Madison Gilbert’s Creative Writing Portfolio
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Introduction:

In the beginning of the second semester, I had an open block in 3A. I had the choice between creative writing and an agriculture class. I choose creative writing because I don’t like outdoorsy stuff, and I thought the class would help improve my writing. I thought the class would be a great experience; however, I was a little nervous because I don’t find myself to be very creative. I started to enjoy creative writing class because I could easily express myself with a piece of paper and a pen. Throughout the creative writing class, I had the goal of being opened minded about projects. I did reach my goal of being open minded because I learned I am creative in my own way.

My favorite assignment was the narrative. This was my favorite assignment because I love writing about stories set in the future. Reading novels set in the future intrigues me, therefore writing my own was fun! However, my least favorite assignment was the two sonnets. I disliked writing the sonnets because I did not enjoy the structural factor. I found it hard to work with and stressful. While completing many writing assignments, I noticed common themes in my writing. I noticed I wrote about mornings, sunrises, or storms.

Throughout the class, my perception of professional writing has definitely changed. I have respect for professional writing, poems, and plays now. Prior to creative writing class I thought formal writing was boring, now I respect the authors’ thought and consideration towards the words. I hope to do something with my writing such as keeping a journal in college to help with stress.

If I were to add to the creative writing curriculum, I would add more time in the narrative department. I, would also spend less time focusing on poetry. I feel as if the unit of poetry was slow. Overall, I had a great experience in my creative writing class. I learned to write a narrative, different types of poems, and a play.
Narrative:

Rebellion

My name is Sage Cliff and I live in a world where our government believes in equality. However, their version of equality is transforming everyone into thinking in the exact same way. Or as I put it, brainwashing them into believing our society is perfect.

Doctors began to perform a simple surgery implanting a bean-sized chip into the back of the neck. The chip gave the government the ability to trick citizens into believing the government is permanently correct.

The operation didn’t work on me. As a kid I always had a diverse opinion than the other children. I thought abstractedly and put puzzles and clues together in my mind. My parents knew I was unique and understood things differently. Shortly before strange men and woman started showing upon my polished glass front steps, my parents began to explain why I thought differently. In soothing voices they explained the operation didn’t work on them either and they have spent years blending in, and memorizing citizens actions on who the operations did work – just like robots and the government has the controller. My father and mother taught me how to act just like a regular citizen.

As my parents predicted, strange men and woman began appearing at my doorstep. These people were tall, but muscular, and had constant serious faces. Their cheekbones and posture were impeccable. I soon learned the people arriving at my house were government special agents.

I feared Janet. Her jet-black hair was always tied back into a sleek bun and her grey government uniform was always crisp, never a wrinkle. Dull flower perfume filled my white living room every time she flawlessly entered. A smug smile continuously plastered onto her face like a Barbie Doll. Janet was the head government special agents. Janet would ask me questions about our government or about what we learned in school. She made me complete tedious tasks to study the way I processed information. However, my parents taught me well and she never caught onto my secret.

As I grew older, the government special agents stopped mysteriously appearing on my glass front steps. I think my test results were ideal. My parents continued to teach me how to blend into everyday situations. Around my sixteenth birthday my parents took me to chamber 57. Chamber 57 is located under the fifth glass sidewalk, seventy feet from the hovercraft shop. A small set of glass stars lowers you to a pristine painted white door. On the door lays a 57 in glazed gold numbering. My father pressed his manly hand up against the door and a small virtual green panel appeared reading his fingerprints. The door unlocked swiftly and my mother, father, and I entered an illuminated rectangular room. Reflections peered back at me, revealing my chocolate silky brown hair and my white uniform everybody is required to wear. Towards the upper left corner of the suit lays my name, Sage Cliff, in gold calligraphy. My image bounced off of multiple tiny mirror across the room.

“Welcome,” my parents said in unison as my father strolled towards a wall. He started creating circular motions and a mirror, which then split in two revealing a steal room. My family approached the oval cavity which then my father positioned the same palm against the chill disoriented reflecting wall. After descending three floors the doors slid open and I was greeted by majestic warm smiles of people who were just like my family – unique unlike the society built up around us.

I do not remember a day when our city wasn’t a perfect image. Or when our government wasn’t in complete control of our city ’s citizens. But today - today is different. Today a hazy mist scatters the tall glass sky scrappers of my city and the sky opens up to crackling thunder. Today, the buzz of
hovercars is in every direction. Today I am rebelling against my government. Today I fight back. I will stand up for the people who cannot make their own decisions and for the people who do not have their own opinion. I will fight for the freedom of equality. However, time is a thief, I must continue on my rebellion.

