Lauren Burgess

Sail Away

June 6 of 2014
Prose

“Inspiration is hard to come by. You have to take it where you find it”

Bob Dylan
Julia Russell the Great

February 6th

Julia Russell, an intelligent and one of a kind friend, or as she describes herself, “spunky” and “crazy AF,” is one who is influenced by others and is not afraid to regret mistakes from her past. Her memorable personality and fashion draw others in and she loves being the center of attention. You can find her making a ruckus crumpling her lunch bag, eating while talking, and making a joke out of anything. Julia has been through a lot so far in her life and her personality gleams just the great times; however, she has gone through struggles and is able to share them.

Having a great influence on Julia, is her Aunt Keri who was mentally disabled and was able to overcome it. Her aunt worked very hard and dealt with overcoming an intellectual inability that is truly remarkable. For some, being mentally disabled is something that can never be fixed, but Julia’s aunt was able to overcome the impossible and that is something she will never forget. As her inspiration, Julia finds that she wants to overcome obstacles and be as strong as she is. Julia, like her aunt, also has been able to overcome major battles like being mistreated and persevering through difficulties of coming from a broken home. When she was younger, she characterized herself as a “spaz” and she admits it was not the right way to treat people and now she must live with the consequences. That behavior is what Julia claims to be her most memorable regret and one that has been a struggle. She regrets being the way she was because to this day she feels as though people cannot let go of the past and see her for the more grown up girl she is today.

Julia’s aunt as her idol has helped her keep her head up and to always remember, “I’ll make it through it” like she did. Julia Russell has an abnormal personality but is just as normal as the next when it comes to difficult times and how to persevere through.
Deceitful Appearance

March 5th

Silence, while one may find calm and soothing, is what I least desire. I come out here on my fire escape stairway and sit in isolation, but it is the noise and commotion of the New York streets that make me feel safe. I am always on edge, uneasy, my blonde haired Velma from Scooby Doo appearance gives that away instantly. But, I like my big eyes and glasses. I like the way my eyes sparkle a bright blue and my eyelashes fan out endlessly, if only someone else did. My hair, my hair is so straight and short as it falls upon my shoulders and my face so round yet skinny. I wished the flaws could stop coming through my head like a gumball machine that lost its stopper, but it seemed impossible. But one day, they did. I often used to harm myself in ways I do not like to share with anyone, yet one time I did and I am so grateful that I had. It was right there, inside my two room loft where I reside with my failed musician of a father and undecided mom who seems to always be changing occupations and hobbies. Inside that cozy little loft I told my most sinister secrets to the one and only Alana McGuire who not only changed my life that day, but saved me.

I was a junior high school and it was not evident to all my classmates at my New York private school that I existed, let alone for to know I was the polar opposite of Alana McGuire. Alana with her New York elite status and jaw dropping looks, prowled the hallways with a fierceness of a hungry shark. Her dark brunette hair flowed down her back and illuminated her enormous green eyes that took anyone’s breath away. She was tall with such defined cheekbones and high arched eyebrows that created her beautifully framed face. Her petite nose that fell above her heart shaped lips that delicately lay upon her porcelain skin. It was safe to say her looks, and as I assumed, her life was perfect. She was brilliant in school but still managed to have social
life. Somehow she attended the most elaborate parties, drank and smoked nonstop on the weekends, and completed all her homework by Monday. And her family life, forget it, a beautiful mother who spent weeks in Paris just to shop and a father who was so rich and successful that just being in his presence made you feel nonexistent. Her home in the Hamptons was breathtaking, she shared it with her younger sister Claire and her countless staff that fulfilled their every need. From the outside, it was more than evident that Alana McGuire’s life was perfect, but boy was I wrong.

The way we met was not a bump in the hallway or the usual cliché meet and greet like in most movies. Alana and I were simply chosen as lab partners where we completed a dissection. This was fine, she was nice and easy going and it was easy to work with her. On one of the last days we concluded that we would have to meet after school at someone’s house to finish the report since it was so lengthy. I can admit that I was first scared to death, school was a safe place with supervision and surrounding people, at my house it would be just me and her and I could already foresee my social skills failing me. I had to do it though, both of us were so caught up in our grades we knew it was necessary to reach a distinguished grade. We decided on that Friday of October, the Friday that changed my life. It was at first peculiar, she jumped to choose my house as the meeting place, I thought it was because she had never seen a poor girl’s loft and would want to take a look. I was wrong, again.

