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In Full Bloom

30 May 2014
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Prose

“I’m the one that’s got to die when it’s time for me to
die, so let me live my life the way I want to.”

- Jimi Hendrix
The Life of Laurblien Burger

02 February 2014

It is truly inspirational when someone can keep their head up in a time of heartache. Lauren Burgess, a junior in high school has had her fair share of misfortune and despite these bumps in the road, she remains thankful. When asked if she could ask God a question, what she would ask Him, unlike most who would ask a greedy question pertaining to themselves, she gave a heartfelt answer. Lauren simply said, “I wouldn’t ask him anything, just thank him.” It’s admirable that with both her grandfather’s sick and a recent death in the family, that she stays so positive. Even in her future she sees her dreams coming true. When asked where she sees herself in 10 years she confidently voiced, “A broadcaster, married to Tyler Seguin, with 5 children.” However she expressed that it didn’t matter what she got in life as long as she was ultimately happy. It seems too often that people compromise their happiness for the superficial things in life. Lauren always keeps in mind that she’s blessed to be here when things get difficult. Despite her young age, Lauren is a role model for anyone going through a stressful time because as she expresses, “I feel blessed although things are stressful; I know I can get through it.”
Perfection isn’t so Perfect

5 March 2014

White, that is all I seemed to be looking at those days my pale ivory ceiling. Every night since I was younger I would absent mindedly stare into nothing as I waited for sleep to fulfill me. Tomorrow evening, being the happy family that we are, will be going to an extravagant dinner in the city. I really did not want to go to, but like every other decision in my life, I could not make it on my own. It is funny really, people often believe that money will be the savior to their daily struggles, but they are so sadly wrong. “Do this. Do that. Cynthia you must execute this song perfectly. Honey you cannot eat whatever you would like. Have you heard of moderation? Picasso never got famous from sitting in his room all day.” I had probably heard my mother say that to me a million times and I would probably hear it another million more. It would be a massive understatement to say that she had high expectation. No matter how cruel and conniving she got, she always tried to justify her means with our name. Fitzgerald. I did not choose to be a Fitzgerald and it was a load of crap that people held us to any higher standard. Yes, I can admit that we are loaded and possibly had more friends than we would have a use for, but that was a regular lifestyle for people of Westchester. My eyes were finally growing heavy and my thoughts were drifting from me. Then all at once I was asleep.

At seven I woke up to the blaring sound of my alarm clock. Like every other day I turned my blue stoned shower on to the perfect temperature, not too hot and not too cold. As my shower warmed to my liking I popped a small white pill into my mouth and put a glass of water to my crimson lips, to make me the daughter I needed to be; perfect. Starting to feel awake and alert, I hopped into my stone haven. The snug rain drizzled on my sun kissed back and released
someone of the abundance of tension that I had. Most of the time I wish I could stay there because sometimes it is the warmest and safest place to be. After taking my time I rushed downstairs to handle my daily obligations; eat breakfast with mom, practice the piano, and try to come up with a masterpiece worth millions. Some way or another, one of those activities never worked out in my favor.

“Good morning darling.” My mother hummed gracefully. I have always carried herself so elegantly, but every once in a while, which seems to be more than usual these days, she snaps with rude remarks and disapproving comments.

“Hello mother.”

“You better try to hide those bags under your eyes honey. We don’t want anyone to make assumptions.” And just like a switch her charisma was gone and out came the wicked witch of the west. “Your father will meet us out in the city. I plan to go an hour or two before dinner. Please be ready for 3:30.”

I can always tell when she is leaving out details, so hesitantly I asked, “What do you have planned?”

“Well, we are going to see this highly rated weight loss specialist. You haven’t been keeping as much weight off as you should”

I walked away. I had too much pride to let her see me cry. Immediately after I turned my back to her, tears flew from my emerald eyes. It seemed almost impossible that she would ever see the struggle that I dealt with everyday trying to please her.

When I was fourteen I started taking diet pills and shortly after I reached fifteen I realized that it was not going to be enough. Exercise became a daily habit and so did the purging of my shortcomings.
For hours I stayed zoned into a drawing of this isolated island of awe inspiring beauty. Whenever my mom stepped out of line, I drew alluring scenes of nature that I had the privilege of visiting. Each piece of artwork reminds me of how alive the world can be and that gives me the faith I need to carry on.

