



LA ULTIMATA OBRA

By: Angelica Salazar



Final Reflection

Being it's the end of another semester and the end of another English class I am proud to say that I have learned a lot about the different components of writing. Although, I have struggled with being able to fully capture the idea of some, I am proud to say that I have learned a tremendous amount.

When it came down to writing in general, whether it was to write a short story or to write journals I would struggle to find a topic to write about. Many ideas would roam around my mind, and I would struggle having to find the proper structure or base for my story. When writing this semester, based on the topics that were given although I did struggle a bit, I found it easier to find to write when assigned a topic. As a person who tends to over think, knowing what to focus on was really helpful, and the assignments did just that. I enjoyed many of the assignments that we were assigned to do throughout the semester. My reason for this was because all the assignments tied into the topic or the genre, or the components of writing in which we were assigned to do, and it helped me keep in mind the components I needed to focus on. For example, when formally critiquing different authors work, when asked to show what I specifically liked about the author's piece, I had to think and describe why I thought it was appealing, interesting, and what about the writing made me feel that way. I enjoyed it because it gave me an idea of how I would want to feel about my pieces when reading them. Other assignments such as journals I think also helped improve my writing.

When writing journals, I felt as though we were able to express how we felt when writing on the various topics, the variety of genres, and the different techniques used in writing to elaborate or to show without telling. Another thing I enjoyed about writing journals was that we

were able to read what our peers have also written. When reading other classmates journals, it was helpful to know that I wasn't the only one who would struggle in certain areas, it made me more confident and comfortable with what I was writing. After writing a couple different pieces using different perspectives, and exploring in each piece how its background, characters, and tone etc. can be modified to tell a new story or simply telling new stories based on a different genre, I surprised myself with being able to complete a few of my own stories. I rarely find myself writing stories, and honestly journals come and go but, after writing and reading different pieces I find myself more intrigued when writing fictional stories.

This semester made me feel more open to writing more on a regular basis. When writing, being able to change or develop new ideas or making up the story as you go really lets you be a part of the piece you are writing. I like being able to put a bit of me into something that may not necessarily have to do with me, by this I mean it could be a bit of my personality, sense of humor, or it might be something that I may see has personal and others not so much. Although I think its pretty common sense for that to be included in ones writing but, I didn't know how it felt to have my story completed, formally criticized, and being able to work on the areas were some components such as context, dialogue, and its setting to be more intriguing or appealing. With that being said, some of the work I am most proud of are the following.

Memoir: Meet My iPhone11

I currently have the iPhone 11, which I have only had for two months. I bought it a week before my birthday. I had always planned on buying myself the iPhone 11. Aside from the many newer features the phone came with, Apple came out with a variety of colors for the iPhone 11, and Lavender was by far my favorite. Lavender has always been my favorite color, not only the color but the plant and the smell it has. The story of acquiring my phone goes a little like this...

I previously had the iPhone 8 which I had received as a gift from my mother in 2018. The phone itself has some scratches and some cracks but it still functioned properly, and I didn't necessarily need to buy a new phone. During my lifetime so far, I have had around 6 to 7 phones. The reason why I've had this many phones is because for the majority of the phones that have been in my possession, I would be careless, and they would end up being destroyed in some way or form; cracked or with a broken screen. Knowing this about me it goes without saying that I was once again clumsy and careless enough to have dropped the iPhone 8. It was in the middle of a volleyball game, with a few friends. I was wearing biker shorts that had no pockets, I made the decision to place my phone between the shorts and my thigh. When jumping to set the ball as my heels finally touched the ground, the phone slipped and dropped to the floor. I remember the feeling of my heart dropping when I had heard my phone fall on the ground. With the sound alone I knew the phone would be broken. As I went to pick up my phone, I saw that both the screen and the back of the phone were cracked, I was upset because at the time I didn't have a phone case and having placed my phone between my shorts wasn't a smart idea. I had taken my phone case off because the case I had prior to dropping it was clear, which was looking more yellow than clear.

After being phoneless for 2 days and debating whether I should fix the phone or not, I decided that this accident was the perfect excuse to buy the iPhone 11. After purchasing the phone online, I almost immediately searched on amazon for a screen protector and a case for the phone. I decided to thoroughly look for a case that I liked and that will protect my phone if it falls. When coming to the decision to which phone case to buy, Otter cases caught my attention. I was excited that only a couple days after I placed my order the phone came in the mail, and it was just in time for my birthday. I am currently in love with this phone partially because of the new features such as portrait mode for the front camera and other features that I am still exploring) but mainly because I finally bought myself something that I had been waiting to get and most importantly it's in my favorite color. My beautiful lavender phone has a well-protected screen and a phone case whose outer rim is navy blue and has protected my phone from many falls.

