



Come Explore My Mind with Me

By Nida Khawaja

My Journey Throughout the Semester

I never know how to start these. I've been writing for so many years and the attention grabber has always taken me out. Anyways let's just jump right into this. Writing have never been my strong suit. After a long line of teacher/professor that just sucked all the fun out of it. Going into this semester my expectation was low. During the first class when everything was being explains. I really was thinking this is going to be a drag. I really can't wait for this semester to be over. To my surprise I have grown to enjoy this class. I don't find write as much of a drag anymore. Allow me to explain.

Throughout the Couse of the semester, we have done many assignments. Some were a little difficult and others were easy. Our first assignment was "Meet my X". This assignment took me a minute to get my thoughts together. I literally had to force myself to sit down and write it. that how much I disliked doing an assignment. The whole time I was writing this in the back of my head was a little voice saying "I hate this" over and over. The reading wasn't that bad. For once I didn't have to worry if my answers would be wrong. Readding others people works also helped me improve my writing. I got to see others understanding and made me think "why didn't I think of that". As the weeks went on by and the reading became more enjoyable. Writing became easier and I enjoyed that honest critique that made me want to do better. The journals were fun to do. I had never written a journal before, but they really helped me reflect on a few things. Writing my own short stories really got me to tap into the creative side I thought I had lost. Just when things were looking good for me the course took a scary turn.

We made it to the Poems part of the course. It was like my worst fears coming to life. The dislike I have for poem is beyond explanation at this point. I thought this is it. My creative will be gone one again. The assignment about writing our own poems was announced. I had the feeling this was going to be the one that messes up my grade. I honestly didn't want to do this assignment. I procrastinated like never trying to avoid it at all costs. The one thing I had sheer passion of hate for many years was one of my favorite's things do this semester. I am so proud of the poem I wrote I even let my friend read them. To wrap up this crazy experience.

This semester was full of ups and downs. I may have been a little dramatic with some of the assignments, but I did learn a lot. I found my creativity and found enjoyment in the one thing I've hate my whole life. I very much appreciate writing again and don't hate English anymore. Let hope this feeling lasts a long time.

Meet My Phoenix

Hello everyone, I would like for you to Meet My Phoenix. This is from the Lego Harry Potter collection. I spent about two hours building him. I get asked a lot why I care for something that isn't even real. All it does it just sit there. I've been told it was a waste of money. They don't understand the significant value it holds. Over the years I wouldn't have time to do what I liked because of the opinion of others. I always liked Legos but whenever I went to get one, I was told that for kids and a waste of money. When the pandemic hit, and I was stuck in a routine of home and work and home and work. I was draining me to the point where I didn't even know what I liked anymore. One day I finally took a day for me and end up in a Target. Somehow, I ended up in the Toys aisle. There is was the Lego Phoenix. I bought it without thinking what others would think. I chose me when I bought it. I rushed home and my family called me a child. I simply opened my laptop played some music and started building. For those two hours it was at peace. I escaped the problems of the outside world, and it was the best feeling every. After I was don't building, I stared at it for a good 10 minutes straight. I realized how much I enjoyed doing this and found a hobby that brings me peace and helps me escape. So, whenever I need a break from reality I go and buy a Lego set and take a day for me. That's why I care about that Phoenix so much.

80 Years into The Future

The year is 2100. The world hasn't been the same since the pandemic started 80 years ago. The world has been dividing into two. The vaccinated people live in the east side of the US and the unvaccinated live in the west side. There is a giant dome over the west side. It's to keep us safe from the virus that still lingers in the west. They have made 17 vaccinees to keep us safe from the virus. Each time the east side gets fully vaccinated. They discover a new mutated version of the virus in the west side. The government just announced that the world will be going into quarantine. This was strange because the east side hasn't had a quarantine in 30 years. They announced it because there is a new mutation and they're being extra careful. This just seemed fishy.

The last few mutations there was no quarantine. This new mutation is strange. It's hard to explain but something big is coming. The government is keeping something from us. The way the government is acting doesn't seem like they are acting more suspicious than usually. This quarantine has been sprung upon us all at sudden. Why is the military involved in a quarantine? Why are gates being built around every community. A few guards came to our house and took down everyone's name, and they took a blood sample from all of us. It was from data collection to see how the vaccine is working in our body, but I don't believe that for a minute.

