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# Traveling the World

Above the sea slides the setting sun.  
Beneath the cloud circles a bumble bee.  
Atop the hill appears the rainbow's run.  
Around the world is where I long to see.

One, two, and three. The years have passed me by.  
I wake and work, and works wind up a day.  
A dreaming child begins to sob and cry.  
A dreaming mind begins to fade away.

Stop doing works. A moment has arrived  
to dive and draw a plan on plain white wall.  
How long those tasks have made me dream-deprived.  
Decided. I will never let my goal fall.

Stop staring and start reaching for the star.  
I grab my purse and clothes, then start my car.

## Intention

Beneath the cloud circles a bumble bee.

In this part, it actually depicts the picture of lovely nature which is in the same tone of the rest lines in this stanza. However, it also has the hidden meaning. A bumble bee which circles represents a person who always works and obsessed in the same old thing. That one always does everything routinely like a bee flying in a circle.

A dreaming child begins to sob and cry.

A dreaming child in this context means myself in the past who desires to travel around the world and explore new places in everyday. She begins to sob and cry because when she get older, she becomes more obsessed in works and no longer pays attention at her dream.

dreaming mind begins to fade away.

Stop doing works. A moment has arrived

These two line are the last line of the second stanza and the first line of the third stanza. I intend to make the change in tone between these two line. For the first two stanza, I show the dream and the suffering of not achieving the dream; while the third stanza, I wrote about the moment of realization.

## Reflection

To be honest, the first line of this poem popped up from nowhere, but after that, it linked me to the my dream when I was young which is to travel the world. My mom used to tell me that when I was young, I usually sing a song about flower, sunshine and butterfly. Thus, I tried to put the beauty of nature from the view of a child into my poem. However, the main purpose of my poem is to make everyone think about their meaning of life and what can really fulfill our lives. Nowadays, we are trying to get higher education and higher salary, but, at the same time, we are losing our dreams and our time. With this thought, I finally finished writing my poem in the theme of dream and responsibility in life.

To write the first draft, it is so difficult because of a lot of constrains in sonnet, especially, the iambic pentameter. Also, it is hard for me to find the proper word which make a rhyme because I do not know words that much. In the revision process, I polished my work by looking at the word choices, fixed some words that do not make a rhyme and made the imagery clearer. Overall, I am satisfied with this poem, and I hope that it can encourage and give a hope to readers.

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A big tree stands still,  
Questioning itself what to live for.  
A caterpillar dangles down the branch,  
“Maybe, to be my friend.”

The big tree stands still,  
sheltering, shading, sharing food.  
The caterpillar gradually grows.  
“I’ll never leave you.”

The big tree stands still,  
feeling a little movement.  
The chrysalis cracks,  
and her huge friend smiles.

The big tree stands still.  
Gladly seeing his forever friend. (from earth..  
The caterpillar turns into butterfly.  
She gently glides into the sky.

The big tree stands still.  
Admiring how pretty she is.  
The butterfly loves the sky  
She tells him how lovely the rainbow is.

The big tree stands still.  
knowing she is leaving him.  
The butterfly hugs him and whispers  
“Good bye.”

The big tree stands still,  
smiles and lets her go.  
The butterfly never comes back  
and the tree stands still.

## Intention

My idea came up from one of the assignment in class which we came up with two nouns, one is a noun you like it sound and the other is an abstract noun. In that class, I chose the words: Caterpillar and Hope. Then, I thought of one of the love stories that my friend used to tell me that a girl like us is a tree who waiting for the right bird to stay with us. Thus, I decided to write a poem which is similar to that story but adjust it to a form of a tale. I used tree caterpillar and the tree because these two are very different from each other; One is tiny, fragile, beautiful, and ready to go, while the other is big, course, heavy, and cannot move.

The component in this poem that I used a lot is the repetition in which I start the stanza with the word A/The big tree stands still. Poetic speaking "Anaphora". Also, there are some alliteration in my poem.

The big tree stands still,  
sheltering, shading, sharing food.  
A caterpillar dangles down the branch,  
She gently glides into the sky.

