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# Double cheeked

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## **Table of contents**

Table of contents	1
Final Reflection	2
Memoir: Incognito	4
Short story: Reticent	5
Poem for X	6
Dialogue: Ugly	7
Journal one	9
Journal two	10

## Final Reflection

Writing itself was something complex for me. I did not understand how someone can write something at an award-winning level. What inspired them to write what they wrote. What started it all and the process. Compared to every subject writing at face value seemed simple yet held a deeper meaning. Writing is an art form. Overall, I believe I had the ability to only draw stick figures when it came to writing. I learned that I was limiting myself. My approach to writing was limiting my work and improvement.

My favorite assignment in this class was writing poems. In the beginning the assignment felt like one of the hardest things to start. Four poems about anything we wanted. I couldn't figure out a way to start the poems even with prompts. I started the assignment after coming across a fellow classmates' poems. They wrote about something so simple yet meaningless. That person only used the sounds of a cat for this poem. I find poems to be the hardest form of writing. Reading something that counted as a poem and look so easy showed me that it was all in my head. Writing could be whatever I wanted it to be. I figured putting something down and editing as much as I can is the best way I can write.

I believe feedback from others showed me a lot of my simple mistakes. Proof reading and feedback can go a long way. Proofreading an assignment at least once made my writing understandable. The feedback given after helps tune my work. It allows me to fix how the reader interprets my writing. Both tools make up more than 60% of my writing process.

Revising is probably the best part of the writing process. Sometimes revising could be simple with small errors being fixed. Sometimes it could mean remaking the whole assignment. Revising with the information obtained through peer review makes the process easier. It shows you some errors that you probably didn't know existed.

In the beginning of the semester, I can imagine my writing being bland or textbook. I believed I followed a textbook example of what writing should be like. Over time I added more of what I felt my writing should be like and what I want it to convey. The creative parts of the course slowly opened my way of thinking. The carefree and "I want to improve" aspects of the class allowed for me to test new things.

I can remember starting middle school and the curriculum had changed recently. The way we write and what we learn and how things were being taught changed. The school showed us that there was only one way we should write out essays. That became the textbook solution to all our problems. Anything that did not follow that format was deemed wrong. That got me the grade I needed. It was simple yet it always felt like it was missing something. The authors style was lacking from this format. This followed through high school and it felt like it would never change.

I reached college and majority of my classes let me write what I wanted to. The way I wanted to write it and how it came out was entirely up to me. What I wanted to write about even became an option. A sense of freedom in my writing was something new. It was hard to rely on my own ability to write something. I didn't know what felt right or wrong. Waiting for the grade I got was usually the only feedback that showed me the answers.

I took creative writing over all the available options. I wanted to improve my writing. I wanted to see different forms of writing. I got exactly what I wanted from this course. I won't know if my writing improved but want to believe that it did. The readings exposed me to a wide range of authors and their styles.

Through the semester I learned that I never try to proofread my work properly. I never give my paper a final look. I believed anything that I wrote when I thought about it at the time was exactly what I put on paper. This wasn't the case. I ended up having something that could not be read. Another problem I ran into was trying to implement the feedback I was given into my own writing. I wanted to answer the questions they might have had and/or show them a bit more of the story I wrote but couldn't think of ways to do so without sacrificing my image of what the story should be like.

Seeing that I need to look over anything I do to make sure it's what I want. I can easily fix majority of the problems I didn't know existed or shouldn't be having. The feedback I got showed me these small errors that could be fixed by just proof reading. Furthermore, the feedback I obtained from my cohort showed me what people might think while reading my work.

Switching to a fully online writing class I assumed it would follow how a regular class would be. I imagined we got some readings and would answer a prompt to each. Then the paper we gave in would be our final submission. I imagine our final assignment would be a test like paper with a prompt and timed.

The only challenges with online writing or online classes in general is finding the motivation to participate. I think I could speak for everyone if we had a class, we did not need to show up for or participate in. The environment we are learning in being our home causes us to be lazy or relaxed.

The assignments helped us not only write what we wanted but helped us improve on things we might have not known existed. They were not created only on being an assignment for a grade.

## Incognito

I never really felt comfortable asking people for help. I liked figuring out my own problems by myself. One place that felt like a good place to find solutions to simple problems or just find answers was Reddit. Reddit is a website that contains an endless number of communities. These communities can be about anything but have a main topic for each. For example, League of Legends could be one as the topic is a game. It will be a community to talk about and post about League of Legends. This is only a small example.