Knock Knock Knock… 3:30 had arrived and now I was being dragged to an appointment I had been dreading all day. The drive into the city was long and silent. My mother and I were growing apart. At first it had been that we were slipping away from each other slowly, but then all at once we barely spoke a word to one another.

Until we arrived, I drowned it all out with music, but we were here and music could not save me anymore. I had been going over every possible scenario in my head. The clicking of her shoes on the pavement snapped me out of my own demise. I was either going to like what this specialist had to say or I was not, but to be honest I did not want to find out.

Upon arrival, a petite fair haired woman pushed out, “welcome to Dr. Kriger’s office, he will be with you in a moment.” From the lack of excitement in her voice I presume that she was having just as much of a shit day as I was. I watched her for a few minutes as she pressed keys down with her thin dainty hands.

Finally, a tall, dark haired man waltzed out of his office with a little too big of a smile plastered on his face. I could tell already that whatever he had to say would be a bunch of crap, but crap my mom would buy into. We followed him back into his torcher chamber where I would be his little rat to poke and pride at.

“It is a pleasure to meet you Cynthia and Elizabeth. On the phone you explained the problem, but is there anything else that I should know so we can proceed?”

In my head I screamed yes, but my mother and I both shook our heads.
“Alright then, let’s move on. Now your mother tells me that you have not been able to keep as much weight off as you would both like so I am going to try the best I can to help you get the results that you would like.”

“Alright” I mumbled in disbelief.

“Ok, now I am going to have one of my nurses measure your waist and weigh you. After that we will discuss a goal weight that you plan to set for yourself and then we will make a plan to get you there.”

A nurse came and led the way to a small vibrant yellow room with big windows and gorgeous white flowers with light magenta centers. She fumbled to get the tape measure around my waist but once she had, I measured at 28 inches. Next, she directed me to the scale. I already knew my weight; I measured myself about two times a day. I watched her write down 140 lbs. I am no rocket scientist, but I know that I am at a healthy weight. Regardless, I still take pills not prescribed to me; force myself to puke, and exercise to the point where I cannot stand all because I am not the daughter I need to be. Like music to me ears she told me that I should not be losing any more weight and to wait for the doctor to come back into the room with my mother and I.

“I have good news for Cynthia, after calculating your BMI and taking account your height with your weight, it is good that you have not been losing more weight. From here I can write out a meal plan and exercise workout that will help you keep toned, but I do not think you need it. I will give you two time to discuss if you want to move forward or not.”

We nodded our heads and he strolled to the door and closed it on his way out. The look my mother gave me was terrorizing and one I would never forget.

All of a sudden she snapped, “That idiot! You are clearly not healthy, look at yourself. I am so done with all of these doctors not knowing what the hell they are talking about.”
“Mom, I’m pretty sure he knows what he is doing. He is a doctor which means he did go to medical school, they do not let just anyone in.”

“I do not want to hear anything from you. What makes you think that you can question what I say? Ha, defending him that is a joke. This is your body Cynthia! I am trying to help you and this is what I get.”

I lost it. My eyes were streaming with tears and everything she was yelling turned into a huge blur. The words I was trying to form would not come out and every time I put effort into speaking, I just cried more.

“Stop your crying you look pathetic. The doctors going to come back any minute and you are a goddamn mess. Pull it together!”

I jumped for the door in an attempt to leave, but everything appeared to be moving and then it all turned black.

When I woke up all I could hear was an intense beeping noise and then when my eyes fluttered open I was back at square one looking at a colorless ceiling again. Before I had a second to breathe I glared as my mother rushed at me frantically.

“Oh my goodness honey you are awake!” Her voice became shaky and tears dripped down her face. “I thought I had lost you for a moment. Before I knew it you were on the ground and unconscious. I was so scared.”

Weirdly enough she seemed sincere, but I had no idea what had happened. I could only piece together when she was yelling at me and waking up now. I had no memory of in-between, but I would of preferred to not have memory of the moments just before.

The doctor told my mother how I was taking pills and was forcing myself to throw up. I think for the first time my mom actually listened to what a physician had to say regarding my
health. I was engaging in dangerous activities that could potentially kill me and she did not even know. It was an eye opener for her and as embarrassed as I am, I am almost thankful that she is able to see the kind of monster she has become. Sometimes it is the people that we love the most who bring us the most pain. She and I will carry this for the rest of our lives, but we are a work in progress. Unfortunately for me I did not just get a happy ending. Directly after my release I was to go to a rehab center so I can work on my little addiction.

