



INSIDE MY MIND

BY MALIK LEE

Refelction

To My Readers,

This year has been the worst roller coaster I've ever been on. These past few days I felt myself becoming drained physically and mentally dealing with this semester, balancing my work life along with my social life.

Through the semester I've learned how to not overwhelm myself when it came to completing assignments with the help of my trusty iPhone calendar and reminding app so I wouldn't forget due dates.

Online classes aren't bad when there is one or two but A WHOLE SEMESTER can only be defined by one word which is stressful. There have been days where I felt giving up and throwing in the towel but I remember how far I've come with my education along with the importance of my education. One of my favorite assignment from this course has to be creating poems. Writing poetry comes natural to me since I've learned the many forms of poetry knowing words don't have

to rhyme every time. One of the poems you will be reading in the next few pages titled “Ode To My Brother” displays the feelings towards my brother’s passing. I decided to share the piece with the class because I don’t have the opportunity to discuss the way I feel to those close to me without getting emotional. The feedback I received from Professor Penner made me smile inside and out she broke the poem down exactly the way I’ve wrote it detailing all the emotion and vulnerability put into the poem.

In conclusion, this course has helped me improve in my writing allowing to be very expressive and able to expand myself. Before enrolling in this course, I was not very confident in my writing feeling as if my writing wasn’t strong enough but with the help of professor Penner along with my classmates’ feedback and comments help boost my confidence giving me the urge to continue writing poetry maybe even creating a book. I would like to thank and my classmate for tagging along this hectic journey with me WE DID THIS SEMESTER WASN’T EASY

BUT WE MADE IT and to professor Penner thank you for replying to every email I've sent!

As you begin to read my work, I would like for you to follow these three easy steps

- 1) First CLEAR YOUR MIND
- 2) Second WIPE YOUR FEET
- 3) Three WELCOME INSIDE MY MIND

DON'T FORGET TO CLOSE THE DOOR BEHIND YOU

Enjoy !

- Malik Lee

Memoir

Bullying does not always have to be childish play; it can be extremely violent. People may be killed, bruised, or even injured. Kids under the bad influence may turn very violent. Parents, relatives, friends, T.V., music, and pictures may all influence people, especially when they are in a lowered state of mind. Bullying can have a negative effect on someone's upbringing or something worst like the decisions they decide to make in life.

Throughout my childhood in school, I was bullied for multiple things such as the way I walk, talk who I decided to associate with, and how I carried myself. Even people in my neighborhood teased me and picked on me making my upbringing feel worse than a regular traumatic experience. Being called hurtful names while people laughed really took a toll on my self-esteem making me feel less of a person even worthless. Up until entering high school, I had a sigh of relief being able to have a fresh start (clean slate). In high school I wasn't judged because of my mannerism or of my sexual preference people enjoyed being around me for my personality. As I recently celebrated my 24th birthday I look back on how going through my childhood shaped/molded me into the young adult I am today and how I grew as a person. With the help of supportive friends who help me stay grounded allow to see how much I matter to them & showing me the value, I hold in their life. I've realized the more I become older the less I begin to care about what others think or say to me. Even though I still run into people who feel they have the need to express their thoughts/views on my life makes me laugh because people cannot tell some else how to live the only life they've been given. In this present day, I feel people should be able to live their life freely without any judgment or care in the world.

Short story

It was a crazy morning inside the Moore house as everyone was rushing around making sure everything was packed and set to begin their brand-new day here in Dallas, Texas except Joshua. Still upset about his family relocating from Morrisville, New Jersey, Joshua wasn't too eager to attend his first day at Hillside All Boys Preparatory High School. At his previous school he was the star quarterback, one of the most popular seniors and he was excited to spend it with his friends. His younger sister Jennifer was ecstatic to turn over a new leaf, make new friends and have a fresh start.

As Joshua mopped around the house, his father Ben Moore couldn't wait to start his new job as vice president for one of the largest distribution companies. Without his wife in the picture Mr. Moore felt he was the one that has to guide his one and only son to follow in his footsteps, with the hopes of one day having Joshua work for him. Joshua's dreams were very different from his father's. His dream was to become an NFL quarterback for his favorite team, The

Giants." I 'am going to start counting," Mr. Moore yelled from the main door of

the house. "If I get to one so help me God, you're in big trouble!"
Running pass

Five.....four..... three...Josh two.... Staggering down the steps Joshua barely made

New York

Joshua's room to the steps his sister Jennifer whispered, "you better hurry up."

it before one. Entering the car Mr. Moore decided to give his kids a pep talk to

make sure that they are ready for their first day. Quickly both Joshua and Jennifer

put their headphones in, tuning their father out.

Pulling up to their first stop which happen to be Jennifer's school, she jumped out

the car before her father could even say have a nice day. As he began to pull off,

Joshua took out his cellphone and proceeded to open up the note application.

"Before you continue driving please, please, please just hear me out", Joshua

pleaded. "Go ahead Joshy," Ben replied. "Okay- whoa don't call me Joshy. I'm not

six anymore, alright? I wrote down a list of reasons why we should move back to

Jersey," insisted Joshua. "Here we go again," Ben interrupted as he rolled his

eyes. Joshua continued, "Dad please, number two-I hate it here. Three..." "Wont

cha look it here! Time for you to get out", interrupted Mr. Moore. He then turned

to Joshua and said, "listen I know it's been rough moving especially since your

mother left us, but everything will be just fine. I have good faith that we'll be ok

Joshua, trust your old man on this one. Now please get out.”

