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Creative Writing

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# Creative Writing Portfolio



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## Introduction

Personally, I did not choose this class I was placed in it, but I decided not to switch out of it because I thought I could better my writing skills from it and overall I enjoyed the class. I achieved my personal writing goal of becoming more skilled in my writing. For example, I feel as if I have a more artistic mind when it comes to writing pieces. My favorite assignment was the narrative because it gave me a chance to write about my life in a twisted way. My least favorite assignment were the odes because they were so structured it did not give me the freedom I would have liked. On a different note, a common theme I used was a location that impacts my life like no other, camp. Camp is a place to relax and have no worries. This class changed my perspective on writing because I didn't realize how nice it was to express your thoughts and feeling in a different, unique way. I believe I improved as writer because I was able to express thoughts through words, which is a much harder task than it seems. After this class is over, I plan more to write a small amount of imagist poetry because it was not structured, but the poems always turned out beautiful. Overall this class was wonderful, but here is one thing I would change about the class and that would be to not do as much poetry as we did, but I would add more narrative writing because it is fun to make up stories.

## 21 Line Narrative

### “The Journey to the Coffee Shop”

Hayden leaned against the wall while over hearing Charlie and Lena talking about getting some coffees in town. Hayden wanted to take the car because she heard it would rain by the time they would walk back from town. As the three of them walked to the car on the crunching gravel, Charlie opened the driver’s side and slammed the car door shut. Once she started to drive, she was driving as if they were in a NASCAR race. “Jeez slow down Charlotte!” Lena screeched. The car on the opposite side of the road coming toward them had their high beams glaring in Charlie’s face. Charlie responded to Lena, “Oh my god those lights were bright and I told you not to call me that, call me Charlie.” Hayden was fed up with their bickering so she just glanced at her feet on the floor of the car. She analyzed how the carpet was soft between her feet and how the color was tawny and old. The carpet had a crumb on it from when Lena was sitting and eating her bagel from earlier this morning. The crumb weirdly looked like a smiley face staring at me. Strange. They finally stepped out of the car and Hayden tripped over a chair. Lena laughed, “How did you not see that chair there?” Hayden had landed on her hands and was picking out the gravel from her scrapes. She pulled the greyish-red rocks slowly. It was as if she was pulling a deep sea diver out of a sunken abandoned ship. Hayden was reminded of when she saw the titanic exhibit that last weekend. The three of the walked through the coffee shop doors. It seemed the whole world was in a crowded place in that moment and Charlie whispered to Hayden, “Is that those boys Elliot and Jake we met earlier yesterday?”

## Narrative

### “The Endless Night”

I sat on the bottom step waiting for Lena and Charlie to hurry up. I could

hear them debating on what they were going to wear on this hot summer day. Lena finally walked down the stairs wearing her old beat-up Rolling Stones t-shirt with a pair of jean shorts and black converse. Charlie decided to wear a pink sun dress that barely-kissed her knees.

Lena had short brown that just swept across her shoulder blades. She was tall and thin and the youngest of the three of us. She had a little bit of an attitude on occasion, but only would argue with someone if she was very passionate about the topic. Charlie was also tall and thin, but had long, wavy golden brown hair that looked as if it was always glistening in the evening sun light. Her real name was actually Charlotte, but for some reason, despite her being a girly-girl, her nickname Charlie suited her well. Me on the other hand, would be described as the “Plain Jane”. I liked things simple and that the way I always kept them. I was short and curvy and had long blonde hair and blue eyes. We have all been the best of friends since middle school, but we were now spending our last summer at my family’s lake house in New Hampshire before we all went our separate ways for college. My parents let the three of us go up by ourselves that summer for a month.

I grabbed the keys and the shopping list and we walked out to the car with the gravel crunching beneath our new flip flops. I could smell the aroma of the new plastic trickle up my nose from the warm summer breeze. I opened the driver’s side door and we all piled in like the Griswolds. I always liked to drive because I feel like I’m in control and it lets me clear my head by following the yellow lines on the road, seeing what Mother Nature put on this earth to give it beauty, and listening to my favorite songs.

We pull up to the farmers market in town and I found the closest parking spot. Lena and Charlie get out of the car and I told them to save me buy me a coffee while I do some food shopping. After I was done shopping I went to go meet up with Lena and Charlie at our normal table that sat right next to the rustic brick side of the building. The coffee shop was like an old man, well passed his time but still holding onto life. The cherry-stained benches were old

and needed to be sanded. When I got to the table I noticed two faces I did not recognize. I slowly ease over to the table giving Lena a glare as to who were these people. I sat down and didn't say a word. Charlie got all happy to see me and instantly said, "Oh Hayden! This is Jake and Elliot! We just met them in the coffee shop and asked them to join us!"

