

PROSE

Interview with Joe

4 February 2014

Joe Olivo is a person with a lot of goals in life who seems to have an excellent future ahead of him that will be filled with lots of writing. When asked what his interests were he responded that karate and skiing was something he enjoyed. Also, his other interest is journalism and becoming a better writer. This also ties in with the question: *What is your ideal job?* According to Joe he would like to be a journalist, specifically working for the Boston Globe or the Providence Journal. If there was a movie written about his life he says that Tim Allen, Jim Carrey, Ben Stiller, Robert DeNiro, or Sylvester Stallone would play him. “Especially Tim Allen,” Joe quickly pointed out. One of his favorite quotes is: “To be the man you’ve got to beat the man” by Ric Flair. This quote encompasses the lifestyle that he likes to live by which is to try hard to succeed. If he could go anywhere in the world he says, “Las Vegas for the eleventh time to see showgirls [laughs] because it is a fun place to be. Also, I’d go back to the St. Thomas Virgin Islands.” In those five questions I have asked Joe it is clear to see what he dreams of doing in the future and what he enjoys doing for fun.

27 February 2014

“Mom, Dad, I’m only going away to college. It’s not like I’m moving out of the country.”

I tried very hard to reassure my parents about this whole situation. In the back of my mind I knew that this was never going to be easy on them. After all, I was their only child, the center of their attention for the past eighteen years. But some part of me hoped this goodbye would be easier.

My mom hugged me tight and my dad just stood there. It pained me to watch this be their hardest moment, but in the end I knew I couldn’t stay here much longer because knowing that I couldn’t be there for them when they woke up in the morning paralyzed me. Even though the thought of leaving still frightened me to death I still reassured them I would be fine and I guess in a way I was trying to reassure myself.

“Now you have everything you need son? Toothbrush, clothes, phone...” In her voice I could tell she was just trying to stall me by naming everything I own in hopes I would stay just a bit longer. That is what made it harder for me and even my dad was trying to tell my mom that it was time to let me go. But in all actually he was fighting back tears he tried so desperately to stop.

“Look Mom I have everything I could possibly need and more. If however I do forget something I can stop on the way there and pick it up.” Instead of looking directly at my mother I started to gaze into space staring at the streetlight on the other side of the road. My father was reassuring my mom and like I was doing he was probably trying to reassure himself too.

“Make sure you obey all traffic signs,” my dad said, “and don’t talk on your phone while driving. I’m serious. And also don’t be late for class. You know how much your teachers hate that!” We stared at each other for a moment after and in that moment I could sense his

composure had broken. “Now get going or I’m going to have to give you detention.” My dad tried to lighten the mood and in that moment he hugged me. Hugged me for the first time in forever and upon doing so I could tell he wasn’t the tough and rugged man he pretended to be. Even those in shining armor get cracked every once in a while.

I went around my car to the driver’s seat, my parents standing side by side. Once the car started I took a deep breath and turned the radio to my favorite station. As I backed out of the driveway my parents continued to wave and as I was about to drive down the road I stopped and rolled down my window.

“Don’t worry about me. I’ll call you as soon as I make it to campus and Dad.... I’ll obey all traffic laws.” After my words had been said I paused for a moment waiting for a response. All they could muster was to be careful and that they loved me. It was the usual parent stuff when their son or daughter did anything huge in their lives. I began my drive down the street and took another deep breath as my favorite song blasted through the radio.

It was humid and moist outside so I decided to open the sun roof and let the breeze calm my nerves. As my favorite song faded into another song, which I absolutely could not stand, I furiously pressed the power button. Fully realizing I was alone driving down the highway I began to sob uncontrollably. It finally began to hit me. I was going off to a college three hours away. I began to sob and before I knew it the road looked like a blur of bright colors, much like it does when it rains and the windshield wipers do not do their job. Crying was something that I seldom did as society says that real men do not cry. To distract me again I turned the radio back on. Then I wiped the tears out from my eyes and the visibility increased significantly.