21 Line Narrative:

Unpredictable

Ducking behind the tower I protect myself from the scorching explosion. Shiny hovercars zoom through the dark intimidating grey clouds. Crouching on the broken ground, a bullets wiz inches away from my ear. Standing up swift, I press my body up against the steal wall and motion to Lane.

“Lane we have to get to the chamber,” I whisper. “The government is only going to continue fighting back.” I glide my eyes around to examine the terror on the next street. Neon oranges, reds, and browns are ablaze.

“Sage lets make a run for it,” Lane whispers, “1…2…3… Now.” The glass floor of the city street began to crumble under our feet. Sprinting down the cracking glass the street, desperate cries for help come from every direction. Moist, cool drops begin to fill the ski. The sky looked as if the world was ending. Soaking wet and sprinting through our perfect city now collapsing, questions race through my mind. Why did o have to figure out about government secrets? Why would the government lie and steel our identities? What are they trying to protect?

Stumbling down the stairs to the hidden chamber, Lane and I collapse into the clean white elevator dropping down to the chamber Lane whispers, “How does the government not know about his yet?”

“Nobody does, only people like us do,” I respond and place my thumb on the green scanner allowing us to enter the chamber. The doors open with a wish and Lane and I jump out. Racing down the bright white hall way – our footsteps sounding like a stamped, we reach the second elevator and Lane presses her palm against the green scanner. The elevator replied “Access Denied.” Both our hearts froze in the moment and our stomachs dropped.

“What?” We say in unison

“Access Denied.”

“No, no, no this cannot be happening,” I yell. Slowly turning around I watch a woman dressed in black. Her sleek black hair pinned back away from her creamy complexion. Behind her stood the people I despise: Special Circumstance.

“Hello Janet,” I whisper with a scowl on my face. She walks down the illuminated hallway, her posture impeccable.

Imagist Poetry/ So Much Depends on:

The Number 5
Rotating tires caring the
Rectangular shape
Reds, whites, golds
5 towards the latter on the right

**Homework**
To all my teachers at Narragansett High School-
I despise homework,
Tedious assignments turn into stressful
Hours
Which later turn to success

**Sunshine**
So much depends on
The sun
A fire ablaze in an atmosphere
Rays
Golden yellow sting
Through the glass windows

**Music/Picture and Poetry:**

**Monsters Inc.**
Monsters Inc.
A Disney Pixar favorite
Scary
Funny
Silly monsters
Doors and doors
Moving

**Perfection**
Thinking about that perfect
Night
The fluorescent stars above
An atmosphere so close yet
So far away
A blanket of black beauty
Engulfs the city night life
Vampire
Cool castle stone
Red velvet draped upon
Silver armory
Oak wood furniture
Impeccable tapestries

Chills
Disappointment is shown in
The gray eyes
Confusion in all directions
Screams and cries for help
Darkness surrounds
The sinking ship
Numb fingers toes bodies
Death
An eerie unsettling silence

Tanka:
Morning Walk
I walk down the street
To explore the beautiful
Array of colors
Pinks, oranges, and purples
Peeking above the ocean

Uncertain Destiny
The atmosphere is
A complete mystery to
The naked eye but
A world worth exploring and
Observing the unknown

Cinquain:
Today
Today I consider
Stepping towards the light
Or running away, it is my
Decision

**Time**
One hour.
One day at a
Time, one month, one year, a
Lifetime to create perfection
Is time

**Haiku:**

**Storm Serge**
Destroying the
Humid sky in the midst-
Of a hazy rain

**Paradise**
Crashing upon the
Glistening white sand- blue waves
Cascade the beach front

**Swamp**
An eerie mist fills
Space- tranquilizing the green
Patterns around me

**Hidden**
Beyond the aspen
Trees- lay a frosted world of
Twinkling snow caps

**More and More**
A significant
Vivid picture lays in my
Head upon others

**A Day**
Sun-up or sun-down
Bright lights sky, sun, stars
Peaceful, anytime

Ode:

A Tennis Court
Parallel white lines create a game
With a green base which turn to fame
Extensive training and footsteps skidding

The net projects a mirror image
Just like a game or scrimmage
Two opponents fierce and strong

Sometimes two opponents kidding along
Whacking the ball back and forth like a song
Up the alley or down the line
As the players continue to dance along

The City of Love
An eight hour flight to the city of love
Soring high in a jam packed airplane above
Skidding and bumping onto the landing ahead,
Thrilled my flight has come to an end