Friday arrived, the one that I unknowingly awaited my whole life was here, we took her shiny new Porsche to my downtown Brooklyn loft and we entered my humble abode. I showed her to my kitchen which led to my living room where we finally ended in my own room. I brought her some chips thinking she’d eat them but she just looked away and I read the “no thanks” she was thinking. I was not offended of course, just more for me. She opened her lab
notebook and I did too and as she opened her mouth, she completely took me off guard. I thought she would ask a question on the anatomy of the frog or something but no, she asked about me.

“So tell me,” she gestured, “what is your family life like?” I could tell she was curious, her eyes widening and her body language showed interest she leaned closer to me and asked more about my life. My personal life, here came my awkward mumbling. She was so accustomed to the high life and being pampered and well I, I make the dinner around here, not a chef. I told her a few things, “my dad used to be in band that once made a lot of money and my mom is very passionate about art.” I was uncomfortable, her questions kept getting deeper and I just wanted to finish the lab report up. I at first thought she was being nosy, most of the elite girls at my school are, trying to find something she could use against me in some way I would not enjoy. But Alana, she looked as though she cared and actually wanted to know and it was a humble feeling. As time went on, she broke down my wall, I told her everything. I expressed how I was so insecure that I sliced my wrists and I felt so socially awkward that I missed school days and would beg to be homeschooled. It was these secrets I had never told anyone, for some odd reason I felt safe telling her, as if she understood. Little did I know, she did understand and understood far more than I thought she would.

Alana, the Alana McGuire who astonished in every way, with brains, looks, the life, had flaws. She had flaws that I did not have and ones that taught me lessons that I never thought possible. Alana revealed to me her true self that Friday of October and told me herself that she too was insecure and the reasons why. Her questions that she asked me where very close to home I could say and made me question, why? Why was she so surprised with how I made dinner for my family so we can eat together after work, or why was she so taken back at the fact that I cleaned my own room and house just for the pure amusement? As my anticipation grew stronger
I busted, “why, why are you so interested? Have you never met someone so messed up as me? Is my life that amusing to someone who’s so fortunate?” I felt as though I was being rude, but I was just so confused as to why she cared.

“It’s just, I’ve never had any of those opportunities you have. I have never spent a dinner with my entire family or every time I even tried to clean I’d get yelled at. ‘You're going to ruin the furniture!’ It’s like I live within a museum. I’d do anything to live with your family instead of mine.” She told me how although she has never harmed herself her sister Claire did. She spent every night in the same bed as her and hardly ever got to sleep to make sure she does not. Her sister at only 12 years of age was going through all this pain from her corrupt family life. They made me realize how lucky I was. Alana confessed that she does not go out partying ever, really, since she was so devoted to her caring for her younger sister. I was absolutely astonished, “how do you do it? Balance the A average and still do everything you have to for your sister at home, do your parents help? Do they know?” I was absolutely flabbergasted with her response. “My parents, I wish they would be home. My mom spends weeks in different places doing retail therapy to deal with all the countless affairs my dad has. He is so selfish, I’d rather be cooped up in a barn with my sister and on my own then have him as my father.” I could feel every ounce of pain that came out of her as she exposed all her secrets, ones that she has never told anyone before.

It was that Friday in October where the one and only Alana McGuire helped me understand there is more than what meets the eyes and there are people out there that experience the pain that I do. Through just sharing our stories we were able to build a friendship and teach each other that keeping to yourself is not going to help the pain and being able to share how I was feeling is what truly helped. It took some time, I’ll admit, to stop the cutting and self-harm.
But I did it and so did her sister Claire which I found the most rewarding. Afterwards I often had both Alana and Claire over for dinner or just to hangout and be there for each other which is what we all ultimately needed. After first meeting Claire we too built a relationship and she had many of the same insecurities I suffered from. Claire after was able to stop hurting herself and grow closer with her sister and mother when they both finally confronted her about how they felt. Alana and I are still friends to this day, always reminding each other to keep your chin up. It is funny how it was through pain that got me too the better place I am today.

