

College Level Portfolio

1

Naomi Johnson

Eng 330

Dr. Little Sweat

1/26/23

1-*Image*:School Their Daily Obstacle Course

Bbbriinnngg!

The gates flooded open waving hormones
racing each tick to their finish line.

The Giants flowed gracefully as a ribbon dancer.
And the babes become the rocks interrupting the river.

They herd like Domino's stacked up against each other.
mutating the musky heat into salty fragrances.

Their hearts burn with a prison of worries.
Jailbreaking a world called isolation.

Silence is desperately calling the obnoxious voice boxes.
But gets voice-mailed into the background.

What time is it? Can rush hour finally return home?
They ask to end this daily obstacle.

Naomi johnson

1/32/23

Dr. Little Sweat

Eng 330

2 *simile/metaphor*

Stargazing

His life swam as the speed of light
To her insulating coated dome.
Sealed tight, she expanded their bubble
And ejected a priceless gift.

Mini who grew 'till two
When the first motherly light blew goodnight
But Lost not, for father one day sought
A second beautiful moon who twinkled like stars.

Their new mooned love cycled full.
As other phases bore from her.
And strong they stayed happily,
Illuminating the joy shooting by.

For Mini Who with Mini Others.
Linked by blood as magnets.
Desired for such wondrous displays.
Of the moon lover's stargaze..

Naomi Johnson

Dr. Little-Sweat

Eng 330

2/7/23

***3analogy* My Protector**

LISTEN! Quiet as the calmed sea

Rush not to the iceberg peaking above

For you know not the slices it causes.

Let my words be the North star

And my light is the comforter.

Have the faith of a baby bird towards its mother

Doubt not the ability of my sword

Hence weeded your enemies become.

Trust in me your shepherd

Have I ever been a rabid dog?

Or steered your boat down a waterfall?

Naomi Johnson

Dr. Little sweat

Eng 330

2/9/23

4 *symbol*

The Dandelion

The seed sprouted into a bud

battling the weather

And winning the war.

It matured with only two choices;

To be obedient against a gentle breeze,

Or neglectfully disintegrated in a breath.

Naomi Johnson.
Dr. Little sweat.
ENG 330
2/14/23

5 *thing*

The Bathroom

"Sigh" My tent dented in negativity
"Sniffle" "Hwap" "Eerraagh" "groan"
I know, I see, I hear everything.

"Yes!" "OMG" "Skurt, Skurt,Skurt!"
My body echoes your enlightening mood.

I watched your smiles, transformation, and motivation.
Your cries, intimacy, and self addressed anger.

"Sigh" You come and go and never know
What significance I hold to you.
I am your secret treasure chest
The one who sees right through you.

Naomi Johnson
Dr. Little sweat
Eng 330
2/16/23

6 *ironic*

The perceived circle of life

Were born in diapers
We Stumbled and learned.
One day drenched in salty sweat,
Lungs, back, and burning legs
an avalanche of purpose
Shaped that brittle spine
For what was once hercules
was soon reduced backwards.
Stumbling, forgetting, and shrinking down
Like an overgrown baby.

Naomi Johnson

Dr. Little-Sweat

Eng 330

2/21/22

7 *contraries/paradoxes*

We grow in height and age. Some become trees and others stump as rocks.
You go through stages of education, exercising the brain's capacity.

Hormones through a rager as it fires like bullets.
Can we truly experience the endorphins without ecstasy?

Mold and pact ourselves like quilts.
Trying to create the best versions of ourselves.

But when a situation gets dire, how much is truly us?
The waxing of society statue a clone or a new generation.

How would you choose to respond in the moment?
Be solid in your being or puppet from differentiation?

Just wait until the trials, for pressure shows true colors.

Naomi Johnson
Dr. Little Sweat

Eng 330

2/23/23

8 *overstatement*

That Fire ant

Shh! Quiet down please.

Whistle to the frequency of dogs.

Your ants are biting my inner ear scarlett.

I've only reached the top enslaved by time and sweat

Not once have I snatched the carpet from beneath your feet.

Stop claiming a buttery floor and spewing prejudices to the young.

For age is only a number but experience is any tower.

Naomi Johnson

Eng 330

Dr. Little sweat

2/28/23

9 *negative emotions*

The shards sharpened per breath

Cooling pits into unsurvivable depths

Nerves suffocated in disarray

Silent ringing battles on distantly

The words never reached the tunneled ears

But the mood steamed... the mood understood

Must you be one with the ice if not to freeze the pain?

Naomi Johnson

Eng 330

Dr. little sweat

2/28/23

10 *positive emotions*

Can I now defy gravity?

Let me float to the moon.

Let this compressed heat,
illuminate its stool.

Why?

Because!

I am blessed to be with you.

Naomi Johnson

Dr. Little-Sweat

Eng 330

3/14/23

12 ***death avoiding sentimentality***

El fin

Warmth streamed into coals

Smokey fragrance darkens and fades

Way past it's antique.

Naomi Johnson

Dr. Little Sweat

Eng 330

3/14/23

11 ***childhood memory***

Racing Her ("Tomboy")

3!...2!...1!

Go! Go! Go!

Greenery brown & Sandy Rock

Exhilarating shrill theme-like park

Bets fleeting the time stamped clock

Gasses igniting her mini lungs

Speedometer bursting her tiny heart

She defied the 3 antagonistic odds

Irradiating the "tomboy" Grand title

Being small gave rise to success

For she flew a great distance ahead

Airy laughs escape her crescent

As the finish line gave her their blessing

Causing 3 boys to end up stressing.

Naomi Johnson
Eng 330
Dr. Little-Sweat
3/22/23

13 ***Favorite words***

Potential !/?-?/!

Here!

Bite my sweet green apple

Swallow it's dispersing flavor

Boss, your tongue?

Are you sensing stirred talent inside?

Naomi Johnson
Eng 330
Dr. Little-Sweat
3/22/23

14 ***adjectives***

mysteries.
clocks Their
forwarding heart
fast **Almost**  runs
the frantically.
over mind
perplexed

Naomi Johnson
Eng 330
Dr. Little Sweat
3/23/23

15 **2 level lang**

Mental Debate

Honestly, what is...

JUMP AT THEM!

run away.

THROW A PUNCH!

turn a cheek

SMOTHER THE GAS!

Are you serious?

BE A SPIKE!

just aim south.

STRIKE TURE!

You know you'll lose?

I DON'T CARE!

You should.

GET OUT!

I can't.

MOUSE IT THEN!

I'll only squeak.

TURN IT DOWN!

But... you won't here.

THAT'S THE POINT!

You'll come up short.

Sscchhmm-hhuuhh.

There we go!

The blinds fluttered open

"It's fine. Accidents happen. I'll just get another."

Much better.

Naomi Johnson

Eng 330

Dr. Little-Sweat

3/23/23

16 **sound**

The email

Flapping through screeching winds searching the dial.

Denial crept deep after sputtering for a while.

A caw rejected from that scratchy tube

snorting at a company which had nothing to fuel.

Naomi Johnson

Dr. Little Sweat

Eng 330

4/4/23

18 **Quiet poem**

good night

(Inhale) tick tock tick tock tick tock tick tock

(Exhale) tick tock tick tock tick tock tick tock

tick tock off tock tick tock off to sleep i need.

tick tock settle tock tick tock settle in real deep

tick tock nuzzle tock tick tock nuzzle beneath the heat

tick tock pause tock tick tock pause the mind i think.

tick tock hear tock tick tock hear the air i seek.

tick tock close tock tick tock close my eyes to sleep.

Naomi Johnson
Dr. Little Sweat
Eng 330
4/4/23

17 *musical instrument*
The thrum of the drum

An ache, heartbeat, or breath.
Voluntary rhythmic steps.
Vibrant in color and thoughts.
Exhilarating one's mental part.
Taps and tickles the ears.
Erasing the people's fears.
Pooling them all together,
To feel this beautiful treasure.
The circular type thrum,
Which had boomed out and sung

Naomi Johnson
Dr. Little Sweat
Eng 330
4/6/23

20 *internal/external rhyme*

Knock, knock! Here's the lesson.
And all tunes it's confession.
Of blocking the wise to a demise.
By streaming out its transgressions.

Naomi Johnson
Dr. Little Sweat
Eng 330
4/6/23

21 ***energetic***

Please! Rush not the canoe.
For if I were you I'd hold out due to respect.

Mountains fire not on leads. It's a melting pot, a wasted residue.
Keep whipping the Rose and watch it flow vertically ashore.

Patience is key, which you failed to see Mi Amor.

