



**Sharing Memories**  
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Creative Writing 1141  
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## Final Reflection

When you have to write and share your feelings and thoughts with others, you take a moment to think of what you will share. As a writer you don't want to bore your audiences by writing a lot but I did the opposite. I wrote short memories because I am not that open to sharing my memories with others. When I started to write my very first memory I wanted to share something interesting. I had a hard time choosing what to share, even though I had a bunch of memories. After sharing my first memory I got feedback from my peers. My readers wanted to know more about my memory since I wrote a short memory.

This is where I learned to write more, since it does not bore readers. They like to read the beginning, middle and final of a memory or story. When you give details as much as you can, this is where the reader can imagine and get into your writing. Readers sometimes get connected with what you write.

My favorite part was when I got to write poems. When I was little I used to recite poetry. I like this part because you get to write any kind of poem and then recite it. The idea of moving your hands or any part of your body with each word is so unique. Because of the situation we are all facing I did not get the chance to recite poetry in person.

I used to not write any of my thoughts or feelings. After doing so many writings. I can say writing is good for you. You express yourself. Also, writing memories, stories, poems, dialogues contains good and bad interesting things in it. I liked this course because we all got to share real feelings and thoughts through our assignments. Memories are real and I have learned to share my memories with others. Finally, I have improved my writing skills. Now on I will write more and give readers a good structure of my writing. Providing more details like names, places, dates.

## Memoir

2010 – Mom and I were at a fair in my little town. I remember being so happy and loved on this day. I always loved having my mom's attention and her love all just for me. I can remember her beautiful smile. I felt her being free. Also, the day was perfect with an amazing sunset and people being happy.

I got the chance to ride a motorcycle on this day. I ate 3 tacos with her and for dessert we had fried bananas with cream. She bought me a pair of shoes and clothes. I was holding her hands while we had a long walk. This was the first day that I was outside so late. We came back home at 12pm. I did not want this lovely day to end.

When I was in la secundaria(high school) she recreated my uniform from my brother's pants. My dress looked so good that you couldn't tell that it was pants. She showed me how to design dresses. I was proud of my mom and wanted her to feel the same way for me. That is why I joined a sewing workshop in my second year of high school in Mexico.

In my first year of high school I decided to start working, my mom was okay with it. She knew I was an independent girl. I used to go to school in the morning and work in the afternoon from 3pm to 8pm. I liked my first job because it was not difficult. I worked at a supermarket packaging people's products. My mom was so happy because I was supporting and taking food home.

My mom always taught me to be a good student, be a good girl, be independent, be strong, be brave and finally believe in myself.

I wish I had more beautiful moments with the person who gave me life, but what I had was enough for me to remember her with love. I am happy because she is now in a better place. She is my angel who is always protecting me.

## Short Story

On a Saturday night Edith got to eat with her parents and talk to them about how college was going for her. She has not seen them for 6 months already. Edith was in her third year of college. She seemed happy all the time but somehow at the very end of the dinner, she got emotional and started to cry and say how hard college was getting for her.

She is at this point of her life where she has to fight and face her own self. She has to study for her finals, work to pay her bills, and friends going to parties on the weekends. The worry of getting a better job each year.

Her personal life was not okay. She broke up with this guy who was cheating on her. At this moment she was going to let everything go, even stop taking classes because they were getting harder and harder each time. She knew that no matter what she decided to do, at the end her parents will support and love her like they always do.

Edith knew that letting everything happen and not taking actions about it will affect her even more. She decided to focus on herself and finish college with good grades. She is happy to see and talk to her parents about all of this and be able to say that she will be okay. The parents were happy and proud of the girl.

## Poem

### Infinity

New Year and there you are  
you looked at me, like no one did before

Did we just find each other?  
smiling like a kid, with his new toy.

Hits after hits and there you are  
you looked at me, and I walked away

I gave you all my love, but I was still  
hiding my heart.

I let things happen , you are not here now.

I won't let things happen without you.

Our love did not last but it lasted what it had to.

My love for you is infinite, in the past.

## Dialogue

Bianca: Hi

Snow: Hi

Bianca: What do you prefer? Italian food or Peruvian food?

Snow: Italian most likely, what about you?

Bianca: same, hot chocolate or ice coffee?

Snow: hot chocolate for sure, what about you?

Bianca: right now, hot chocolate

Snow: nice

Bianca: hiking or being at the beach?

Snow: oh, well, probably hiking but being at the beach isn't bad either

Bianca: ...waiting for snow to ask me, "what about you?"

Snow: what about you?

Bianca: Huh, hard to choose one but I will say, being at the beach. So I can see the sunset and sunrise.

Snow: oh true

Bianca: yeah, ice cream or apple pie?

Snow: oh, probably apple pie but a good ice cream is always delicious.  
What about you?

Bianca: Not the regular apple pie tho, I would take a French apple pie.

Snow: oh definitely



## Journal #1

Monica is my best friend. I met her in High School in 2016. When I came to the United States I was supposed to work only and not go to School. Now I am so glad I got the chance to go to High School because this is where I met most of my friends. Monica is a Mexican-American girl who knows English. She helped me a lot to understand this other language. It was so hard for me to understand and get my school work done because I did not know any English at all.

My best memories are from high School. I remember going to my senior trip. We were 4 best friends called the "G's" because the first letter of our last name was G. So, our nicknames used to be; Moni G, Kim G, Dayanna G and Bianca G(me). I had so much fun with these girls. All of them are so unique but also Monica is so like me. We were happy, laughing, talking all the time. Kim used to worry about her outfits and boyfriend. Dayanna was a calm girl, who didn't hang out with us after school. But one thing for sure is that we all used to help each other to get our homework done. On this day, we all were in the same room which was so amazing and cool to me. We got to talk a lot in tears about family and things that have happened or hurt us a lot before we met each other. We listened to music. We danced a lot and took a lot of pictures to post it all on Instagram.

Now, Dayanna G does not talk to us anymore but I love and will help them all the same way at any time. They are important to me now because we get to celebrate birthdays and holidays together. They are part of my family. I advise them, support them, care for them and be a good friend to them.

## Journal #5

After 2014, I decided to come to The United States. Everything was so different, here in New York. I had to go to school not because I wanted to because I knew it would help me to build the future I wanted. I remember being on my math class and heard the principal of my high school calling me twice “Estela Guevara, Could you please come to the office, Thank You” I remember telling myself ” I did not do anything”

When I got to the office, the principal was holding my letter. A letter from the hospital saying that I needed a guardian in order to get free Health Insurance. Now that I remember I gave her the letter a day before to read it and translate it to me in Spanish. At this time I did not know how to read and write in English. Next to her was another English professor, she knew a bit of Spanish and she translated it to me.

After two months without knowing that the person who translated the letter for me will become my guardian. She adopted me and my little sister. I was crying of happiness. I knew this was going to be a big change in my life. I was excited to learn to speak and read in English. I was going to get a family and a home. Thanks to this woman who is now like a mother to me I got the chance to keep studying and get a degree.

I wish I had more beautiful moments with the person who gave me life, but what I had was enough for me to remember her with love. I am happy because she is now in a better place. She is my angel who is always protecting me.