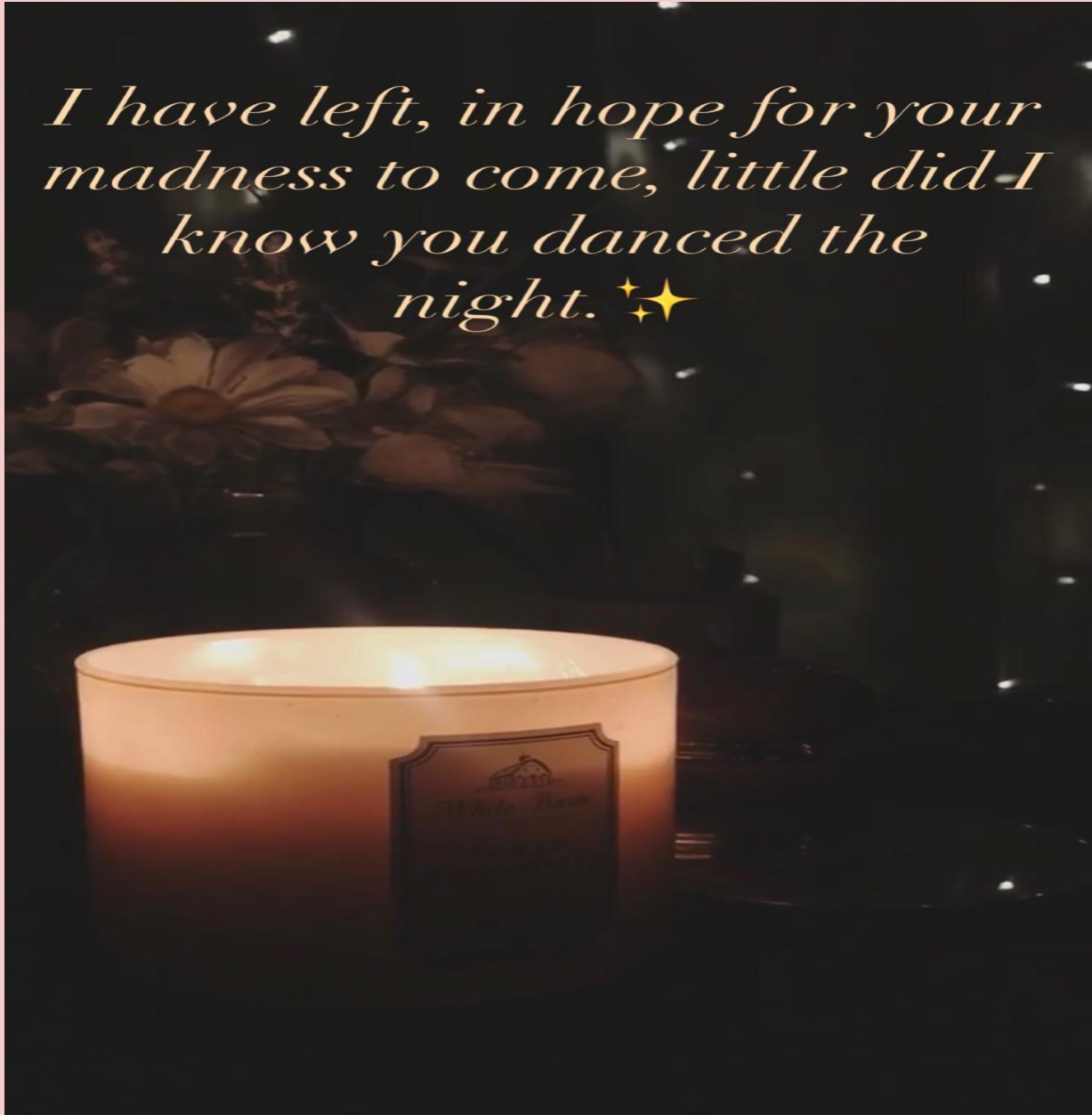


The Complicated Tales Of Mines

*I have left, in hope for your
madness to come, little did I
know you danced the
night. ✨*