Naomi Johnson
Dr. Little Sweat
Eng 330
4/6/23

22 ***sounds echos meaning***

Thwacking the brain and giving strained thoughts.
Sizzling neurons completed an onslaught of explosions.
Aahhh! This skull splitting pain grade..
Why can't I think?

Naomi Johnson
Dr. Little Sweat
Eng 330
4/6/23

19 ***frequencies***

Is the twitch too tough?
The pools of life frowning the frame till it stuck.
Making the single lonely and undone.
Naomi Johnson

Naomi Johnson
Dr. Little Sweat
Eng 330
4/13/23

23 **epistolary**

Naomi

Informat

Mrs. ma'am, please have faith in me.

...

I know it feels like three thousand years.

...

Your point is processed and my actions assessed.

I failed it once, now here's the test.

Each day marks off as calendars fly.

I know by that star I'm supposed to be high.

...

Yes, I think and plan; it shifts like sand.

...

My band of errors posts and quickens.

...

OK, OK, I'll pray more.

I'll search through the answer book.

Highlight for me the path to success.

So that my path makes corrections.

...

Yes, even if it's not finished these three months.

...

Have faith in me. I'll get it done.

Naomi Johnson
Dr. Little Sweat
Eng 330
4/13/23

24 **acrostic**

Mind me, growing to think as you?
Or be more fitting to your standards?
Timing my chances to to truly connect by,
Honing your lessons in daily and,
Engraving them into my behavioral being.
Reality being defined by me is stapled from your essence.

Naomi Johnson

Dr. Little Sweat

Eng 330

4/13/23

25 *mythological*

The seed of impossible possibles

Everyone come, come!

Garner all you people and listen to my words.

I bring knowledge and truth about a power we all possess.

Pfft. What power? I truly don't have all day.

Shh! Listen, Listen!

The power is said to be planted within thee.

His holy words nourish it and give great power to all.

WHAT!? POWER!? GET TO THE POINT!

YEAH GET TO THE POINT!

He said the power can move mountains.

He said it allows any success possible.

Oh Yeah? Then why aren't I rich then?

Pfft, hahaha! Hahahah!

Tsk, tsk poor soul. Your plant has yet seen daylight.

For it can only work for those who believe.

High School Level cw

Those Up Above

It's been some time now that the coopers have been married. They are ready for the next step, having a baby. God looks into the big globe showing Mr. and Mrs. Cooper in the hospital getting ready for birth. Lots of little tiny floating orbs of light are surrounding him. You could call them fairies if you like. These tiny creatures are people in heaven that want to go to earth and fulfill their trials. They are ignorant. They don't know what situation they are going to be in or what they'll turn out to be.

"Pick me!"

" Pick me.!"

They cry out to the Lord God Almighty. His attention turns to the smallest one of them all.

"Go little one."

He calls out.

"To be the blessing child to this family and they shall call you Sarah."

"Push!"

"Puush!"

"OK, just one time."

Says the doctor.

Finally born into this world was indeed baby Sarah Cooper. Once the Orb is born into a child of the family, they remember nothing of what happened before. Along with every child that is born into this world, the Lord always assigns them a personal Angel. This Angel takes messages of them, guides, and protects them. To follow you everywhere. Assigned to baby Sarah is Mitchell..A nice and very kind Angel. He will be with her for the rest of her life. The only thing is she won't be able to see him. Only during spiritual moments do you see them. Will gladly love her life for a while.

9/5/17

The role that I play in my family is the oldest. I'm the oldest child out of a family of nine. It's my job to wake up everyone to get ready for school. It's my job to get my siblings tucked in the bed and all lights off. It's my job to choose my choices carefully because what I do, my siblings would like to watch and imitate me. It worries me. I've got to be careful. Was afraid of making a mistake I'll regret. I've mainly got to figure things out on my own. I've got to make sure my grades are on point, to make God, my parents, and myself proud. Today I don't feel so great. In Spanish class near the last 20 minutes of class, We had to answer questions then write an essay in Spanish about our experience on whatever type of topic above that was listed. One, I'm not good at writing in Spanish. Two, I don't know much of how to write what I want to in Spanish. And three, I'm just quite slow so I need more time. It was supposed to be done at the end of class with 150 words in Spanish on that paper. I had only 40 there. She said if we didn't have 150 words on that paper, we got an automatic F. I just failed my first real assignment. A lot of us did. Now what am I going to say to my parents when they see that? I just let everyone down and we just started this school year.

9/7/17

One ... Muffled screams and moans Two ... Fairy fire and ash up above with flashing soldiers. Three ... The last time I saw my mother's face before she shoved me into the water to keep the soldiers from catching me. I sit up in the bathtub with water dripping off my face. The memory of what happened is still playing in my mind. I'm in my abandoned apartment on my own. I'm the only one that survived thanks to my mother. The king sent out his soldiers to destroy my homeland looking for me. Mother told me that I was special. That I had and could do something that the king wants. I do have powers. I like to use them but my father told me to keep them hidden. I missed them. My mom, dad, brother are all dead. My father knew this would happen. He tried to get people to flee as quickly as possible. Some made it. I was playing Soccer with my best friend and his crew when the attack happened. I ran towards my brother's school. I'm the fastest person in my land. But I wasn't fast enough with this one. The school exploded right in front of me. Gone. Demolished. Time slowed down and my heart stopped. A tight grip on my arm pulled me out of my days. "Hey.Go! Jump in the water! Hold your breath and swim to the bottom!" My mother shouts."I love you!" She pushed me in. And got shot. That was the last of her. My memories.

To be continued

9/11/17

Today I feel good. I just made it through my Spanish 3 honors class. Had to do a play in Spanish and present it in class. I only messed up on one line, other than that I'm cool. I got a good grade which makes me feel so alive. I'm also too hyper-getic because it is indoor track season. If my dad agrees with me doing indoor track and lets me go to this meeting tomorrow, I'll be lit. I love running, it's my life. I smile when I run all the time. I love to feel the burning sensation in my lungs, legs and arms. I love the feeling of my heart beating so fast it's about to explode. I feel happy and alive. He is like a thrill ride or a rollercoaster. Some kids think I'm crazy when I say running around the school is fun. I could do a whole bunch of running, get tired, but rest for just thirty seconds to a minute. I'll have a lot of energy to do it all over again. It makes me proud of myself to run and forget myself. To forget about the world around me. To forget about my problems.

9/13/17

Your poetry I think of inner thoughts, deep feelings being spoken about through riddles and literary terms. I define poetry as a short nature of structural writing that gets you to think about the meaning rather than being straightforward. Tell when a writing is poetry when it has a certain format and line alignment. Say stanza, whatever, in line, whatever. Poems are either on the side or straight down the middle. Can rhyme after every other line and sentence. This can be describing anything. Poems can be long and short. I don't have a favorite poem or poet. I think reasons for people to like poems is either because it can relate to them or that's their life. It could be that that is how they feel at the moment. It could be how they see it or know someone going through it. Who could not like it because they disagree with it. There are not a lot of reasons to not like poetry. Sharing your thoughts and expressions can be awesome. Poetry is critical thinking more so to me. Songs could also start off as poetry. There's no pacifics with poetry.

9/15/17

Today I feel happy, but also disappointed. I should have gone up and gotten it over with, but no, instead I was a coward and kept quiet in my seat. I know I have great potential, but sometimes I'm just afraid to let it all out. Why do I have to be so shy and unconfident? Why can't I talk so easily to people that seem cool? Why do I get nervous when I think certain thoughts but can't speak it out loud? Why do I not participate in fun things that allow people to have fun? It's hard for me to lose myself in the midst of the auras. My experiences are very slim compared to others. I'm called to be a leader, but that only makes me feel worse. I'm just afraid of making mistakes. I'm constantly being watched out and observe. I'm constantly being tested, I'm clumsy as can be, I can't even keep up with simple directions and for information. How come I can do excellently well in class, but once it's the big final Test, I fail it because I know nothing of what it wants? Life can be really weird, you know? We all have our trials we have to go through. My trial is mainly what I do that makes me... me.

9/19/17

Helen

"Let me ask you a question?" .

Ocean says to Helen.

"If she was in danger and her life depended on you, would you help her?"

"Of course I would."

Helen retorts.

Her jaw was set and eyes still settled on her sister who was laughing and walking with her boyfriend on a date. It's been 17 years since she's seen her sister. 17 years ago, their mother had somehow died when giving birth to her sister Hazel. Their world, which was a different planet from Earth, was being attacked. Then destroyed by an atomic explosion. Her mother was able to send her sister to earth in the hands of a couple that she thought would take care of her. Helen refused to believe that her mother died by giving birth. She saw her that morning, fine and strong. Then after her sister was out, her mother gave her orders with a strong voice and was walking like she never gave birth. There was no way her mom just died.

