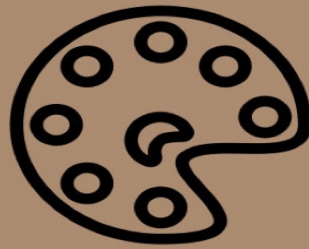


The basement book



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Icon Theme by @kellyyhill

Final reflection.

This semester has been really difficult but at the same time has been really interesting. I have learned several things as a reader and writer, but being totally honest, I feel I notice more about myself as a writer, rather than a reader, probably my progress as a writer more is more noticeable. In creative writing, I had a different experience than in my other classes. This semester I was asked to write several things, all of them were different from what I was used to. This semester I learned to take inspiration for my work, I learned to inspire myself, and as a reader always listen more than one side has possible.

In took creative writing just to see if I was capable of writing. I wanted to learn to write out of the ordinary and I though creative writing was the best I can take, I wanted to see if I was truly creative. I started to regret taking creative writing at the beginning of the semester because I realize starting to write stories from scratch was not as simple. Taking a step back in time, I remember having a conversation about how difficult it can be to write something extremely so original since when we really think about it almost has been writing. When we talk about everything been writing be mostly means that there is so much writing that I this point, sometimes writers would take inspiration from others or follow pre-existing work which, thinking deeply about it there is nothing wrong about it, but actually creative. I'm not saying that nothing is original, what I'm saying that being inspired by other is not wrong at all.

In this class I was class I was to ask to write several things and being honest, I was actually little concern if I was going to be able to come up with something really original. Setting down and coming with an original idea was rather difficult. One of the first exercise done in class, where we were giving POV pictures was probably when I realized that writing for this

class was not going to be difficult as a though. Writing a short story for pictures giving in class was probably one of the best exercises I ever done, as a writer I realize that everyone needs some sort of inspiration for their writing, after writing those short stories, I became a little more confident in my writing. When the time came, when it was time to write my first short story, I really consider the instruction giving in class, I inspired my short story in an event that has happen in my life, and fictionally big percentage of it, while writing the short story I decided to use more than one inspiration, I tried to use music that I would like to listen in those situations. I don't if this is the best analogy to use in this situation, "I'm inspired by events such as my surroundings, and music". As a writer, I always need it to find and inspiration, I would always like to mirror something in the most minimal way possible, including trans passing music emotions to writing.

I have this theory, I don't if everyone thinks the same, but I highly believe not everyone likes to write for school. When giving in assignment we feel obligated to do the job and is technically true. When it came time for writing poetry, I did panic mostly is because I don't have a good experience with poetry. I decided to have an afternoon with my friend in the park, Washington park to be specific, while her and I were having fun, in my commute back home I remember I need to write my poems, I didn't want to do my work, but I had to. While going back home on the train I took out my cellphone and started writing one of my poems, more specially my poem name "the park" that it's literally just describing what I saw in the park that day.

Been totally honest, I'm pretty sure not everyone is a fan of reading, unless something is really interest or some news if not there is a high chance, I'm not reading it. This semester we were giving several lectures, trough the semester I realize that yes, I'm a slow reader, but yes I'm capable to understand several points of view, while reading for class I always waiting for

discussion time, as a reader I learned that as a reader myself I like to listen different opinions to form a general idea on what I read that day. Reading also includes the reviewing of my work and others, while reading my own I found mistakes I didn't realize I was making as a writer. I learned to carefully read the criticism giving by my cohorts, after reading their critics I had to go back to own work and re read it and I learned that every time I re read my work I would always find a minimal way to improve it. To be a good writer you also you have to be a good reader, to be able to understand and deliver a good work.

I'm definitely taking everything I learned in this class when it comes to creative writing and in general writing. In creative writing I learned that I can always take in inspiration from everywhere I can, and always re read my work to have an improvement, I always have problem writing my ideas, putting them into my work, after learning in class that I can use several things as inspirations has been simpler for me to write. Always writing has been really helpful since after my peer review, I always can find ways I can improve my work, and I'm definitely intended to use that in the future, yes, I'm probably not going to have assign cohorts, but I can always find someone that would help me with it, and probably even myself.

