

IN MY HEAD

DREE-NICA ISEMAR



FINAL REFLECTION

In the beginning of the semester I was not sure about my writing. I always read books, short stories, whatever, and had ideas for them, but I did not think I was capable of doing such writing. I always thought my writing was pretty cringy. I use to write out my ideas and rough drafts of my stories. There is an online writing/ reading website I use to post my stories just so I could get into the regular flow of writing and hoping my writing would get better. However, I felt like I could never get the flow going in my stories. The ideas were great but the execution, not so much. But I definitely see a change in the way I wrote before to now. Like I said, my writing was pretty cringy, something a middle schooler or a lowered level high schooler might write. I cannot say I've gotten to the level of a published writer or a peer reviewed article, but it's better. Definitely the assignments helped me organize my thoughts better and improve what I was lacking, which was the flow of details.

What really helped with my writing was the feedback we would get back. It helped to see what I should accentuate on and what I should just leave out. This helped a lot because I thought certain details were not needed, but when someone suggested that I insert that detail it made much more sense to me. This made me realize why editors are so important in a writer's life. It helps the writer see what the reader will see and they can improve on the experience they want the reader to have. The suggestions from my peers helped me see how the readers were interacting with what I was reading and how I can better that. A few suggestions that stood out to me were with my second short story. I wanted the story to have a feel and wanted the readers to try to understand how my main character will feel with the events going on. I did not hit the nail the first time, but with the suggestions I feel like I can drag that story out into a book if I wanted.

Out of the many assignments that we did writing and received feedback from, I really liked was Short Story writing. I was able to extract some imagination that I had left in my head and to create a really interesting short story. As a avid reader, finally to be able to write something of my own was a relaxing experience. I did not just enjoy only writing, but I liked reading other peers' short stories. I showed me how there are so much ideas out there and how everyone thinks.

Each assignment, I felt had some type of lesson. When it comes to memoir writing, you get to revisit your past and expose yourself. And in doing so you get to see somethings in yourself. In my example, one of my memoirs I wrote about the time I used to play the violin. I can realize that it made a big part of my self and I would love to start playing again. Other assignments were to push us to our writing limits, so I felt like the lesson was everyone can write if they put their minds to it. Memoirs not only helped the person writing but it gives people the type of person you are. If you cannot talk to a person, but you read their memoir you can learn a lot about that person. Short stories, poetry, and dialogue were to help us get out of our comfort zones for some. These are not things people do or write normally, so they showed us the capacity that we can achieve something we have never done before.

This class has helped me a lot as a writer and a reader and I can say that I will take what I have learned and apply it to whenever I will need it.

MEMOIR

Music has always been a huge part of my life. When I was in elementary school, I attended this performing arts school. So, we had all the classes: music, dance, art. But before that I was at another school, it was not a performing arts school, however it did introduce me to something that changed my life: violin playing. I don't remember exactly how I got in the program, but I do remember the music teacher taking me from my class and handing me a violin. I go way back with classical music. My mom was the one who was big on classical music first and would play it for me when I was little to help me fall asleep. That made classical music and instruments ingrained in my blood. When my mom found out that I was introduced to the violin and I would be in an after-school program for it, she was excited and so was I. This started a journey that only lasted a few short years unfortunately. When I transferred to the performing arts school, I started to hone my violin skills. We used to do a lot of shows. One stuck out to me the most not because it was the annual show that our school did, it the last time that I played in front of a big audience. I had to move to another school and did not start playing again until high school. During that time in between, I would try to look for violin schools or classes I could go to, but I was out of luck until high school. We had a music class, and, in the class, we had to pick an instrument that we wanted to play, and of course I picked the violin. However, the teacher said it was not possible because they had limited violins and the only for me to play was if I had my own. So, I went and told my parents and they decided to buy one for me. After school I would play pieces, but soon after that year I have not touched my violin. I would love to start playing again, but because it's been so long, I would like to attend school to refresh my skills. I still listen to certain violinists and imagine how professional at the violin I could've become. But all I know is that classical music will always be one of my favorite music genres and that violin I got would stay with me forever knowing the journey I had with violin playing.

