



Anonymous
In A City That Never Sleeps

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Reflection

This fall 2020 semester could be explained or described as hectic year or as a roller-coaster since there are days that I was feeling good about what I am doing, and how I am getting it done. Other days it would be not so good since, staying home and being less social to the world, or not communicating to the peers, stop me from doing good in school. I have learned a lot of things even through an asynchronized courses. Creative writing has taught me many things in writing or reading. As a writer, comparing to how I started writing before we started this class, I can positively say I learned a lot comparing to what I have known.

As a writer I improved my vocabulary and my creativity. Also, within the topics that were given to me I used to always chose a calm tone and a sad tone to write my pieces in a text which I figured were the topics or themes aesthetic that I was and am attracted to. As a child I loved to read stories that were mysterious and are sad or scary, and it was not because I am a person with a dark soul or who is experiencing anxiety or depression. Dark stories were always fascinating for me because you would never know what is next. With that knowledge I tried my best to put my best effort and creativity into the text.

This semester I have read a couple of interesting pieces that were provided to me by the professor of this course, creative writing. We have read from themes that included happy, to sad and motivational as well as difficult pieces. All of the pieces were different, had unique genres which I liked a lot because the professor chose pieces that made the readers experience different tones and messages given in a reading. I have read

Memoir “Anonymous in New York”

I cannot in actual fact recall a lot from the verity of being anonymous in any certain particular time in my life. But there was a moment where I had to adapt to new style of living.

“I don’t want to leave grandma! Leave me alone! I am not going anywhere!” nine-year-old Leviza was grabbing on to things when she was forced to leave.

I was about of age of 9 years old when I moved to New York City. I had zero knowledge of English, American lifestyle, culture, people, diversity, and many other things that flew my way when I stepped out of the airport. I felt mostly anonymous when I was placed into the new world, I grew up in a completely different environment where my beliefs and traditions really differed from what I have experienced when I moved into the united states. Back in my foreign country everyone used to know of each other and have an idea who everyone is which made the country as one big family. So, when in fact I did move out, I felt like a stranger without a name and no one heard of me except my mother, my father, and my little brother in one little room for 8 months, until we moved into our new apartment.

In fact, I did have a name, but no one knew of me, made me feel like I am anonymous.

It is fun to think about it now, half of my lifetime has passed since that moment, I have adapted to many things. My language skills are a lot more advanced, my style has altered from being traditional to my foreign country, to something what most can call “vintage street style” in clothes, music, and anything in general. My beliefs as well are very different. Many situations in my life, forced me to become mentally strong, fast paced and more rational than most people my age. I can consider myself very independent because life that I was put in has forced to become this way.

This makes me feel like it is an anonymous situation because no one really had any idea what I have been through, they may assume, but never knew what has been needed to occur for me to be one complete person. I am now a person of my own values, experiences and knowledge which has grew out from many situations that were brought up to me.

POEMS

Well Now, You're Gone

By: Leviza Murtazayeva

Well now you're gone,

I say to myself; how can anyone believe that?

All I have is our found stone.

Forever I will keep that.

Your warm wrinkly hands,

Were around me as the sun sets.

Even though now, I cannot see you

I sense your existence near.

And my heart will forever remember you

Until I drop my last tear.

Well now you're gone,

I repeat to myself, As once

I saw you in my dream, Remembering you

Brings smiles to my face, I was hoping to see you

Knowing you passed away,

Never felt the same.

How can one be so perfect?

By Leviza Murtazayeva

His complexion is meant for hunting

His long legs can run for miles,

His fur is so long and gray, like the skies on a rainy day.

His eyes are yellow as fallen leaves.

He resembles power,

He shows strength in his eyes

He won't be scared of heights, never.

How can one be so perfect?

Once he is asleep the room fills with purring.

Room fills with calm sounds and joy,

My heart starts to relax,

And my gray cat just stays by my side.

Flight

By Leviza Murtazayeva

And here I am at nine years old, believing I can fly

Fly far away from foreign land, fly far where my eye hasn't caught a sight, yet.

I am my confidence and rave are taking me over. I fear that I won't see the eyes

I used to day-to-day. As tears drop down my cheeks, I grab on to my mother's hand.

