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Creative Writing
Fiction Writing Exercise.
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Klavir looks down at the bar. It is an old worn and scarred bar, housed in a dusty tavern. The hide tarp being used as the tavern door flaps up and down from the streamlined winds of Allanak. Daylight and sand breathe in and out. Kank carts are "trump thumping" down Caravan way towards the merchants bazaar. The boisterous sounds of the traders can easily be heard over the lulled musings of the Gaj's afternoon patrons.

Klavir sits quietly, looking down at the bar. He is fair skinned with a boyish face, and dark features. One might even mistake him for good looking, or nobility if it wasn't for the deformity of his left eye. Slightly smaller, kind of squinty. He thumbs his pocket. Pulls his hand out and begins to make a small frustrated fist, he hesitates and instead wipes the sweat of his palm onto his pants. He looks down at his drink. "Gladiator's triple distilled gin" this must be good, this is what his brothers drink. He takes a sip. His face grimaces as he thinks to himself:

<<This stuff tastes like a scrab's bottom. 47 'sid, for this!>> **

Klavir continues to look down at his drink, a frown on his face. Here sits a man who paid for this punishment, and is determined to not end up wasting his dwindling obsidian.

**What is the best way to show a character's internal dialogue without saying "he/she thought"?

A strong gale from the streets of Allanak blow in through the tavern door as a robed man enters. He is wearing wire rimmed glasses, they must be old, metal is hard to come by these days. His unkempt blond hair settles over his leather and creased face as the wind backs away. He stops and stares towards the bar, waiting for his eyes to adjust to the dim light of the Gaj tavern. He shakes out his cloak, pulls off his glasses and wipes them off on the inside of his cloak sleeve. He places them back on his face as he walks towards the bar.

Klavr glances up at him accidentally making eye contact, he quickly averts his stare away from the bespectacled man and back to his Gladiator's triple distilled gin.

<<Crap! Did he see me look at him? He had to have seen me look at him. He didn't make a face when he saw me. Maybe he didn't see me look at him. Maybe I looked quick enough, maybe he didn't notice me. Ok, maybe it is safe to check. I should look up>> Klavr raises his head he glances down the bar.

The cloaked man is standing in front of the bar opening the wooden container on the bar and removing several pieces of scrab jerky.

<<Oh good, he is probably just some old beggar looking for free jerky. He must not have noticed me looking at him.>>

The beggar shoves a large piece of jerky in his mouth. He un-tucks the water flagon tied around his neck from the inside of his cloak. He uncorks it and takes a sparing drink.

Klavr continues to look down at his drink, a frown on his face.

"How's the family? eh?"

"What?" said Klavir, eyes darting around looking for someone, anyone else that the man could have been addressing. "Are you talking to me?"

"Sure, you got a family don't ya? Young man like yourself, ain't nothing bad could have happened to you yet eh?"

""Err uh I don't have a family..."

"Oh, you an orphan? You doing better than most eh? At least you made it out of the 'Rynth"

"uhh Yeah yeah, heh thats it. I'm an orphan." stammered Klavir. rubbing the hem of his shirt. His left eye darting around, over the bar, across the bar, to the ceiling, to the floor. It was doing laps in his tiny eye socket.

"I have a daughter, she works as a servant for Purod Fale. You know? the senator." said the man with a beaming smile. "Bah how rude of me, my name is Arc" said the man leaning in close to Klavir, looking him in the eye. The smell of ocotillo powder was pungent on his breath. "What are you drinking there? Gladiator's heh, that's good stuff. Let me get you another."

"Oh no no, that's ok"

"Bwah come on. I insist. A man has gotta keep his ale for a sandy day and today is a sandy day. "

"Yeah, uhh I guess" said Klavir hoping his agreement would get Arc to leave him alone.

"Barkeep! I'm feeling wealthy today, two glasses of Gladiator's" Arc turned to

Klavis, who was looking down at his drink, a frown on his face. "Eh? don't worry about the cost I'm plenty well off for the time being." Arc pulled a roll of hide out from under his cloak. He set it on the bar and unrolled it to reveal an array of bones and glass shards. "I found these out salvaging today, about four thousand cords west of the city gates. These are all Jakhal femurs, You know how much the House of Salaar will pay for a bone this thick? Heck, this thing is big enough I bet they could make a claymore out of it"

"ehhh yeah, heh... " said Klavis with feigned amusement "... I, I bet you could."

The bartender slides a glass of Gladitor's in front of each of the men.

"I figure it must have been a pretty big fire to have killed all them Jakhals, probably why I found all the glass too. Think about it whole pack of 'em all on fire. Must been the work of some magicker. Spooks me out, feel like I should kiss the back of my hand just from talking about it."

"yup, yup" nods Klavis, eyes wide from the exhaustive listening. He looks around for someone else in the bar. Anyone else who might interrupt or provide Arc a new friend to speak with. But they are the only patrons in the tavern.

Klavis looks down at his two drinks, a frown on his face.