I started to explore the internet to get an answer. After days of trying to figure out why this is all happening so soon, a strange video surfaced. Before playing the video, there is a warning "watch at your own risk. You have been warned". I was shaky and the person was breathing very heavily. Finally, it got a little clearer. It was

a dark hallway with a light at the end of it. the light kept getting closer and closer and closer. Three men in a hazard suit standing looking at an unlocked cage. All you can hear is a growling sound. One of them turn on the light and omg what is that? What is that? They all start to run screaming and yelling like there being chased by something, it gets dark and a sudden BANG, BANG, AHHHHHHHHH HELP HELP. (Throws phones). ZOMBIES, ZOMBIES, ZOMBIES. The government is hiding zombies. This explains the military and why the government is being suspicious.

A week later after I saw the video. The unvaccinated west side was in chaos. Day after day after day the number of zombies was rising. It about 100,000 zombies and 30,000 living people. The east said is not letting in anyone form the west side. Every day troop go and try to kill as many zombies as they can but there seems to be no hope. When will the suffering end? I thought to myself. West side dome is cracking. The government is planning to blow up the west side. Even that does grant us full safety. I hope we start to see better days again.

The call that changed my life

The phone rang at 8 pm

My mother rushing out of bed

Bursting in my room

The RN on the phone crying

He's not going to make It through the night

My sister yelling WHAT DO YOU MEAN

She flips the camera

My grandpa laying there

His eyes almost white

His breathing not so good

Yelling hoping, he can hear us

I'm coming, I'm coming

Just hold one a little longer

We rush to get dress

It's cold outside

I call my dad telling home to meet us there

Rushing to the hospital

The traffic is at its worst right now

100 beats Per minute

Trying to keep calm

Cursing everyone that on the road

The car is quite Hoping we make it in time to see him on last him

A conversation at 4 am

(Fran texts Nida at 4 am)

Fran: I have tea to spill

Nida: Girllll spill the tea.

Fran: I hooked up with a guy today

Fran: He kept buying me drinks. I'm deff drunk

Nida: OH, MY GOOD really. Awwwww my drunk Fran

(Send gif)

Fran: He was such a good kisser.

Fran: "sad face emoji". I miss you bro we Need to catch up soon.

Nida: We definitely do. I miss you to bro.

Nida: Did you get his number

Fran: yes. DUHHHH

Nida: Yesss bitch. That my girl.

Fran: Yesssss. He's texting and stuff

Fran: I'm going to take my makeup off and sleep

Nida: Ouuuu is he cute?

(Fran send pic of him)

Fran: yesss. SO CUTE

Nida: Ayooooo get it

Fran: Italian too "eyes emoji"

Nida: Sexy

Fran: YUP. Why not. I'm single out here

Nida: Facts. Living your best life

Fran: Why you up so bro. Its late

Nida: Chilling Bro. Ima knock soon. Just wanted to make sure you got home safe.

Fran: Awwwww. you're so cute

Nida: I know.

Fran: A real friend. Always

Nida: of course, bro. you too

Fran: Always there for me. I appreciate you so much.

Nida: Aiiii take the makeup off. Keep water next to your bed. Get some sleep.

Fran. Of course. I need some water. I'm going to knock bro. Goodnight love you

Nida: Goodnight love you to.

Journal 7

Poems were never my strong suit. They are my worst nightmare. I always struggle with reading them, trying to understand them. I remember whenever we would have to write a poem for class. The teacher and I would have to do several rough drafts till it came out decent. So, riding poems for this class was a struggle. Looking at the blank screen trying to come up with something was draining. But I also had fun pushing myself to learn something new and think of a way to get it done faster.

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Writing dialogue has been a fun experience. It's crazy to think we basically have a dialogue going all the time. To write one out was strange. When you talk or text you can use informal words and stuff. When writing it out it must be formal, and you must add context to it, so the reader isn't lost. That was new to me. All and all it was great doing this.