

# The Final First Draft

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Based on a true events

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## Final Reflection

This has been one of my tough semesters thus far. This course in general gave me a breath of fresh air every tuesday. With the free writing assignments to interesting reads, its all been a joy from my chaotic classes on behalf of my major. One of my memorable pieces that I can never seem to forget about is this class exercise where we all were given a picture and had to write a story on it. That journal, im guessing 7; was on my most free writing accomplishments not for the class but for me. That writing piece proved to me that I am able to brainstorm ideas and form them into something. A lot of times in my other English class it was a struggle for me to write all my ideas out on paper and for them to make sense. So for me to achieve such a story in a limited time frame was beautiful to me.

Though I've had good experiences, they don't retract the misfortunate experiences I've had. Not to say there was any form of miscommunication between me and the students or the professor, but this is a writing class and you are bound to get diagnosed with writer's block. With most of the assigned journals and our first memoir, I was stuck on what to write. Dismantles any thoughts of ill instructions on the professors part; she made it her goal to give as much clarity on assignments as possible. I just wasn't sure what to write. I didn't want to be too truthful and let out all my personal problems but it's an English class and no one I know will ever read my posts. I got over my writer's block every time by just simply writing from the heart, letting true unfiltered memories just paint a picture.

In more ways than one I've learned that it will take many revisions and time to be able to be content with something. Even if you've had a vision of what you wanted to write about it may not come out as such, because there is more than one way to perfect. When you're willing to be

open to other ideas and see things from another lens/point-of-view then your creative space will be more versatile than it was last. For me it was easy for me to accept criticism because of how positive everyone was; sometimes too much; they even gave an alternative suggestion which I chose to implement or alter the way I liked it. Another thing I loved from this class, how comfortable I was sharing life long kept secrets and feelings and sharing them with people i don't even know and probably will never meet. The space that the professor created was so welcoming and it was easy to be vulnerable and grow in.

There's always something to learn from, always a lesson in something. As math and science is implemented even in the simplest things in life, so does English whether some realize or are oblivious. In symbolic paintings, in lamented everyday usage of words or facial expressions. There's a literary element that can be traced in anything. A lot of scientists and philosophers usually use metaphors or analogies to explain a finding so profound into layman's terms for the everyday man.

## Memoir

Just like any other person, we have clothes, we need clothes, and we're-purchase clothes. In my case, I keep my clothes, even the clothes that don't fit and are from the 3rd grade. I love my clothes, it symbolizes the good times at that age, which is one thing that grows old with you; memories.

My mother abhors the fact that I keep my clothes because she thinks I'm a hoarder and I need to be on the Lifetime show called "Hoarders". Just to clarify, I don't have a room full of bags mounted with clothes from the past, I simply have 3 shirts and about 5 dresses from when I was younger.

The one dress out 3 pieces of clothing I have, reminds me of a perfect time in life. Rather a simpler time. When I was 1/3 top of my 5th grade class, my mom always did my hair even though I hated it , and I never really went through heartache; though I thought I did when I lost one of my bratz dolls. As a teenager/young adult you tend to reminisce on the simpler times, because you weren't aware that you left them you long for them even more frequently through hardships. Which is why, I have at least 3 pieces of clothing that spark the cool-breeze memories that they store.

Me keeping my clothes is just the surface, and I've known the real meaning underneath that surface for a long time now. I know at first it may present itself as materialistic, but on the contraire; it's a change I'm not too fond of. I feel as if I get rid of my clothes, all the good times with the memories I have to give away too.

## Short Story

Her name is Khadija, she likes being called Dee. She puts all her time and effort into making her futuristic time machine for the national contest in her city. Dee lives in Musk, the city created by the late great Elon Musk back in 2050. The city has new inventions being generated every year so it's hard for a common citizen to make a brand new invention, which is why one of the contest rules allows for competitors to reuse an invention but to advance it with their own renovations.

Dee's dog Max is a titanium and steel mix-breed; the year is 3025 of course he's a robot dog. Max is Dee's personal AI assistant; he was made after the first AI assistant; his great-great-many great grandmother Siri. Dee uses Max as a researcher, data analyst, and diy expert.

Dee is usually known for the use of refurbishing parts in her inventions but for this she had to get the good stuff, the tesseract. The tesseract, the aqua colored block, is a third-realm metal only grown every 3 years on a planet 100-light years away from Musk. Sid, her oldest friend, helped Max to get it for Dee in 3 days time.

There's still much to be done for her time-machine, and Dee is still perfecting the foundation. She requires total attentiveness when working with the tesseract because one unplanned crack and the whole thing turns to dust, but with perfect precise cuts, the most powerful energy is released making the most common citizen into a deity. Which is why Max is quiet and still as a mouse.

Day becomes night and night becomes day for thrice its time. In Musk, the moon is called Qwerk; a solar system powered hybrid of sun and moon, also invented by Elon Musk and Tim Cook; which holds the power of charging 77×7 tons of the city's inventions and people can be recharged without the wasteful means of sleep.

Continues the diligent work of Dee. But here is where things take an awful turn, maybe for the best. As Dee continues to use her vibranium gloves for the workings of the tesseract, Max barks at a cyclop squirrel. Dee is startled. The gloves disintegrate a clean road through the tesseract. Mayhem has begun.

Or so one would think, the tesseract gifts Dee a 30 sec grace period in which she began welding the two pieces into one whole god-like metal again. The only known unknown is that the dust from the devastating cut seeps through Dee's clothes and finds its way nesting into her skin. Simple minds might think "oh it's just dust, just take a quick shower" but no one drinks water after drinking clorox. This will soon bring a much needed turn of events not even Max was prepared for.

