CREATIVE WRITING PORTFOLIO

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Mr. Costello
Period 3A
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While selecting my classes for the second semester, Creative Writing appealed to me. I have always loved to write, but I have denied it over all the years in a typical English class. I enjoyed this class because unlike other classes, I had freedom. Freedom to write about anything I wanted, and not to be critiqued for it. For this course, I set a goal to be more open with my writing. I feel as though I have accomplished that goal, because I now have the confidence and integrity to be proud of my work. This class helped me come out of my shell not only in writing, but in presenting. By sharing our work, and by receiving positive feedback from Mr. Costello and my peers, I gained much confidence in that area.

In Creative Writing, we were given many assignments. My favorite must have been the haiku’s. I like to be challenged, and to write haiku’s you must have patience and a wide vocabulary. Haiku’s, being so short, had to be condensed into 3 short lines, yet they still must make sense. I also loved how they are based on nature because there is so much to say about nature. I’d have to say that my least favorite assignment was the narrative. I’m the type of girl that likes things short and sweet. The narrative was not only long, but there were many requirements that needed to be included. Not to mention that shortly after I handed in my first draft, my boyfriend, who the narrative was about, broke up with me and that’s why I wanted it to be over with as soon as possible. After being in that situation, I learned something about life. I learned that not everything is permanent, so I shouldn’t make temporary things into permanent things on paper. This also helped me improve as a writer because I knew after that point that things like that don’t really matter in writing. Writing isn’t about the author, it’s about taking your time to express emotions and events that are/were important to you or someone you knew.

This course will help me tremendously to succeed in the future. I know this because writing is a very important skill to acquire, and I’ve learned the basis of it. By absorbing all the information I was taught, I will be able to write a proficient Junior Research Paper and hopefully pass my Senior Paper. Not to mention all the papers in between. This class taught me so many things that I will need to know as an adult and I am appreciative to Mr. Costello and my peers for guiding me towards a successful adult life. If I had the opportunity to have not taken this class, I would not have taken it because I believe everyone should be required to take it because of how useful it is in the long run, unlike History. All of my work has been put in this portfolio and I look forward to sharing my work with the class and even peers outside of class. Thank you for such a great opportunity Mr. Costello!
Music & Poetry

Explosions in the sky - your hand in mine

Sparks Will Fly
Leaning on the bar,
Taking long, heavy drags on my cigarette

When my eyes wander towards
A magnificent sight

Blonde, curly locks
Soft, rosy cheeks

Deep blue seductive eyes

Those long, sexy legs
That almost causes me to drool

The soft beautiful notes of
The piano fills my soul with romance

As she struts towards me,
I guzzle my Canadian club on the rocks,

Gain self-confidence
And raise myself to an upright position

And I speculate
"May I have this dance?"
Life

Thoughts,
Memories
Sights,
Smells
Feelings,
Flashbacks

Past,
Or future?
Up,
Or down?
High,
Or low?

Present-
Change
Strength
Faith
Hope
Courage
Confidence;
Life.
Haiku

Typical Stormy Summer Night

Ice cream on the porch-
Chaos runs across the sky
Heat floods in through the floor boards

Hibernation Period

A light dusting of snow
Lay on the aging, crisp leaves-
I just hope for warmth

Paradise

Soaking up the sun
A splash of sea chills my toes
Palm trees save my skin

Summer Swamp

Crickets chirp; birds fly
Over the steamy green swamp
Heat pulsates through the air

Fall Breeze

Strolling in the park
The crisp, contagious winds blow
Inhale the cold breeze
The Ode

Lady

Little Lady, you mean so much
You make me happy just from your touch
Your soft fur drives me crazy
I love kittens that are so lazy

You like to eat out of my hand
Just not the cat food that is canned
I adore how you love to cuddle
And how you run up to me to snuggle

Oh Lady, you’re so damn cute
But sometimes, I wish I could put you on mute
Your purrs can be so loud
Especially when you’re on the ninth cloud

My love for you is so strong
I knew that my decision couldn’t possibly be wrong
You will forever be my little kitten
I hope you like this ode I have written
The Ode #2

You’re you

Don’t listen to the put-downs
You are so much more than you think
So just shoot those haters a wink

Kill them with your kindness
Don’t show that it bothers you
So you don’t feel so blue

