

Chronicles
Of A
Slacker



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Reflection

They say if you miss a single day of math class you will almost never catch up. Turns out, that is not really the case for writing like I thought. I was somewhat conditioned and always punished as a reader back in my middle school and high school years. It was always do not read past your partner. do not read past the class. It severely impacted my writing. I was always able to visualize my thoughts and feelings, but I never had the words to make it a reality. It was not until practically the end of my college life where I truly learned to appreciate reading and writing. Words I could not put together became familiar to me. I learned that no matter how well something comes out writing as an art is subjective and the only pieces that matter to me are the pieces I can say I am proud of. I learned of the many ways to approach my own thoughts. From poetry does not have to rhyme to simply write everything that comes to mind and work from there. I might be what you might call, a slacker. Or as I love to say, a slacker. I came into this semester with the good last-minute throw something together. After all, simply write what they want, and you get the grade. To my surprise I had the luxury of flexible due dates. This one act of understanding led me to take not only the time allotted, but the time needed to construct the pieces I wanted to. This one act gave me the inspiration I never had. Compared to great assistance and advice I was finally to not only visualize what I had in mind, but also take my time day by day to construct it the way I wanted too.

Writing is one thing though, reading on the other hand is simply another half to a complete whole. One thing I have always struggled with was critiquing another piece of work. The cohort's system is truly a thing to behold. Given the time to bond with group members surely helped the critiquing process. Although it was not until nearing out final assignments that I was able to convey my thoughts to my cohorts we really developed an understanding for each other and took each other's advice for what it was. I owe a great deal to my cohorts showing me what I missed and what I failed to convey, that made for easy revisions.

Revisions were a beast of their own too. Sometimes I felt lost in how to properly revise what I already thought was complete. It was thanks to my cohort reviews that I understood if there was something they missed that I was clearly trying to convey. It helped me reorganize my thoughts and change my approach to the message I wanted. It also helped me gauge if I was writing too much or little. I would usually ask questions if I should expand on a certain section or refrain from doing so. This helped immensely as I sometimes tend to fill the void with unnecessary information and tend to have unstructured stories. As for receiving critiques I was also able to voice my feelings when it came to giving critiques. Certain topics I felt needed slight change I was comfortable saying more and more as we got into the semester.

The experiences felt in this class have been the best by far under the current school conditions. Hell, they have been the best so far even before we moved to online classes. The only way I can respect a professor is to be respected myself. I have been helped and reaffirmed many times by professor Penner. All my doubts were cast away by not only my cohorts but also thanks to the many exercises taken in between assignments. Who knew it was helpful to practice what you learned instead of reading a power point and going on to the next topic? Sharing with others and being able to ask whatever I want whenever I want is the greatest thing a professor could do

to help a student. Unlike being berated and simply told “Have you not read the slides?” by other professors who have the audacity to ask, “questions and concerns?” after every single sentence they say. It is people like that who help me move forward with what I have learned and not forget it a semester later.

My views and opinions on writing have changed throughout the course of this.... course. Maybe I will keep writing or maybe I won't. It is a big if but for one thing I will remember what happened these past 4 months. So welcome dear reader, to the culmination of my work. From slacker to enjoyer I present, The Chronicles of a Slacker.

Memoir: Meet My Cases

Around two years back the thought of getting a custom image phone case was always an iffy thought to me. It wasn't until talking it over with my friend after constant yelling of "Just do it!" that I finally decided to get one. It was a big struggle at first deciding what image to use. I ended up rounding it to around five images and forcing my friend to pick.

