INTRODUCTION

In beginning of the second semester I was told that I had a block in my schedule that was empty. As soon as I was told I hurried down to guidance to figure out my options. Being second semester already, I didn’t have a choice but to take creative writing. I really enjoyed the first quarter of this class because it was less structural writing pieces. Once we started poetry my mind began to wander and I could not quite keep up. Poetry is not a writing style I can expertise. I believe my writing goal was very simple in the beginning of the course. It was to just write. Because throughout my whole high school career I was taught to compose expository research based papers. This being said, creative writing was a break from the real world and I did reach my goal. My favorite assignment was looking at the picture and writing a play. I enjoyed this because it allowed my imagination to take its own course to creative a story. My least favorite assignment was the ode’s because they have a lot of structure that needs to be followed. I believe a common theme I developed was emotion. Throughout my pieces you can see the feeling of happiness or sad. The class did not change my perception on professional writing. Coming into creative writing, I knew I was not a writer so thinking about professional writing is something I cannot ponder upon for myself. I do not think I have improved as a writer. I plan on sticking with researched based papers. Even though expository writing is unenjoyable to most people, I find it more easily going compared to the works we did in creative writing. I also believe my English papers are done rather distinguished in comparison. I wish the class did more free writing pieces than structural pieces. I enjoyed the narrative because it was my own idea and there was no structure. Having less structure is something that makes my other pieces more pronounced than others.

Discrete Angel

The room has a musty smell to it, with the 70’s wall paper crackling off, Water trickling down my face as a stand shaking in the chilled street. The man floated his hand to mine, tilting his head towards the waiting door, “Stop it and run, fast!” I open my eyes and the bright sun automatically blinds me, “Keep running until you find shelter to hide, you must be fast!” As I run the ground below me slushes with mud. The silky milk chocolate engulfs my newly worn Nike free runs. Underneath the surface emerges a shiny object, glistening in its subtle background. A rotating hour glass takes over my sanity.
Stop. Don’t.
The chair stands alone in an otherwise fogged atmosphere.
“What are you doing?”
A dark clammy hand shut out my words.
All at once, life came crashing down- this is the end I thought.
Crashing down, lost forever at sea.
A flower blossoms into a discrete angel.
“I will make it out alive.”

Figure Five
Steam rising
From the boiling Sidewalk,
The still of the
Exhausted night.
Flickering of the
Lamp- post,
Red speeding fire truck
Passing by,
Screeching
Figure five.

Diamond
So much depends on the green,
Fresh- cut grass,
Where powdered dirt rises into the wind.
The crack and pop of an
Unforgettable play.
Where blood, sweat and tears are
The product of hard work.
The sound of uncontrollable laughter
And excited cheers.
The start of a new beginning,
Where everything is going no where
But up.
Morning Dip
Holding my breath/ I
Allow the water to take
My body under

White and Gold
The golden forest
Bolded by the winter snow
Of the sharp mountains

Winter Treats
Shimmering yellow
And gold, crusting along the
Edge engulfs its seat

Time
A twinkling star,
Shinning so bright up above.
Life flashes by as
I state deep into the sky
Hoping for the time to stop.

Home
The beat
Of red pounding
 Upon dry dirt we call
 Home, place where we work until we
 Can’t more.
Soul
Happiness,  
Leaping in joy.  
Smiling cheek to cheek,  
Due to excitement of  
Being alive.  
To be alive is a  
Great feeling.  
Allowing my body to flow  
With the wind,  
Happiness,  
What enlightens the soul  
And keeps it from pushing  
Deeper into darkness.

Lightning
Pink and white flashes  
Loud roars echoing all night  
The steaming black sky  
Leisure  
Soft-white powdered sand,  
The shimmering and crystal  
Blue/relaxation

Marley
The happiest most friendly puppy in the world.  
Every once in a while you have hurled.  
Even though you are a pain, you never fail  
To cause a smile that’s longer than a mile.  
My love for you will forever grow along.  
Your kisses are so sweet and wet, yet the best.

