

Sneak Peak on Me



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FINAL REFLECTION

You know what they always say, practice makes perfect. Coming up with ideas and thinking outside of the box was a challenge initially, but as the year progressed, I was becoming used to the fact that brainstorming different ideas wasn't so bad. I'd consider myself as someone who is creative just not with words, taking this course has changed me for the better. When I was told to write a memoir, I didn't know where to begin. I stood there thinking for a few minutes but when I couldn't think, going outside helped me put my thoughts together and come up with something. My work, in the beginning, was patchy, as anyone with no experience will start off as. But as I was given more work it made me practice my creative side. For many years students were always given guidelines for their writing pieces making it rare for us to show our imaginative and original sides. As a writer who has always been told to stay inside the box with rules, adjusting myself to express myself through writing was definitely worth it and I had a really good experience writing what I wanted. Not only did I decide to put myself out there for new writing ideas, but the whole transitioning into online school made it a challenging experience. This class was really good compared to my other classes I've had this semester, it was very interactive. Working in groups can go right or wrong, especially during online school, I feel like everything is better in person because you can read people's faces and understand better to work collaboratively.

One of my favorite assignments I thought was my best work was the first short story, I took my time reading and making sure it made sense because it had a twist to the end. I asked my sister and best friend if they can read over it to make sure it wasn't confusing. I like reading people's work when they add a twist to their stories so I decided to do the same, its like not expecting the unexpected which gives it more thrill into reading more. The short story was about a girl who goes to school but doesn't feel well by her third class, she feels the warmth of her forehead and realizes she has a fever. On her way back from her school she takes a nap and waits for her mom to arrive home. After waiting several hours she hears strange noises coming from outside her room, her mom wasn't home which she thought was weird. Moving forward, she sees a girl who looks exactly like her and then realizes it was just a fever dream....or so she thought. I thought it was a pretty interesting plot and I've included the short story in the book for you to enjoy!

All the assignments were fairly good, however, I did have a least favorite assignment, which were the poems. Poems are great sometimes, people really pour their emotions onto the stanzas. Personally, I don't enjoy them as much because there are so many interpretations one can have which can get a little confusing. I will keep giving poems a chance when reading them but for now, they aren't my favorite.

As of reading other writers' work, I really enjoyed seeing what different authors like to write about whether the genre being futuristic, thrillers, romance, etc. they were all interesting. Most people think reading is boring, and I won't lie I was one of them, but once you

devote time and truly understand the author's or writers' purpose on their books, poems, and other pieces, it made me realize that it wasn't all too bad. In fact, reading my classmates' work and my work was really entertaining. Not only did we read their work, but we gave feedback and suggestions on what they can add to make their work better than great. At first I was hesitant on giving feedback because I didn't want anyone to feel like their work wasn't good, on the contrary I want people to know that they really are doing excellent, the short stories or dialogues or any other assignment I read were all really good. I didn't know what else they could improve on. But sometimes giving back feedback helps the writer think of more to add, even I had moments where the feedback really helped me put something together. One feedback that stood out to me was for my final reflection, I really enjoyed the way my partner bulleted what I can add to make my reflection better which I found to be very useful. Sometimes your in a headspace where you can't think of anything and having someone else's opinion on your work helps you complete the assignment, two brains is better than one.

Overall I wasn't sure of what to expect from this class because I believed I didn't have enough creativity to write something with my own plots and thoughts, but I was also confident that by the end of the semester I will have expanded my knowledge in writing and I successfully did. Using what I learned from this semester I can now further develop my writing skills using creative techniques to add detail and really write something great. I can apply what I've learned onto future English courses or writing essays and making them more interactive than just throwing information onto a piece of paper. I can also help my friends and family with coming up with ideas when they need help writing something innovative.

MEMOIR

My Best Friend and I

I have a friend who I met a really long time ago, we've been best friends for a long time. Her name is Arly and we're both the same age. We met around 2007 pre-k I would say. Obviously, I don't have much memory of what we've done in our younger years but one special memory that stuck with me was when she came to my apartment and we were eating popcorn while she was using my roller skates, which was around 5th grade of 2013. It made me realize we were almost like family. She would always come over to my apartment every Monday during 5th grade. We would play with our DS and do funny videos with each other.

