
The Journey of An Inexperienced WRITER

By;
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Final Reflection

There are many things I have learned as a writer in this course. As a student, I feel like creativity plays very little into what current students write nowadays, in school mostly it is required to write analytic essays, argumentative essays, and many other pieces that don't really show the creativity you can bring into the writing but your analytic capabilities, and though it is not a bad thing, I think it creativity is left behind in many of these writings in order to open the door to knowledge. Though knowledge and critical thinking are important, I feel like creative writing is also something very important to develop oneself and exercise our human creativity through writing. As someone who thought they would never write great pieces of work due to never experience the need to do so through school, I can tell that it was very important to me to take this course and discover that I can also write stories and exercise the unimaginable world through writing.

I think the greatest assignment I did through this class was writing the poems, I never thought I would put effort into making rhythm for a piece of work. Finding the melody in the words was something that inspired me every time I did a melody and connected the sentences with commas, it was beautiful and even though I don't think I am the most melodic nor creative person, I think it was the assignment I performed best. It created such an impact on me that I might write more poems in the future about the things I like the most and my mood and emotions.

From now on I am more open to the idea of writing stories and spin-offs of my favorite shows and genres. I feel that as long as I have a connection to what I'm writing it should be easy to express and therefore easy to do. What I found out about my writing is that grievance and saddened-inducing pieces are easier to work on on my end for one reason or another. It is not that I'm sad all the time or that I am depressed, but I find beauty in disgrace, sadness, and loneliness and therefore it amplifies my writing and makes me write more impactful pieces.

I think one of my favorite parts of this class was revising what the others commented on in my work. I am always open for discussion into what I think and implementing new things to my writing, so revising and checking what my peers think about my work was very welcome. It was also interesting to see how they would react, especially when revising my short stories or poems, which are the section of the course I believe I put more effort into.

One of the most frustrating things about this course was the amount of work I had to do. If I sum up everything I did, I'd say I didn't do much, but at the same time, it was a lot. There were many deadlines per week and many things to read to understand those deadlines. Sometimes we had up to 4 deadlines per week and it was so frustrating to have to do so many little details to meet all the deadlines for that week. On top of that since we met once a week it felt like I was doing too much for a class that was supposed to meet only once a week in contrast with other classes that I

had for longer that didn't require as many deadlines per week this semester. To overcome this frustration I had to sit down and write all my deadlines format that week from this class and where to find out what I was supposed to do. At some point a couldn't keep up with the load and simply did not do certain homeworks.

In contrast, with the start to the end of the semester, I feel more prepared to write creatively in contrast with the start of the semester, this is because before this class there were few to not opportunities to write creatively and the class gave me that space to do so. And since the class gave me that space I can finally say that I also have a creative guy in me. I also started looking a the world from a more creative standpoint and focus less on many things that could take away my joy.

Regarding online writing. The experience writing online and taking this class as a whole was wholesome, since I don't need to do anything physically to understand every aspect of the class it was great. I would consider writing online better than writing on paper because I have mor liberty and spend more time thinking about what I'll write instead of spending time also writing it at the same speed. Writing on a keyboard is faster and more reliable than writing on paper, and therefore it is more redactable and understandable. I also feel like ideas flow better when you write them at the spot and writing on a computer gives you that accessibility due to the speed of your thoughts can be imprinted at a higher speed while writing on the computer.

Memoir

Though I have never experienced something similar to what the story reflects there are some instances where I choose to be anonymous by choice. As an introvert, I always like to keep my distance, socialize less and try to not out myself to the world as much as someone normally would. Because of this, all my social media is private and I rarely post anything online, since I want to be as ghost-like as possible. But this is not an impediment to be happy or have a great life. Normally when I go out with friends I am the one insisting on taking pictures, but I never upload them, I feel there is certain endearment into taking pictures only you can appreciate and that's why I do it. In any case, if they ask for the pictures I'll pass them over, but on my profile, they won't get published. I like the idea of appreciating things alone and after a while, I like to share the most embarrassing pictures we have taken together. Some of my favorite pictures are the ones that are unexpected, out of the blue, and taken by surprise by the party I'm photographing, I feel it creates a more organic scenery to remember what was really happening instead of faking a smile for an expected photo. I always wanted to create a big album of unexpected photos to portray the good moments and great friends I've had over the years and fill them with descriptions as to why I took them that way and what we were doing.

One of the features I like the most of nowadays smartphones is the live photos. Live photos are photos that contain a small vid of the before of taking a picture, it'd normally include 1-3 secs of film and I feel it really speaks to me when I got over my pictures and I can see what was happening before I took the picture. Those 1-3 secs of the film make the picture a lot better, it feels real and promotes the idea of a real event and memory. As someone who is very forgetful, pictures and this feature are the only things sometimes from forgetting an event entirely.

