

IN MY MIND

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WHAT KIND OF WRITER AM I?

Many people would say that is a simple question. I have been asked this question many times, I still am not sure of my answer. I would love to say I am a great writer, an impeccable writer, an accomplished writer. I am none of these. I am simply an honest writer, what I feel, what I see, what I can believe in are my inspirations for most of the pieces I have written.

I do not wish to become famous, or write a long line of novels that everyone rushes to the store to buy, I do not hope to be known long after I die for the work I have done. I write because I can, because I love to see what I have to say somewhere other than my mind, and maybe one day someone will like what I have to say, maybe one day it will inspire someone to write as well, maybe my writing won't. At least I did it!

CHRISTINA

Jason is now 23 years old. 5'10" 145 lbs with short brown hair and gorgeous green eyes, he knew he was good looking. He always showcased his amazing 6 pack like " the situation " from jersey shore. Graduated high school with a 4.0 GPA. Yeah he was smart too, not something you would typically see in an overly confident meat head. College was his way to get out of his parents house, a way to party and be the cool kid in town. It almost came natural to him, partying that is. He drank with the best, danced with the best. It was almost like he was the party, and everyone else had to be around him to have fun. Even me, his not so popular girlfriend. I guess popular by association. Everyone does know me, but I'm always Jason's girlfriend, never Christina.

" Jason, babe, could you hand me my pencil?"

" What for?"

" I just need to finish my physics class paper."

He frowned. " Not this again Christina. Every time my parents want us over for dinner you

start doing that, that nervous writing crap. Why?"

" Maybe it's because your parents suck, in all honesty." I snapped.

His parents did suck. Every Wednesday they ask us to dinner and Jason and I get all dressed up to drive 45 minutes away and sit in a mini mansion that Jason will one day inherit along with his father's small fortune, and every Wednesday I will get to listen to his mother cackle and rant on and on about us getting married and having children and then when Jason tells her we just aren't ready for that, I get to listen to them talk about his ex wife. Yeah I said it, ex wife at 23.

" But baby boy, You were ready to marry that one girl, jezebel or Jennifer and you only dated her for 3 weeks."

" Mom I already explained this to you, Jessica was a mistake. I was young and in lust with someone that I didn't even know. Dad, will you please talk some sense into her? make her understand."

" Come now son, your mother just wants what best for you. We both understand why you two are waiting and we are very proud of you for that Your mother just gets a little excited sometimes."

His mother gets a little too excited.. ALL the time!

" My parents don't suck, they just are concerned is all. They want a daughter, and grandkids, and if you would just let me tell them then maybe it wouldn't chap your ass so much to go see them."

" NO. we have already discussed this Jason. NO NO NO !"

" Fine, I won't bring it up again, but when can I tell them?"

" When we are ready, when I am done with school and we don't have to rely on them anymore."

Yah I know I realize that most girls like me would just jump at the thought of marrying Jason. I know about 95% of the girls in this town have, at least 3 times. It has nothing to do with him. It has to do with my background.

" You won't be done with school for 3 more years!"

" And 3 years is more than plenty of time. plus I thought we weren't going to tell them because they don't believe in Vegas weddings?"

" Well, yeah but whatever. Look, get dressed I don't want to be late."

I hate it when he does that. Then I don't get a choice. It won't matter in another year, once I am an American citizen, I will divorce him.

" Yeah Yeah, whatever Jason. I'm getting dressed alright."

POETRY

Break Away

Try, though I may to break away,
live a life that's mine,
my path goes astray,
and still I say I'm fine,
Try I might to win the fight,
break from this ball and chain,
I finally walk into the light,
No more fear or pain.

Fire and Ice

Try I may to break away from your fire and ice,
Live the life I wanted for me
My once paved path now crushed by your deathly vice,
all the help I could have and I let it be.
Try I might to win this fight against your will to keep me,
finally free from your ball and chains,
no more darkness I walk to the light,
I won't fear you, I'm free from the pain.

A LETTER NEVER SENT

To my ex,

When I first met you, I didn't find you attractive at all. The only reason I started talking to you was because we all came up with the plan to get back at we will just call her "a" for sleeping with you while she had a man. Our "first date" was all a joke to make her mad. Yet somehow we started dating. That first month was so great, what everyone calls the honeymoon part or something like that. I should have known you weren't true when I read yours and your exs text on your phones. Yeah, I know I shouldn't have been snooping around but I did and apparently I just couldn't force myself to leave you cause here we are almost 5 years later and I'm just barely getting over you.