"You will eventually have to explain to her, you know."

Ocean speaks, interrupting Helen's thoughts. Helen sighs.

"I just don't understand one thing. Your sister, Summer. She has the exact same eyes my mother did. And when she transforms, she also looks like my mother. How can you explain that?"

9/22/17

Hazel

I feel like a burst of energy is shot through me. I walked the hallways more confidently, I smiled more easily. I just rocked my Spanish class thanks to hanging around Summer and her family. They can speak tons of languages fluently. I'd never known how fast I could speak in Spanish.

"Woo!"

I scream in the hallway, suddenly strong but gentle hands wrapped their arms around me.

"Having a party without me."

It's my boyfriend, Terrence. He's a rapper. His rapper name is TJ.

"Sure",

I laugh out loud. He tickles me near my ribs, making me giggle more as we make our way out to the car. "

Got your pass?"

I asked, still not in series mode.

"Don't I always?"

He says, with his nose between my neck. As he starts to drive away from the campus, he asks in his caring way,

"How are you?"

"Great."

But I hear in his thoughts that he's talking about the whole situation, about my sister Helen and the family and world crap. 17 years and she chose now to show up. I'm still upset that my parents never told me they weren't my real parents. How long did they think they could hide that?

To be continued

3/2/18

Summer vs. Frenemy

Summer, staring into the eyes of the young girl, decided to test this girl. She squeezed the hand of the girl real tight. The girl has Mitch match eyes. One from her father and one from her mother. The left eye is brown and the right eye is green. The girl squeezed back as hard as she could. Her grip was really strong, Summer realized. Summer smiled.

"She's a strong little fellow"

she said to her frenemy, who happened to be the father of this child.

"Yeah, we let her try a few things differently",
he said. "

So is this enough proof that I won't betray you again? Because I really need your help and she is my life right now. I need you to help us save our home."

Summer considered his words. She looked at her husband Rawn. She tilted her head at him.

He nodded, showing he understood and agreed. Summer looked at the girl.

"What did you say your name was again?"

"I'm Tori and I am six years old."

"My Queen, I promise you. I will serve you for the rest of my life if it gets you to help me. I know our past wasn't great because I was terrible to you, but please, I'm begging you."

What should someone do? Helped his old enemy. Or leave them to fend for himself?

4/24/18

Felice

She smiled with excitement. She has finally done it. She completed the course perfectly and accurately. Her speed was perfect. Stealth was beyond amazing. Her grace was as smooth as butter. Her mother stood before her, standing up straight, tall, and graceful. Her muscles relaxed, green eyes sat straight into total focus. She stood there, staring at Felice. For long moments of silence.

"Good job," Summer says.

"Good job. That's it? Seriously?!"

Felice Whines. Summer returns to walk out of the room.

"Yeah, what did you expect? A party?"

respond Summer.

"No, but I've improved so much more than before. You made me into this."

Felice says.

"Indeed I did."

"So why are you treating me like this?"

Summer shrugs.

"Maybe because I'm the Queen and you've got 100 other siblings that do the same thing."

Felice shakes her head.

"Besides, you're the only child that wants to take my place as queen."

Summer smiles at Felice.
"Can't wait to see what you'll do."
Felicity stares at her mom in disbelief.
"You mean you'll let me do it?"
"If you pass the test,"
Summer retorts.

ACT I

Scene i

MS. CHUNN walks into the classroom. The four students are each sitting at a desk. KELSEY and ALYSSA sit in the front two desks. KENZIE (with headphones in) and NAOMI in the back two desks.

MS. CHUNN (*frantically while fixing her shirt*) Good morning class.

Students do not respond

MS. CHUNN I hope that you all had a great weekend, unfortunately I did not.

NAOMI Well why not Ms.Chunn?

MS. CHUNN This weekend I lost someone so dear to my heart. We made so many memories and I'll never ever forget him. (*dramatic pause*) My fish was my best friend... my fish was my everything.

ALYSSA (*sarcastically*) Awe, I'm so sorry to hear that. What was his name?

MS. CHUNN Scales Junior, but I called him SJ.

KELSEY Wow, that's the most creative name I've ever heard. (*laughs*)

ALYSSA (*placing her hand on her chin, leaning forward*) So Ms.Chunn, how exactly did your fish die?

MS. CHUNN Well, I was cleaning his bowl --

KELSEY (*interrupting MS.CHUNN*) Mhm interesting, tell us more.

MS. CHUNN So I put him in a glass of water, I ended up getting extremely thirsty and had to quench it. So, I picked up my glass of water, which so happened to be the same glass that Mr---

KELSEY (*turning her nose up, disgusted*) Please don't tell me you ate your--

MS. CHUNN (*burying her head in her hands*) Ugh, I'm a fish murderer!

KENZIE (*taking both earbuds out*) Murderer? Who's a murderer? You killed someone Ms.Chunn?

ALYSSA Yep, her fish was sliced and diced by her chain on her braces.

KENZIE Oh my God. See this is why I don't take out my headphones (*places her headphones back into her ears*)

NAOMI Don't fret Ms.Chunn. God forgives us of all our sins--

KELSEY Oh, lord, here comes Ms. Preacher, what scripture do you have for us today?

NAOMI I'm serious guys. He will forgive you; in a couple of days the weight will be lifted off of your chest Ms.Chunn. Bad things happen all the time, but--

STUDENTS AND MS. CHUNN- God is a healer. Yes, we know Naomi you tell us everyday.

MS. CHUNN gets the classes attention, KENZIE takes earbuds out of her ears.

MS. CHUNN Back to business. For today's lesson, we'll be learning about the oceanic ecosystem and how valuable fish are. Do you all know anything about fish?

ALYSSA I know that you swallowed one.

KELSEY Well, I had fish for dinner last night. Does that count?

KENZIE I go fishing.

NAOMI And my Lord Christ and savior created fish!

MS. CHUNN Good job class, it's obvious that you all have abundant knowledge when it comes to fish.

MS.CHUNN begins teaching and her stomach growls

MS. CHUNN (*Holding her stomach groaning*) There are approximately 3.5 trillion fish in the world. It is an entire seaworld!

ALYSSA Minus the one in your stomach.

MS.CHUNN turns and begins writing the lesson on the board.

KELSEY (*Talking to Alyssa*) I just can't get past how dumb you have to be to swallow a fish. I mean did you not feel something slimy in your mouth! Ms.Chunn is one of the weirdest people I've ever met.

ALYSSA Right.

KENZIE I agree, no wonder her husband left her.

KELSEY Oh wow, looked who decided to join the conversation.

ALYSSA Welcome back to Earth Kenzie, we've missed you.

KENZIE Oh shut up. I listen to half of the things that you guys say, I just chose not to respond to the stupidity. Plus rock music is way better than hearing Ms.Chunns annoying scratchy voice.

KELSEY Amen to that one! Her husband probably worked late at the office every single day on purpose.

ALYSSA I don't blame him.

KENZIE I wouldn't want to come home to a crazy cat lady who kills a fish every two weeks either.

KELSEY She's lost so many fish that now we just pretend to feel bad for her and listen to how it died.

ALYSSA This time she swallowed it, next time she'll accidentally put it in her PB&J
(*KELSEY and KENZIE chuckle*)

NAOMI Are you guys talking about Ms.Chunn? That is a sin you know. God doesn't like it when you talk about his beautiful creations.

KELSEY Well, it's a good thing that Jesus died for my sins.

ALYSSA Amen Kelsey.

NAOMI Interesting enough, I had a dream about a fish last night. He was swimming along the stream, telling me that God has put him in a special place. He is now living in the mansion that is waiting for Ms. Chunn for her when she comes to heaven. God told me that Ms.Chunn would be struggling with this. *(now yelling)* I am her saviour!

KELSEY Yes Naomi, you're her savior.

ALYSSA You're a nutcase.

Bell rings to dismiss class, students start to get up to leave.

MS. CHUNN Oh My God, is that the bell already?

ALYSSA I mean what else would it be?

KELSEY You spent 99% of the class talking about how you swallowed your fish.

MS. CHUNN Well then class, we will have a quiz--

KELSEY *(interrupting MS. CHUNN)* You know Ms.Chunn you're a great teacher. I aspire to be like you.

MS. CHUNN I'm so happy to hear that. Just because of Kelsey's kindness, no quiz tomorrow.
(students walk out the classroom)

ACT I

Scene ii

Next day. KELSEY, KENZIE, and ALYSSA walk into classroom and take their seats. MS. CHUNN is nowhere to be found.

