

Negative emotions

This poster and storyboard represent the theme of my animation. They are my negative emotions from both the past and the present, along with a rough storyboard showing the planned animation. As well as my grappling with those emotions. The artwork shows my online representation of myself in the middle being surrounded by a dark beast made of his negative emotions. Around the beast are representations of my negative emotions: greed, anger, pain, and sorrow which would have been shown more specifically in the animation. The storyboard shows how I fight against the beast made of my negative emotions. My character is literally consumed by negative emotions then experiences the memories associated with those feelings. Next, he sees the people supporting him and he breaks free and beats the beast. Finally, he makes peace with it and accepts his negative emotions.

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Negative Memories

Taron L.



The animation I'm going to make will represent negative emotions before I learned to deal or control with them. The animation shows me fighting a large beast made from my negative emotions, and at one point I'll be consumed by the negative emotions and then show flashbacks that refer to four or five of my memories where I had negative situations in my life. Then, after that, I'm going to break through and learn to beat and control my past negative emotions.

One time, when I was in middle school, I remember going to a friend's house. I don't remember what he looked like but I remember he also had a game console and some nerf guns. We were playing with Legos and I remember stealing a piece that I didn't have. It was a tree stump that was hollowed out on the inside so the figures could stand in it. So, I took it when he wasn't in the room. At the time, I felt guilty about taking it, but then later I mostly just wondered if he would even notice if it was missing, now he probably wouldn't care, so now it doesn't affect me much.

The second memory is from when I was in middle school and my friend Alivia was teasing me. She was taller than me at the time. I don't remember what she was teasing me about. I was trying to walk away from her. I realize now it was probably just playful teasing, I ended up turning around and yelled at her to "fucking leave me alone" even though at the time I didn't really know what the insult meant. I just knew it was a bad or insulting thing. After, I went over to the bleachers and started crying. A teacher and Alivia came over and she apologized for teasing me. I'm not sure if she even remembers it but we're still friends.

Third, is less of a specific event, and is just negative thoughts I used to have. Though I didn't think of them as negative. I would tend to have these thoughts mostly during school time, through middle and high school. I would think about breaking things or maybe even spontaneously hurting others or myself and I would think how would people react if I did something bad or unexpected. I never actually wanted to hurt anyone or myself; it's just things I thought about. I also used to think a lot about suicide when I first learned about the term, though I never thought about actually killing myself. For some reason I thought about it a lot and how people would respond to me being gone and if anything would really change. Though I'm sure most people would either be surprised horrified or scared or maybe angry.

The fourth is also not a certain event. It's just the way I tend to think about things, I'm always worried about bothering people by doing something wrong or by being a bother to people. When people ask me to get something, I tend to ask specific questions about where it is or what it looks like so that I make sure not to miss it or come back empty handed and have them be disappointed in me. Sometimes I shy away from my friends or online friends in groups if there playing ranked games because I don't want to screw up their progress. I'm afraid of being a nuisance or making others upset because I did something wrong or not good enough. Even if I make a small mistake doing something for someone, and even if they say it's fine, I still feel bad about it. At home, when my dad sent me to get either a tool or something else he needed, sometimes he would get annoyed that I would ask a lot or if I couldn't find it. The thought pattern tends to make me a pretty submissive person.

The last memory is from before I heard about the term asexual. I would see how my other friends were talking about girls and things like that but I didn't, and I thought there was something wrong with me. One day, on the school bus back home, I asked my friend Logan if there was something wrong with me since I didn't think about the same things as the other boys my age. At first she suggested maybe I was gay, but I didn't feel attraction for boys either, I don't remember what she said next, but I know it was encouraging, and she was nice about it.