“Every person has at least one secret that would break your heart.” -Unknown
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“Tears are words that need to be written”

— Paulo Coelho
In everyone’s life there is that one special person that is so inspirational that you can’t help but smile when even just thinking about them. When asking Rachel D’Ambrosio who her most inspirational person was in her own life, she responded without a moment of hesitation that it was her Nana. A tough but loving women who was without a doubt, “the glue to her family”. Every memory recalled throughout the interview resulted in a slight glisten in Rachel’s eye, and a raise in the corner of her lips that often turned into a humble smile. When Rachel grew up she often spent time at her Nana’s when her parents were working or just because. These endless hours of bonding time were filled with amusing memories such as how every time her Nana would be in a situation where cursing would seem appropriate, she would simply utter the word “phooey”. Another fond memory Rachel recalls is when the two were driving together and her Nana backing into a car dinging it slightly. Soon afterwards her Nana drove away responding by shaking it off saying “oh, it’s fine”. Always keeping her head up no matter what happened, Rachel’s Nana gave the best advice. When asked the best advice her nana ever gave her, Rachel responded confidently stating that “I can do anything I want to as long as I set my mind to it”. Although Rachel’s Nana has passed away, her memory lives on today. An amazing woman once on this earth and now in spirit, she will always be the most inspirational part of Rachel’s life.
She couldn’t breathe. Each gasp attempted grew stale upon her lips. With a burning chest, she forced herself to keep running through the brush, but her legs soon collapsed beneath her. Covered in blood diluted in tears that sparkled in the moon’s soft light, she sat on the cold forest floor and wept. Millions of thoughts flew through her head. Trying to push them away, she screamed. *What have I done?*

It was a typical Tuesday night. The sun had set just enough for the sky to be kissed pink and orange. The small wooded area near the abode blocked the remaining sun, casting mystical shadows on the grassy yard beyond the house. Jessica gazed out of the kitchen window longingly as she prepared dinner for her and her fiancé, Alexander. Jessica and Alexander were high school sweetheart, ands. Since the day they met, they everything together. In fact, it was strange to ever see them apart.

Suddenly the door slammed in the front hall, shaking Jessica from her day dream. She quickly spun away from the window.

“Where the hell is my dinner?” Alexander often came home tired or cranky, but tonight he seemed different. Like something more was gnawing away at him, something more than fatigue.

“It’s almost done sweetheart. If you want, I can make you some salad first?”

“Why would I want salad? I am tired and want to sleep, hurry up and make me my damn dinner.”

Before going home, Alexander stopped at the bar much like he often did. Jessica always had a thing about drinking, since he always became violent. Convinced otherwise, Alexander would simply stay at the bar long enough for the bitter smell to leave his breath. Jessica never knew the difference and if she did, she never made it known. Tonight however he was tired and hungry, so after downing five large glasses of whiskey, absent of rocks, he stumbled to his car.
Jessica shuffled around the large kitchen as quickly as possible and soon, their dinner she slaved upon was complete. She sat the table neatly, each plate sat perfectly next to an elegantly folded napkin. Jessica enjoyed having dinner with Alexander. It was one of the few times she saw him each day, and she took the meal to heart.

“What is this crap?” Alexander retorted as he looked down at the meal.

“Roasted chicken and mash—”

“I don’t care what it is, it looks disgusting. Can’t you make a decent meal?” Rolling his eyes, he slowly ate his meal, grumbling under his breath with each bite. Jessica ate in silence, attempting not to let her emotions show. She knew how much he hated that. Looking down at her plate, she quietly asked him how his day was.

“Why do you care about my day? It sucked. Just like usual. And coming home to you made it no better.”

Jessica looked up from her plate. “Excuse me?”