An hour had passed on the freeway and because I had not eaten anything in what felt like ages I stopped at the nearest diner. At the diner as I scanned the vast amounts of people and

families chattering I took a deep breath before sitting down at the counter in the only available seat, next to an older woman with the whitest hair I had ever seen, as if she had been spooked by a ghost

“Hello!” There seemed to be a crack in my voice and I guess the old lady could sense it because she stared at me an extra moment before nodding. A waitress handed me a menu and I scanned through the menu. In the corner of my eye I got the feeling the old lady was staring at me and my whole body tensed. I absolutely hated it when people stared at me.

“Excuse me sir, but is everything alright?” Her tone was that of a caring mother, so sweet and genuinely concerned. My eyes continued to stare at the menu before I took another deep breath and looked up.

“Everything is fine.” My words started to sound more inaudible as they flew out of my mouth the last word nearly indistinguishable. In that moment I clenched the menu so tightly that my knuckles began to turn white.

“Are you sure everything is ok? If it is not ok you can tell me, I don’t bite.”

I took a deep breath before looking at her and saying, “I am on my way to college. And I’ve never been away from my parents before so I am a little apprehensive.” The waitress walked over to take my order and took my menu.

“It’s totally normal to feel a little nervous about moving away from your family. I can remember when my son left to go to college and his father and I were a nervous wreck. I can recall staying up countless nights waiting for him to call and the thoughts that would race through my head were horrendous. But once he did call to say he was all settled in I was so relieved.” The glint in her eyes told me this was a very fond memory of hers.

“I just hope my parents don’t worry too much about me because I don’t want to be the cause of their sadness. Plus I’m leaving my friends who I probably won’t talk to ever again which makes me want to hold on to this incredible life I have for a tiny bit longer. To be honest I don’t think I should’ve left.” I could sense my eyes getting watery and the woman reached into her purse for what I thought was a tissue, but it wasn’t. She suddenly leaned into me.

“As parents it is never easy to let go of your children. You become so accustomed to waking up and seeing them rushing off to school, shouting to them as they run out the front door that they forgot their lunch. Your mind starts to wander to that first day of kindergarten when your child rushes to the bus stop eager to go to school and learn. I guess at that moment you prepare yourself that your kids starting to grow up. It is indeed hard, but you need to realize you have done nothing wrong. This is a part of life and it would be selfish for your parents to want you to stay. They want you to go out into the world and experience it. They know that they’ve done all they can to prepare you for this milestone in your life. They are lucky to have you.” The woman smiled a bright smile that seemed to hypnotize me because for a second I forgot what we were talking about.

All these words seemed sudden at first but it all seemed to make sense after a few moments. The waitress came back and I hastily ate my food as if it was my first meal in a year. My mind was racing and I knew from this point on there was no turning back. My parents were going to be all right and I would show them how much they have prepared me for this moment.

“Thanks for your help ma’am. I feel much better than I did when I walked in here.” The woman told me it was no problem before she started walking out the door.

“Excuse me,” I shouted to try and get her attention, “what is your name?” Unfortunately she kept walking and I sat there waiting for my bill. The waitress reappeared with the bill.

“Her name is Karen White. She comes here every day at around this time and waits for her son to return from college.” I handed her the money and as I put on my coat I said:

“Oh that’s sweet! But wouldn’t it be her grandson?”

“No, it’s her son; he has been deceased for quite some time.” The waitress walked away after those words and I walked out and got in my car. Life is strange, but college can’t be any stranger.

Meeting Bill

12 February 2014

“Pictures up, pictures up!” These were the constant words I heard while waiting around for something to happen.

In 2011, during my freshman year, I had the chance to be an extra in a Wes Anderson film. Having the opportunity to work with the Wes Anderson was amazing.

On my first day I was excited, yet nervous at the same time. There were about one hundred other extras when I arrived, but by the next day there were significantly less.