KELSEY *(pulling out cellphone)* Oh my gosh! Did you see on the news?

ALYSSA See what?

KELSEY Okay, so remember when I told you that Ms.Chunn got divorced?

ALYSSA Yes, what about it?

KELSEY *(yelling)* He's dead!

KENZIE *(now joining the conversation)* Dead? Who's dead?

KELSEY Ms.Chunns husband, well ex-husband.

ALYSSA Oh my God. How did you find out?

KELSEY Just now breaking news *(holds out phone)* "Peter Parker Chunn was found dead in a local river basin".

ALYSSA You think Ms.Chunn did it ?

KENZIE Honestly, I wouldn't be surprised.

NAOMI walks in late holding her Bible in her arms.

NAOMI Hey Guys, how's this beautiful morning? I accidentally fell asleep reading my bible in the library. Oh God, I hope Ms.Chunn doesn't write me up.

KELSEY She's not even here yet. Such a bum.

ALYSSA Probably busy swallowing another fish

KELSEY More like hiding from twelve

NAOMI The cops! Why would Ms.Chunn be hiding from the cops?

KENZIE She killed her husband. Cold blooded.

ALYSSA Yep!

KELSEY With her bare hands, then dumped him in the river basin. (*shakes head*)

MS. CHUNN walks into *the classroom, hair wrapped and head down.*

MS. CHUNN Goodmorning class

KELSEY Goodmorning Ms.Chunn

ALYSSA (*coughs*) Murderer

MS. CHUNN Murder? Did I hear someone say murder?

ALYSSA No, Ms.Chunn you're going crazy.

NAOMI God forgives you Ms.Chunn don't be afraid to come clean!

MS. CHUNN (*frantic*) Come clean? I have done nothing! What are you crazy kids talkings about?

KELSEY I saw your ex-husband on the news this weekend.

ALYSSA Mhm she sure did.

KELSEY Heard they found his dead body dumped in a river basin.

MS. CHUNN (*pretending to be shocked*) What! Oh no, not my poor Peter.

KENZIE Did you do it Ms.Chunn?

KELSEY Did you kill him Ms.Chunn?

ALYSSA pulls out her phone.

MS. CHUNN No! (*pauses then starts voice rising and trembling*) Of course not... I mean why would I? He was only the worst human being in the world! Gosh I hated him!

ALYSSA plays fake police sirens on phone.

MS. CHUNN (*running out of the room*) I did the world a favor. You'll thank me one day.

KELSEY Wait... did she just admit to killing her husband?

ALYSSA Who knows? Who cares?

KENZIE Where is she going?

ALYSSA Again, who cares.

NAOMI God forgives.

KELSEY Well, since our teacher left we don't have to be here either. So i'm out.

ALYSSA Me too.

KENZIE Right behind you.

NAOMI (*pulls out her bible and says a silent prayer*) Lord please

(Stage lights fall)

High School Level Portfolio

Portfolio

Creative Writing Honors

MR. Reilly's 2A Class

May 26 2018

Naomi J.

Introduction

This is my portfolio. The book of all the work and growth I've done throughout this school year. I have all the different styles of writing I learned in this school year. Who knew that there were so many different styles and types of poems. I've got a couple in here. I would explain what they were and show what my own looked like. Poems aren't the only thing you'll see. I also have worked on stories and plays. I enjoyed that part the most. You would learn how I learned the true use and value of a play and story. You learn a lot when you think deeply about something that would normally be overlooked.

Introduction To Short Story

This short story was a bit tricky. It is a story that can be read in one sitting. It expresses the character's personality whether it is directly or indirectly. It is suppose to display all the parts and characteristics of a stories plot, figurative language, and etc. I made a story about a girl who thought there was no hope left for her. She thought her mother was dead in a plane crash but it turned out that that wasn't her. As she struggles to get her life together with her dad, she meets more relatives that reassure her that she's not alone.

Reconnection

The night was cold and helpless against the storm. Rain was pouring down like a drummer beating his drums. It was thirty two degrees in Virginia. Hailey Steward stared at the window watching the raindrops reconnect. The larger drops slid down the window. She was in the living room. It wasn't very big, but it was enough for her parents, Henry and Abigail Stewards, and her. The TV above the warming fireplace was on the news channel. Hailey was worried about her mother, who was supposed to be on her way from New York. Her mother was a New York City lawyer.

"Hailey, come away from there and eat with me," Henry Steward called from the kitchen. Hailey made a disgusted face and hesitantly joined her father in the kitchen. Her father, slouched lazily in his seat, met her eyes.

"You have nothing to worry about, pumpkin. She will be fine," he said with absolute confidence.

How could he be so sure? She thought. *He's hardly done anything since he retired from baseball coaching.* She looked at her bowl of chicken noodle soup and shook her head.

"What? I tried, okay. I'm not a good cook like your mother, but I know a little something."

Hailey decided to be grateful and eat her dinner. After her nightly chores, she went to bed. But her mind was a windstorm of worries. She still had a strong feeling, as strong as her own heartbeat, that something was bad was going to happen.

The morning air was cold. The only sound in the house was the sound of someone or something sniffing. Hailey had not heard the morning music her father liked to blast through the house. She walked into the living room, but he wasn't there. She looked in the kitchen. The stove was cold. There weren't any dishes in the sink. Hailey knew right away that something was wrong.

"Dad," she said.

She went to her parents bedroom and knocked. No one answered. Hailey opened the door and saw her father crying in the corner. When he noticed her standing there he cleared his throat.

"The plane your mother was supposed to be on it-it-it crashed because of the storm."

Hailey stood there stunned, the warm memories of her mother slowly fading to a dull lifeless picture. She had been afraid of this. She had felt something bad was going to happen, and here it was. Her dad had said that her mother would be fine, but he was wrong. Hailey went to her room and shut the door. She stayed in there all day, crying herself to sleep.

2 weeks later, Hailey's father was packing things into the car.

"What are you doing?" Hailey asked.

"Hurry up and get dressed were leaving," Henry answered.

"Why?" she asked.

"Just do what I said," he retorted.

When she was in the car ready, Henry started to drive. They drove for hours, all the way to Atlanta, Georgia. Henry drove up a driveway of a big, nice-looking house.

“Welcome to the home of your grandparents,” he said.

Mother Rachel and Papa B came out to greet them. Cousin Ned came out to help them with their bags. Mother Rachel gave Hailey a life-threatening hug.

“Precious, it’s been a long time since I last saw you. You were yee high, and now you’re nearly an adult. How old are you now?”

“Sixteen.”

“Sixteen, wow. You even have your mother’s face.”

Hearing that made Hailey wince.

“Oh, I mean... sorry I didn’t mean to--?” Mother Rachel asked. Henry walked up to hailey and put his hand on her shoulder.

“Yeah, Mom, we understand.”

“Well, Ned boy, show them to their rooms,” Papa B said.

Hailey’s room was big, with a twin bed, a huge closet, a dresser with an mirror attached, a mini dresser with a lamp on top, a ceiling fan with four big light bulbs on it, and two big windows that faced into the backyard with it’s pool. *Mother would have loved it here*, Hailey thought. She opened the mini dresser and found the Holy Bible.

2 hours later.

“Hailey.” Her father had entered the room. Hailey closed the dresser.

“They said dinner’s ready. You want to eat?”

Hailey shrugged.

“Look, I know you’re trying to hang in there with what happened about your mother, and I want to just say that I’m here for you,” her father told her. When he got up to go eat, she

followed. She had to sit beside Ned. No one spoke to Hailey while they ate. They let her be. But after dinner, Ned was all in her face.

“So what do you like to do? What do you want to do for fun? Got any friends? Was you well known at your old school?”

The last question had caught Hailey’s attention. “Was? what do you mean by old school?”

“Answering questions with questions,” he smiled. “Didn’t know you were that type.”

“I don’t know what your talking about.”

“Oh, I think you do.” He tried to wriggle his eyebrows.

“Oh leave me alone,” she told him. “ You still hadn’t told me by what you meant by old school.”

“Wait, your dad didn’t tell you?”

“Tell me what?”

On the steps, leaned over the rails, Ned studied her. “Your dad’s sending you to my high school on Monday. He was supposed to have told you before dinner.”

Trouble just keeps on coming, She thought.

Hailey Steward spent weeks at the new high school and had fit in fine. She had done the work, but won’t talk much to the other students. The weather was still nasty. The storms seemed to only get worse up north. They started reducing the amount of planes taking off and time frames planes could fly around.

“Today, class, you had a project introduced. You have to bring a mother or someone close to school and talk about them to us. This assignment will be due Monday, two weeks from now,” Said the teacher.