That was enough. She knew what he had been doing and she was sick of it. Every night she had to listen to his downgrading words. Every night was exactly the same. And yet, she still spent hours making him dinner, hoping to get some kind of thank you. Back in high school they were two peas in a pod. Madly in love Alexander decided that he wanted to spend the rest of his life with her. But that all changed after they graduated. Alexander would often come home wasted. In garbled words he would call her names or strike her with all his strength. Then the next day he would confess his deep sorrows with lies of how he loved her and could not imagine doing it again. Yet, hours later he would stumble back into the house. Somehow though, Jessica always managed to overlook it. She loved him just the same, and would still do anything for him. However tonight her stomach tightened and her chest raged with anger.

“I can’t do this anymore!” Jessica began to raise her voice but slowly trailed off. “I am so sick of you…”

Alexander stood up, towering over her small petite body. “What did you just say to me?”

“Never mind.” And with that Jessica composed herself and calmly took the plates off of the dining room table. Alexander looked at her with confused eyes but, beginning to sober up, he let it be. He was used to her outbursts—she always seemed to be emotional in one situation or another.
Jessica slipped her fingers around the slender object. The shiny blade glistened in the low light of the kitchen chandelier. Without a moment more of thought she slowly placed her hand behind her back and walked over to Alexander.

“I am so sorry for yelling at you baby. I didn’t mean it. I love you” she cooed into his ear as she wrapped her arms around him into a warm embrace. He openly excepted the hug, already guilty of his actions.

Millions of thoughts flew through her head. Trying to push them away, she screamed. *What have I done?* Jessica looked around. Through blurred tears she noticed that the sun had long since sunk beneath the horizon and the early moonlight cast silhouettes of trees on the woods floor. Gazing down again, she noticed the once scarlet blood on her hands was slowly crusting underneath her fingernails as it dried. Screams of terror escaped her lips yet again and her body began to shake. This time however she was not shaking out of fear, someone else was jostling her limp body.

“Jessica? Jessica angel, wake up, everything is okay”. Jessica’s eyes darted open. Alexander’s young adolescent face greeted her out of her dark and restless slumber.
Take a moment and stop to think to yourself. What is your least favorite season? Is it the crisp fall air nipping at your cheeks as you rake leaves or the sultry waves licking at your ankles as you walk along the shoreline on a summer night? Now, think about your least favorite type of weather. Is it the warm sunshine beating on your back or the soft touch of snowflakes landing on a windowsill? Though each type of weather can seem magical within its self, all of us have some sort of Mother Nature that they loath. For me, it’s rain. Not the sweet, pitter-patter of a sun-shower or the boom of thunder rolling along the horizon. It’s those days that make the ocean’s color green, as the sky is as gray as an aging woman’s hair. When the rain ceases to fall and the air is thick and heavy as the clouds hesitate to burst. That is the kind of rain that I hate. For years I didn’t understand why rain made me so upset. But while recalling occasions of my past, I remember a day that I now will never forget. I was twelve years old and a flowering artist. I stayed after school one rainy day to help my art teacher paint a fundraising project. In a wonderful mood I carefully stroked the panel with my brush revealing beautiful colors. Before I knew it, my mom was there to pick me up. I remember leaving the school and noticing how bad the weather was— how angry the sky looked. Upon arriving home I heard loud noises echoing out of the house. My mom looked up at me and shuttered, “your dad is in a very bad mood and I am so sorry if he takes this out on you”. As she near my front door I faced my room. I gasped. My bed? Unmade. My drawers? Empty. continued with a frown she explained that my dad had found some things in my room. Trying to understand what was going on, I slowly paced into the house. Turning the corner My floor was a mess. Everything was a blur at that moment, full of confusion and tears. “Who is this boy?” My dad screamed pointing to my journal. “What have you two done together?” I tried to explain that it was just a crush and I didn’t actually even personally know the boy. “He is someone on my bus” I yelped. But that was not enough. For the next two hours he ate away at my ear, calling me terrible names and accusing me of words that I could not comprehend. To be honest, I don’t really fully remember the night. But ever since then whenever it is cloudy or miserably raining I become distraught, depressed and reminded of that terrible memory. Not
the memory of the event itself, but how I felt immediately before it—driving and staring up at the sky while it surly predicted that something was wrong.
He always wondered what could have been. Or rather, more importantly, what should have been. Almost a year had passed since the accident. Nearly a year since that chilled winter evening when everything in Anderson’s life came to a sudden halt. Every night the screeching of brakes jolted Anderson awake with the feeling of shattered glass impaling into his heart. Every bitter night he would sit awake in bed, weeping for what life he wished she could have continued to have. Selfishly though, Anderson wished that he had been the one to perish, instead of enduring each worthless day with dead limbs attached to a withering body.