As for me, I was able to prosper in ways I never thought I would. When I was having a bad day I thought it was easiest to keep to myself. When I met Alana and we shared the difficulties in our lives it showed me that I should branch out and tell my story. Meeting Alana and Claire was so beneficial and showed me through communication I can better myself and even help others. To this day I remember that Friday in October that changed my life for the better and helped me to totally change my view on myself and others. If there is one lesson I found most helpful in life today, it was to not get caught up in the looks of something to determine my judgment. At first glance Alana was that elite, popular and all around girl who had a perfect life. After getting to know her I found out there was way more too her and I should have never judged her like that. Everything happens for a reason is what I tell myself, I just regret letting looks deceive me because Alana and I could have met much sooner. Even though I had to go through pain I am eternally grateful for the events that happened when I was younger, I met people and was taught lessons that have stayed with me to this day and ones I’ll never forget.
First Time for Everything

February 14th

Usually I am not one for surprises but a good one once in a while is always refreshing, especially when it regards going on a cruise with my best friend to Bermuda. Almost a year ago I was asked to accompany my friend Julia and her family on a cruise when I was just about to finish some homework, and was told I must answer her that night. It was exciting yet frightening having to make this rash decision with all the issues I have, but with a little convincing, my parents agreed to let me go. Now, one might claim there should be no issues with this offer, but I have many because not only would the drive to New Jersey, where the cruise ship was docked, make my stomach turn, I knew I would get very boat sick as well and I had never gone on vacation without my family. It is safe to say I was very apprehensive but after going there is no doubt I had one of the most memorable vacations of my life with my one of my best friends.

When we first boarded the ship, Julia told me about all the amazing things we can do and what is in store for us in Bermuda since she had already been on the same cruise before. On the cruise, we often would tan and take dips in the hot tub and were always looking for trouble. On the second day we met some friends named Josh, Carl, and Drew and little did we know that we would still be friends today. We also met an extremely interesting boy named Zyn who one could call short and plump who was 12 at the time and could not stop making us all laugh. His unique personality and crazy stories were ones that are unrepeatable, but ones that I cannot forget for they are outrageous, just like he was. Our countless visits with the boys to Johnny Rockets, the foosball table, the pool and hot tub, the crazy elevator rides, and countless servings of ice cream were ones I cannot ever forget. Especially when we made it our mission to take only the
stairs to burn off all the food we could not stop eating. One memory that still makes me laugh till this day was a trip on the elevator when we were asked by this woman what we were doing that night and Julia screamed “we’re gonna party!” and in her memorable slang the woman responded, “well don’t hurt nobody.” When we finally were in Bermuda, and thankfully survived the Bermuda triangle, Julia and I could not wait to explore the islands and finally receive some Wi-Fi connection that we had long awaited. Walking up and down the streets of the island of Hamilton and through the countless stores, Julia and I ate at restaurants and literally shopped till we could no more. When we finally left Bermuda and was on our way home, Julia and I could not help be extremely upset and did not want to go back home to the dreaded cold weather and torture chamber we call school. This, however, only made Julia and I more determined to enjoy the last days on the boat and do everything possible, thus meaning we had to reenact the famous Titanic scene at the bow of the ship. As we made our journey to the bow I grew a little sea sick looking at the endless waters ahead and felt suffocated by hair flying in my face from the wind. Reenacting the Titanic scene was both fun and memorable and I know the guys found it amusing as well. From the elevator tag to playing hide and go seek throughout the whole ship with all the people we had met, it was a vacation I’ll never forget and one I’d love to go on again. It is these memories that I will keep as I grow older, and hopefully I will be able to go on vacations like that one with friends again to make so much more.
The Silent Killer

April 15th

“Love means not ever having to say you’re sorry.”

I hear it once more when I begged of her forgiveness. She always had that admirable way of poetically speaking as she refused to take my countless apologies. That time, I was late to pick her up from work as I ran late coming from the diner.

“Jenny, I’m sorry, you know I could not refuse that plate of lasagna,” I cried.

“Oh, it is not the first time, Oliver Payton.”

