



*The Final Countdown*

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*Austin Vegas*

Final Reflection

Creative Writing, at first when I enrolled in this class I couldn't image all of the different types of topics that we were able to cover. Upon completing the first draft for the first memoir I realized from thinking back that I have come a long way up to the end of the semester. Even as a reader looking for the small details for each of the pieces we read really helped a lot in developing how I should be writing for future assignments. Through all of the various topics we have done, whether it be memoirs, short stories (with dialogue too) and poetry, my writing style had to change based on the message I was trying to get across to the reader. For my memoirs it was to share how I felt in a precious memory I told dear to me. My short stories were made so that the reader can see how creative I can be with the character and the atmosphere I can create with my words. The poems I made all were based on different styles of poems from more experienced poets in my own style. Each of these topics, through how different they are from one another, allowed for me to express myself.

I learned after the first few assignments for this class that even though the material we have to write about seems to be easy and outgoing to allow for us to express ourselves, it would be hard to word and put your feelings and thoughts forward for the reader to understand. In previous English classes, I wrote more for myself and for a grade without much in mind for who I was writing for. After the assignments I completed in this course I realized that I should be writing more than just for myself, or even just a grade. To write means to develop yourself through how you express the topic in your writing. Having peers grade my work and give me suggestions really helped me to see how my writing is from the readers point of view. This is an essential part of writing because you are writing your piece for someone, whether it be yourself or another person. You are writing for a purpose to get a message across to the reader, which is what I learned more from having others grade my work (even my brother too).

As a reader in this class, all of the different pieces that we critiqued from various more experienced writers helped me to learn how to articulate and structure what I am writing. Even reading my classmates' work allowed for me to see the unique aspects of their writings that I can take notes and add to the methods on how I express my thoughts and feelings in my own pieces. Everyone has their own way of writing, whether we are using our own interpretation of someone else's writing style or what we learned from grade school, we are all different. This is why it was difficult for me to critique my fellow peers work because it is hard for us to put what we are feeling into mere words. Giving suggestions for work that you think is good is difficult because you have to put their feelings aside to think objectively on what they need to improve on.

Even though my major, Computer Engineering Technology, doesn't revolve too much around writing, it will be useful to get simple and straight to the point in what I am telling to the reader. Whether it be in my future lab classes and the reports I need to write, or in another writing intensive class. Everyone who is able to learn and adapt their writing will help them one day. This is because without writing in today's day and age we are without a voice in the loud wind. Developing your writing is like developing yourself, it's never too late to learn either.

## **Memoir 1**

Ever since I was younger, watching various YouTube videos revolved around gaming. I've always been interested in getting my own pc that can run all the games I wanted to play from those videos.

The older that I got the more my 'want' became more obtainable to me. When I enrolled in City Tech I got my first financial aid check which allowed me to build up my bank account in order to buy my own gaming computer.

During most of 2020 I started to research the type of computer that I wanted to buy. I looked up various websites for parts and components to determine what was my price range to get the best for what I needed. I got a lot of input from family members and friends that are more tech savvy and they recommended me to check BestBuy for deals because they had various sales each week for what I wanted.

When I was searching various websites I found that buying a gaming computer that was prebuilt, meaning someone else made it and you didn't need to purchase the parts which would cost more with shipping. That's when I researched different companies that make prebuilt computers such as iBuyPower and CyberPowerPC.

Based on the budget that I had and the different computers that I saw on BestBuy I came to the model that I wanted so I just wanted and was about to run out of stock on their website. For those who want to know it was a CyberPowerPC - Gamer Xtreme Gaming Desktop - Intel Core i7-10700F - 16GB Memory - NVIDIA GeForce RTX 3060 - 1TB HDD + 500GB SSD which was \$1350 at retail price.

I asked various people if I was getting a good value computer for the price it was set to, after numerous times of me debating on whether it was truly worth it I saw the stock was low so I placed my order. The six days of shipping time was full of many regrets at the back of my mind of whether or not it will come in one piece or if anything will be broken on the inside.

In May 2021, I was able to buy what I've wanted ever since I was a kid. Once it was delivered to my house I opened the box and there it was.

In its sleek black case with a glass window on one side allowing you to see all the fans, circuits and wires that makes the computer work. It came built in with colorful lights in the fans and the inside of it so that you are able to change the colors and light patterns at the press of a button.

This computer has the latest graphics card series from NVIDIA in it so the value will always be high even 5 years from now. Since there is a i7 processor in it too there will always be a market for it so my gaming computer will be at higher value for most of its lifetime. I will continue to upgrade the parts in this computer to suit my needs accordingly.

I played all of the childhood games that I dreamt of playing on my gaming computer but soon later I realized I can play more than just the games I wanted before, but newer upcoming games that would take more resources to run.

Purchasing this computer allowed for me to learn the importance of timing, because once I got this computer online it was never sold again for the same price. In addition, this object taught me that if you work hard enough in life you deserve to treat yourself for your efforts. Being able to attend college and stay engaged gave me the opportunity to purchase what I've wanted.

The best reward I got from this object is being able to turn it on and play the games I've always wanted to play, make new friends from all around the world, and be able to get my assignments done for various classes in an efficient way unlike before.

If I had not purchased this computer, I would never of met the friends that I made and the memories that I was able to make along the way. Without their help I wouldn't be the same person that I am today. Encouraging me and allowing me to improve on myself helped a lot during the hard times. I don't regret the purchase I made because it made all the difference in my life. I value this computer more in the present than I did in the past because there are more people that I want to talk and play games with now than before.

