

One being a rhetorical question which is a question you pose to your audience but do not expect an answer to, which luckily I didn't get. The second rhetorical device is a simile is where you say something is like or as something else. "We gasp [*gasps comically*] like goldfishes regurgitating algae.' This example of simile is essentially saying that people gasping resemble goldfishes throwing up their dinner. I don't consider this the most complimentary simile. Moving on swiftly! Swiftly like the wind! Thought I'd throw another one in there. So let's move on swiftly with the wind as it dashes breathlessly [*Runs forward breathlessly*] through the forest. That was an example of personification, which is when you describe an object as if it were human. [*Slows pace*] 'As trees grow up, their ego roots can show up. Their branches can sway in a downward way [*sways one arm downwards*] like people do and say things that make you want to throw up.' This personification is basically describing trees behaving like stuck up people. Essentially the trees are growing too tall for their own roots as some people get too big for their own boots. [*Moves hand upwards*]

[*Increases volume*] I'm playing a game with you! [*Points and smiles*] That personification had a slight [*drags the word slight out*] play on words. I'm referring to paronomasia which is a slight play on words or a pun. That reminds me, I considered myself a fighter in a singing competition but I could never hit the notes and I was also a tap dancer [*taps desk*] until I fell in the sink.

[*Rolls eyes*] Oh dear, I really should get to the point instead of telling you my life story... this is a serious cause for anticlimax which is when you deliberately spoil a climax by putting something unimportant at the end of it. 'The hen squawks, flapping its feathers [*flaps arms*] in a panic. Its twig-like legs pounding the ground so hard they could snap any second. The lion's hot, heavy breath is practically roasting the hen – beads of sweat emerge on its forehead. [*Increases volume and adapts to more serious tone*] The lion closes in, ready to sink his sharp, gleaming white teeth into his supper – [*Makes tone less serious and more playful*] when he gets bored and begins to chase his tail.' [*Holds one arm out and walks round in circle.*]

Yes, the lion in that anticlimax reminds me of a dear friend of mine... [*places hand on heart*] don't get me wrong, I'm not saying she's not brave or courageous – she has a heart of a lion but she's often afraid to roar with laughter. Unfortunately, I just accused my dear friend of something through omission, which is called suggestio falsi.

Blimey, forget lions! I know exactly what she'd say to my suggestio falsi: [*Speaks in exaggerated high pitched tone*] "Chloe, that joke is so old I was riding a dinosaur when I heard it!" Miserable old fossil! Heart of a lion and the mind of an extinct dinosaur – that's probably why her brain is never switched on. [*Taps head*] The only

language she speaks is hyperbole. You may have noticed the deliberate exaggeration of the words used in my impersonation of her. Okay, my jokes about her may be slightly dated, but what I'm about to tell you really isn't a laughing matter. The other day my dear friend was rushed to hospital in an earthquake [*Shakes vividly*] of anxiety and an ambulance. I'm trying to hinder her embarrassment here by using the rhetorical device syllepsis. I've used the words 'My dear' friend to cover up the two different roles she portrayed in relation to two other words and phrases. When she eventually came around the first thing she said shocked me. The nurse asked her, "What can you see?" and her response was "Rain racing onto the porch, hitting hard like rockets in a race to the glass." [*Mimics rain movement with fingers hitting desk lightly*] She wasn't making sense yet her response was so poetic and imaginative. What really shocked me was she didn't speak in her usual language of hyperbole. You may have noticed she used the rhetorical device alliteration - the repetition of initial consonants so that words stay in peoples minds – it certainly worked because I've never forgotten it! [*Speaks in astonished tone*]

And speaking of rockets, that reminds me of when I had to fly a plane once. [*Increases volume*] 'Right ladies and gents, fasten your seat-belts! [*Mimics seat-belt fastening*] As unaccustomed as I am to flying these planes I am your pilot for today! You should have seen their faces! That rhetorical device ignoratio petrified them – I was pretending I was a pilot who was unaccustomed to flying planes. One passenger even came out with, "I'm shaking [*Shakes vividly*] like a leaf about to pass away when a gust of wind lifts it off the ground." [*Mimics leaf flying with hand moving upwards*] I was like "Urm, you are about to be lifted off the ground but not by a gust of wind!" In case you didn't notice, the passenger actually used a euphemism which was 'pass away' instead of the harsher term 'die' - a mild word for one which might cause offence.

Now I have discussed the basic terms of rhetoric, we're going to take a step up to advanced rhetoric. That reminds me, I've used advanced rhetoric in a poem I've written. One line is 'I am blinded, [*Places hand over eyes*] blinded with tears, [*Removes hand from eyes and wipe away imaginary tears*] like a lover, as I am forced to face my fears, to choose just one, and abandon the other.' This is an example of asyndeton which consists of omitting conjunctions between words, phrases or clauses. In the next line of my poem I use the rhetorical device sentential verb. The next line is 'Please, don't make me do this, they emerged from the heavens and shone a light to help me see the good in this cruel cold world.' The short phrase 'Don't make me do this' is used to lend emphasis on the words proximate to the adverb.

[*Quickens pace*] Right, your brains must be about to explode [*Clasps own head and lets go quickly*] with all these examples of rhetoric so I will break off from advanced rhetoric and this speech with a nice basic rhetorical device aposiopesis which will be used to deliberately break off what I'm saying and make you supply the – [*Holds hand out to audience*]

By Chloe Urquhart.