You hurt me more then you will ever know. Half the time I want to regret ever talking to you. Half the time, I need to hear you say you love me and still care. What goes around comes around but no matter how many girls cheat on you and leave you and bring you down, I guarantee you will never feel what I've felt for the past 5 years. It's really true that it takes two to tango and you just didn't want to dance did you? I know you will never read this and that is probably why I am letting it all out now because I could never tell you that you hurt me, I refuse to give you that kind of power over me, I have already done it too much and it's time to move on.

Yes I know you're mad, now that you and your ex are over you want me back and you just can't stand that this time I'm not giving in and you now know that you have lost me for good. Now you finally get to love and lose, and you're losing a lot!

My family always tells me how much of a waste of time you were, I don't think so. I think that we did have some good moments, and every once and a while I catch myself daydreaming about those moments. I remember when I had to go to Boise for a weekend and we talked and text all day and night while I was there. Sunday when I got home. I jumped in the shower and started getting ready to see you that night, but you showed up at my house not even twenty minutes after I text you saying I was home. You left work to come and see me. Then I think of when I went to your house to stay the night, And your "lesbian" friend showed up to see you. You left me at your apartment for 2 hours with your room mates. I should have realized then, I should have quit reminding myself of the good times, we had so many of them, but the bad outweighs the good. I spent so many nights crying because I just wanted you here, but I realized that you were put in my life for a reason. You can't live your whole life without getting a heartbreak and up until you, I had never had my heart broken. It is a learning experience, a process to make you stronger and when you realize it and start pushing forward that is when you know nothing is going to get you down like that again because you have learned how to prevent it.

If I ever see you again I won't talk to you. I honestly have nothing left to say to you after I write this letter, this is my goodbye. I won't hold on to something that will never be anymore. I have moved on and now that you realize you have lost me for good, you should too!

A PHOTO

I always remind you of the past,
Large or small I come in many shapes and sizes,
I have been taken for centuries, although I use to only come in black and white.
I'm a scrap bookers best friend,

A criminals worst nightmare,
I will always give you the best description of what you did and who you were with.
Family vacations, weddings, funerals, birthdays,
I will always be there to remind you as long as you take me,
But don't spill anything on my fine wardrobe or you will lose me, unless you kept my
negative of course,
you can process me in a dark room, under a red light I will unveil a moment in time, or take
me to the store.
If you want to be really fancy you can save me on a memory card but careful they can get
cramped.
As long as you remember to take me, I will always remind you of good times, maybe bad
times, or sad times but I will always remind you.

REFLECTION

All the pieces I have put in this portfolio, are pieces I remember clearly, by clearly I mean I do not have to see them to remember what they say. Christina, I think is my best piece by far. I had never written a narrative piece of work until this one. It came as naturally to me as when I write poetry.

All of my writing is inspired by something that has happened in my life in some way, shape or form. The letter to my ex is something I wish I could tell him. I will never get the chance for the simple fact that I do not want him to have anything from me ever again. A photo tells you exactly what I think when I look at a picture. I have ones that make me smile, ones that make me mad, and I have a couple that make me cry. I try to write as much of the truth as I can. I think it captures the best moments in your life, just like a photo.

Making this portfolio was not an easy task for me. My rough draft was a white page with red headings. Nothing fancy, as for the pieces I choose, I took a lot of time selecting what pieces I thought best suited this project. I wanted them to reflect all that I have done, and could do. After I got all of it down on paper and sent it to my teacher, I did not think I would have much to revise, I was wrong! I would like to point out that I have never claimed to be a great or strong writer. I love to write poetry, or little quotes to help get me motivated for that day. I had never really put thought into writing something more until this class.

As you can see, I have changed this portfolio a lot. This portfolio needed to be a piece I would keep, something I would be proud of and not just something I threw together because my teacher told me so. It needed to speak to me as a writer and you as my reader. From the Title, " In My Mind " to the numbers on the page, this portfolio will show you exactly who I am as a writer and a creator. I hope you enjoyed it.