Visiting hours were over and I finally had the room to myself. Just like every other night I found myself peering at the white ceiling. A huge array of thoughts entered my brain about whom I was and who I was going to be. Starting from here on out my life was going to be different, but for the good or bad? I had to take one step at a time. I closed my eyes and drifted into a deep sleep I desperately needed.
Rest in Paradise

14 February 2014

Beep… Beep… Beep… my dreadful alarm was going off to wake me for another dreadful day. My eyes fluttered opened and a rush of sorrow filled me. I composed myself for the day; a black dress and a white scarf. I looked in the mirror for longer than usual, contemplating how I would handle myself, but no answers came to mind. This was the first time I had to deal with a tragedy so close to my heart. After a slow morning we entered the car and took off on a silent ride to the service. As we got closer and closer to the funeral, my grief grew stronger and my eyes became cloudier. The service was filled with silent cries and memorable speeches on the life we were glorifying. He was immensely courageous and profoundly funny and what an honor it was to call him my grandfather. He glared death in the face and declared his survival. Although he did not get the time we all hoped he would, but he did get the time he so gracefully fought for. His yearning for life was never a selfish war, but a altruistic battle to give us more time. Even if we had an eternity together I believe that it still would not be long enough. The reality of it all was that he was gone and now I had to pay my dues. My turn had arrived and the pain was intensifying as I looked him in his still eyes to say my final goodbye. My sister came up and grabbed my hand, one of our more sincere moments, and she led me to car. We listened to music in what felt like the longest car ride of my life. I used this time to reminisce of the more than memorable times. He had this uplifting joy about himself which made an residing anger within yourself dissolve into the air. When I was little I would watch him for hours as he sat contently and filled a canvas or pieced together a detailed puzzle. More than anything I will miss his jokes that always eliminated a bad day. It is so humbling that he never truly noticed how
great he actually was. After what seemed like years and a lot of sobs we made it to his final resting place. I can still remember that empty feeling in my chest as I watch my hero being lowered into the ground. A beautiful life getting his beautiful glorification as the people that loved him and the ones I admired wished him a safe travel to God. I changed that day. I promised myself I would always remember to tell the people I hold dear to my life that I love them. An important lesson was learned that day; tomorrow isn’t a guarantee for everyone. Value the life you have because it may seize to exist tomorrow and love the ones who love you. Forever I will hold him close to my heart and remember the good times over everything. God blesses us with life, but the true gift is finding the people worth waking up for. I found that in him and will forever be grateful for the way he touched my heart no matter how short our eternity was.
They say the biggest suffering a man can endure is the ill question of what could have been. What if, is ingrained in the mind to allure even the happiest soul into a battle of questioning every decision. A premeditated idea confirms that regret will seize to exist if every commitment is made biased to ones desires. The more painful reality is that penitence lingers and resides in the mind. Sorrow lurks even in the wildest dream come true. What if it could have been better? Very rarely in life does someone embody the happiness so many die striving to achieve. I have rarely witnessed that uplifting joy that emits out of a person of true sincerity. I believe that, that iridescent sense of humbling happiness is rare and is probably what attracted me to her. She was great in every aspect of the word. It is not often that a human radiates with such profound modesty. I figured I would never find that one in a million gem. Sad yet honest, I knew I would never find another like Zenda Rassendyll. In a matter of hours, I fell in love with her, all of her.

It was on my trip to Spain that I had laid my eyes upon this exotic creature with long sandy brown hair that caressed her back and piercing emerald eyes that glistened in the sunlight. Her body moved so naturally as she danced through the streets during an art festive in a small village called Nerja. The whole town was in the central square swaying to the music and drinking exotic beverages and somehow, whenever I tried capturing it all, my eyes always traveled back to her. It was in the moments of watching her body curve and bend that my entirety of myself filled with this impulse to talk to her. Without thinking, I walked over and spoke to her; it was bold and rather unusual for me to do that, but I did it anyways. In this moment, I
cannot help but ponder whether I made the right decision. They say it is better to have loved and lost then to never have loved at all, but I feel numb and broken. For a while, my reasoning was clouded by pain. But in time, I hope that I can make sense of it all.