“Today’s the big day Mr. Anderson!” Sarah, the housekeeper announced, while pulling open the drapes exposing bright beams of sunlight that ripped through the dreary room. Little specks of dust danced in the air as the sun lit their presence. Anderson forced himself into his chair and promptly rolled over to the window where she was standing, sweeping the drapes to their once again closed fashion.

“No light for the weary Sarah, I wish to be left in dark peace.”

Frowning, she quickly turned to the doorway with a deep sigh, “Your first job interview since the… the accident… is at eight o’clock Mr. Anderson. I am going to the market for some food and will be back in a couple of hours…” Her voice trailed off as she realized that Anderson, the lazy invalid he was, had fallen asleep in his chair and begun to droll on his night robe.

Anderson blinked his eyes open as a melodic sound of a young woman’s laughter bounced across the walls of his bed chamber. What he saw next was incredible. Ana, his dear departed fiancé was dancing around the room in a silky emerald dress. With amber eyes sparkling like priceless gems, she glided towards Anderson.

“Come, dance with me darling,” She giggled.

Anderson in disbelief rubbed his eyes. “This must be a dream,” he thought to himself. Dream or no dream, the young man was elated. He was not sure which was more amazing, the fact that he could touch his beautiful girl’s body while they moved together across the marble floor, or that he was dancing, standing on graceful feet with pride.

He looked deeply into her eyes, full of love and passion. “I miss you Ana”.
“I am right here with you, always,” She responded with a warm smile. “There is no need to miss me, I have yet to leave.” Her words began to repeat over and over in Anderson’s mind. As he floated out of slumber, the corners of his mouth began to lift. For the first time in what seemed like forever, Anderson found himself grinning.

“It’s time to stop feeling bad for myself,” He thought.

_The clock struck seven. Slowly and cautiously he allowed himself to lapse out of the light, back through the darkness into the broken gleams and shadows of everyday existence. He rose at last and went to the kitchen to prepare himself some food. There was not much time; the meeting was at eight, and it would take him a good half-hour to reach the hall. He put a couple of eggs to boil, and sat down meanwhile to bread and cheese. Dispassionately, and with a serene lucidity, he thought of what was in store for him. Whatever it might be, he knew now that all would be well._ – Aldous Huxley, _Eyeless in Gaza_
She brushed her fingers over the stiff paper gown that lay in her lap. The large room surrounding her was empty and floated with whiffs of chemicals. Through the small, double plated glass window in a far corner, her eyes rest upon her older brother, Jared, who attended every scan for reasons that were still yet to be understood since it was a one-way window and he had to means of peering in.

“Genesis Clyde?” A thin elderly woman with white flowing curls adorned with a candy-striper outfit hanging on her fragile body called out for the girl as if it was some deep unknown question yet to be answered. Genesis willingly followed the women to a much smaller room and stripped herself of her own clothing. First her old ballet flats, those that were much too small, crusted in dirt that for one to notice that they were ever once a flowery pink, had to be a genius. Then she peeled off her jeans, more holy than the Catholic Church. Lastly, she slid the rag that was historically considered to be a shirt.