If I had the opportunity to give it to someone it would be my best friend who I've known since elementary school. This is because he would find the most use for it from anyone I know and he is a hard worker so he deserves it. I would say to him, "Make lots of friends and create new memories." Also rewarding yourself for all of the hard work that you put in over the years of your life is important for good mental health and allows you to set goals that can help you later in life.

## **Short Story 2**

It was a dark stormy night inside of the office building, all of the lights were off as everyone seemed to have gone home. However Rebecca, a young 2X year old, was behind on her publishing date and needed to get the first draft of her novel done by then. She thought to herself, 'Damn f\*ck this publisher! Making me stay overtime just to finish my first draft! I'm the only one here and it's getting late!' Her books were known to be rather dark, menacing and gruesome villains that will seek to ruin the protagonists group by hunting them down one by one in the shadows. This is a hit with the young adults who like action but with a not so cliché hero plot with lots of death and sorrow. The series is already on its fifth volume and is skyrocketing to the top 10 most bought series of all time.

The vigorous clicking and clacking on her keyboard can be heard throughout the dark and quiet office building floor. All of the office room cubbies have different objects and pictures on each of the walls, each of them with its own unique charm to it. Hours go by as the light emitting from the blind of the nearby window as a long CRACK of thunder can be heard making Rebecca jump up out of her chair, "EEP! Son of a bitch-" she screamed aloud with her heart beating out of her chest in a scared, shaky tone. 'I need to finish up quickly so that I can go home. I don't get paid enough for this shit!' The howling of the wind and water droplets hitting against the office building can be heard throughout the empty office floor. Rebecca finished her first first draft by her publisher's set deadline as she quickly turns her desktop off so that she can head on the closest bus home. 'Thank god that shit is done with now I need to catch the 10:30 pm bus..'

She gathers her things from her locker next to the main entrance to the office floor. Her coat, umbrella and her medium sized black and pink backpack with her notes and her laptop were inside. Checking the contents of her bag to make sure she didn't lose anything she felt a large presence glooming behind her as a hand pressed against her shoulder. She would quickly jump and turn around with her fists up ready in case it was an intruder. "Don't come any closer! I know jujutsu!!" she would yell aloud as if it was just Jerald the security guard patrolling the floors. "Oh sorry! I didn't mean to sneak up on you! What are you still doing here Rebecca? Working overtime again?" He would say in his heavy Russian accent as he pointed to the door. She would sigh a relief as it was someone she knew, "Yeah... these publisher bastards making me work my fine little head off to get their story done, I'm so sick of it." She lowered her hands as Jerald would tap her shoulder. "Alright I get it now, I'll walk you outside so you don't get scared again ha!" He would jokingly laugh as Rebecca wasn't amused, "Haha.. how funny Jerald, this is probably why no one likes your jokes-" As they both walked down the stairs of their small office bickering back and forth under their breath about each other as they reached the exit.

She would wave Jerald goodbye, "Get home safe Rebecca I heard there is some creepers around here this kind of night!" he yell as she rushes out of the office building with her large black and white strip patterned umbrella and her bright red raincoat she checks her surroundings to make sure she wasn't being followed. Once she started walking a sense of a dark presence can be felt the closer she got to the bus station. Every time she turned to see who it was there was no one there. Another loud CRACK can be heard as the wind along with the rain picks up causing her to look forward again as the pace of her steps quickens. 'Better not be someone following me before I chuck

this umbrella in their face..." As the bright lights of the station got closer and closer a loud horn can be heard in the distance. She was about to miss the last bus home. The steps behind her start to get louder and louder but she stubbornly doesn't look back. The speed of her steps gets quicker and quicker as she goes into a full out sprint. The doors for the bus were still open as she stepped on board gasping for air.

However, there was a large man behind her and as she turned around in a quick manner she realized it was one of her close friends who was also a fan of her book, his name is Marcus. He was always up at this time because he does a lot of overtime for his construction job, since he was the newbie there they would make him do a lot of the heavy lifting and later hours for more cash. He was gasping for air as he barely made the final bus home as well. His hand would be raised in greeting to her, "Sorry if I scared you- I was heading for the bus too and I saw your red coat but couldn't say hi." Rebecca would sigh as a relief was taken off her shoulders "You do know that you can just call out my name instead of creeping around like that you idiot-" She shook her head repeatedly as she was mad at him for scaring her as she then yelled "YOU ALSO HAVE MY NUMBER TOO!" The bus driver would motion for them to step inside the bus more so that he can close the bus doors. They then both paid for their ride; they sit next to one another and start to catch up since the last time they met.

## Poem: Walking

Left, Right, Left, Right each foot goes forward

Right, Left, Right, Left to start the journey for you

Left, Right, Left, Right to your destination you go

Right, Left, Right, Left at the steady beat that you know

Left, Right, Left, Right the gum you step on causes you to think 'what the-'

Right, Left, Right, Left looking around so you know the way

Left, Right, Left, Right like a metronome for band class

Right, Left, Right, Left are you sure you know where you are going?

Left, Right, Left, Right as the sun starts to set you quicken the pace

Right, Left, Right, Left the street lights start to turn on faster

Left, Right, Left, Right you feel someone looming over you from behind

Right, Left, Right, Left a second set of steps can be heard

Left, Right, Left, Right as your pace quickens theirs do so

Right, Left, Right, Left you go faster and faster before you start to run

Left, Right, Left, Right you are suddenly stopped from behind

Stop, Stop, Stop, Stop to wonder when your last steps will be before you start your walk