

## Iowa Young Writers' Workshop, A Perusable Feast – Minimalist Maximalist Madhouse

Description: For the second part of the MMM Exercise, I was required to take a Minimalist Paragraph from one of my fellow classmates and transform it into a Maximalist Paragraph. Below is the Minimalist Paragraph from my classmate:

*She stumbled into the flower shop, drunk, the smell of booze leaking from her attire. The clerk stared at her eccentric appearance. She wobbled across the aisle, her ripped and filthy clothes scraping against the intricate pots of flowers. Without much hesitation, she stopped in front of a bright stash of roses. Not much different from all the other shining bunch. She bent down and picked it up. Then, she again made her way slowly, this time to the counter. Lowering the flowers onto the counter with an unexpected air of gentleness, she glanced into the clerk's eyes and whispered: "How much?"*

And below is my own Maximalist transformation of the above:

*The woman crashed into the storefront in a stupor that was spurred on by her incessant alcoholism. The storefront itself was filled with a variety of daisies and azaleas, roses and tulips, and so many wonderful all-natural smells that would be apparent in such a place as this. Except for one vicious, rotten aroma that emanated from the woman herself, the acrid miasma of spirits and firewater, moonshine and whiskey. The clerk working the shift at the flower shop was surprised, to say the least, at the woman's chilling disturbance in the scenery at play, unable to feel anything other than a haunting sense of waxing dread. The woman proceeded to see-saw her body around the aisles, her squalid and derelict attire pressing hard against the delicately-shaped forms of pottery that served as the flower pots. The sound of it producing something that resonated as broken glass grinded down into nothing via the cogs of an endless machine.*

*And then, suddenly, the sound vaporized into a solution of a black abyss, as the woman stopped, finally finding what her drug-addled mind had compelled her to find. A simple, bucket-shaped flower pot, filled with a shining sentiment of fresh red roses. It wasn't as beautiful or intricate as all the others, but perhaps it was the mere nostalgia produced by its image that caused her mind to reel with cosmic coincidence. And while her noodle was still spooked and addled around her skull, the rest of her body took charge and got to work, restarting the utter mayhem in the shop's soundscape courtesy of that same toxic auditory maelstrom, although with a more noticeable amount of innocence in her two-step.*

*Her creaking bones and stagnant muscles cracked and tore, insistent on getting this flower pot to the counter. Although, compared to her entrance, she had a much more somber and moderate approach, treating the pot as if it was an infantile creature. An approach noted in her subtle and leisurely placement of the pot onto the counter, where that same store clerk was staring at her, profusely. She offered a quick glance into his eyes, and sent out an elusive whisper, one that oddly enough sent the most miniscule tingle down his spine, yet it was still noticeable. The phrase she said ever so quietly was, "How much?"*