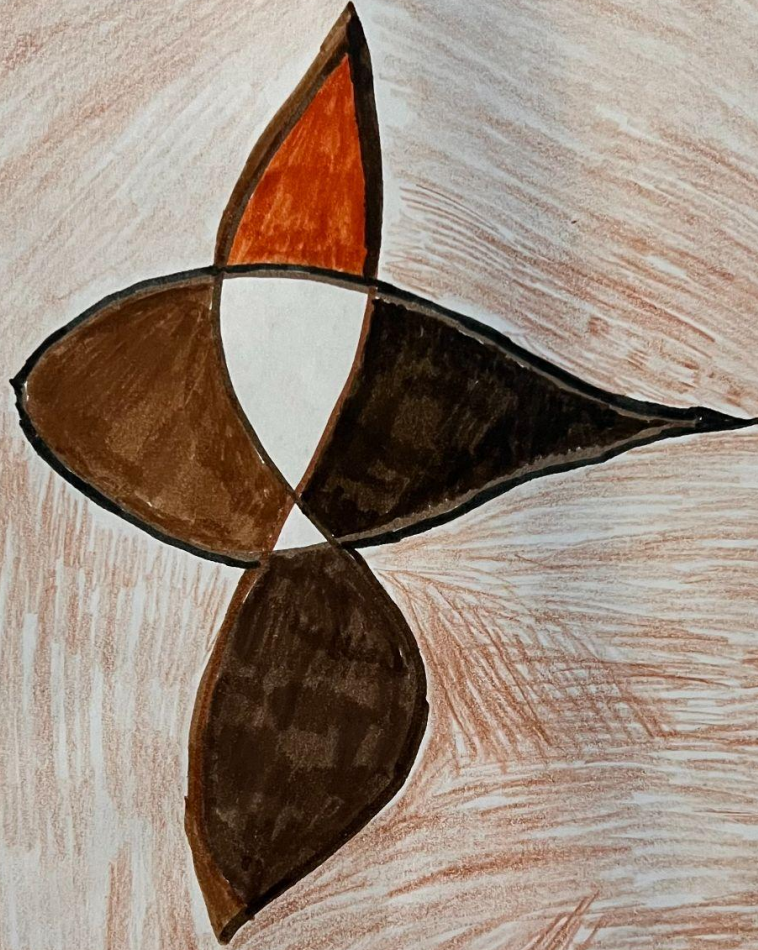


To See Within



Shagota Dasgupta

## Final Reflection

Ever since I started engineering, science and math have become more important than English. English was the one class that I couldn't be wrong in. There were no right and wrong rules with writing, it's all alternation. In math and science if the answer isn't the one already pre-made, you were incorrect. Ever since I started my English class at City tech, I have been online. The transition was awful for me. When I was in high school most of our English homework was done in class and the rest you just finished up at home. I was in advanced placement in English and Shakespeare was the hardest thing I've dissected but I somehow managed to pass. Once I started online, it was overwhelming. There were before and after class assignments. I did okay till I reached my 3rd year. I thought I had it all together till I didn't. I was given a crucial work schedule that I couldn't handle. I had told my job that I had school but they gave me an excuse on why they couldn't change my schedule. With the money I needed, I had to compromise. It wasn't until I needed to overcome a situation and about to lose my scholarship that I decided to buckle down on school.

In the beginning of my assignments I was very afraid to put my feet into the water. When I was in high school, I felt like a robot writing my college supplement. Almost all my writing assignments sound like I'm just following rules instead of free writing. I then realized I could definitely expand my horizons. I started to take my time and read through each announcement and samples. A lot of my peers are great writers. I started to read their work in my free time and got inspiration. I think that's how people learn best from others. I don't have the same knowledge and experience as the next person. My favorite assignment was the memoirs. I was going through a self love change and one of the assignments was "What's one thing that changed you?" It was my perfect opportunity to speak my mind and get personal within myself to be able to write exactly how I felt. That's when I was able to do 4 assignments at a time because I enjoyed what I was doing. I wasn't a fan of poetry because I couldn't comprehend the poems but the writing assignment we got to try and match our writing to the authors and the prompts really helped me shape myself. I was able to like poetry.