It's always a joy picking the image since I decided to limit myself to about 2 per year. God forbid I went overboard and got more that I could use. I want these to feel special and not a weeklong accessory. The real joy of picking out the image is simply trying to fit the thing on the case to begin with. The current four that I have weren't my first choices by any means. When this adventure first started it was an ongoing search to find a website that was legit enough to trust. After hours of searching me and my friend came across the website "skinit.com". This was a blessing as their cases were high quality and added another layer of protection to the phone itself. Although I noticed the images themselves beginning to fade after 6 months of use. Although not disastrous I was content with the product I received. Until suddenly they one day decided to not make cases for my phone anymore and after another month of skeptical searching the site "caseapp.com" came along our radar and proved to be better quality than skinit. Although I lose the second layer of protection I can say after 6 months of having their case the image still has not shown signs of fading and looks brand new according to my friend. Alongside finding a site to get this done came the problem of getting images to fit on the case themselves. Only so much would fit on a puny Galaxy s7 edge case. It was then that I decided to scour through my images and find some neat scenery. The first case I ended up getting was an image of a young female character jumping up reaching out to the beautiful night sky filled with bright stars all around going from the middle to top of the case. It gave it a gorgeous blue glow that I loved to look at from time to time. The second case was of another female character sitting tightly in a balcony chair welcoming the beautiful butterflies as they pass by. The third case was simply an album cover from the band "Zytokine", this one holds a dear place in my heart since it took me upwards of over two hours to fit the character and the title of the band in the case together. It features a female character of the "Touhou" franchise clad in blue skirt and white long sleeves and pure green hair running across a road with the word Zytokine over above the phones camera. The fourth case features my favorite character of the Fire Emblem franchise, Bernadetta Von Varelly. An adorable image of her holding a Nintendo switch, the system the game is featured on too. Wrapped in a sweater with the word N.E.E.T. on it perfectly capturing her recluse attitude at life.

Honestly, the real highlight of these cases is the nice sensation I get every time I look at them. It's like popping a peppermint in your mouth before a test, soothing. Each of these has a small touch added via my friend whether it be help with the resizing or a simple design suggestion. Spanning all the way from high school we've come to develop a nice sense of style shown through all the art we send each other and the games we play. I can always trust him to reassure me the case looks great and I'm not hurting the overall design. He's always been a great help which is why I end up bringing him into a call to screen share the whole process getting his input the whole way through.

Short Story: Brothers in Arms?

Gunfire, bangs and explosions ring out the desolate American neighborhood. After the countless test and even a nuke this poor town endured only two houses remain. The ideal American neighborhood turned warzone, the good ol white picket fence and small streets now blocked by run down buses and jeeps. What was to be a new family is now a rundown bus with furniture scattered across the street. Between the furniture lies a blue circle. The end all be all to the battle, "point B" they called it, alongside point A and C on the side of each house.

As members of the red team, Corporals Kenny A. Sunderland and Samuel B. Johnson rush to take point. Kenny, Corporal in rank, heart of gold, but the brains of a recruit can only hold point for 2 seconds before he is easily blasted away by the enemies hiding within the blue home. As for Samuel, headstrong and daring he rushed into the enemy base. **Bam** one down **Bam** two down three, four, five, six. Leading the charge, he opens for the real coup de grâce. Three members rush in to finally take point. Sergeant Rooer, privates Abraham and Matthew seize point each keeping an angle protecting their fellow brothers in arms. Rooer, the man, the myth, the legend, Sacrificed so much for the good fight he's nothing short of a god of war. Abraham, fellow rival to Samuel and a cunning soldier to boot. Matthew, the lad who's always got your back rifles, pistols, launchers, no matter the weapon you're always in safe hands. Keeping the point Matthew anchors down, while the others go on and secure the upcoming wave of enemies. Kenny and Samuel back in the fight everyone rushes to the opposing home. Little did they know there was no enemy in sight. Sweating and confused the only possible reason could be a flank from behind. As this information get revealed the final member of this humble team, Jay Jay Anderson can only panic as he was hiding within the yellow house all along. Not very skilled as his team but hard working none the less he can only breathe a sigh of relief as an intermission pops up. 100-81 in favor of the blue team. A small setback but with enough effort the heroes can break free and take the victory.

Starting from the next house both teams have swapped. Capture A, capture B, the same old routine for these lads. What was 100-81 becomes 110-101, to 120-121. B is taken, b is retrieved. They fight the long fight as long as they can. Lost and clueless our poor Kenny fires shots into his own team. Not once, not twice, and certainly not thrice. A frustrated Rooer begins to yell causing a stir amongst the members. Abraham, Samuel, and Matthew all go down time and time again rather it be to Kenny or the enemy, in a final battle cry Rooer gives the command to "give B a little kiss." One more second and it's captured. Everyone moves out to clutch the final two points needed. Jay Jay jumps from his window throwing all sorts of equipment at the house. One stray grenade ends the soul perched into the window. Rooer hiding within the house's chimney keeps watch for the one straggler ready to recover B. Kenny bursting out through the enemies' garage Molotov in hand sets one more ablaze. Abraham and Samuel enter from the window clearing out the house and anyone left putting up a fight. As Matthew finally plants himself on the point, tick, tick, tick, B is taken. A final cheer shouted as our fellow gamers stare at the bold red numbers on screen.... 199-200. "And just like that...I'm done for today." Samuel lets out as he exits the game. One by one the six friends exit still exhilarated by the hard-fought victory saying their peace before finally heading out.

