



Kiara Wright

My Story

English 1141

## Final Reflection

To my fellow colleagues and professor and to whoever is reading this. My name is Kiara Wright and decided to take this Creative writing class because i was interested in it. I took this class because I believe that it would help with my creative skills in writing. My main skill is more in the art department like drawing. I sometimes draw realistic pictures, but mainly draw anime pictures. Before this class the only experience i had with writing was just from my english classes from schools that i went to and in the 10th grade i wrote a story for a manga book that i was writing. I honestly feel like that was my most creative writing that I did during that time. I only say this because while i was writing it i just felt my hand flow with the paper. I took this class to build up my writing skills. I want to talk more about how this class helped me and what I learned from it.

While being in this Creative writing class semester I learned a lot of things about myself as a reader and a writer. While doing my writing in this class from the beginning, I felt like I didn't have a creative mind where I knew what to talk about. Even if we were given a topic to go off of, I still struggled to figure out what to talk about. I would wonder if what I write is interesting enough to captivate the reader to want to keep reading rather than skimming through it and probably not understand what he or she read. But over the course of time while being in this class, I noticed that the way that I write has changed. To put into more detail, I mean that before I wasn't as detailed when explaining my experience or explaining what's going on in more detail. But now I noticed that I put more thought into what I write, and when I get into the motion of writing it's like I can't stop typing. Now with reading I would honestly say that I wasn't so keen on reading when it's a long text only because I would lose interest. But on the other hand, some of the stories that I read this semester were pretty interesting. But now when I feel like I don't understand what I'm reading, I really have to take the time to re-read what i read, to make sure i have a clear understanding. Because at first sometimes I would skimm over what I'm reading if I'm not fully interested in it. I used some of what I learned from this class in one of my project classes, where i had to come up with a story for a game that i was making. I did the story, context, and dialogue for the script for the characters. Using the skills that i got from this class, I would say for the community, I will be helping my sister write out a eulogy for her grandmother.

From early in the semester I would say that my work was short with detail and not enough. But compared to now, I would say I put more of my heart and soul into some of the writing that i did and added more detail to make sure what I'm writing is understandable. My most favorite assignment that i did was when i had to write about how i met one of my friends. I really enjoyed this assignment because for me to write out how I met someone to how we became friends is like what most people would write in a book. It's a friendship that impacted my life a great deal and it was pretty cool that we met on his birthday. My least favorite assignment was when I had to write a journal on when I felt anonymous or if I chose to be anonymous. This one was my least favorite because this assignment I had a hard time thinking of a time when I felt anonymous. I was thinking for hours trying to think of a time when I have felt that way.

Throughout this semester I had to write things based on the genre. I feel like my challenge was with the journals. When I had to write for some of the journals , I had to really think about what to talk about. I overcame this challenge by asking my friends what they think I should talk about and I took the time to think about what to say too. Even if I'm given a topic it's still a challenge to think of something to say off the top of my head. I don't feel like much

changed from my writing depending on the genre, only that if I'm not feeling up to it, there's not much detail, but when I'm getting into it, I feel like what I write is interesting. Like the journal about the anonymous something I had a hard time with and just what I can think of. When it came to writing the poems, I wanted to write something with emotion, something that might put a tear to the readers eye. That was when I wrote the poem The girl that danced in the rain. This poem was about a girl that had a great relationship with her mother till she passed away. That girl was me. While writing this poem I cried a bit because it was too emotional and i never really wrote out how I felt after losing my mom. My early assumptions about myself with writing was that I wasn't creative enough. I say this because i sometimes have a problem trying to figure out what to write. It changed in a sense that I got opinions from my friends and that I took the time to think about what to write. My experience with revising the assignments was ok, it wasn't too difficult.

## **Memoir # 1**

I went to Boys and Girls high school and when I was a Junior, there was an art teacher who knew art competitions that happen every year. The teacher's name is Ms. Abraham. I never had her as a teacher, but my friends have, and I would go with them to her class to say hello and I showed some of the art I did. One day I went to her class and she told me about an art competition to get work displayed in the Metropolitan Museum. The image that I competed with is a scratchboard of an owl. This was the second time that I ever did scratchboard, and the process is not hard, it's just time consuming. I was only able to get to the semifinals with this image. Because I was one the semifinalist, I got my artwork displayed at the Brooklyn Museum on May 27th and 28th of 2015.



## Short Story

Around late August a girl named Arianna asked her friend Kiki if she would like to go to an Ice Cream Museum in Manhattan. Kiki said “sure, that seems like fun.” Arianna told Kiki “lets meet up at your house on a Friday to spend the night so we can go to the museum together. Arianna bought the tickets ahead of time. Arianna guides the way to the place and when they get there all you can see is pink all around. Arianna told the people at the desk she had the ticket on her phone for the tour and where do we go to check in. they told her that she was in the right place and told us to wait on the line against the wall and that the tour guides will be with us shortly. A few minutes passed and the tour guide came to us and said that we could sit on this long red couch until the tour starts. Arianna said come on let’s go. We sat on the couch and just talked about random stuff. Seconds later one of the tour guides jumped out of nowhere and Arianna jumped out of fright so hard that we started to laugh. The tour guide introduced himself and gave everyone and he said “every these tags that i gave you, are for you to write your ice cream name on it, and be as creative as possible.” he told us to turn around and said “ you see that giant slide behind you? This slide has a 10 minute drop and that when some people go down you can still hear the screams”. The tour guide gave everyone a map. The map is a puzzle that leads you back to the start. We had to search for clues that led us to the slide he was talking about. When we went down the slide, it felt like a roller coaster. When we finished the puzzle the tour guide had pins and ice cream waiting for us.