She slid into the passenger seat gracefully and we were off to my father’s for his sixty-second birthday. The last couple of years has been hard on him since my mother past. Jenny and I tried to support and be with him as much as possible but I know he is a very independent man.

“Mrs. Payton, my love, how do you do it? All your faultless beauty and angelic charm,” I gestured.

“Enough with the repulsive slander, you don’t need to flatter me. I get it, food is more important than me.”

She winked at me, although it indicated her joke, it was so seductive and what I admired most.

“All your perfect indiscretions, Oliver, are always what have kept me from leaving you.”

“I’m going to pretend you didn’t say that and continue to believe I am ‘the man’ and you just can’t get enough of me. And, that is why you always stay.”

After that, Jenny smirked and opened up her book and read for the rest of the way. The drive to my father’s is about an hour from Little Compton where Jenny and I live. My father, Chad Payton, lives in a quiet beach house in Matunuck where the wind whips from the frigid
It was always nice living there as a kid in the summer, but I remember the winter weather was not my cup of tea. I was afraid as we approached the old colonial that the wind chill might upset Jenny. That past month she had been diagnosed with cancer, anaplastic thyroid cancer, and the cancer had been very aggressive, spreading, and has resisted all the treatments. I had yet to tell my dad or anyone, really. The thought of losing her was devastating and I did not like to mention the subject to anyone.

“It seems as though I got lost in my book. How far are we now? Are there any places we can stop? I need to use the restroom.”

That was not a good sign. She never found the need to actually pull over, so I knew she had to vomit. We initially knew she had some sort of cancer from the frequent nausea and vomiting that was unlike the usual former-food look. I immediately knew that I had to pull over at some safe place and help my Jenny.

“There are some stores with a bathroom up ahead. It will be just a few more minutes, Jenny.”

I raced to the store. I felt terrible and hopeless, there was nothing I could do and I know she does not like the attention so I handled it in a calm matter. We pulled up to some convenience store on the side of Matunuck Beach Road and I watched as she made her way.

“Do you want me to come in with you?”

“No, Oliver, I’ll be right back.”

I waited there. And waited. She took much longer than I thought she should. I became overwhelmingly worried. I ran inside and asked the clerk if they he knew where my Jenny had gone.

“A women went into the bathroom, sir. She has not came out yet in a while.”
I ran over to the bathroom door and it was locked. I banged on it and asked if she was okay and there was no answer. I asked the clerk for a key and I barged into the bathroom. There she was.

“Call the paramedics!” I shouted to the clerk as I ran to my car.

I called my father frantically and I ran to the car to avoid the morbid scene. He was about five minutes away and I told him about her cancer and that he had to come help right then. I wanted to stay with her and I know in that bathroom it would not be the right place. In my car is where we spent countless rides and memories and where I knew I could be with her. Right on cue my father came rushing to me and saw the morbid scene.

“Oliver,” he said, “you should have told me.”

It was very cold, which in a way was good because I was numb and wanted to feel something. My father continued to address me, and I continued to stand still and let the cold wind slap my face.

“As soon as I found out, I jumped into the car.”

I had forgotten my coat; the chill was starting to make me ache. Good. Good.

“Oliver,” said my father urgently, “I want to help.”

“Jenny’s dead,” I told him.

“I’m sorry,” he said in a stunned whisper.

Not knowing why, I repeated what I had long ago learned from the beautiful girl now dead.

“Love means not ever having to say you’re sorry.”

And then I did what I had never done in his presence, much less in his arms. I cried.

(Love Story, Erich Segal)
Alone

May 5\textsuperscript{th}

Often I think about what it was like when I was younger and still had a family. I listen to the cars drive by when I rest on the side of the road and the sound of the radio reminds me of my childhood. I remembered when I was younger and my father and I would take long rides just to listen to the radio. It would not matter what we listened to, just being able to spend that time with my dad meant the world to me. When there is traffic, I consider myself lucky because I can hear the different music selections blaring from the people driving by. I was always unusual and independent, a free spirit would be the best way to describe myself. My mother always told me I had a gypsy soul and an inner indecisiveness that was as wide as the ocean. I have always been prone to wandering, I would never just settle, I always wanted to learn more or see more and my mother glorified that trait of mine. Maybe that is why I feel as though I was born for leaving. That was of course before my father left with my brother, because of the affair, and all hell broke loose. My life was once normal, I’ll admit that, I had a mother, father, and a younger brother named Johnny. It was nice when everyone got along but destruction came when news came about the affair. My mother was always sleeping around, she had no respect for herself and did anything for drugs toward the downfall of their marriage. My father, who was extremely religious, decided to leave her and bring Johnny with him. I would beg and plead for him to bring me with him and he would just scream at me, “I knew I could never trust women and you’ll be just like your whore of a mother!” That hit me hard and so from that point I gave up on everyone and everything.

