

The background of the page is a dark, atmospheric photograph of a night sky. Silhouetted trees and foliage are visible against a dark, slightly hazy sky. Several small, bright orange and yellow lights, likely city lights or distant stars, are scattered across the horizon. The overall mood is mysterious and contemplative.

AFTER A WHILE

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CREATIVE WRITING

FINAL REFLECTION

This semester has been a roller coaster, full of up and downs. There were days where I felt I had nothing else to give, days where I was mentally and physically exhausted and just wanting the semester to be over but for some reason with this class, Creative Writing, I never felt like giving up. I still do not know if it was because of the way the professor organized every assignment making it simpler for us to keep up or if it was because at the end of the day this was the class I enjoyed the most. All I can say is that it has been a great journey, this course not only brought changes in my ways of thinking but also affected my personality in a positive manner.

In addition, I used to think that writing and I did not get along, whenever I had an assignment where I was supposed to write I would get anxious and frustrated before even getting started. However, for this semester things were completely different because I already knew the instructor, Prof. Penner has been a great help to me, she has made the last two semesters bearable. The main reason I took this class was because I knew there were so many things I had to improve on when it comes to my writing skills and I must admit that it has been amazing to watch my writing style improve in ways that I did not know were possible, my number one struggle has always been putting my thoughts together and even though I am not a hundred percent over it, I can tell I have gotten so much better at it as well as developing a more complete and detailed idea.

One of the things that helped me improve my writing skills was revising my peers assignment as well as following their feedbacks. There is always so much to learn from one another, everybody has a different point of view and it was very helpful to see a variety of opinions and style about a certain topic. I learned so much from all of them, now it is easier for

me to detect and solve writing problems. Thanks to them, I have learned to have a better approach to my audience emotions.

My favorite assignment was writing a story and focusing on the setting, I named the story “The Hole in my Closet” here I described how a hole in my new apartment’s closet took me to a magical place that seemed out of this world. It was a little bit challenging but I really enjoyed the whole process of it, I loved how it turned out and it made me feel proud of myself. I have written stories before but with none of them I felt comfortable or confident as I did with this one, writing makes me doubt myself and for the first time I was not insecure about the way it turned out, words were coming out very easily and when I realized I was done with it. On the other hand, my least favorite assignment was writing four poems, I like felt my head was about to explode while I was doing it because I wanted every stanzas to rhyme with the other so bad and nothing ever came to mind. I was worried and nervous, I did not even know how I felt about the way they turned out. After this assignment, the only thing I have for sure is that the next time I write poems, I am going to do better than this one to the point where I find it easy and enjoyable for me.

Working with peers taught me that as writers we have to make sure that others will understand what we are trying to say, we have to be specific and straightforward. Next year I will be working as a Tax Professional whose main skill have to be communication especially in written form and this class just prepared me for that, I used to say that I am good at understanding but not explaining, it feels good to say that that has changed and I am not that person anymore. I noticed that as the semester went on, explaining and giving details about a certain topic became easier, so much that now I am able to write without a lot of hesitation, I am also able to portray my ideas and do much more through writing.

Online classes are not easy at all, they are hard and time consuming and if we do not manage well, we are most likely not going to do so good on any of them. I still have not gotten used to it, here we can all agree that the phrase “the struggle is real” was made for the remote learning. Something that helped me stay on top of my game was doing my homework one to two days before they were due although I would post them on the exact day they were meant to be turned in, for some reason doing it that way made me feel in control. There was one day where I submitted a task two days before the due date and that whole week I felt like I was missing something, it may not make sense to others, it does not make much sense to me but what can I say? It be like that sometimes.

In conclusion, one of the biggest lesson that has stuck with me from this class is that the simplest word can be expanded into thousands of different intimate and specific meanings. Thanks to this new way of looking at writing and reading, everything that I read now somehow makes more sense and resonates better with me, now I am able to see things with a perspective that I did not have before.

This is it. Pat yourself on the back as we are finally reaching towards the end of the semester of an unprecedented year and we should all feel proud of how far we have come because the truth is that it has not been easy for anybody. 2020 has shown us that no matter how hard things might get we can achieve whatever we set our minds to and you dear classmate are a proof of it.

Come with me and see my development after a while of being in this amazing class, I hope you enjoy what I considered to be an amazing journey for me.