You shinny silk black coat to keep us warm  
Hand and paw is where we clearly belong.  
He bestest friend which one could ask  
You truly are a perfect pet.
Big Red
The boiling summer sun shining so bright.
Looking for a way to keep up the fight.
Outside the dugout I wait with great fear.
Trembling my hands as the pitch comes near.
Pop! The ball springs off the composite bat.
Crowd goes wild as she loses her hat.

Long strides, gaining speed, up next is three.
Wayward home, I slide hard onto my knee.
Excitement constructed high above us,
Ten to nine out opponents in fuss.
Big Red comes out and joins at the plate.
Now the other team has reason to hate.

The best of the best, something you can’t take.
Achievement now fulfilled, time for the cake.
Out team in laughter, smiles and all.
Their team, still chasing after the ball.
Looking around at big red fired up.
Here’s to a one-eighty, rise up your cup!

Great Mema
O’ the time has come, your journey
Has end, for now the start of a
New is here. Life is short but yours
Was fulfilled with greatness and joy.

You have showed me right from wrong
Many things I will never forget
Intelligence expressed through
Actions of valor and despair.

You were always there for me,
But now you’re just as dream I see.
The grief for you is ever
Lasting, one never passing.

Soon enough the sun will shine.
The hugging sun soon will find,
My heart to warm and yours to
Find, until we meet again.
All she wrote
Glistening sun embarks the cool water.
In reflections, her image is swollen.
When the fruit has fall, her heart was stolen.
Sweet, soft skin, what a beautiful daughter.

The man alone was to be her father.
Love was lost, love will gain, and she will be in
Infinite pain. A cracked up smile, chin
Down low, this cruel some man, what a robber.

One of lust, trust and once beautiful dreams.
One that was affectionate and humble.
The tenderness fades away, and she screams
A relationship once there has crumble.
A boiling pot rises great steams.
Under the tension allies the gleams.

Audry White
Sue puts her key in the ignition. The car starts hard. Both mother and daughter sit in the car. The air is frigid and rain pours hard. Audry white ganders at the water splotched window, hoping to find something in return.

Audry: I just don’t understand why all of a sudden you want to look at a house. I have been asking for years to leave this stupid apartment.

Sue: Audry! (Sue shouts) I do not like your tone! Just be happy that we might finally have a real home.

Audry: I’m telling you, it’s a scam and waste of time. There’s no way that a beautiful home is in that area. What a liar Mr. Sam Gordon is.

Sue: You have never met the guy! You need t stop being so negative. If you don’t cut it out, I will gladly pull over and you can walk home.

Audry: OH! (Audry raises her voice) well I would be overjoyed to do so! (Audry opens the car door while the vehicle is still in motion)

Sue: Audry shut the door!
Audry: Pull over now!

Sue pulls the car onto the side of the road. Coming to a stop, Audry leaps onto the side of the road looking into her mother’s eyes, with hatred she slams the door.

