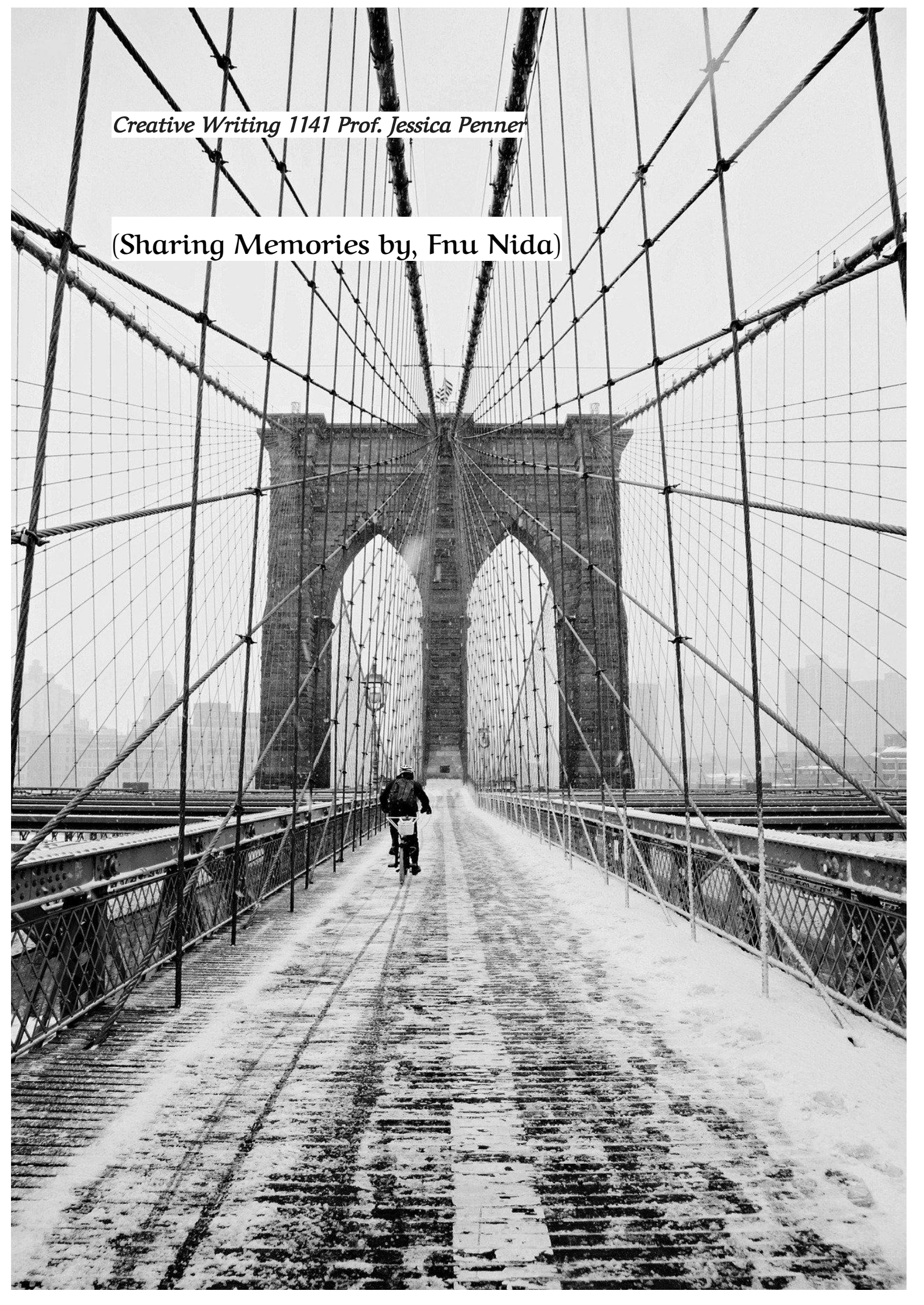


Creative Writing 1141 Prof. Jessica Penner

(Sharing Memories by, Fnu Nida)



{Final Reflection }

I don't know what to do. I've been writing for years and the people in the spotlight have always surprised me. Anyway, let's get into it right away. Writing was not my specialty. After a long line of teachers/professors who just absorbed all the fun. At the beginning of this semester, my expectations were low. Everything was explained in the first hour. I assumed it might be a true burden. I can't wait for the end of this semester. To my surprise, I enjoyed this course. I can't find a very tiring sentence anymore. I really want to express that.

