

Hello!

My writing portfolio

- Hi! This is a very small collection of some of my writing. I just started making this, so there is not much in here at the moment!
- All of these small writing previews were made by me for certain stories, which is why they have different formats to match the needs of the series. Some are just recent English projects I did for school
- Keep in mind im still a student, and have yet to be a professional, so im still learning.
- Thanks for looking!

Table of contents

- [English project](#)
- [The phonebook](#)
- [Time flies](#)
- [My official scriptwriting format](#)

Creative Writing English Project

Creative Writing English Project

Six long years, years of etiquette training, tea ceremonies, dancing lessons, and sleepless nights on the floor. All of it was for one goal, one singular goal that I've been wanting for my whole entire life. Dedicating each second like it's my last. As my hair is being pulled and prodded, the long black locks that shine as bright as the light of the moon getting brushed and manipulated into a perfect style. Me, Tokishizume, a high ranked geisha getting ready for entertaining guests. Nothing out of the ordinary right? Of course, that is what I would think if I didn't have to entertain that stupidly annoying guy who keeps buying the services to get closer to the owner, so he can buy this place and everyone in it.

"Tokishizume, I know what you're thinking. He's not a bad person, if anything he's helping us." my koshimaki says, her voice as sharp as a blade cutting through my thoughts like butter, her fingers nimbly moving through my hair.

"Im not saying he's a bad person; he's just suspicious. Who spends this much money on Geisha performances in less than a week?. It's weird." I reply, trying to match her tone of voice but failing to do so. She doesn't reply, most likely not wanting to argue, knowing how I get.

Even when her hands stop touching my hair, my scalp still feels the numbness of the never ending pulling. She bows, and leaves the room, her sandals creating sounds of footsteps down the hallway. My gaze not leaving till she is fully out of view, the second she is, I stand up looking at my now did hair. Something looks missing, I think to myself. I stare at my reflection for a whole five minutes, my reflection looking back at me, mimicking me. It snaps, my hairpin, that's what was missing! I look at the desk, and open the drawers, my light red nails grasping the wooden handle. The shiny, golden hair stick adorned with jewels, and beads that match my red wagasa (fancy umbrella), slowly reveal as the drawer opens. It shines as the light hits the cold metal. My hands instinctively go to reach it, my fingertips against the cold surface. I grasp it in my palm, letting the jewels and decor fall in between my fingers, dangling. Each jewel was its own, the light hitting them each in a different pattern. Each one reminded me of all the people I have met since I joined the geisha house.

I stick the hair stick in my hair, the accessory filling the missing space. It's time, time to show that pest what this job is all about. I walk out of the room, carefully, shoulders straight, and not a hair out of place. I help the maikos in their place, before taking my own. The guests start to scatter in, some soldiers from the imperial court, and some concubines, and even regular maidens. Though I was hoping not to see the pest, to avoid the goody-goody act he puts up around the owner, but as everyone else calls her, the older sister. Though I was not naive, I knew he would be here. He paid way too much for this not to show up. Unless he's stupid, but I wouldn't put it past him. Just in the middle of thinking a maiko stands in front of me, tapping my arm

"Miss Tokishizume, am I allowed to go pour the alcohol for the guests?" The voice was meek, and quiet like most. My gaze stops on her.

“You may, now go along, don't let older sister catch you slacking.” My tone stays steady, and strict. The maiko walked off to go pour alcohol, avoiding tipping the heavy bottle.

My attention turns back to the crowd, a man walks in between everyone. People made room for him, his long hair flowing behind him, hitting peoples faces as he passed. He truly was a pest. No matter how annoyed I was, I could not break my form. Stay calm..stay calm, that thought repeats in my head till I'm able to get ahold of myself. As he makes his way across the room, I stare blankly, not a single crack in my demeanor. After all, I was too good for that.

“I've requested your service so many times, but I don't think I actually introduced myself,” his irritating voice now entering my hearing. I bite my tongue, hiding a snarl, and a harsh comment.