I had a hard time finding a person to talk to for life problems and situations I wasn't used to. I posted questions about my problems and answered questions to others when I found something I thought I could help with. I have an application called discord that I use every day to talk to my friends and play games with people. It's like skype but used mostly by gamers. One day one of my friends just wanted to see my Reddit profile and I forgot I had discord connected to my Reddit account. They used discord to see my profile which I thought nobody knew at the time. They saw all the personal things that I didn't share with anyone.

They jokingly brought up one of my posts on the website. I couldn't understand what they were asking about until they showed me the post. My heart sank I couldn't understand how they could have found the post or my account. Initially I rushed to the website to see what else they could've found. They tried to bring up the subject of the post, but I told them that it wasn't meant for them to read. They tried to made fun of the fact that I posted personal subjects online. I let them know I would delete everything and not to talk about it anymore. We remained friends in the end.

Later, Reddit showed me that they had a new feature that could help me not run into problems like this again. Reddit created a feature that allows you to go anonymous. I use it when I feel embarrassed or don't want something to be seen on my Reddit account or linked back to me. I go anonymous when I want help with something or talk to someone randomly. Furthermore, I tried to talk to someone when I was in a bad situation. Somewhat like venting to a stranger, and they lend their ear. In turn, I would do the same. It felt weird at first, but it was better than not talking about things that were burning inside me. I posted questions and commented answers that could help others anonymously. It felt pretty good since no one knew it was me but at the same time I would get no credit, nor will people know it would be me. I like it when I have a question but at the same time If I answered someone question or helped them, I would want to be known to them in some ways.

The website would be perfectly fine with being anonymous if they gave the user the ability to hide their history of post and comments from other users. The regular system links all comments and posts created by the user on their public account. If they allowed the user to put everything private it would count as a way to give credit to the user but remain anonymous.

## Reticent

Ezra was your average B student in school. He slept through class and hid home doing whatever he wanted to do. Ender and Ezra meet through school. Ender was a scholar and tried his best to achieve the best. Ender and Ezra meet through a video game that they both didn't think each other would play.

The first time Ezra saw Jenny it was like love at first sight. Her hair was black and her double hair buns were a dark teal. She wore a gold yellow qipao. She was taller than the average girl. She was attractive for Ender and Ezra. Ender who was in the same intercom channel as Ezra realized that they both had the same feeling. They needed to meet Jenny.

Ezra shot back from his seat and jumped toward his webcam. "Dibs, it's only fair that I get a chance!" said Ezra. Ender knew what that meant. Ezra could not talk to people like normal people could. He kept to himself because he couldn't hold a conversation with people. Ender and Ezra have been friends since Bethanie lane high school. Which was in Warslow county. Ezra lived in Arlington. Ender lived in Taipan. Ender knew Ezra and that he wouldn't do anything. Ender gave up the chance of talking to Jenny if they ever meet so that he could help Ezra with Jenny.

Ender and Ezra's group of friends wanted to see each other after the long semester they had. They decided to try a puzzle room. Ender planned a way for Jenny and Ezra to be together for the whole time. The whole group of 8 made it to the puzzle room. Ezra is trying his best to avoid Jenny as much as possible. Its everyone's first time meeting Jenny and Ezra felt like first impressions are important. Ender tried to stick Jenny as close as possible by getting others in the group to help him. Greeting and whispering to others that their mission today is to get Ezra and Jenny to get to know each other.

Ezra didn't think he could talk to Jenny. Ezra couldn't talk to people normally. He was quiet and shy. He didn't bother talking to people he didn't already know. Ezra felt like Jenny was out of his league. He didn't feel he could possibly be something to Jenny.

The host assistant comes in to explain their job and the idea of a puzzle room:

A puzzle room or escape room is as the name implies. It's a room that in order to complete the game or exit the room you are in, and you have to do puzzles to leave. The activities require more than 1 person to complete them.

The puzzle room host enters after setting up the room. The host announces that the puzzle room has 3 parts, and the group will be split up in two to work our ways into the last part. Ender moved everyone who he thought was best to be with us so Ezra would only have Jenny to work with. Ezra had no choice but to work through it. Ezra was nervous and his hands couldn't stop shaking. Panicking at the thought of being forced into something he didn't want.

Ezra spent the whole-time speed running the escape room. He wanted to escape this hell he created for himself. He finished the escape room in record time. It wasn't an accomplishment, but it meant freedom. Ezra never got to know Jenny.

Ender felt bad, but it wasn't his last chance to help a close friend. Ender knew he could change or help Ezra. Ender wanted to get Ezra out of his shell and become something great.

## Poem for X

You never showed interest.