By: Nuha Abdulla

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Final Reflection

As the end of the semester approaches, I, as a writer, have developed a writing skill that I was afraid to display. At the beginning of the semester, I was unsure if I would stay in this course or drop it, but I finished because it was an exciting and diverting class environment. Because the class was getting more enjoyable than I thought it would be. Even when I was writing assignments, I was optimistic about writing the work, even during class discussions, because everyone was connected and understood the struggles. Plus, I have progressed with reading and understanding the message behind stories in class or as a reader. This course challenged me to be confident about my writing skill and style, and even though I still hold onto writing and sharing, I think I am beginning to feel less stress about my writing. I believe each person has unique emotions and thoughts about how they described their writing. However, when we introduce writing to others, they take what they understand and express in their style.

This semester taught me a lot about myself as a writer; I didn't know that much about the freedom of writing because my teachers constantly told me to write in specific instructions. During the first writing of the class, the Journals. I enjoyed it the most because I felt free and didn't have to present it in a certain way, and I was not told to write something specific. I wrote my thoughts on the Journals and didn't feel pressured whether I did it correctly and perfectly or not. I found writing enjoyable again in poetry, short stories, and Journals; therefore, when the first journal I wrote, I tried to convey myself and the struggles I went through in high school. The journals were life experiences of mine and the classmates, every journal I wrote, taught me to

Write about my emotions and thoughts. Memoir writing is vital for a writer to be creative. Even though I wrote about some personal experiences, I think it helps me see other POVs.

This experience allows me to write better and open up with others in the class because it's hard to understand or communicate during this time. In addition, this understanding helps me be more open with people and my writing. It's good doing a memoir to make a writer creative, and for me, I think this experience has a good impact on me as a reader and writer. My experience in writing short stories is like a love-hate relationship. I enjoy reading stories because it inspires me to write one or live the story, but it was complex, confused, complicated, sad, dark, honest -life, and thrilled while writing these Short stories. While writing, I try to connect my life experience with characters or with themes. For short story 1, I wrote a sad devastating tale with a happy ending; however, there is a message behind it: never to trust, be a victim, and without no voice. Short story 2 is realistic. I think I'm more connected to short story two because I experienced and still, I am today, yet it conveys people around me like family, friends, or lovers it could be in any way. I have struggled with writing stories or just writing anything because I'm consistently all over the place, or I'm stuck, or I didn't write what I felt but what my brain told me to write.

As a reader, I think this class informed me about stories and articles I didn't hear about, and I was fond of reading the stories, articles, and Poems. I loved reading "Pendeja, You Ain't Steinbeck: My Bronca with Fake-Ass Social Justice Literature" By Myriam Gurba; I enjoy reading Gurba's work; it made me feel more vital as a reader to speak with everything when I or my culture are being judged. I like the way Gurba was Aggressive and loud; it shows her character. I liked that she stood up when Cummins was writing about Mexicans and Latinos and saying she's Latina when trying to make up stories but hurting people's culture. Gurba spoke about Cummins saying

She's White, but she misrepresented Mexicans and Latino's culture and life when it comes to writing. I like how Gurba was very confident about Cummins's stories about Mexicans and Latinos' lives and Gurba's. I felt she stayed loud and made people leave a good impression and sound confident. Even though I was shocked by the way she writes, I like and enjoy reading it. Also didn't like how people and Cummins refer to Mexicans and Latinos as "these people". That's why I like Gurba's standing up and speaking because she is well educated, and so are many other Mexicans and Latinos.