We did a lot of work during the semester. Some were a little difficult and some were easy. Our first work was "Meet my X" and "Dialogue and Poems". This work took minutes to put together my thoughts. I literally had to sit on myself and force myself to write. How much did you enjoy your work? When I wrote it, there was a small voice behind my head over and over again, "I hate this." After a few weeks, reading became more fun. It's easy to write and I enjoyed this honest review so I can do better. The diary was fun. I've never written a diary before, but they really helped me come up with a few things. By writing a short story, I was able to discover the creative side that I thought I had lost. When it looked good, the course made a terrible turn.

I came to the poetry section of the course. It seemed that my worst fear was there. My dislike of poetry cannot be explained at this time. I think that's all. My creation disappears again. Your own poetry writing job has been announced. I feel like this is ruining my bill. Honestly, I don't want to do this quest. I procrastinate like never trying to avoid it at all costs. What I've absolutely loved for years of hating is one of my favorite things to do this semester. I am so proud of my poems that I even let my friends read them. To end this crazy experience.

This semester has become a series of ups and downs. I might also be a bit impressed with some of the quests, but I've reviewed a lot. I have positioned my creativity and joy in an

element that I have hated all my life. Once again I realized that handwriting is very good and I no longer hate English. Let this consciousness last forever. It's amazing how I've progressed from where my writing skills were before this class and where I am now. I finished the course with two short stories and four poems. I will continue to write; it is perhaps not for the publishing sector but for the tone of the text.

{Memoir}

It was March 11th when my friend received an email from the State of Michigan announcing that they would close in-person classes for the remainder of the semester. I just woke up at 10am. and prepared for a lab scheduled for 12 noon. I entered the living room from my apartment, where my parents were already standing and telling me to look at my phone. One person said to me “ check your emails, you will be shocked." I knew COVID19 was circulating everywhere because of two cases recorded the previous day. I checked my email and found that the President sent an email saying classes will be online for the rest of the semester. I realized that my lab would be canceled, and probably the rest of my classes would be too. After a few hours I started getting emails from my teachers saying that our classes and exams will be postponed because they needed time to fully transition from face-to-face to distance learning.

Realizing that my semester is almost over is quite overwhelming because I enjoy being on campus and at school. I am surrounded by friends and I always have something to do. Now that I have to go home for the rest of the semester, I know I won't have freedom like I did in college. During the first 23 weeks of detention, I became more and more lazy, unmotivated and generally lost in my life. Unable to leave the house and not seeing my friends. I ate too much and I Postponed my homework to the point where I was missing my homework. I know, I had to change my habits but there was no event or situation that prompted me to change until that happens.

It was the fourth week of detention around mid-April, and my grandmother was seriously ill. My grandmother lived away from us for a year due to growing concerns about living conditions in Pakistan. They haven't even left the house since February due to coronavirus concerns and the whole family is very safe there. My Mother's brother was the only one who went to buy groceries and other necessities. Our whole family was very

confused as to how sick my grandmother was in America and Pakistan as well. We had to get her to the hospital. Where I got my first look at how serious this pandemic is affecting hospitals and doctors too. The medical beds were full, and there appeared to be three times as many patients all over the world. I have a lot of experience observing and volunteering in hospitals, but I have never seen anything that comes close to chaos in hospitals due to this pandemic. Doctors and nurses ran around and the hall was packed with people. They had to wait in the waiting room for an hour and a half until the doctor came to see my grandmother. Me and my family kept praying and waiting for their calls, another hour to get a diagnosis. After their call my uncle explained to us that the doctor checked her, he told us that our grandmother had coronavirus and had to be hospitalized for a few days, so her symptoms did not get worse. It breaks my heart to know how dangerous this virus is, but fortunately the doctor told us she fought well and will definitely be okay with it.

After a few days in the hospital, my grandmother was able to go out on her own and self-isolate at home for 14 days. Fortunately, her symptoms have improved, but there are still significant effects on her body. She lost a lot of weight and had a high fever. Our family was scared, but the doctor reassured us that with the right medication and care, they would be fine and we shouldn't be scared.