Those days were filled with waiting around for hours on end to be called to set to do something. One day I was taken to the set where I saw a huge sprinkler overhead which would rain down on us. Luckily beforehand we were all given ponchos.

All the assistants lined us up in rows and I was in the third row. Suddenly in front of me was Wes Anderson. He kept making sure the camera was in place. In the distance I saw Edward Norton. We were going to shoot this scene with him. Finally we began as the rain started to pour down on us. Edward did his thing and after a while we got a break.

On another day they had a huge green screen set up with a cabin in front. As we got to the set Wes Anderson came out of the cabin and took one look at us

“I think we should get them dirty!” he told the two assistants. Before I knew it they were putting dirt on my face and hair, although the dirt was not sticking to my hair.

Finally we were ready to film the scene. Wes directed us to walk up to the cabin and look in. The rain commenced and we did what we were told. Wes is a perfectionist so we must've done the scene over twenty times. I was freezing, but I kept my composure. Between one of the

takes as we waited to begin again we were all surprised. Bill Murray had stepped from the cabin wearing a raincoat.

“Don’t mess up!” He jokingly told us. Everyone was a little star struck and I didn’t know what to say. He shook my hand and then said to me, “Your hands cold.”

After that we returned to the scene and then I was done for the day as I rushed over to the tent filled with heaters to warm up.

Waiting around was something I was used to. One another day as I waited I spotted a man walk past me holding a clothes rack. I suddenly recognized the man and said to my mom, “Its Billy Murray!” My mom was just as surprised as I was.

When Bill was walking away my mom shouted, “Bill!” Without turning around he waved as if not in the mood to be bothered. He was as funny off screen as he was on screen.

Being an extra was sure an interesting experience and surely one I will remember forever.

Mother, Are You There?

3 April 2014

I always have fond memories of my childhood. Fond memories of getting to help my mother bake cookies and getting to lick the spoon or even having the awesome privilege of staying up late to watch television. My mother would pick me up randomly from school when I was about five or six and take me out for ice cream. And if it was the middle of winter she would buy a whole tub of Vanilla, my favorite, and we'd share a bowl, talking about my day before I'd get a brain freeze like an avalanche inside my head.

"It'll be ok. You just need to slow down next time. You don't want your head to explode," she would joke. Typically, by this point, I was laughing hysterically and that usually took the pain away. I guess it is funny how mothers have a way of remaining calm even when their child thinks what is happening to them is the end of the world.

Those memories seem so distant now. So distant in fact, that it seems as though they never happened. My mother, the same mother who would buy me ice cream, reassure me by telling me everything was going to be alright, and who let me stay up late, was facing her own difficulties; difficulties such as prescription drugs and alcohol.

I so desperately wanted to tell her it was going to be fine. But since I grew a lot older I knew that in the harsh reality that is life there can't always be a happy ending. I wanted to be there for my mother and all the times I was she seemed to push me away by turning on the TV or picking up the phone even when it didn't ring. She had become "a stranger" to me.

The unforgiving reality of life is that people will always hurt you, even the ones who, for years and years, have been there for you no matter what. My father, to whom I never talked to that much, had secretly been running around on my mother. It took her four years to figure out as

Comment [DC1]:

she was not that good with the new wave of technology. After all she did have flip phone. One day, I grabbed my father's phone by accident as him and I have similar phones. To my surprise, I had gotten a text from a girl named Karen Walker.

“What time are we meeting tonight for dinner, sweetheart?” I paused for a moment, confused and puzzled at the text in front of me. Then I realized I had accidentally grabbed my father's phone.

Not knowing what to do, I ran home and showed my mother who then became enraged and confronted my father that evening. Long story short, my parents got into a divorce where some choice words and physical abuse resulted. After that point I felt like this whole situation was my fault.