SHORT STORY

Seraphina was the definition of the prodigy child. Always aced every test and was good at almost every hobby. She also had the strongest power out of all the elements: fire. But she was limited, limited to only the free schools that the orphanage could afford for her. The orphanage manager was devastated that that those were the only school she could go to. She was so much more. Getting hand-me down books from upper grades were what kept her learning more and sneaking in the upper society school gyms to practice.

Her school, Little Valley High School, was the simplest of all the high schools in the Crystal City. The best school was Golden Oak Institute, where all the upper society, nobles, and royals went to. Golden Oak Institute was known for its intense curricular and extra-curricular classes. From advance math to writing and even to classes such Powers 101. Everyone who attended managed to graduate with their elemental powers maxed out and getting the best of jobs, such as working for the royal families, becoming the most adored soldiers, or owning big companies. It had the most high-end facilities, everything Seraphina could use to bring out more of her potential and to show just how strong of a fire user she was.

Every day that she could, she would sit by the park across the entrance of Golden Oak to look at its beauty. It had a big bronze gate with the school logo on it, a sword with wings facing up in front of a shield. The perimeter of the school grounds were lined with mile high hedges. In the afternoon, she would see sleek black limos and cars carrying students from school back to their luxurious homes a few blocks from the school. Past the school, sitting on a hill, was where Seraphina could see the Crystal Palace, was the home of the most powerful royals in all of the planet of Asilunia, the royal family of the Solar Kingdom. On her spot in the park, she could see the path that the royal children would take from school to their home in their white horse drawn carriages. Everyday, while sitting and staring she would fantasize about how her life would be if she could just attend that school.

One evening, after her regular “sessions” in the park, Seraphina arrived back at the orphanage, but something was out of place. There parked in front of the shabby run-down school turned orphanage was a sleek black car with the Golden Oak Institute logo on it. She could not believe her eyes. *It cannot be. It cannot be*, Seraphina thought to herself when she ran towards the entrance and busted through the door. There sat in the living room was this well dressed woman. She had a low bun, wearing a black suit and a red blouse. On her suit jacket was a Golden Oak pin. She turned and smiled at Seraphina.

“You must be her,” She said standing up and reaching a hand towards Seraphina. “I’m Mrs. Brown, assistant to the headmaster back at Golden Oak.”

“I know who you are, you’re on the school website,” Seraphina half-whispered back, still in disbelief. “Why is a woman like you here at a place like this?”

Mrs. Brown laughed, “I was just about to tell you. Come sit.”

Seraphina slowly walked over to the sofa next to the chair Mrs. Brown sat at. *I hope she's here for what I think it is*, she thought as she sat down.

"As you know every year a select few students are given the opportunity to attend our prestigious school with all expenses covered through our scholarship. I've noticed your application was blown away by how much you've accomplished even with the little resources that you have."

Seraphina could not believe her ears, she started getting excited and jittery that her hands became sweaty and her legs were shaking. *I've waited so long for this, gave my application every year since 6th grade, just please tell me I got in to your high school program.*

"And I personally wanted to let you know that you...got in," Mrs. Brown said with a huge smile on her face and started clapping.

"YES! YES! Thank you so much!!!," Seraphina exclaimed as she jumped up from the sofa. "I've waited so long for this."

"Of course you have. I will be back in two days to discuss everything." Seraphina led Mrs. Brown to the door. "Welcome to Golden Oak Institute Miss Seraphina."

"Thank you so much. I won't let you down".

"I know you won't," Mrs. Brown said as she entered the car and drove off.

Seraphina closed the door and ran to her room jumping with excitement. *This is it. Finally.* Finally indeed. She can finally show off just how much potential is in her.

POEM

The Dance Room

Laughter filled the room

And the ecstasy of it

Feet turning rapidly

Hands waving viciously

Pink tutus and black leotards creating a blur

Black and white keys echoing, creating a rhythm

The scent of lilacs in the window

Now, a pitch- black room

Dust, instead, dancing through the air

Wilted stems

Remains a distant memory of what it once was