

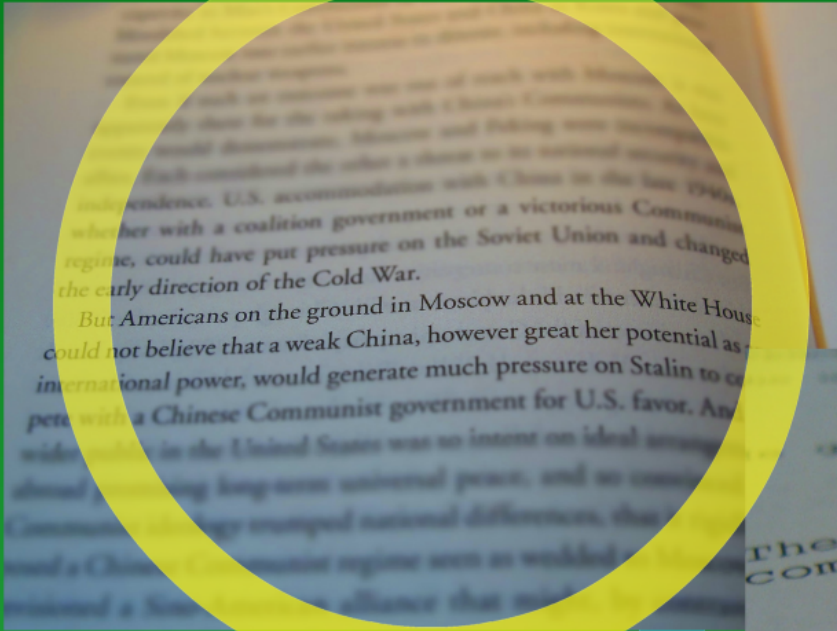
The Medium in the Story:

