

Meant to be Broken

Healed by time

Atta Tariq



Final Reflection

In the beginning of this semester, I thought this class was going to be just like all other classes, boring and very focused on tests. But, instead I found this class very interesting. All the assignments given throughout this semester were so interesting. It felt like I was exploring my inner self and finding out that I can actually write and I have the ability to write well. Throughout the semester, we went from writing simple summaries and memoirs to writing poems. I didn't like reading at first because I couldn't seem to focus when I tried. I found that part interesting where we had to act as a critic. It made us act as a professional and ask a writer questions. I explored many things through readings. Few things I learnt from this class is that I can write if I focus and take constructive feedback and improve my writing.

Everyone has a hidden talent, I think mine could be writing but I need to focus on it and start writing more and I need to be my own biggest critic. As we started this semester, it was going okay for me. It was slow at the beginning because I wasn't really finding anything interesting but later when we started reading stories I started finding it interesting. It felt like shifting gears from boredom to joy. I didn't really like writing the story with dialogue assignment because we already wrote story 2 as a third person. I don't think there was any reason to write it with dialogues.

Not any specific assignment but I think reading other people's assignments was a nice idea. In the beginning of class we didn't know anyone but later as the semester passed, we read each other's work which gave us a chance to know more about our classmates and how their lives are, and their perspectives of things. Basically, we are viewing the world through their point of view when we are reading their assignments. The thing I learned from writing is that you often think you are short of words but when looking for one word you find so many

words to express your expressions and choosing the right words makes the writing more intricate and also catches the reader's attention quickly.

I personally like writing nonfiction stories. I like to write about the world and how I see it from my point of view. Before this semester I wasn't too sure about my writing skills because I hadn't taken any writing class before. As we started doing assignments, it made me realise I can write well. Also getting encouragement and feedback from the professor helped me keep going. I think this is a part of human nature. When we receive compliments, we try to do things in a much better and interesting way and try to make the next person as happy as we could. Yes, I personally think my writing has improved so much. I really like it when we get to revise our own assignments. It helps us to find our mistakes when we read it out loud and notice if we are missing something or it's just a thought that comes to mind and tells us we can do better than that. I enjoy this part a lot. To be honest all the peer reviews were okay, they weren't as critical as I thought. None of the peer reviews were mean because if they were it would let the other person down. The good thing about the feedback is, it was mostly positive and it was encouraging. I don't really like submitting hw online. I prefer explaining all the stuff in the class which is much more clear. Personally, nothing really was challenging but sometimes finding a reading was a hard part or sometimes looking for assignments was the hard part for me.

MEMOIR

Last semester, I took a public speaking class. I signed up for it because it was required for my major. Starting from the first day of class, we performed a speech every week. We were given certain topics and key ideas that the speech had to go according to, and then we had to write out our scripts and memorize them. I was scared initially, because I had never spoken in front of so many people and class-mates nor ever presented my notes formally. I remember for the first speech I was so nervous and scared. My hands were all shaky and sweaty. Throughout my speech I stuttered a little bit too. It was just a quick speech about the past, present and future.

However, after that first speech, I felt a little boost in confidence. I spoke loud and clear, and in the end the professor said I did excellent for my first speech. As the semester went on, we did more speeches with longer durations. With each speech, my voice got more loud and clear, my vocabulary improved, I didn't get as nervous nor did I stutter as much. When time came for the last speech, I had much more confidence. I felt ready for the speech. We had to do a speech for an award, it could be any award.

My partner and I had chosen to do one for the Oscars award winning speech, and I decided to be Leonardo DiCaprio and give a speech similar to the one he gave when he received his first Oscar. I watched many clips of his speech and then we created our own that was similar but very different as well. I even dressed up and styled my hair just like DiCaprio. I watched his speech again and again to copy his way of talking, and his body language. I showed up to class in my grey formal wear and I felt ready. It felt like I was born to do this.

When it was our turn, my partner presented me with the award that I felt like I was ready to receive my whole life. I took over the podium to start my gratitude and then went on

to list the people who contributed to DeCaprio's oscar. I presented my speech with all the skills I learned and improved this semester. My professor was very impressed by my improvement and the extra effort of my clothes. I went out of the way to wear something similar to Leonardo DiCaprio. My speech was clear, it was fluent, and had a nice flow to it. Something I hated and was super nervous about at the beginning, became my absolute best interest.

SHORT STORY

Back in 2014, right before summer vacation, a huge tragedy happened in Canada. As a 14 year old child, Atta could not ever imagine that something like this could happen to him. It was a normal day at school and Atta was on a school trip to the zoo. The whole class walked around and saw each animal and learned interesting facts about it. For a while Atta walked around with his friends and made fun of the monkeys each time they passed by the monkey cage/exhibit.. After an hour outside, they all got tired of roaming around and decided to get some snacks from the cafeteria.

As they were passing by the monkeys again, the friends made sure to stick out their tongues and tease the monkeys with bananas and all sorts of other snacks. All of a sudden, one of the monkeys came forward and grabbed a snack out of Atta's hand and ran away to a little corner by the fence. Atta chased him and in the meantime, another monkey threw a banana peel on the floor, in front of Atta. Atta stepped on the banana in a hurry and slipped. He knocked into the fence on the side and the fence fell on top of his leg. He struggled to get his leg out, but failed. He screamed for help and everyone came running.

All the teachers came running and lifted the fence off his leg. Gladly there was a nurse nearby and although she was able to clean up his cuts and wounds, she noticed Atta couldn't move his leg. Atta looked horrified, and a thousand thoughts ran through his mind. He wondered if he was going to be fine or not. If he could walk or run or play Cricket again. The nurse saw his face, and gave him some water to drink. She called the ambulance and within a few minutes they arrived and picked him up and drove him to the hospital. Twenty minutes later they reached the hospital and the nurses did a few tests and scans.

A Few moments later, his parents arrived at the hospital and were shocked to find out that due to the extremely heavy fence, and the pole falling right on his leg bone, Atta had two broken bones in his leg, which put him on bed rest for the next 6 months. The rest were all minor cuts and bruises. While he was on bedrest, he saw all his friends and family getting together and taking care of him everyday. It was then he learned to never take things for granted. As humans we often tend to take the basics of life for granted, such as breathing, walking, having a place to live and having good food to eat. Often, we only value things, when we no longer have them.

This accident really affected him positively and negatively. He started appreciating things in his life and the people around him. Over the 6 months, he tried to stay positive for the sake of his loved ones, even though at times he felt like he wouldn't get any better. But with the help of his family, he was finally able to walk again. Slowly but surely he got back to the normal version of himself, the funny, energetic and joyful Atta. However, this accident also left him with some fears. No matter how much he tried, he couldn't do the same activities which he could do before. He was scared to walk, scared to run, scared to even cross the street at times. Even though it has been 8 years, he still has trouble jumping in fear that it might damage the bone again.

Poem

Since the day i saw you
I'd been sure you the one
everyday we met
I fell in love more
but never been that broken
you took my soul out
left me all alone
now I think about us
all the days we spent
I wish we never argue
I cry all night just to make myself bad
I pretend im okay
but really ain't