As a reader, I have to push myself to read things I don't like. I liked writing poetry in middle school because all I thought was stanzas and random words but now that I am in college it's a different ball game. Because I was able to take my time with the poem assignment and read, it became a lot easier for me to comprehend. I would say I read but it's time to read books for the knowledge. As much as I love reading unrealistic love stories, a good book about the stock market should receive the same attention. I was also told reading helps you speak better. I tend to fumble my words and not have clear conception, that's also something I hope to overcome. As a writer, I hope to turn my diary into a book. All my thoughts and feelings are in there and hopefully I get to share it with the world one day.

## MEMOIR

Love. It's such a simple word with so many meanings behind it. For a while I took a break from looking for a relationship ever since I got my heart broken. The last words he told me was "You're a good person and I don't wanna turn you bad". I never knew what that meant but I moved on with my life with working. I worked so much I think I might've forgotten what my sister looked like and she has the same face. But luckily the hustling led me to a job that wasn't retail anymore. I was very excited.

He's my favorite story to tell actually. When I had finished my first week training, my manager had told me a gentleman named Jay was going to train me. He walked through the door and my jaw dropped. This man was gorgeous. I fell in love. I was about to do whatever I had to, to make this man mine. I snapped back into reality though. I was here to do a job and do a job only. He ended up being the one that trained me and even though I have only consumed barely any information, it was the big brown eyes and then the perfect smile that made all the sense in the world. Things started to get interesting for me. I started to come in with my hair done, eyelashes, and making my way up to getting to know him. I was picking up shifts and wherever he was, I was making my way there to be around him. I never saw myself put so much effort into someone but whatever I was doing worked because after I expressed my interest, he did as well. He also expressed he was dating but not in a relationship. I already knew we weren't going to be together but I still tried anyway. We started to go on dates and my feelings kept getting deeper. I had asked him if he still had feelings for her and he said yeah I do like her alot. My heart shattered but I wanted to be with him so I overlooked it. I was hoping he would choose me eventually.

All of us started getting shifts at the same time. It was like a knife into my heart. He was always around her and making the effort to speak to her. I was watching myself get out of character. It dreaded me to come to work and my heart knew the truth. We ran into fights where I knew I wanted to be in a relationship with him and he wasn't ready. It wasn't till the girl asked my best friend about a party Jay and I were going to. That's when I felt very angered. Why was he still in so much communication with her? That night we went on a date and the disconnection we had was heavy. He was on his phone and I was too because he was, and the annoyance of them still being friends, still bugged me. I later brought it up to him where I wanted him to cut her off. How would you stay in contact with someone you still like? He ended up telling me that he didn't think it was fair for him to cut her off and that they were really good friends. At that point I knew, I knew the truth and I knew that was the end. My heart finally matched my mind. Anyone who truly wants to be with you wouldn't put you in a place to lose you.

It was truly a blessing in disguise. I realized how much I lacked self love. This time around I was able to feel my feelings and cry them out. I put him on a pedestal and he meant a lot to me. I would be a liar if I didn't say I tried to make it work even with the circumstances, but once I accepted there was nothing left for me, it was time to move on. Work was difficult knowing both were there but I learned to cope through working harder. I had to sit myself down and really think about this cycle I was creating for myself with unemotional available men. Whole time I just needed to learn by myself. I ended up going to the gym, started spending time with school work, and working towards my future. I never want to put myself in a position to lose myself like that. I've also learned that anyone who truly wants to be with you, you'll know. I finally broke the cycle.

## SHORT STORY

Mark Richardson is a college graduate getting ready to apply to medical school. Not much excitement on taking a workload but he knows it'll pay off somewhere in the future. It's a gorgeous Saturday morning. Mark has an important meeting. One of his hobbies is involvement in new tech and he's a guest speaker. Growing up Mark had a dream to be financially secured and the money was in technology. He knew every idea and innovation would make him more than the comfortable lifestyle that he wanted. Excited as he is, picking up a suit was the hardest part. Usually he goes with a black or blue but today he wanted something different. He spent hours on thinking about what would make him stand out but not too much. With his hazel eyes, broad shoulders, and brown swept hair, he decided to go with burgundy. Not realizing how long he was taking, he was late to his flight. Mark quickly stuffed his bag with his essentials and walked out the front door.

