**Portfolio Checklist: ERIK BORGE Dec 16/18**

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| **Name of Composition** | **Write a Reflection: why it is one of your top 5 Compositions** |
| **1) Surprising Turn of Events Friday Write** | **This Friday write may not be the best, but some characters from this recur in other Friday writes. Without this Friday write, I probably would have struggled to come up with new ideas for the other ones. It is also fun having the same characters in different stories.** |
| **2) A Difficult Decision Friday Write** | **This one was fun to write (mostly because of the German dialog). It was also fun to give more character’s backstories. It was also an attempt to give some of the characters backstory in my Final Composition, which I think turned out well.** |
| **3) Biggest Misunderstanding Friday Write** | **When writing this one, I tried to see what crazy stuff I could get away with, without sounding too insane. This one was entertaining to write, since it was just a giant build up to the main theme, “Biggest Misunderstanding”** |
| **4) The Most Embarrassing Experience in your Life Friday Write** | **This is in the top five because it is one of the two personal things I wrote about for Friday write. I also enjoyed writing about how I felt about the whole thing.**  |
| **5) Sometimes People cannot Control the Direction of their Life Friday Write** | **Once again, this Is another character backstory from the “A Surprising Turn of Events Friday Write”. I really enjoyed making up things and reasons that shaped the characters.** |

**Write a Reflection on your Final Composition that will be assessed. How does this composition demonstrate your maturity of style, depth of discussion, effectiveness of argument or use of literary or rhetorical devices? Does your composition show a sophistication of wit, imagination, and writing style and use of language?**

I don’t think I have a very mature style. But I believe my style is ok. When writing, I write about characters, then write insane and unlikely scenarios that happen to them, which end up changing their will or ways. My “stories” don’t go very in depth, unless its about the characters. I try to show who the main characters are, how they act, and their attributes, before introducing factors that change how that character is. I could improve a lot on adding more literary and rhetorical devices, since I tend to use little, or none when writing. I believe that my writing is “original” in some sense and that it’s not some regurgitated common topic or idea. I also like to try to write things that are not very common, that the reader can visualize and think about. I believe I could improve on my language, but right now I find it satisfactory since I for once enjoy writing the way I did for these Friday Writes and Final Compotation.

**Write a reflection on the Process of Friday Writes. What have you learned about your writing through the Friday Writes? What do you think you need to practice more in order to have stronger writing? What do you believe you were successful with in your writing?**

What I have learned through writing all these Friday writes, is that I tend to overthink what I should write about, and that I should just go with whatever is in my mind. My current process is this: get a topic, write whatever comes to mind, and eventually have a part that would link it to the topic (not sure if this is a great strategy). I think I need to practice formatting and using correct punctuation and words that make sense. I hope that I am successful in making my writing somewhat humorous, while hopefully making sense and not sounding immature.

**Final Composition: Determination**

It was a dark, yet bright in the cold winter night in the neighbourhood. Phil sat quietly in his chair as he always did, as it was tea and book time which he has every night. Phil is just “meh”. He does the same thing, every day. From nine to five he goes to his job, where he works as a greeter at Ballmart. He doesn’t have any friends nor relatives. In his neighbourhood he is known as “Phummy”. This nickname was thought up by Terence and Mark, the two-trouble maker twins a few doors down. They called him this because he is quiet and dead looking like a mummy, according to Terence and Mark. Unfortunately for Phil, this name quickly spread around the neighbourhood like wild fire and almost everyone refers to him behind his back as the Phummy now.

The only real person who actually tries to talk or interact with Phil is Nancy. About once a week she would go up to his house and knock on Phil’s door. Every time, Phil would greet Nancy by saying “yes?” and Nancy would try to find something to talk about. After a while, when Nancy would run out of things to talk to Phil about and pauses, Phil says “bye” and closes the door, leaving Nancy in a state of confusion. In the evening Phil would have the same thing; Steak with potatoes. After that Phil would watch some TV and then have book and tea time. After he finishes the chapters while drinking ginger tea, he heads up stairs and gets ready for bed. every night he always puts on his one and only record, and hums to it while he prepares for bed.

That night it was awfully stormy. The wind was howling, rain was pelting the windows like a storm of bullets, and the trees were swaying violently. Usually Phil falls asleep by ten, but for some reason could not fall asleep. Now Phil has slept through worse things then this. For example, he has slept through a stabbing a few seats down from him on the bus he takes home from work. He has also slept through Hurricane Donna, despite it destroying his Beloved Volkswagen Beetle. You could say that once his Beetle was gone, that’s when Phil lost most of his Emotions.

