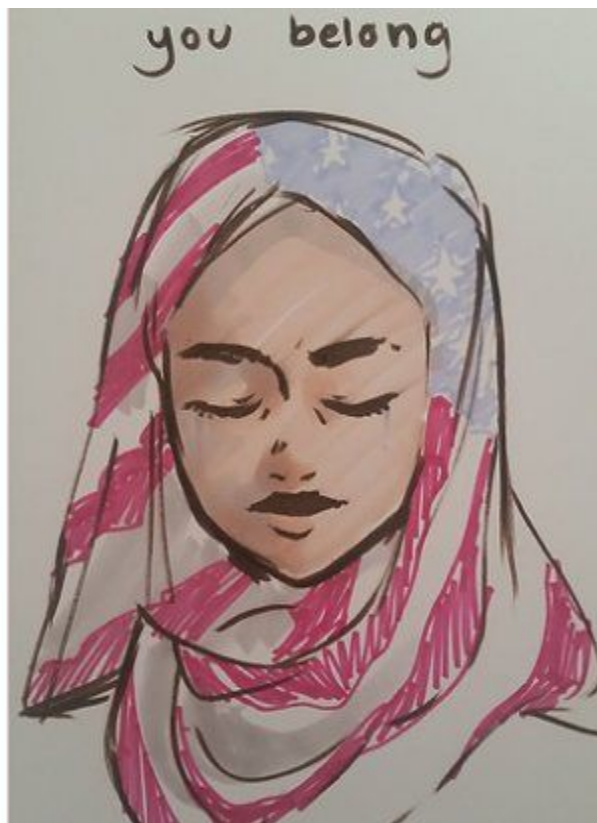


Colors of the world



By Sumayah Ayed

★ Final reflection

This semester I have learned a lot as a writer and a reader, from memoirs to poems to dialogue and critiques. It was a bit of a challenge for me at the beginning of the ride and as I got used to it, it got a lot easier. Let me start off with my experience being a “writer” this semester. I am always worried will the reader understand what I'm trying to convey in my writing pieces? I tend to close up, but in time when I was shown peoples writing pieces and explain their story, I learned that no matter who is reading your story it doesn't matter if the reader does not enjoy your own writing piece, it's okay to take criticism because this your story to tell not theirs and that's what makes us all unique when it comes to writing and telling our journeys our story. Also, this semester taught me a lot of things when becoming a reader, I never knew there was such a thing called “critiques”.

I never knew that ever existed in the creative writing dynamic world. critiques were a huge challenge for me, you would have to think and suggest things in a certain way, one thing I only enjoyed about critiquing was putting our criticism into a suggestion and that is what I find beautiful, in order not to offend the writer you can always put your criticism into a question or a respectful suggestion, this reading and writing style is so helpful now because it's going to benefit me in the coming future, I don't need to only use this when it comes to writing but also in other daily use, like for instance if I don't like someone's art piece, instead of giving criticism, I can turn my own criticism into a nice suggestion. My favorite assignment was creating poetry. I believe that in poetry you can express your own emotions and feelings about something or somewhere, whether it be about something sad, happy, or even dark. It's like creating your own masterpiece that defines you. In poetry, your brain doesn't speak but your heart does, it's your heart that's talking, and as you write in poetry your heart guides you in the way. It's like even writing your own song perhaps, with each stanza containing your song lyrics to your heart and soul.

Growing up I was always ashamed of my grammar in writing, always had run-on sentences everywhere and I did not know when to stop or where to insert my commas, you know when you see a messy kitchen? Yeah, that's how all my writing pieces look like. This whole reflection is evidence that my very good at

run-on sentences, I get so ashamed because you have no idea the number of times I taught how to write a proper sentence and nine years later I'm about to become an adult and I still just don't know how to fix my messy punctuation, but maybe someday it will get better. My experience with revising assignments was fun, I felt so good revising my writing pieces then posting them again. There was not any peer feed that stood out to me, although there was one I heard from a fellow student saying during class, he or she said "if you were not required to read my writing pieces, would you still read it?" and that really stood out to me and had me thinking really hard, and to be very honest 95% are only reading each other's work to get a grade and pass the class. This is very sad, but in this course, I got to discover many points of views from all kinds of personalities, I read poems from my classmates this semester that talks about his PSP and his Fortnite gaming, and another student who talks about depression, it's pretty cool to discover people of all kinds and I believe that's what makes them beautiful and unique because they are different.

