

Chapbook
MS. Jessica Penner

The Final Chapter

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Final Reflection

When I entered this English class, I had no idea what was in store for me. I really had no clue what journey I was about to embark on and the class would be like a rollercoaster, with a lot of highs and some lows. When I read the description of this class, I felt like I was free. There were no useless requirements, on how to write and how everything just has to be perfect, one little error can fail you. I felt like I belonged in this class as I could write however I wanted and how I feel what real writing should be. To let your thoughts just pour into the paper and make it your own. I always had a strong average in English, but it was never something I enjoyed. The only reason why I did well is because I had to study, force myself to do this in order to get the credit. But this class really changed the perspective of it and I am really thrilled I took the class.

I learned that as a writer, I am now more focused, more into the actual writing. I want to add as many details as I can, in order to give the best work of writing I can to the reader, and make it such a fun experience. In addition, I also learned how my writing can be formed, it can be fixed with other people's help and comments in many of the cohort sessions. My writing has improved a ton, mainly because this class taught me that writing has to be about you, it has to be the main topic and focus. Your name is on the v paper so you come up with your own special way of writing and explaining the details. As for the reading section, I learned that you must always be very focused in reading, details are very small and must be chosen very carefully to help your writing. As such when in our short stories and other journals, reading helped me with my writing to be able to write very well. Reading helped me understand the small details, what made certain topics and genres of writing so special and important. As such both go hand in hand.

With this semester completed, I plan to use this very useful knowledge in my other classes that require some sort of writing. I also plan to use this outside of school to write freely, most of my journals, my writing that I do when I have time to myself. I like to pour my thoughts into paper and let them go freely into the paper. Afterwards I can come back and comprehend and make sure everything is correct and see what I thought of today. This class taught me of so many types of writing that can be used in a higher segment of English, most recently for this English core class I took I used a similar journal entry and applied it into that class for an assignment and it worked, the information and the style of writing that I used and learned in this class has paid off. My professor talked about how my writing was so special and not generic like everyone else's, but all I said was "I learned it in creative writing in order to make it special and my own piece of writing." I really enjoyed this class, and every single class I attended was a joy and so fun to attend, it really felt like high school with people communicating and just being themselves.

Memoir:

I got my pair of Jordan 1 University Blues through the Nike SNKRS app, an app where you can buy high hyped and limited sneakers. It was my first ever successful draw of the year and I was very excited because the color way and the demand for the pair was very high. My first impressions were just wow. The suede and tumbled leather matched beautifully with a uni blue colorway and white and black mids and uppers. It was a must have to my collection and I would have to get it no matter what. I knew from the leaked pictures and the official photos that the shoe would be very high in demand and hype as it was unique and most likely never releases again, so that grabbed my attention, over time, since it released over a year ago the demand and hype has still maintained its strength and even has surged in price, when it first released it was worth around \$350 and now it has surged to \$430, over \$50 in over a year, and it is not expected to fall anytime soon. Personal value matters to me since it is like a lucky charm, my first ever win in a raffle for a pair of shoes, which I would like to keep with me for a long time. This brought me into the sneaker game as it offers both money and the hype of exclusive pairs that are really hard to cop. This inspired me to push through and become a seller and buyer which made me become more self-confident and a businessman since I always find a way to work out deals.

Short Story:

Once upon a time, there was a young child called Matthew. He was a normal child, with a brother and a sister. Ever since he was little, he had a dream, a passion, and a vision that he would become a singer, a songwriter. His goal was to perform in the biggest of stages, to make people content and happy with his music. His mother asked him, "What would you like to pursue in life.?" He responded with, "Music, i want to be a singer, its my passion and i will pursue this to the best of my ability." Note that he was only 12 at the time, and his mindset for his age was astounding. His love and passion for music in general drove him to his limits. His first taste of music was in high school, as he had Band, which his personal instrument was the drums. He told his teacher about his passion, " One day I'll be a singer, and I'll use the the drums to create a tempo and beat." And his teacher responded with, "if you ever need me, I'll always be here for you." And he kept his word untill the very end. After Matthew graduated college, he began performing his songs in local clubs, gaining local attention and fame, as thanks to social media, his songs and catchy flow and beats slowly started to spread across America, and as his songs started to get national attention he became a music icon. Respected and loved by the general public for his inspiring and music that seemed like it was meant for them. He didn't forget his old high school band teacher as he met up with him and said, "I won't forget you, now let's make history together," the old man just looked up and est is history.

Poem:

I didnt do one :(