I once had dreams of becoming a beautiful dancer, but upon an unfortunate series of events I saw those dreams crash and burn like the red light of the burning sun. It doesn’t surprise
me, nor do I really mind, all I am used to is disappointment, neglect, and abandonment. When
the people I used to be friends with found out what I had gone through, and how I decided to live
on the streets, they asked me one question: why? I’d try to explain to them how my mom was
just a crack head and I had no other family. They’d tell me, ‘just deal with your mom until you
turn 18.’ There was just no use in talking to people who have a home, they don’t understand
what I went through or how it wasn’t even a home. I lived in a closet, literally. About a year
back, after the divorce, my grandmother died, and my mother took custody of her home. It was a
one room and was quite suitable for my grandma, but when she died and my mom took it there
was only room for her and her needles. I was out of there. I was bombarded by my fellow
classmates and teachers who tried to help me, but all it did was make everything worse. I am
better off on the streets, on my own. I hated being nonexistent to my mother and just a burden,
not to mention what other people said about me living with her. They have no idea of how it was
like seeking safety in the most uncomfortable places just to get away from my mom. I needed to
get away and even if that means calling home anywhere that I place my head at night.

So now I live on the streets of New York City at 17 years of age just waiting for my life
to change. I have nothing and want everything and have a desire for every experience and an
obsession to do them. I am terrified to the point that I do not like to talk about it and it has
pushed me to a nomadic point of madness. I stand here facing the bright lights of the cars and
street lights. People stare as if they have never seen a girl on the side of the street stranded. It’s
messed up this world, I have been gone for almost a year and no one has come searching for me,
no one cares. Maybe it’s not this world that’s messed up just the people who occupy it. All I
know is I just have to keep moving on and survive no matter what it takes. I want to do better
and I am trying it just seems as though there is no hope. For now I stay here on this street corner and wait for I know some day my life will change and I am ready for the adventure.
The Photo
Brittany and Jamie

May 21st

CHARACTERS

Brittany, teen YMCA volunteer

Jamie, young elementary girl who goes to the YMCA daycare

Toby, Jamie’s stepfather

Jim, Brittany’s boyfriend and teen YMCA volunteer

Act I

Scene 1

A worn down house with broken shutters and a toy filled yard appear. Inside the house stands a man of great stature and intimidation and a young girl scared sitting on the floor.

Opening scene shows a man knocking things over and pacing back and forth glaring at the girl.

The girl stays seated on the floor with her toys and tries not to cry.

TOBY stomps from stage right to down center in torn up and worn out clothes. TOBY is a tall and built man with an intimidating and abusive look. His fists are clenched and he looks down at JAMIE. JAMIE is a young, petite, and helpless girl with straggly brown hair that covers her face.

TOBY [Grabbing JAMIE by the wrist]: Get up!

JAMIE [Getting pulled up while crying]: Leave me alone!

TOBY: You gotta listen better Jamie when I speak to you and stop being so damn stupid.

JAMIE: Stop being so mean all the time!

TOBY erupts in rage and slaps JAMIE across the face. JAMIE runs off stage from stage down center to upper left while crying.
Scene 2

Inside the local YMCA is BRITTANY checking her clipboard as she takes attendance. BRITTANY is 16 years old and is volunteering at the Teen Teaching Program for elementary and pre-school kids. BRITTANY appears stressed and overwhelmed as she calls the last name.

BRITTANY: And lastly is Jamie Zen here?

JAMIE: Here

BRITTANY [Annoyed]: Wonderful, so everybody sit down on the floor.

JAMIE: [Keeps walking around not listening to instruction] I don’t feel like it.

BRITTANY: Well stand then. Today we will be learning about the primary colors.