Memoir: The Outsider

It was spring break of 2016 when my family decided to go on a trip to the Dominican Republic, which is where I was born and raised. I was so excited because after a year and a half of not seeing my friends, I was finally going to see them. As soon as we bought our plane tickets, I texted everyone and we started making plans for the two weeks that I was going to be there, we planned so many things together that I was desperate to get there and have fun. Three days after being there, one of my friends invited me to visit my old school so that I could say hello to all my teachers and friends. Everyone was happy to see me, but as I was talking to my closest friends I realized that I was no longer part of them, while I was gone they made so many memories together that there was a point where I was literally not understanding anything they were talking about, I felt so weird, it was like I was a stranger, watching them making jokes that to me were not even funny because I was not familiar with their conversation, everything that I lived with them was so fresh in my mind, it was as if I had stayed in the same place while they kept moving forward.

For some reason, I just felt like that when I was around my friends because everything around my family was still the same, there were two newborns but besides that, my cousins were still the same people before I left, we even had a sleepover where I got to catch up on everything and found out one of them, Clajeirys, was pregnant and the reason they did not tell me until then was because they wanted to surprise me. Two days before I was leaving, I threw a party and invited all my cousins and friends. Luisa, one of my closest friend asked me to take her to the bathroom, when we got there she said it was just an excuse to ask me if I was alright because I seemed a little bit distant from all of them.

-Are you alright! You look uncomfortable around us and I know you are not like that.-
she said

-I am okay! I don't know, I just... I just don't feel part of this group anymore.- I said.

-We are going to dance it out now, you are going to go here and talk to them about anything. Let's go!.- she said before heading downstairs.

I felt so bad because I knew I was acting kind of weird but it was because I did not know what to talk about with them, she told me to ask them some questions about their personal lives, I can still remember those questions and one of them was to ask one of the guys about the girl he was dating which turned out to be the girl he used to argue all the time with when I was there, we got back to the party I did what she told me and was able to break the ice.

We did everything we planned but I realized that I felt closer to them by text rather than in person, that even though they treated me the way they used to, things were not the same anymore. Overall, I'm still friend with all of them, we talk every now and then and my love for them is still intact. That trip helped me realize that I was expecting too much and that the only reason I felt like a stranger next to them was because I was not ready to see that they had changed in so many aspects, instead of trying to understand that the people I had in front of me were more mature I was just looking for the ones I left before moving to New York City.

Short story: The Hole in my Closet

It was June of 2015 when I moved out of my parents place and got my own. I bought a bunch of things for my new place, it was a a two bedroom apartment located in Urgus, 25 minutes away from Dekago which is where my parents live. I was moving some boxes to the other room when I found a huge hole inside the closet, I was angry, the real estate agent did not mention it, therefore, I would have to hire someone to fix it. I looked at the hole again and it was weird and huge, I have never seen anything like that before, since there wasn't anything there I decided to enter. When I entered, it was dark so I turned on my phone's light and saw a hallway. -this is creepy- I thought. I kept walking and 5 minutes after, I had the most beautiful landscape I had ever seen in my life, the sky was dark blue and a mass of thick white clouds loomed over the top of the mountain making it look like cotton. The mountains were covered with tall and different types of trees such as pine, cypress, fir and cedars making the place seem like something out of this planet, there were also abundant yellow and red flowers and the bottom of the mountain it was covered with green grass making it look more like a carpet. It all looked like a painting, I thought I was dreaming but no matter how much I pinched myself to wake up, I was still in that wonderful place.

It produced a feeling of stillness, tranquility but also loneliness, since there was no trace of animals nor birds around, which made me wonder how the flowers were able to look so beautiful and fresh. The cool wind gave me a feeling that summer was ending and the first days of autumn were coming. I did not want to get out of there, but I had to, I had to get out to receive more packages. After that amazing moment, I decided that I wasn't going to call anybody to fix that hole, I was going to use that place whenever I felt depressed, lonely or needed inspiration, it was going to be my sacred place. I did not want to tell anybody about it because I was pretty sure they were going to think I was on some drugs or something because even I did at first, I thought I had eaten something dope but when I went there the next day and the day after, I confirmed that it was real and told my friends and family.

I showed the place to my parents first and their reaction was priceless. My mom was like -No freakin' way! How is this even possible? Is this a prank or something.- she said

-I knew you were going to react like that, do you like it?.- I said

-of course!!!! It's crazy but perfect.

All I could do was laugh, my dad did not even say anything. He was amazed and words could not get out of his mouth. We spent a whole afternoon there and that was still not enough for both of them. There were something magical about it. When I told my two closest friends, they hung up on me. I called them at 3:00 AM saying it was important but for them I was just playing around. When they got to see it, all they could say was:

-OMG!!! This is crazy, it looks out of this world. OMG!!! How is it possible, how is this inside of your closet. Are we in another dimension because bro, this is too much.