As we grew older we had some ups and downs like any friendship would. But nothing could completely break our friendship apart which I think makes our bond inseparable.

We started drifting apart during high school because I decided to not attend a high school near me since I wanted to meet new people and so did she. Can you blame me though? I attended the same school from pre-k to 8th grade everyone knew each other. I'm more of a reserved person who keeps things to myself so it would be great to go out of my comfort zone and meet new people, of course, we wouldn't forget about each other. Since we did go to different schools we didn't talk much as we used to but we were still very good friends. We are still really close with each other and I see her as such a great friend since we know each other's families and are always there for each other when we need emotional support.

One day I got a phone call *"Incoming facetime call from Arly..."*

I answered the phone "Hello?" it was very unexpected at the moment I was concerned what happened to her. Then she started telling me what she was going through in school and that people were gossiping. Moments where you see someone close to you suffering mentally is devastating, I couldn't do much but be there for her when she needed it most. She's done the same for me when I go through moments, like the death of one of my family members. From that moment I knew that our friendship will last a lifetime.

My friend is constantly supporting my decisions and gives me advice with things I need help with. I know we both can count on each other when there's trouble or if we just need someone to talk to. She deserves to be treated like my own family because there isn't anyone who can ever take her place.

SHORT STORY

Fever Dream?

The day was gloomy, the clouds were grey and the sky was barely visible. Marcela put on her white sneakers and black jacket for the school day. She straightened her jet black hair, put rosy blush on her cheeks to give her face a wash of color. Marcela heads downstairs for breakfast and she sees her mom cooking eggs and toast.

“Sit down Marcela and pour yourself a glass of OJ” said her mom.

“Thanks mom, you’ve really outdone yourself with breakfast today.”

“Yeah I know its been difficult ever since your father has passed away so I might as well lift up the spirit today right!?” Marcela’s mom replied.

“Haha yes mom, alright I’ll be on my way to school now before I’m late again”

“Had a good day honey”.

Marcela takes her red bike to school and passes through her neighborhood. Its a rural area where there are no school buses passing by since she lives very secluded from the city. Her wheels splash through the puddles from the rain last night and finally arrives to her high school building. She attended her classes that day normally and boring as usual. Suddenly Marcela felt dizzy by her third class. She took a sip of her water bottle but still felt an overwhelming throbbing in her head.

“Ms. can I go to the nurse,” she said as she felt the warmth of her forehead. “Of course” the teacher replied.

Marcela walked through the narrow hallways of her school and headed downstairs to the nurse’s office. The nurse said, “Looks like you have a fever.....103 degrees, you should go home and rest”.

She called her mom and asked to leave and go home for the day.

“Ma I’m not feeling too well I’m going home”

“Oh no! Take some medication when you get home and I’ll bring you chicken soup on my way back from work”

“Will do” Marcela hangs up the phone. She decides to leave her bike behind and walk to breathe the air.

On her way back home she walked through the empty sidewalks as her body began to warm up even more. The trees looked like dark shadows from a distance as the fog surrounded the forest. Marcela walked closer to a yellow two-story structure, her home. She opens the gates to her house and sighs. Marcela took off her shoes and hanged her jacket by the door. She then took a glass of water and two ibuprofen pills, and headed upstairs to her room. The door to her room was slightly open and she stepped into her poorly lit room jumped on her bed and took a nap.

She was awakened by a mysterious tapping noise outside her room. The clock read 10 p.m. which meant her mom had to be home already by this time. Marcela calls her mom
“Please leave a message at...”

No answer.

Strangely no one was home. Marcela goes downstairs to her front porch and waits for her mom to get home. It was strange to her because her mom always arrives by 6 p.m. She opens the door, the air was crisp and smelled like fresh rain. The breeze went through her hair as she sat on the front porch and observed the darkness of the streets in silence. Suddenly she sees someone from afar on their red bike. The person seems to be heading in her direction. She can only see the silhouette of the stranger from a few feet away. The face wasn't quite visible since the lighting was dim outside.