Also, I like "The First Day" by Edward P Jones; I felt connected with the story. The narrator told about her childhood memory that crashed her. The first day of school for all kids is essential because it impacts the child forever. I think the narrator is experiencing flashbacks of her childhood and details of herself, her mother, neighbors, and the school staff; it affects how sensitive or hurt the narrator was from her mother's action. Also, her mother does not know how to read or write. It makes it hard for a mother and child to understand feelings. When we hold on to something very long, it becomes a traumatizing memory, and we hold it forever. As a kid, I think we don't see the pain or the truth until we are old. Then we realize how hurtful it is, and I think the little girl only saw happiness because she was excited about school but then felt alone. As a reader, I began to open up with my emotions and feel connected. And I am just able to read because I choose to. This experience made me read more stories, short or long I enjoy reading and understanding the conflict and message behind stories.

My writing improved from the beginning of the class and now, which I found impressive. But I believe this class taught me to be constantly free with my writing; even if it isn't perfect, I have the chance to rewrite and make it ideal in a certain way. There are many things to be learned to be an excellent writer. However, each writer has a writing style, and once that style develops,

The writer begins the journey of a perfect writer. Nonetheless, with reading, in my opinion, when I read more in general, I understand and learn more. Also, it makes me a reader and writer creative when talking or understanding the concept of reading. Reading and writing are associated with maturing a person. Although I didn't read much in class, I read all the time to develop a strong reading style, which is essential for writing. This semester has given me a moment to feel confident about myself in reading and writing, which will help me overcome the challenges waiting for me.



Meet my journals where my secrets and stories of my life are. The first time I bought a journal was at the age of 12. English is my second language, so I had complex and complicated learning

until today. I began expressing my emotions through writing because nobody understood how I felt as a kid. I struggle to tell my parents how I feel when they say a hurtful word to me or yell at me in front of a family gathering as laughing while I'm hurt. My journal was my escape from the hostile world around me. I used to lock up myself in my bedroom to write my heart out. As I grew up, I bought more journals and wrote more in English because I had to improve my English. I lived in America, so I wrote more about my emotions, and until this day, when I read my old journals, I cry and laugh most of the time because I'm still the same, but I'm more mature. In school, I made many friends, but we would find our separate ways, and when we see each other and feel stranger to each other, it made me feel depressed, lonely as if I don't exist.

However, my parents are not careful with their words when speaking, and they seem to forget when they are expressing something they didn't like about me or anything. Yet I sometimes realize parents forget, and as we grew up, we keep things deep in our hearts. The words my parents used to say, "what kind of a person wants to be with you, how cruel is your heart, why are fat, and we wish we had a son instead of you". It goes on, and it might not sound hurtful to you, but to me, it was, and still, it is. I was just a kid with dreams and hopes that got destroyed. I struggled with school, felt lost, and didn't care about anything because I was depressed, but sometimes the right people help me find my true self. The more I become older, the more I lost friends, and at a particular time, my pen and journal were my best friend who listens to me and understood me. I realize nobody would stay unless they want to, and if I kept on holding on to the person, it only made them leave me. The writing was like a lesson of life, and the more I understand the deep meaning of words and how to use the right at the right time and never be quick on making friends I became less depressed and alone in life. Now I write short poetry in

Arabic, and many of my cousins and friends like it. I have hopes that one day I will be able to speak and write confidential because I want to become a better writer. I can't tell too much because they are personal, but a book is the story of every person's life; it's nice to own a journal to show the struggle you went through; also when you don't have anybody to talk about something, a journal would never tell or speak unless it's read.

To this day, I haven't spoken or showed my hurt emotions to my parents. I think they began to see and understand my actions. My parents are more Affectionate towards my little brother and their grandkid now. But their words to me can never be forgotten but forgiven.

I would recommend everyone to have a journal or a book to write about themselves and get through life when they feel the world is against them. Besides, when we grew up, the journals will be a memory of our life struggles.

Elena is back

Elena hugged Alex “we will get married together, promise?”

Alex smiled “I promise”; they both laughed and played with each other. It was their first day of school.

“I hope they stay best friends as we did, Brooklyn” Diana and Brooklyn hugged each other and watch their little girls like they were once.