This poem is like storytelling, you can imagine along my poem without thinking. There are no long words or fancy vocabulary, but the meaning is deep. The thing that I would like to convey in this poem is that the relationship or love is dynamic. The one who you thought to live with may not be the right one because everyone has their own desire and goals in their lives, so don't try to hold someone back if you know they will be happier on their way.

## Reflection

I like this poem a lot, I think because it's a free verse, so I don't actually need to think that much about the fixed form and the syllables. I can freely express what I thought in this poem. It might not have a lot of rhymes and alliteration or figurative language, but it still remains the good meaning and some poetic tools.

Overall, I am satisfied with this piece and don't think that, with my ability, I can make it a lot more better.

## What matters to us?

The mist cannot cloak the steam of brews.  
The sky's groan does not drown a bug's song.  
The giant ship travels the world with its crews.  
The millennium once was a minute-long.

A pauper is casted out of people's sight.  
Gloominess is repressed in a clown's nose.  
These sides of the world do not fully bright.  
Shall we also care thorns of a rose?

Outliers always makes a trend line rough.  
Just one point affects the whole chain.  
What if we all care about that point enough,  
Could a rainbow be loved by pouring rain?

See, we all see through lens, cone, and rod cells.  
Smell, we smell through the olfactory nerve.  
Hear, our ears detect sound in decibels.  
Taste, those taste buds works well on what they serve.

Touch, we touch by two hands and ten fingers,  
Yet five senses cannot perceive all sinners.  
What really matters is not those matters.  
What we cannot see and touch does matter.

Some are small, plain, casted out and doubted.  
When we feel, face, and know; all are counted.

## Intention

Outliers always makes a trend line rough.

Just one point affects the whole chain.

This part I intend to use mathematics technical terms which I just learned in Statistics class to create a metaphor. An outlier in the graph is a point that does not follow the trend of whole datas. Many students do not pay attention at it when they need to interpret the data, yet it tremendously affects the equation of the trend line. This situation is the metaphor of how ignored people can affect the society as a whole.

Could a rainbow be loved by pouring rain?

This sentence I used both personification and symbolism. I gave the human characteristics to the pouring rain which gives a hug to a rainbow. Additionally, a rainbow in this context means the LGBTQ people who are always looked down on, while the rain represent the straights.

See, we all see through lens, cone, and rod cells.

Smell, we smell through the olfactory nerve,

Hear, our ears detect sound in decibels.

Taste, those taste buds works well on what they serve.

Touch, we touch by two hands and ten fingers,

This part I tried to use the repetition and technical term in biology. Each line contain double words which represent the 5 senses: see, smell, hear, taste, and touch. I used several scientific terms in this poem because I wanted to blend science and linguistics together to make this poem more interesting.

## Reflection

Before I wrote this poem, I was thinking of the prompt in Stanford's college essay which is "What matters to you?". At the same time, I just finished reading the poem "Auguries of innocence" by William Blake in which he talks about how little things represent the universe. Both the prompt and Blake's poem are so inspirational that I would like to share something that matters to me through my own poem as Blake did. Small, cased out and imperceivable things are what really matters to me because of my own experience. I used to be the one that was often ignored when I was young. I was just a pimply girl who wore a pink glasses and was interested in mathematics. Everyone tried not to talk with me because my nerd appearance. I tried to improve and change myself until I felt like no one could remember the old me. My problems in the past was just a little one which many people might have faced before. We all know that are still several people suffering and being ignored. This poem contains a lot of my messages to raise everyone's concern in minorities and ignored people.

When I started writing this poem, I did not think much about the rhyme and alliteration. I focused on the messages and the organization. Also, I really wanted to put the scientific words into the poem because it reflects a part of my life, so I did a little research for some technical terms in my poem. In the revision process, I polished my work by looking at the word choices and made the imagery clearer. Overall, I am satisfied with my first poem, yet know that I can make it better only if I have longer time to revise.