End Scene

The Second Choice

Scene I
Jan is sitting in the dining room waiting for her mother and step father to come home. The house is silent. Mary, Jan’s mother, and John, Jan’s step father, open the door and step inside.
John: What are you doing here?
Jan: Am I not allowed to be in my own home?
John: No, you were kicked out for a reason.
Mary: John, please, stop it. Jan, go upstairs. I will be with you in a minute.
Jan stomps up the stairs in full anger. Her face is red and her body is steaming.
John: Mary, what are you doing? Why are you letting her go upstairs? She is to be out of this house!
Mary: She is my daughter John. I understand she has done wrong but she is 16 years old, still a child. She needs to grow and perspire in my home, she needs her mother.
John: Not today. If she is not out in an hour, I want you both out.
Scene Ends
Scene II
An hour has passed and Jan’s grandparents have entered the tension engulfed household. Jan comes rushing down the stairs and into the dining room to meet up with Agnes and James.
Agnes: (Opening up her arms) Come here sweetie, everything will be just fine, don’t you worry now!
Jan: No it won’t. He is taking me off the car insurance and kicking me out. How am I going to pay that off with my seven-fifty an hour job? I only work one night a week. Living with my father in unbearable, how will I survive?
James: Oh stop that non-sense. You will have to work a couple more days a week, and your father, he’s a nice man.
Jan: I have never lived with him before! For all I know, he doesn’t even know how to parent.
Agnes: I think you are over reacting. Trust me, I understand that is the last thing you want to hear Jan, but it’s the truth. Give it a couple of months and you will be right back at home with your mother.
James: John just needs time to breathe. Your mother will come around too. She has a lot of thinking to do.
John enters the room with Mary.
James: Hello John, how are you today? (Leading hand outwards for a shake)
John: (Silent, but shakes James hand)
Agnes: Now I can see why you want her out of your house John, but you both made mistakes here. There is no way she can pay for her car insurance as well.
John: I will keep her on our car insurance but, she cannot stay here.
Jan: Mom this is unfair! I am your child!
Mary: You cannot stay here Jan.
Jan begins to sob as Agnes holds her. Scene Ends.

Scene III
Jan is sitting in Agnes and John’s car in the driveway to Jan’s house.
Agnes: Come on Jan, Grandpa and I are going to take you out to dinner. You will stay at our house until we figure out living arrangements. It’s going to be okay, don’t you worry.
Jan: (still crying) I need to call my dad. I need to talk to him.
John: How about we do it after dinner. Let’s take our minds off of it for a little while.
End of Act I

Captive
In a couple of hours we will finally be boarding. Bahamas at last, the escape I have been longing for. You can tell Julia and I are excited, we are wide awake and restless. Our bags stuffed to maximum capacity, outfits neatly folded with our boarding passes next to one another. As the morning comes closer, our heavenly escape nears. As I lay in bed I drift into a vision of the warm sand on my feet, the clear blue ocean; the soothing Caribbean sun shimmering upon my body. Drifting, deeper into a dark sleep...

The color black. Darkness. The sound of someone whimpering. I want to help but I cannot see. Why can’t I see? I ask myself over and over again, what’s happening. Where could I possibly be? Black, everywhere I turn. I feel trapped. Then, all of a sudden there is a blinding light, so bright I lose my vision for the time being. Brightness, all around me...

“Beep! Beep! Beep!”
My mind is forced awake by the beeping of the alarm. The temperature of my boiling body, I’m sweating in fear. I tell myself it is just a dream yet I still feel haunted.

“Jules,” I screamed giving a push “Get up!”
“What do you want?” retorted Julia raising her voice.
“We are in Bahamas, get up!” I exclaimed nudging her.
“I’m up, I’m up!” she said more clearly, blinking her eyes awake.
Rushing to get ready we ran to the stuffy bathroom putting on our bathing suits and all. Our makeup was on and our hair was elegantly tied back. We both exchanged glances, and I knew she was just as ready as I was to get off this
ship, yet something under the surface made me anxious. “Jules, you ready?” I called out.

“Yes, hold on, almost!” she trailed.

“Ugh, hurry up!” I said as I shrugged my shoulders in annoyance.

We make our way off the ship without stopping for breakfast. The rapid increase of our excitement built up with every step we took yet an unknown fear still lingered inside me. What could that dream possibly mean? I pondered while waiting in line to board off the Explorer of The Sea’s.

“Ship I.D. and Birth Certificate” spat a man in a blue and gold button suit.

I reached out with resentment as the security personal snatches it from my fingertips. Soon enough, Julia and I will be taking our first steps onto the Caribbean island. As we walked down the newly built wooded dock a sign welcomes us to Nassau, Bahamas. Having not a clue of directions, we gathered a map of the island. In my peripheral vision, I saw a man native to the island in front of a white Ford van. My anxiety built as we approached him. Pecked in bright colors the man sings, “Hello, welcome to Nassau my beautiful home!”

Right away I could pick up on his Bahamian accent. “Hello,” Julia says brightly, “What are you offering us today sir?”