To wrap everything I told before, even though this semester was really different and difficult, I definitely learned that I want to take with me in the future, like for example the importance of a cohort or someone reading your work and you going over yourself. Seeing myself as a reader has been really interesting, I definitely realize how important reading is for my writing to be successful. As a writer, I feel I have learned a lot, personally. I not sure if others had said this but using music has help a lot, sometimes thinking I'm not writing for assignment as helped even more because I think I can put more of myself in there, I mean probably this would not be the same for everything a write, but I hope I can even use a little of my own

analogies. Writing draft has also been really helpful, and I definitely intend to use it in all my writing. Lastly, taking inspiration in the smallest things around me has been the greatest thing I ever done this semester and learned in this class.

Memoir.

I always wanted to use and have better jewelry, but some reason I always find it a little hard to wear it or even find it, since I believe jewelry says something about you and you have to find ways to match it properly.

I always mention wanting a nice necklace that would look good with everything or at least almost everything for my 19th birthday my mom decided it to give me this as a gift and I love it, even though I haven't worn it much since I'm always home.

My mom got it for me as a present, the thing is that she worked really hard to be able to find something nice, at first it didn't feel right since I knew is not a necklace that you could easily buy, so it made me appreciate even more, not only the price but the sacrifice behind it for me to have something really nice.

Short story.

It's really early in the morning and Isabella is really excited for her trip. This is her first time traveling for the first time in 4 years, she needs it, it is almost the holidays, she is going to spend her Christmas and New Years outside New York for the first time in years. She heard that since it's the holidays, the airport it's really crowded. She is getting ready finding her most comfy clothes possible, and you can tell that something feels off. While she is getting ready, she is thinking, she should check her luggage one more time to make sure everything is okay, and apparently it does look good at the moment. This is her first time traveling as a young adult, so she was being precautious with her luggage, specially she was aware that on the holidays the airports are really crowded, it's the holidays everyone wants to travel and visit their family. She was going to leave for the airport from her friend's house, while she was heading to her friend's house, she was thinking how stressful it was going to be because people in the airport seemed like a nightmare. She was not caring a lot of think so one of her bags was somehow empty, her friend Vicky need it space for some of her stuff, Vicky asks Isabella:

Vicky: hey it's it okay if i put some things in your bag? You know so I don't get charged more for the extra stuff.

Isabella: sure! But I mean we would have to arrange some things in the bag, so they fit better.

Vicky: thank you so much!

While Isabella and Vicky started to organize her things, they were talking and being a little distracted and while exchanging things and putting all bags in the living before leaving, some personal items went into the big bags meaning the cargo bags by mistake, and few minutes went by when her ride and other friend Mirko arrive, Mirko could heard the girls running and saying

“lets go, go they are here” and he look confuse from how messy it sounded, so he knock the door slowly, and Isabella answer,

Isabella: hey, sorry we got messy in here but we changed a few things in our bags.

Mirko: so... everything okay? (quietly and still confuse, while looking the inside)

Isabella: Yeah sure... so let's go!... Vicky move, let's try to be in the airport early, so we get ice coffee or something.

Vicky: yes, yes, yes, okay I get it... oh hi Mirko.

Mirko: hi...!

They all start putting the bags on the car ready to leave, and that was the moment, where Isabella smiled and realized she was having a break, and finally going to a place she hasn't seen in years.

While on the road to the airport Isabella decided to put some music, and it was almost sunset.

The sun was hitting their faces while they were all in the car with a shiny face and smile. They all were having a moment of peace, the song “Breezblocks” was sounding in the background, at that moment of peace Isabella get a text from the airline

Isabella: Guys... I just got a text from the airline... and it said that... THE FLIGHT GOT DELAYED... OH COMMON...

Vicky: WHAT? ARE YOU SERIOUS?

Mirko: Lets relax it might not be that bad...

Vicky: SHUT UP MIRKO!

Mirko: Jesus... just trying to be positive...

Isabella: Yeah whatever... it's just 30 minutes, not that bad.

They changed the topic of their conversations of what they were getting when they arrived to the airport, they finally get and Isabella, looks around to see how the situation was, she look at the

car side window and saw how many cars were behind, it was bad, they unloaded everything and got inside, and Mirko was just standing there paralyzed while Isabella and Vicky approach him

Isabella: What's wrong?