JAMIE: [Taunting] Where’s Jim, your boyfriend?

BRITTANY: That’s off topic Jamie pay attention to the lesson.

[JIM walks from upstage right to down center]

JIM: Hey guys what are we learning today?

JAMIE: Something stupid.

JIM: I’m sure that’s not true, did I hear something about primary colors?

BRITTANY: Yes could anyone tell me what they are?

JAMIE: I don’t care about primary colors.

BRITTANY: Hey, look, garbage mouth, if you don’t want to listen, you’re outta here.

JAMIE: [Erupts in cries and runs away]

JIM: Brittany, she goes through a lot at home you can’t say things like that to her.

BRITTANY: What do you mean? She is so tough to deal with she’s probably spoiled.

JIM: Not quite.
BRITTANY: I don’t understand, she’s super-sharp but is so sullen and indifferent and has that smart-ass mouth.

JIM: I know and she challenges everything you say but it’s because her home life is a mess.

BRITTANY: How do you know?

JIM: She’s my grandmas neighbor. I see her sometimes in the yard. Her step dad puts her down all the time and she gets credit for nothing.

BRITTANY: That doesn’t mean she has to be so awful!

JIM: I understand that but her self-esteem is zero and that is probably the reason why she lashes out at everyone.

BRITTANY: [Looking down] I feel awful.

JIM: You should go find her.

BRITTANY: I will. Look after the kids please.

JIM: Of course.

[JIM leaves through upstage right and BRITTANY walks down to downstage left where JAMIE sits crying]

BRITTANY: Jamie, are you okay?

JAMIE: Brittany please don’t kick me out of the YMCA I’ll get in so much trouble.

BRITTANY: We need to talk

JAMIE: [Sobbing] Please I’m begging you I can’t get in anymore trouble please. My stepdad you have no idea he’ll be so mad and will hurt me again please Brittany.

BRITTANY: Everything will be okay Jamie relax. What’s going on with your stepdad?

JAMIE: [Shying away] I’m not supposed to say.
BRITTANY: But if someone is hurting you that’s not right Jamie. You don’t deserve to get hurt or treated unfairly by anyone.

JAMIE: You were mean to me today.

BRITTANY: I know and I am so sorry Jamie but you weren’t treating me with respect. Do you see what I mean? It not nice being treated that way so I lashed out on you and that was wrong so I am sorry.

JAMIE: It’s okay I’m sorry for being mean to you especially since you are the teacher.

BRITTANY: Thanks Jamie. Now is there anything you want to tell me, about what goes on at home? You can trust me.

JAMIE: My mom is never home, she is always working and I miss her. When she’s not home I have to deal with my step dad. He just is different I guess.

BRITTANY: Does he hurt you?

JAMIE: Sometimes but it’s my fault. I don’t listen to him he says so I deserve it.

BRITTANY: Maybe but you never deserve to get physically abused. Maybe your family could talk to one of the guidance counselors here?

JAMIE: I wouldn’t mind it but I don’t know how my parents would react.

BRITTANY: I can handle it if you’d like. All I ask is for your cooperation.

JAMIE: Thank you Brittany.

[JAMIE and BRITTANY walk from downstage right to upstage right]

Scene 3

A few days passed since BRITTANY and JAMIE’s confrontation. JAMIE and her parents were talked to and BRITTANY wanted to follow up on what happened the next time they meet at the camp.
BRITTANY: Hey Jamie

JAMIE: Brittany! Thank you so much for everything. Things are better between me and my step dad thanks to you.

BRITTANY: I’m glad to hear it, if there is ever anything else I can do you know I’m here for you. Now go and play with the rest of the kids!

[JAMIE walks to stage right and JIM walks up to BRITTANY from upstage right]

JIM: How has Jamie been?

BRITTANY: She’s a different person. I guess all she needed was a second chance and understanding.

JIM: Yeah, that’s something she never got at home.

BRITTANY: I learned a lot from this. Even though I am the teacher, I learned an important lesson, which is you have to get under people’s skin, understand where they’re coming from before you start making judgements.

JIM: Exactly, I’m glad you grew up from this experience.

BRITTANY: Me too. It’s also helped me at home with being more tolerable of my brother.