how the intent to work in digital media affects the writer's practice

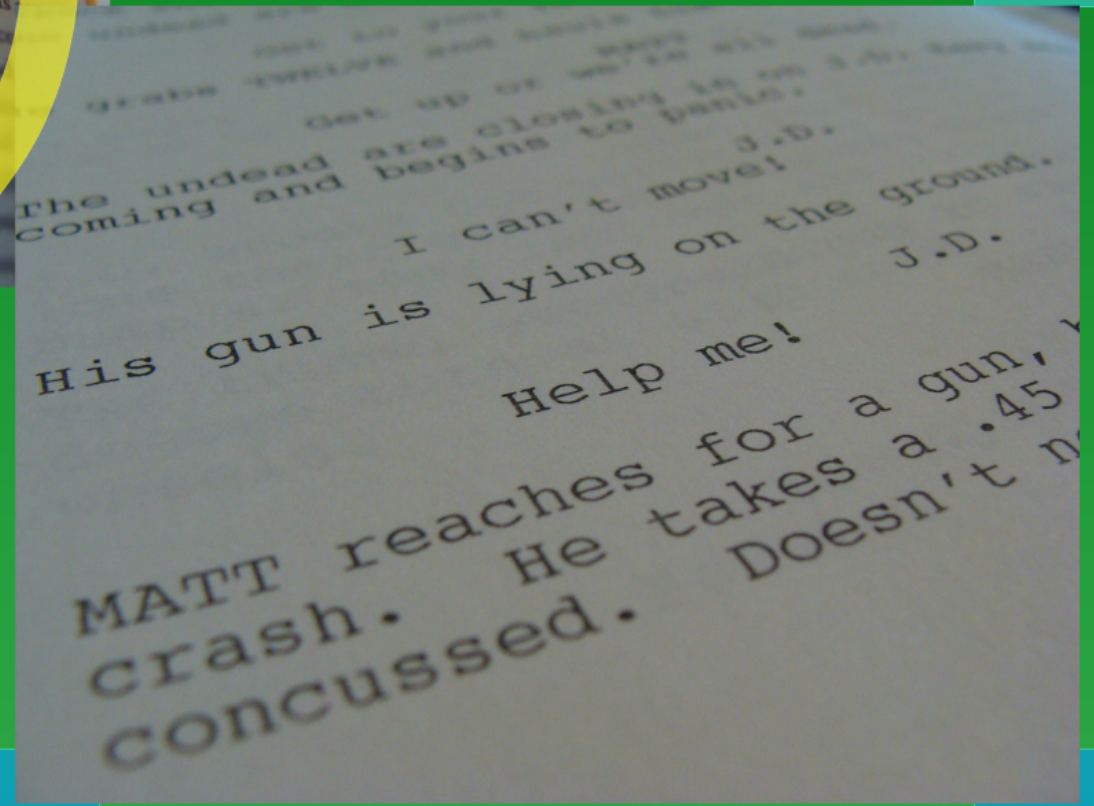
Lyle Skains

Print

[Digital]



...independence. U.S. accommodation with China in the late 1940s
whether with a coalition government or a victorious Communist
regime, could have put pressure on the Soviet Union and changed
the early direction of the Cold War.
But Americans on the ground in Moscow and at the White House
could not believe that a weak China, however great her potential as
international power, would generate much pressure on Stalin to ex-
pete with a Chinese Communist government for U.S. favor. An
widespread in the United States was no intent on ideal among
almost all long-term universal peace, and so commu-
Communist ideology trumped national differences, that
and a Chinese Communist regime seen as wedded
visioned a Soviet alliance that



The undead are closing in on J.D. and
coming and begins to panic.
I can't move! J.D.
His gun is lying on the ground.
J.D.
Help me!
MATT reaches for a gun, y
crash. He takes a .45
concussed. Doesn't n

Welcome to Web - the adventure

You are in a vast web.

In all directions is a lot of information for you to explore.

What do you want to do? (enter "list" for available commands)

> list

list - Lists all commands.

read topic - Finds you news to read.

find topic - Finds things in this web.

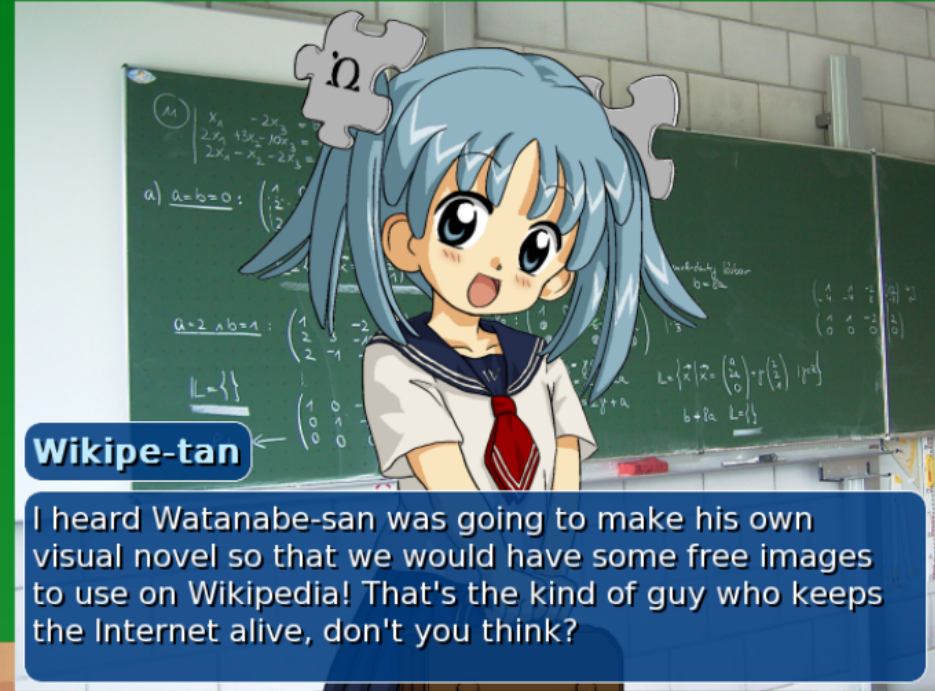
next and back - Shows you pretty things to look at.

look at topic - Shows you pretty things to look at.

follow number - Follows the path to the thing *number*.

pick up number - Puts result *number* in your backpack

inventory - Lists all the things you picked up



110

Mr Andy de Vendouse

Outward appearance

18-19, very tall, wearing blue jeans, black trainers, blue corduroy coat lined with sheepskin with sheepskin coat are layers of green, then red. He has a striking, long, pale face made even more so by thick-stemmed glasses.