Why did you pick me?

The hidden figure

The shadow behind everyone

What made you pick me?

A person so tall

A light that

I wished I could have been behind.

Who did this to you?

Your two face

The shade you casted upon me

Your twisted ways

Why did it happen to be me?

I'll never forget the words you said.

It's not u but

Me.

# Ugly

Context: I have never met my friend Bladez in real life. We have known each other for about 6 years. He wanted to live with me, and I agreed to it. That it would be fun to move in together. I expected it to happen or to think about moving together maybe 5 years from now and nothing sooner.

**Bladez**

Yo ugly

————— serious conversation starts here —————

**Nelson**

Speak

**Bladez**

Were u being serious about letting me live with you?

**Nelson**

Huh?

**Bladez**

Don't huh me

Answer me

**Nelson**

U mean now?

Or future?

Or future future?

**Bladez**

When do you plan on moving out?

**Nelson**

Hopefully by the end of the year?

No date

Just when I get my promotion

**Bladez**

I would like to move out by the end of the year as well.



**Nelson**

Uh

I know we've been best friends for a long time now.

I don't want you to feel like I'm betraying you but

I'm going to hit you with reality but I got a spot and I don't know if I got space because of my brother.

When I meant live with me I meant like in the future. Maybe in like 5-10 years from now.

**Bladez**

Makes sense

It's alright I was hoping that we could have done it sooner.

Thank you for that.

## Journal One

I have a hard time remembering the names of everyone I meet. Sometimes I would forget their name and must ask them on the spot for their name. They end up questioning our relationship or friendship. I have no idea why I constantly forget names but I try to warn people when I meet them that it's a problem. I don't want people to feel like I don't care about them.

I meet person X in the freshmen year of high school. I didn't know them or tried to talk to them until I finished my freshmen year of high school. We exchanged skype ID's through mutual friends. We played video games together but never really talked to each other. It was weird, but I never recalled a time when we talked at school and I learned something about person X life. We played every day but we nearly never talked in person. We somehow made a small friend circle that has grown into pretty big group. We don't interact with the group as much now but still remain the core members of the group. I still don't feel like I know his background as much, but we have been through many things together.

The most memorable moment I had with person X felt like an old fairy tale but went terribly wrong. We have common taste in many things. One day we were both introduced to a person Y (person Y background is irrelevant so it will not be explained.). Furthermore, we both took a liking to person Y but person X instead of trying to move forward with their relationship with person Y decided to help me. Person Y took a liking to me rather than person X, but that didn't bother person X. Person X just wanted to help me because he was a friend and wanted the best for me. I couldn't accept that because I wanted the same and wasn't up for the task. After a long few months of helping me and other complications I ended up with person Y but too much had happened, and it only felt right to cut ties with person Y after we realized the type of person they were.

"The things we have been through together will make us closer as friends." -person Y

Both me and person X wanted to be done with the situation with person Y. Person Y removed themselves from everything we know. Person Y wanted the same thing after a stressful few months.

Person X and me had a rough couple of months, but I took most of the damage in this situation but person X was there for me, although I feel like we barely do much together. This showed me that friends are still friends even if you don't see or talk to each other like most people think.

We are still good friends after everything that happened, and I learned a lot from everything we went through.

## Journal Two

My family is my discord server. Discord is a program on your computer that is mainly used by gamers. I am a part of a server made for my gaming friends and in real life friends. Some core members are (fake names) Gary, Oscar, JP, Roman and Angel. Gary is the youngest in the server. He's what we call a dramatic person in the server. Someone who does more than is necessary or overreacts. He would randomly do weird sounds when we are playing or talking. He hates when people to ask for him. Oscar is one of the newer core members of the group. I meet him in my first semester of college. He sounds like he's panicking when he's talking or trying to finish his sentence in record time, but he's confident in himself at all times. He's as competitive as it gets when it comes to something he loves. Likewise, he can't take being worse than someone in a game he plays. Not only that, but he tries his best to reach new heights every day. Roman is the living embodiment of an extrovert. He's loud and always has something to talk about. He wants to hang out whenever possible and shows his true feelings in anything. JP is one of the founders of the group. We meet in freshman year of high school and we talk nearly every day. You can hear JP raging at a game that he barely knows how to play or just outright confused. If he doesn't like something he will quit and not look back. He's brutally honest with almost everything. Angel is at first intimidating. He's also charismatic. Once you get to know him you realize he's nice to people around him. He won't lie and hates people who do. I would describe them better or more, but I find it hard to describe them in detail. I can only come up with things that I recently remember.