* The year is 2156. She stood there in the rain. The detritus of the consumption was in her way. Upon closer inspection, this was in fact hundreds of old, dirty bird feathers clumped one on top of the other. She did not want to wade through the filth, yet she needed to get to her destination – the two bedroom-flat she shared with the carbon copy of herself. I know this sounds strange but wait. (This was my initial paragraph. I’m not sure why I chose to set it in the future or for it to be raining, but I had a couple more ideas with the carbon copy of a human (in terms of identity and its format(s)) concept, so I decided to go with it.) Also, I chose to turn it into a podcast because it helps to cover two of the media set for this task: audio and text. However, I have never done this before and I don’t like the sound of my own voice, which could be a detriment because if I do not have the motivation to listen to myself speak, then I may not be able to go back and edit content from the podcast.
* Video, audio, text.
* New paragraph(s)/first draft:

The year is 2156. She stood there in the rain. The detritus of the consumption was in her way. Upon closer inspection, this was in fact hundreds of old, dirty bird feathers clumped one on top of the other. She did not want to wade through the filth, yet she needed to get to her destination – the two bedroom-flat she shared with the carbon copy of herself. I know this sounds strange but wait.

She lived in the distant future; technology had advanced so that she, amongst a select few of the remaining population of Earth, could create perfect copies of themselves by using brain scans to record clips from their memories and replicating their personalities. This was done through a holistic scanner built over her bedsit (next to her, ironically outdated lightbulb) that observed her brainwave functions throughout the night. As well as this, it constantly updated the carbon copy it reproduced in the portal chamber with her dreams, effectively keeping a metaphysical dream diary by itself.

Her bedroom was perfectly accommodated to these futuristic functions – over the years, it had changed in terms of setting from a dilapidated, grungy mess (which she would not fail to observe herself and her carbon copy is always reminding her of) to a high-tech facility. Aside from this, you are probably wondering why there were hundreds of old bird feathers lying in the street, why I have described them as ‘the consumption’, and who I and she are. Very well – I can answer the first two of these pertinent questions, but the final two are left up to you to work out.

The bird feathers were piled in the street because birds have become the last resource of food on planet Earth. Those with enough money had migrated Earth before the War of the Sky (which is what the remaining survivors refer to the historical event of Earth’s birds becoming infected with a Mad cow-like disease, causing them to attack bystanders without bias) had had a chance to affect them (i.e., infecting their crops and killing off their food supply). As a result, the remaining inhabitants took to the streets, the beaches, the gulleys and the deserts to stage a mass culling of the birds in question, in an attempt to rebuild the world’s infrastructures. However, not knowing of the disease with which the birds were infected, many of the survivors grew ill and, eventually, passed away, leaving the remaining survivors at a very low total, hence the utilisation of previously undiscovered technology and the creation of nano-carbon copies to provide people with company and entertainment.

People did not realise, though, that these copies would one day turn on them. And the events that I am describing now, are from *now* – the year 2156. So, to get you up to speed, the year is 2156, Earth has been vacated of human beings (save for a few remaining wild survivors) and the War of the Sky has caused Earth’s key food resources and economy to dwindle and has left birds as the only feasible means of sustenance. Now that we are on the same page, I can continue with the story.

Her carbon copy always brought her new information from the world as the War of the Sky unfolded. However, one day her copy had not done so. So, she came to the conclusion that the War was over, or at least had slowed, and that it would be safe to venture outside of her apartment. This was far from accurate. In fact, the culling was at its peak as she stepped out into the chaos. Of course, she tried to turn on her heel and go back inside, but the fire exit door had slammed behind her and, unfortunately for her, she had misplaced her swipe card for the building. She looked around in exasperation and headed for the other side of the street – this was in an even worse way with the feathers effectively forming a dirty-white blanket over the sidewalk. The rain, which started as a trickle, eventually turning into downpour, did little to clear a path for her, instead mulching the feathers into unfathomable shapes and textures.

Not trying to shift through the sludge, she climbed to the top of the (effectively derelict) building and climbed in through the open skylight (shattering her ancient lightbulb in the process). Upon landing with a heavy grunt back in her room, she engaged in a heated argument with her clone, interrogating her as to why she had failed to give her any updates on the happenings of the birds. After the conflict, she uninstalled her clone from her memory through sheer anger and tried to adapt to life during the war without the company of her digital reflection.

However, she is not well suited to this life and, becoming lonely, attempts to reinstall her clone. It does not work. She becomes dejected and starts wandering the streets, half searching for clues of other survivors with similar clone problems and half hoping that she will be attacked by the birds and die.

Yet, as she turned the corner of a side street leading to her building, her clone, through some absurd technological miracle, reinstalled itself in her brain and she (unwittingly) survived the latest vicious bird attack and made it home safely. The clone reveals to the female (and hence the reader) her identity. It also tells her there are wider forces in outer space trying to manipulate her decisions through space transport amongst many other means.

That’s when I came along. I told her I was responsible for her clone’s malfunctions and that I had a male counterpart clone installed in my brain, too. In fact, it turns out that me and her go back a long way – to before the war. We worked this out by looking at and comparing the memory reels from each of our clones. We ended up getting back together and, to this day, we strive to preserve ourselves and the human race throughout the course of the war by using stealthy hunting techniques, saving survivors with broken clones and helping those who are lost, to name but a few ways.

Remember how you wanted to ask me earlier who I am and who the unnamed, unknowable female was? Well, this partly answers why I wasn’t going to tell you – I’d made it my prerogative to keep her identity anonymous until after the war. And how do I know I can even trust you with these minor details? There’s no telling who might find this diary, or who might be lurking out there looking to steal our clones’ memories.

* I feel like I could have rewritten some parts of this (and I am always nervous when it comes to sharing initial pieces or ideas at the beginning of modules), but I do think it is maybe a good start to a short piece of fiction.
* However, I feel like I have used this platform and format quite a lot so maybe I should be looking at some other platforms to help me create short stories.
* Can turn it into a podcast with reading out the audio of what I’ve written/create a 30 second trailer (produce it in different apps)/can be episodic.
* Look at feedback from approaching your novel opening chapter assignment (this might help me with writing strategies.)
* Focus more on character and perspective (look at Canvas and character notes).