Last Night in New York

Shit Abby thought as she looked at her watch, 3:12 AM was displayed on her bright glowing screen. She looked at herself in the bathroom mirror, she took a deep breathe in and shook her head she could not believe it was 2 hours past the time she said she would go home. There in the club bathroom Abby was standing, she felt as though the room was spinning around her.

Water she thought, *water to sober up.*

The music grew louder as the bathroom door opened, as she stepped out, she was blinded by the colored lights flashing circling over her. On her way back to the table where her friends Heather and Crystal were, she felt as though her feet were losing circulation with every step she took. Crystal, in a violet satin dress placed her drink down,

“Finally, you took forever in that bathroom.”

“Where’s Jordan?” Abby asked.

“Bar” Heather slurred pointing towards the bar.

Abby tried to spot Jordan through the crowd of people, but all she saw were blurred faces.

“I’ll be right back” Abby told them, but Crystal and Heather were too busy observing the club looking for their next boy toy. Making her way closer to the bar, she winced with every step.

“Water please” she told the bartender as she leaned over the bar stool for support.

“Water” the bartender said placing the bottle down in front of her. She spotted Jordan, signaling the bartender for another beer.

“Hey, it’s late, I should start heading back home, got a big day tomorrow.” Abby said, tapping him on the shoulder. “Thanks for tonight, the party continues in Las Vegas” she added leaning in for a hug

“Yeah, of course. I should be headed out too, do you want a ride?” Jordan offered.

Abby did not take long in deciding to accept Jordan’s offer it was almost 4am on a weekend, and she needed to get some sleep before her flight tomorrow at noon.

“Let me just finish this one” Jordan said as he raised the beer in his hand. Abby turned her back towards the bar, she saw Crystal and Heather giggling near an older and strange man. She decided to let them enjoy their night and send them a text later.

“Ready?” Jordan asked, she nodded.

A gust of cold wind blew through Abby’s hair as Jordan opened the door to the outside, she could smell and feel the cold fresh air. As the door closed behind them the music playing from the club was silenced.

“The car is around the corner, you mind walking?”

“No, it’s too cold to stand and wait anyways” Abby replied, walking forward.

The night seemed dead

3:59AM.

“Are you going to get enough sleep for tomorrow? What time is your flight?” Jordan asked

“Let’s hope I don’t oversleep” Abby said with a slight chuckle “the flight is at noon, why you wanna give me a ride” she added jokingly as she pulled the passenger seat open from Jordan’s car. Suddenly, a dark blue van pulled up to the side of the car, two men wearing black hoodies approached Jordan’s window.

“Jordan?” Abby called in a quivering tone, something about the way the two men were approaching the window made her feel uneasy. Jordan silent, looking at Abby he shook his head and before he could get words out his mouth bullets were attacking Jordan’s four door Sedan. Within an instant Abby ducked and fell as low as she could get in the car, she was frozen. Moments later the ricochet of the bullets ceased, and the sound of car doors slamming, and screeching tires signaled the two hooded men were gone.

“Jordan?” Abby yelled, but there was no response, the tears in her eyes were on the verge of expelling. It was silent, and Abby dreaded the thought that was going through her head.

Still crouched she checked her surroundings, no sign of Jordan. Abby stepped out of the damaged car she was shocked to notice the many bullet marks left on the vehicle. She slowly circled over to the opposite side of the car, she noticed streams of blood, they all started at the same site, Jordan. Tears ran down Abby’s cheeks as she saw Jordan lying on the ground. She felt her heart sink, the horrid image of Jordan’s deformed faced was an image she could not unsee. Sobbing hysterically, she dialed 911. There on the ground of the cold dark sidewalk Abby, just hours away from a flight, scrambled to find the words to tell a phone operator that her friend was just shot and killed.

Poem: 10 meters down

Over the edge

the water looks calm.

Untouched.

Will it hurt?

It's too far down

Should I Jump?

It looks bottomless.

Fear and Anxiety

Work their way

Up to my mind.