The paper gown pinched her in all the wrong places, itching exclusively her slender legs and underarms. The elderly woman reentered the changing area with a smile plastered on her face. Sadness enveloped her eyes in the strangest way. Gazing into them was like looking into the darkest of souls. Genesis however paid little notice, focusing rather on her tour guide’s steps. Down winding halls and padlocked doors they traveled until the pair reached a cast iron door. It read, “AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY”. Curiously the curly-haired woman peered into an eye scanner simultaneously pushing a button that shot out a red laser which proceeded to graze her fingertips. The door opened slightly with a loud pop, and cool air rushed into the surrounding hall. Quickly, the woman continued the process slipping a needle out of a canister beside the door and carefully punctured Genesis’s arm with its sharp point, depositing a warm liquid that tingled throughout her whole body. Her eyes began to blur, soon blacking out with a loud thud, collapsing into a wheel chair placed behind her by another woman, who looked exactly the same as Genesis’s guide, absent however of the curled hair.

Genesis awoke on her back, looking up into a machine that circled around her entire body. The paper gown resting on her filthy skin glowed in the purple light. Her mind floated in a dream state as thoughts of the past two weeks were ripped out of her brain. It hurt. She tried to resist but soon forgot when suddenly new
information was strewn in—words and phrases that were yet to be known to her once again ignorant mind. Then, she was awake, back in the large room with the window in the corner, dressed in her peasant clothes, grinning with the satisfaction of another successful bi-weekly scan.

Jared met her outside of the large building cringing at the pleasure in his sister’s voice. She was always so artificial after the scan and he missed the girl that always reappeared at the end of the two week period prior to re-scanning. He knew that frowning showed emotions that should have been wiped away however, so he too faked a smile. His scan day was a week before his sisters, so that their memories would not collide. The system, blinded to the reality, had no idea that Jared’s scans where never successful— not since three years ago on his twenty-second birthday. Part of the rebel group, MemoBinder, he went to Genesis’s scans religiously in hope of getting closer to disabling the machine, just as his best friend did for him.

The two siblings walked through the glowing city in all its glory, headed to their slums that littered the sparkling boarder. Remnants of the war were still strewn among their streets with various biohazard signs still posted on buildings and in alleyways. In Genesis’s plastic mind the word “biohazard” meant “Pointless to touch, will make your face more ugly and your body more shy”. A stupid definition that only an invalid would be convinced by, however each scanned teenager believed the false reality. Although not scanned, Jared knew the definition quite well in his own way— Pointless to touch because it will make your body even more weak, causing mutations and abnormal effects on the body. Unlike Genesis though, Jared knew what caused that placement of the signs. A large Biochemical war lashed out in the year 2289 that killed anyone between the ages of twenty-five and forty-five. A peculiar kind of thing that seemed unrealistic to his young mind at the time of the war’s occurrence, as it appeared to be much too closely related to one of his favorite sci-fi books. Since the war, the government built up strong and fierce. As they began to understand the power of the young mind, they began holding bi-weekly scans to remove any doubt and implant an education that could not be misconstrued. And they were right to, since the young mind is strong. Teenagers and young adults began to fight the scan, building groups of rebels that were unknown to the government due to the fact that they contained to attend their scan appointments. Now, more than half the scanned were rebels, and the percentage was growing fast— faster than the government could ever stop, God forbid their deception was discovered.
Government officials began scanning when the children were young, five or six, easily convinced that it was all a game. Now however, there would be no convincing.

The two continued to walk for some time, silently longing for someone to break the now silent streets as curfew approached. Darkness crept into the dark ally’s, swallowing shadows. A dog began to bark sharply in the distance. A beautiful sound to Genesis, who listened carefully to the loud pitch as if she had never heard such a noise before. Suddenly, she halted her quick steps, spinning towards her brother.

“Why do you always come to my scans?” She whispered, immediately regretting her decision in asking. Jared hated questions.

Jared noticed something after his precious sister asked the question. Her face melted into a frown and she appeared to be deep in thought—thoughts that seemed too emotional to be those implanted by the government. Trying to contain his smile he replied with a question, “When was mother’s birthday?” A seemingly simple question that was rather advanced for Genesis’s scanned brain.

