

Paul wrote stories primarily in the genre of magical realism this semester, and he is truly a master at blurring the line between reality and the supernatural. Not only is he a skilled writer, but he also has an amazing ability to come up with new story ideas. Below is an excerpt from a longer piece called "Going Home."

~Jaclyn Esqueda, Tutor

An Excerpt from "Going Home"

By Paul Kratwell

Mrs. Krigbaum

The phone rang, and Mrs. Krigbaum realized she was alone. She stood up and walked to the yellow phone on the wall. Its cord was black—an alteration that Kurt had made on it years ago so it would stretch from the kitchen wall to the armchair in the sitting room. She picked up the receiver, stretching its mismatched cord to the kitchen table where her tea rested.

"Hello?" she said.

"Hello, Grandma," answered Maggie, "how are you feeling today?"

"Oh, I'm fine. How are you, Maggie?"

"Did you take your pills this morning?"

"Well, yes, Maggie. I always do."

"I knew you would, I just wanted to ask. How has your day been?"

"It's a fine day outside," said Mrs. Krigbaum. "I planted some new azaleas and tied up those morning glories. After lunch I'll water them."

"Good, Grandma," said Maggie. "I'll come by on Saturday and we'll go shopping together."

"Ok, Maggie," said Mrs. Krigbaum, "I'll look forward to it."

"Have a great day, Grandma. Careful on those stairs!"

"Ok, Maggie, good-bye."

She hung up the phone, hearing the click of the receiver in the empty house.

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