You are who you’re meant to be
Don’t let them sting you like a bee
There’s so much to look forward to
And so much happiness ahead of you
Don’t be afraid to show your true colors
Because then you’ll be able to find that significant other
Elegy

To Boppa

You always knew right from wrong
And how to put a smile on my face
Whenever I’d visit we’d play Ping-Pong
You didn’t deserve such a tragic case

Through the laughter and the tears
You helped people overcome their fears
You would always prove your selflessness
By removing peoples feeling of worthlessness

Knowing you’re in a better place
Eventually put a smile on my face
You’ve taught me to roll with the punches
I try, but I still miss you bunches
Carpe Diem

#Yolo

Live life to the fullest
You only live once
So just be the coolest
Don’t be a dunce

Do what makes you happy
And you shall succeed
So indulge yourself in taffy
Give your sweet tooth a reason to believe

Take time to smell the roses
Appreciate everything- even hoses
Look at the bright side of everything
And you’ll be so happy- you could sing!
The Sonnet

Seasons

Winter doesn’t even compare
Your warm winds make me smile
When you’re gone, I feel a sense of despair
Oh summer, you make me go wild
You’re never too hot for me
You’re sun light shines like a diamond
To my heart, you are the key
I feel as though I’m on the highlands
I wait for you all year
You bring happiness all around
When you come around, all I can do is cheer
I was lost but now I’m found
Please don’t go too soon
I need you- like the tides need the moon
Appreciate

Life is like a roller coaster

There’s up’s and down’s

Twists and turns all around

So, promise me you won’t be a boaster

Some are yet to find their four leaf clover

Some of us are street bound

People can be so careless, I have found

How’d you feel if you couldn’t afford a toaster?

Even through the hard times, rise above it

Treat every day like your last

Because it sure as hell might be

Don’t live with regrets; you’ll be stuck in a stress pit

Try not to live in the past

Life is precious, cherish it, you see?
**21 Line Narrative**

**The start to my new beginning**

As we started conversing, I felt there was an invisible wall that caused me to hold back on my usual charm. Maybe it was the weather; it was cold, wet and dreary on that November morning. I could hear the laughter from the other students around us. As he introduced himself, Mike comforted me just by facing my way. With his chin up, he confidently said

“I think you’re really cute.”

The light from the ceiling gave his face a sort of angelic, innocent tone to it.

“I was wondering if I could have your number or something.”

Not having a phone at the time, I looked to the floor and as sweetly as I could, I gave him my Facebook name instead. After, as he headed to his next class, I felt his hand accidentally brush my shoulder. I gripped the mouse of my computer tightly and tried not to scream with joy. I was as excited and startled as the painting *Scream*. I was caught off guard. I wondered to myself if I was dreaming. I tapped my fingers on my leg. I was lost in my thoughts- then the second bell rang. I’m late.
Tanka

Happiness

To wake up thankful;
To admire the small things
And worship the big
To love the life you live, that’s
What happiness is

Cinquain

Steps to Success

Simple
Living simply
To achieve great success
No second chance, no turning back
Believe
**Imagist**

**Fire!**

Dragging along the city side walks

Exhausted

Hot and humid

A slight drizzle falling through the sky

Panic

Emergency

Screams

A big red image,

Flashing lights,

Flies into my sight

A golden “5” revives my senses
Fall

Autumn
Cold, crisp
Changing, comforting, hiking
Leaves, bonfires, hoodies, laughter
Strolling, cuddling, conversing
Chilly, playful
Fall

Seasons

Change is in the air
Spring is upon us
Warmer air
Brighter colors
Happiness
It only gets better from here
**Narrative**

**The start to my new beginning**

The atmosphere was serene and studious on that chilly November day in the school library. Little did I know that my life would never be the same after what occurred next.

There I was, on my third day in Narragansett High school, on a computer working on my online class quietly. I was minding my own business, doing my work, when suddenly I heard the creaking of a chair being pulled out next to me. I looked up to see a very handsome, tall, blonde boy that I did not recognize. As he sat down, I was completely clueless thinking he was only using the neighboring computer.

“Hey, I’m Jonah,” He said confidently. I was startled by his proud, seductive voice.

“I’m Ali,” I murmured.

He continued by telling me how cute he thinks I am. Almost positively blushing, we exchanged our information and carried on with our day. By the end of the day, my face ached from the ear to ear smile that was stretched across my face for uncountable hours.