He pats the seat next to him and [an older woman](#) crosses the aisle to sit next to him. He snuggles up to her.

Inside information

A musician without a band at the moment. He and his mum have decided to chuck everything in and go to France. He has to find the money he owes them. Andy doesn't want to spend too long with his father: he works for some kind of company.

What he is doing or thinking

He yearns to put his feet on the vacated chair opposite him. His long skinny legs stretch across the aisle and he gets some inspiration. He puts his feet on the arm rest instead. His mum nips the baggy knees of his trousers and looks at him and smiles. His mum is great. France, whatever happens, will be fun. He looks over her shoulder at a magazine.

[Previous passenger](#)
[Next passenger](#)
[Car 4map](#)
[Journey Planner](#)

Digital Fiction

Angela Thomas
2007



Chasing Dust Devils (Novel)

written in 2003-2005

“Dr. Fuller?”

“Yuh-huh?”

“I can’t...I dunno what I’m s’posed to say here.” The caller paused, his voice gravelly with misery and dirt. “She asked me to call you soon as... She wanted you to come to El Paso.”

“She who?”

“Chrissy.”

That was the word last night that brought me instantly awake.

I sat up in bed, waving at Fern to go back to sleep. The connection wasn’t great, and I had no idea who this man was or why he was calling me at 3:16 in the morning, but he sure as hell knew the magic name.

Chrissy. I hadn’t heard from her in probably ten years, save for three postcards featuring jackalopes and cacti with sunglasses.

"Last Stop Bar & Grill"

written in late 2008

Two short lengths of PVC pipe form a cross, their junction secured with duct tape. The top of the makeshift crucifix holds a fat pink candle, dripping halted wax. Two words and a date are carefully inscribed in permanent ink on the crossbar: "Sweet Jenny 8/8/2007."

The cross's faded garland of silk flowers rustles irritably in the dusty wake of a passing truck. A film of dry desert sand sifts over their aging petals.

A hundred yards away, the truck pulls into the parking lot of the Last Stop Bar & Grill. The diner stands alone on the desert floor. Its neon is down to 25 percent capacity, and the gas pumps outside are too old to pass government inspection. Occasionally, a tourist stops for directions back to the interstate, and tells his kids a story about how things used to be, before superhighways, restaurant rows, and box stores.

Inside, the restaurant boasts only the owner-slash-short order cook and a waitress desperately collecting enough tips for a bus ticket to anywhere. The booths are ratted vinyl, the windows are grimy, and the lighting flickers.

"FuturePics LoveSounds"

written in mid-late 2009

You don't remember being in London. You don't remember that girl, or standing on that bridge.

Your friend Syd has a FaceBook strategy: only accept pub friends. He only connects with someone if he'd be willing to buy them a pint at the pub. You, however, prefer to friend anyone and everyone the damn site suggests. You have 597 FB friends. IRL, you have about four. Four who would ever take pictures of you and post them online, and tag you in their albums.

Staring at your face on some stranger's wall, you think maybe Syd's got a point. You certainly don't know who "Monkey Dozen" is. They don't even have any identifiable information on their profile – just a link to a YouTube video of Rick Astley. They've made no status reports, no one else has ever posted on their wall, you have no mutual friends, and they're not tagged in any pictures.

The only album on their page is of you. In London. Where you haven't been in months...

Puerta Cerrada de Unman

Note to everyone on this tiny island: I am not my mother, just with purple hair, black eyeliner, and striped tights. Get over it.