“But what if I can’t complete that assignment?” Hailey asked.

"I'm sure there is someone you're close too. Just figure it out child," the teacher said.

Later that afternoon, Hailey was pacing around in her room.

"Somethings got you stuck?" cousin Ned asked.

"No."

"Um, I know stuck when I see it."

Hailey glared at him.

"Just saying. I'm here if you need help."

"I don't need your help."

"Well, for some people it's just hard for them to ask for help. They feel they have to do it all on their own."

Hailey hesitated. She knew he was right. She sat on the edge of the bed.

"I got this mother and speech project, and I---"

"Don't know how you'll do it? I get it. I had the same problem. My parents died in a car crash 2 years ago. It was their anniversary, and they were on there way back home, when they got hit by a drunk driver. But I used Mother Rachel for that project. She's pretty awesome once you get to know her."

"But that's the thing. I don't know her."

"Then get to know her, duh."

"Sorry, I have been eavesdropping, and what I want to say is, don't be afraid to find her out," Papa B. said.

Later that night, Hailey went to the family room, but as she went, she heard her father and Mother Rachel talking.

“It was strange. I was sure it was a ghost,” Henry said.

“One, ghosts aren’t real, and two, maybe she never got on it in the first place. She could have just got stuck on the job or missed the flight, well all the flights so far then” said Mother Rachel.

Got stuck on the job? Missed the flights? What are they talking about? Hailey had thought.

“What do we tell Hailey?” Henry asked.

“It’s best not to say anything. What if it was some kind of prank? We don’t want her feelings hurt,” Mother Rachel responded.

Suddenly Hailey didn’t want to talk to Mother Rachel. She ran to her room and locked the door.

Since then, Hailey turned a blind eye toward Mother Rachel. She wouldn’t talk to her though she knew time was slipping away for that project.

I could just talk about my mother and then say she couldn’t make it. Hailey decided. Lately everyone had been jumpy when Hailey came around. She noticed. Then her father came in her room three nights before the project was due.

“Hailey, I have to leave. We had left something important at home. I’ve got to get it. I will try to be back before your presentation.” Henry told her.

“It’s no use. Wait, how did you know I --?”

“I was told about it. I knew you had no one you could relate to but your mother. I’ve got to be there.”

“Okay. Good night. Be safe. I refuse to have no dad, too,” Hailey said.

“Don’t worry, pumpkin,” her father said confidently.

Since that night, Hailey had been worried, Not the same worry she felt before the crash. On the day Hailey’s projects due. Mother Rachel, Papa B., and cousin Ned kept smiling at her.

Why are they so happy? Hailey had thought.

When Hailey presented her speech, but as she stepped to sit down, her mother entered the room and said, “That would be me she was talking about.” She turned toward Hailey. “An old woman begged me not to get on that plane. My phone was dead, and I had lost my charger. Later the power went out. I was stuck there. I couldn’t call. I’m sorry. The storm wasn’t safe for travelling. I’m glad I wasn’t on that plane.”

Hailey beamed with joy and cried.

“ I love you. Thank you God for keeping her and helping bring her back to me.”

Introduction to Haiku

This is a 3 lined poem with a describing the seasons of nature in a creative way through a 5, 7, 5 syllable structured pattern. This one is my favorite. I had the most fun with this one.

Reformed from ugly
Is the new baby, alive,
Breathing, healthy, strong

Steamed hot tarred pavements
Hand burning convertibles
Baked by night cities

He has a jacket
And brownish-orangish-like hair
His smile is windy

Hard and stiff and stuck
Motionless, energy less
Pale and colorless

Introduction to Limerick

This is another type of poem style. This is a 5 lined humorous poem that rhymes. Lines 1, 2, and 5 rhyme with each other, and lines 3 & 4 rhyme with each other. The structural pattern is 3 beats, 3 beats, 2 beats, 2 beats, and 3 beats.

There once was a blue jay that flies
Who wanted to fly up the skies
The bullet was shot
And his wing had been caught
There once was a blue jay that dies

A house full of Finn had been won
The safety and totals are a ton
With screaming wild kids
And daring teen bids
The watchers had said they were done

Introduction to sonnet

A sonnet is when you put a story in a 14 line poem form and a rhyme scheme. There are 3 types;

The Italian, which has the abbaabba cdcdcd or abbaabba cdecde

Divided in eight octave lines and solved in a set of 6 lines.

The Shakespearean, has 3 quatrains which is 4 lines and 1 couplet which is 2 lines. Rhyme scheme of abab CDCD EFEF GG

And Spenserian, which same as Shakespearean but rhyme scheme of an an bcbc CDCD EE. I did the Shakespearean one.

It's useless pressure going out like that
With holey shoes and stale jeans ripped to shreds
What's the matter with you picking the fact
You're fighting, taking meds

It's midnight, behind bars
A heated buzzed ride
Silent, darkness, stars
Bad thoughts turned upside

You're failing badly
And committing crimes
Terribly, madly
For a dead man's time

Pack up were sending you to juvenile
The camp will help his life worth a good while

Introduction to a Ballard

This is another poem telling another interesting story in a nice flowing way.

His mission's to find the lovely girl.
He writes to her everyday.
His 'tension's to give hard the diamond ring
If only she'll come his way

He also never gave her his name.
He writes as a secret admirer
No returning address because of his fame
But his love for her is on fire

His being the best of all agents

He said to her peers, "Give her, her mission
Helping this test for her allegiance.
His address and Diamond ring might bring tension

The night is cool with sound less might.
Her footsteps calm and sure
She jumped with speed but high in flight,
And steady, fast, and pure.

Up she climbs the tallest trees
"I think I'm ready" she said
She climbs the roof but what she sees
She gasps, slips, and turns red.

She isn't ready. How could this be?
A wonderful mission to tease.
Oh what will she do for it is he
The wonderful Danny Mckees.

Her mission's to retrieve the diamond ring
The peers sent her this address
However she didn't know what it would bring
So much for great success.

He creeps on down the wooden stairs
The knob he found turns for sure
While lips do frown, she checks for sound
He opens and walks out The doors.

She jumped down quietly behind a tree
Seeing him coming out
She stood as still as a tree can be
Hoping he wouldn't shout.

He whistled a tune up to the moon
She followed with listening ears
For she knew she'd have to go soon
But her eyes were full go tears

She stopped to turn back to his house
But finally she saw the ring
She reached for the pocket like a mouse
But too far, she falls with a sting

"Ow" she cried holding her chin
In mid step quickly he froze.
Shocked like he was caught in sin
He turned, smiled, and brushed his nose.

"Whatever" he laughs "I knew you'd come"
He continued to smile and spoke
"Come on" he said. "I'll offer you some"
"So confused" she started to croak.

"Confused why? I know who you are"
" the amazing Ashley Willows"
"I came this way for you so far"
"Your face is under my pillows"

"Picture of me? How could this be?"
"My profile is secretly hidden"
"My hacking is good as you can see"
He laughs like he's truly kiddin'

"You're not the only agent here"
"I'm on a mission too"
"Unable to find you was my fear"
"Sadly that is true"

"Why should it matter that I care?"
Ashley asked in wonder
A true answer would be fair
Danny tries to ponder?

"Oh right I have feelings for you"
"And that you is me?"
"Yes my love, the feeling is true"
"Ugh, don't let it me"

"No Ashley it's all fact and real
I want you to be mine
And truly know that's how I feel
As partners we will shine"

"How do I know it's not a fake?
What makes you truly love me?
I don't want to make a mistake
Or be on your lover's tree"

"Because I'm that guy you write to
I'm your secret admirer
I sent you this mission, spite of
Conditions you may require

"Though we're agents, life if danger
Will you be with me forever?"
"Of course," Ashley says no stranger
Because she thought he was quite clever.

He gives her the diamond ring
And back to his house they go
She calls her peers, they say " cha-ching"
"A wedding?" maybe they'll know.

What an accomplishment both A and B
And a love scheme for dreaming pillows.
The two mini couples both fine and free
Danny McKee and Ashley Willows.

Introduction to Free Verse

This is a 'freestyle' poem. Though you think you can do anything, truly you can't. You have to have some kind of structure for the poem to flow and make sense. Trust me it wasn't as easy as you thought it would be.

The obstacle's the body; the body's the motor.
Legs, arms, the wheels, and the mind's the engine.

When the gun blows, your engine starts,
Pounding, quicker than the speed of light.
Faster you go, speed increasing to the end.

Up and out is the rhythm they go.
Cycling against the earth they churn,
Multiple times feet slap the ground's face.
Completing the same distance in lesser time.