It's been ten years since Elena disappeared. Since childhood, Alex and Elena were Best friends; they went to the same elementary school, middle school, and high school. They spend all their time with each other until Junior year of high school, that's when Elena disappeared. Alex Adams John was her name her family moved to Oak town in Venus state about 20 years ago before James, Alex, and Henry. Alex was the only girl; her mother, Diana, and father, Adam, moved to Oak town for a better start. Oak town is a town full of dark secrets, but everyone knows everything about everybody; it's like a news channel that judges and speaks.

Elena was Alex's neighbor, but they didn't know until they met on the first day of school. Elena Nelson Thomas was also the only girl in her family; Elena is the only child. Mrs. Nelson was lucky to have Elena because the doctors told her that it's difficult to have babies. Mr. Nelson was like a second father to Alex, but Mrs. and Mr. Nelson were broken when Elena disappeared.

Their only child was gone and left a note saying, " please don't look for me. Please tell Alex sorry

for leaving." The letter the police and Elena's parents found. The only person who knows where Elena left off was strange. November 13, 2007, after Elena came back from Alex's house around 5 pm, it was already dark and rainy. Alex and Elena are 17 years old and were ready from their senior year of high school 1, but only one will graduate. After Elena arrived home, she felt unsafe; her parents have left for data night and told her they would be gone for a while, what she didn't know it will be the last time to be home. Oak town is dark, and the only dark house was Richard's house. Mr. Richard was dark and lived by himself after his wife committed suicide in their bedroom. Mr. Richard was a lonely older man in his forties, but nobody knew him, only his dead wife. Elena was getting ready to take a shower when she heard the sound of her bedroom door open, but she thought her parents came. Mr. Richard has been spying for over two years on the Nelson family and mainly their daughter Elena. After two years, he finally decided to take what was his. Richard walks slowly and quickly. He had a face mask and gloves; he was ready. As soon Elena left the bathroom, he attacked. He put his in her mouth and threatened her not to scream or do Anything stupid " I will kill you and your family if you don't shut your stupid mouth." She tried to attack his punch, but the next she felt was a hit in her head, and blackness takes over.

A monster was attacking the only thing Elena can remember from that night! It's been tens of years. She has been locked in the basement. You ask where in the basement? Mr. Richard has a huge home, and it's dark! Nobody has been in his house before, only his wife. Mr. Richard is a white man with blond hair and blue eyes, and strong! "You think nobody will find out what you did!" Elena said. Richar: "hahaha, you have been here for ten years even your parents forgot About and your best friend, she moved out and will get married soon. I think you should live your fate of being here with me." Elena:" why! Why did you kidnap me? What have I done?"

Richard: oh my sweet Elena, you weren't the one I wanted; Alex was the one I wanted; she is beautiful with long brown hair and gray eyes and, Elena: "shut up, you disgusting pig, your at the age of my father how could ever think of Alex and me that way!" Richard:" I can do or think whatever I want any way you should get rest tomorrow is going very hard for you." Elena: "wait, please don't leave me here; at least today, let me go up with you to the living room or your room and watch the movie for the last time, please! I'm begging for the last time!" Richard:" only if you don't try Anything stupid." Elena nodded.

Alex

"It's been years since Elena's disappearance, and I know for sure Elena didn't leave! We talked that night about our future and the little crush I had. And she told me she liked my old brother. I wish I didn't let her leave that day." What was weird in Oak town was Mr. Richard; after Elena disappears, he seems alive. Like he would leave his house and come by my parents' house and talk to me about college, he even asked me if I was dating Michael! "Good afternoon Alex." "Good afternoon Mr. Richard, oh please call me Richard, oh ok! How is the senior year or year?" Alex "good, but it could be better if Elena were here." Richard: I know the feeling of losing a loved one". Alex felt something was wrong with Mr. Richard and talked to Nelson and Adam as if he knew everything about them. After a few of Elena disappears, Mr. Nelson and his wife moved out of the town trying to start a new life but would come back on Elena's birthday. Alex left with her boyfriend for college in New York, but after six years, she came to her hometown for her brother Henry's wedding. James was gone after Elena left, he liked her and was planning to ask her out, but that day never came. "Mom, do you think they will come?" Alex said, "I don't know, honey; they still hurt." Diana said

Today is June 20, 2017, and it's Alex and Michael's wedding. The only Alex wished for is Elena being with her in these moments because they told each other." are you sure honey, you want the wedding in the backyard of this house." Mr. Adam told Alex

"Yes, dad, this where I always wanted my wedding to be," Alex said.