Short story

He was 13 maybe 14 years old, and he spent most of his days inside of his mind. He didn't talk a lot in school, but he had a great life, at least that's how it's portrayed through the eyes of others but himself. He always felt there were things lurking where his eyes could not reach, waiting for him to get distracted and make their appearance. Every night, or, most of them he'd feel watched, judged, and trapped. It was common for him to wake up around 2-3 am in the morning and never go back to sleep unless his senses betrayed him. Luckily for him, he had a really old phone with a flashlight he would turn on when the anxiousness and fear were unbearable. From time to time, he would try to go back to sleep, turn off the flashlight, and forget any figure, "illusion", monster he has seen that night. He'd cover himself up even in the warmest days in fear of confrontation from the unknown of the night. "I have seen eyes", he said, "They were red like blood and deep as flames", "They were blue like a detailed nightfall, green like emeralds, flying in my room". He'd say these things under covers while he was sweating, but he knew he couldn't uncover himself, it would be dangerous. Sometimes, he would put music to relax and tell himself everything was just a fabrication of his imagination, but the thoughts of something lurking under his bed never disappeared neither those proving how real those demons were. The bathroom was situated beside his bed and composed of an old door that never fully closed, "They are there", "Waiting for me" he whispered while trying to go back to sleep.

At some point, he'd feel frustrated for the night to watch him and impose their dominance towards him that sometimes he would uncover himself and try to sleep as some sort of bravery showdown. "You don't scare me", he said while his heart was pumping blood at outrageous levels and minutes later, he would cover himself back with multiple layers of bedsheets. He was traumatized, he knew the night was dangerous and he'd always imagine some better peaceful place inside his head, with sunny days and beautiful waterfalls bathing his face. But these were always corrupted, there was always something coming from the east polluting the waterfalls turning them red, turning the day dark as a night without moon, and the grass would cry and rot as it advanced towards him. He would see it and see nothing at the same time, he never knew how the terrors of the night could invade his deepest thoughts and he could not recognize exactly what was polluting him from within. "It was all a dream?", he said, "No... it wasn't", He'd say as he wakes up the next day and goes by his day like nothing happened. It was weird, he seems to be happy for days even if he was tormented almost every night. He seemed lost and found, living life on autopilot, being good at school, being friendly, but ultimately being transparent, and looking soulless. What was his secret to hold on to life and bear such traumatic events without breaking? he was young, he shouldn't be equipped to bear this much. Was he himself? This question many asked to themselves when he seemed to disassociate from time to time randomly. But ultimately he was him, living a double life, happy every day, tormented every night, and so he lived until he was tired of faking his happiness and tired of facing the night, and decided to end his life.

Poems

-----Death-----

It's the end for some,
it's the start for others,
it's the place for some,
which they need to recover,
It's been a mystery for centuries,
where not judgment lies,
it's been the cradle of karma,
where no one has to decide.

-----Useless object-----

For you it's meaningless,
For me it's priceless,
it is a reminder and a binder of what it used to be.
My mother gave it to me and with it came emotions,
nostalgia, grieve and sadness are part of its conjunction.
It is a token and regalia,
priceless, timeless, and important,
it is what I believe it is,
and it holds the value I believe it holds,
it holds my mothers' love,
and the condensed mixture of our path and souls.

Dialogue:

A Concerned Mother of a Teenager New to Overnight Shifts.

Mother: Have you arrived?

Xavier: No I haven't the train is running later again

Mother: When were you supposed to start your shift?

Xavier: at 12:00 am and I'm still 40mins away from getting there...

Mother: Are you okay? you should head back then, the train doesn't seem to come any time soon..... just come back home.

Xavier: I'll be fine, I already told my coworkers about the situation, don't worry about it.

Mother: Please come back... you shouldn't be waiting for the train for more than 30minutes, it's already 1 am.

Xavier: the train just arrived... try to go to sleep now, I'll call you in the morning and don't worry, I'll be fine.

Mother: Okay, please be safe and let me know when you get there...

Xavier: alright I'm here mom, please go to sleep!

Mother: on it! don't worry I don't work tomorrow. Love you.

Xavier: Love u too, see u in the morning :)

Journal #5

A decision my mother did not approve of was me getting a credit card. My mother and I always had a great relationship and therefore I always tell her what I'm up to and since everything. I just turned 19 years old with no job at the time and I was excited to get a credit card due to the great benefits they have and of course because after long sessions of research I found a great credit card to start building credit for the future. I signed up and I later told her and she was mad at my decision because she thought I was going to spend the money mindlessly and create debt that could endanger me instead of helping me.

I have now around 8 months with the credit card and have paid the full balance each month without fail. I have paid multiple flights from family while I'm getting the cashback as payout and it's been a blast to get benefits without even wasting my own money!. Though I got annoyed when she was mad at me because of my decision, I know she just cares about me and that's why she didn't want me to get a credit card and that I understand.

Journal #7

My experience writing poetry was far better than writing stories and other assignments in the class. Though I have never before written poetry I think that it was kind of easy to connect the dots after a couple of minutes thinking about the rhythm and what I was going to write about. I personally wrote based on feelings or stories based on what I would do in certain situations and my views of the world. Since they were based on things that I already feel and live on a daily basis it was easy to write poetry about them.

For example, the poem about death speaks about how I see beliefs reflect on what people think will happen when they die or simply their views on it. Like, some religions or cultures worshipping death, others denying its existence, and other groups acknowledging it and embracing it. Useless Object was written with love and based on what I would do if my mother is gone. My mother and I share a strong link due to early separation due to migration, and after we reunited again, our bond grew and expanded limitlessly. For that reason, I decided to write about a hypothetical situation where she wasn't by my side.