“A tour of my beautiful land, I will take you around the island and into the famous caves” he rang bearing his replies with confidence.

“I’m in!” Julia then asks, “What about you Stina, you in?”

“Yeah I guess so.” I stammer trying to get the words out, shifting nervously against the wind.

We load into the van as more passengers get on board one by one with their cameras and beach bags. I feel myself engulfed in the beautiful scenery as we are on our way driving along the gorgeous beaches. The water, crystal clear shimmering along as we drive by, each grain of sand seemed untouched. I examined the tour itinerary and realized our next stop was to visit the caves. Roger, the tour guide unexpectedly pulls the van onto the side of the road across from the beach. While putting the vehicle in park, he explained that we will all cross the street and explore the caves momentarily. I unbuckle and slide the van door open. Wind blows through my hair as I patiently stand waiting for everyone to get out. We cross the abandoned road and head into the caves. All of a sudden the pitch black surroundings remind me of what I dreamt about the night before. The flash backs of the fuzzy dream make my mind wander off into another state. Soon enough my time spent in the caves has come to an end.

Back in the van, everyone is buckling up and getting ready for another ride. Not sure of where our next destination will be, I put my ear buds in, turn the music on high and close eyes. I’m forced awake by a halting stop. I look out the window and see a rundown street. The houses piled onto one another and trash infesting the sidewalks. Roger puts the van in park and calmly said, “I will be right back my friends.”
Everyone in the car was in complete awe with our whereabouts. “Lock the doors!” Julia yelled.

The young man in the front seat obeyed Julia's request. All of us remained quiet yet terror crept upon the surface of our skin. The wait for Roger to return was endless, as if a clock was put to a stop and time was frozen. Out of the corner of my eye I see Roger making his way down the alley back to the van. About twenty feet behind him I saw two men. Both of the men were rugged, with their shirts nearly torn to pieces. Tattoos were going up and down their arms adding to the unpleasant character they perceived. Seeing how Roger was almost to the van, the young man in the front seat unlocked the door for his entrance. I heard a muffled shriek then took a glance back and saw our tour guide lying in the street. The terrorizing men I saw back in the alley are now brutally attacking Roger. Throwing punches left and right until Roger’s body came to a standstill.

“Oh my God!” shrieked the blonde woman in the back seat.
All I could think about is if Roger is still alive. Did I just witness a murder?
Soon enough the men hustle there way over to the van.
“Get out of the van” demanded the man, “Now!”

Holding his gun up to show us what he is capable of, everyone began to unbuckle their belts. I glanced at Julia and her face was pale. She was quiet and the look in her eyes screamed out fear. All the passengers were out of the van and kneeling on the rocky asphalt as told. My hands were tightly gripped behind my head to help stop the immense shaking of my body. The man that ordered us to get out of the van continued to make his way towards the vehicle. He opened the truck with force and started to search.

“Janique, it is here! Everything we are looking for. He had it all my man.”

Janique came behind me and grabbed my wrist, forcing my body off of the ground and onto my feet whispering into my ear, “Be quiet and put our hands behind your back”.

Completely startled, I looked back at Julia to help calm me down when I feel my wrists being tied together with something of rough texture. An old, grungy bandana is then put into my mouth and tied behind my head to keep me from talking. Janique dragged my body and threw me into the van. I heard Julia screaming in the distance and the tears began to fall rapidly down my face. The vacation I have been waiting for...

“Don’t take her!” Julia screamed with agony, “Don’t take her, and leave her alone!”

“Shut up or you’re dead, do you understand?” exclaimed the other man.

Julia continued to shout, “Don’t take her away from me! Don’t take her!”

A gun shot was fired and there is silence. I lose my breath entirely and my heart has stopped. I let out a wait and began to hyperventilate. Julia is dead. I have no one. My body is shaking with sweat dripping off my skin. I hear the roaring of the engine as the van starts up and someone puts a dark colored sack over my head. I see black, everywhere I turn. Black.