The only thing that I did not enjoy in this online writing class is when we were put into cohorts, we had to communicate with each other and do each other's work in order to get points, it was so annoying because some of my cohort members wouldn't do the assigned work he or she were supposed to do, and I sometimes had to email them asking them for their work so we can get our class points, and most of the time they wouldn't answer, I even had one of my cohorts lie to me that they did their work but they did not, like you did not need to lie and let me find out that you didn't even do your assigned work in the first place. It would get me so mad and frustrated because I'm doing my part as a student in order to get an A and they are clearly not. I found it unfair, if we took this class in person I would understand why we are put into groups but online is a BIG NO-NO for everyone for many reasons, but thankfully we were lucky that we had the best professor for this creative writing class who has the biggest heart out there and is so understanding and that was the best part about this course and I will always be grateful! ;-)

yayy, THANK GOD!!. Thank you professor for everything, your energy in class is what keeps me going! 💕.

★ Memoir

I understand where anonymous is coming from, where women struggle and are supposed to stay at home and be a housewife rather than just working and being successful. I don't necessarily feel like I can relate to anonymous right now at the moment, but I do believe I will in the following future. I know someday when I get married, I'll finally feel what anonymous felt because being a wife, a mother who is striving to work and provide money for her family is very hard. And who knows, I'll probably marry a man who will god forbid force me into leaving my job, I know this has happened to many people I know including family relatives.

It saddens me how bad a man's ego can be, where they always want to be the dominant successful one. One of my closest friends was becoming a gynecologist, she married a man who owns a deli. She told me how her husband was forcing her to leave her job as a doctor and stay at home and become a housewife. Her husband was so jealous to the point he did not want people seeing how successful she was over him, he felt embarrassed and ended up divorcing her. It's so weird because I never experience what anonymous felt, but at the same time I feel like I do, it's an ongoing problem in my culture so I can relate to other many girls in my community that went through a similar struggle prior to anonymous journey

★ Short story

“Jonas you need to move out, my wife Elizabeth is going to have a baby and you know what that means, I can’t have you around the baby, you’re too dangerous”. Dangerous? I’m so friendly I promise you I will not do anything crazy, at least not around the baby “ said Jonas. Jonas who was almost 25 years old suffered from a schizophrenic disorder, he tends to do “abnormal things” like running nakedly in the middle of the streets, stabbing himself with a broken glass beer bottle just for fun, and most importantly Jonas sees things that no naked eye can envision.

(2 months earlier) it was a bright sunny day in mid-July and Jonass big brother Maxwell was soon about to get married, “you have to let me and my band sing at your wedding” Jonas said, his brother sighs and slowly turns around with regret all over his face and mumbled, “definitely not Jonas, and we both know why”. “But I promise I wouldn’t do anything crazy, ” said Jonas. Jonas had so much sincerity, his eyes wide open, poor Jonas really wanted to sing at his brother’s big day. “ OKAAAAY fine,” said Maxwell, Jonas jumped in the air and grabbed Maxwell’s face and kissed his forehead so hard that it left a red mark, “you’re the best,” Jonas said. It was finally the big day and Maxwell was soon to become a husband, everyone gathered at the beach for the celebration as the beautiful sunset slowly went down. There was joy and happiness in the air, it was a celebration to remember!, “test, test test- um.. Hi, can anyone hear me?” said Jonas as he grabbed the mic, the crowd looked confused and nodded their heads, “ hello my name is Jonas and me and my band are about to sing a special song to my eldest brother”

said Jonas. Silence, you couldn't even hear a single cricket noise through the crowd, then suddenly Jonas starts to hear voices, voices that no one can hear except him. It was his hallucinations, Mr. Captain rocket that saves him from his hallucinations on his right and the devil on his left, Jonas zones out for ten seconds straight, "you annoying freak, take the beer bottle and stab yourself!" said the devil on the left, Jonas yells out slowly on the mic "w-ha-t", his band members were very confused they had no idea what was happening to Jonas, Jonas screams "captain rocket where are you?? Captain rocket?? Said Jonas.

