

Photo Narrative Story**Erika Peterson****11/25/06**

There was once a girl assigned to a group project. The project was a clay-mation and the story a reflection of group dynamics. It was the first group project of the year and this girl was full of hope. Little did this girl know that hope was soon to be crushed. This girl was younger than the others in the group, quite passive and not to mention somewhat odd in nature. This fatal combination made certain that this girl was regularly mocked and excluded from the group project. The other members of this group came to believe that they were older and wiser and thus inherently better suited for making important decisions than this girl. This girl became deeply bored and desperately lonely throughout the course of the year. The groups low regard of her caused her to hate herself and thus she fell into a downward spiraling depression affecting every other aspect of her life. It came to the point where she would go entire days without saying more than hello to anyone.

Things went on like this until about the middle of the year when a new segment of this group project was assigned. This portion was an art portion and this girl had a deep love of art. Because the project was a facsimile of the group dynamics each person in the group got to make their own character namely themselves. The girl cast aside the shroud of loneliness she had been living in and eagerly dove into the glory of artistic creation. Into its forging this girl poured all her unfulfilled longings; all the friends she had tried and failed to make, the loneliness whose echoes rang shrill in both her footsteps and in the empty chambers of her heart, all the work this person had wanted to do but couldn't because this person couldn't connect. All these frustrations and more the girl at first put into the doll and then left them behind completely.

Under her adoring care the doll became beautiful while the dolls made by her group members were crude, shoddy, and constantly falling apart. When the time came to compare the dolls the other group members looked at this girl with something like hatred in their eyes. The slovenliness of the other dolls only made the girls doll more elegant. The other members of the group glared her down in unison. She shriveled under the burn of their gazes. But the evidence of her treachery remained on the table, a symbol branding her traitor in the eyes of the group. She and her skill had dared to challenge her role in the story as the annoying little sister by making her character more. She had been tried and condemned in the speed of a glance. All that remained unattended to was the execution of group justice. She had dared to be better than they were and they would make her pay.

With the dawn of the filming segment the group's opportunity for revenge had come. When the group began the process they realized they did not have half the stuff they needed to begin. The project failing them the group began to clown around. They looked at the figures for the claymation and began to play with them like the most destructive of children swinging the dolls to bits and hurling them two and fro and smashing them into each other. The girl watched in horror as one group member aimed a spray bottle at her beloved doll. She asked them not to destroy it more than once but that just made them want to destroy it more. She couldn't remember what happened next. The only thing remembered was the closing of a door outlining the scene of destruction, the sound of a squirt bottle ruining her doll and a feeling like her guts had just been scooped out with an ice-cream scoop. And in such a manner she closed the door on another chapter of failure in her life. She never looked back.