“I suppose not,..” I reply, trying not to prolong the conversation. Surprisingly, despite him being dense, he catches on, sighs, then rolls his eyes, walking away.

Everyone's conversation dies down once again into a silent bubble. People blew out candles, making the stage the brightest place in the room. A slow, flowy song starts to play, made by the sound of fingers brushing against strings. I take a deep breath, making sure to relax my limbs until I feel limp. The music speeds up, and then I take my first few steps. My steps turn into a flowy, mesmerizing choreography. I smile, opening my eyes, knowing what's next. Time starts to slow down more and more. Everyone in the room was still, they were frozen in time, thanks to my hair stick. It allows me to stop time for 10 minutes after starting a dance. Sure it was surprising when it first happened, but now I've learned how to make it benefit me. I stepped down from the stage, walking around the frozen still figures who were still looking at the stage. I made my way to the pest, he was frozen in time too. This would be easy, I think with a smirk. The faster I could eliminate him, the faster I could ensure that the geisha house wo/uld be safe from being sold out and turned into a tavern or a wealthy man's living space once again. taking the sharp side of my hairpin. In a swift movement, I aim it towards his neck...

...

“Tokishizume! Did you hear about the guy who went missing last week? The one who kept buying our services! When they were checking his house for clues, they found letters between him and another, talking about their plans to use older sister as a tool to buy this place and everyone in it.” A maiko exclaims, while dusting the wooden shelves.

“Really now? Such a shame. I suppose luck was on our side.” I wryly remark, a hidden smile forming on my lips while shining the end of my hair stick...

End of preview

The phonebook (prologue-chapter one)

Prologue - The Phonebook



The ivory tiles make soft echoes as my gold-plated heels hit them. I look forward with a confident glare, my lips turned up into a devilish grin. What would I do if my daddy weren't rich? Hah- that's not even a possibility; I shouldn't bother myself with such useless thoughts anyway. I waltz right into the wood-carved doors as if I owned them. Making eye contact with the quite ... attractive secretary as I step closer to her.

“Hello, my name's Rehkka Bagha, but you should know that already. I'm the new transfer student for the Fashion Modeling program. I'm here for my schedule.” I say, throwing my hair over my shoulder as I set down my heavy bags. The secretary looks me up and down, prejudice in her eyes; I can tell she doesn't think I can make it here. Good, let me prove her wrong.

“Great. You're right on time. Unfortunately, the school hasn't finalized your schedule yet. Please take a tour while you wait. I'll call your name on the announcements when it's ready,” she says while typing.

“For a school that's so expensive, you are quite unprepared,” I mumble under my breath. “Okay, fine, do you have a guide ready for me, or do you not have that prepared either? Don't you know who my father is?”

The secretary sighs, looking away from her computer, pushing up her round red glasses. She rolls her dark eyes. “Yes. I do, but unless your father can pay me 10 grand right now, you'll have to wait.”

“Who said my father had to do so? Lucky for you, I keep pocket change on me.” My fingers reach into my bag, and I pull out a thick pile of euros. ‘Here, keep the change and give me my wretched schedule.’

“I was joking? But if your offering...I'll have it out in 2 minutes.” She smirks and clicks a button on her blocky computer before spinning her chair around, bending over, and picking up a red sheet of paper from the printer behind her. She slides the paper over the counter to me, and I grab it, my hands gently touching hers before I reel back and analyze the schedule.

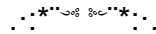
“Good enough,” I huff as I spin around, my hair following behind me, almost hitting her in the face. I strut out, taking my sweet time getting out of the door.

The secretary laughs bitterly, “You're gonna fit right in,” she says as she goes back to typing away.

Chapter one



Perhaps it was just luck that I was adopted into a rich family, but I suppose it will never change the way people feel about my background. I like to think that if I stand out enough, be bold, and unshakeable, maybe it will distract them from that part of me. That's why my nails are bright red, and my clothes are more on the risqué side. Without those, I would just be... me, which is what I'm most afraid of.