The world seemed so vibrant. The trees seem more of light and the kids that usually play outside seem to be in a great mood. It's a blissful feeling. Quickly calling the uber Mark hopes he gets to the airport on time. A part of him feels like something's going to take place, and it's just not an ordinary day. Finally getting the uber he rushes into the airport. Without looking up once, he scrambles in his phone trying to find his boarding pass. Not realizing he lost his balance, seconds later he feels someone break his fall. The first thing he notices are gorgeous long legs that broke his fall. As he looks up he sees a girl with beautiful big brown eyes. Her skin in a gorgeous tan and her lips perfectly curved with a gorgeous pink. "Excuse me? Can you please get off?" Admired by her beauty, Mark forgot that he's dropped on the floor. "Oh my god" he says out loud without realizing, "I'm really sorry I didn't mean to". She lets out a little giggle. Mark admires her beauty; "Is there any way I can possibly help you"? Let me get you a coffee for my apology. "No really it's okay. Thank you though". "My name is Mark and yours?" Anabell replies. Mark is completely stunned. He was never into the whole first love thing and even if he was he knew it was a waste of time because of how much he was handling. Suddenly he hears another voice. "Hey baby, are you ready to go?" "She gives him a look and seems to snap back into reality "Yeah yeah". He put her hand around her waist and they both walked away quickly. Mark felt a gut feeling in his stomach for some reason. Even though he didn't know the girl he felt like he did. Reality came crashing down for him and he left with knowing that was it. It was time to get to the airport and to his meeting.

Luckily for Mark, his hotel room and his meeting were in the same building. A little tired he grabs some coffee, puts his stuff away and heads to his meeting. He walks in the room and everyone's ready and prepared. He scans the room quickly and feels a specific pair of eyes look at him. It was her. The girl he bumped into. She changed her outfit and looked dashing. He started to get a little nervous. "Pull it together". He ended up having a great meeting and the crowd loved him. There was tons of applause and he couldn't be happier. As he grabs his stuff, he realizes someone else is also speaking. Anabell. He goes to sit down and Anabell gets called up to present. Mark is astonished by her beauty but when she spoke it was a whole new side. He admired how well spoken she was. They locked eyes a couple times and his jaw just couldn't keep closed. Beauty and brains. He just couldn't comprehend it. Her analysis on global warming was genius. You can tell she was passionate. She was a scientist. She briefly ended her speech talking about her travels and how builds schools for children all over the world. Mark's favorite is her side job where she builds houses for the homeless. He thought her beauty was astonishing but her soul is even prettier. There's a gala everyone was invited to. Mark made his way to Anabell as soon as possible. "Hey!" he says. "Hi" she blushes pink. It's amazing that you're a scientist. "Do you do it often"? "Anabell's face fell into confusion. Mark realizes now that he sounded like an idiot. "I mean how long have you had an interest?". "Since I was a little girl. I have won every science fair since I was a little girl". Your presentation was great." "Thank you. I also take a yearly trip to Guyana and build schools". Anabell's eyes lit up. "I think that's a call for collaborative work, don't you think Mr. Mark? He nodded. "Are you attending?" She takes a moment to pause and replies "yes". "Perfect" he replies and walks away.

After grabbing a snack, Mark started to get ready for the gala. Keeping his eye on the clock he cannot wait to see Anabell. He keeps thinking about her presentation and the intelligence that comes with her. He catches himself smiling. Finally it was time to get ready and go. He takes a nice shower and puts on his favorite deep blue suit. Combing his hair to the side and adding extra cologne for his soon to be girl. Once ready Mark headed out.

The car ride there was short, and the sun had finally come down. Mark finally made his way inside. The inside was prettier than the outside. There were starling lights around the room. The tables were surrounded around the room with buffets. The dance floor was huge. The lights were focused on the dance floor. Everyone was dressed up and Mark knew he picked the right outfit. Even though there were hundreds of people, his eyes found her. There were a lot of people trying to speak to him but he

was trying to plot how to get to Anabell. A little shimmys here and there he finally faced her. She was wearing a sparkling blue dress with spaghetti straps. Her curves showed perfectly and her gorgeous pink toes. Her red lipstick and curls were the best part.” Hey, would you like to dance?” She hesitates but agrees anyway. They slow dance and Mark tells her how beautiful she is. Her cheeks get red and she connects eyes with him. It started to get hot so they both decided it would be right to go outside for fresh air. They both walked near the waters and he could feel their shoulders warmly touch. He wasn’t planning to kiss her, but the tension was high. As both of them leaned in, “ Anabell, what are you doing?” A man’s voice firmly replies. Finally Mark's alarm went off. 6:40am. Waking up from the heart breaking dream it was finally time to prepare for his big meeting.



