

Lost  
In  
My  
Head



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## Final Reflection

Going into this class I thought it would be very difficult for me seeing “creative writing” as an option for class was kind of scary for someone that isn’t creative at all. Shortly after registering for this class, I had spoken to my friend about being in fear of entering the class due to lack of creativity. They mentioned that creative writing was one of their favorite classes because it was fun creating things that didn’t matter if you were telling the truth or not. Anything could be made up and it could instantly be turned into an awesome story. This class was able to show me that writing stories, poems and memoirs wasn’t so difficult. There aren’t any rules when it comes to writing and were free to write anything that comes to mind which was the best part for me. My work from my last writing course was very different from what we did this semester, but I was able to see improvement in my writing from assignments that were like what we did.

One of my favorite assignments he did was the picture and story, where we had to analyze the stories and create a story out of it. Surprisingly it was very fun writing and reading other stories as well. Seeing what people are writing based on the same photo I analyzed. Seeing the work of others showed that we are all creative in some way. While that was fun one of my least favorite assignments had to have been the memoirs, that was challenging because I felt as if I didn’t have any good stories worth sharing. For the most part my life is pretty boring so thinking of stories to write was most difficult. After finishing the memoirs assignments, I feel like I saw a change in my writing because I was now able to tap into my creative not so creative side, or at least find it. It was enjoyable seeing how my writing was changing, making up stories became so easy. I came to realization that the thought of writing stories was nerve wracking but once its time to write many ideas begin to flow.

Receiving criticism from my peers wasn’t so bad, many times I felt that my assignment was kind of rushed at times, so many of the feedbacks I got did help with changing and improving my work. I was given advice for one assignment that would even still help me in my next future assignments. One of the best feedback items I got was to read my stories aloud and ask myself. “Does the story sound good being read?”, “can my intended audience be able to read it with the tone intended easily”, “and does the beginning of my story instantly attract the reader?”. That advice helped me not only for the class but for essay writing as well. This class was a great class to start of my first semester back into in person class because everyone in the class was cool to talk to and you yourself made the class interesting and comfortable to share our stories and ideas so easily. This is one of the classes I’d recommend everyone to take during their first semester to break out their shell.

Overall, the class was very fun if I could take this course again and with the same professor I would definitely do it. It was interesting seeing what ideas roamed in other heads while you still have yours. It was interesting to really realize even more how unique everyone really is, one question for an assignment can come out with a billion different outcomes all unique to the style of writing and the stories that were written. Thank you for making this class so fun and enjoyable to complete. Enjoy your summer.

## Memoir

Throughout life, I've encountered many relationships with people, built bonds with them, had my fun which many didn't last, or the bond wasn't strong enough. Never had a friend whom I felt confident enough to call a best friend. I wasn't searching for a friend, but I knew I wanted my own friend. We all do, we need someone we can confide in, look for them when we need a laugh, or speak about our relationship problems. I met that friend she is all these things and more. She's different from the other friends I had, she's special, bold but the good kind. One that'd tell you what you needed to hear when necessary. I can't even remember how we met, but it was during my sophomore year. It was all a blur that led to something good. An instant magnetic connection is what it felt like finally finding my own friend.

It's always me and her, we're inseparable. There's never a time you see me, and you don't see her. If I'm alone it's always "yo where is \_\_\_\_\_?". We are always together, when we're outside we're constantly asked if we are twins, we get that question so often we ended up just going with it. Telling people that we're fraternal twins. We're both tall, slim same frame, and dress very similar. She's literally my other half. We've grown to love each other through our ups and downs. Last year she tore one of her ligaments playing basketball, which was hard on her it stopped her from playing the sport she loved and looked forward to at school. While I and my friends remained playing, still attending school, and doing whatever we normally did. She had to stay home; I can only imagine how she felt watching us on our Snapchat having fun. She became a little distant. Being cooped up in your room can be depressing, people deal with their emotions differently, but I've never experienced this situation with anyone before. I took it as maybe she didn't want to be bothered and wanted to just absorb what has happened to her, or at least that's what I would've wanted.

We were young and was basically my first real one on one friendship I was learning how to be a better friend. She noticed a change and confronted me about it, she didn't like how we became distant in the time of her not being at school. It had only been a week or two of missed school. I told her I understood that, apologized but told her it was mainly because she wasn't in school, we're not seeing each other every day, all day anymore and she couldn't really expect the relationship to be exactly the same. We were used to seeing each other so often, this switch was kind of weird. She told me she understood what I said, I went by her house later that week and we spoke and gisted about what she's missed during school. and how she's been feeling. It was a relief to get over the misunderstanding. For a couple of long fun years, we were typical young teens enjoying our summers. Went to parties, even threw parties, had picnics, went on adventures, and just grew.