-You guys are crazy but yeah! From now on this is my sacred place.- i said

- Girl you better take advantage of this.- said one of my friends

-Trust me, I for sure will take advantage of it.- i said

-As you should.- they screamed.

The thing that I love the most about this hole/sacred place, is seeing people's reaction when I show it to them, there are no words to describe the feeling you get when you walk in there, its like the time stops and nothing matters but you and the person next to you. I'm not even planning on moving out of my apartment but when I do, I know it is going to be really hard for me to leave The Hole in my Closet.

Poems: This is my name

Because my mother named me after my grandmother

Even before I was born

I took another way to be known

I'm my grandma's granddaughter

No! I'm not my grandma's granddaughter- I keep saying

I'm my own person

I'm Luz Mery

In English my name is translated to light

In Spanish it represents

A "brave and ambitious woman"

And they could not be more right

I'm that and so much more

I'm tired of telling people

No, it is pronounced...

"Luz" rhymes with "Loose"

Not Luz almost as in "Lost"

I like my name the way it is

Please don't change it- I tell people

Just let it be

My mama gave it to me

And I like it the way it is

Dialogue: Wassup

Daniela: Helloooooooooo

Me: Alohaaaa

Daniela: what are you up to?

Me: nothing, I'm just watching Grey's Anatomy

Daniela: still!?!?!?

Me: Hellooooo? We are talking about 16 season.

Daniela: Nah, you are too slow!

Me: omg, you are so annoying, byeeeee

Daniela: HAHAHAHA noooo, did you finish Lab's hw?

Me: no, why?

Daniela: I'm stuck in part 3

Me: I'll finish it tonight. If anything I'll let you know. Maybe we can finish it together

Daniela: Okay but dont forget it please, thank you.

Me: um-hum

Journals

A Lost Friendship

Throughout my life I have had many friends but when I was on sixth grade I had the pleasure of meeting an amazing person, her name is Danery and she became my best friend right away, I felt she could understand me better than anybody else, she was my person. We were always together, we used to go to school, volleyball practice and extra curricular activities together. When we moved to high school, we kind of went separate ways because we were in different classes so we couldn't see each other that much anymore, we both made new friends and took separate ways, however, it wasn't until my sophomore year that I felt things really changed between the two of us, we didn't get along like we used to anymore. On our junior year we had almost every class together and when I thought things were getting back to normal between the two of us, she fell in love with a guy that I didn't like because first, he was much older than her and second he was known for not taking any girl seriously. Since she was still my friend and I cared for her I told her that that was not the guy for her and that's when our friendship came to an end with no reversal, she did not think about our friendship nor how much I wanted the best for her, instead she thought that I was making things up because I did not want her to be happy, therefore, she stopped talking to me.

I was really hurt, she was my person for more than 5 years and all of the sudden that became nothing, after that I swore that I would never interfere in anybody's life or decisions because most people just want us to tell them what they want to hear and not the truth. Danery and I have so many great memories together that no matter how hurt I still am, I would never be able to forget nor hold hard feelings towards her. After that friendship my only best friend has

been my mother, I do not want to get attached to anybody else anymore, losing that friendship taught me that not every person we meet throughout our lives is supposed to stay in it because I really thought Danery was going to be in my life forever.

My experience writing memoirs

When it comes to writing papers I always get overwhelmed before even getting started. First, because most of the time we have to do some research and then make sure that we are interpreting the information and not just taking it straight from the internet and second, because I'm always afraid that my papers are going to be turned back because of plagiarism by not citing the information the way it was supposed to. However, this time was different because I was writing about a part of my life and I got to decide if I wanted to alter the story or just leave it the way it happened (not that I'm going to make something completely up, if that makes sense for you guys), either way the readers are not going to find out and I have to say that it felt really good, I was not worry about information being incorrect, I was just letting my mind flow. Before this class, I've had never written a memoir but I knew what it was because I have read some, one of them was "Becoming" by Michelle Obama which I think most of us have read it.

Writing this memoir about a time in my life where I have felt anonymous seemed easy at first because I was like "I have felt like that several times" but when I sat down in front of my iPad I could not decide what story was more interesting for me to write about. I ended up choosing my trip to DR, after that, things got more complicated because I had the story in my mind but I did not know how to start it, therefore, I decided to make a draft and once I was done with it things got a lot easier since I kind of had a structure and all I had to do was follow it. I liked how it turned out and with the second revision I was able to add more information that to

me seemed pertinent, I was also worry about the word count, I'm always afraid that I have written too much or too little but this time I felt it was enough.