Jumping out of my seat to fetch my bag
I lung towards the first taxi I snag
Flopping onto the white comforter
I say to myself, that is a long way to bring oneself

Stepping out onto the balcony I see
The Eiffel Tower in front of me

Elegy:

To Her
Dear her-
I only remember the good memories
Not the bad, however
Gone so young by the smoke
And drag
Traveling alongside her through
Her ups and downs
Through winter and summer
Time speeds up
As the years flew by

Always beautiful and happy
Always smiling, never upset
Or crying
Until that day cancer came and took her away

I only remember the good memories not the bad, however
I do remember the day she disappeared

Carpe Diem:

Awake
Glistening over crystal water
Rays rise towards the drifting
Stars
With out stretched hands towards every soul

‘Carpe-Diem’- today is a new day,
A new month, a new year
And new goals have arrived

Sonnets:

Beauty
Beauty is hard to reach when already
Achieved in the eyes of greatness laid
A blossom of perfection steady
In the heart and soul her strength stayed
Dancing and skipping along the field
Whistling and singing nothing seemed
To stop her she was protected by a shield
To a stranger it was almost dreamed
Above her out stretched warm rays of sunshine
Just as beautiful as the girl I knew
Twirling in spirals twisting. Nine
Elegant purple flowers and ones blue
The girl I knew was a mystery
However today the girl is now history

A Storm
Through the darkest gray, murky hovers
Above non exposed bright beautiful rays
Cascading over the hill tops delay
Besides the glistening water covering
An underwater world undiscovered
By the curious children each day
Swimming through the wave surrounding the bay
Sailors try unconsciously to recover
Stabbing and grabbing in to the wild air
Searching, fighting against the dense wet chill
Engulfed in deep blue salt water splashing over
And again, desperately searching with care
Precious breaths taken away by the water hills
Tumbling one by one ready to cover

One Scene Play with Monologue:

Parents These Days
(Adriana, Pricilla, and William fighting.)

Pricilla: William! Are you crazy! My mother gave me those not to you!
William: Pricilla! You need to relax. Rosan, my mother, gave these to us! This ridiculous, I don’t even remember how we started all this BS.
Adriana: I can’t take this anymore! (Pricilla and William fall silent.) You guys are fighting over nothing now! Seriously (sighs) who cares about these stupid China plates. You are acting like children. I’m the kid here and I’m supposed to be looking up to my parents. I ca-
Pricilla: Adri-
Adriana: Mom, No! im done. What ever happened to this family? Do you both only ever think about yourselves? What about me? Have you ever thought about how I feel? This is stupid constant fighting over little things is driving me crazy. I can’t even agree with one of you because the other one freaks out. (She reaches for her car keys and purse) I’m leaving the wicked house hold.
William: (Sighs and rubs hand over face) Pricilla, we need to work this out. We are losing our daughter.
Pricilla: What do you suggest? This fighting is nonsense.
Picture and Play:

Ublac Bang Bang

(Shrieks span the alleyway in Bagdad, Iraq as civilians gather scarves to cover their mouths. Beth screams and the shock leave her body. Silent Beth has emerged. Before the gasping civilians lies a pool of steaming radioactive substance.)

Silent Beth: Ahhh… (voice fades off. A look of terror forever upon her face, she is a statue)

Gabriel: I’m sure its harmless (he chugs a soda bottle filled with the radioactive substance)

Whoa (his features begin to mutate slightly)

Ublac: Gaaaabbbrrrieeelllll (Ublac pushes and shoves through the stunned crowd of civilians.)

Did it work? Ohhhh mmyyy gooood!

Gabriel: Ublac, it’s your turn, you have been waiting for this moment, to step up an be a hero!

(Ublac kneels down examining the shimmering mysterious substance. He dips his finger in watches his finger transform into a scaled claw.)

Reinald: Here dude take my purple swimming goggles

Jerry: You’ll need my gas mask too! (Ublac places gas mask overhead.)

Ublac: (Bouncing back and forth he repeats) I’m ready, lets go its time. (In that moment Ublac dives in belly first into the radioactive substance.)

Three Scene, One Act Play:

Endless Love

Scene One-

Tiffany: (Jumping on sleeping Hannah, wearing bathing suit, ready to surf) Hannah wake up! Come on lets gooo. The swell is supposed to be huge at east bay! Come onnnnn!