Then it hit him. All the sudden Phil couldn’t think nor move. Something moved for him. He was trapped in a mindless mind. Phil shrugged it off as a dream, and just thought that he would soon wake up to realize it was a dream. Phil waited. Nothing happened. Time passed and soon Phil felt more and more worried. Then all of the sudden, with no warning Phil gets out of bed and stands lifelessly in front of it. Then Phil loses his conscious. What remains of Phil is an empty vessel of which used to be him. Phil is no more. Phil stiffly walks downstairs, grabbing onto the railing as if he has never walked before. He slowly stumbles and stutters into the kitchen. He opens the draw and pulls out his butcher knife in one hand. He then slowly shuffles to his door and walks towards Terence and Marks house. He busts in and goes to there room. He opens the door. Phil is filled with determination.

**A Surprising turn of events**

It was the night before Christmas, and as usual in the Jefferson house it was all but quiet. Every year Mrs. Jefferson always tries to strive for a nice warm happy Christmas. But the other three family members just can’t. About 5 years ago it all started with little Timmy. Now Timmy wasn’t all that tall nor big, but he was very smart. On his sixth birthday he sued his uncle in law because he was giving him an “uncomfortable massage”. After he won his case, he always pesters his family when there all together.

Then there is Jenny. Jenny always screams and yells and talks to loud when she snapchats her friends, which happens to be almost all day when she’s home. The Jefferson’s had to board up the windows in her room due to noise complaints from their neighbours they received because of how loud she was. Then there is Bill. Bill is probably the worlds most picky and fat 12-year-old. Weighing in at 213 pounds, the three foods he will only eat are sweetish meatballs, French fries, and cotton candy. If he can’t have one of those things with every meal, he will throw a temper tantrum.

Usually around dinner time their all at each others’ throats. They are. Mrs. Jefferson Puts the big stuffed Swedish meatball into the oven and sets the timer for 20 minuets. She then takes off here ear plugs and notices something very odd. Its very quiet, too quiet. She goes into the other room and to her surprise they have all been shot with a tranquilizer dart in the neck. Mr. Jefferson is home. That was a surprising turn of events. One that Mrs. Jefferson did not expect. Not at all.

A few hours later, the lot woke up in sitting position on the couch in the living room. In front of them sitting on a chair was an unhappy Mr. Jefferson. Mr. Jefferson was sick of all the fighting going on every year and wanted to make a change. Mr. Jefferson told everyone that “there will be some changes around here” and that starting today there will be no more fighting and that he would be enrolling extreme discipline. Little Timmy would be receiving the silent treatment, Jenny would be getting all her electronic devices taken away, and Bill would be fasting and only having one veggie smoothie a day.

On Christmas day, there was no fighting. There was no smiles, no thrills, and no excitement. For the first time ever, it was completely silent. The Jefferson household was sterile, and there was no shouting nor arguing. For once, Mr. Jefferson was finally enjoying the holidays.

**The Difficult decision**

It was June 30, 1986 and on a warm Friday afternoon and twins Terence and Mark were at school. These two boys were goodie two shoes, and everyone liked them. These twins were people pleasers, they would do anything and everything to make someone happy. They were kind, polite, and had very good manners for 12-year old’s. They were loved by everyone in their neighbourhood.

One particularly dark morning when they were walking to school, they heard some unusual sounds coming from the forest, but they ignored it since they didn’t want to be late for school. After sucking up to everyone at school, they went home on the same path, and as expected all was normal. It was a particularly stormy night and the twins couldn’t fall asleep. They get freaked out very easily, and storms are one of the many things they freak out about.

Somehow, they started hearing that odd sound again. This time, it was louder and more frequent. For whatever reason, they thought it would be a good idea to go check it out. They got some flashlights and some rain gear on and went outside. They walked the same route and stopped at where they previously heard the noise. Going against there senses, they walked into the forest towards the sound.

They arrived at this decapitated shed, which had light shining through its cracks. They inspected the shed and found a door. Terence and Mark looked at each other and nodded and opened the door slowly. what they found inside was a surprise. There was this fat German man sawing metal with one hand and pounding metal on an anvil with his other hand. Wait a minute! That isn’t any metal, those are numbers from the houses of our neighbourhood! Two weeks ago, today every house in our neighbourhood got the numbers stolen off the front of them. This guy stole them all and is making something out of them.

He turned around and said “Get out, get out now! If you kids zay anything or squeal about zis you vill pe bunisched! I know vere you liffe, und ill know if you’ll tell!” Terence and Mark simultaneously said, “yes we won’t tell” and ran away back to their house. Later that night they were still up talking about whether they should tell or not. After a difficult decision, they decided not to tell. For whatever reason, after this incident Terence and Mark have been complete nuisances ever since.

**THE BIGGEST MISSUNDERSTANDING**

 It all began on the summer of 86, more specifically June 19, 1986. it was a cold summer morning in Mongolia, approximately 3 Degrees. My brother and I, Connor Boris the fifth were heading down to the kitchen to eat our typical before work breakfast, wheat flakes with goat milk. After that we grabbed our backpacks and went out the door.