"Hi, I'm Hayden. Nice to meet you," I said with a reluctant smile on my face. I wasn't surprised to see boys at our table around our age because boys loved Charlie. Everywhere we went it seemed to be all about Charlie and how boys would tell her how pretty she is. One time Lena and I kept a tally of how many boys came up to Charlie over a span of 2 hours to ask if she had a boyfriend or tell her how beautiful she is when we went to a music festival. We counted 15 boys. Oh yeah, it was crazy.

"So you girls want to come to our secret party tonight across the lake?" said Jake.

"Uhhh sure I guess so," said Lena, "I mean we haven't really done anything exciting yet this summer..."

"What do you mean we haven't done anything exciting so far?" I replied.

"I don't know I mean we've done stuff that relaxing and fun, but nothing thrill seeking and exciting you know what I mean?" said Lena.

"But isn't that's what summer is about? Relaxing and not giving a care in the world?"

"Yeah it defiantly is, but I think we should do something a little out of the ordinary."

"Okay I guess you are right... Charlie what do you think about going to this party?"

"I think it would be a great idea!" Charlie said while battering her eyes at Jake.

"Okay it's settled then, we will pick you up tonight in our canoe about 8," said Jake.

"Alright see you then," Lena exclaimed.

Later that night, I could hear rough sound of the wet sand scraping against coarse blotchy stainless steel. I then realized that that meant Jake and Elliot were here to come get us. I looked out our screened in window and could overhear them talking about how cool it would be if they could drive racecars everywhere. You know...boy stuff. Elliot was standing under the post light with the grass between his bare feet. I didn't realize it earlier that he had a distinct jawline with a perfect row of teeth. He was tall and built, but had a way about him that echoed that he was gentle and kind. He had blue eyes just like mine and his hair was just as blonde as the sun. Jake was a couple inches shorter than Elliot and had dark brown hair the color of coffee. His skin had a nice even tan that made his green eyes pop. I didn't notice how long I was staring at Elliot until he was looking at me and said, "Hey Hayden, you girls almost ready to head out?"

"Ahhh yes! We will be down in just a second. Let me just go tell Lena and Charlie you guys are here!" I said with a nervous squeak in my voice.

"Alright sounds good," Elliot responded.

We all headed down to the sand and get in the canoe. We started to paddle down the lake and the boys wanted to give us blind folds so we didn't know where there top secret location was. Lena and Charlie were up for it, but I insisted not to. I gazed at how the moonlight hit the lake more beautiful than when the sunlight did the same thing. The dark blues with the white shinning on top. The little ripples in the water that hugged the glare of the light. The sound of the crickets and the water splashing against our canoe. They all were familiar sounds I liked that made me feel like this moment was never ending.

"Alright we are almost there," Jake said with a smirk on his face.

"Is that the sunken church?" I asked because I knew it wasn't so secret of a location.

“Yeah, but you’ll see when we go inside,” Jake said.

“But how can you even get inside? The place is locked and hasn’t been open for years for the public,” I said.

“Well there is a little secret about the sunken church that only we know about,” Elliot chimed in.

“Oh really...” Lena questioned.

“Oh yeah,” Elliot exclaimed.

The five of us pull up to about a quarter of a mile from the church. Elliot and Jake motion toward this set of stairs in the sand.

“When did those get there?” I blurted.

“They have always been there... Just me and Jake know about them though hence why they are secret,” Elliot spoke with a sarcastic tone in his voice.

We all head down the sand stairs and are now going down this long tunnel. A door opened that was so tiny door only a baby could walk through when Elliot knocked a certain way. “Are you sure we should be doing this?” I asked.

“Are you kidding me Hayden? This is so cool!” Charlie and Lena said in unison.

The door opened into the floor of the sunken church. The five of us stood up and walked around with awe in our eyes. I had never done anything this risky in my life. The walls were covered in sand and the benches still had purses and belonging from hundreds of years ago. When I stepped on the creaking floor, I could feel the church starting to lower. I said abruptly, “Uhh guys... I think the church is starting to sink more.”

“What are you talking about Hayden? You are just imagining it,” Lena said mockingly.

“No I am being dead serious! Just stand still and tell me you don’t feel as if you are sinking,” I said with pure caution and sternness in my

voice.