Good things are sometimes too good to be true, and history always repeats itself. There were multiple occasions where she'd question our friendship and accuse me of not being into our friendship as much as her, which I found so weird, like I said earlier it was always me and her, she was basically my only friend that I confide to. What more did she want from me? I did everything a friend needed to do, stayed by her side when things were rough, did everything with her, always looked to her for support, hung out with her 24/7. We are adults now, no longer

in High School, our relationship will change, no more same high school schedule. We both had jobs and personal things to cater to. Why was I being confronted for not calling her not enough, when we still talked on the phone often, why did it become a competition of who's calling who? Wasn't it the phone conversation that mattered? I felt like she became overly obsessed with trying to perfect a friendship that was already fine, not only to me but to everyone outside of our friendship. She pushed away from me randomly snapping at me about party details, in a friend message group chat. I couldn't think of a reason to embarrass your BEST FRIEND, in front of other people, over something so small no matter what! It was clear that it probably was not going to work out, the hidden animosity was transparent at that moment. We wanted different things. It wasn't my intention to let her go but it was clearly hers. We tried to rekindle the friendship that we promised not to be broken many times. As much as I didn't want to end it, it was for the best. Having someone who constantly doubts the friendship begins to overwhelm you. If it's not clear we do not speak, she eventually cut ties with me and then the rest of our friends. As hurtful as it sounds, I do not wish to be friends again.

## Short Story

“This is so much fun!” I screamed on the back of a motorcycle. ‘Can’t... believe... I haven’t... done this before” screaming through my hair blowing into my mouth and sticking to my lip-gloss.

Divine smiles as we continue to make our way to the famous town diner. We pass by the beach where everyone’s either sun tanning, playing volleyball, children building sand houses, and adults getting drunk on the beach. “2022 bitchesss!” girls run topless and clearly drunk.

Parking his bike in front of the diner we fix ourselves from the wind as we enter. A wave of cold air hits us as we leave the humid air that had our clothes sticking. It felt good for the moment, but I know I’d be shivering real soon.

The host greets us with a soft smile “Hi welcome to Moon diner. Table for 2?”. “yes, thank you.” We reply and chuckle in unison. The scenery of the diner is literally in the name, looks like a scene from the show *The 100* when they were living of the spaceship.

“ahh, finally food I’m starving”. I say. We are stoned as hell right now I’m getting 3 plates.

“don’t do what you always do and start getting multiple plates and not finishing them please.” says Divine while scanning the menu, like he just read into my mind. I playfully roll my eyes and smile.

I watch him as he looks through admiring him, he’s so handsome, dark, tall, with a beautiful body. (he goes to the gym). Putting my hand on top of his I smile with the words “I love you” coming out. He says the same back and reaches over to kiss me.

“Sorry to interrupt.” The waitress comes in almost embarrassed. “My name is Nadia I’ll be your waitress today would you like to start ordering?”

“it’s alright that’s no problem I’m starving anyways.” I tell her

“Um no it is a problem why would she come in the middle of us just now.” Divine says somewhat angrily

I look at him in confusion “I’m so sorry can you just give us a moment”. Nadia nods and walks away.

“What the hell was that”

“What do you mean? She rudely interrupted us”

“Yea interrupted us from kissing something we do all day. She was only trying to do her job and cater to us. Show her some respect. That can be you one day at work and getting disrespected”

“Uh uh, it won’t I’m not interested in a job, I got my own source of money” leaning back into his seat

“So what happens when this money runs out then what”

“Little girl it won’t, I got this”

“C’mon Divine you need to get a job now we’re older now, no more mommy money. I have a job; I can get you an application for where I work”

“No.” his eyes enlarge; brows begin to get bushier and gets up to go outside. Yup, he’s mad.

Literally every time we try to talk about our future he always deflects and avoids the conversation. He’s scared of the reality, but the more he avoids it the harder it will be to face it. If I can’t even convince him to get a job, I can only imagine how it will be when I bring up going to college.

Poem

**Shower**

The thought of the shower  
calms my mind  
Bringing peace  
as the hot air fills within the room  
With music to add  
Soulful sounds  
Voice echoes  
against the tiles  
The water kissing my skin  
Aroma  
enters my nose  
Lavender  
Soap suds lather upon me  
Slowly falling against my skin  
Being swallowed by the drain  
The feeling of water  
So calming