Mirko did not respond he just kept staring and at Isabella and Vicky looked at the direction he was looking,

Isabella: oh God...

it was so horribly crowded there was people everywhere full families, endless lines to check up, but luckily that passed and they got to their waiting place and Isabella looked tired she was resting in a chair with her headphones, Vicky was ready, and Mirko playing on his phone, when at that moment, Isabella's song was interrupted by a text:

Isabella: are you kidding me...

Vicky: what's wrong...

Isabella: the flight is delayed by 4 hours, in total...

There was not an actual reaction, they all looked so discouraged, especially since it was her first time traveling in a while.

While they were waiting for their flight, Isabella noticed someone familiar far, but she didn't really pay attention since she was getting tired of waiting. After a few cross looks this familiar person she saw, was a guy that exchanged smiles with. It's hard to explain his style, he looked like a quite and shy person first but really kind. He was wearing baggy jeans something like 80s jeans with a nice black hoodie, he gave the impression he probably listened to indie, or rock calm music.

Finally 4 hours went by and it was finally time to board but the door was changed due to the delay, they all seated separately, while Isabella was walking to her seat she saw she was separated from her friends when she got to her chair, she saw a guy around her age,

Guy: hi...

Isabela: hey...

Probably the most awkward exchange in words, they both seem tired. Isabella got up a little and saw how far her friends were from.

Everything seem fine, they were inside the airplane, and the plane started to take up it was late at night you could see New York City, the guy next to Isabella look so amaze by the view

Guy: You want to see the lights?

Isabella: yeah sure... I mean I haven't seen it in a while.

Guy: okay... (he giggles)

And the minutes went by and you could not see anything, and just like that everyone in the plane was sleeping and they finally got to El Salvador Isabella woke up from the short nap and at the same time the guy next to her did and they start having a small conversation

Isabella accidentally pushes his arm.

Isabella: I'm sorry...

Guy: that's okay...

Isabella: so what are you listening to?...

Guy: ahhh... cigarette daydreams...

Isabella: oh wait really I like that song.

Guy: what about you?

Isabella: the song name is "always forever"

Guy: sounds familiar... So tired...?

Isabella: yes, a lot actually, you?

Guy: same, but I can't wait to enjoy the place, and you?

Isabella: well yes, I want to get home and sleep properly. Oh and if you don't mind me asking from part of New York or jersey are you?

Guy: I'm not from the U.S actually I came from Italy actually I study there, well I'm Salvadorian and I was just stopped over here, to take the second plane here. What about you? You from New York?

Isabella: Yes I am. So great you from Italy. I was actually born in New York.

Guy: New York looks so great I would like to visit in the future.

Isabella: You definitely should! What-

Isabella looked up and it was Mirko and Vicky smiling because they finally landed, even though it was like 3:00am. Isabella was happy to seem she got up her chair took her hand bag and went to them but when she look back she didn't saw the guy sitting next to her, he disappear into the plane crow

Vicky was excited to get the bag and Mirko went to get the bags while Isabella looked everywhere.

Isabella was so distracted but she finally saw the guys far away and when she was going to start walking to ask for a name, she felt a hand in her shoulder,

Mirko: We have a problem!

Isabella: Now what?

Vicky: Our bags were lost, since they changed gates and our personal clothes were in there!

Isabella looked so disappointed, and Vicky walked to an office to claim the lost bags so they could be sent to the home they were staying at but it would take a few days, and when they left the office the airport was almost empty. Mirko took the bags that were safe, and they got to the parking lot and while they were putting their bags Isabella walked away to see if she could find

someone but there was no one while you could listen her friends laughs in the back with their friends that they went to pick them up, Vicky calls her while Isabella was looking to the distant Vicky: ISABELLA! Let's go we have to buy few new clothes tomorrow (while she giggle) Isabella looks at Vicky, and smiles, she takes a final look at the distance like waiting for someone, but once aging no one was there and she quietly said, "I didn't get to know your name".

Poem.

Name: the park.

Come to the park

So, we can sit on the grass

Watching that monument arc

Where people take pictures

And just pass by.

A saw people trying to skate

A saw people trying to sing

And I saw people ate

And I saw people play

While running away.

