

Model Flashbacks

Example 1. Rivalry

Feeling tired even worn out, John slouched and settled comfortably on the couch, casually flicked on the television and rather quickly fell asleep with a happy smile on his face. For nearly a year he and his best friend, Peter had longingly and passionately yearned to date Lorraine who had become the latest flavour of the month. Frequently they had dreamed about her and together they had longed to take her out. While he felt a slight awkward tinge of conscience about his triumphant feelings, they had been smothered like a flame by the joy he felt over the date he had arranged with her. Later Peter would come over and John would revel in revealing his triumph because they were friends yet rivals. Peter would be jealous. Hence, John fell asleep on the couch smiling, while thinking only of his conquest.

Example 2. Loneliness

Sitting in the kitchen, staring at the telephone, Sally felt desperately and deeply despondent, tears streaming down her face. Six months earlier her parents had separated. While she had moved with her mother far across the country, her father had faithfully and confidently promised he would visit every six months. This would have been his first and he had promised they would spend two weeks together at a resort on the Pacific coast of Mexico which she recalled with warm memories. In the last six months, she had not been particularly joyful because of loneliness. A new school, friends hard to find and her mother's reduced financial situation, had left Sally depressed. Happily her one ray of hope sprang from her dreams of sandy beaches and wonderful food, riding the surf and the company of her dad. The phone rang. Father had announced the trip to Mexico and even his visit, were off. An extreme sadness engulfed and overtook Sally as she stared at the ugly silent kitchen telephone while a stream of tears poured down her cheeks. Deepening depression consumed her.

Example 3. Loss

Shamelessly Jason squatted and mourned beside the lifeless form of his dog as tears flowed freely even uncontrollably. For a fleeting second his mind flashed back three years when Pongo had first arrived, had cried endlessly and had hid under the couch, not daring to poke her tiny nose into the world which seemed so cold and strange. While he had comforted the small, warm bundle of hair then, Pongo would later console him when friends had snubbed him, when girls had mocked him and when the big guys had chased him. What a faithful companion! Jason recalled how Pongo had tunnelled and snuggled under the covers on cold nights, how she had nuzzled his hand for reassurance when fearful and how she had squealed with delight when he put on his coat and cap because of what it promised. Scampering along energetically, she had loved walking with him, running from one side of the road to the other, sniffing every tree and clump of grass. As Jason rubbed Pongo's cold ears – oh! how she had once loved that – his tears flowed copiously and shamelessly. She was no more.