

Bittersweet Moments



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TABLE OF CONTENTS:

1. Final Reflection

2. Memoir

3. Short Story

4. Poem

5. Dialogue

6. Journals

Final reflection: I think that writing an informative essay is pretty boring until it comes to writing your own experiences because someone else can relate to your writings. I enjoy writing because it makes me express myself since it's difficult for me to open to people. It's a form of communicating your own feelings to people that you haven't met. I like expressing myself where I won't have a professor correcting me for having incorrect information. I personally believe that this class made it easier for me to express myself through dialogues, short stories, and poems. Since for me, the class is to express yourself and create new characters that go through a specific path with different writing techniques. For example, for me creating a short story was pretty easy since I created a character that went through the same thing that I experienced. This class also helped me understand other's people perspectives since they included some of their personal lives through their writing. Before I had this course it was difficult for me to express myself, however now I have the idea of how to be creative with my writings. It also showed me how to use different techniques with writings. I'm grateful for having an idea of what I'm doing. One of my least favorite assignments was creating dialogues, since It's difficult for me to create scenarios, and a specific theme, however, this class showed me how to create a scene by thinking

of different timelines with different characters. Once I started doing more of the assignments I learned how to express myself through portraying my experience on characters that I create. At first, I believed that I wasn't available to express my emotions through creative writing however, I was wrong. After getting used of submitting these assignments it made me realize how free I felt. Even though I've received a lot of reviews I learned how to be a better writer. One of the mistakes that I use to do was not mentioning the specific details of my story. Since everything was online, it was pretty hard to communicate with my creative English teacher. However, I overcame this challenge of mine by forcing myself to participate in some of the class discussions.

Memoir: When I was 13 I moved from Peru to the United States. I couldn't afford the things that a normal child would have. My interest in mangas peaked at a young age. My father couldn't afford to buy me mangas In Peru because they were quite expensive. They would cost like 13 dollars which were 53 soles. 53 soles was a lot for us in Peru, because that would equal our monthly meal. Even though I was born In America I couldn't buy my collections in both countries because both of my parents couldn't afford them. Poverty in America is way different than in Peru because for me in America I would live in a tiny apartment where there was a lot of gang violence but, the government would support my mom to buy groceries, However, in Peru the government wouldn't help me at all.

When I came back from Peru, I asked my mom if she could buy me at least two volumes at least for my birthday. I'm aware that I would've sounded manipulative but I was just a young girl that wanted to read mangas. Every time it was my birthday my family would give me money as a gift, and I would save it in a tiny cup as my "Savings" to buy my collection. The first time that I bought my first manga was in 2013. The first manga that I've owned was the first volume of death note and soul eater. However, after that, I couldn't continue to buy them because I didn't have enough money.

I stopped with my collection for a while because most volumes would cost 14-15 dollars. I continued to collect my mangas in 2019. One of my favorite mangas is Berserk, unfortunately, one of the best mangakas Kentaro Miura passed away. Due to his death, many people started buying many volumes which made a high demand and would be out of stock. Many people are waiting for chapter 364, and suspect that it might be the last volume. Unfortunately, I've stopped reading some of my mangas because I don't have the time. I work and study almost every day, plus I feel tired every day. I'll probably continue with my collection when this semester ends. From my perspective, reading mangas makes me escape from my reality. I feel like everyone uses something (games, books, or music) to escape their reality.

Short stories: It was a nice day in a small village. Most of the days it gets cold. Many people will visit this village because of the nice view. Molly and Johnson were from this small village. They both met each other in High school. These couples were talented and they both had the thought of joining a small band just for fun. Even though the band wasn't popular Molly enjoyed singing for her boyfriend. However, her boyfriend wanted to be popular so they both decided to step ahead and chase their dreams which were to move to LA, and get money with their music.

Molly would be the one singing and John was the one that produced the music. Their music started to peak its popularity in 2016, and this would be one of John's first projects. He wanted a quirky band that bought many views because of its uniqueness. However, Molly didn't agree with John's plan because she felt like she wasn't being herself most of the songs were written by her, and she just wanted to express herself. This would become a constant argument. Unfortunately, they decided to break up but Molly has expressed that John was really obsessed with her which made her disappear from all social media because she felt paranoid.