Witnessing the chaos this pandemic has caused in the hospital is the event that spurred me on to change my way of doing things. It also gives me a clearer goal in mind about what I want to do in the future. In the worst case scenario where my grandma has terrible complications with COVID19, I don't want her last memory of her grandson to be lazy, down, aimless and want to make her proud. Also watching her persevere through the symptoms and fear about this virus really motivated me. It shows how quickly life can go and I want to work hard for her and me. I started looking for volunteer opportunities during the pandemic, to be able to fulfill my role as a pre-medical student in this tumultuous situation.

{Short story}

For most of high school, I was demoralized and didn't want to do anything related to homework, tests or quizzes. However, this is not always the case; my second year worked really hard in my classes and the grades I got there. Most of my second year I obtained A and B grades, in honors and other advanced placement classes. The year for freshmen is Good for me. The second year was good and I worked hard even though I couldn't do much stuff with my friends. I lost interest in school and tried to get the best grades. I can't remember why I lost my motivation to go to school but I did. Some school days, I will all dance together, not go to any of my classes, study or do any work. for them. In return, I wouldn't have gotten a good grade if I hadn't failed. the overall Middle school year goes like this, truant and doesn't care about anything except my friends and myself. My dad would ask me about school and my status, but I would lie and say that it is going well, or "well".

Senior year next and the same process repeats. I'm no longer in honors or advanced classes, now I'm in the middle or below average for my class. It's fascinating and I want to change things, but I still don't have the drive or motivation to change things on my own. Then my father started receiving calls from the school about my academic performance and failures in class; It was terrible because he always pointed out how important school is and we need to get an A. Even if I get a good grade like a B, he won't be satisfied and will tell me that I just had to get an A right away. So, the class failure was horrible. He offered to hire a tutor, spend time with me, etc, but in the end, I still don't want enough. Finally my dad said something with the meaning that only you can do it, no one else can do it for you, if you want to be bad, you must have it. enough for you to think about it morning, noon, and night.

The end of the year for seniors was approaching, and I was feeling more stressed than ever. There were only two and a half online courses to complete and pass the current course, but the deadline was still a week away. I was doing my best both physically and mentally. My

family wanted to help with the online course while I was working on something else, but I didn't let anyone help me. I knew I did this myself, so I wanted to do it all myself. It was my job, not anyone else's. The homework deadline has come and I have completed all the assignments. I felt very good and very happy. The test came back in one of the current courses, but it failed. This meant that I couldn't attend the class and had to take and complete another online course. The devastation pervaded me with overwhelming embarrassment, as I expected my dad and family to go to class. Shortly thereafter, I finished my last online course, got a diploma and graduated. It's been a few weeks since I graduated, and I'm very happy with my recent efforts and what I'm trying to achieve, and most of the time I got my diploma, I was rewarded.

I think the reason I did well is due to my one word "Why". "Why" is the reason you are doing something or working towards your goals. My goal is to get a degree, do an internship with a chiropractor or a physiotherapist, learn more skills, and do what I want to do in graduate or vocational school. Second, I want to have an independence in my profession that helps people get healthier, heal their bodies, heal themselves, and take care of themselves. My "why" is to be completely self-reliant, show everyone how well I can do, help my family, friends, outsiders, and ultimately just as my dad supported everything. I want to support my family.

“Come away, come away, death”

(from *Twelfth Night*)

Come away, come away, death,

And in sad cypress let me be laid.

Fly away, fly away, breath;

I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,

O, prepare it!

My part of death, no one so true

Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,

On my black coffin let there be strown.

Not a friend, not a friend greet

My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.

A thousand thousand sighs to save,

Lay me, O, where

Sad true lover never find my grave,

To weep there!

Dialogue

Conversation of a day start with my younger cousin who used to make his own breakfast early in the morning.

Hasseeb

Hasseeb

Hasseeb: Yes, Im here

Nida(ME): Good Morning, You woke up so early?

Hasseeb: Yes(Boisterous), I had off from school today.

Nida: WOW, Means your naughtiness we have to endure all day today?

Hasseeb: hahahaha.... Exactly.

Nida: So, have you done your breakfast? Who made it: Your mother or yourself?

Hasseeb: Of Course, I do it by myself. I have to make a sandwich for myself which I love only when I make it by myself. Do you wanna have breakfast?