# Poem

## **The girl who danced in the rain**

Everyday she would go see her mom  
To just play with her  
In the morning  
In the night  
The mom never questioned it  
The girl did this to make her smile  
She spend as much time with her as her can  
You will never know when she will be taken away

The girl pleads to siblings  
Check up on mom as much as you can  
We don't know how much time she has left  
She noticed that only no one listened  
One day mom called the hospital  
Next thing we knew was that the doctors spoke  
Tears started to shed  
Your mom only has three days

The girl couldn't process it  
She needed air and her family told the girl to go to school  
The girl went to school  
And treated the day as normal  
She didn't want no one to worry

Three days past  
Back at the hospital  
The girl and her family spent their last moments  
With their mom  
Until it was time to unplug the machine

That night it rained so hard  
That soon everything became blurry  
Mom was the glue of the family  
She kept us moving  
That day the girl danced in rain that she couldn't escape  
The rain took over for long time  
To where she felt like she was about to give up

But she couldn't just give up  
The girls family said that

Mom's last words was  
Make sure she finish school  
So that's what let the girl going  
As she danced in the rain

# Journal 1

My mom sent me to MS.61 for middle school because my sister worked there as a science teacher. To be fully honest when i first got there i knew absolutely no one. I don't remember how I made most of the friends that I got from there. But what i know for sure is that I out of all the friends that i made there only one stood out the most. I don't remember how we first met , I just remember that we had classes together. When it got to senior year I remember that we talked everyday even during class. There would be times during class where i would sneak out my brother's mp3 player and give my friend Arianna one ear and i had the other and we would just listen to Adam Lambert "If I Had You" and some anime openings from Fullmetal Alchemist Brotherhood and D Gray man openings. Surprisingly we never got caught. The school had an event for seniors only and it was twin day, Me and Arianna decided to dress up as twins for that day. We went shopping to pick out the perfect outfit. We wore a pink shirt and a mini blue blazer with black jeans and sneakers. The second we got to school it was hard for people to tell us apart because we did the same hairstyle which was a ponytail and we both wore glasses and we are near the same height. Before we graduated from middle school we promised each other that we would talk to each other everyday and that we would get an apartment together in the future. After we graduated we attended different high schools and it was hard to keep contact because I did own a phone nor had social media. We basically lost contact for four years. My last semester as a junior was when i made a Facebook account and i tried to add as many people that i remember from middle school as i could but out of all of them i could not find Arianna's page. In the summer of 2017 was when I finally found her facebook page by looking through one of my friends , friend list and we started talking again finally after so long. We planned a day for her to come to my house. As soon as I opened the door and our eyes met, we started to cry because it's been so long since we saw each other and we were basically reunited. Ever since then we have been talking almost everyday and we have been going to anime conventions together. I consider to be my twin because we do sorta look alike, well my mom sure thought so when she saw a class picture and thought she was me, and she is my best friend. when we really need to talk to each other about something no matter what it is we can talk to each other.

## Journal 5

The Date was August 31, 2018 when i met someone that soon became my first male best friend. I was taking a coding class called CST 1201. I decided to take this class with a few of my friends at the time. When i was on my way to the school o texted one them asking them to save me a seat. But by the time i got to the class they didn't see my message and I ended up sitting behind them and sitting next to a person that I know I saw before but never introduced myself to him. As class was going on the professor was mainly going over what the course will be about. As he was talking, I took out one of my anime manga books and put it on the table with my sketchbook. As we were working the person sitting next to noticed that I had a manga book and he started to ask what I was reading and I showed him. And asked me if I watch anime and I said yes. I asked him if he had a Facebook and he gave me his name and I added him. It said it was his birthday. I told him happy birthday and told me not to tell anyone because he didn't want to make a fuss out of it. When class was over we ended up walking home together. Apparently we don't live that far from each other and we take the same route home. On our way home we got to know each other. Everyday since then we talk on the phone and have yet to miss a day not one time.

# Dialogue 1

**Q**

.....I'm bored

**Kiki**

I'm in class

**Q**

I'M BORED

play with me

**Rin**

Play what ?

**Q**

Anything

**Rin**

Choose something boy

**Q**

.....You play tf2

**Rin**

I don't own the game

**Q**

It's free but let's see

Spell break ?

Payday?

Actually what games do you have?

**Rin**

I don't own any shooter

Since it seems that you want to play a shooter

**Q**

Spell Break isn't a shooter

I wanted to play a heavy multiplayer game with you

**Rin**

Oh

**Q**

Warframe?

Rin

I have never played it

**Q**

It's free!

**Rin**

Ok

**Q**

If you wanna play

**Rin**

That kind of a hassle since i have to download the game

and I didn't have a mouse on me...

**Q**

Darn it

Gotta look for something