The crowd has never been so confused in their entire life, "Jonas get down from the stage now, before you do something stupid" said Maxwell, "kill your self, just do it, you'll make evreryones lifes much easier" said the devil on his left, Jonas grabs a beer bottle then breaks it, "stop this now!" said Maxwell, "Maxwell, you're the best brother that i can ever ask for, I hope you and your wife live a life time" said Jonas, then Jonas slowly takes the broken beer bottle and stabs it in his chest, the whole crowd screams, Maxwell immediately rushes him into the emergency room. (the next day) Jonas slowly opens his eyes, and immediately sees his brother Maxwell, "I'm so sorry big brother" said Jonas with pain, "I just can't help it with my hallucinations, I hear a voice that tells me to die and another one saves me from the bad devil, the bad voices" said Jonas, "this is why we need to take you to a therapist" said Maxwell, Jonas glares at the ceiling of the hospital and immediately see Captain Rocket, his own imaginary savoir from the bad voices, "he's right kid, you need to go see a therapist before it gets worse" said Captain Rocket.

★ Poem

I believe your heart needs to be broken before you can truly understand what it means to be whole.

The ones who need to be held the most are often too busy trying to hold others with their broken arms.

But always smile with grace; even if your soul is sobbing.

Your sad eyes are the most precious pearl of the planet, keep storming into the great night, to the stars who listen. They are singing your name.

★ Diologue

(Two friends have a conversation on imessage)

Sumayah: Omg sarah I literally have the best professor for my creative writing class!

Sarah: really? Lucky you.

Sumayah: yeah!! She has the best heart and cares about her students, the nicest professor i have had so far, you should take her next semester!

Sarah: which class again? Sorry I by accident deleted the chat.

Sumayah: creative writing, lol... her name is Jessica penner. I prefer you reserving her class from now, because I'm pretty sure it will fill up in seconds.

Sarah: thanks for the recommendation though!! Now I don't need to worry about finding a nice professor again.

★ Journal number 1

Back in 2011 when I was a tiny little third grader, it was mid-September already. I came across a girl who registered late for class, I grew up going to a private school where tuition is about 5,000\$-6,000\$. It was pretty expensive depending on which grade you're registering for, even for babies who are enrolling in the nursery. It was the sixth period and we had English class, a noticed an unfamiliar face, it was a new girl.

As we sat down at our desks and we open our notebooks, the new girl couldn't help to sit still. As the teacher began to teach, the new girl named Sarah decided to stand the whole class period, I came up to her because I was very curious why she couldn't sit still during class. She exclaimed that she hates sitting and how she cant focus when she sits.

I have found Sarah very unique and special, and ever since that day, we became best friends until we graduated high school! Sarah was a very bright student who was also the valedictorian, she has always helped me achieve my goals, and was always there for me through my darkest and happiest days. I found our friendship very significant because as I got older, in my high school years I hated sitting on my chair because it would give me so much pain. Even when I took my SATs I couldn't focus because we were sitting on a plain metal chair that gave unnecessary pain.

★ Journal number 4

When growing up, I was incompatible with the others. I grew up participating in interstate speech competitions with 13 other schools, I have hosted assemblies in elementary, including the 100th day of school. I enjoyed speaking in front of a crowd, but of course, that took time within, especially that I struggled to talk at a certain age. Meaning I had late speech skills which I found ironic in my situation. I remember my mom deciding to put me in second grade for the second time just because I couldn't speak, no one understood me whenever I tried speaking as a kid. They would ask my mom “what language is your daughter trying to speak” and they would just laugh at me. But I excelled in time.

It was senior year and we all had to choose a career for college, I wanted to become a lawyer. The reason why I even choose this in the first place because I loved speaking in front of the crowd, I wanted to change the world and pass laws to help the people in need. But unfortunately, my parents did not approve, they think it's disrespectful for women to become a lawyer, just because I was a female? My dad did not want me to be involved in politics, he claims he wanted to “protect me from the dark world” but in reality, I was anyways going to face the “dark world” with or without him. This is how we all learn. There was another reason as to why they did not approve, and it involved very religious reasons which I respect. But of course, I was very heartbroken and shattered because this is was my dream. So then I choose nursing even though my dad still does not approve because he sees nurses as servants, in overseas in

the middle east nurses do the “dirty job” of the doctor, they are seen as low lives, you are not respected if you’re a nurse in the middle east. But here in America, it’s a different story! nurses are respected, they are the real heroes in the united states. Being a nurse in America is a big deal, and I hope one day my dad can see that. Until this day I’m trying to convince my father to let me do nursing, and hopefully one day I will, with God’s help.