I open the door to the classroom, and immediately the glaring white light flashes in my eyes. Everyone stops to look over, including the teacher. It was understandable, indeed. It was literally the middle of the day, and a quite beautiful woman, if I do say so myself, walked in. After a while of their perpetual staring, the teacher clears his throat, preparing to speak.

“Madame Bagha, if I'm correct?” he says

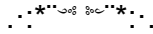
I give a sly smile, letting my hand rest below my chin. “Yes, that would be me. This is M. Varian's class, right?”

“Yes...take a seat; I will inform you of all the protocols later...as *clearly*, you have broken many of them with your outfit alone,” He says, his tone sharp and unforgiving.

“This is college, not high school... aren't we grown enough to be rid of the dress code?” I scoff, my voice holding a tinge of sarcasm.

Mr Varian sighs, it was becoming more obvious his patience was thinning like his hair. “Sit or **leave**.” He snapped, slamming his chalk down on the desk. I think to myself before speaking; it would be quite embarrassing to get kicked out of my first day of college...so I suppose, for once in my life, I *should* listen. Who am I kidding? I feel my lips curl against my better judgment before I tilt my head up confidently.

“I chose the latter” I smile cruelly, baring my teeth in a predatory smirk.



After 10 minutes of an old man yelling at me, the door slammed in my face, and he said, “Once you decide to be a proper student, then you may come back” blah blah blah... Not like I was paying attention anyway. Well, I could use this time to take a tour of the school. Sure, I could have done that earlier instead of paying that secretary, but oh well. I walk down the hallways with shiny, reflective tiles that look polished as if they might shimmer with even an ounce of my beauty. Maybe the school did have some worth after all.

I pass room after room, each tall door across the hallway from the next. After endless boring repetitive doors, I made it to the spiral staircase I had gone up earlier to get to my class. Soon, I find myself in front of a large glass door that seems to protect the artifact, which is a boy sketching. He looks... focused. As I move closer, I see a girl posing on a chair in front of him. She is dressed head to toe in fabulous bright colors and daring patterns. She’s beautiful. And the boy, so focused that his dark but short chestnut hair falls in front of his eyes, hides the color from me. His ears are lined with piercings, and he radiates calm and coolness. The girl changes pose and stands, bending over the chair now with a piece of her glove in between her teeth as she pulls. As if trying to take it off. Her red lipstick smears onto the leather, and I admire it from afar.

I have competition, which is surprising, considering everyone in this school looks like a boring plane tablecloth. But him... oh, he must be the softest chiffon on a sleek shawl. I just want to wrap him around me and flaunt him.

I could win him over easily... right?

I scoff and turn my head. Of course I could.

The pale man turns around after the girl next to him whispers something and points, her plain fingernail pointing in my direction.

“This is a... Private Modeling Session...” The brunette boy says his eyes are sharpening as he stares into mine. I scoff and walk up to him, slapping that stupid, disgusted look off his face. Or that's what I wished had happened. Instead, I stood there like an idiot, “Eloi, wait... she's pretty, just let her join.. Or if it's more her style, she can just watch...” The blonde speaks, placing her hands onto her hips. Her dark blue eyes pierce my soul

End of preview

Time Flies, glmm

Time Flies, glmm!

Story plot: Naoko, a girl who has been emotionally detached since childhood, finds herself pulled into the school's theater club, where she meets many new people and faces many of her unwanted moments.

Section one

Naoko: Ever since childhood, I have been quiet...I mean, don't get me wrong, calm is good, at least to me. Though some times have been rough due to it, it hasn't been the worst for me. I get to observe the world without interrupting it, and truly, time does fly.

bus noises/chattering

Naoko takes a seat in a space in the back of the bus, looking out the window. From a distance, someone is asking, "Hey, uh, can I sit here?" "No, I got here first," replied someone else. The person who asked moves on to other seats, but is rejected from all of them. At some point, right before the bus starts driving again, they find themselves in Naoko's seat.

"Can I sit here?" she asks when she finally arrives at Naoko's seat.