Smoking the time limit and moving obstacles,
With power behind these defined muscles,
Burning the ATP as they contract and come back.

While legs kill the ground, arms come alive.
They become fans forever swinging with power,
The motion they do the legs will do also.
It's just how they cooperate.

The body steers it's way between the lines,
Eating the rubber as it flies.
Lanes one through eight, the obstacles race.
One overpowering the other to the end.

The pace is simple, but not so simple,
As for certain matters make it difficult.

The pain, the cramps, come so clean
that the race doesn't come at ease.
You're beating yourself, you're pushing through pain.
"Give it your all" the coaches would train.

Heart pounding like a world wide boxer.
It's ready to punch through its blocking barrier.
Lungs on fire, like a dragon's,
expanding and releasing every three seconds.

Up and out is the rhythm they go.
Cycling against the earth they churn.
It's just how the process works.
The cycling, the churning, the power.

With a cry of joy the line is passed.
You finished off strong, now heavy you are.
That night your team reigns " cause
their individual work burned with success,
where not even a tear drop can cool the track.

Introduction to drama play

We transitioned from poems to plays.

In this drama we learned to make a story using dialogue, stage directions, information about characters, and other feature that a play involves correctly.

Here I made a play based on reality from my life time. Still there is a few fiction pieces put in just to spice it up.

The father Character list

Anthony- The father who is very caring and protective. He is the prophet of his church and the head of the house.

Yavon- The mother who is caring, helpful, thoughtful, skillful in discipline methods and handling children.

Keshaun- The oldest child. 16 years old. Responsible for the safety of her siblings when parents are busy. Hates feeling helpless. She struggles with her prophetic gifts and can express her emotions better by writing than vocally.

Anthony Junior- The second oldest child who is very careful with his words. He thinks before he speaks and is very caring for his father. Very sensitive to the spirit of God.

Ann- The third oldest child who is 10. She is very imaginative and always ready to help someone in need. She is a thoughtful person.

Melissa-Mairie- The fourth child. She is a strong smart girl

Javona- She is the fifth child. She is always happy with a smile and sweet as can be.

Mica- Strong well built boy. Likes to figure things out on his own. Very thoughtful and loves to help if he can.

Julianna- The youngest child who is sweet but also can be stubborn.

All the kids can be stubborn at times.

Grandma- loving and kind, doesn't take nonsense. She's smart and helpful.

Grandpa- man of few words. Does what he needs to, Serious.

The Father

By Naomi J.

[*The crew are at the home getting ready for school*)

KESHAUN- [*Rushes into the kitchen with her earbuds in, drops her bag on the floor and starts putting away dishes loudly.*]

YAVON-[*Enters the kitchen and speaks in an admonished whisper*] Keshuan!

Keshaun, are you trying to wake your father up? The whole neighborhood can hear you.

KESHAUN-[*Turns her body slightly towards her mom and pauses.*] oh morning mum did you sleep well last night?

YAVON- Take out the earphones .. now! You would probably hear how loud you are.

KESHAUN-[*Takes out the earbuds.*] Sorry mum. Hey can I have cereal before I-

YAVON-[*Interrupts her.*] No. Cereal is for the weekends only. You can have a waffle or toast though.

[*MICA comes into the kitchen zipping up his jacket.*]

YAVON- Hey buddy. Did you sleep well?

MICA-[*Gives her a hug.*] Yeah but I'm still tired.

YAVON- I know buddy. But guess what? You can go back to sleep once you get back home once your father, Julianna, and you drop off your siblings at school.

KESHAUN- Mum, would you let me drive them to school when I get a driver's license?

YAVON- No. Girl you should have known that answer. If I won't get in the car with you, what makes you think that I would let you drive my kids around?

KESHAUN- But why? I haven't learned yet and when I do I could be really good.

YAVON-*[In a annoyed tone]* First of all, don't ask me why to something I say, second of all I don't trust you, and third of all you're not the most careful person on earth keshaun. You trip over your own feet and have broken god knows how many dishes in your lifetime so far. Your not even an adult yet you've broken so many.

[ANTHONY JUNIOR, JULIANNA, MELISSA-MARIE, JAVONA, and ANN come into the kitchen.]

ANTHONY JUNIOR- Hey momma.

YAVON- Hey ANTHONY. How are you feeling? Your nose alright?

ANTHONY JUNIOR- Okay. My nose is still a bit clogged up. Can we get some toothpaste?

YAVON- Yeah just quietly go in my room and bring it out.

[ANTHONY JUNIOR goes in. JAVONA and JULIANNA say in unison]

JAVANA/JULIANNA- Good morning momma.

YAVON- Morning my little stinkies.

ANN- *[In a slowly tired way]* Morning momma.

YAVON- What's wrong with you?

ANN- Nothing.

ANTHONY- Who is that?

ANTHONY JUNIOR- Just me dad.

YAVON- I'm sorry love. I just told him to go get the toothpaste.

ANTHONY- No that's fine. I was up anyway.

YAVON- Sorry they woke you.

[ANTHONY bends over a moment and blows out a puff.]

ANTHONY JUNIOR- Are you okay dad?

ANTHONY- Yeah I'm fine.

YAVON- Did you take your medicine Anthony?

ANTHONY- I ran out. I need to get some more.

YAVON- Alright we'll get them after work.

[Keshaun done with dishes picks up her book bag, and looks at the time on her phone]

KESHAUN- Okay mum, dad. See you after school.

ANTHONY - Do you have practice today?

KESHAUN- Yes sir.

ANTHONY - Okay. Have a good day.

KESHAUN-*[While leaving. She says over her shoulder]* I will.

YAVON- okay everyone. Anthony jr. you make toast for everyone, then you all sit down and wait until your father is ready to go.

[All of them do what she said. YAVON and ANTHONY go in another room]

YAVON- Are you sure you can drive them to school?

ANTHONY- *[He looks her in the eye.]* Yes, I can still see, I just get dizzy and blurred when I move to fast. I'm fine.

YAVON-*[She stares at him gently then sighs]* Well okay. *[gets up hesitantly]* Just call me if something goes wrong.

ANTHONY-*[Gives her an encouraging smile.]* Okay. I'll do that.

[Yavon leaves. Anthony walks in the room where the children are.]

ANTHONY- Come on. Time to take y'all to school.

[They all leave the house with there bags and things.]

[end of scene one]

[scene 2.]

[It is six in the afternoon. Children are sitting at the table doing homework. ANTHONY is resting in his room. The YAVON enters the house]

MICA-*[Runs toward Yavon and gives her a hug.]* Momma's here.

[JULIANNA, JAVONA, ANN, ANTHONY JR, MELISSA-MARIE, and KESHAUN go to give there mother a hug.]

YAVON-*[Gives them a hug]* Hey you guys how was school?

ANN, ANTHONY, JAVONA, MELISSA-MARIE- [All in unison] Good.

KESHAUN- School was fine, practice was even better, but dad looks worse.

MICA- Yeah he ran a red light.

ANN- Oh yeah but it was by accident. He was very tired.

ANTHONY JR.- He almost lost his balance trying to get out the car.

JAVONA- He kept touching his chest every once in a while.

ANN- He probably felt the lord like he always do during or after a good prayer.

KESHAUN- He seems really sick mum.

YAVON- Where is he now?

KESHAUN- In his room.

ANTHONY JR.- Laying down.

JULIANNA- Come mommy. He needs you.

YAVON- Well, you all go finish your homework or go play.

ANN- Can we watch netflix?

YAVON- Sure just keep the volume down.

[ANTHONY JR. goes back to his homework at the table. Ann, MELISSA-MARIE, MICA, JULIANNA, JAVONA go in another room do what mother said. KESHAUN sit at the table with ANTHONY on her laptop. YAVON goes into the room that ANTHONY is lying in.]

ANTHONY- Who's that?

YAVON- Just me love. The kids said you didn't feel so well.

ANTHONY-*[Sits up slowly]* Yeah. It's much worse than this morning.

YAVON- *[Takes a small bottle out her pocket]* Well here I got your meds. Maybe you will feel better when you take it.

ANTHONY- Thanks. *{He does a nasty cough then winces at the sound of it.}*

YAVON- Whoa. That sounds bad.

ANTHONY-*[In a frustrated tone]* It's just a cough.

YAVON-MMMMM

ANTHONY- Baby.... I'm fine.

YAVON- I'll give you a few hours. Take your meds and rest. I'll keep the children quite so you can.*[YAVON leaves that room]*

ANTHONY JR.-Will dad be okay mom?

