

My Times of Writing 📖



By Michelle Aviles

Final Reflection

There are many things that I have learned about myself as a writer this semester. One of the things that I've learned is that I can't write creatively automatically. I have this other English class and once for an assignment, she gave us this sort of a guideline. I mean of course you can write creatively however you want but this was just, I guess you can say a little bit of help for those who have trouble starting or figuring out what to write about. I found out that that works for me because the problem that I have trouble with is figuring out how to start my story. Using the guideline made it easier to start writing. After that I was able to figure where I wanted the story to go on my own.

One of the things that I have learned about myself as a reader this semester is that some genres just aren't really interesting, whether it be what they write about, how they write, etc. There are some genres however such as poems that are a bit more interesting than before. I didn't really enjoy it before but now they seem a bit more interesting. Just reading the poems that my classmates created made me realize that there are many ways to write a poem and that many of them are very interesting. Their styles of writing are just all so different and it's very interesting to read what they wrote about.

Using what I have learned this semester, I feel that I should definitely be a little more open to all the genres and styles of writing. Everyone has their own way of writing and that is very interesting and it makes things interesting to read.

This semester I took two English classes. I believe that taking these two English classes have helped me improve my writing. One class included writing essays on certain topics, the other was more creative and did not require essays. Both classes taught me many things. One was that I find it difficult to write creatively without guidance. The second thing was that there

were some genres, which I had originally thought were boring but now that I had taken the creative class, we were able to write many different genres such as short stories, memoirs, poems, etc. I found it sort of refreshing to be able to write something new. I haven't been able to write creatively in a long time. The last time was probably in elementary school writing poems for mothers day. That is the most creative I've ever been.

The most challenging thing for me in this course this semester was that I had trouble figuring out what to write about. Since this course focused more on the creative aspects, figuring out how to start writing was the most difficult part about this class because I did not know what to write about. As much as I tried to figure out a solution to this problem, I did not find one. For my other english class, we had to do an essay and the teacher, knowing that some people have trouble figuring out what to write, set up a prompt that you could at least find some inspiration in. Having that prompt made it easier to start writing and helped me figure out how I wanted my story to go.

I don't think I faced many challenges in adapting to online writing classes. Of course there were difficulties in general with the whole process of remote learning. These english classes were not the hardest classes I've taken. Compared to the other classes I've taken, these were probably the low stress ones.

To be honest, I did not really enjoy revising that much. It wasn't that i could not find anything to fix or anything, it was more because once i do an assignment, even if i don't like it, i sometimes don't really enjoy going back and worrying about it again. When I do an assignment, you have a deadline and you're worried that you either might miss that deadline or that your work is not good enough. Going back sort of brings back that pressure. But even so I understand that revising does help you improve your writing and make it more clear. Although I sometimes

don't enjoy it, when needed it is necessary to revise. There are also times after I revise that I am actually satisfied with the work that I have done. Revising completes your work.

My favorite assignments done in this class were the ones where I chose to write about my own experiences. The journals are a good example of assignments that display my own experiences. The other assignment was the memoirs. I find that writing about myself is much easier than writing fiction. When it comes to a topic where one can empathize with, writing about your own experiences comes easier because you're talking about your own memories.

My least favorite assignment would have had to have been the short stories because I honestly did not know what to write about. One of my short stories was all over the place and the other one was not satisfying for me. It took a long time to figure out what to write about.

Overall, this semester has been great. I had learned many things such as to not judge people's writings and to be more open with reading other types of genres.

Memoir

To be honest, I do not think that there was a time where I felt anonymous. But I guess something that comes somewhat related to that are times when you are afraid to admit something you did.

There are many times in one's life where you are either scared or ashamed to admit you did something.

There was a time where, at work, there was a delivery and I forgot to give the guy his utensils. The delivery guy then goes to do the delivery and then the customer calls back saying that we forgot his fork and spoon. Immediately, I'm like "****" and started to get it ready for him. When the delivery guy came back, I told him about it and I admitted it because it was my fault but at the same time I was scared because he got pissed because it was cold outside and he does the delivery on a bicycle.