## SUMMER

I smell sunshine in the air.  
notice light cotton clothes they wear.  
the grass is so green  
like I've never seen.  
It's time to go and I'll share.

It has been a good yet rough year.  
hater, stranger, and my fear.  
They came to my life.  
made me feel I'm alive  
I grow up through those smiles and tear.

My world had never been this wide.  
It used to be a closet to hide.  
Then I opened the door,  
saw what I live for.  
and life is just an amazing ride.

Everything is about to end.  
The precious time to share and spend.  
I'll close my eyes  
quietly say goodbyes  
and millions thanks to you, friend.



## Intention

Since I have written poem in sonnet form and free verse, I would like to write my last poem in new form which is Limerick. The message that I want to convey is all about how I feel about this school. Honestly, the first line of this poem came from the sentence that someone said. I coincidentally heard it, and felt this sentence is true.

I did not use a lot of tools in this poem. I used only hyperbole and simile. For the hyperbole part is when I said "I smell sunshine in the air". This sentence makes us feel that the heat that was radiated from the sun was so hot that can smell it. Also, it used the wrong type of senses which makes it a little more interesting. For the hyperbole part, "My world had never been this wide. It used to be a closet to hide." The closet is the world that I used to live. The phrase "coming out of the closet" is usually used for LGBTQ people who wants to express their gender identity, yet I used it in the context that closet means a place that introvert person hiding in.

## Reflection

I want this poem, the last one, to represent my feeling towards this community. I came here in August in last year, but never had any chances to go back to my home, so this place turned into my second home. However, it is very difficult for me to adjust to the community. Even in Thailand, I was not a kind of person who easily get along with people, so I needed to push myself a lot here.

When I was writing this poem, I did not think much about the tools that I should have used. I focus more on the message that I want to convey, so this poem might not be the best. I think I can polish it more, but I'd rather keep it like this because those are all of what I feel.

## Exit

The sunlight bathes my coarse skin with its warmth, while the wind gently blows my grey hair. I am standing in front of this aluminium door on the brick wall which defines the perimeter of this place. My body is trembling with fear and excitement. If I had not discovered this door, I would never have known how fake my perfect morning is.

“Morning, Brandon! How are you doing?” Mary, the shopkeeper in the supermarket, joyfully greeted me.

“Morning, I’m good. How are you?” I smiled.

“Good, thanks. Would you like some help? I saw you looking at the shelf for so long,” she eagerly said.

“Ah, I’m trying to think of what I need,” I smiled awkwardly and laugh.

She looked up at the note on her counter and said, “I think that you need a bag of apples, two loaves of bread, salt, sugar, and olive oil. You always come here to buy these things.”

I believe that she jotted down my list because she knows how forgetful I am. “Thanks so much. I can’t imagine what would happen if you weren’t here to remind me.” I honestly appreciated her help.

“Nah, I’m not dying, look how strong I am,” she lifted my basket up as if she was a weightlifter. That made me laugh out loud.

I gave her the money.

“Oh, Brandon, you just gave it to me,” she showed me the dollar bills in her hand.

“Really?, I feel really old right now.” I put the money back in my wallet.

“Here you are. Have a nice one!”

That supermarket was a part of my life. I felt like I saw her every time I came here, and I came daily. Even though my memories were distorted, I could feel that nothing around me changed, which was actually good for my mental health. The TV was on when I arrived home. The reporter said that the criminal rate kept rising and there were floods in many cities. My doctor didn’t like me to watch the news because they would make me upset. I picked up the remote, almost pushed the off button, but the weather forecast on the screen pulled my attention.

“Moving on to New Jersey. It’s partly cloudy this morning. 60% chance of rain in the afternoon.”

Looking out of the window, it was puzzlingly sunny and a little bit windy. This is New Jersey? Actually, where am I? I had never been curious about this before, but this time something was urging me to know. I walked out of my house and looked closely at every shop sign and every street corner, but none of them referred to the location. Things were getting weird. My detective instinct switched on.

No crime.

No flooding.

No location sign.

No way...

Am I dreaming?