YAVON- Yeah he's just tired and not feeling well that's all. So I'm going to make dinner and then you all are going to bed. I need you all to stay quiet for your dad okay.*[Goes and pretends to be cooking]*

KESHAUN-*[Learns toward ANTHONY JR..]* Don't you ever get that feeling where it's worse than what they tell us?

ANTHONY JR.- Right. I just hope dad is okay.

YAVON- KESHAUN tell your siblings to quietly come down stairs.

KESHAUN- Well that was fast. *[runs out for a moment and calls the others]*

YAVON- Yeah I decided that you all could just eat cereal. I'm tired.

[JAVONA, JULIANNA, MICA, MELISSA-MARIE, and ANN come to eat. All the kids and YAVON pretend to eat.]

YAVON- When your done go to bed. Keshawn dishes.

KESHAUN- Yes ma'am.*[gets to it]*

[All except KESHAUN and YAVON pretend to put their bowl in the sink and leave the room for bed]

[Their is a long moment of silence. Hear some faint snores.]

KESHAUN-*[Soft whisper]* How can they sleep so fast?

YAVON- They're kids.

[There is a bang sound. ANTHONY comes stumbling to the ground holding his chest]

YAVON-*[Runs to him, panicked fast paced voice]* What's wrong? Do I need to take you to the hospital?

ANTHONY-*[On his back now slowly breathing deep breaths.]* I *[breath in]* couldn't *[breath in]* breath for *[breath in]* a moment.

YAVON-*[Kneels toward him]* Would you like me to take you to the hospital?

ANTHONY- NO. No I think I'll be fine.

YAVON- But your not fine. You look like your having a heart attack.

ANTHONY- I don't want to pay for that hospital bill.

YAVON- And I don't want you to die. So were going. Let's go.

[YAVON gets her purse and grabs ANTHONY's shoes. She gives them to him. ANTHONY slowly puts them on and gets up]

YAVON-*[Speaks to KESHAUN]* I'm going to take your father to the hospital. I need you to put on the alarm and take care of your siblings. They are sleep. You can go sleep too. There's no need for you to wait for us.

KESHAUN- But mum.

YAVON-*[Interrupts]* Bed. If I'm not back soon I'll call you. I would most likely send a family member come check or stay with you all if were stuck there longer than intended.

KESHAUN- Yes, ma'am.

[YAVON and ANTHONY leave. KESHAUN do as she was told.]

[end of scene two]

[scene three]

[KESHAUN is pacing back and forth. It is morning now and the kids are sitting down waiting for their parents to come home. KESHAUN's phone finally rings]

KESHAUN- How is he?

YAVON- He'll live. Turns out he had some fluids that got stuck in his lung because of his heart. They are making him take pills and drink stuff to make him go to the bathroom. They got to drain it out of them.

KESHAUN-What do I tell the others?

YAVON- That he will be okay and home soon. Your grandparents and I will be there in 5 minutes. So please have the house tidy.

KESHAUN-[*hangs up*] Okay dad is going to be okay but we have to clean up now. Mom will be here with grandma and grandpa in 5.

[*There's a knock.*]

ANN-Whos that?

KESHAUN- Don't know.[*walks toward the entryway.*] Who is it?

GRANDPA- It's us. Your mother said we could come in.

KESHAUN- oh sorry.

[**MELISSA- MARIE, ANN, ANTHONY JUNIOR, JAVANA, JULIANNA, and MICA,** come running to the door. Shouting at once.]

[All the kids]

“Grandma, Grandpa.”

GRANDMA- Hey. Give me some sugar.

GRANDPA- Hey.

[**YAVON** walks in.]

YAVON- hey you guys. If all goes well your dad would be back home tomorrow night.

[All the kids.]

“Okay”.

[End of scene 3.]

Scene 4

[Night time at 8.]

GRANDPA- I brought pizza.

GRANDMA- Your mother will be here soon.

GRANDPA- Go sit at the table.

[Later someone comes in through the front door.]

YAVON- Kids were home.

ANTHONY JUNIOR- Were? Then that must mean so is dad.

GRANDMA- you all! Your parents are home!

[ANTHONY walks in. All the children come to hug YAVON and carefully hug ANTHONY.]

Julianna- we missed you dad.

ANTHONY- I missed you all too. I'm fine now, it was just a little accident. No more problems.

GRANDMA- That's good news.

[ANTHONY goes sit down. All the children, grandparents, and YAVON sit beside him.]

The end

Introduction to Children's Literature

Going from a play to a children's book. We meet the challenge of writing a book that is appropriate for children, the correct tense throughout the whole story, to make it funny, interesting, and / or have a valuable lesson a child can understand. Also children love to see what they're reading, so it's best to have lots of pictures. My pictures are on the hard copy version of the book. I wrote a book about a boy stealing candy at the dentist and what ends up happening to him because of how much he ate and the consequences of his actions.

Where Did The Candy Go?

© 2018 copyright reserved. Naomi Johnson.

You know what not to do, so don't do it. Ask for permission.

I dedicate this book to my siblings, For the many comical and troublesome times we all had together.

Today was a scary day for Jojo. He had to go to the dentist. The scary lab coated tooth thirsty oral scientist. Jojo was still in his pajamas when he hid underneath his bed.

"Jojo honey! Where are you?" Jojo's mother said.

Jojo covered his face with his hands.

"Jojo are you under the bed? Asked Jojo's mother.

Jojo didn't answer.

Jojo's mother pulled him from under the bed and stood him up.

"Come on Jojo. Put on your clothes. You have to see the dentist today." His mother said.

"But I don't want to go." Jojo said.

"But the dentist need to see if your teeth are healthy and clean." said Jojo's mother.

"They are See." Jojo smiled real big. His teeth was a bit yellow.His breath was a bit smelly.

"Goodness Jojo. You need to brush your teeth.Put on your clothes then brush your teeth and wash your face."

After Jojo put on his clothes, brushed his teeth, and washed his face, he ate his breakfast. It was a bowl of cheerios with milk.

Outside to the car,Jojo dragged his feet as if the ground was swallowing them step by step. He carried his book bag that had his two action figures; captain america and spiderman and a book about lightning mcqueen.

"Hurry up Jojo or were going to be late." said Jojo's mother.

At the dentist Jojo and his mother went to the waiting room.Jojo saw a jar of candy hidden behind the box of folders.

"Mommy can I have a piece of candy?" Jojo asked.

"No Jojo not before you see the dentist man."

"Besides" The woman behind the desk started.

"You could get a cavity."

Jojo's mother went to fill out a bunch of papers.

"Jojo you can go play in the playroom." said his Mother.

" Okay" Jojo said sadly.

The playroom seemed like a long tunnel,to far away to reach.

Jojo went in the playroom. He was playing with his action figures,when he noticed no one was at the desk. Jojo could still see the candy hidden behind the box of folders.

"Maybe just one wouldn't hurt. Jojo thought.

Jojo looked to see if anyone was watching.He ran to the box of folders with the stealth of a ninja.

He opened the jar quickly and took a Reces. Then ran back to the playroom.No one saw Jojo, so Jojo made many trips to the candy jar, As fast as flash, with the stealth of a ninja.

“ Jojo Waterson?” someone called.

Jojo looked out the playroom door.Did he see me? AM I in trouble? Jojo thought. Jojo got scared.

“ Oh Jojo that’s us” said Jojo’s Mother.

When the dentist was checking his teeth,Jojo saw the tools as robotic worms or evil machines.

Jojo was thinking the tools were worms or evil robots going to eat him.

“Well look at that.” said the man

“A tooth full of sticky, gooey, brown stuff, and a hole. Looks like a cavity.

Jojo came out of the room with the dentist man.His mother looked unhappy. When the dentist man told her about his tooth, she looked even more unhappy. The lady behind the desk gave Jojo a sticker that had a police man on it. Jojo’s mother quickly got Jojo out of the dentist.

“I’m disappointed in you Jojo.” His mother said.

Jojo couldn’t remember why.

When Jojo got home, he played for the rest of the day. His mother kept looking at him in a very disappointed way. After dinner Jojo’s mother took an object out of her purse.

. “So Jojo. I hope you enjoyed your treats.” Jojo’s mother said.

She brought out a jar full of wrappers.

“I wonder where all the candy has gone.” Jojo’s mother said.

Jojo felt very bad for the wrong he had done.

The end.

Conclusion

So that's my portfolio. All the work wasn't easy. Somethings were fun and some things I couldn't stand. The parts I couldn't really stand was mostly the poems area. My favorite was the Haiku and Childrens book. I see all the growth and ways I changed in my writing style and now know that I have different ways of writing something. All these activities teach you something and have their own uniqueness to them, though I need more practice on others.

The plan

naomi j.

Midnight hid behind the tree planted at the back corner of the room.