“Jared, we don’t have a mother. We never did, and if we did she certainly would not have told us her birthday. Age is a simple number with a complex meaning…” Genesis droned on and on for what seemed like hours, only stopping when they reached their small apartment. Jared’s face was now a blank slate. She was so close, he thought. He forced himself to think positive, she was remembering something, that much he knew for sure. This next scan was the most important. She was ready, and he knew that now. Ready to know the truth. The sick, twisted, disgusting reality of the world they resided in. Even if it hit her smack dab in the face.

The next two weeks dragged by for Jared. Genesis continued to show bits and pieces of her old self as she completed her daily duties—cleaning the blackened filth that riddled their small abode and walking two and from the nearby city running degrading errands for the rich.

Genesis awoke early the day of her usual scan. She splashed disease ridden water on her face that trickled from their tap. Gliding into her ballet flats she spun and danced. The walk to the city seemed elongated due to the large rain drops soaring through the depressed sky.

Dripping wet Genesis sat in the large room with the window in the corner. The crisp gown lay on her damp lap. Something was different today however. Jared was nowhere to be found. Leaving her at the entrance
of the building he has said something peculiar. “Today is the day, the day you will remember”. Genesis whisked away the sentence as it went into one ear and out the other. He was always saying strange things. Before she had a millisecond more to think, a women with white hair entered the room. Wearing a candy-striper uniform she called Genesis’s name, in a questioning manner that Genesis thought to be familiar. They walked through a long hallway as Genesis began to perspired, her hands gripping the stiff paper in her hands. She halted.

“I don’t want to… to… to do it” she cried out, gasping for air which resulted in a panic of odd claustrophobia.

The white-haired woman calmly replied, “Do what dear? Breath child, it will all be alright.”

Genesis could not remember why she was shaking. Her thoughts has abandoned her just as quickly as they had come. Puzzled, she stared at the woman, forcing a smile. “I am so sorry, I am unsure of what you are talking about, what will be alright?”

The woman smiled and placed her hand on Genesis’s back, “Come now, it is not important.”

With a pinch and a thud, Genesis jolted awake in the spinning tube. Gown glowing, brain spinning. And then it was over. No pain. No new memories. Just a deep sense of fear that riddled her mind with realization. She pretended to be asleep however, not to wake up until dressed, sitting again in the big room. Old thoughts littered her brain. She waited until they reached their apartment that night to admit what she was feeling to Jared. *It doesn’t matter what I tell him*, she convinced herself. *He is getting scanned next week, and he will forget.* But before she even opened her quivering lips Jared spoke. “Welcome back, I’ve missed you.”
CHARACTERS
RONI, seventeen-year-old girl, with a strict mother who is sixty-five years old
CINDY, eighteen-year-old girl, best friend of Roni, with a laid back mother who is thirty-seven years old
STORE CLERK, middle aged woman, has seen the girls shopping at store many times prior

ACT I: Scene 1

CINDY [with a large, heart-warming smile] You look breathtaking Roni. There is no option— you have to buy that dress!
RONI [Frowning] This is really cool, but I could never take it home.
CINDY Why?
RONI [Annoyed] My mother would kill me.
CINDY [Confused] She would not “kill” you. I know my mom would love the dress on you.
RONI [Talking into the mirror] C’mon Cindy, your mom’s a different story, she’s cool, she’s into what’s happening. My mother’s strictly yesterday’s papers— [pauses, continues in a mocking tone] sensible shoes, [touches hair] tight little perms, Woman’s Day, and [looking disgusted] oatmeal cookies. [Turns to Cindy] Your mom’s, like, living in the present, she’s today. Uptown, you know, on top of stuff.
CINDY [Looks blankly at Roni] And... what does this have to do with you not wanting to buy this dress?
RONI [Talking fast, rambling and ranting] She would never go for the purple thing first of all, too flashy. Nope, not in a million years, no way. [Sarcastically] Her favorite color is stark white. I may as well forget about it. How is she going to go for something like this when she still hassles me about getting my ears pierced? [Pauses for a minute, turning back to the mirror, she touches the back of her ear and smiles favorably]
CINDY [Calmly] I just think— [Interrupted by Roni’s voice]
RONI This dress is totally cool, huh? And it fits really good too. [Turns to face away from mirror, looking over shoulder, and admires the back of her] And, I love the shoes [admires feet now in mirror] The platforms make me three inches taller [stands just a little bit straighter, the promptly falls into a slouch] But she’d freak.
CINDY Look, I really think you are throwing this whole thing out of proportion.
RONI [Annoyed with Cindy’s response] Oh yeah? You have no idea how conservative she is.
Cindy, now upset by Roni’s annoyance, turns away and walks to DL to look at a table lined with designer bags.

