

A Liam Escamilla Book:

THE CHAPTERS OF MY WRITINGS ...



Creative Writing 1141

Prof. Jessica Penner

Final Reflection

Writing is a memory disk, where you decide what paper is going to store your feelings, thoughts, and imagination. This is what I learned after weeks of taking this course. I have to say, writing overall is one serious therapy session. Despite this semester being tough and as my second-half year of college coming closer to an end, I am beyond grateful for taking this class. I got to experience my flaws in writing, true feelings, and memories being activated. This is what makes a writer, in my opinion, you receive feedback from your wonderful peers and fix them. Never have I thought about writing being boring, but it wasn't my interest until now. I realized how important writing can be.

Ever since the first assignment, I learned that I need to loosen myself. Let the drive and emotion go out of my mind into the paper I'm working on. Letting my thoughts go made my writing better. However, revisions and proofreading built the core of my writing the most. I can tell you how many errors I found in certain assignments, but I always manage to fix them. That's what matters. Once I start writing, I want to continue where I might end up writing over four to five pages. I got to that point of realization when I started writing my second short story. In my mind, there was so much imagination going on in that piece where I just felt like I might as well write it into a book, but this is where I got to feel my weaknesses.

The fear of boring the reader, one of my weaknesses in writing. Let me tell you, during writing the second short story, oh man, I thought to myself, is this part good? No, wait, maybe this part ca- uhh, nope – never mind ... Lost in my own work. I felt like a true author, an artist, where I'm picky on my writing. I wanted something similar close to the dystopian novels that I was introduced to in my freshman year of college. I fell in love with them. In fact, that class from last year is one of the reasons why I chose this course. Overall, I want my writing to make the reader understand what they're reading, but for the least, that's how I know that I am putting effort and writing something better than ever.

The process of growing is to learn and accept. This can relate to my writing because next semester and in the future, I am going to make sure that my flaws in writing become skills. Today, I believe that my writing from the beginning of

the semester has gotten better. Do I plan on writing more? Yes, of course. I won't let the fear, as mentioned earlier, distract me or stop me because at the end of the day, as a writer in this course, it's my responsibility to make sure my paper is understandable. I will also make sure that I become more comfortable with whatever I share. Memoirs were the beginning of this course where I became comfortable. Like I said, writing is therapeutic. No one is going to judge you or stop you if they took the time of their day to read your feelings, thoughts, and beliefs. It's the beauty of writing. It's been there in history, I am talking about philosophers, authors, and so on.

Today, I continue to learn about myself as a writer. There is no end. If I had to choose one thing that I learned about writing is, it takes inspiration, life lessons, and creativity, to create a well-structured piece from you. I can use poems as an example. I knew my poems in this class weren't going to be great, but I sure did take personal life experiences from my end to make a connection between me and the reader. Why? Because feelings and energy connect two people. Overall, writing is the true definition of "Down the memory lane".

Memoir

It was one summer day after the devastating time of quarantine. At this stage of my life I was in a relationship. Things were starting to get normal from the pandemic, and my ex invited me to a BBQ session with her family. In that case, I was getting myself ready to get picked up by someone named Moises, 32, from the Bronx, NY – to go to the lake with my ex's family. To be clear, he is my ex's – cousin boyfriend. This is the very first time I get to meet him and thought it would be awkward.

I get the text that he is downstairs waiting for me, so I start heading out. I open the door and dab him up, or in other words, greet each other. As we start riding, he noticed that I'm somewhat of a quiet person, so he starts having a conversation with me. As we talk, we noticed that we have similarities together, he loves the sneaker game, clothes, knows the true New York lifestyle, and all that. Most importantly though, we learned that we come from the same struggle in our lifetimes, similar family problems, teenage life, and this is what sparked our relationship. More into the ride, we somehow got into the real talk. I was 18 at the time and was clueless about my future. He took notice as more as we talked and started to mentor me from the beginning.

From the start of that day, he would talk to me here and there. He's what defines a friend to me. A friend I never had. I noticed that when you surround yourself with people older than you, they have values and lessons to teach you. One day, he invited me to go eat with his friends after car shopping with them. I felt grown and cool with them. During the car shop, he noticed how I was looking at these cars like a kid, so he came up to me and taught me how the car business works to keep note once I get older. Something I was never taught. No one in my family even owns a car so he knows how it is to grow up as a first-generation in this country. He motivates me. His own friends too. They were all teaching me values in life and mind you, that was the first time I met his friends. Reality hit me at that point making me have standards, priorities, become independent, responsible, and so on.

One day, I was listening to one of Joe Rogan's podcasts and I listened to something that relates the most in my friendship, in fact, it made me realize

how important having a “Second Father” figure is. Based by the name, I learned that every boy is born with a father and without a father. That’s their biological father. The second father comes in as anyone older than you who teaches you, guides you, and is wise enough. This second father is not your biological father, of course, however, in some ways they carry that responsibility, hence the name. Coming from coaches, friend, sensei, mentor, etc. Ever seen the movie, The Karate Kid? If so, notice how his sensei or master guides the boy and builds his wisdom more mature.

To this day, it’s always a conversation about the future and advice. He made me realize how important it is to have a father figure, someone by your side willing to mentor you. Moises overall is important to me. He’s a true friend and shows how caring he is from the first day. I see him as a role model or as that second father to me. He’s the reason why my mindset and standards have completely changed from last year to now. I see myself as more mature, grown, and emotionally stable. I truly appreciate him and sometimes think about the butterfly effect, how would I be if it wasn’t for that one car ride with him from last summer.

