

Writing is Building



Final Portfolio
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Final Reflection

This semester was defiantly a though one, but I didn't do as bad as I thought I would with everything going on. I have never like reading or writing and these are two tasks that I struggle with. In the beginning this class in my mind would be hard because of how I struggle. In previous semesters and before I even started college, I always dreaded taking an English class. Writing long essays based on articles and reading boring books. I assumed for this class we would have to write based off someone else work. Now that this class is coming to an end, I can say it wasn't bad and I enjoyed it.

I now look at writing differently because I enjoyed this class. My favorite part about this class would be the creative aspect. Every assignment we had full control and that's what made the process enjoyable. We were able to make things up and add whatever we wanted. The short story was my favorite assignment we had because had to make a story based on setting. I had so many ideas and I was just overwhelmed with joy deciding what I wanted my characters to do and how I wanted them to react with the environment. I even found the dialog fun to write because of the number of conversations and topics I had.

This class showed me that writing in college is not just all about long papers and writing based off other peoples work. Your able to add your creative aspect and your opinion within every assignment given. Moving forward in college writing won't always be this fun but I need to keep an open mind about writing because there are ways, I can add my own perspective in making it my own.

The one thing I would have change is handing in my work earlier or on time. Because of personal situation I couldn't stay on top of my work which I will change moving forward into the next semester. Having this class also opened my eyes to the amount of growing up I've done so far and its pretty cool to see and remember situations that has molded me to be the individual I am today.

Memoir

I've always had an interest in doing nails especially in my junior year of high school, but with all the activities I had going on I never had the time to practice. During my senior year in high school the pandemic started. In the blink of an eye the world was in quarantine, and I was stuck in my house with nothing to do. School was still online but being a senior, I only had four classes that rarely gave out homework. I found myself with a lot of free time. Watching tv and sleeping was all I was doing.

I eventually noticed and realized that I had a hobby I forgotten all about. So, like everyone else in the world I did a bit of online shopping. I got lots of nail supplies and started to practice on myself.

Granted with most crafts you start out with a mess but eventually with practice you get better. Doing nails makes me feel free. I'm able be creative and watch myself get better and better after every set. The number of designs is endless when it comes to this craft.

I realized that nails were a craft that I enjoyed. A lot and my friends and family started to notice and eventually I started sharing my craft with them. Practicing on them was the step that pushed me to go to nail school. It was not just because I could get paid, but it was also the fact that I enjoyed it so much.

When I started college, I also started nail school part time. So far, I passed my first exam and got my temporary license. So, I created my nail business profile on Instagram and it's growing slowly but I found a creative outlet which excites me.

Short Story

"I'm faster than you." Liam said to Anna "No you're not she relied. "Liam stop lying bro I'm faster then everyone here." Max uttered. "I mean we have nothing else to do lets race guys or we can play tag in the forest." Janet suggested. "My mom told us we can't back there she said to stay put she went to our elementary school to get a package." Anna replied with a firm voice. "What's wrong Anna you scared Max teased. "No" said Anna "I just don't want anyone to get hurt or lost." "We'll be fine your big baby I'm it I'll give you babies a 10 second head start Go". Janet said as she turned away and shouted.

Liam, Anna, and Max all ran in the same direction straight past so any trees they kept running until they were greeted by a building. It was defiantly abandoned. There were vines coming out the window overgrown shrubs climbing up the side of the building there was a bit of broken glass on the floor. All three stood there looking around and glancing at each other. Eventually Janet caught up with them. "Wow we are definitely going in." She grabbed Ann and rushed through the doors.

Of course, Anna didn't want to go you can see the look on her scared pale face. As she turned to the boys who were behind them, she said "guys we should not even be in the forest let alone this abandoned building." "Quit being babies guys purchase go in find out what he used to be see if anyone's in there and then we'll get out since you guys are so afraid." Janet replied as she ran down the hall screaming remove the cloth from the windows to let in some light guys. Liam and Max did as Janet told them when they were done, they all stood in the lobby of the building. Janet ran into rooms noticing that there were rusty bedpans and broken-down hospital beds. "Guys this was a hospital or maybe a doctor's office." "Liam screamed back J I think it's time to go."

Suddenly a loud thump was coming from the second floor. Janet was right at the stairs when this loud scary noise started coming directly to her. "I'm not scared of you." She yelled her friends had only heard a loud thump and was calling out for her to see if she was OK, she ignored those sounds and slowly approached into the hallway of the second floor. She heard a door creak open and then bam a bookshelf was pushed down. In fair Janet grand down the stairs through the hall past her friends and out the front door.