My mother, the same mother who would buy me ice cream, reassure me by telling me everything was going to be alright, and who let me stay up late, was now facing pain. This is much too difficult for me to talk about, but one day after coming home from school late on a Wednesday I found the TV turned off. This was peculiar because my mom always had the TV on; it was like a security blanket for her, shielding her from all the realities that life had thrown at her.

Knowing something strange was happening I yelled, while walking through the house, “Mother, are you there?” I then stumbled upon her body strewn across the bathroom floor along with a bottle of an unidentifiable prescription drug in her right hand. I then knelt beside her and checked for her pulse which was very faint and unrecognizable. Panicking, I reached for the phone and dialed 9-1-1 and waited until the ambulance came to take my mother and I to the hospital.

With death so near, Mother must have felt someone on the brink of freedom, ready to start life all over again. No one, no one in the world had any right to weep for her. And I, too, felt ready to start life all over again. It was as if that great rush of anger had washed me clean, emptied me of hope, and gazing up at the dark sky spangled with its signs and stars, for the first time, the first, I laid my heart open to the benign indifference of the universe. To feel it so like myself, indeed, so brotherly, made me realize that I'd been happy, and that I was happy still. For all to be accomplished, for me to feel less lonely, all that remained to hope was that on the day of my execution there should be a huge crowd of spectators and that they should greet me with howls of execration. --- The Stranger by Albert Camus

The Woman in Black
5 May 2014

Every night I would gaze outside my bedroom window hoping, just hoping, that I would catch a glimpse of the mysterious figure glimmering in the moons reflection. My brother once claimed that he saw the figure late one evening through the reflection of the full moon, but my parents told him it was impossible. After that day I never gave up hope.

I can remember one day in class the teacher told us to write about anything we wanted. Anything that fascinated us or even a hobby we had. While most kids decided to write about their collections of baseball cards or trips far and wide, I knew exactly that I would write about the mysterious figure.

On the day of presentations where we had to read our essays I went second to last. With the paper in my hand I ventured to the front of the class. I guess I was too excited to be nervous because as soon as my feet got to the front I began my essay.

“Every night I gaze outside my bedroom window in the hopes of catching a glimpse of the mysterious figure glimmering in the moons reflection.” Once these words had left my mouth the whole class erupted in laughter. Not knowing if what I had written was genuinely funny I just continued reading until the teacher responded with:

“Jonny, this is a really well thought out fantasy novel you have written.

“Mrs. G, this is not a fantasy novel. This is real life. My brother saw the mysterious figure and someday I will too!” I could feel the anger inside me boiling as if I was a tea kettle left on the stove for one second too long. The teacher advised me to sit down.

That evening I sat in my bed gazing out my window when my brother walked by. I called for him and asked him if he could tell me the story of the mysterious figure, the figure that he had once seen that no one believed.

“The story goes as far back as 1692 during the Salem Witch Trials. A woman by the name of Glenda Woodbury escaped her town to find solace in the seemingly quaint town of Salem, Massachusetts.” I became captivated by my brother’s story about the origins of this figure that I practically forgot to blink.

“Little did Glenda know, underneath the fake exterior of the town the townspeople had been secretly plotting her death. In this time they were accusing people of being witches and they would do unmentionable things to them. Some say that underneath her cloak is just bones, something like the grim reaper, and she only shows up to kill those associated with her murder.”

“And you saw her, right?” I asked attentively while still looking out towards the nighttime sky.

“Who knows what I saw exactly,” he then walked out of my room and shut the door, the only light coming through the window. After a few moments I opened my window just a crack to let the warm breeze creep through.

The following days at school most of the kids in my class made sarcastic remarks about the darkened figure.

“Did you see the mysterious figure yet?” One kid said to me, “I didn’t think so!” It was those words that made me even more determined to find out about the figure my brother had claimed to see. After his story that night I started to have doubts about it, but the small glimmer of hope I had allowed me to hold on.

It was about three months that passed where I looked desperately out the window each night. One time I thought I saw the figure, but it was just the shadow from the streetlamp. It wasn't until a little while later that I saw something walking down my driveway. At first I thought it was my mother until I realized that she doesn't go out that late.