"Yeah..." I reply calmly. I watch her face light up, "Really? Thank you so much!"

She scoots into the seat. "My name is Kaizen. What's yours?" The girl asks after a few moments of silence. Naoko sighs...great, another chatterbox here to ruin my peace, she thinks to herself. "Naoko..." she says quietly, looking back at the window, hoping she would get the hint. "That's a nice name..." There are a few more moments of silence before she talks again. "We don't have to talk, that's fine...haha..." Kaizen says awkwardly, looking away.

Soon, the bus comes to a stop...Naoko walks off and into the school building, right past Kaizen. "Class...A02...right here," says Naoko in her head.

Cut to her going into class, then staring out the window the whole time.

Walking the halls, Naoko hears a girl screaming at people in the halls, "JOIN THE THEATER CLUBBBB, it's FUN, you get to act, it's EVERYTHING!" says a girl rapidly speaking. The girl repeats that to a few more students, who just ignore her. "Ugh, what's up with her?" says a student. "I dunno, she's weird," her friend replies. With an exhausted sigh, the girl stops yelling, her throat raw from how many students she's yelled at, looking around with a defeated expression until her eyes lock on Naoko's figure.

“YOU.....COME WITH ME,” she says heavily out of breath, then drags her somewhere unknown

“What the hell? Get off me, you crazy lady! I yell... which was odd, very odd. I hadn't yelled like that since elementary.

End of preview

MY OFFICIAL SCRIPT WRITING FORMAT

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SCENE LENGTH - 1 to 2 mins

CHARACTERS FEATURED

-rosalie

-lavina

-louisa

-bg character 1, 2, and 3

SCENE ONE - SCHOOL YARD/FRONT - DAYTIME

Rosalie is lost and finds Lavina and Louisa, only to find out she is in the completely wrong section.

A bright sunny day, Lavina and Louisa walking to the left side of the screen, with people in the background, and we get a cutscene of the background characters

[SFX: footsteps, and chatter]

BG Character 1

"OOOH, tomorrow is the book festival!" (excited, happy)

BG Character 2

"That says Thursday, you Idiot!" (annoyed, correcting)

BG Character 3

"Wait... it's Tuesday?! I forgot today's math homework" (scared, whiny)

[SFX: Voices fade out]

Cutscene back to Lavina and Louisa walking as their full bodies slowly come into view.

Lavina

"Mrs. Rosewood said we wouldn't have another assignment till May."
(small talk, casual)

They stop walking

Louisa

"Yeah, well, last time she said that we had a hundred-point essay due the next day" (sarcastic, Snarky)

Lavina

"Well, let's hope that's not the case this time" (calm)

Louisa

"Knowing her, it probably will b- (gets cut off)."

Louisa gets cut off by Rosalie running past her and Lavina, and almost knocking her over

Lavina

"Huh, odd... I haven't seen anyone so excited to go to class." (confused, still a bit monotone)

Louisa

"I bet the student council will get after her for running (gets cut off again)." (Now a bit harsher and more annoyed)

Rosalie rushes past, but this time in the other direction

Louisa

"I swea- (last cutoff)" (very frustrated and annoyed, tone now raised"

Rosalie comes back looking exhausted and defeated, now coming up to them

Rosalie points at her schedule

Rosalie

"Uhm... do you guys perhaps know where this class is? It's my first day, and this school is like a maze" (nervous, polite)

Louisa takes the paper

Louisa

"Room B208, Mrs Rosewood" (thinking, still slightly annoyed)

Louisa

"Well, for one, you're looking in the completely wrong area" (blunt, honest)

Rosalie

"W-what? But I thought 200 through 210 was down here?" (panicked, worried)

Lavina

"This is the A wing. You are supposed to be looking in the B wing" (monotone, confident)

Lavina

"It also says your class does not start till an hour"

They stare at each other awkwardly

Rosalie

"So you're telling me I was running around like a chicken with its head cut off for NO REASON" (upset, tired)

Louisa

"Yep." (blunt)

END OF PREVIEW