



A new skill obtained!

Final Portfolio

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Final Reflection

I always consider myself as an introvert. I love being in the shadows, love being by myself, my job even allows me to keep being that person because my interaction with customers is three persons a day and five minutes or less per customer.

when I first started this writing class I knew it would be interesting to see how I will manage having to have my words reviewed by complete strangers when I barely want to interact with people for my own income!

The first introductory piece I did, "Meet my drill" was very difficult for me because I kept thinking "who the hell cares about my old beat up drill. I read other stories including my professor's own piece over and over and I realize i had no choice I need to try and make my beat up drill sound super important and I cant live without it. Throughout the semester I learnt how to use certain tools to always make a piece, interesting enough that I have become very confident in my pieces because I have used the tools given to me to make it great.

My favorite assignment for the semester was writing the short story 1. Short story one allowed me to be creative and writing about anything. I chose to tap into my childhood memories to see what is it that I might have done home that would make my readers curiosity stay alive until we conclude our story. Kite flying, growing up was always something I looked forward to. It allowed families and friends to be as creative as possible by building their own kites, following the basic rules of course to make sure it stays in the air but it was also a time many families and friends created strong bonds. I was allowed to share a piece of my own heritage with everyone

and I felt really proud of it. My least favourite assignment was the poems I never wrote a poem a day in my life and it was very difficult to compose one but having to compose four poems was a difficult task even with proper guidelines.

My writing has changed tremendously over the last semester. I am not going to lie, I am a skilled worker, a heating and air-conditioning technician. I entered the class wondering “what am I going to do with this class?” but I realized if I am going to continue excelling, creating relationships, formal and informal. The way I use my words verbally or in writing can affect the way these relationships form. I am a lot clearer in explaining myself to people now.

This semester was very challenging for me because it was very difficult for me to come out of my comfort zone and do more interaction with classmates. It always made me anxious to post my work for review by my peers I always felt that my work was never good enough and I was not as confident in the way I expressed myself in words. As the semester went on, I began to feel more confident by telling myself it is ok because nobody is critiquing the work harder than myself. It helped to know I wasn't the only one that felt this way, my classmates would describe how difficult it would be for them to express themselves. We all saw growth in each other's writing and really there was never a negative comment or review on anybody's work. The experience was definitely one to always remember because this writing class showed me how well a bunch of strangers can encourage each other so effortlessly, I enjoyed that the most.

The class was an amazing experience. I must say I really surprised myself the way I would have wrote my pieces receiving positive reviews on each one. I would encourage other students to have an open mind about any reading/writing classes. We often slight the importance of understanding the different methods of communication and now I definitely have grown very fond of creative writing. Being able to grab the attention of many different types of readers is not an easy skill to learn.

Memoir

Moving to the leeward side of the Island was very tough for the first year. In the neighboring village is where I would visit my father as often as I can because I was finally old enough to catch the bus on my own to go see him. In this village is where I would meet my best friend. The friendship I cherish the most is with my friend Jodie. Jodie and I have been friends since the beginning of Junior high school to today. She is the only friend that I have I feel comfortable speaking to about anything and vice versa because we know there is never any judgement on each other's situations. She will always be bluntly honest with me if she thinks I am not doing something correctly. The advice that we give each other is always very sound, although most of the time we do not take our own advice! She is the most honest, down to earth and loving person I know and I cannot see us not being friends with each other for any reason.

Short Stories

“It is kite flying season in Saint Vincent and the Grenadines!” said Young Dwayne so eagerly as he ran down the stairs of his school. April 1st to May 1st is when the winds are consistently high throughout the island, perfect for anyone who wants to fly their kite as high as they please with no issues. The sky would always be filled with kites of all different sizes, shapes, and colours, showing the vast creativity of everyone’s custom-made kite adding beauty to the island’s sky just in time for all of the Easter festivities.

Easter break was finally here, and all Dwayne could focus on was the kite flying Festival hosted by Flow telecommunications. 1ST prize was a new laptop for the best kite in the 10-14 age category of the competition. Dwayne always built his kites. He would climb the tallest coconut tree in his backyard because it had the strongest branches. He would break the branch off the tree, stripping the leaves' stems and using them to build his kite frame. And multi-coloured plastic bags he will cut to cover the frame and make the tail of his kites.

Dwayne’s kites were always known to be well built for his young age and would always be the highest in the sky because he would use nylon thread instead of traditional thread to fly his kites. The winds would burst the traditional thread at high altitudes but didn’t stand a chance against the nylon. Dwayne realized that if he were going to win the competition, he had to make his kites stronger to battle the strong winds at Dorsetshire Hill, where the competition will be.