“Oh my god Hayden you are right!” Elliot answered from the far corner, “We have to get out of here!”

“It’s too late! The sand is up to far against the windows and the tunnel has become filled with sand. Tons of sand is going to break the windows and fill up the whole church with us included,” I said. My voice was breaking. I didn’t want to die here because I knew it was a stupid idea from the beginning. The church was falling and so was I. All of a sudden I felt the walls shaking of the church but I could hear someone screaming my name. I looked around, but I didn’t see anybody.

\* \* \*

“Hayden, wake up!” Charlie screamed at me. “Hayden, stop screaming and wake up!”

“She must be having a really bad nightmare,” Lena said.

I woke up to see Lena and Charlie hovering over me with pure fright on their faces. Charlie was tired from shaking my body to wake me.

“What is going on?” I said in pure confusion.

“You were screaming so loud and were saying things like the sand is gonna flood the place and kill us all,” Charlie explained, “It made me nervous so I had to wake you up.”

I laid there staring at the groves in the white plastered ceiling. It was all just a dream. Elliot and Jake. The sunken church. The moonlight across the lake. At that moment in time I could not decipher reality versus fantasy and just I laid there questioning life itself.

## Who/What Am I?

### “Homecoming”

Once small but big in a matter of 6 months  
Frolicking through the doors of a new home  
New family  
New friends  
I step on the hardwood floors with my fluffy paws  
Silky golden fur  
Wet nose  
Long tail  
I am now home

## Imagist Poetry/So Much Depends...

### “5”

Hazy street lights  
I hear the engines roaring  
Abrupt and noisy  
Rays of lights flash by me  
All I see is the number 5 reflecting into my eyes

### “The Lonely City”

So much depends upon...  
Looking up at the city skyline  
Simple yet dark  
Tall buildings tower over me  
The overwhelming smell of exhaust fumes spitting out of taxi cabs  
Rugged and grubby  
I don't know whether I like it or not

Feeling so small compared too much bigger things  
Being a part of a city where I feel like a nobody

Alone

Forever Alone

### **“The Raft”**

Laying on the wooden raft

I feel peaceful and carefree

Water splashing against the wood

I feel the heat of the sun on me

## **Haiku**

### **“Camp”**

The water gleaming—

The train tracks surrounded by

the crushed gravel stone.

### **“Too Close for Comfort”**

Sun is half way there—

The hazy, murky water  
lays upon my face.

**“Peaking Memories”**

Warn out and waned down—  
I stare at the old sweatshirt  
that was once brand new.

**Tanka**

**“Shopping”**

Something is on sale  
The excitement of shopping  
Big stores, lots of people  
New clothes, new accessories  
Shopping makes me feel happy

**Cinquain**

**“The Sunset”**

Yellow  
Orange and red  
Clouds like puffy cotton  
Comfort lies upon my two eyes  
Relax

## Music and Poetry

### **“Mindlessness”**

Laying on the grass

Staring at the stars

I feel a part of me I have never felt before

A feeling of wonder

A feeling of sanity

Taking deep breaths

Knowing everything will be okay

I will be okay

### **“Beach”**

The wind whispering in my ear

A calm motionless day

Soaking up the sun

Sand between my toes

The noise of the waves crashing

In and out

In and out

Straw swaying back and forth

## Picture and Poetry

### **“Thunder rolls”**

Summers rolling clouds—

Light flashing before my eyes

Deep in black and red

**“Turtles”**

Waves crashing shorelines—  
Sea turtles floating on backs  
Sun tans their bellies

**Ode**

**“Ode to my old necklace”**

I hold the necklace in my hands  
It was made by a man  
My mother gave it to me when I was small

I still wear it till this day  
I only put it away when I play  
To keep it safe

Silver surrounds the pink stone  
I look at it and I am never alone  
Memories from good times  
Memories from bad times  
I will always love this charm  
And I know it will never cause me harm

### **“Ode to Relaxation”**

Laying on the top of the tower

Feeling the sun’s rays slowly warm my soul

I do not feel like a coward

My body turns into an amberous coal

Sunglasses lay upon my eyes

My vision of a burnt orange tint

The sensation that I have stopped time

to soak in this moment

The glistening sound of a wind chime

The serenity of a fishing line reeling

I clear out the thoughts in my head

to focus on nothing at all

Watching the sun set

Seeing the colors that are in the sky crash

to create a beautiful picture my eyes have just met

The twinkling sound of the waves and sand mash

I am relaxed

Nobody can stop me at all

## Elegy

### "Papa Floyd"

It has been 8 years since you left  
and it has been the most grueling 8 years without you.

