

Final Reflection



Amna Ahmed

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Throughout this class, I have learned an adequate amount about myself as a writer. I learned that I thrive best when I have a theme or prompt given to me to write about. Writing based off of a prompt or theme gives me a base to work from. A prompt also gives me a clear direction to write. For instance, writing journal assignments were really easy for me to write since I was given a prompt to write from. Contrastingly, writing short stories, poems, and dialogues were harder to write compared to journal assignments. I was given a lot of creative freedom to write short stories, poems, and dialogues. Therefore, I had to get creative and think about what to write from start to finish. This was difficult for me to do because there is so much that can be written about and at the same time there is nothing to write about. It was hard for me to pick what to talk about when I am given the opportunity to write on my own. However, from this class I have gotten much better at writing creatively. In other words, I can write about a topic without needing a prompt to start from. The memoirs and short stories were very enjoyable to write because I had the freedom to write about what I wanted. Most times I have had a prompt to write from. It was daunting at first because I did not have a lot of practise writing independently. In this class, I have had the freedom to write what I want, which was just what I needed to evolve past high school writing.

An early assumption that I had of myself was that I was not a good writer. I believed that my writing was not great, that it was just subpar. I had thought that there were a lot of things

wrong about the way I wrote, either the way I organized my writing or the sentence choices. However, I no longer believe this about myself. Once I got to college, I realized that I was actually a pretty good writer. The way I organize my essays in reality is great. My organization of my essay is comprehensible and offers a clear indication of what is to come next. In addition, my sentence structures are also fine. Although I learned that I am a great writer, I also learned that I must work on my grammar. I do not like to edit my work after I am done writing because I hate reading over my work. After taking this class, I learned that I should not listen to others' opinions because everyone has their own unique way of writing.

A piece of writing that I am extremely proud of is the poem I wrote. In all of my schooling, I was never required to write a poem and therefore never developed that skill to write a poem. I wrote my first poem for this class. My poem was about quarantine. The poem describes how I felt about quarantine. At first, it was genuinely hard for me to write a poem. However, with practise I got better at it. Because of this class, I am now able to write poems.

Since high school I have known what type of reader I am, this class only reaffirmed what kind of reader I am. When I was in high school, my teachers taught me a series of steps on how to properly read articles and short stories. It is essential to have a physical copy of the short story because the hard copy lets me annotate the short story. I still do this to this day. Everytime that I have had to read a short story, I print it out and annotate it because it helps me take note of important moments in the reading. Another thing that I have learned is that I can read through several pages without losing focus. This is because in high school english class, I was required to read chapters of a book every week so I got used to reading a lot of pages. Therefore, it was straightforward for me to do discussions based on the required readings. This is also why I

enjoyed doing the formal critiques. After annotating the reading, I had mostly done all the work for the formal critiques.

One of my favorite short stories from this class was *The Water Dancer* by Ta-Nehisi Coates. At first, I was very confused when reading because this book had a lot of metaphors. In order to understand the book, I had to also understand the metaphors. But this is not why I enjoyed the reading, I enjoyed the reading because it affected me unlike any other book. The author's use of imagery really painted a scene for me especially, when the main character was drowning. Reading about the character going through death was very different and therefore interesting to read.

The knowledge that I have learned from this class can be transferred to other writing situations. The knowledge that I have gained were mostly realizations about habits that I have and skills that I have obtained. An extremely beneficial habit that I realized I have is annotating any reading that I must read. I annotate important moments, take note of setting and repetitive words, and take note of similes and metaphors. Annotating this way helps me understand the reading better and prepares me for the questions I have to answer after. This skill can be used in another writing situation because this skill makes me pay more attention to smaller details. Some skills that I have attained are, being able to read fast, being able to creatively write a short story and poem, and focusing on reading. These habits and skills are transferable because they can be applied to many different situations. For instance, I can apply reading fast and focusing on the reading to writing in-class essays. Being able to write creatively allows me to be better at writing my own piece of work.

Memoir

I first got my AirPods in December of 2019. My mom offered to buy them for me since there was a sale. I never really wanted AirPods because I did not need them. I had regular earphones. They worked just fine. I initially had some doubts about getting the AirPods. Since they were so small and nothing connected the AirPods together, I thought I would lose them. Or break them since they could fall anytime. I also did not like the idea of having to carry around a big boxy case with me everywhere. The case felt very inconvenient.

However, my doubts about the AirPods changed once I got them. I absolutely love them now. They are the only earphones that I wear now. Not only are they wireless, but they also come in their own case. My favorite feature about the AirPods is that whenever they are in the case, they are charging. In other words, the AirPods are always fully charged and never not charged. This is such a convenient feature for earphones to have. I also really love that the earphones are wireless. I never really noticed how annoying the long wire can be, especially in bed. The wire would get all twisted or in places I do not want it to be in. With the AirPods, there is no wire. Therefore, I can genuinely enjoy what I am listening to.