At that moment I didn't hesitate to admit it because I knew it was my fault and if i didn't, i would feel guilty. I honestly dislike the feeling of being guilty. There is something about the way it makes me feel that makes me sick and the fact that someone else might get in trouble makes me feel bad.

There are many other cases where one would feel scared to admit something because they accidentally did something bad. Although this is not the case, I am sure many others can relate to doing something like this or feeling this type of way.

Short Story

Lily James did not know what to make of the situation in front of her. Staggering beetles lay ahead of her, swarming the ground.

“We’re dead. I’m dead, I’m going to die,” she said hopelessly. “We’re not going to die,” said the black cat beside her, “yet.”

According to the map, they had reached our final destination, Beetle Forest. “It has to be somewhere around here,” said the cat.

A plant known for its magical abilities prosper somewhere around this area. It would have been an easy task, had it not been for Lily’s fear of beetles. Time was running short and they had to be back in two days.

“I don’t know what to do. How are we going to get by?” Lily questioned the cat. “You have powers don’t you?” Lily nodded. “Then use them.”

Lily thought for a bit when an idea came to mind. She had never thought her powers to be useful but maybe this time, it could work. “I have an idea”.

“I can turn sound into light and gather all of the beetles away from the area. Beetles follow the light, right?” Nodding, the cat made his way behind Lily. “Whenever you’re ready”.

Lily took a breath and steadied herself. Slowly, she closed her eyes and focused on the sounds the beetles were making. She put her hands in front of her and little by little light poured from the palms of her hand.

Directing light towards the left, Lily slowly started moving the opposite way, the cat following suit. The beetles followed the light, all in unison like they were possessed, Lily shivered. Slowly the ground cleared itself and there it was. A plant most ordinary looking but hidden inside was a little red bead.

Smiling, Lily told the cat, "Hurry, go get it." The cat immediately jumped into action and grabbed the plant. "Finally," he muttered.

Smirking, the cat looked at Lily. "Well, thank you so so much". "What do you mean?" Lily exclaimed, eyes wide. "You made this so easy. Don't worry, I won't kill you. Let's never see each other again," and with that, the cat disappeared, leaving Lily alone and surrounded by beetles.

Poem

-A Tiring World

I've always wondered what I would experience in this life

Hardship, cruelty, loss

Sometimes I'd wish I didn't live in this world,

But if not this world then what world

I'm tired

I'm tired

I do not wish for death but I am tired.

Dialogue

Me
(Picture)
Do you want those?
They have a different shape

Bob
No, not that at all
Don't care about that
I want chips
Chips
Jesus almost made a mistake

Me
Lol mom said papa fritas

Bob
Chips

Me
Okay

Bob
Pick good

Me
I got u

Bob
Okay

Journal 1

When I was in high school I met a friend through a friend. It wasn't until our final year of high school that we actually fully talked and became friends. I saw her in carpentry class and she was the only person I knew so immediately she was like "sit here". That's how we became friends. We are close even though we only met a couple of years ago. We always text each other to see how we have been and we hang out once in a while. Not a lot right now because of covid of course. We are really understanding of each other and she is someone that I feel really comfortable to be with. We always have things to talk about. There is never a dull moment with her. What I really enjoy about our friendship is that even though we both have different lives, we have many things to do and sometimes we are busy. At the end of the day, not really the end of the day but you get what I mean, we both make time for each other and check in on each other to see how we are doing and how we have been.

Journal 3

My experience with memoir writing is not so bad. On one hand, it is good to go write about these types of things and even revising is good to go back to check and add more details. To finalize

and be satisfied with my writing. But on the other hand, I feel that I definitely need a more interesting topic to write about. I feel that I am not writing as much. I am not sure why but i feel as though that when i am trying to write nothing comes to my head.