

# LITERATURE

## Creative SAC

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In the Creative SAC you have a choice of responding to either *Tenant of Wildfell Hall* or *Honour*. Your Creative SAC must include:

- A Commentary of 300 Words which:
  - Identifies and explains the preoccupations and concerns of the text you are responding to
  - Identifies and explain the literary features of the text you are responding to
  - Explains how you are attempting to use the concerns and literary features of the original text in your own creative response
  
- A Creative Response of:
  - 900-1200 Words for *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*
  - 400-600 Words for *Honour*

You will have 4 periods to complete a draft in class. You may bring in a double sided A4 plan of your creative response.

You will be required to complete a Statement of Intention outlining what you plan to do for your SAC.

The teacher will read your draft, provide feedback and return it to you. From the date the draft is returned to you, you will have seven days to complete a typed, good copy. Both the draft and the good copy need to be handed in in a plastic pocket.

The Creative SAC is worth 60 Marks – 50 marks for the creative writing, 10 for the commentary.

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**Commentary:** For my creative SAC I will be writing a scene from *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*, from the perspective of Annabella in chapters 18-19. This text is a very obvious feminist novel that deals first and foremost with the inequality of women in marriage. The text takes that idea further with the notion that not only was the role of women diminished but that the men believed themselves intellectually superior to women. Through the text Bronte shows a sense of approval towards Helens actions because she is not only strictly religious but also willing to exercise her independence against an oppressive husband. It is very apparent through the text that characters that Bronte sees as immoral like Annabella ultimately are punished for their actions. IN Annabellas case she “eloped with another gallant” and “lived a while in reckless gaiety and dissipation” (Helens choice of words) before like Huntingdon “they quarrelled and parted”. Here as the story was told “years came and money went she sunk... In difficulty and debt, disgrace and misery and died at last in penury, neglect and utter wretchedness”. And so as is illustrated by the emotionless blunt manner in which Helen recounts Annabella’s tragic end, there is a sense of approval at this being a just punishment for her actions.

The scene I'll be writing will give Annabella a voice which will allow her room to defend her actions. Bronte is very critical of women who remained confined by their sex and didn't strike out against it like Helen. I will be explaining that as a woman Annabella was simply using what tools she had to survive in a male dominant world. How she was simply seeking to live comfortably, and as a woman the way to do this was through marriage.

The problems that I encountered whilst writing this piece were trying to mimic Bronte's language and also remain concise. For the language I had rows of old English words on my plan that kept me in the right mindset, I would also read the chapters that I was intending to mimic before going into the SAC so that my mind was in that old English setting. As for the conciseness of my piece that was particularly difficult because Bronte writes in a very drawn out style however while I struggled during the drafting period I have been able to with guidance shorten my piece so that it is the right length. I also incorporated some of Bronte's techniques to give it a more realistic feel like using chess as a metaphor, also buildings like Grassdale Manor to represent Huntingdon and a dying rose for Annabella.

### **Chapters 18-19 Rewritten in Annabella's Perspective**

The carriage bumped and jostled down the road occasionally causing me to collide undaintily into my cousin Millicent. How I wish the journey would end, all this travel is unladylike and while I realise it would be indecent of me to voice my distain for the road, I felt it fitting that I should relieve myself of the vestiges of my displeasure if only a little and so I sighed and announced to no one in particular, "I am appalled at the length of this trip, had I previously known how many suns would pass without an arrival I would have declared myself indisposed and begged my pardon that I should decline attendance"

"Hush Annabella" Millicent sighed fixing me with a reproachful stare "Look here we can almost see our destination, set your mind on that and comfort yourself with the knowledge that once you have taken upon the yoke of matrimony it will be perfectly decent of you to refuse all such situations that require you to partake in tedious journeys"

This did nothing to quiet my nerves as the very subject of marriage played havoc with their fragile disposition. As I neared six and twenty I must admit to a certain degree of anxiety at the prospect of finding a suitable husband. With each passing of the season more prim and pert ladies entered society with similar intentions to mine with the advantage of younger years. While I flattered myself that I would be the victor should we compete for the attentions of the same man I worried that I would be unable to find such a man that fitted my needs. Being already of impeccable bloodlines and significant wealth, a man must supersede my already stately position, which means finding a man of rank. As for personality I dream, of finding a man who would not seek to dictate and control, someone who would succumb to my will, I could hardly bare the thought of a man that either questioned my authority or sought to rule over me.