It was a girl. She stepped closer to Marcela and stood there. Marcela was confused, as she stepped closer to the girl she realized they both had the same features. Long black hair, a black jacket, and white sneakers. They just stood there without saying a word. Marcela waved.

The girl waved back.

There was an uncomfortable tension between them and she couldn't understand what was going on.

Marcela goes back to her front porch again and pauses when the girl says

“Stop!”

“What?” Marcela replied

“Don't go back in”.

At this point Marcela ran to her house and closed the door, she locked herself in her room. Marcela sat on her bed and just sat there with thoughts running through her head.

“Did I just see another version of myself?...” Marcela was deep into thought. The girl in the red bike looked exactly like her. Marcela looked at herself in the mirror out of shock and peaked at through her window. The “girl” was still there, staring at her while sitting on her bike. Marcela shut the blinds and sat on her bed in fear. She writes in her journal:

“This is so weird... I think I just saw another version of myself?! She literally had the same features as me! Not to mention I think she was riding my red bike I tied chains around... No one is home and this is all really strange and eerie. It sends chills down my back just thinking about...her. -Marcela 10:17 p.m.”

She then drifted into a deep sleep after a chaotic night.

The next morning she was awakened by the beaming sunlight coming through her window. She was scared of what was going to happen. There were noises outside her door, dishes clattering, and footsteps. Marcela opens the door slowly only to realize it was her mom.

“Ma...what time did you come home last night?”

“I arrived around 6 pm, you were asleep so I didn’t want to wake you,” her mom said.

“Did I sleep throughout the whole night? I didn’t hear you come in” Marcela replied.

“Yes, you were in a deep sleep, probably because you weren’t feeling well.” Her mom stated

“Oh. Strange.” Marcela realized it was probably just a fever dream.

At the end of the day Marcela decides to write in her journal about her day like usual. But then she sees a journal entry written by her...yesterday night at 10:17 p.m. out of shock she closes her blinds and gets ready to sleep at 10 pm from the eerie discovery that yesterday wasn’t a dream. Then she saw a girl passing by her house,

she had a red bike...



POETRY

Grandma

As a child everyone would talk about their grandparents

They'd receive unconditional love from elderly family members

I always wondered where were mine

None of them ever visited me as a child

I felt left out no having grandparents to love me

We understand the complications of life as we age

Now I understand why they never visited me

Gave me unconditional love

They couldn't

My grandma was miles away from me

In another country

It was 2020 and I was getting ready to buy plane tickets

Finally visiting my grandma for once and meeting her

But I couldn't risk the thought of her getting an unknown virus

So I canceled the flight

Things happen for a reason I guess

One day I'll get to know her

When the time is right

Maybe I'll finally get the unconditional love from an elderly family member one day

DIALOGUE

Friend Reunion

It was a great day, my friends and I decided to meet up with each other and spend the day doing something entertaining than staying at home. We've been a little stressed from school and had a day off. All of us decided to meet up and shop around and eat something, more of a chill day.

Leslie: Good morning guys! Have you guys woken up yet?

Jhoana: Hi! Yes I just woke up and I'm almost heading towards the train station

Kelly: Good morning, yes I was up since 9 am. I'm excited!

Joselin: Hi, I'm still eating breakfast but I will be there on time. Don't worry!

Everyone sends screenshots of me saying I won't be late when we met up last time

Joselin: Yeahh but it won't happen this time I promise

Jhoana: You better or else I'm attacking you when I see you

Joselin: No now I'm going to be late on purpose Haha. Also, can you guys sent me the address pls

Kelly: *sends address*

Joselin: Thanks

45 minutes pass. We all get ready and decide to meet up at the address instead of the train station.

Leslie: Where are you guys at? I'm with Kelly already

Kelly: Yes we just met up. Wya?

Joselin: I'm 3 stops away, I'll be there in around 8 minutes or so.

Jhoana: I'm walking towards the address, unlike Joselin.

Joselin: Shush I'm trying my best!

8 minutes later...