Walking along the street, I started getting scared. This community is too perfect. Curiosity, nervousness and fear drove me out of the village and headed to the woods. Three hours of walking led me to a mysterious door. Honestly, the door itself did not surprise me; but the letter on the top of it did: “Lab 1: Verubecestat test on Dementia patients.” I started to understand my condition of human

experimentation and the fact that those kind and generous people in the town were just nurses and staff.

My eyes still staring at the door, while my hands keep shaking. I don't know whether those people are really willing to help me or just using me for their own benefit. I only know that I would rather live a reckless day than a hundred year of scheduled life. Whether what waits for me outside is my real home or another fake world, I need to go.

The light and the dust overwhelm me when I open the door. A road is full of cars, while those fancy shops and restaurants are incredibly crowded. It's not as peaceful as the world inside, but I can't even blink.

As soon as I step out of the door, the emergency alarm starts ringing. I heard the sound of people running from the woods. I rush to the nearest shop and squeeze inside. I see the staffs coming to me through a window. I realize that they can track me and I can never hide. As fast as I can, I grab a pen in the shop and wrote something on my upper arm. When I'm finishing the last letter. Those people reach and armlock me. I feel the needle injecting to my back.

"Brandon, Brandon, how are you doing?" Mary shakes me a little bit to wake me up.

"What happened to me?" I realize that I'm lying on the couch in the familiar supermarket.

My head is so heavy and dizzy. I don't remember anything.

"You passed out in front of my shop. How are you feeling?" she seems to be worried.

"Good, good. I'm so sorry for disturbing you. Ah, I think I can go back home by myself," I lean on the couch and step out quietly. "Thank you," I smile.

The big "Brandon" hanging on the fence is so remarkable. I walk into my house and realize that I sweat a lot and smell weird like benzene and grilled foods. I go to the bathroom to take a shower; but when I take off my shirt, I notice my crappy handwriting on my upper arm. It says, "Escape."

## Intention

My intention is to use technique ABDCE to pull audience attention. I started my story with the action of an old who is standing in front of the mysterious door. This somehow would make audiences curios to know more and keep reading. For the characters Brandon, he is the person whom I want to be a reckless and to have desire to live his own life which is the core of this story. The foreshadowing in this story is the television. In this story, he knows that he is not in the real world because of the television reporting the news. This can be implied that we can never escape the reality. In addition, it may be an irony that one of the conflicts in this story is that there is no conflict. Since the man never experienced any crimes or any natural disasters, he started to suspect the too perfect community. For some details in this story, I tried to do some research about the place, the weather forecast, and the name of drug for dementia patients, so it should make sense for the readers.

## Reflection

This is not too exaggerated to say that I have written about 5 different stories before ending up with this one. My idea did not pop up from nowhere, but it was from the news that I read. a couple weeks ago, there was a news about the village for alzheimer people. I did not read the whole article, but only the imagine made me imagine a world of alzheimer people and stuffs like that. The first draft of this stories was far different from this version. I lost my main conflict in my first draft which let me know how nonprofessional I was. I, then, tried one more time not to change the characters, but the plot. Still, i could not find the conflict. Then, when I did the homework ABDCE, it inspired me to write this version of my short story. I would say that this one is the best from what I have written so far, although there are still some unrealistic situations and weak points. If I continuously learn more how to write fiction, I believe that I can make it a lot more better.

Reference of the news: <http://www.naturalnews.com/019189.html>

## Twins

- 1985 Okutama, Tokyo

A sunny day. A cloudless sky. At a blind spot in the big city lies a poor little house where an old lady and her naughty kids wait for their beloved dad to return from his work. These kids are special, not because they have supernatural powers or any kind of charisma, but they are the only twins in this town. However, neither their faces nor their characters are alike; they are extremely different. Medically speaking these two kids are fraternal twins, twins from different eggs.

"Mama, Ken stole my doll and got it dirty." An annoying high-pitch voice stops her mom's movement.

"Miki, you are older than him. Just share your toys with him. It's not hard, is it?" With the sigh, her mom continues to the kitchen.