I jumped from my bed and pried open the window and jumped out. Then I proceeded to run, almost in a tiptoeing manner, to the figure, hiding behind every bush and tree along the way. This figure was much shorter than I had imagined, but it still had this tallness about it. One of the streetlights where the figure was standing started to flicker. Then all of the streetlights began to flicker and then...

Darkness... There was pure darkness except for the overpowering light from the full moon. Then in the blink of an eye the one streetlight that the figure stood under turned on, this time brighter than before. The figure had mysteriously vanished. I then began to sprint into the unknown and while doing so I tripped over a gigantic rock.

Now on the ground holding my leg I gazed up at the moon hoping the light would help my eyes adjust to the sudden darkness. In that moment I sensed a presence near me. It was as if the temperature outside had dropped substantially and suddenly I needed a jacket. Still sleepy I began to nod off in small doses trying to get myself to stay awake.

"Jonny, Jonny, Jonny," the voice was so faint and whispery that I could barely recognize it. As my eyes began to focus I jerked awake. It was my brother.

"I just saw that figure you were talking about and then I ran outside to find it and then the lights went out and then I ran and then..." I couldn't help myself. I needed to get all the words out.

“Slow down,” my brother whispered, “I think it’s time you heard this from me. That story of the mysterious figure was a made up story. It’s something brothers say to their younger siblings to scare them. But in your case you were more amazed than frightened.”

“But I saw the figure! It was outside my window walking down the…” My brother stopped me midsentence and I froze for a moment.

“Shhh… I think it’s best if we go home before mom has one of her fits.” He helped me up and we began walking towards the house. I guess he could sense the disappointment on my face because he began to promise me ice cream and the chance to play his Gameboy that I so longed to play.

CRUNCH... In the distance we could hear twigs being snapped and the howling of what sounded like wolves. My brother froze for a moment and the look on his face told me that something was not right. He began to search around in the pitch blackness for a sign of who was near.

“Did you hear that?” He asked perplexed.

“Hear What? I didn’t hear any…” He then interrupted my thoughts again. In the far away distance a distinct shape began to appear in my eyes. I blinked and suddenly it seemed as if it was getting closer. As the figure got closer my brother panicked, took my arm, and bolted towards the shed next to our house. We got in and he locked the door. Between the heavy breathing we could hear the whistling of the wind against the trees. Then all of a sudden...

BANG, BANG, BANG! My heart was racing so fast I almost passed out at the swiftness of it all. This feeling I had only came to me when I had to deliver speeches in front of the whole class. *BANG, BANG, BANG!* A moment of silence leaped its way into the chaos, almost like the eye of a storm, so calm and serene. It was all so surreal.

“I’m going in,” my brother announced before opening the door. He ran towards the darkness and in that moment I heard an even louder bang like a shotgun. I could’ve sworn my heart stopped at this point so I checked to make sure I was still alive. My palms were so sweaty from the intense anxiety I felt, so I wiped my hands on my pants and stuck out my arm grabbing the first thing I could reach. Then I opened the door and charged into the dark abyss.

I stopped short and found my brother on the ground writhing in pain. With the unidentified object in my hand I ran towards the trees when I spotted the mysterious figure. The figure was walking very slowly as if nothing had happened. In that moment I sprinted over to the figure and knocked it down with the object at hand.

Now that I and the figure were on the ground I pulled off the hood and through the moonlit sky I saw an eerily familiar person.

One of my classmates, the same one who questioned me about the mysterious figure, was the figure behind the robe.



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22 May 2014

CHARACTERS

JILLIAN, a student in a small – town high school

DANNY, sister of Jillian who has come out

Act One:

It is a bright and sunny day in a seemingly quiet neighborhood. Danny and his sister Jillian are outside.

Danny is walking fast away from his sister Jillian who is going after him.