RONI [Walking DL to Cindy, drones out words] I’m serious

CINDY [Getting more annoyed] Look, Roni, [slight pause] it is a piece of clothing. It has nothing to do with who my mom is.

RONI [Slowly getting upset, raising voice] You’re mom’s hip and understanding and keeps up with the times...

CINDY [Mockingly] I know Roni— [interrupted]

RONI Yes, Buuuuuut, mine’s a total retarded about anything modern

CINDY [yelling] Oh. My. God, Roni— SHUT UP.

Roni stares at Cindy blankly as the store clerk quickly rushes over to the girls.

STORE CLERK [sternly] You girls need to settle down or leave. NOW. My establishment is too nice for such behavior. This is the second time this week alone that you two have made a ruckus in my establishment.

CINDY [Turning to Roni] See what you did? Now we are going to get banned from another store.

RONI [Still with raised voice] Oh, puhlease. Stop the drama.

CINDY [turning red] You know what Roni? I am done with you. It is a flipping dress. All this over a stupid, idiotic dress. Get over yourself. Maybe if you treated your mom a little better, she would learn to accept who you are. Respect goes [emphasizing] both ways.

Roni stares blankly at Cindy as if she is about to say something. Turning to the store clerk she begins to open her mouth but results to only close in and turn her body into a slouch. Without apologizing she hands the clerk the money for the dress in small bills, and walks out the store without her previous clothes which are still lying near the large mirror on a bench. Cindy does not go after her. Upon Roni exiting the stage DR, the lights fade to black.
“Take this kiss upon the brow!
And in parting from you now,
Thus much let me avow—
You are not wrong, who deem
That my days have been a dream;
Yet if hope has flown away
In a night, or in a day,
In a vision, or in none,
Is it therefore the less gone?
All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream.”

—Edgar Allan Poe
Stupid Worries
Imitation of Hanging Fire by Audre Lorde

I am eighteen
and my skin has yet to betray me
the boy I cannot live without
is moving over seven hours away
for five long years
How come my legs are always so pale
when I am of Portuguese and Native American decent
What if I die in a car accident on the way home tonight
and never get to say goodbye

I have to learn how to believe in myself
in time for college
My room is too messy for me
but I have no energy to clean it
There is nothing I want to do
yet I have too much to be done
What if I die from an anxiety attack in the middle of the night
and never get to say goodbye

Nobody ever stops to think
“is she really happy?”
I should be accepted into an art school
but I am not smart enough
I can’t afford it anyways
Why do I have to be so young
With so many health problems
I have nothing to wear tomorrow
What if I die from stroke next week
and never get to say goodbye

Written by Michaela Byron
Embarrassed
Michaela Byron

Why do parents get embarrassed when their toddler throws a tantrum in the store? Is it because they don’t like the burning stares from annoyed shoppers who already have a headache? I have no respect for adults that yell at their kids. My favorite is when they threaten, “I’ll deal with you at home”.
Is it really their fault? Toddlers don’t raise themselves.

Why do parents get embarrassed when their child’s teacher calls reporting obscene language pouring out of child’s mouth? Are they embarrassed because their child isn’t the little angel? “I can’t imagine where they heard that.” And “Don’t you dare watch that show again”.
Is it really their fault? Children don’t raise themselves.