I could always count on you to make me smile.  
You made those 2 week long trips with Nanny sane for me.  
Cracking jokes on the Kabota with your 4 grandchildren,  
just putting around the gravel driveway.

Always hearing Nanny scream "god dammit Floyd!" before every sentence she started.

Any adventure we would take you would start by saying "And we're off!"  
But I just wish that "And we're off!" didn't have to mean you taking off into  
heaven and leaving us for the last time.

I miss you Papa and I wish I could've made more memories with you.  
I know you cared about all of us, but I would do anything just to spend one  
more day with you.

I know you are in a better place and I always see your little hints that you are  
watching over me as my guardian angel.

I love you Papa Floyd and will see you when the time comes for me to go.

## English and Italian Sonnet

### **“The little things”**

What is real beauty to you my friend?

Is it looking up at the night sky?

Or thinking the sun set will never end?

Is it hearing the birds chirping oh my?

What about seeing sea turtles hatch?

Or finding a piece of shiny sea glass?

Is it lighting a fiery red match?

Saying a prayer at Sunday mass?

Seeing a newborn with its mother?

Picking up the first flower of spring?

Wondering if you can get another?

Getting a new shiny diamond ring?

What is real beauty to you my friend?

I think real beauty can never end.

### **“Show not tell”**

How do you show someone you love them?

It is the little things that matter most.

Waking up and cooking some French toast.

Picking up flowers and leaving the stems.

Helping them do their homework for chem.

Comforting them when they see a ghost.

Caring for them when they are diagnosed.

Buying them a new shiny gem.

Respecting them anyway that you can.

Seeing the beauty that is held within.

Knowing your love will never fade away.

Being with her until you are an old man.

Looking at them with an enormous grin.

Confronting this crazy life day by day.

## **Carpe Diem**

### **“Carpe Diem”**

To stop a wrinkle in time

To look at the world around you and soak in the moment

To let ambition over power you and follow your dreams

That is what carpe diem is... it is saying to seize the day

## **One scene play with monologue**

### **“You tell him!”**

Scene 1:

(Cindy and Jenny are sitting on Cindy’s bed talking about how bill is so awful to her mom)

Jenny: Why does your mom stay with him anyways?

Cindy: I don’t honestly know, I think it’s because she wants male attention after her and dad split.

Jenny: Why him though? She could get anyone she wanted.

Cindy: I agree! She deserves much better than that piece of scum.

(Cindy hears Bill screaming her name from down stairs)

Cindy: Speak of the devil... what the hell does he want now?

Jenny: I don't know, but you should give him a piece of your mind.

Cindy: Maybe I will.

(Cindy exits to go down stairs)

Cindy: What do you want Bill?

Bill: Can you grab me a cold one?

Cindy: You're not my father, so shut up!

Bill: Well I might be soon

Cindy: Oh, yeah? Well I'm not taking any crap from you, okay? You move in here like some big damned deal and try to take over and run everything and boss people around. Well, you're not bossing me.

Bill: You're mother said I was allowed to help discipline you

Cindy: Oh is that right? Well, in the first place, I don't believe my mother ever said that. And in the second place, if she did, I'm still not going to ordered around in my own home by some loser

Bill: I'm not a loser

Cindy: Yeah, loser! Look at you, sitting around in your robe at eleven o'clock in the morning staring at the sports page while my mom's out working. Don't you have any pride?

Bill: What are you talking about? I work around the house. I am the stay at home dad here.

Cindy: Well, I'm not your daughter, and don't ever forget it. And, if I were, I'd be totally embarrassed to admit it because you're such a nothing, lazy lowlife. Look, you may have Mom fooled, but not me, mister.

Bill: If you say one more disrespectful thing to me don't expect to leave without

a single scratch on your body.

Cindy: Oh, yeah? And just what are you going to do about it? You ever raise a hand to me and I'll tell my father and he'll chop you into little pieces. No wonder kids never want to get married anymore. Not when they see what their parents put each other through and how they behave—like children, like two-year-olds. Like mom moving you in here. She must have been out of her mind.

Bill: Your mom is lucky to have me. She wouldn't spoil you if she wasn't

Cindy: Oh, so I'm just a spoiled brat, huh? Because I won't take any crap from you I'm a spoiled brat. I'm on to you, mister phony; on to your lies and kissing up to my mother because she's a meal ticket. I'm also onto you coming home and finding lipstick on your golf shirt

Bill: What are you talking about that your mother's lipstick

Cindy: Too bad she doesn't wear lipstick

(Mrs. Smith Enters)

Mrs. Smith: What is going on here?