Poem: Goodbye Winter

Hello to the new

Goodbye to the old

Hello to the fresh air and sweat

Hello to the school days to come

Hello to the fresh start

Hello to the flowers

Hello to the trees

Hello to the future

It was nice winter, but I've got to say

See you around

I've got things to do.

Dialogue

Eli: fam

fan

afm

dam

adam

DAM

FAM

FAAAAAMMMMMMM!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

AUHAUGAUlhsiAYBKIWYBDIYIBCWFBNDDNojnWUDNwj

;-;

fine be like that

but if I don't get her

i'm coming over

and beating your ass

Several minutes later

Grey: Fam

Who you trying to get?

Eli: FAM

GIVE

ME

STRENGTH

I WANT A VOICE MESSAGE

RRRRNNNNN

OF YOU GOING

HHHHNGHGHGNNNGHGNNGGHGHHHGGGHH

Grey: **Sends a voice message**

Excuse my sis



When I was chill half way



Who you tryna get?

Eli: GUAUAAAAAAAAA

Sends screenshot of character

Grey: Oooooommmmmmmmmggggggg



Sends screenshot of low currency to acquire character

Eli: quite worries ngl

Grey: Why?

Hopes up

Rrrrrrrrrnnnnnnnn

Acquires character

Eli: did

i say

worried?

lmao

I meant

boutta jebait this game to fucking

infinity

Sends screenshot of acquired character

Grey: 🤪🤪🤪🤪🤪🤪🤪🤪🤪🤪🤪

HOOOOLLLLLLYYY SSSHHHHIIITTTTTT

RRRRNNNNNNGGGGGG GOOOOOODDDDDD

Journal: Short Stories

Writing short stories is hard. Don't get me wrong I love being creative and thinking of a greater picture, but that's all I can really do. There is a big picture in my head of what I'd love to tell. But when it's time to recreate that picture piece by piece to make a whole that's when everything comes crashing down. Despite this whole rut I throw myself into every assignment ~~which may or may not lead things to get don't 4 days late~~ it is still a joyous thing to do. Once I begin writing there's nothing but smiles and respect for the art and good or bad, I can say I'm proud of the work I created.

Journal: Memories

It's no lie that not being able to remember something is a hindrance. Whether it be social media passwords, things to do, or even your phone lock screen password/pattern. Some people write these passwords down, save them in some file. But one thing people don't seem to understand is the fact that your own memory isn't always the most reliable thing you have. Memories can be manipulated and changed if you try hard enough.

One day my brother decided to get himself a PlayStation portable GO (essentially a mini version of a handheld game console) and decided to download a bunch of games he used to play as a kid. He was able to transfer all his old save files, so he never really played them over, just simply loaded them up for some nostalgia. One of these games was "Final Fantasy VII." He decided he wanted to grind all his characters stats to the highest they could go via a very long grinding process. Remembering a process I once saw online but never confirmed, I decided to share it with him. Lo and behold it worked! Now fast forward to literally a week later, we're talking about the game while I'm playing, and he says something along the lines of "Remember that spot **I told you about** where you can farm stats." This totally set me off. As we all know I was the one who told him the info but despite it happening a week prior the lad had convinced himself that he knew this info all along and told me about it. The extent of the argument itself was simply us going back and forth claiming who said it first, but despite even pulling the video in question up he still wouldn't let up. I know this is a very menial thing to argue about, but I never really believed how unreliable memories could be until this argument had occurred. I know this isn't the best example of how memories aren't always reliable, but this was the first time I ever saw someone trick themselves into believing something. I know it can happen through repetition or other people tricking each other but for some reason this one argument always stuck with me. To this day he still won't say I told him of the spot in question and I don't think he ever will.