As we were waiting for the bus to pick us up in the corner of my eye, I noticed a suspicious looking man going behind our neighbour’s house, Mr. Misha. Mr. Misha was a peculiar old man. He was 98 years old but didn’t look a day over 60, and always knew when you were avoiding him. He was almost blind but somehow still could drive his Hummer to and from poker. But this morning he wasn’t at poker, in fact he was still home, which isn’t like him.

Usually you hear him driving off at 5am on Thursdays but his Hummer was still parked in his driveway. The bus was behind schedule and we have been waiting for over an hour. But things kept getting weirder. I started to notice more men in sketchy clothing going to Mr. Misha’s back yard, and all the sudden it hit me. Mr. Misha recently won a lottery ticket that he got for Christmas last year, these men could be trying to break into his house! So, my brother and I rushed back in our house and got our dad’s guns. My brother took my dad’s antique 12.7mm anti tank machine gun and I got my dad’s hunting riffle.

We burst through the front door of our house and ran like hell towards Mr. Misha’s. We kicked the front door down and screamed tat the top of our lungs “MR MISHA, WHERE ARE YOU, WE’RE HERE TO HELP YOU”! We ran to the kitchen which leads to a sliding door that goes outside to Mr. Misha’s backyard. To our surprise, Mr. Misha was sitting on his patio handing out canned food, water, and supplies to homeless people. As we stood there with guns in our hands, we looked at each other realized that this was *The Biggest Misunderstanding,* ever.

**The most embarrassing experience of your life**

A lot of things can be embarrassing, for me anyways. While I find myself thinking about embarrassing things all the time, I always forget, and then remember time and time again the worst embarrassing experience I’ve had so far in my life. I always seem to remember it at times out of the blue, and just cringe as I re-live the moment in my mind.

It was the middle of June 2017, Place des Arts. It was my eighth piano recital, and like always, I was nervous. In reality, I really haven’t had anything to worry about, since in all the previous years I’ve played my pieces flawlessly. Little to my knowledge, this time, this was not the case. I started fast like usual, and about 8 seconds in, I bombed a passage and couldn’t recover. I feel my heart sink, the sweat rolling down my head, the heat of the moment.

So, I did an “illegal” move, and started from the beginning. No matter what, you are supposed to keep on going or find a place you can start off from. But I couldn’t. I ended up starting again and played the song with some minor mistakes, but at what cost? After the recital was over, my piano teacher congratulated me, and all went as normal. But I just couldn’t get the image of me messing up out of my head. Every second I wasn’t thinking about anything I would just re-live it over-and over and over again.

When we got home, I went upstairs and flopped into my bed and tried to forget about it. A few moments later I hear my piece, my parents are watching my recital performance on their camera! Its annoying but yet amazing how we can “re-live” things that happened to us in the past that we remember. this day, this “incident” still haunts me, and I regret remembering and choosing this topic for free write Fridays.

**Sometimes people are unable to control the directions of their own lives**

 Timmy was a very intelligent young man. He had aced all his middle school classes and was at a grade twelve level when he graduated from grade eight. He didn’t like his family very much but that didn’t bother him that much, since his plans after school didn’t concern them. Timmy wanted to be Lawyer, or a Judge, he was not exactly sure.

 Jump ahead four years later, Timmy was going to be graduating high school. He was happy to be leaving high school, since he had a bit of a rough time because of his height (he was 4 foot, 2inches). Years later, Timmy finally became a Judge, and a very well-known Judge in fact. But there was a problem at hand, Timmy’s family has been giving him the silent treatment since he was eleven. As Timmy said, he didn’t like his family very much, but he still loved them.

 As the years went by, Timmy became more and more depressed. Since his family was giving him the silent treatment, they didn’t listen nor care about what Timmy was doing. They never acknowledged him for what he’s done, and that really hurt Timmy. Timmy was making all this money, helping a bunch of people, and was very popular, but he just wasn’t happy. As much as he loved to be a Judge, he didn’t want to be one any more. He just didn’t see the point to be one.

 He kept on thinking about his family, and how they didn’t know or care about the impressive things he was doing. Timmy didn’t want to quit, he wanted to continue to be a Judge. At the same time, he felt like he had no choice but to quit. Like as if he lost control and direction of his life, all thanks to his family. After he quit, Timmy suffered from extreme depression and like everything else, his family didn’t care or know. He ended up getting a job at a gas station where he was making minimal wage. Timmy was barely getting by.

 On June 18th, 1986 Timmy passed away at age 38 from a heart attack. It was on the paper and the story quickly spread across all of Mongolia. None of his family showed up to his funeral, except for his strange uncle.