Why do parents get embarrassed when their adolescent attempts suicide? Is it because they are sure they knew their child was happy? But nobody tries to die because they’re happy. Saying “It was for attention”. “How dare they do this to me?”
Is it really their fault? Adolescents don’t raise themselves.

Why do parents get embarrassed when their teenager gets into drugs? Is it because they are concerned for their child or perhaps they are blushing from what people might think of them? Parents who have lost all control of their child and are too ignorant to see why. Too embarrassed to stop saying “everyone has a choice”.
Is it really their fault? Teenagers don’t raise themselves.

Parents shouldn’t get embarrassed.

But is it really their fault? Parents don’t raise themselves.
Passionate nature

CHALLENGE HER LIFE

WHO NEEDS LOVE?

only in a WOMAN'S WORLD

THINK
Reflection

“I find that through my writing, I can get out my true emotions, and soon words built upon my own feelings, become a story of realistic fiction that others can enjoy.”
Creative Writing Reflection
3 June 2014

Creative writing is something that I have always enjoyed in my spare time. Ever since I was very young, I have loved to write short stories as well as poetry. When I was eight or nine I recall writing a three page play one afternoon, memorizing the whole entire thing, and preforming it that night— one of my fondest memories as a writer. Another memory I recall is when in eighth grade I wrote a poem titled, “Why”, and it was published in a nation-wide poetry book filled with collections from middle and high school students all over the country. I find that through my writing, I can get out my true emotions, and soon words built upon my own feelings, become a story of realistic fiction that others can enjoy. I chose this creative writing class for the sole reason of improvement. My goal in this class was to learn more about writing in order to improve my own stories and poetry. I enjoyed this class immensely due to the fact that it forced me to work on my writing. During the summer months, I am constantly writing short stories and posting them online. However, once I return to school, my time for writing is placed on the “back burner”. Having to write for assignments was both enjoyable as well as important since I realized my work almost became “stale” at first since I was so out of practice. At the beginning of the semester, my personal writing goal was to improve on my writing style. My hope was to learn how to become a more educated writer. Fortunately today, I am glad to say that I feel as though I did reach my goal, and am excited to continue my writing after high school.

My favorite assignment was the photograph story. I enjoyed this assignment so much because I love using pictures to develop characters in my stories. I am the kind of writer that loves to use adjectives and go into deep detail with what a character is wearing or looks like, so having a picture reference makes the story so much more alive for me. My least favorite assignment would have to be the ending story because I had to write a story based on another author’s ending. Getting my ideas onto the paper is usually easy, however when I have to follow
the ideas of another writer’s work, it is very difficult. I did not enjoy this assignment due to the fact that as a writer, my favorite part of creating a piece of work is deciding the ending. Even on the first page of writing a story, I am already looking forward to the ending.

Throughout this semester I realize that much of my work held a theme—uncertainty. Much of my work was of pleasant nature. My goal as a writer is to strike emotion into the reader, emotions that often revolve around something bad. I find that getting out any sad or angry emotions on the paper, often turn into a more negative piece. However, I always try to have my work end with a more positive ending, much like events in my life. This class greatly changed my perception of professional writing. Formulating my ideas when giving a specific assignment took much longer than if I took my own ideas and wrote. I realize now how difficult writing is as a whole, and I am grateful of what I have learned early on. This creative writing class has improved my own writing since much of the curriculum is learning how to write properly. Not that there is a right or a wrong way to right, however, there is a more improved way to write. Grammar, sentence structure, and word choice are three very important things I have learned more about in writing.

The last semester of my senior year was a very busy one, so although I was forced to work on my writing due to this class, I am disappointed that I could not have spent more time and attention on it. This class was by far, one of my favorite high school classes that I took in all four years of my career. There is nothing that I would change about this class due to the fact that I truly enjoyed it so much and I am very glad that I decided to enroll in it.