The very next day, he bought me a latte at Cool Beans. As I examined the cardboard sleeve on my cup to shield the heat, we sat, smiled and laughed all while slowly sipping our beverages to extend the time we had together.

Coming into a new school is one thing, but moving from one parent’s house to the others, just adds on to the anxiety. In Connecticut, with my dad, my sister, step-sisters, and step-mom, things were hectic. Being the oldest out of four girls absolutely sucked. Everything seemed to be perfect before my dad met Maureen, better known as the Devil. It was just me and my dad living in a small, one bedroom apartment, having to worry about nothing but each other. But everything good must come to an end. The end of my dad and I’s perfect friendship was when we moved in with the devil and her daughter. It wasn’t only me anymore, and it never will be again.

Ali; The only name that was ever mentioned or even screamed when something was wrong. Amanda, Shannon, And Alexis seemed to be known as the pure, sweet angels-never getting in trouble, being commended for their hard work, getting allowance- all things that I did not get. And that’s only because the adults in the house loved to see me locked up. Trapped. Like a caged animal.
Picture & Play

El Peces Amigos

Characters: Jon- oldest, wisest man with the intention to be the boss

Jimmy: Jon’s son who always talks back and gives sass

Alex: A friend of Jimmy’s who is hated by Jon because he’s annoying and loud

Setting: The town lake. It’s clean up season and the town have assigned 3 ex criminals to make it ready for summer. The men spend hour’s picking- then they stumble upon a situation.

Jon: Jim, you work on the public beach area and Alex you rake the leaves.

Alex: Got it, sergeant!

Jimmy: Why do you call him sergeant?

Alex: Because he’s the boss!

Jon: So call me boss, we aren’t in the military.

Alex: Yes, boss.

(The men get back to work)

Jon: how’s it comin’ boys?

Jimmy: Good. Can Alex get a little help over there?

(The father and son head towards Alex, where he is struggling to lift all the dead debris. The three men, with all their might, move a truck load of debris from a recent storm. Once it’s gone, the men notice dead bushes. Alex figures that no bushes are better than dead bushes, so he begins to remove them and then lets out a yelp.)

Alex: Umm.. What’s that?

Jimmy & Jon: (Look with amazement and dropped jaws.)

Jon: Keep calm.

Jimmy: What do we do? There’s a freaking dead body in the town lake!

Jon: Shut up! Don’t freak out… Oh boy.

Alex: Oh shit, it’s that girl that went missing last month.
Jimmy: how can you tell?

Alex: I knew her.

Jimmy: Shit, let’s go.

Jon: Alex, this may be hard but I need you to run back to the truck and grab my phone. Call the police, and explain the situation.

Alex: All right…

(Alex heads to the truck and Jon and Jimmy have a secret conversation.)

Jon: Poor kid. He knew her? Isn’t he your friend?

Jimmy: I didn’t know, I swear.

Jon: You should have stopped YOUR friend before he discovered our mess.

Jimmy: I didn’t know he would rip apart the damn bushes!

Jon: Okay, okay. Let’s remain calm. He’s coming back. Be quiet.

(Alex returns.)

Alex: There’s no service out here!

Jimmy: Really?

Alex: Nothing, anywhere.

Jon: Too bad. Excuse us for a second?

Alex: Okay.

(Jon and Jimmy migrate over towards the lake so Alex can’t hear them.)

Jon: We have one option. He must go.

Jimmy: What?! Why though?

Jon: He will figure it out. Tell on us. We’ll be locked up for the rest of our lives this time.

Jimmy: I’m not doing it.

Jon: Fine. I will. I’ve wanted to do this for a long, long time.

(They walk back to Alex in what felt like slow motion.)

Alex: Everything all right?
(As Jon and Jimmy advance towards him, Alex expects nothing. Then, he spots a shiny object behind Jon’s back. It takes him a minute, but he realizes what it is. Alex begins to run, but he’s not quick enough.)

Alex: Please… Don’t…

(Jon comes up behind Alex and stabs him with his fileting knife. Alex drops to the ground and Jon and Jimmy work together to drag his body across the lake to where the other dead body resides. They head towards the truck and end up enjoying a meal together at their favorite restaurant, like nothing ever happened.)