Short Story

Nothing became the same after the war of 2130. Who would've thought Silo won the war? Twelve years later and the city of White Forest is still under construction from the disaster of the war. I am surprised that the Silo power didn't utilize any sort of destructive nuclear weapon to wipe out humanity. All there's left is just scrambles of metal and the smell of fumes coming from this junkyard. Through my 26 years of life, I never experienced such things. Still adjusting from the new orders. New regulations, from this new form of government. No such thing called freedom today under the Silo's power. CP's are everywhere, each corner, you can't escape them. They patrol every day waiting for someone to make one simple mistake, or else, they'll be sent to what's called a white room. A place where I don't wish my enemies to be due to its cruelty of silence and loneliness. Somehow, throughout these years I managed to keep myself as civil as possible.

It's a shame where humanity has left off. Coming together never existed. It was all for the money and power that sparked this outrage when I was young. Big leaders decided enough is enough and war was the option, at least from what I know ... Trust me, everything is still classified to this day. That's how powerful and ruthless these men are. One thing I remember back then was, almost at the end of the war, my deceased mother always told me, "Camila, there's a better city out there. I heard the rumor. If anything happens to me, I need you to look for it and escape from this city". The voice tone from my mother It's all I hear every time I wake up, so confused and lost.

With this confusion and anger towards Silo's power, I keep it away by building anything that comes from my imagination. My first ever successful build was my pet, K91. Took me 3 years to finish it. K91 has always been special to me. Even though it's emotionless, it understands whatever for a robotic pet. Then here is where things get weird ... I built this sensor that detects any sort of element dug deep in the ground because during the war there were specialized man-made weapons. Some that even look unreal. And what makes a weapon advanced? Their element. So, from boredom, I figured how to make this simple device sense anything around from where I walk, until one day, during broad daylight at this unknown hidden park, I and K91 found this mysterious colored-glowing

metal box. What I'm so confused about is, why did my device beep if this thing doesn't seem like a weapon to me?

Days went by that I kept focusing on what's the deal with this box until with one simple hidden button in it, things changed for me. This piece of box transforms into any sort of weapon with hidden button codes. This thing didn't even look man-made. I started thinking to myself, what other secrets is Silo hiding? Heck, maybe this may not be from Silo, it must've come from an unknown source. Regardless, I was up for something so I studied it, and the more I studied it, the more I found out what it can transform into. Literally, anything that can cause mass destruction.

I tried keeping this small-shaped box a secret but was stupid enough to bring it everywhere I go. I was walking alone at night until this CP across from me kept looking at me. I got nervous because maybe he detected something from me. That's when I was ready to take out my keys to go into my apartment, but the box came out of my pockets accidentally and the CP saw it. I picked it up and ran. Ran like there was no tomorrow. Now I'm alone, this box and myself willing to discover this hidden rumor that my mother told me because back home isn't safe for me anymore. However, I don't want to leave K91 and other important projects that I worked on in my apartment. Something tells me CP's identified me and broke into my apartment. I kept questioning myself if they probably figured how to enter the secret room. So, I thought to myself, what if I can make a quick run and climb up to my apartment window at night or just not waste time and find this "better" society my mom was talking about? Will it all be worth it?

Thinking deeply into it, I decided to plan out this situation in a matter of time. Nighttime was my best option. The rumored new city can be found some other time in my journey. I think it's best for me to at least get my stuff back, find this new city and enlighten everyone that we can end this Silo power back home. I became brave enough to consider using the box itself for the first time on any CP that gets in my way. If I die, I'll be in a better place than being ruled under Silo's power, and so the night begins.

Poem

What Made Me

I came from always play fighting with my big brother.

I came from seeing one of my friends in middle
school collapse to the ground catching a seizure
from a laced brownie sold to him at our middle
School.

I came from listening to Dave East freshman year of high
school having me want to be big as him, having me
look for a gym to hit the weights.

I came from coming out of school seeing fights being
settled, having me and my friends yell out stupid
shit.

I came from witnessing gang signs and codes
Written all over the boy's bathroom.

I came from being an immature kid to a 19-year-old
With dreams and ambition.

Dialogue

Jeff: (Sends picture of the TV screen)

Jeff: (Sends another picture TV screen)

(Jonah replies 10 minutes after)

Jonah: OMG I thought the fight starts at 12, what the hell?!

Jeff: Brooo Teofimo got dropped first round, hurry come home!!

Jonah: Omg – omg, I- I – I'm coming home as fast as possible!!

Jeff: Dude it's already round 4, better hurry your a** up boyy !!

Jonah: Chill please you are about to make me run home after a long day from work.

Jeff: Round 5 now. Better RUN!

Jonah: Omg f*** it!! I wish I didn't take this shift (rolls eyes)

(Jonah runs home as fast as possible and makes it late to the main event fight)

Journals

My experience with writing memoirs was nostalgic. I realized how the more I start my memoir writing, the more I continue to add. I want to make sure the reader understands the moment I had. Memories are significant to many people, they play a role in our lives and become unforgettable. These factors are what make writing memoirs joyful.

Writing fictional stories has been one of my favorite things to do. Especially imagining something but never really typed it down until now. It's been really fun overall because the creativity that runs in my mind keeps me adding on important elements to the story. However, it got to a point where I felt like I was writing a whole book, so I didn't really want to over-extend it (short story 2). I might consider writing stories as a hobby or whenever I have time because I really like writing thrilling/dystopian stories.

My experience with poems was what I expected, good and bad. The reason being is that I'm not really good at understanding the writer's style and overall point. When it came to write my own, I kept it simple and understandable to my readers because I really just don't know how to sound poetic enough. However, when it came to write about myself, I got into more of an emotional state type because I wanted to keep it simple and connect myself with others, if that makes sense. So, I guess poetry itself is good when you describe moments of personal life.