Joshua sighs deeply and exits the car with a disgusted look his face as he turned

back to his father mouthing the words, “really dad.” As his father drives off Joshua

pretends to enter the school build but waits till his father is far enough to order a

Uber to the nearest airport. What Mr. Moore didn’t know was that Joshua has

been planning to buy a one-way ticket back to

Morrisville. Joshua has kept in contact with his best friend Jeremiah who has been helping orchestrate Joshua’s plan.

Getting inside of his Uber Joshua opens his bookbag making sure he has enough clothes to last him until he’s able to purchase more, Arriving the airport josh went straight to the front desk requesting a ticket to Morrisville, New Jersey. Before pulling out his wallet to pay for the ticket he felt a firm grip on his should while turning around Joshua’s eyes began to open wide seeing his father’s angry face. The only two words Mr. Moore was able to utter was “why josh” holding his cellphone revealing he was able to track Joshua’s every move.

Poem

Something Real

If I ever complimented the
Way those brown eyes melt
Into golden rays in the sun,
It's because I feel a connection
To your soul
Your window
You let the light within shine
Through and it's truly radiant
These are the moments I want
Want to last forever
When it's all said and done,
Your arms are where I still
Find comfort and the feeling for
Something Real but....
I know it's real. I Feel you.
skin to skin
Holding my hand because I
become

Clumsy tripping over my own
feet

Or the way you grab my fingers

To stop biting my nails to you

it's nothing

But for me

That's just

Something real

Ode To My Brother

You gave no one a last farewell

You were gone before we knew
it

And only god knows why

You left many hearts broken

Conversations left unspoken

Physically you're gone but
spiritually you're here

In life we loved you and death
even more

SEVEN is the number of
completeness

You completed us perfectly

11-1=10; 7 Seven sewyn

We miss you everyday

Until we meet again

With love always

-Your little brother

Dialogue

Tuesday 9:30 AM (Sandra ❤️)

Sandra: Sends attachment

A screenshot of a message between 3 people

Malik: I think ya should sit and talk instead of text

Sandra: *we, you have some stuff to say too

Malik: I spoke to her a little on Halloween, but this is between you guys honestly you feel away about her & Michelle whatever & she feel you giving funny vibes based off the messages I understand how you feel but this situation doesn't involve me so I'm going to fall back

Sandra: like broooooo no im saying, all the stuff you told me about her and Ashley, cause you said you tlked Tiffany a little. and of course, what i have to say about whom ever involves you lmaoo hellooooo. just say we gotta tlk to whoever have an issue with

Absolutely right

oh, and with Michelle, i dnt have nothing to say to her, remember it was really what i have say to Tiffany

4:30 pm

Sandra: Sends attachment

Sandra: definitely sent yall the invite a month ago but i anit got nothing to say

Malik: Right but I'm still coming

Sandra: thank you malik i appreciate it ❤️

Malik: You should be able to have you space and grow within yourself without having your “friends” well you “family” feeling any type of way thanks mind bothering. I’ll call you once I get off work”

7:30

Sandra: On my way!

Sandra: on grafton

9:30 pm

Sandra: I can see it in your face lmaooooo 😭 I know you’ve been going through a lot since your brother passing. For them to be your family/cousins the way they treat you so wrong

Malik: Nah its good people won’t understand until the shoe is on the other foot them, they want all the sympathy I’ll always be good to be very honest

Sandra: come with me outside & talk real quick

Journal

#1

Writing short stories was a little bit difficult for me especially with finding a way to start. I was really intrigued to see how my creativity along with my imagination was able to fun freely which began to make the process a little easier.

Both short stories I've written weren't from my personal experiences more so of what popped up in my head as I began to type. The easiest part for me was creating characters and the relations to each other. The difficult part was thinking of a setting and coming up with transitions if there were any. Also creating a dialogue between characters making it realistic as possible. Trying to be descriptive with the characters so readers will be able to visualize them and pay attention was difficult as well because I didn't want the readers to become boring towards the middle of my short stories.

#2

Throughout my high school years, I've gain multiple friends but none I considered as close friends except one. Cindy was someone who was by my side 24/7, we had classes together, lunch and even skipped classes to hang out in the city. After graduating we still managed to remain friends no matter what. We've seen each other handle whatever life through our way with no problem promising to support one another. Cindy showed interest in becoming a makeup artist and began to do photoshoots for upcoming fashion brands which she would drag me along to her help like an assistant and I had no problem doing since she was my friend, while assisting her I became fascinated with wardrobe styling. Working towards starting a career in styling some designers would allow me to help create their look-book for their new collection and being the good friend, I would ask Cindy to join me. After a while Cindy started to send my calls to voicemail, lie saying she's not home so I wouldn't come over and begin to bash me on social media as a terrible friend. Once I was able to get a hold of her by randomly bumping into her, we grabbed

some food and decided to catch but I was more interested in finding why she's been avoiding me. Cindy revealed she's been dating a guy who wasn't fond of me being friends with her convincing her she's needed to cut me off. The conversation hurt my feelings being that we've been friends for a long time and to allow a guy to change it all, He also feed her lies of how I was an unsupportive friend, and he was the reason she bashed me on social media. To this day I have not talked to Cindy since the last conversation though I do miss our friendship because the memories we shared and still confused how someone can manipulate another so easily. I wish her best wherever she's in the world and still have love for her.

