

**Benson Huang**

**boring guy**

**his work**

**this sucks**



## Final Reflection

Though “creative writing” was more like creative typing this semester, I actually enjoyed it more than writing with a pen or pencil. I know my handwriting is difficult to read and I tend to grip the pencil harder and harder as I write. Eventually it’ll hurt to write, and the handwriting becomes scribbles. Overall, this semester has taught me look at my writing in a new perspective either while I am writing or after I have finished the entire work.

This semester I have learned I am rather straight forward. I type exactly what I try to express without extra thinking not like some English teacher that would force you figure out the meaning of some old English work. Because of this I feel like likely all of my writing is shorter than everyone else. Chances are that this final reflection is going to be shorter as well. I have written what I wanted as short it may seem. I got the point I wanted across.

“That’s it I have nothing else I want to add” ... Maybe?

As it turns out there is always more to put. Personally, I didn’t think was necessary, but I guess in creative typing there is always more you can bring to help the reader draw the picture in their mind. Use more adjectives, describe the surrounding, describe what the character’s wearing, thinking, feeling. *Describe Everything*. Everything? Well... maybe not that is probably too much. But describe enough to color the picture instead of just doing a quick sketch. Back in middle school the idea of *Describe Everything* came to me when I did some adventure story writing and I quickly understood that the reader didn’t understand the story as I wanted them to. Then quickly gave up when my hands hurt too much. So, it went from *Describe Everything* to give the reader exactly what I want them to have so they can’t have any other ideas. Reviews from classmate basically had this idea of adding more details to the story. If it is not obvious already, I much prefer short stories over all the other typing assignments this semester. You have all the freedom to do what you want and there’s no draw back as you let your mind take over.

On the exact opposite side there are poems that I just despise. Okay maybe despise is too harsh. I dislike poems. As much freedom as you get to choose whatever to write about you are limited by the words or syllables you can use. Sometimes you have to make them rhyme. I just don’t like to do a lot of thinking because when I do it just becomes a ton of what ifs and that just never ends. Poems just force you to be creative and think of ways to express yourself. But since there’s a given format and length Peer review for these poems were odd. I didn’t know what to suggest and suggestions from others were odd. I had a suggestion to add more details on a haiku. I am already limited on the syllables I can use, and you want me to add more detail. Hm....

In the middle there’s the memoir writing. Especially the one where we had to write about a friendship or something. Like this is when I met them, we played games together, we’re still friends. Here I am writing maybe 5 sentences and while reading others there’s people writing 10-page essays about their friends, I guess my life just is not as interesting.

During the peer review it was difficult to think of helpful questions or suggestions for other students. I have always thought that this is how they wrote it and just leave it as it is, after all this is how they wanted to tell their story. Who am I to tell them how to write that? Of

course, I could have taken care out questions like could you add more detail here? Or could you describe this more? But questions like these does not sound helpful in anyway but maybe that is just me. What I think they meant as a whole is that I should expand on the background setting more. Describing the environment or personality or just things that help build the story instead of just going straight to the plot.

Using the knowledge and skills I have acquired from this class I hope to use them in future endeavors. I am not sure how I will be using these skills in the future as excess details seems to be what this class wants, and I am sure excess detail is unnecessary in things like reports as likely you will want to get straight to the point only expressing what is related or required.

This concludes my reflection of my experiences this semester. Enjoy my work!

## Memoir

Back in middle school it was just a normal class of robotics, something happens, I forget what, but something led the teacher to scold the class saying, “Your behavior is disgusting”. She said it over and over again and I was just getting mad myself as I and some other kids didn’t do anything. I muttered under my breath, “You’re disgusting”. She stomped over as she asked me to repeat what I said. So, I did “I said you’re disgusting”, She was shocked “Why would you say that?”, I replied “You called us disgusting why can’t I call you that? I know everyone in the class feels the same”. She retorted “I called your behavior disgusting not you”. In my head I was just thinking “Calling our behavior disgusting is basically calling us disgusting what?” and so I just backed off since there was no way of winning that argument where the teacher’s logic was just nonexistent. There was something else she said about how no one in the class felt that way. But when I looked around, they just looked at me and then looked at her as if she was crazy. Some of my classmates also came up to me saying how they agreed with me but was too scared to say anything. She failed me that quarter for that class. I should’ve known that fighting a teacher with controls with your grades wasn’t a good idea, but I was only in 7th grade not exactly the smartest time of my life. Considering she had to fail me instead of something else to get back at me I’ll take it as a win.

## Short Story

A moment of my past that changed me is the required quarantine that the pandemic brought upon many people. The quarantine has forced me to send myself into space to keep my self-isolated. Since I worked as a janitor, I could not afford a very big spaceship, though I am sure my family is fine without me. This spaceship named Closet5233 is as the name suggests just tiny closet and I am alone in here. I sleep on my clothes, pee in a bucket, a small window and without any communication with the outside world except for a small led light that will only go on when it is safe to return. I am on the verge of insanity. Though they said it would only last for 3 months it's been over 4 years, I've been forced to ration my food supply and lost over half my weight. I hope this pandemic ends soon. Someone please sends supp-

## Poem

### **My brain**

my brain does not like this  
there is too much thinking to do  
my brain is falling into an abyss  
but i know i have to finish before it is due

i'll just write something down  
and try to make it rhyme  
my brain is having a meltdown  
i'll just google something and stop wasting time.

## Dialogue

#2

Me: help

direct graph is weakly connected, if  
there is path between 2 vertices  
in the underlying undirected graph

Sister: is that  
hieroglyphics

Me: ˘(ツ)˘

Me: this is what I have to decode every class

Me: this sucks

## Journals

My experience with writing stories was great. Being able to just write whatever thought kind of scary was cool. I would love to do more of short story writing. It was also nice to read stories written by classmates. I am a bit worried with poems.

My experience with poems has been alright. Similar to the short story writing we could basically write whatever we wanted. The only difference which I found somewhat difficult is having to follow the specifications for certain poem types like limiting syllables or making rhymes. Other than that it was okay.