Dwayne’s neighbour James “Bullet” Grayson also built kites in his spare time and sold them to people who didn’t have the time or the knowledge to build their own. Bullet would have his front

door open so that his soca music can be heard through the village as he built his kites to be sold for the day. Dwayne went to Bullet's house to ask for help to build a better and stronger kite for the competition in a few days. The two built a massive kite! It was five and a half feet tall and four feet wide, taller than the 13 year old himself. Instead of coconut leaf stems the two used strips of bamboo for the frame. Flaps on the sides of the kite for a humming bird effect when it goes in the air, patriotic colours, yellow, blue and green that resembles the flag of St. Vincent and the Grenadines.

Competition day has arrived. Dwayne couldn't sleep the night before because he was too excited. As they registered Dwayne kite he would see the nervousness in other contenders as they look at his kite. He also heard spectators conversing amongst themselves like "that kite is going to win all the categories today for sure!"

Him and Bullet finally got set up and ready to release the kite in the air to join the others. They patiently waited for strong gust of wind to take the kite up in the air, finally the one they were waiting for came and took the kite out of Bullets hands and up in the air with the roll of nylon thread just unravelling quickly as Dwayne's giant kite took off to the sky.

The judges were beginning to pass around and to tally points awarded for the kite furthest in the sky, the biggest kite, the smallest kite, the most creative kite, and the most patriotic kite.

Dwayne realize the competition wasn't going to be as easy as he thought it would be, everyone worked hard building their kites. The kite was by itself in the sky as it was the furthest of them

all no questions asked. Dwayne's favorite part of the competition was watching all the kites do a calm dance in the sky, adding beauty to the already beautiful sunny and clear blue sky.

The votes were in! but Dwayne fell short of two points to walk away with the grand prize. He had the furthest and the biggest kite, but the first prize winner took all the other categories and won. Being concerned about his young neighbor's disappointment of not winning, Bullet encouraged him that he still gave everybody a show with his giant kite and how well he controlled it for his young age. "Next year I'm taking home the win!" exclaimed Dwayne as he reeled in his monster, packed up, and headed home, already thinking of how he is going to build the winner next year.

POEM

I got a peek

at the moon

last night

and didn't think of lovers

I got a peek

at the moon

lastnight

and saw

a man with a load on his back

I got a peek

at the moon

last night

and cried.

Dialogue

Texting my brother in England

Me- Hey bro

Andrew-yo! Long time no speak!

Me- How is everything?

Andrew-everything Irie bro! just taking care of some business on the home

Andrew- how about you?

Me- I am doing ok myself, it has been a bit rough but pulling through

Andrew- I hear you, anything I can help you with?

Me-Nahh, I got it but thanks for the offer though bro.

Andrew-Anything for my big bro.

Me-lol, love you bro

Andrew-love you to, talk to you later.

Journals

The friendship I cherish the most is with my friend Jodie. Jodie and I have been friends since the beginning of high school to today. She is the only friend that I have I feel comfortable speaking to about anything and vice versa because we know there is never any judgement on each other's situations. She will always be bluntly honest with me if she thinks I am not doing something correctly. The advice that we give each other is always very sound, although most of the time we do not take our own advice!. She is the most honest, down to earth and loving person I know and I cannot see us not being friends with each other for any reason.

It took one serious injury to change my perception of how life works. I was a typical teenager, hanging out with my friends, playing soccer in my spare time and rebelling against my parents advice because I thought I knew what was best for myself, boy was I wrong! My mom moved to Barbados for a year and left me with my aunt Judy. I was fifteen years old at the time and my Aunt Judy was the youngest of my mother's siblings, so she was cool aunt Judy always allowing me to do whatever I wanted. I developed a love for motorcycles, and I couldn't wait to have my own, but my mother was always against it because she feared I would get seriously injured. I went against my mom's warning and acquired my own motorcycle from a nearby mechanic shop I worked with during the summer breaks. It was so much fun to have! Riding up and down on road and off road. One day my friends and I Went to a nearby dirt track to ride our dirt bikes. I was a little nervous at first, but I got the hang of it and I was riding faster and faster on the track. On my last lap of the day I lost control of my bike, fell and broke my leg. The healing process was very agonizing, and I hated being dependent on others for help with basic task. The day I

broke my leg I realized that I was still very young and prone to making mistakes and that's why my parents, who love me very much are here to guide me.