She leads me to a seat; the flight is on a start.

The plane takes off, I wipe my tears away. I'm sketching on my notebook to divert

The emotions I have. But here I am doodling the eyes, resembling my grandma's.

My eyes begin to sweat ever more. My nine-year-old mindset is still hoping to see

Grandma Rose, again, but little one is on her flight.

Flight for a better future, for more opportunities and education. So, she gathers herself, and takes off to the peak of her abilities.

DIALOGUE

Leviza: Hey, I just want to mention. Hopefully we end up leaving on time which is 8pm

tomorrow. If we don't and end later, is it okay if I leave at 8, I have two midterms this week. And

I need to finish up the studying. Have a good night btw.

I have messaged Salma already

Julio: Yes, no problem any time school is first

Leviza: Thanks, see you tomorrow

Julio: Hey what time we close yesterday?

Leviza: We closed at 2

Scene 2:

Julio: Hey Leviza can you come before 4 if you can

Thanks, because Anna is alone, Kim didn't come in.

Leviza: Yes!

Julio: Thanks!

Scene 3:

Julio: Hi Leviza so Kim didn't come today I was wondering if you can come help Anna for some

time until Salma comes in the afternoon

Leviza: Good Morning, sorry it's really impossible today... I have a midterm today and tomorrow, plus on Thursday. I really wish I can help.

Julio: Alright, I will as Salma.

JOURNALS:

The only area I can recall for being full of buzzing activities, is my workplace. I work at an Animal Clinic and we see about 50 clients a day, being a walk-in, appointment free clinic, it is a long day for one doctor. It is a process of first sign first serve, which means every client has about an hour or so for a wait time to see the doctor. As a front desk receptionist, I can say I have the hardest task of keeping the clients safe and calm as they wait.

Most clients would get annoyed and start being rude, so it is my job to stay calm and answer the questions even though sometimes I feel like it is necessary to answer something back, when there is disrespect. For example, today I worked from 9am to 6pm. The doctor arrives at 10AM to see patients. People begin around the clinic before I have a chance to come in and open the door. We usually allow them to come in and sign at 9:30AM. The clients gathered before the front desk with their animals, some cases were smelly, when a lady came in with a box with a kitten that defecated all over the box, she came in and asked for help.

I was alone, setting everything up for the day, printing faxes, getting the medicine from the sent prescriptions, let's say, I was all over the place, and then this sweet lady with a smelly box came in. I helped to clear everything out, asked them to step outside because of the Covid-19 policies and continued on with my day taking in patients, answering phones, dealing with unhappy clients, many of them, and etc. It was a hard day for me, started of smelly, which I found ironic.

#2:

A receptionist begins to work at 9 AM in the morning on a Saturday, she opens the animal clinic she works at and heads down to the back of the clinic to feed the cat that lives there. She then settles her jacket and backpack in a closet. The receptionist starts to print out the important faxes sent from hospitals and pharmacies to prepare everything for the doctor. As soon as time hits 9:30 AM people start to gather around the small blue door for their walk-in signs.

Receptionist:

“Good Morning everyone, I would like you all stand in order of who came in first to sign up.” (as she hands out a paper for the first client).

Older Lady in purple:

” Hi! I am in need of urgent help, my kittens sh*t all over the box!...” (the lady in purple rushes all around and over the clinic with the poor kittens and pushing the line of people to the sides and comes towards the receptionist’s desk).

Receptionist shows the way to the bathroom as she is answering the phone call of a crying pet owner, who’s pet keeps throwing up.

Receptionist:

“Here you go head this way please.” (she hands the lady new clean towels).

Time passes by, it’s now 3 PM. The receptionist already signed in about 35 people. The last person to be signed would be at 5:30 so, there’s more to come. Receptionist sighs from exhaustion.

A man with a husky:

“Hey how many more people before me!? I’ve been waiting for hour and a half!”

Receptionist answers:

“There are three more people before your sir, thank you for your patience!” (and smiles, but her smile disappears when she sees his furious eyes)

A man with a husky begins to yell at the receptionist and says how ridiculous this clinic is and how we should go by appointments rather than being a walk-in clinic.