JILLIAN [shouting] Danny! Come back here and talk to me!

DANNY [still walking, Jillian catches up to him and turns him around] What? There is nothing more to talk about.

JILLIAN [looking at her brother who is looking down at the ground] Look! I've heard what those people at school are saying.

DANNY [looking at his sister] It's fine. Can we just let it go? It's no big deal.

JILLIAN [shocked] No big deal! You're telling me that what happened the other day on the way home was no big deal? Look Danny, those guys surrounded you and called you a fa...

DANNY You can say it. I don't even care anymore. Why should I care?

JILLIAN [stepping back a little to give Danny some room] *Why* should you care? Well, first of all no one should feel like worthless for the type of person they are. That's why you should care.

And second of all, those cowards are just too afraid to be themselves. So they mask their feelings with heavy makeup and songs about dying.

DANNY It's no use though. I'm not anything special at all. I can't even do the simplest things that most people can do. I sit alone at lunch, and to top it all off my friends who I thought were my friends won't even talk to me. [Walking away]

JILLIAN Don't you ever say that about yourself. People care about you.

DANNY Then why did dad say those things about me being sick and perverted?

JILLIAN He didn't mean it. You have to understand where he is coming from

DANNY So I'm just *supposed* to understand him when he won't even try or give the slightest effort to understand me. Well, you know what? I'm sick and tired of trying to give him the perfect son that he wants. I am sick of going to baseball games, playing sports, and pretending I have a "girlfriend" every time he introduces me to one of his co-workers. [Danny's voice gets louder as he looks up at his sister] why did I have to be this way Jillian? Why?

JILLIAN [looks at Danny shocked and with an almost expressionless face] Danny! [She pauses a moment before trying to find the perfect words] you are the most incredible brother I could ever ask for. If it wasn't for you how do you think I would've learned those steps for the play? I know these words seem like a shot in the dark, and that what I say is just garbage, but believe me.

DANNY That is not true! All I want is to be normal, to be someone who could enjoy what everyone else did. Imagine sitting at lunch feeling like an outcast. Feeling like the only person who doesn't belong while everyone around you is laughing and reminiscing about the crazy

things they did over the weekend. Imagine not being able to breathe because someone called you a “faggot” or said “that’s so gay!” Imagine feeling downgraded as a human for something you have no control over. It’s not fair that I out of all people was given this life. I just want out!

JILLIAN [almost crying] Danny you don’t ever have to feel like an outcast. J...just remember that you are unique and although you may feel like an outcast for being who you are, you must know that no one can ever take that away from you. Besides, being like everyone else is so overacted [Jillian smiles]

DANNY [staring off into the distance] Sometimes it’s the realizations in life that make the sky turn gray or the birds stop chirping. This is one of those times. No matter how many praises you receive there’s always that part of you that thinks otherwise. A part of you that dismisses those mere compliments as just an annual quota set by some important person who dictates, “You need to compliment five people today, even if you don’t mean it!” I’m sorry Jillian. It wasn’t supposed to end like this [you can hear the coldness in Danny’s voice as he speaks he last couple sentences]

JILLIAN [speaking rather fast trying to stay rational] Danny you don’t mean this. You are going to wake up tomorrow and fully realize that everything you are, everything that makes you an awesome person *is* the beginning of something amazing. All those hardships you face now are just going to make you stronger and then all those people that pushed you around are going to be jealous.

DANNY I do mean every single word that I say. It’s not like I want to say how I feel. You think I want to feel this way. Maybe if I stop thinking about this then I can change the person I am.

JILLIAN Don't ever stop being who you are. If you stop being that person you would be denying yourself the privilege of a life greater than you can imagine. [Getting annoyed] Stop feeling sorry for yourself because no one wants to be around that person. Do you think maybe your friends have stopped talking to you because all you do is complain? I don't think you have a nice, happy thought in your head!

DANNY I most certainly do! [He pauses thinking for a moment]

JILLIAN Well, what is it then?