No,

Its to far down

No,

Its 10 meters down

Dialogue Scene 1: Reunion

Angelica:
Hey, how you been?

Keila:
I've been alright, what about you
I miss you bitch

Angelica:
Same I do too, miss the high school days less responsibility

Keila:
Bro, for real, good times. Life is depressing now
I'm over it lmfao

Angelica:
Same, need to move to someplace cheaper, life in New York is too expensive

Keila:
I'm literally on the same page, I have been looking for an apartment to move in with my
boyfriend and son

Angelica:
Bitch you have a son?! How old?

Keila:
LOL we need to catch up haven't spoken in mad long

Angelica:
I know LOL, I didn't know how we left things
But when are you free?

Journal 3

Writing the memoirs so far, I would say that its not as bad as I originally thought. I thought an issue I would encounter would be not having much to write about, but when there are certain details you need to explain it gives you more to talk about so the reader fully capture the picture. I don't think I am the best writer in general or all, I tend to over think things, a lot but so far it hasn't been the worst. I enjoy that on the topics that I have written so far, I originally wouldn't have thought more about them than just memories but when writing them it actually feels nice to in a way relive them. I never really was one to write journals but after writing these memoirs and journals I am more intrigued to try to write in my free time. I personally love to read memoirs, my favorite one that I have read so far has to be *The Glass Castle* by Jeannette Walls. Walls does a good in writing about the many chaotic events in her life as well as describe them in amazing detail. Reading memoirs like *The Glass Castle* was very touching to me in the way she grew up. Other Authors with either similar struggle or different events in their lives make memoirs interesting to me because reading about their lives in a way helps me or lets me know there is chaos or significant events in every one lives and everyone goes through certain struggles. I hope in future journals or memoirs I don't run into any issues or "writers block" when writing future assignments.

Journal 4 Revision Story of Journal 4 with dialogue added

Chang CLASIC BEER, the green sign read, hung above the ordering area of the restaurant.

"Thai Food?" Joanna suggested

"Think it's good though? What if we don't like it? I've had Thai food that wasn't so good" Monika bickered

Joanna rolled her eyes, "Mon, just get pad Thai. Imma order, you gonna get?"

Joanna was walking towards the cashier who seemed busy with previous orders, she patiently waited for the cashier to call her to place her order.

"Next!" the cashier shouted

"Can I get an order of shrimp pad Thai, with spicy sauce, and a canned coke" Joanna looked back at Monika, then looked back towards the menu, insinuating if she wanted to order something now was the chance to do so.

"Can you make it two orders" Monika added on

"Two orders, same?" the cashier repeated

"Yes" they both said

It was not long after both Monika and Joanna received their food, that should have probably been the first red flag. Industry city was crowded that afternoon, all the seating was taken and Joanna and Moika were struggling to find seating that was distant from the crowd, because of COVID.

"Can we just sit behind the school? They have tables." suggested Monika

"Yeah, it's way too crowded and I need to eat my food in peace" Joanna shook her head and was surprised at the amount of people at Industry City, looked almost as if the virus weren't contagious. The school was just up the avenue of 35th street and 2nd, in Brooklyn, they found seating by the school and luckily there weren't so many people. Eager to try the food, the girls quickly started to eat their pad Thai and burnt their tongue.

"mmh" Monika winced

"Burnt your tongue too?" Joanna asked

"Yeah. I'd thought the food would be warm by now" Monika Replied

As they were enjoying their meals and catching up with one another Monika from the corner of her eye saw something move. She stopped eating and stared at the plate of food waiting for it to move again.

"Mon, was is it?" Joanna asked,

"I swear something moved," Monika mentioned, pointing to the food.

After waiting for a while to see if the food moved, both Joanna and Monika stared at each other as if the other were crazy. Joanna insisted Monika was being over the top and exaggerated, but after picking up the last scoop of pad Thai Joanna saw it wiggling, trying to escape between the chopsticks.

"A WORMMM " Joanna screeched "No way, no way this is fucking gross!"

Looking at Monika, Joanna dropped the food into the disposable bag. Joanna upset, started to shake her head and think about the half-eaten food that could have possibly contained more than one worm. Joanna was shocked, and disgusted

"Did yours have anything in it?" She asked Monika

"I lost my appetite when I mentioned it, I don't even want to check" Responded Monika
"I told you we weren't going to like it" Monika added jokingly