After having the AirPods for more than a year, I can truly say that I do not ever see myself going back to regular earphones. Nor do I see myself upgrading to the AirPods Pro. My current AirPods are perfect. I even got my AirPods case. The case is really nice to have since the original case for the AirPods would get quite slippery at times. Using a case prevents them from falling as they have in the past.

Short Story

The mother looked like she was in distress. The younger daughter looked like she was ready to start laughing. The older daughter however, was ready to fight. They had just turned the corner passing by a bodega when they were stopped by the group of men standing outside the bodega. The mother was wearing a hijab while the other two had their hair free. The men targeted the mother saying, "Go back to your country! We don't want terrorists here!". The mother and daughters were shocked to hear such hateful words from what looked to be fellow muslims. The men looked to be of Arab descent while the women looked to be South Asian. After getting over their surprise, the older daughter got in their face ready to argue. "Don't you dare talk to my mother like that, you piece of shit! It's kind of hypocritical of you calling us terrorists when you're also muslim. You apply to the stereotype as well. Dumbass." As the daughter was talking, the mother yelled for her daughter to stop talking. The mother looked very afraid for her daughter because the men continued to grow angrier by the second. After the daughter had said her piece to the men, she turned to her mother and authoritatively said, "Let's go."

Poem

Quarantine by, Amna Ahmed

Quarantine, Quarantine, Quarantine.

Looming overhead like a guillotine,

It slithered and crawled in like a serpentine,

The cause of misfortune and disruption of routine,

Almost as if a predestine,

Bringing about disease and destruction in the vespertine,

Halting life and spreading death at a clandestine,

Owing to funerals and colors of pristine,

It sure is no valentine,

More likely to churn the intestine,

Caught onto humans like nicotine,

This Quarantine has descended like a byzantine.

Dialogue

Me to My Mom:

2:53pm

Mom: "Where are you now?"

Me: "College"

7:26pm

Mom: "You got plates?"

Me: "What?"

Mom: "Car license plate"

Me: "Yes we did"

6.59pm

Mom: "Where are you?"

Me: "At Starbick's drive thru"

Mom: "Ok"

Mom: "Come home safely"

Me to My Sister:

Sis: "Pls"

Sis: "I can't take it anymore"

Sis: "I should've just gone up"

Me: "Calm down"

Me: "Making it a big deal and all"

Me: "Just do one thing and come up. All you gotta do is show face and you're done"

2:00am

Me: "Are you using your charger?"

Sis: "Leave me alone"

Me: "Pleaseeee. I really need it. My phone's at 3 percent!"

Sis: "Too bad so sad"

Me to My Friend:

Friend: "My feet are fake cute"

Friend: "I hate feet but people really love them"

Me: "I hate feet too. Especially other people's feet"

Friend: "I only like my feet and I barely like them"

Me: "Same!"

Friend: "Men's feet are disgusting"

Me: "My dad's got dinosaur feet, so gross"

Journal #2

I can't remember a time where I truly felt anonymous. Recently however, I have been forced to be anonymous in my own home. Not too long ago, I moved into a new house where I got my own room. I took decorating my room very seriously because this was the first time I had my own room. Previously, I have shared a room with my sisters. My main goal in decorating my room was to make it as comfortable and homey as possible. In comparison, my brother's room is very scarce and minimal. My brother has told me multiple times that he likes my room more than his own, thus he visits often. Lately, my brother has started to sleep in my bed now. In the beginning I didn't mind. He said that my bed was more comfortable than his. The compliment boosted my ego. Therefore, I let him sleep in my bed more. Although this has had a bad effect on my brother. Now he comes in too often. Most times, I would have to wait for him to wake up to go to bed. I feel bad waking him up myself. So, I tell my mom to do it instead. I feel bad waking up a sleeping person. Therefore, I remain anonymous while working behind the scenes to take my bed back.

Journal #4

I visited my mother's salon. The first thing I smelt was a bunch of chemicals, fragrances, and food. The first thing I felt was heat. The first thing I saw was people in masks and clients sitting with a chair in between every other client. It felt so weird to return to my mother's salon after so many months. Seeing how everything changed felt weird. Just a few months before I was sitting in a chair waiting for my mother to cut my hair wearing no mask with my friend standing right in front of me. And now I see people sitting so far from one another. Barely anyone was able to hold a conversation with anyone because tensions were so high. People are scared about Covid-19, or of the election. Some were scared of how loved ones from back home were dealing with Covid-19. That was it. Most conversations that were spoken, either were about Covid-19 or the upcoming elections. The conversations were more secluded, spoken softly, and more private. It felt wrong. At the salon all you ever heard was talking. Usually about, gossip, rumors or what the best facial treatment was. There was also so much food. After working, many of the employees would go out and get lunch to eat back at the salon. The masks make the salon feel so sterile. The salon is no longer a place of laughter but now a place of caution. The masks make me feel unsafe and that one wrong move could get me infected. However, the smells remind me that life can be normals again. The smells of the salon bring me back to a time before Covid-19. Where we could all sit next to one another and be free to closely talk and eat. Before a time where wearing a mask was not the norm.