DANNY Your dress is really pretty.

JILLIAN Aww... why thank you! See was that so hard to take all that negativity and put it into something positive?

DANNY [looking as if he might throw up] Yes it was and I think I'm going to be... [He imitates almost throwing up]

JILLIAN [annoyed] Danny!

Danny smiles and starts to laugh uncontrollably while his sister stands there annoyed.

JILLIAN Sometimes you are so immature just like everyone in your grade!

DANNY So you think I am like everyone?

JILLIAN Yes; Sometimes even weirder [she pauses for a moment]. But you're weirder in a good way of course.

Danny and Jillian start to walk off stage as the curtain closes.

POETRY

20 March 2014

Imitation of Hanging Fire by Audrey Lorde

I am eighteen

I'm destined for a

Path that is torn up by

Defeat

My friends all

Laugh and talk

Talking about

Childish endeavors

While I sit there

Feeling like an outcast

What you like is dumb!

What you like is stupid!

I'll be over here talking

Leaving you with the beats

Inside Your Head

While I sit there feeling

Like an outcast

I've only just met you

But you seem kinda cool

You tell me how much

I mean to you

And in that moment

You've become someone who listens

While I sit there

Feeling like I'm wanted

20 March 2014

The Life of a Music Producer

Turn on the computer

Hear the familiar noise

Wait for the desktop to appear

Get anxiety over the massive

Amounts of “stuff” on the desktop

Finally, take your mouse in hand

Click on the program

Wait for that program to load

Once it loads you’re ready to begin

Stare at the blank canvas

Sit for 30 minutes as you

Sift through hundreds of samples

Pick a kick drum

Like it for five minutes

Get rid of chosen kick drum

Repeat

Pick a clap that
Compliments your kick drum
And continue to like the
Combination of sounds
Before deleting everything before you

Listen to other people's music
For inspiration
Slowly start to become depressed
As the music before you
Sounds 100 times better than your own

Go back to the drawing board
And sit for hours on end
Or possibly years
Until the sounds before
You are transformed
Into a full song

The life of a music producer

26 March 2014



REFLECTION

“I mainly developed the theme of where I am at this point in my life and moving on to bigger and hopefully better things. I wrote a lot about that uncertainty that is life and how it can sometimes surprise you in either a good or bad way.”

This year as a senior I thought it would be fun to take a creative writing class. Writing has always been something I enjoy doing, but in the recent years I have not written as much as I used to. By taking this class I have forced myself to start writing again, much like I used to when I was younger.

Taking a creative writing class was enjoyable. I liked getting feedback on my writing because that helps me to become a better writer. It was also enjoyable to hear fellow classmates writing pieces. My personal writing goal was really small because I just wanted to write something. That goal was reached pretty quickly with the first writing assignment. When we wrote the short stories that was my favorite assignment. It is fun for me to come up with stories and characters and be able to come up with a plot. My least favorite assignment was writing all the poems. I am not really a poet and reading all those poems was kind of boring to me. It is hard to thinking of a common theme I developed. I mainly developed the theme of where I am at this point in my life and moving on to bigger and hopefully better things. I wrote a lot about that uncertainty that is life and how it can surprise you sometimes in either a good or bad way. This class did not really change my perception of professional writing. It mostly stayed the same as it was before. Although, I did find it changed my perception on my own writing because I am at a point in my life where I really need to think ahead to the future. This is reflected a lot in the pieces I write. As a writer I have improved a lot. Anytime you write something and get feedback on it you are improving yourself as a writer and as a writer that feedback is essential. By taking this class I wish we had more time on the short story. While writing my story I felt at times I

rushed just to get it done and I would have liked to let my ideas sit for a week and come back to it with a new perspective. Other than that I enjoyed taking this class and all the writing we did didn't really feel like a whole lot of work.

In the future I would suggest anyone who likes to write to take this class. You get a lot out of it and you get to practice your writing skills.