

Unremembered Loss

For all the news and information from the world of Rathrae, and for the story Unremembered Loss

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When does a detour turn into a new journey?

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A Side Trip

My detour from last month has turned into a side trip of a different type.

I'm still working on the devotional and have gotten some good feedback on it. I, unfortunately, lost the fourth week's work and it put me in a bit of a funk. I'm working again on it and hope to be done with the first draft soon.

But while on this detour, I took off on a completely differently side trip. I was looking at my son's 7th grade history book and thinking about a book I had just finished reading. Actually I had been thinking about how I could do something "different" like the book I read.

The book was written as a series of interviews of the survivors of the next great war. The interviews were ordered so they were roughly chronological, and so told the story of the war. It was interesting reading the book because there was no main characters, just a lot of first person stories about the war.

Looking at Rory's history book I thought, "What if I wrote a history book set a thousand years in the future. The history book would be about our next thousand years, which would be their history."

I started writing an outline and put a couple of the chapters together. I included side bars and vocabulary words like Rory's history book. I also included pictures and thought about things like graphs.

I actually laid out the three chapters in InDesign, then added pages for all of the sections in the outline - it ended up being 150 pages.

I'm also thinking about doing it as an iPad book, so it can have some movies and other interactive components in it. When I made the InDesign layout, I made it the size of the iPad screen.

In the middle making the turn to this side trip, one of my author friends posted a notice about NaNoWriMo and invited me to join. It stands for National Novel Writing Month. The idea is to write a 50,000 word novel in the month of November - that's 1,666 words a day + and extra 20 words.

Looking at the two sample sections I completed, my pages are about 600 words each. That means if I write three pages a day I'm there.

I've got the rest of this month to put the outline together, and I can't count the pages I've already written.

I've titled the book:

The Rise and Fall of Man Civilization to the Present

It is written as a history book for students. The students are the descendants of generically enhanced animals that were created by human scientists.

The point of their class is to learn from the mistakes that man made so that they will not be made again.

The first two thirds of the book is about the rise of man. How man used technology to improve life, but at the same time became dependant on that technology.

The last third of the book is about a global disaster that destroys all electronic devices, and the collapse of human civilization.

One of the chapters in the book has a wealthy businessman from the city, who has now lost everything, showing up at an Amish farm dying of some disease. The Amish family takes him in and give him medicine to get well.

This short story focuses on the businessman and a farm girl. The story looks at the world from their two different points of view.

Here is a scene where the girl, Mary, takes the man, Roger, to the guest room where he will be staying.

I showed him where the toilet was and he rolled his eyes. I then showed him the guest room that I had fixed for him.

As Roger looked around the room and said, "A bed. A desk and chair. A three drawer dresser. A pitcher of water and a bowl. One window with a shade. And a night stand with a candle and a single book on it. Is that all there is?"

I was puzzled. "What else would you have in a bedroom?" I asked.

"How about a computer? Maybe a radio? A walk-in closet with a shoe caddy would be nice. How about a robotic butler? I know - a bathroom suite attached to my bed room, with a spa-tub, shower, toilet, and a sink with a large mirror"

I just shook my head as I left the room. I couldn't understand how he could want so much more when the night before he had slept in a barn and the night before that he had probably slept under a bush.