The first thing she had ever said to me was something I will never forget, "I've noticed you looking at me and no need to be embarrassed because you are rather cute."

She was bold and confident which made her utterly sexy. Never had a woman been so frank with me and because of it I got this thought that she was the one for me. I had often heard stories of people falling in love at first sight, but I never really believed them. In that moment, nothing made sense and she made me question all of my beliefs.

I hadn't known what to say, I was actually all too stunned to say anything at all. She filled our silence, "So are you going to ask me to dance."

I nodded my head, still unable to utter a word out and led her to the center of the people dancing. Her beauty was unparalleled to any other and she danced like she was trying to tell a story. Every move was poetic and flowed so naturally for us. We had entered a wave of harmony which made me comfortable in her presence.

"What is your name?"

"Ah, he speaks," she giggled to herself, "Zenda, Zenda Rassendyll. And yours?"

Her name was rather different, but it was a name I would not mind hearing for rest of my life. "I am Samuel Banker. It is a pleasure to meet you and I hope you don't mind me saying, but you are immensely beautiful." She blushed and her crimson lips curved into a smile. She was breathtaking. I had to make her mine, but this feeling in my gut said she did not do well with commitment. I did not care and maybe I should have, but in that moment I was looking into her eyes and everything seemed like it was going to be okay and that was enough for me.
For my entire stay in Spain I spent a great deal of time with her. Each day I grew closer and more in love with the person she was. She was perfect for me, which is why I never really understood why she left. The idea of someone loving her frightened her off or at least I hope that is why she left. The honest truth was that I was just another American to have fun with. She never acted like the type for commitment. It had only been about fun and she had said that million times, but I could not let it be just that. I hated seeing her flirt with other men. But, that morning was difficult. I had been there a month on business and I was to leave in the next couple of days. She was poor so she had no number to call and no address to stop by, she was gone. Was she even real? Shall I see her face again— the pale face and the glorious hair? Of that I know nothing; Fate has no hint, my heart not presentiment. I do not know. In this world, perhaps—nay, it is likely—never. And can it be that somewhere, in a manner where of our flesh-bound minds have no apprehension, she and I will be together again, with nothing to come between us, nothing to forbid our love? That I know not, nor wiser heads than mine. But if it be never—if I can never hold sweet converse again with her, or look upon her face, or know from her her love, why, then, this side the grace, I will live as becomes the man whom she loves; and for the other side I must pray a dreamless sleep.

The Prisoner of Zenda, Anthony Hope
The sound of my vegetable knife clanking on my wooden cutting board had clouded my thoughts for the past half hour. As I finished slicing my last piece of zucchini, my mind became my own again. I shuffled around the kitchen gathering everything I needed to prepare dinner for my husband. I was making his favorite meal; filet mignon in a mango marinade, white rice mixed with sautéed zucchini and asparagus, and small glass of red wine. It was not a special occasion or even a good day, I just loved him so much that his happiness was my own.

Around 5:30, I was just about done cooking and the air was perfuming with my husband’s surprise. He had not come down from his study when he smelled it, as he usually did. That should have been my first clue. I called him down stairs as anticipation spread throughout my body. Five minutes had passed and still his gleaming face had not crept down the stairs to greet mine. I wait a little longer; he always got lost in his work, but now it had been twenty minutes and he still did not come down after I had called him twice. My stomach dropped and overwhelming sense of fear took over. I jolted upstairs into my husband’s study in a panicked frenzy, he was not there. I ran around the house until I finally opened the bathroom door and there he was lying unconsciously on the floor. I shook him and I screamed, but he did not wake. I made my way to Doctor Tom’s house that only lived a minute or two from me. My voice was inaudible, but he knew it had to be John. The whole sum of my neighbors had heard my cries and was waiting anxiously outside. Doctor Tom and I made our way through the crowd and raced up my stairs to the love of my life. He was pronounced dead at 6:13 p.m. on May 29, 1823. The man I devoted my life to was now gone and what could I do?
Half of Boston had heard the news that their Mayor was found unconscious and now they were all outside of my house waiting for good news, but I did not have any to give them. I was conflicted, yes I wanted to be strong for my husband’s people, but I was an emotional wreck. I collected myself in my small lavender power room and then made my way to our upstairs balcony. My eyes closed and I took deep calming breaths as I prepared myself for what I was about to say.