"Richard, please let see Alex's wedding," Elena said, crying and begging. "Elena, I didn't kill two years ago because you Begged me and told me you would listen to everything I said," Richard said to Elena. Elena listened to him and did not see Alex's wedding, but Richard forgot to lock the basement door because he was very excited to see Alex. "Oh god, it's my only chance to run!" Elena said it's like Git'shave listen to her prayer. Once Mr.Richard left, and Elena waited 5 minutes, shehe bedroom and jumped the window. The wedding music was loud, and nobody would hear Elena, so she jumped from the down behind Mr. Richard's home and ran to her empty .home, she runs as fast she would. Once she arrived backyard, she broke the glass door and got in and checked if the electricity is working, and to her luck, it was. She picked up the phone and called the police and, after 7 minutes long police arrived to tat Nelson house. Alex:" Mom, why are there cops in Nelson's house? Did something happened." Alex said, very worried. Diana:" Alex, I will go and check you finish getting ready; it's almost time." Alex didn't listen and left the house running to the Nelson, hoping for something. Once she arrives, she runs into Elena's arm and fell. "She's back, and please tell me I'm not dreaming; tell me you are real, please tell me." Alex said Elena just cried and hugged Alex" Alex, and I'm here, please don't leave me, please

don't." Elena said. Alex's mother Diana stood there shocked, but then she ran and called her best friend, Brooklyn. "Hello Brooklyn, do you hear me?"

"Yes, I can, Diana; sorry for not coming, you know why," Elena's mother said. "Brooklyn Elena is here he," Diana said. "what are you talking about," Brooklyn said. "please come now, right now Elena is here, and she doesn't look good, please just come!". Diana said and hanged up. While Alex was hugging, Elena was trying to say something to the police before Richard know and runaway. "Alex, it's Richard, Richard he did to me he kidnaped me" Alex:" what are you talking about?

Elena: Richard, he kidnaped me, please go get him, or he will run away!" Elena was screaming at the police. Once they went to Alex's house and that's when everyone stood still. Adam: "what's going on here, Alex? Why are the police here?" Dad, they are here for someone, and that's Richard." police:" Mr. Richard, **You** have the right to remain silent. Anything **you say** can and will be used against **you** in a court of law".

After the police arrest Mr. Richard, the Adam family took Elena to the hospital. Elena was 5'8, very thin and pale. There are marks everywhere in her body. "Hi, we are here for Elena Nelson," Brooklyn said

Nurse:" and you are here?

Mr. Nelson:" we are her parents; please, what room she at." Once the nurse said what room Elena is, both run as fast they could to see their daughter after ten years. Once they arrived at the room, they saw Alex in a white wedding dress, and next to her was Diana and Elena lying down. "Oh my god, Elena, my baby," Mrs. Nelson said, crying and hugging her daughter. Mr. Nelson was tearing waiting to hug his daughter and hold her to say she's safe.

Mr. Richard was sentenced to death to kill his wife, kidnapping, sexually assaulting her, and torture Elena. It was the end to Mr. Richard, but it was a new beginning of life for Elena.

After eight months, Alex was having her wedding again, but this time with Elena and the family. The Nelson family are staying in Oak town for Alex's wedding, but they will move to New York for a better life after what has happened to their only child." oh my god, you can't believe you are getting married today," Elena said. "Haha, I know I can't imagine being married and having kids, but that's part of life, completing it with someone you love," Alex said. Alex's wedding was a blissful day, and everyone stays until midnight and enjoys watching the fireworks. Although it was a happy ending for Alex, Elena was the being to share new life with somebody she used to like.

