

# LESS CRITERIA, MORE CREATIVITY

*A Reflection to Writing.*



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## FINAL REFLECTION

Dorothy Parker once said "Creativity is a wild mind and a disciplined eye" highlighting the word discipline it is clear that without it no creative ideas would flow out to be tangible or relatable. So many are able to think creatively but what's the point, if it isn't at least expressed through a form of art in which everyone would understand. Creative writing is a significant form of art by itself in which people use in order to transform their volatile and flowing thoughts into words that have pattern and tell a meaningful story.

On my endeavor this semester, I honestly thought this creative writing course was going to be challenging for me partially because it had been over 4 years since I took an English course, and I wasn't confident in my literature skills. But it turned out to be an entirely different experience than what I was expecting. Diving into memoirs was an interesting subject, it helped me reflect more on my past experiences and remember how and what I used to be. The criteria wasn't too complicated for me because it required a type of experience that probably everyone has in common like "meet my.." which indicated that everyone has valuable things that they can introduce and talk about which also might represent their personalities.

I learned many things as a reader especially when reading things that are considered personal to many people that they won't be able to just talk about out loud even if this was a speech class. I learned that writing does make you more confident, and yes there are those who speak better than they can write, but writers have the potential to get more creative and have much more freedom than speakers in my opinion. When I started writing memoirs, I didn't try to remember simple things or just come up with an idea that will be easy to talk about, because I tend to take my time thinking about an idea when digging in my past experiences in order to pick out an actual interesting topic that will help me make a catchy start and keep the reader engaged.

Writing short stories did evoke some of my senses to not only tell a story but to create one using elements, bits and pieces of many fairy tales, stories, movies, novels and TV shows that I watched while growing up. One challenge I faced while writing story one is that it had to have the same element of arguments, dialogue and conflict. I honestly faced some setbacks because I wanted to create a story that would resemble that experience.

I learned a lot about myself this semester, that there's plenty of room for improvement on my end to be able to write academically again without feeling insecure about my lack of practice. I will be taking this with me through the rest of my academic career and will try to write more creatively and try my best to add every bit of originality to my sentences without sounding like a textbook. I look forward to write pieces that could be heard not just read, meaning the sentences would come out like lines heard from a podcast that resonates with the readers and keep them engaged.

## MEMOIR

When I was in elementary school, my uncle gave me his vintage Casio CMD-40 watch that had a special feature; TV remote control. To my knowledge the Japanese made watch was released in 1992 and he had been using it for a couple of years before he gave it to me in 2006. It had a small paper manual which included codes for different TV brands like Sony, LG, Toshiba, and etc. The watch also had a calculator and I just fell in love with it. I used it every time I got a chance. I wasn't a kid with the best qualities, I loved troublemaking and often flexed with my watch in front of my friends but didn't tell anyone about its remote control feature and decided to keep it a secret.

I started pranking students at school by controlling TVs at the library and in class sessions. I switched channels, played with the volume and also powered them on and off. I memorized several 4-digit codes of common TV brands from its manual, and every time I had the chance I would get in the watch's settings to input the TV's code.

Every time I went to places like the hospital, a restaurant, a dental office or other places I would play with any TV screen and wildly confuse people which made me feel like I had a super power. I repeatedly pranked my siblings and family members and even made some of them believe there was a ghost in the house. It lasted a while with me all the way in till its 10 year battery expired right after I ripped the wrist band in 2014 during a high school soccer game. I was going to repair it and change the battery but I decided to give it a break and add it to my collection of valuable items. I still cherish the funny memories I made with my family and friends that I pranked with this watch.

## **SHORT STORY**

Paul was a 37 year old hard working husband and father of 2 girls. He owned and worked at his small coffee shop located in front of a train station, where he worked in the morning and sometimes in the evening when his employee calls out. He closed the shop around 8 pm, and usually stayed there a little longer to clean and do some maintenance. The neighborhood he worked at gets real dark and quiet at night as nearby businesses and establishments close and people start to go home from work. The coffee shop however looked pretty luminous on that block, its recent renovation

gave it a classy look. It was a small place with four tables and 8 seats and the counter was on the right side of the shop along with brewing equipment and a small countertop showcase that displayed variety of cheese cakes and pies.

One day Paul was running a little late because he couldn't close the batch on the POS terminal due to connection issues. It was already an hour after he closed and he was still trying to at least open the cash drawer manually and take the cash out. He started digging among his multiple keys and keychains in the drawer and tried one key after another until he finally managed to open the cash drawer. He looked at his wrist watch with relief, it was already 9:45 pm "Now how can I explain this to her." he mumbled to himself referring to his wife who usually expects him to be home earlier. Suddenly out of the blue, a young teenage boy ran towards the storefront entrance and started to bang on the door while crying he and yelling hysterically "THEY'RE TRYING TO KILL ME! THEY'RE GOING TO KILL ME! PLEASE! PLEASE! LET ME HIDE!". Paul then jumped over the counter and instantly opened the door, grabbed the boy in then locked the door and turned off the lights. They hid behind the front counter while staring through the front shelves.

Moments later, three men appeared to be running out of the train station, they stopped to check the storefronts and walked around for 10 seconds and then ran across the street to another direction. Paul sighed in relief then asked the boy "Are you ok?" while turning to face him only to find him smiling while pointing a pistol towards Paul. The boy whispered "Shhh, don't make a sound, just put the cash in the bag"

## **POEM**

## Freedom of Speech

We live in a time where the outspoken are labeled "outrageous"

And the lack of honesty among peers is contagious

Whoever speaks truth against power and the mainstream is labeled and censored  
and whoever cries wolf and claim victim is called "courageous".

What of free speech in is still actually free?

and what of it is challenged, questioned to a certain degree?

Is it to suppress "hate" or fearing the risk to think out loud?

what if it's respectful, articulate, and critiquing yet offends a crowd?

What are the boundaries other than advocating violence is not allowed?