“Hello, my dear people. I know you have all been waiting to hear news on what has happened to my husband. I am sure all of what you have heard has varied, but he was found unconscious in his office. By the time I had found him, there was nothing I could do.” A gasp escaped my lips, but I continued on. “I hate to be the messenger of bad, no, horrible news, but your mayor, John Phillips, my beloved husband is no longer.” With that I turned to the glass door and made my way inside. Immediately upon entering my grand bedroom that was now just mine, I collapsed. No one could have helped me so I needed to be alone to let it all out. I do not know how long I cried, but I awoke in the morning to tear streaks down my ivory face.

I stand now, a year later facing John’s grave, craving him. His stone looks older than it did the first couple of months, had it been that long? I read it over and over again.

*John Phillips*
*First Mayor*
*Of the*
*City of Boston*
*1822-1823*
*Born November 26 1770*
*Died May 29 1823*

It should have said more, but one stone could not capture the beautiful person that he was. John was caring and comforting and his humor made even the scrooges of the city laugh. I needed that right now, I needed him. He was the only person I could think of to help me through
this and I did not have him. It was so God damn unfair. John was not just a good man, he went above and beyond to show everybody that they mattered which makes it so hard for me to understand this all. Some days are still harder than others

In the distance I could see others mourning their loved ones departure. This place was sad. The only life that stayed constant was the beautiful birds that made the graveyard a little less dismal. They stayed and they listened. The silence was comforting regardless that they could not say anything back, but it felt good knowing that at least something was listening to me.
CHARATERS
CINDY: Teenage girl
MOM’S BOYFRIEND: Dead-beat
MOM: Cindy’s mom

In a quiet suburban neighborhood a young teenage girl roams around her mother’s boyfriend’s car looking for any evidence to get rid of him. She pokes around the nooks and crannies of his 1998 Ford f-150 until she lifts up a gray tee-shirt. Upon further examination she finds lipstick near the collar of the old grimy fruit of the looms shirt. Cindy looks up and grins and then marches her way inside to confront her mother’s dead beat boyfriend.

Act I

The front door swings open in UC. Cindy storms into the room and becomes face to face with mom’s boyfriend in C.

CINDY: Look at you, sitting around in your robe at eleven o’clock in the morning staring at the sports page while my mom’s out working.

MOM’S BOYRIEND: (stare at Cindy blankly)

CINDY: (Said passionately with attitude). Don’t you have any pride? I’m not your daughter, and don’t even forget it. And, if I were, I’d be totally embarrassed to admit it because you’re such a nothing, lazy lowlife.
MOM’S BOYFRIEND: *(Anger rises and face becomes red. Speaks with rage).* How dare you come into my house and insult me like you are some queen or something. I don’t know if anyone ever told you, but you respect your elders. I will not be talked to like that.

CINDY: *(Laughs)* First off this isn’t your house, it’s mine and, you may have Mom fooled, but not me, mister.

MOM’S BOYFRIEND: *(Takes a deep breath out of frustration).* I’d watch your mouth missy. If I were you I’d walk away from the conversation right now. You do not want to get me any angrier, trust me honey.

CINDY: Oh, yeah? And just what are you going to do about it? You ever raise a hand to me and I’ll tell my father and he’ll chop you up in little pieces.

MOM’S BOYFRIEND: *(Chuckles and speaks threateningly).* Are you trying to threaten me? You’re a spoiled brat who thinks that she can get away with saying whatever she desires, but not with me. Get out of my sight, I’m disgusted with you. You deserve a slap across that mouth.

CINDY: Oh, so I’m just a spoiled brat, huh? Because I won’t take any crap from you I’m a spoiled brat? Well, at least I’m not a damned leech, a no-good, lazy bastard who’s too good for honest work. So don’t you dare threaten me you jerk! I’ve told my dad about you, and he’s plenty mad, so don’t go pressing your luck around here, okay? If I ever told him how you sit around here in front of the TV all day sucking up beer, he’d run your loser butt out of here so fast and don’t think he wouldn’t. You’d be history in a minute. So watch what you say.

MOM’S BOYFRIEND: *(Paces back and forth from C to L and R).* What about your mother? I don’t think she’d like to hear about you talking to me this way and I’m not afraid of your father. Tell him what you want, but at the end of the day your mother is with me so get over it.
CINDY: This has nothing to do with my mom and dad being divorced! All this has to do with is the fact that you are a scum sucking asshole!