"Mom, we're twins. The fact that I was born two seconds sooner doesn't mean that I need to be nice to him. He got it dirty, see!" she insists stubbornly.

"Ken, come here!" her mom called the boy downstairs.

A boy slowly walks downstairs, "What's up, mom?" his face does not express any guilt. Not at all.

"Still not apologizing, huh? Apologize to your sister, right now!"

He acts confused. "Mom, what happened?"

"You did this. Don't try to be innocent, idiot." Miki shows the doll to him and points to the little dirty spot.

"What! That was because you wouldn't let me play. You grabbed it back. That's why it dropped on the ground," he argues.

"Stop!" the old lady loses her temper. Afraid of their mom, they stare at each other.

"Okay, Ken. Just apologize to me and I'll forgive you." Miki concedes to deflect her mom's anger.

"That's not..., that's fair enough. I apologize"

Miki has a smile of victory on her face. Back in the living room, Miki lays her doll on floor, and turns on a humongous classic RCA TV set. They both watch together as if the fight has never happened. The old lady looks at those obnoxious kids and sighs again. She starts cooking the evening meal.

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"Hi kids, hi honey. I'm home," the low voice of a smiley man pulls their attention.

"Hi papa, how are you doing?" Miki's voice comes from the living room.

He goes in and kisses his daughter. The little boy looks at them, jealous.

"Let's have a dinner, little dudes." He herds the kids to the table.

Dinner is good, good enough for a middle-class family, but the portions are tiny. They have never felt full after dinner, but it has never been a problem because they love each other too much to complain.

"Ken, go wash the dishes, please. Miki, you'd better go to bed. You have a test tomorrow, right?" Miki nods.

"But, mom, I have one too," said Ken.

"Ken, I've never seen you read a book. How would I know you have a test? You'd better go to bed too, but maybe after you get the dishes done," said his mom.

Rolling his eyes, he does what he is told.

Once in bed, Miki is not ready to sleep. She lies on the mattress and plays with her doll, while Ken finishes the dishes then tiredly comes in. Even though they don't like each other that much, they still need to sleep in the same room.

"Miki, why aren't you asleep? If you know that you won't sleep, why didn't you come down and help me. I'm so sick of you!" His face turns red. He does not understand why mom and dad always pamper his sister. Seeing her indifference makes Ken even more mad, to the point that ...

The boy is way too annoying, so a girl decided that she needs to do something. With the wicked plan, she quietly says, "Ken, you know, right? That you don't look like either mom or dad, but I do."

Ken stops blaming, "What do you want to say?"

"You see, mom and dad always support me and never ever comfort you."

"Then, what? What you want to say?" he shouts.

"I just wonder, if you're not their real child. Just wonder" she says and conceals her cunning smile underneath her doll.

The boy is choked up a little bit. "If I'm not, you shouldn't be either!"

They both turn their backs to each other. Silence covers the room. The girl does not know that this joke have cracked the fragile heart of her brother. A little boy gets so nervous that he cannot completely sleep; what if he does not belong here?

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Both kids wake up and talk to each other as if nothing had happened last night. The girl is assigned to go to the post office, while the boy is told to cut the grass in the backyard. Miki grabs her pink bicycle and rides passed through the village. Along the way there, she notices a house of the very old midwife who delivers children in this town. Stopping by that house, a thought that her brother is unlike their family disturbs her mind. She knows that it is silly that the boy who has been living with her all her life is actually not her brother, but the curiosity leads her to step inside.

"Hello, Hima-san. Do you have a moment?" Miki politely asks.

"Oh, hi Miki. Sure. Come sit here" The lady with glasses invites Miki to sit with her on the patio. The lady looks at Miki at says, "You are so tall right now. If you were not like your mom, I'd definitely not recognize you". "By the way, why did you come here?"

"I was just passing by and wanted to ask you something," says Miki.

"Little girl, what do you want to know?"

"I just want to know if you remember the time that you delivered me and my brother..." Miki isn't frank about what she wants to know.