Looking at you like why her friends watch as she ran down the hall, they saw a raccoon running down the steps. All three friends laugh to Janet as they walked out of the abandoned hospital, they were making jokes on Janet. By the time they got back to house Janet was sitting on the steps. "Not so tough now Janet are you" Max said Anna and Liam laughed. Janet looked up and smirked. "at least I went in all the way unlike you big headed babies."

They were still waiting for Anna's mom to come back. But all Anna Liam and Max were doing we're making jokes on Janet. Janet was red in the face, and you can tell she was very aggravated by these comments because out of everyone she was the bravest So what she got scared the one time. Anna's mom pulled in the driveway I had a little sleep and brought the kids inside for a snack Janet then pause Anna's mom to the side and explains everything that happened. "They forced me to go into the abandoned hospital and they said if I didn't do it that they were going to tell everyone in the school that I was a wimp, I didn't want to do it but they made me they made me is what she told Anna's mom. As the tears ran down her face Anna's mom called up, I'm supposed to be doing the other kid's moms and told them what had happened. Anna Liam and Max couldn't even get their side out because of how angry their parents were. As they all were leaving in trouble Janet said under her breath. "don't ever call me a wimp scary cat or a baby ever again this should be the first and last time."

Dialogue

(Door opens)

Keya: what's for dinner?

Mike: I don't know did you ask ma

Keya: she said you're supposed to order something cause she is going out to night

Mike: what bro I is she sending me money cause I'm broke Key

Keya: I don't know I want chipotle though

Mike: Is that all you eat did you not just have that you eat

Keya: Shut up you already know my order let me know when u place the order

Mike: Are you giving me the money?

Keya: Call mommy and ask her for it

Mike: Why don't you call her you want the food?

Keya: But you want the money, right? o ok

(Mike throws the pillow from across the room to the door)

Keya: Missed me bum

Mike: I promise I won't next time and if I'm a bum what does that make you dummy

Keya: Just call her your the older one anyway

Mike: I thought I was a bum tho

Keya: you're not ok just call her

Mike: No, you do it

Keya: That's why you are a bum and I'm telling her you're not ordering me food

Mike: see bro you play too much

(Keya slams the door)

Mike: ALL RIGHT ILL CALL HER DAM!

Journal 1

It started the second day of my first year in high school. I had gym as my last period class for that day. The task we had was to jog around the perimeter of the gym until class officially started. Everyone in my class were freshman's so no one had any friends yet because this was only the second day. Everyone was jogging around alone not talking. When I entered the gym started jogging but I realized that there was one person not jogging. So, I gathered up my confidence (because I'm a shy person) and I went up to her and said I thought we were supposed to be jogging. I know it was corny or whatever but that was the day I met my best friend, Mia. She laughed at my horrible joke, and we then introduced ourselves to each other. The gym teacher was only assigning floor spots that day so she could do attendance easier but that gave me and my current best friend time to talk and get to know each other.

After school we started to hang out, she invited me to meet the friend she had recently made and I invited her to the other two friends I made and that is how our high school friend group came to be. But even though we had a friend group we were always together. We tried out for cheerleading together and both made it. We had a few classes together and we would sit together. We even became cheer captains together.

She is important to me because throughout all these years of knowing her we always have each other's backs. No matter what situation we get ourselves into we work together to get out. We go to each other for everything she's like a sister and that one friendship that has a lot of significance to me.

Journal 5

I've always had bad eczema growing up and I would usually get bullied for it especially in middle school. During my seventh-grade year was when it occurred the most and in the summer my neck would get bad. The kids called me names compared my skin to alligators and elephants as well. Now as a child that really does influence your confidence and the way you see yourself. My mom noticed that it would bother me not just the kids comments but it was itchy and uncomfortable. So, she took me to see my first dermatologist. This was a time I would never forget because I expended so much from this doctor who I thought would just help me clear my problem. It was a male doctor, and he was the worst one I've ever been to. The cream that he proscribed me wasn't helpful plus he was just mean. I remember going in and he didn't even take the time to examine me at all. He looked at it and poked it then gave the assistant the name prescription. Now because that cream did not work, we went to see another one. This one was nice, but she did not make it a comfortable environment. Now with both experiences I realized my career goal. I've always known it would be in the medical career, but I had no idea which one. I enjoy popping pimples and the thought of helping people with their confidence in the way they look just opened my eyes. The fact that I can help someone who was feeling the way I was as a child or even an adult I just know it the right path for me.