Joselin: I don't see you guys

Leslie: We're by the corner don't you see us!?

Kelly: I see you look to your left

Joselin: Oh yeah! Never mind I see you. See I wasn't late.

Jhoana: Nah you were

Joselin: Hater Lol!

JOURNAL 2

Anonymous Christmas

Every year my family comes together during the holidays especially Christmas Eve. We do something called Secret Santa which is a pretty common tradition for people. I personally love giving people gifts it gets me excited when they open something that I took time to look for. Giving people something requires consideration and can be stressful at times but its entertaining. The ability of treating someone with a gift anonymously gives the whole game excitement and you can't wait to see who got you something, especially for children. Children anticipate who got who a gift.

A month before we write the names of those who are going to participate its mostly just my cousins and family friends that play. We cut little pieces of paper and write things we like. Then they're placed in a hat and everyone chooses a name. The last time we hosted a Secret Santa was in 2018 but it was the most exciting to me. The name I pulled out was my cousin Veronica she was 11 at the time but it was difficult to think of something to get a preteen. Our budget was \$50 max which is more than good in my opinion.

My family and I went to the mall and picked something out for the secret santa's my sister and I had. We searched for hours in numerous stores around the area. Finding an eleven year old was mildly difficult because they're in the age where toys aren't fun to them anymore and they aren't allowed to wear any makeup. Its kind of an awkward stage we all go through transitioning to a teenager.

After a month of looking for something perfect to give my secret Santa, I think the gift was decent enough. The night of Christmas eve everyone came in with their gifts and we were all really curious to know who got who. My sister, one of our cousins (totally not our favorite cousin haha) and me were telling each other who we got in the bathroom.

"Aye who did you get Dani (my cousin)? I said

"I got our neighbor Chris." Dani says.

"Oh thats cool!" my sister replied

We kept it a secret from the rest of our cousins.

When it was twelve o'clock everyone in the party came together and sat in the living room to see us open the gifts. The youngest went first and whoever they got, the same person gives their gift etc. After several people went it was my turn to give my cousin her gift and it was a big red box with a red bow on top of it. She opened her gift and was really thankful. We ended up giving her matching sweatpants and a sweater, body mist, lotion and lip balm. I thought it would be a good idea to get comfortable clothes and smell good at the same time. I mean who doesn't like feeling refreshed right?

Being anonymous for a whole month makes everything way more exciting. It builds up emotion and exhilaration until you expose yourself.



JOURNAL 8

See you later Leslie!

Leslie, our friend, was about to leave us for a vacation to Ecuador and we decided to hang out one last time to enjoy ourselves until she returns. After finally deciding and thinking of something to do, we choose to have a karaoke day.

Me: What time do you guys get out of school?

Kelly: Hmm around 12:50

Jhoana: Around 1:45 maybe

Leslie: I get out around 2:00

Me: Alright so we'll wait by the park until everyone gets out of school

Kelly: Sounds good to me

School ends and it was time to have fun! We all wait for each other since everyone gets out at different times. Chitrani gets out really early, Jhoana and me get out at the same time, and Leslie leaves school last.

Jhoana: Don't worry guys I'm the GPS here I know where we're going

Me: Yeah the place is kind of hidden I honestly didn't even notice it haha

Leslie: Wait its \$6 per person for an hour right?

Kelly: Yeah that isn't that bad we can eat something afterwards

Jhoana: Yay!

We spent an hour blasting music and singing along until the hour was up

Me: That was really fun we should karaoke again some day

Leslie: OMG yess! Maybe after I return back from my trip

Jhoana: Yes please!

Kelly: Yeah! When are you returning again?

Leslie: March 13

Me: Damn I'm gonna miss you

Jhoana: Honestly bro like who's going to accompany me during class!

Kelly: Right!

Leslie: Aw! I'll miss you guys too

Me: Where are we going now?

Kelly: Maybe Chipotle?

Jhoana: I'm down

Leslie: Sure

Me: Okay

We ate and talked about random things until it was pretty dark outside. Their company made me realize that my friends.....are friends that will last a lifetime, and I can't wait to see what the future brings us.