Many fans were worried about Molly's state and wanted to ask questions however there were no answers for her. John continued with his idea of creating a similar idol as Molly. This time the singer will be slightly different than Molly for example she would still have the same blonde hair and talk the same tone of voice. However, she would have to mention obscure stuff on the internet to gain an audience. A few years passed and Molly decided to talk about the truth. Many people defended Molly, and they were happy that she was back. However, the new singer defended John saying that he was a good person and that he would never do this. Unfortunately, many believed the new singer, and many fans attacked Molly which made her disappear again. That's until there was a lawsuit, and Molly won the case. She hasn't made any music but she had wanted to follow her dreams of becoming a lawyer.

Now it seems that Molly has finally moved on. I see her chasing her dreams of becoming a lawyer and helping out those that need help. Even though she hasn't created any new music her fans support Molly's decision. Molly decided to get therapy due to the abuse that John put her through, at the end Molly found true happiness when she met the love of her life.

Poems:

I feel like an old doll,

I'm viewed as fragile,

Breakable,

And invaluable

Some people pick me

touch me,

break me,

and neglect me.

I'm stuck behind this white porcelain doll

a doll that's unavailable of feeling

moving,

and loving.

I'm fragile and easy to crack

My body parts are missing,

I'm half complete,

and I'm willing to continue

until I feel alive again.

Dialogue:

My boyfriend and I walk into a restaurant and they ask us for vaccination cards + ID)

N: Here's my vaccination card and my ID, thank you.

me: Hold on I'm still looking for my card, I'm sorry for taking so long.

(I still can't find it)

(looks into purse and phone at 1%)”

me: Is a vaccination card through my phone acceptable?

Waitress: Yes, it is.

(Looks for it as soon as possible)

Me: Here's my vaccination card,

Me to N: Hey do you still have my ID on my phone

N: laughs yes here's her ID.

(I apologized, and we enter the restaurant)

Me: That waitress has a lot of patience I felt so bad, and I'm also sorry for making you wait.

N: Don't worry about it, I still love you

Journals: For most of my 19 years, I felt alone. I was pretty much miserable, don't get me wrong I'm still miserable but life gets better as you experienced every good or bad thing in life. Life is bittersweet. I remember I felt really alone during high school, and I didn't have friends, or I couldn't count on my family members to tell them how I felt. During those years I use to think that everybody hated me and that no one would like to talk to someone quiet. That's until I saw life from a different perspective. It took me a long time to realize that some people wanted to be friends with me but, I never opened up because I was afraid of people. I was scared of being judged by everyone. I'm still a lonely person, I feel like everyone feels alone in life. I usually force myself to open up because it's okay to communicate with people even if you don't have anything in common. As I mentioned before " life gets better as you experienced every good or bad thing in life" By that, I mean that you will also meet bad people with bad intentions, but you shouldn't let them think that every person is bad. Even though I feel alone I'm satisfied that I've met a lot of people who can relate with me. Recently I've lost someone due to suicide, and that experience made me realize that not everyone is alone. Even if you feel alone, and you think that everyone hates you there's someone that truly loves you. It doesn't matter if it's a family member or a partner.

I feel like as human beings we all have our own opinions. However, I feel like there are opinions that can be quite rough on other people. For example, when I was 12 I use to live in Peru. At the age of 12, you're just a kid with not that much experience, therefore, you don't know that much about the world. From my perspective, in the area that I use to live there was a lot of sexism. I remember I would have a constant disagreement with my father about how I use to dress. I remember there was a time where I wore a tank top because it was extremely hot and (I didn't owe a lot of clothes), I went out like that to buy bread. However, my father came up to me screaming at me " why are you dressing like that?!?" In my mind, I would think that I did nothing wrong by wearing a tank top because I was just trying to feel comfortable I wasn't trying to bring any attention, after all, I was only a child. I asked him "what's wrong?" and he replied that I'm dressing like a prostitute. I did know what was a prostitute however I didn't know that a tank top was considered sexual. I remember I cried that day because I didn't want to be viewed like that. Plus I feel like that is too harsh for a 12-year-old girl. I feel like his perspective influenced me a lot when I was a minor. This type of perspective is pretty popular in Peru. For example, many people would have the belief that girls get raped because of how they were dressed. Unfortunately, these sexist beliefs influenced me at a young age. It had affected me a lot. However, I started to get educated, and I know that it's never the victims' fault.