The tesseract, the aqua colored block, a third-realm metal only grown every 3 years on a planet 100-light years away from Musk. The original tesseracts were discovered by the Humans of Old. With the 7 tesseracts the Humans of Old knew that the new humans were filled with much chaos to have such power in their midst. So they scattered them in different galaxies. The special thing about the tesseract is not that it can turn someone into a deity but when working with it, it also requires energy from the person forging it, which reveals one's true intention. If it senses even a pinch of ill-intention, it will become just another metal losing its deity-like powers. Sid, her oldest friend, helped Max get it for Dee. But little do they know it was the tesseract who found Dee.

Khadija, affectionately known as Dee, is a 13yr old girl who loves reinventing from "the impossible", mostly from refurbished parts. Her parents are well known co-founders of Musk, but she hated being known as "The Jobs' kid". So she started doing the unlikely, building from trash. She's always had a niche for wanting to know the past and future since was in the present already. She started researching about old earth and how it was before The Great Renewing, as ominous it sounded as ominous it was, and the more her parents seemed suspicious. When they forbade her from further research she thought it was best to keep them off her tracks by building a time interfering adapter; time machine; that would take her back to The Great Renewing of...2025. But for this project she would need a more enduring self charging metal, and why she sends Max for the tesseract.

After Dee is done building her time adapter. She tweaks the use of its connotation by making it take the user to 7 parallel versions/universes of that specified time one chooses. When entering it into the contest she weirdly reintroduces it as, "God's Eye".

An aqua coloured streak gradually starts to appear on Dee's arm. Everytime she uses the machine the more it grows and the more urge to go to the year 2025. As she goes, she finds her parents, Musk , Cook, Bezos, Zuckerberg and the other founders of Musk in the secret room in the Eiffel tower with 3d blueprints; yes like the one in iron man; of her home city. But instead of it being on a land it was in a sphere and the sphere was much like earth's she heard so much about. This sphere had a tunnel which lead to the hollow core of nothingness except the other worlds and creatures of "old earthtales" her parents told her. Then plans of escaping there while they wiped out half the planet by releasing Pandora's box. In blatant terms, mass genocide. Dee was in shock. With a tearful frenzy, denial that her parents could take part in heinous crimes and then knowing her father invented the tech that had radiation, and it was called "Apple" and he died in 2011? "Im-impossible..." She whispered as she desperately put in the numbers 3025 to get back home. Or was home just...

## Poem

### Poem 4: Desire

Brilliant and beautiful

She was the picture of beauty

As long as the coral reefs and as dark as the seas

Her lips were as full as the moon and gentle as the trees

Her presence was captivating like how a blue bird sings

But the man who shan't be named

The man she loved

Loved another who's cheeks were pinched red

Whose lips were as cherry as a cherry blossom tree

Soft as a rose that blooms in May

When he sleeps he calls her name

She was as clear as a pearls

She loved him; the man who shan't be named loved another

She was brilliant and beautiful til her last wispy breath

## **Dialogue**

Scene 1: Tabitha and Momo met up in Kings Plaza. Both having a double espresso latte at Starbucks, they converse.

**Tabitha Demero:**

I mean the hourly be hittin

**Momo:**

The only store I would work at would be Pink, Bath & Body Works or Pandora

**Tabitha Demero:**

Nah I wouldn't mind tho cause imagine a gift outside the store

**Momo:**

Other than thatt I don't want to be at KP

**Tabitha Demero:**

Mad entertainment

**Momo:**

And I feel like it's gonna be miserable

**Tabitha Demero:**

Fight^^

**Momo:**

Like Old Navy is boringgg

**Tabitha Demero:**

But I feel like it wouldn't be that bad

I wouldn't work at a supermarket tho

**Momo:**

Nah it's boring

**Tabitha Demero:**

Bitch you gotta knw all the aisles

And the shit in them

**Momo:**

Lmao honestly after a while you'll remember them

**Tabitha Demero:**

Like that's mad work

**Momo:**

When I worked at Walgreens I started to remember the aisles

**Tabitha Demero:**

Yeah you would have to work there for a min

Bitch I'll hit u up at 8:40 cause this Russian nigga is moving diff

## **Journals**

the most improved

### Journal 5

It was in the 5th grade when my teacher was on pregnancy leave. The most memorable thing she told me was “you can’t joke with everyone like how you joke with me so behave yourself”. I thought “hey no issue everyone loves me, what can go wrong”. Boy was I a naive 10 yr old. Hell’s mouth opened wide to let out its most treacherous substitute teacher, Ms. Miller. Till this day a little streak of hate crawls through my heart. Miller was the worst, she kicked out the student president whom everyone loved and me for no reason at all. I had enough, I said something slick; after she said something slick to me; I tried to play it off with a laugh behind it and said “it's a joke I was just joking” but it was too late. Everyone made it hot with the ohhh’s, then she kicked me out.

Then when Mrs.Campbell came back and saw the notes Miller left. She was disappointed but understanding after I explained myself. Then the most ah-ha life changing line she ever used on me was recycled as so, “remember I told you, you can’t play with everyone because not everyone is going to see it as a joke”. Those words were forged in the back of my mind, and anytime I will be around different people I adjust myself to how well I know them, because you can’t treat everyone the same.

## Journal

the least favorite

### Journal 3

I'm not one to brag, my character consists of the adjective humble; which I'm so proud to say. Ironic to say, this is one of those times my humbleness exceeds. For one, there's nothing to brag about, I don't view my journals as top tier writing at all. Not because I "half-assed" or "its mediocre" work, I just don't think they are that great compared to my other written pieces. My journals aren't enticing as the ones I've written in my past; the 10 yr old me would laugh or just stop mid paragraph at most of the written pieces I've written for this class. I assure you it's not because of the topics or this class, there's something wrong with me. my creativity has lost me, and I can't seem to find her.