Sunny, sunny, sunny

is how the sky is

Come to the park.

So, we watch everything

While we sit in the grass.

Dialogue

Shelly: I have an 800 draft due tomorrow in the morning and I'm just making things up And also a pre calc test

Fer: I have an essay due in the morning Chem homework and an exam to study for I didn't ask to be born (panicking voice)

Shelly: Jesus... you are so extra (giggles)

Fer: I have other things due but I'm not really sure Honestly same I didn't ask too and this stupid calorie Deficit I'm hungry 24/7 And can't focus on anything (while looking the ceiling)

Shelly: SAMEEE (she exclaims loudly) I don't know why I have the necessity to check it so often. But being honest I want to go back to doing exercise. Remember when we use to play tennis (while she gets excited)

Fer: oh yes (she exclaims) and after we would go and get Starbucks.

Shelly: WAIT! We should go now (she exclaims) to get Starbucks.

Fer: GIRL I GOTTA GO AND CONTINUE WITH MY WORK.

Shelly: well, you are sitting in my couch... not doing any schoolwork (mocking voice)

Fer: well at least I tried...

Shelly: yeah sure... (exclaims sarcastically) so you like want to go or not...?

Fer: yeah sure... I'll do my work later

Shelly: yeah...you are not doing it nothing afterwards... (while she giggles)

Fer: I don't how you always convince me... (she whispers)

Journals 2

I'm pretty sure there have been several times where I felt anonymous, but I'm pretty sure many of those memories tend to be blocked. Writing my first essay for my English class I had that feeling through the process of coming with a thesis etc. The prompt of my essay if I well remember was how was the education system in America, while coming with my ideas for my essay a certain time it felt uncomfortable since it was something that I have never discuss at loud or with someone else, besides this essay was personal the evidence was personal meaning about things that I experience a 100% of my thoughts. The reason I felt anonymous was for the difference of opinions I talk about how hurtful the education can be on a child, I discussed how some kids develop certain behaviors due to education system, while writing I felt like I didn't want people to know anymore but was actually really a head on the assignment, meaning that I could no just start a whole new essay, I wanted to be even more anonymous when I always really a head of my assignment because I didn't want to be seem as ungrateful seen there is a lot of people that would love it be bless by being here, and when I got to one of my final paragraphs I remember a friend having a similar experience, and I decided to write about the experiences she share with me, while moving with that part I somehow felt more comfortable about the idea of "probably my name attach to it is not that bad" later own I was fine with and while writing I started to use "we" and not only "I" anymore . Wanting or being forced to be anonymous can be correlated to multiple things, for example persecution, legal reasoning, harming, shame and more. In my situation I want so said it was shame, as I mention before I didn't want to sound ungrateful or even so even though I wanted to feel anonymous and be anonymous I decided to use that situation for my paper, could It have been more easier for me if I used articles, statistics,

and general evidence? I'm pretty sure yes, mostly because people would read but not connect that to me right away, but since it was all me, I felt like I should've had to share that, I had made small critiques but my never was attached to it, but this last time it changed. They might be things that I didn't share in that paper, and to be honest that part can still be considering me being anonymous, would that change I don't know, I was never force to, I decided it to be while ago, I decided to stop Being but later on I thought if it was okay or decent for me to have that type of opinion, now that I shared that paper, I'm okay with it, but I wonder those other people has the same opinion as me?

Journal 3

I feel my experiences with memoirs in this class have been great. At first, I wasn't really sure what a memoir was, while in class I'm asked to write them, it didn't feel actually hard, mostly since it was memory. Given my actual experience I'm glad I did for this class, writing the memoirs has helped me have a clearer mind while writing. Being totally honest I enjoy doing it since I know is beneficial for my writing and comparing my first memoir and second one you can see a little of improvement which is really exciting meaning, I'm making progress, slow but progress, I'm pretty too sure to write a memoir like the ones we read in class I'm missing lot. Also writing having people critique your work can be really helpful and also, I can see their work and see what I'm missing. Overall, I had a great experience, and a really like I hope everyone did too, yes it can be difficult to put your memories together, but it could be a great way to let things out, I'm hoping to have a similar experience with other work.