## POEM

Dear mom,

I used to be jealous by the way everyone had an importance in your life but me.

I craved the love from everyone.

You didn't seem to realize how hard it was, how much I needed your hand of yours.

I needed you to tell me what to look out for.

How to grow.

How to shine during the rain.

But you just lived your life, perhaps I was a mistake.

Now I am older, walking the unknown roads figuring it out.

Guess I didn't need you as much as I thought I needed.

## DIALOGUE

( BB decides to text her best friend Ella about a situation with someone she used to like )

BB: At the brim of I never wanna speak to you again or I'll keep it nice at work

Ella: What

BB: Not you, Wells

Ella: B\*\*\*\*

BB: We've already been friends for 12 years

Ella: I was about to go smack you. But yes that makes sense. Don't even associate at all honestly. It isn't even that hard to avoid at work.

BB: Nah I only work in the morning so I'm good. It feels cold now and I rather you just never associate with me then feel like this.

Ella: Exactly so it won't affect it at all. Exactly, better not to face it until you're ready. You know you've healed when you can just pass by him and feel okay. So, we're gonna work towards that.

BB: I feel okay, Like I know I gave myself the love that I deserved but when I tell you no one deserves that, I knew he didn't want this and it wasn't me I felt like I was in competition with her all the time. It's all off my shoulders now. Even him saying hi it's like half of me is please don't act like we're cool and the other side is like we can be cool.

Ella: That wasn't fair that you felt like it but now you know what's better out there for you. This part is so important. The realization of it all. It will shape you to be who you are supposed to be. Exactly he doesn't deserve the hi because why even.

BB: I've been through this before and it's now I decided to fix whatever's broken in me.

Ella: You don't have to see it as a broken part of you though, take it as an opportunity, let that so-called broken part be the motivation for you to turn it into the right things.

## JOURNAL

My parents and I argue constantly. We weren't raised in the same way and the environment we are in is different from how my parents grew up. When I was very young I was put into dance school where my mom was the dance teacher. I loved it in the beginning. Dance was a passion for me till it got competitive. I wasn't first place and that brought the ugly out of my mom. Everyday I started to grow hate for her. For someone who's a hopeless romantic to a perfect family and romanticizing relationships, it was a stab to the heart every time because I knew I wasn't going to get what I wanted. Because our relationship was terrible, I suffered growing up. I knew I did. It took years before I realized how much my mental health was eating me alive. I was struggling every part of my life. I was in friend groups doing the best I could to have them stay in my life because I was scared of not being good enough and them walking out. Then it started impacting relationships. I was with men who were emotionally unavailable. I would do everything and anything to make them fall in love. I finally decided to fix it. I needed to heal the 10 year Shagota who needed to know she was good enough and she is. 10 years later I had a performance and I was sitting down creating a CD for my mom, I finally told her about how everyone should go see therapy. I started to express my concerns about how much she lacked as a parent. The young me was screaming at how much pain she was bringing to my life. I let her know her lack of love really sucked. She thought it was a joke. She grew up a certain way and her dad was emotionless as well. It wasn't until the day after she processed what I said. I cried about other issues and she tried to get me to talk to her, unfortunately the anger within me still stays. Our problems didn't get solved but I am less angry because I never want this for my future kids and that was a lesson learned for me.

## JOURNAL 2

My experience on story writing was fun. Especially having the freedom to write about what I wanted to write made it exciting. The hardest part about writing was setting change. I had to take the story and change it into a completely different story. When I thought about how much power I had, it became an adventure. I could do anything I wanted into this story and it would be fine because how much truth I really wanted to add to this story was solely up to me. The short story I was creating had some truth to it so the difficulty of creating it to be fiction took a little extra time. I hate reading the same story twice, I think it has to do with my pet peeve of repeating myself but I realized how important it is. The ending always comes out 10x better.