MOM’S BOYFRIEND: *(Speaks sarcastically).* Ha, you must think you are hilarious. I am the man of the house and I make the rules. Your mother even said that I could discipline you if I needed to. I hoped I would never have to, but you are giving me no choice Cindy.

CINDY: Oh, is that right? Well, in the first place, I don’t believe my mother ever said that. And in the second place, is she did, I’m still not going to be ordered around in my own home by some loser. Yeah, loser!

MOM’S BOYFRIEND: *(Approaches Cindy. Grabs her wrist and pulls her close).* Listen you ungrateful bitch, I am the man you are going to listen to me whether you like it or not. I am not going to take some seventeen year olds shit. Your mother is going to love this.

CINDY: *(Tries to yank herself away).* Don’t you ever touch me you filthy pig and yeah, my mom is going to love this. Whether you believe this or not my mom would dispose of you so fast. I am more important than some forty year old jobless bastard.

MOM’S BOYFRIEND: Tell me, who do you think she is going to believe, you or me?

CINDY: *(Remembering the tee-shirt she grins).* I can almost guarantee that she will believe me.

MOM’S BOYFRIEND: You’re delusional!

CINDY: Oh, no that is all you. You must be delusional to think that you are worth any value in this house when you do nothing all day, but get drunk oh and play *(Uses air quotes as she says golf)* golf.

MOM’S BOYFRIEND: *(Concern rises in his voice. He speaks with curiosity and slight fear.)* What is that supposed to mean?
CINDY: I’m on to you, mister big phony; on to your lies and kissing up to my mother because she’s a meal ticket. You think I’m buying that, that you’re playing golf? C’mon. I’d laugh if I wouldn’t puke.

MOM’S BOYFRIEND: *(Fear escalates in his voice).* You have no idea what you are talking about.

CINDY: I wish that were true, but I do know what I am talking about. You are cheating on my mom and you and I both know it. Let’s stop acting dumb even though that is probably not an act for you and man up. You are such a goddam coward.

MOM’S BOYFRIEND: I would never cheat on your mom, I love her way to much. All this hoopla you keep running on about is all made up in your pretty little head.

CINDY: *(Pretends to barf).* Excuse me, I just threw up in my mouth. But keep lying, I love it really!

MOM’S BOYFRIEND: *(Screams).* I AM NOT LYING!

CINDY: You think I’m some kind of idiot here?

MOM’S BOYFRIEND: No, I am just saying that you have no idea what you are talking about.

CINDY: What about the lipstick I found on your golf shirt?

MOM’S BOYFRIEND: *(Said nervously).* What are you talking about?

CINDY: I took it out of your car truck. This whole time you’ve blabbering on about how you have done nothing wrong and that I am such a spoiled brat, but what do you know, you actually are a complete ass.

MOM’S BOYFRIEND: Who told you that you could go into my face? Hm! You are such a prying little trouble maker!
CINDY: Oh, so I’m a prying little troublemaker, huh? You bet I am and intend to be a lot more of a troublemaker because I am showing her the shirt when she gets home.

MOM’S BOYFRIEND: *(Sucks up to Cindy)*. I wouldn’t do that if I were you. I am sure we could work something out. I didn’t even do anything I got that stain while playing golf

CINDY: Oh, I wouldn’t would I? Hey, you didn’t get that on the golf course, creep. Not unless you’ve got some kind of strange caddie. O, maybe she is your caddie.

MOM’S BOYFRIEND: Stop, you can’t say anything to your mother. This is all just a big misunderstanding.

CINDY: What happened Mr. Tough Guy? Not so tough anymore. You know you’re screwed.

MOM’S BOYFRIEND: *(Voice rises and pleads)*. Please, I’ll do anything, I’ll give you anything you want.

CINDY: The only thing I want from you is to get the hell out of my house.

MOM’S BOYFRIEND: *(Shouts)*. Cindy, you can’t!

*A car pulls into the driveway, both Cindy and her mom’s boyfriend look at the window CL.*

*Cindy looks back at her mom’s boyfriend.*

CINDY: It’s been rotten knowing you, loser!

MOM: *(Enters from L)*. Hey guys, how was your day?