Hannah: (Rolls over and looks at clock, saying in a sleepy voice) Tiff its 6:30 please (tiff gets up and gets a billabong bathing suit out of Hannah’s draw, throws it at her) five minutes!

Tiffany: Hannah lets go sleepy head! We should g now before the water gets crowded with wannabe surfers, you know I hate that! (Hannah pulls covers over her head and sighs) Hey! I heard that cute boy Brookes is going this morning. He’s supposed to be a good surfer.

Hannah: I’ll be the judge of that (flings covers off her body suddenly wide awake and gets quickly out of bed.) Grab my board, I’ll be down in five (she says with a smile.) I doubt he’s as good as us.

Tiffany: Yea true but then again we are on the Roxy Surf team. (She says happily walking down the beach house stairs)

Scene Two-

(Hannah and Tiffany grab surf boards out from the ancient jeep and giggle running towards the crystal blue water, on the path. Waves come in perfect sets. Several people are already in the water. When Hannah and Tiffany reach the rocks they climb down a little and attach their boards to their ankles and step towards the edge of the rock)

Hannah and Tiffany: 1…2…3! (They squeal while they fall 10 feet towards the ocean)
**Hannah:** Whooaaa! That’s my favorite part, jumping off the rock! (she quickly pulls herself onto her surfboard and begins to paddle past the reef, towards the break.)

**Tiffany:** God it’s beautiful! (they continue to paddle on their boards. After a cuddle duck dives, the girls reach their desired destination.)

**Hannah:** Who is that? (She props herself on her board and runs her hand across the glassy clear water. She notices a guy catching a wave who stands up swiftly in on movement. She gawks as she watches him ride the wave as he travels onto the barrel of the wave flawlessly.)

**Tiffany:** Oh that would be Brookes.

**Hannah:** You have got to be kidding me.

**Tiffany:** What?

**Hannah:** I met him last summer when I was in Fiji. It’s a long story… He is the definition of scum bag (she says sympathetically)

**Tiffany:** And you didn’t think to tell me!

**Hannah:** I got this wave! (Hannah shouts as she lies down on her board and begins the paddle.)

**Tiffany:** You better do some explaining when you get back! (Tiffany screams as she turns around to catch the next wave.)

(Hannah duck dives under a thundering wave, with tiffany right behind her. They wait for the next wave as the surfers continue to talk.)

Brookes and Hannah: Mine! (They shout in unison. Both kicking and paddling fiercely, competing for the wave. They lock eyes right as Brookes back out and Hannah pushes up onto her board. She smiles and she feels confident as she rides the wave.)

**Tiffany:** (whispering to herself) something definitely happened in Fiji that she isn’t telling me.

**Scene 3-**

(Tiffany and Hannah climb on the rocks, out of the water chatting about the waves they caught. Brookes trailing shortly behind them.)

**Brookes:** Hannah… (Hustling to catch up with them. Both girls look over their shoulders.)

**Hannah:** Letss gooooooo (seeming annoyed Brookes was making them wait, however wearing a smirk across her bronzed skin)

**Brookes:** Your Tiffany right? (Tiffany nods as she wipes droplets of water her board) Hey can I talk to Hannah real quick, we kind of have unfinished business. (He smiles and looks down all most shy. He never takes his eyes off Hannah.)

**Hannah:** That is debatable!

**Tiffany:** I’ll met you at the jeep (saying to Hannah as she gives her a confused look.)

**Brookes:** (He laughs awkwardly but still looks at Hannah as if he is in love.) Look I’m sorry. I know what your going to say in you sassy sarcastic voice, but I just wanted to say sorry.

**Hannah:** Brookes, what you did is unacceptable.

**Brookes:** Can’t you see Hannah! Are you oblivious! I am in love with you! I travelled around the world to find you and you won’t even accept the fact that I am truly in love with you! (His blue eyes look terribly sad like a lovesick puppy.) I know I made a mistake and I have apologized so countless amount of times, please.
Hannah: oh for gods sake (she places her board down. She stands on her tip toes and kisses him softly. She whispers) I missed you

Scene 4-
(In the car)
Tiffany: Wait, I’m sorry when you were in Fiji, last year, you feel in love with a gorgeous boy and you didn’t think to tell me! I’m your best friend for crying out loud!
Hannah: I know, I know I was just so hurt at the end of the summer with everything that happened. It just didn’t feel right to tell anyone ya know? I’m really sorry, I hope you understand!
Tiffany: I understand (she hugs Hannah) I just with you told me. (Pulling away and suddenly changes the mood) Hey! Wanna go get burgers?
Hannah: You know me to well!