And so I will look to this trip as a time to find my suitor, I will manoeuvrer myself as though I'm in a chess match, each move will be calculated and if I'm unable to strike initially I will chose then to move in preparation for my next move. Shortly after my resolution I was broken from my reverie by Millicent's gentle nudge and whispered "We're here". Looking up my eyes were to behold a stately manor in the midst of its expansive grounds. Tall and imposing its size and beauty boasted prosperity, while retaining the same charm and elegance found in residences so aged. The park was exquisitely lush and verdant in its summer glory radiating majesty and prestige.

A winding path snaked its way through the immaculately groomed grounds, and an avenue of strong timber trees adorned the track. However as our carriage began its progress down the path and I was able to have a closer inspection I was forced to reassess my previous endearments. The homestead which had permeated opulence from afar bore the distinct ravages of time and carelessness. Cracks which had appeared in the rock foundations were now intermingled with moss and lichen. Vines which would have been attractive once had crept up the walls like parasites, threatening to consume the mansion. As they had aged the beauty of their youth had faded and the ready supply of water and nutrients had allowed the trunks to grow thick and the branches wooded, marring the original sophistication. Around the lake the willows had spread, relishing their allowance to grow where they pleased. The gardener had obviously looked upon their eloquence with tender eyes mistaking the danger of letting them become too established in their situation.

As we reached the door we were greeted by Helen, her aunt and uncle. I am reminded of the factitious annoyances of ultra civilised society, even though there is a distinct animosity between Helen and I, we must smile and make nice as if we were bosom buddies. Mirrored in her face is the frustration at my arrival, as I represent a rival for Huntingdon's attentions. While I foster no claim to him this petty jealousy will be sure to bring me much amusement. The day passed in a mess of unpacking and getting settled and I was pleased when the evening arrived and the formalities of the day ended. We had moved into the sitting room and I was called upon to sing and play. My eye was immediately drawn to Lord Lowborough an honourable man with a gentle temper and respectful nature he embodied everything I sought for in a husband including a tendency to subservience. While I registered a complete aversion to his whole person that I would struggle to surmount his title, pedigree and family seat was quiet enough reward for me to overlook his short comings. My heart sank a little that he would never be a man such as Huntingdon was, all wit and charm, I must remind myself that Huntingdon is also an idle man, too busy squandering his fortune on treats of the material nature, to make himself a decent husband. As my mother once said, 'as women we should seek men only as a means to strengthen our voices and raise us up. Anything less and we are merely a testament to their grandiose visions of superiority. There is no room for love or preference in marriage'.

The next morning upon the gentlemen's removal to hunt and Helen's hasty departure from my presence, the remaining women decided to take a leisurely stroll in the gardens to admire their beauty in full bloom. However I quickly tired of the dull small talk about the various on going's of different people, so I stopped a while to admire a bush of the most extravagant roses. A deepest red, they covered the bush all vying for a position that would best capture, what they perceived to be their best feature. However while the more robust of the roses gave the sweetest perfume and boasted the more vibrant colours it was the site of a flower nearing the end of its prime that drew my attentions. As its petals curled and crumbled and its once scarlet colour moved towards black it still retained its former glory. In fact its older years had supplied it with superior traits, like a delicacy that allowed for a deeper more profound exquisiteness and a stronger more concentrated perfume that filled me with hope. While it had all this to recommend it, it still seemed to draw within the bush, close enough to the surface that it could still be seen yet shielded in a way that suggested its awareness of the lateness of its years. Scornfully I glared at the baby roses, still too young to understand the ways of the world, they flaunted their petals with the common red that was mirrored in all, allowing them to blend into sameness. That would never become my end.