*Cindy and her mom’s boyfriend both look at each other, then at the shirt in Cindy’s hand and slowly look up at her mom.*

*Scene ends.*
Poetry

Solitude
By Ella Wheeler Wilcox
Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all,—
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life’s gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by.
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a large and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.
Seventeen
13 March 2014

I am Seventeen
and each day I get further pulled into societies
strong current.
I am drifting farther away
from finding out who I am.
Society makes it harder to become your
true self.

I am seventeen
and each day I lose my mind and teeth
straining to figure it out,
who I am and who I want to be,

I am seventeen
and each day I plan for my future;
it will make me or break me
either way I’ll end up broken apart
a thousand misshaped pieces of a puzzle
that make a woman
my seventeen year old self would be proud to be.

I am seventeen
and every day I worry that I let society
dictate how I look at myself
and the person I strive to be.
I let society control the voice inside my head,
telling me,
It is not ok to be who you are.

I am seventeen
and every day,
that is all I seize to be.
Photography
20 March 2014

The system of capturing a moment's endless affairs to seize
the world has so much to offer
an abundance of people to meet
so many captivating stories to take in
such little time
and the world is such an amazing place
magnificent places to capture in photo
would not dare to waste the time
nothing can restrict how far we go
curiosity takes over
everything has a story
every precious event deserves to be remembered
pictures bring you back
and a chance to relive the past
reminisce on the feelings
a revival of the past lovers and friends
once a moment ends you cannot get it back
through photos you have the chance to remember
who you were and who you have become,
with photography
Reflection

“You’ll learn, as you get older that rules are made to be broken. Be bold enough to live life on your terms, and never, ever apologize for it. Go against the grain, refuse to conform, take the road less traveled instead of the well-beaten path. Laugh in the face of adversity, and leap before you look. Dance as though EVERYBODY is watching. March to the beat of your own drummer. And stubbornly refuse to fit in”

- Mandy Hale
Throughout my education I had learned very easily that I had advanced reading skills, but when it came to taking my idea I was never able to put them to paper. When I entered high school writing became increasingly harder for me. Junior year has been the hardest grade level for me yet and throughout the year I seemed to constantly have trouble putting words to paper. I choose to take creative writing because I want to improve my writing skills so that I can produce an amazing senior paper and future essays in college.

At the beginning of the semester I did not know what to expect when I took this class. Half of me expected that it was going to be super hard and the half felt that it was the perfect opportunity to blossom into the writer I know I am capable of people. All my life I have always been very creative which I feel that makes it so hard for me to follow structure such as PIE. While Ms. Joyce was here I really enjoyed her beginning exercises that pulled out my inner creativity to help me with the rest of class. As I started to find my voice I really began to love this class because the words just flew onto the paper. My personal goal was to become an impeccable writer and although I did not reach that goal, I am now a couple steps towards becoming the writer I want to be. All the assignments given were all super fun, but the project I liked the most was the ending story. I thought it was really cool that we were given an ending to another story and told to make into our own. Doing assignments like that really helps to bring out inner creativity because it forces you to look beyond someone else’s vision and make your own. However, the play was similar to this project, but I did not favor it much just because I am not a big theater person. As I began looking into my pieces I have realized that my tone often is a dramatic voice that really hits at the inner feelings of the characters. Before this class I found
writing to be awfully painful, but that was because I just could not do it. I still struggle with writing pieces that are more informative, but I feel I have developed better writing skills that can help me compose a piece that is more towards proficient than novice. Prior to this class I always found it difficult to be descriptive, but once I was able to write about what I wanted to the words just flowed. For me, I believe that now, before I write a piece I really have to think about how I can make it me. I plan to continue writing for fun and continue to grow on my writing skills. Although I never reached my goal I plan to continue to work towards it and beyond once I have achieved it.

Taking creative writing was one of the best classes I have taken this year because of how much it taught me about myself as a writer. I was able to grow more than I had in just an English class because I was able to learn how to put myself into my pieces. I plan to take these skills and use them in my future education and to just express myself. Weirdly enough, I find writing to be calming now as opposed to before where I thought it to be excruciating. If I had known how beneficial this class was I would have taken it freshman year so that I could have applied the skills I had learned throughout my high school career. Also I wish that this class was offered as a full year class. If I had had both semesters to grow I feel I could be a much better writer that I am now. Even though this class is almost over I plan to write in the summer when I feel that creative impulse inside. I will take these skills and apply them to college writing my senior year and I hope to develop the skills I have been working very hard to achieve.