“ Alright it’s time.” Midnight said into the walkie talkie.

“ Is this really necessary Midnight? Midnight’s friend Isla said.

“ Yes I’ve got to see who’s switching those cards.” Midnight said back at the walkie talkie.

This was her chance to find out who keeps changing the cards that assign who gets to be partners with who for the project in chemistry. Mr. Gibbs, the chemistry teacher had it all assigned but when he came to school, it was all changed. It has been happening for two weeks now and Mr. Gibbs is now forcing the students to stay after school for two hours. Midnight was tired of waiting two hours after school for a sneak to confess. She had other things to do; like homework, sleep, work, and that special project for a special someone. Writing an essay for two hours everyday because of someone else, was making her late or fail those very things.

There was quiet footsteps. Midnight got prepared for the reveal, but as she tried to shift into a better position, she accidentally knocked over the tree and tripped when she tried to pick it up.

“Well, well, well. It seems that I’ve found our little card sneak. MIDNIGHT STREATFIELD!”

Mr. Gibbs said. Midnight starred, stunned that Mr. Gibbs was right there standing in front of him.

What was he doing here so late.

What should she do?

-tell the truth

-make up a lie

-stay quiet.

Stay Quiet

I got stuck writing a motivational letter called “Honor and Respect”. I had to present that to the class. It went like this

“We all have our moments, where we are angry with our parents about something. It could be something very dumb, something we think as important, something that goes against our wishes or desires, Anything you can think of that would have you mad at them. It seems like there trying to control your life, make you do things they would like you to do for there own sake. ladies put on super tight pants or extremely high shorts and man your just about walking out the front door when your mother teleports in front of you all of a sudden “uh huh-huh nope go take your little tail right back up them steps and change trying to be cute for somebody not in my house.” you go huffin and puffin like your world’s gonna fall apart while trying to protest against your mother. Of course we all well the ladies at least had that kind of experience right?

My mother is all about modesty. I have to be careful about some the out fits I wear for her sake. I love skinny jeans you know, those are my jam. I feel good in them. I can see the outline muscle when I walk, I don’t feel fat or baggy. My mom doesn’t really like skinny jeans because it can get super tight. She doesn’t want wandering eyes to travel in places that they shouldn’t be

wondering. People get really bad idea when it comes to that, that's another reason why people are in so much trouble these days. My mom is only trying to protect me. She grew up not knowing her father. She had 2 sisters and one brother. She was the youngest of the girls. She grew up in a world without both parents.. She has seen what the world could do and how cruel it could be.. So she is very cautious and protective over me. Our parents do the things they do for a reason. Could be because of their past mostly or something they heard happen to another. There are times when our parents did something and when they have us, and when we were about to do that something they have done, we get mad at them when they intercede and stop us for they know the consequences that'll come after.

We act as if we know more than our parents most of the time. But you have to remember they are still experiences ahead of us. They have been there, lived that life, they had been a teen once. They know what would happen or could happen before we do. My father would always say "wait till yall grow up and have children then you'll see, then you'll know" this makes me nervous because I know how I am. I can get real angry that I can hurt you pretty bad or shout angry mean words that would shut you down. Only my siblings can get me to that point. All six of them just know which buttons to push. I would lie, steal, be manipulative, sneaky and just wrong. Life would be pretty tricky if I have kids that act like how I was acting.

The way we treat our parents lately is not so cool. They deserve a lot of respect and honor as well. They work real hard for us. All we do is take and ask for more. It's like whatever they do for us it's not enough. You notice they're the ones paying for most of the parties you go to, paying for you to go to the movies with your friends, extra money for the lunch at school or restaurants you want to stop off at and get you a little something, money for the games or materials for dances and bigger events. But once they say no to something oh all of the sudden

they are the bad guy. You see how messed up that is. People are saying that though america is a free state and all but america, us in general are the worse people to even come around. Lack of respect,honor,bad mannered. Some impression for other countries to see. America has just about everything and we have become lazy and more ungrateful.

Our parents are our first teachers.they help prepare you for the real world. Their trying to raise us right and after all that work they put into training us, when we act disrespectful to them it just ticks them off. Sometimes they wonder what's the point if we just going to do our own thing anyway. They could easily just give us up to some and go to court saying they can't take care of us. That wouldn't be cool. You do know that in the real world hardly anyone cares about you, well except for dedicated christians but leaven that not all could afford it. Our mothers really need the respect. They spend more time with us on learning needs. For some it's just their father. They go and work their butt off trying to take off you and themselves. I know my parents work off their butt. We are a family of nine. It isn't easy with any of it. We eat a lot,need a lot of help with school work, and attention. We do have are moments when we are just selfish, but as I grow older I begin to understand my parents more than I've ever had. I respect them more. I know how much it cost for one child, let alone seven. There's a reason we don't go out to eat as much or go places that often. My parents expect more from me because I'm the oldest. It's my job to make sure that nothing happens to them when mom and dad are busy. It is hard but I don't have it half as hard as my parents. I'm not that close to my mom as I am with my father but I would like to get closer to her. How I treated my mom in the past has made it harder for her to trust me. Their is nothing that hurts more than when your parent doesn't trust you. I can't do anything without my parents questioning everything and not really believing what I tell them.we all know that not everyone likes answering a lot of questions. If we went to a country that was

poor; you would see that those kids there would be the most wonderful, well mannered kids you have ever seen. You can give them a raggedy ann doll, the most ugliest one of them all and they treat and cherish that thing like it's the best thing in the world. But when you come look at us americans it's another story. We were selfish. we get everything and we treat our parents like crap. But we not only treat our parents like crap, we also tend to treat other people like crap as well. We judge people's outward appearances and instead of their inward appearance. We don't consider about what they could positively could be going through or their situations that bring them to the state of mind they are already at. One time we were at sheets and all 7 of us kids were waiting in the care while dad was in sheets getting us hot dogs. There was this car that came in and stopped off at the gas pumps. There was a crew of guys in their and one got out. One was walking up to go into sheets. Mind you our car windows were down. He was a hispanic person so when he walked up my brother and I saw that his hand and forearm was this weird whitish yellowish color that looked all deformed. My brother and I said really loudly eww! What's wrong with his arm. The man heard us so when he got out of sheets he made one of the other guys put gas in the car instead of himself. My mother scolded us giving us a life lesson. She also told us that the same thing happened to our grandma's skin. She is now white instead of black like michael jackson. I felt bad oh so bad that day. We should always respect one another no matter what we look like, seem like, or is.

It is hard to be faithful all the time but it is a practice round for us and it's really annoying. Your be beside someone you just can't stand and when they say something dumb you know you just want to hit them like badly or at least send them in a moment of silence. IT is wrong but you can't help it. But just because you don't like them doesn't mean you have to disrespect them. Trust me, It is like that is impossible but it is possible. It takes discipline and patience to do it. I know some

people might be like respect them,whaatt! Honor oh no way. I guess that's fine when you think it but not when you say or act on it. How you react to things shapes who you really are. You choose what you want people to see. Everything you do has a consequence,weather that's good or bad.. So show more respect and honor. It is a lovely description for how to be seen.

So who are you?"

One of the students. Jorque had said. "That's all a lie." he laughed. "Didn't know you were so desperate Midnight."

The whole class ended up laughing. She had to go to detention for a whole month.

"Why haven't you told him that you're not the one?" Isla said.

"Because he wouldn't believe me." Midnight said.

Make Up A lie

" Hey Mr. Garfield. I was just trying to finish up your essay you and us doing the last few days for two hours after school." Midnight said.

She was nervous and hoped he wouldn't catch the bluff. He stared into her soul.

"And knocking over my tree had something to do with that?" He said rudely.

"No, I was just dancing because I had finally finished and was excited. I'm sorry about the tree."

Midnight said quickly.

"Fine, but if I catch in here so late again, I won't believe you. You're a good kid Midnight, don't blow it." he said.

"Yes sir." Midnight said in an military voice.

"Okay, now get out." he said forcefully.

The next day while Midnight was walking down the hallway, she noticed that everyone was looking at her and snickering. She went to her locker to get the tools for the classes she had that day. Her best friend Isla came over.

“Midnight we have a situation.”

“What kind of situation” Midnight said.

The intercom comes on.

“May we have midnight string held come to the front office please.”

Midnight goes to the office.

“A student showed us this video of you sneaking around in MR. Garfield's room. It shows you were stealing his papers, then when Mr. Garfield catches you, you lie to his face.

tell him the truth

Mr. Garfield. I was trying to catch the person who kept switching your cards.”

“Mr. Garfield. “Okay thanks for looking out kid.