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Look at the Past, Prepare for the Future

When I sit down and prepare the write something, I rarely am able to come up with anything initially. I’d sit, and wait, and contemplate. Then, a string of lines come together in my head and my fingers begin to fly across my keyboard. Each time I do this with a goal to complete something, I can typically produce something that I can feel content with. Yet when I write something that I get to be creative with, something that I have to truly enjoy writing for being able to scratch a creative itch that has been accumulating, is when I get truly proud of it and want to show it off. So if I were to say I’ve learned something over my experience of writing papers and stories, it would be that writing on a topic you love makes the words appear much more natural.

Each night, when my brain can’t quite sleep and is just thinking of so many things, I always find it amusing that I’m not writing anything down, and as a result I’d open up a document just to feel blank. Yet, when I do sit down and right something creative, it feels so nice and I want to show to the world only to feel shy and decide that perhaps I should keep my voice to myself. When I wrote a bit creatively during my experiences in English 1121, I never, rather tried, to think about the fact that what I write will appear to everyone in class, and that any student can read it if they so choose too. Yet, when I walked to class after turning in unit one and unit two, even unit four, I wanted to ask people what they thought of it. Instead I sat down and read novels on my phone, kind of hiding my desire to gloat by treating my writing as if its some embarrassing secret that deserves to be buried six feet deep. This shell that I wear to protect my writing that I’m so proud of inhibits me from seeking critique that I so desire. To let my creative writings flow and spread them to the world would be the greatest thing for me, yet even after this class which prompted people to write with knowledge that fellow classmates would be able to read it, I always hid it away. I still felt like no one other then the professor would read my work, simply because I didn’t interact with anyone. To go even further, I felt like an odd man out due to the fact my thought process wasn’t really mainstream and it felt really clear to me that my thoughts would not be able to sync with most people in the class.

Even as I write this reflection, I feel as if it won’t be shared. When this piece is done and over with it will be locked away after receiving a grade never to be opened. Granted this may prompt it to be brought up as an example but whatever. There are times where ignorance is the greatest bliss and I feel that if I could come up with some story and share it out with people I would feel much more content with hearing feedback. But as a writer I can’t help but feel like I haven’t really changed over the semester. I did however come to appreciate the support Dr. Hall provided over the course of the semester. Being able to hear confidence in my work, regardless of what I planned on doing, probably allowed me to write things that I probably would’ve never even dreamed of writing for school. So I guess maybe I did develop to be a bit more open, because why else would I write a manifesto to declare war on swimsuits in video games, why else would I decide to write a poem of a fantasy of a shut-in. These are topics that I most definitely would’ve wanted to keep to myself.

I guess in conclusion, I’m a writer who wants to be heard. To receive critiques and smile that I’m achieving the goal that I set for myself when I initially start writing a piece to its end. Honestly, I’ve received positive remarks for my writing from every teacher even in fifth grade when I wrote a short story about a Vietnam War squad. Over the course of English 1121 I have learned to be a bit more open and willing to traverse land that I never really thought of touching for academic purposes. Yet, when I want to write personally and share my work, I will probably remained closed and too shy to share ideas that come to mind. I can merely thank the class for giving me a new outlook and truly appreciate how it feels like to have a supportive class. If there was one thing I’d like to happen with my writing is that as time passes, it gets no longer associated with me. To leave behind a legacy that leaves people in awe is my dream as a writer. So my goal leaving English 1121, will be to try and be more open with my writing and share works I’m proud of more frequently.