Nida: Oh so sweet, Yes.

Hasseeb: Okay so get up and make it by yourself.

Nida: Why should I make it?

Hasseeb: I asked only if you want to have breakfast? I didn't say I will make it!(laughed).

Nida: Please, Hasseeb Make it for me. I'm requesting you. Then, I will give you money!

Hasseeb: Of course, I will make you because I'm gonna get paid for it(laughed).

Nida: Be careful, I have to like it as well. If I don't like it then I will not pay you.

Hasseeb: Ohh no no, you didn't mention it before. Now you have to pay whether you will like it or dislike it.

Nida: Okay, okay don't be offended, I will pay you. Just cook it.

Hasseeb: Here you go (brought the breakfast in a tray towards me). Now, I owe you money(silly).

Nida: yes yes, I will. Let me eat it all first then.

Hasseeb: I know you are not gonna pay me if you will have eaten it.

Nida: Oh great, you made it delicious. Okay next time when you will make it again then surely, I will give you money(laughed).

Hasseeb: Now I'm offended(walked away from room).

Nida: (I took out some money from my purse and walked towards him). Here, you go son.

Now happy?

Hasseeb: Thank you(blushed with a smile and kept it).

{Journals #1}

The death of my best friend changed my life forever. Rida was eight years old when she left me. Until I met her, I didn't know what my best friend was. Rida and I weren't always together, but we did it all together. She used to irritate me, came to my house and screamed and threw things. But in the end, we were best friends who couldn't cut it to the end.

Everything changed in the summer when I arrived in America from Pakistan. My family and I migrated to America. It had been the simplest trip of my life. When I got home, I told everyone about this experience which was very thrilling. Finally, Rida got time to talk with me. I have been talking regarding it for many weeks. A week before she left me when we were moving, she came to my house and talked about her new friends whom she met in school. The day we were leaving, she came to our house to say goodbye to us but our conversation changed to fighting which made her walk away from my home. After some time, I went to her home to resolve our issue and hugged her last time.

She was on her way back to home in Pakistan when the incident happened. Her car was sailing on a dark sea night and suddenly felt everyone bumped. The car collided with a wall. She had a very short time to get out of the car where she had been in an accident. Rida's grandma was in her life, so she went back to the car and tried to save her. On her way to the hospital, Rida died of too much blood loss from her body and severe head injuries. At the hospital, her grandmother became sick because she could endure it which made her faint and she died. They pulled the plug.

This incident modified my lifestyle forever. When I got back here from my after college show. My mom approached me and cried once I enthusiastically requested "What's happened?" Mom's eyes were full of tears. I requested again, this time nervously, "What's happened mommy?" She stated, "Earlier nowadays honey, Rida died in a car accident." I do not consider her. I do not need to consider her. Both irritated and frustrated, I said for the

closing time: "Mom, do not play anymore, seriously tell me what happened?". Mom said, "Rida is not among us anymore." It felt like someone pulled my soul away from me. Then I broke down and began crying. A few weeks later, they held a funeral for her, despite the fact that I could not carry myself. This occasion modified my complete outlook on lifestyles. I actually have found out to cherish each second that I am right here and cherish each second I share with someone. Never take all people with no consideration due to the fact you in no way recognize whilst they could depart your lifestyles forever. I misplaced a small piece of my coronary heart that day, and I will in no way get it back. Now once I'm with my friends, I attempt to have as much of a laugh as I can. I ensure anyone is glad and I strive now no longer to get mad at them often. This enjoyment made me mature very quickly; Losing a chum at this type of younger age makes you examine lifestyles differently.

{Journals #2}

Writing conversations was fun, especially when I was able to take pictures of phone conversations. Knowing that my character has a face can make for a fun play. It was also easier to create fiction with photos to tell the story alive. Conversation writing is the most interesting thing I have learned in this class. The most difficult part of writing a dialogue is creating a stage scene. Because most of these dialogues are used on the train, on the way home, sitting somewhere, and the characters playing the role. It took a lot of creativity to bring motion to a stagnant conversation and make the game/conversation come to life. The small part was that most of my phone conversations were short, very direct and not dramatic, so I lacked the snapshots that later turned into conversations. The disadvantage of writing dialogue is that it is sometimes not easy to choose the right voice and words for each character, and as a result, writing dialogue is one step lower than expected.