JIM: That’s great! I’m proud of you Brittany!

BRITTANY: Thanks Jim

JIM and BRITTANY exit upstage right
Poetry

Strolling along

By the teeming docks,
I watch the ships put out.
Black ships that heave and lunge
And move like mastodons
Arising from lethargic sleep.

The fathomed harbor
Calls them not nor dares
Them to a strain of action,
But outward, on and outward,
Sounding low-reverberating calls,
Shaggy in the half-lit distance,
They pass the pointed headland,
View the wide, far-lifting wilderness
And leap with cumulative speed
To test the challenge of the sea.

Plunging,
Doggedly onward plunging,
Into salt and mist and foam and sun.

Docks
By Carl Sandburg
March 13th

Future

I am sixteen
and would like to stay
if life was a standstill
who knows what I’d think
all I know
I don’t want to grow old

I am sixteen
and would like to stay
fear of the future
who knows where I’ll go
all I know
I don’t want to grow old

I am sixteen
and would like to stay
many loved ones surround me
who knows who I’ll be
all I know
I don’t want to grow old

I am sixteen
and would like to stay
countless dreams awaiting
who knows when I’ll be
all I know
I don’t want to grow old

I am sixteen
and would like to stay
I must face the future
God knows why I’ll be
all I know
I don’t want to grow old
Photography
March 20th

Photography-
the system of capturing a moment
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
Ransom Note Poem

March 25th

INSIDE News

Demise of the Future

AMERICA’S running out of Gas

Now is the time to act

PEACEMAKERS

The secret is LADY GAGA

MOMMY MONSTER has

IMPORANT FACTS

It’s our grandparents.

Game On, Grandma
Reflection
The art of writing and expressing feelings through words has always been a passion of mine. When I found that creative writing was offered as an elective I knew immediately that it was the class for me. I would want to take it not only to improve my writing but to be able to have class that I knew I would truly enjoy. As a young child till now I have always found pleasure in writing fictional stories or anything that just depended on my own writing. In elementary school I would spend countless hours writing stories and plays with a friend of mine and we would share them or act them out together. Although I may not have that strong imagination anymore, I continue to enjoy creative writing and all the ideas I can put into it.

Since taking the class my passion for writing has excelled more than it ever has and I can say that I do not regret taking it. I always have had trouble with clearly writing or conveying a specific point. My personal writing goal was to improve on those insecurities and I believe that I had. In some of my writing some improvements were needed to build upon sections it lacked like an apparent conflict. My favorite assignment was writing the end of an already written story. I enjoyed this thoroughly because I always have had trouble with writing the ending of my stories so being able to create just the beginning was both easy yet a challenge. My least favorite assignment was writing a story from a picture. Prior to writing I thought it would be an easy task but once I started it I just could not create a story from it. A common theme I developed in my writing was usually one that was more personal and sad. I felt as though writing in that way made it easier and I was able to write about things that have happened to me so it could be more detailed.
Some could say that the class has changed their perception of professional writing, but for me I do not feel that way. I feel as though this class has helped me to improve my professional writing with new tips and skills I acquired but I do not feel like my perception has been altered. The world in general has also not been affected by the course but I do believe my own writing has been changed. I feel this way because now I have developed a lot of new techniques for my writing and I feel as though I am a better writer. I was taught several different ways to develop ideas for writing and that has been very useful for me in my writing. All these new lessons I was taught has helped me improve as a writer and as a student. I now feel more comfortable with creating story ideas and being able to put them down on paper and write. I also have learned a lot more techniques which have helped me as a writer as well. I had never known most of the poetry forms I learned as well as how to write a play.

As a writer I plan to further my passion in college and keep improving. After completing this task I wish I had put some more effort into revising my writing. My work never seemed perfect to me and I was never fully confident in it. I felt as though this class was fair with both time in class to write and time between the assignment was assigned and due. I would change the amount of poetry assignments to a lesser amount only because that is something I just cannot seem to do. I often struggled with expressing thought for poems just because the format was very restricted and I like to be able to write in my own way. The play assignment where we wrote our own play and then presented it was a very fun and I am sure that future classes would enjoy it just as much. This class has taught me countless new techniques and information that I will remember for years to come as I keep improving my creative writing.