Down the rabbit hole

September 22, 2010, 2:57 am

Holy shit. Is there a font that can express how freaked out I am better than italics? I'm too freaked out to find one. Did I mention being FREAKED THE FUCK OUT? I don't even know if this will post from wherever I am, wherever I'm going. But if I don't write it out, don't record it, somehow it will never have happened. I'll never believe it, and it was never real. I want it to be real. It has to be real, goddammit. So here's the crazy ass shit that happened on the top of that hill. Holy crap!!!

I was sitting there, pathetic and crying over my imaginary friend, feeling like a grade-A loser. What would my mom have thought about me sitting there, blubbering over what amounted to an unanswered telephone call to a stranger? I dunno. I was just about to give up, to go cry my sorry self to sleep in her old bedroom. And that was when a shadow flickered.

There was no breeze, no wind, no moon. Nothing on the top of this hill moved. The Americans hadn't staked a flag in it, the English hadn't planted a non-native tree on it. It was bare grass and stones — nothing should flap even in a hurricane. And yet that shadow moved across the stones on the east side of the hill.

I rolled behind the sitting stone, like a punk Bruce Willis dodging bullets. I got a mouthful of sod, but I didn't break anything. I stared that motherfucking stone *down*. I glared at it, going full Clint Eastwood, until my vision blurred and the bluestone actually flashed blue. Blue light, like a TV screen glimpsed through a window from across the street.

Puerta Cerrada de Unman

Moanings from a techno-geek trapped in a one-computer village.

Search

Wednesday, 22 September 2010

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About Me

Amelia de Silva

Location: Nowhere, Wales, UK

I miss Mexico City, and Rio, and everywhere else I used to live. Now I'm here in BFWales, where I have to hike to the top of a nearby hill to get mobile reception. Bienvenida to the 21st century, everyone.

Microwhining

- » Down the rabbit hole: Holy shit. Is there a font that can express how freaked out I am better than italics? I'm ... <http://bit.ly/c5uvAW> 126 days ago
- » Another Night of Drudgery: I'm considering chucking my bloody mobile at the wall. It would crunch against that fu... <http://bit.ly/c4S2lj> 126 days ago
- » Islands in the South Pacific, where they worship giant stone faces and barely cover their nuts, get better

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Draft - PhD Creative Segment

written Nov 2010

“I’ll never catch up to him,” she moans to the tree, not even caring that she is speaking to a tree. After all, she’s very recently kidnapped a mechanical frog prince; not much else could seem strange at this point. “Look at me. I can barely catch up to myself.”

“I’ve met squirrels with more gumption,” the tree says, then refuses to say anything more.

Miserable, feeling the tree’s judgment falling heavily upon her, Lilly edges out from the shadows. She squints in the direction of the castle.

“I really wish I had a bicycle,” she comments to no one in particular. “Bicycles make things so much easier.”

But she does not have a bicycle, or a car, or even a scooter. She has her feet, through which she can see blades of grass poking up, and they’re going to have to be good enough. She sets out, heading east.

This mirror thing is for the birds. I could have come up with a million better ways to talk. Soup cans, for one.

It’s a classic. You have no sense of tradition.

You have no sense of adventure. Did the girl crash and die?

She crashed. She is fine, however, and I’ll be sure to share your concern with her.

Hey, I’m not the death-monger here. She’s much more useful alive. He’d probably give up and drown himself if he knew she was dead.

Well, she isn’t. Move on.

I’m moved.

The ancient track is not a straight line at all. It skirts boulders, dips into mud flats, and, once, leads him straight into a hillside burial mound. (There were only two corpses, and they weren’t even fresh — he was a bit of a baby about it, really.)

Central Protagonist/
Narrator

1st or 3rd person
perspective



Multiple
Protagonists

Layered
Narration

Multiple
Narrators (incl.
nonhuman)

2nd person
perspective

Character Arc
Structure

Character Arcs
in pieces



3-Act
Structure

Reader-directed
Structure

Print [Digital]

Print Digital

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Vikkodamus. (2007). "Scriptshot Help Me" [Photo] [Online] URL: http://farm3.static.flickr.com/2118/2234614445_5e8b4294b7_b.jpg