Cindy: Mom, I found lipstick on Bill's golf shirt

Mrs. Smith: Is this true Bill?

Bill: Well yeah...

Mrs. Smith: Get out I'm sick of your crap. Leave me and my family alone.

## Picture and Play

### "The Last Straw"

Rob: (Treading up the path and occasionally rolling his eyes at Sue's remarks)

Sue: This canyon will be an excellent addition to my blog! (smiling) One time I remember, just like this, I was touring a park and there was the cutest squirrel.

Rob: Interesting Sue, interesting

Jane: My feet hurt!

Billy: The sun is in my eyes

Rob: Would you two stop complaining! We are trying to enjoy a good time as a big happy family

Sue: Oh Rob, honey, the kids are just being kids, but the nature now that's...

Rob: You know what Sue? I'm fed up with your crap! You always make everything so fluffy and cute when it's a big deal! I'm done with you! I want a divorce.

Sue: (innocently) A divorce? What are you bringing this up now? In front of the kids!

Rob: After we get back from here I am filing for a divorce.

Sue: Honey, are you sure you are not just engulfed by Mother Nature, right now?

Rob: I have to go back to the firm. I'm sorry kids, but your mother and my work is just way too much for me right now.

### **Three scene, one act play**

#### **“Stranger Serendipity”**

##### Cast

Tris: 17 year old girl who gets a new job at a pizza place

John: Tris's new manager

Callie: 18 years old/Tris's coworker

Ryan: 18 years old/Tris's other coworker

##### Setting

Mama Mia Pizzeria where Tris has started her new job

## Scene 1

(Tris enters her new job for the first time and she is very nervous)

Tris: Hi I was looking for John

Callie: Who are you?

Tris: My name is Tris... I'm new here this is my first day (Tris says with a nervous smile on her face)

(Callie looks Tris up and down and rolls her eyes)

Callie: Okay I'll be right back to tell John you are here (she exits the stage)

## Scene 2

(John comes around the corner)

John: Hi Tris! So I'm going to have you start by tossing some pizza dough with Callie and Ryan. They will show you how

Tris: Okay sounds good. Who is Callie and Ryan again... sorry I just want to make sure I am seeking out the right people

John: No problem, they are right over there (pointing at the backs of a tall boy with light brown hair and the same girl Tris talked to at the beginning of scene 1)

(Tris walks over to Callie and Ryan)

Tris: Hi, I'm Tris! John told me to come over here and he wanted to know if you two could teach me how to toss pizza

Callie: I think we have it under control

Ryan: Callie! Don't be rude it's her first day!

Callie: I'm not being rude, I'm just stating the obvious

Ryan: Come here Tris. It is Tris right?

Tris: Yeah (she said with a little grin on her face)

Ryan: I will show you how. It is very simple (he says with a smile wider than

Tris's)

Callie: How do you not know how to its so easy jeez

Tris: I've never worked in a pizza place, sorry (she said with sass) So Ryan what were you saying

Ryan: oh so all you do is work the dough and stretch it then you toss it

(Callie picks up a piece of dough and chucks it at Tris)

### Scene 3

(Tris stunned takes a chunk of dough and throws it right back at Callie)

Ryan: Girls stop!

Tris: She started it!

Callie: You did with that attitude of yours

Tris: What are you talking about? Ever since I came here all you've done is give me dirty looks and been rude to me!

(John walks in the door and sees the dough everywhere, including in Callie and Tris's hands)

John: Why the hell is there dough everywhere? Huh!? Answer me now!

Tris: Uh, uh, we were...

(Ryan interrupts)

Ryan: It was me. I thought it would be fun to have a dough fight

John: Girls is this true?

(Callie and Tris both look at Ryan and he nods with a reassuring face)

Tris: Yes sir

Callie: Yup

John: Ryan you are fired! I can't have this nonsense in my restaurant

(Ryan hands in his apron and heads outside. Tris follows him and catches up with him at his car)

Tris: Ryan, wait! Are you sure you want to do this? I will go tell him the truth right now, just say the word

Ryan: No, it's okay. I was planning on quitting anyways. I have another job lined up with my dad so it's all good

(Ryan reaches in his pocket and pulls out a pen and paper. He writes something on it and hands it to Tris)

Tris: What is this?

Ryan: It's my number (he grins) Call me sometime

Tris: Alight I will (she said while blushing)

Ryan: Okay see you around

Tris: See ya Ryan