Jordan White

ENG 100

Essay #2: Reflective Letter

Due: 3/17/15

**Reflective Letter:**

Dear Jordan,

I’ve taken the time to write you so we can reflect on the past couple of months in our life. Since the beginning of the semester things have been hepatic for us, and even less time than usual to take care ourselves. Going back to school has been quite a challenge since being dropping out two years ago after dad died. Many years have passed since then and now I am hoping I can do well and get through school with no problem this time. This semester has had many up and downs, from the snow days, to spending being in and out of hospitals both for myself and mother who has just underwent a major surgery. On the up side, I really enjoy my classes this semester and so far I am doing pretty well. I really wish things get easier for us, but for now we most preserver.

My first day of school I didn’t know what to expect but, English Composition I seemed like it would be interesting. The class started off with an in class secret project, honestly I wasn’t happy about it, because I am reserved about my personal life and rather keep to myself. As the class progressed it seemed like everyone else was able to get comfortable, share and speak freely, as I sat there uncomfortable and ready to leave as soon as possible. Although I enjoyed observing, and wished I could join in as easy as it seemed everyone else did, but sadly couldn’t. With the many days the school was closed it was hard for us to get into the semester curriculum we eventually were able to start the websites, blogs and class projects. I unfortunately missed a couple days, and had to play catch up upon return witch was more of a problem in my head then actually doing. On a brighter note, I have been able to keep up with everything, and get all my work done in a timely matter, even with everything that was going on in my life.

The start of our first assignment had me stomped at first. We had to write a Creative Nonfiction Essay and I really could not think about what to write about there were some many events that occurred that month. “Scenes and stories are the building blocks of creative nonﬁction” these words really stayed on my mind during the time of writing my paper, after reading *what is Creative Nonfiction?* ByLee Gutkind I had a better understanding of what I had to write, and then finding myself in the right surrounding I was able to write my paper with ease.In my Creative Nonfiction Essay I wrote a story called *My Waking Nightmares,* writing about a series of reoccurring dream I had.

I’ve never really had any confidence in my writing, or many things when it comes to myself. When it came to this class and the projects we had to do, I really thought it will prove to myself that I may be able to be a writer, or that I am a good writer but I can only accomplishes those thoughts by doing well in class and that being reassured by the teacher Professor Sabatinio. Then came deadlines and more family and personal health related problems which were really bearing down on my head. Oddly the health related and family problems didn’t stress me out nearly as much as deadlines, but for some reason I can’t deal with the type of pressure and stress of being on some type of schedule. That combined with my writers block, really made it difficult to complete some of my assignments, especially the ones that I felt I had to dig down and allow myself to share personal things I would never share. Although I was always able to express myself in my writing, I have never been able to share it, and when I have, I have never really gotten the right responses, and may have a habit of destroying my writings, mainly with the use of fire. English Composition 1 has left me feeling indifferent many times since the start of the semester, for example I do not feel confident about my writing enough to share it, but I want to do well with my writing in this class so it can make me a better well rounded writer, it’s quite perplex to me.

When I first started writing my Creative Nonfiction Essay, I started by opening a new blank document on Microsoft Word. While clearing my head and getting ready to write I prepared my area, I found a few things to snack on while writing, cleaned the house a little bit, and made the bed. Lately, i have to clean something and do more frivolous task just to clear my mind and freely be able to sit down and write. As soon I was done it was roughly around 12 o'clock a.m. beginning my Wednesday morning productively and I wrote my opening scene with ease. Before starting the next, I did some web surfing to think about what I would write, so forth and so on until I gotten to the last paragraph. Although this process was able to help me complete a big portion of the essay, I was faced with too many distraction to count, it's a really good thing i don't have any social media accounts. On my last paragraph I got a little stuck and was not able to finish until Sunday morning at 2 a.m. while in the car sitting in the parking lot waiting to pick up Miney from work. Sitting in the car really did work for me seeing as it in a comfort zone for me that as less distractions and no Wi-Fi.

In my essay I tried to have a good balance of showing and telling scenes, as well as a little reparation to get my point across of awakening in what i thought were the right places. Also, the purpose of the essay was trying to describe my experience where i kept of waking up from my dream into another dream. It was quite difficult trying to write off of pure memory and fear of a dream that didn't occur that moment of typing but, I was able to make it work by just taking my time and only writing "nonfiction" to do and complete my essay.

If anyone I can always count on you to be there in the time of need, that’s why I wanted to write to you and reflect on everything that was going on. You were always the one who could understand the pain and dilemmas inside me that no one can ever see, although I will continue to smile you are the only one who can see through my mask. I will always cherish and love you no matter what I say and no matter how much I scorn you. One day we will see the light together and you will never again have to hide in the shadows.

Sincerely you,

* Jordan