The end.

My Unstoppable Sins

I'm so hurt, so numb.

My heart is torturing itself without any awareness.

I have lost the empathy of my heart.

My soul is full of the flame of a volcano. I worry that one day I won't be able to say goodbye.

My broken bones have broken as a cup of glass.

I'm the star but without her moon

I'm getting weak day by day.

Expressions are like stabbing a knife in my heart

I've lost the sunlight in my soul.

My sins aren't my sin but are the beats of my heart.

My tears are the tears of thunderstorms.

“Death will find you even if ye hide in fortresses, built up strong and high” Quran.

I have been trapped in the sadness of my heart.

One day my heart will explode with nothing but the emptiness of nothing. I touch my pain and scars with my pen.

My senseless feelings are like a death in a graveyard.

Dialogue

Pretending to be forgotten

Pretending

Nuha had a conflict with her friend, and her friend is pretending as nothing has happened.

However, Nuha didn't like that and told her best friend Maram about it.

Nuha: yeah, I was like, is she dumb to ask that.

I told my sister, and she was kind of shocked.

Maram: that is a fact; she should

have known why you left.

Nuha: yup, I'm not answering

questions that are

already there.

Maram: yup

Nuha: I hate the fact she is pretend

nothing has happened or said.

Maram: no, she doesnt know

what she said she couldn't feel it.

Journal 1

2017 was a rough year for me. I almost dropped out of high school because I was lost and didn't understand learning. All my friends weren't my friends anymore, and I felt stranger. That year my dad bought a house, and we live in a new neighborhood, and I was happy because the Community I lived in made me feel depressed. I was scared and nervous about going to a new high school because it meant I had to start making friends all over again. The first day of school was weird, but I was okay. The next day I met my best friend, Maram. She was quiet and happy because we were only three Hijabis in School. But Maram and I became friends fast because we both were lost and had a hard time trusting people. Maram is a very quiet, intelligent, calm, and shy person, unlike very loud, disorganized, and hates studying. Fun fact about When I don't learn, I do well in exams, and when I do, I fail exams.

Maram made me a better student at school. For the first time, I got high grades in all my classes, and I was on the dean's list. I study more, and I did homework and was in the reading club. She was a tremendous influence in my life, and I will forever be thankful she is my friend because I was depressed without her. However, we are the opposite of each other's personalities, but everyone in high school thought we were twins; even though I'm a year older than her, everyone used to be and still confused about us. As the years passed, we became best friends; even though Maram moved to Ohio, we always talk because we are like sisters. When I was born, my grandpa named me Maram, and I was Maram for a few months until my dad changed my name to Nuha because he didn't like Maram's name, but I think we are destined to be friends. I can't describe or find a word for Maram, but I can say that she helped me be a better person and student. Without her, I wouldn't be in college.

Journal 5

I don't know what moment has changed me to be the person I am today. I think I wasn't ready for the truth of life. I got deceived so many times that I became numb. In 2019 I cut my connection with everyone except my best friend. I did not spoke or texted anyone. I just wanted to alone and do me. I think I had a mental breakdown because I'm always listening and feeling bad for others, that I just forgot myself, and that's when I got lost. That's a moment that changes. What I did was forget about everyone in my life and just binged on eating and watching my favorite shows and focused on school. Also, I told myself that everyone who loved me would understand what I'm going through and respect my privacy. I don't know what happened. I just woke up that day and told myself I have to focus on myself. My parents would ask me if there something wrong, but I didn't say anything because everyone is going through something. I kept quiet, and even though my father would tell me, " why you are so heartless and cold" I guess when you feel numb and tired of keeping everything perfect, that's what we become. Moments are the actions of something, but sometimes we don't need effort; we need space and privacy. That's a moment for me, and I have changed a lot, but with a new change, there are new habits.

The End Of A New Journey Of Mines.