"Oh sorry, Miki-chan, I have delivered every child in this village. I cannot remember those details," the old lady feels sorry about not remembering that significant moment in Miki's life, "but you said delivered you and your brother. You mean...?"

"Yeah, we are twins! Do you remember that?" Miki gets excited and fearful. No matter how much she hates her brother she just wants to hear that they were born as twins, yet the old one's facial expression does not suggest that.

"Are you sure, Miki? I never delivered any twins. If the twins were born, I would be so special that I would remember it." She tries to think of it, but cannot remember. "Sorry Miki, don't worry. I'll try my best, and I'll tell you as soon as I can remember it."

"Ah... Never mind. I might have understood something wrong." Miki's voice trembles. "I've gotta go home. Thanks a lot." A little girl walks out the door without turning back. She is afraid that Hima-san will finally remember, and tell her the horrible truth. She feels guilty and realizes how bad she is and how

cruel those words and actions could hurt her little brother. "Poor Ken, I'm sorry. I didn't expect the story to be like this. I was just kidding," she mumbles to herself, and cries all the way back. Even though she has not been a good sister, she actually cares about him more than anything and she realizes it now.

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"Ken, you're good, come inside the house and have some snacks." His mom calls him.

"Good boy," his dad says while reading his newspaper.

"Dad.." Ken calls his dad with the soft voice as if he whispers.

"What happened, dude?" his dad leaves the newspaper on the table and pays attention to his boy.

"Uhh... nothing, papa. I'm just so tired and worried about the test," he lies to conceal the fact that he is thinking that he is not his child. "Mom, can I go to Wana-san home?" Instead, the boy asks his mom to go to his neighbour's home. She is an old lady who has been staying with his family since he was born.

"Wana-san, you've known my parents for so long, right? Can I ask you something?"

"Sure, what is bothering you, little boy?" she asked.

"Am I... umm... Am I their real child?" the boy finally asked.

Wana-san laughs out loud and cannot stop.

"What made you think like that. Oh, poor Ken," she tries to ask, but still laughs.

"This is not funny, Wana-san" the boy argues. "My face doesn't look like papa and mama."

She laughs again. Then, she stands up and goes to the wardrobe, pulls the photo albums out.

"Ken, let me show you something." she flips to a page with a picture of an old man in the wheelchair. He looks so familiar as if the boy sees him everyday.

"Looks familiar, right?" Wana smiles. "He is your grandpa. He's exactly the same as you." She clarifies it, "Then, can you be sure?"

The boy looks a lot better. He smiles and nods. "Thank you, Wana-san. Can I look at that album? I want to see other pictures of myself."

"Sure, I'll go grab some snacks." Wana goes back to the kitchen, letting the boy explore his past by himself. He carefully opens those photos and gets attracted by one of them. It is a picture of his mom in the midwife's house. Beside his mom, his dad is holding his red body in his arms. Ken starts being more curious. These photos grant his existence in the family, but none of them refers to Miki.

"Wana-san..." he asks Wana-san when she is walking back. His face explicitly shows his worry. "Where was my sister? I don't see her in these photos," the boy asks frankly with his eyes brimful of tears.

"Oh, god!" Wana-san chokes a little bit, and quickly collects the photo albums back. "Her... uh.. Her... pictures are in another album," she awkwardly smiles and goes to the wardrobe to keep those albums in their place.

"Please, Wana-san. Don't lie to me." Ken begs her.

Wana-san sighs and pats his head, "Ken, can you promise me that you won't tell her about this?" He nods and his tears start dropping on his shirt.

"She is not your parent's child. She is your aunt's daughter, but her family all died instantly in the car accident. Only she survived..." Wana-san almost cries when she tells him. "I'm so sorry. I should not

have brought you these photos.” Want-san holds him in her arms and soothes him. The boy cries harder. This is not a battle and finding this truth does not make him the winner.

“Don’t cry, my little boy. Even though she has none of her family left, she has you , your dad, and your mom,” Wane-San says. “ Be nice to her, and never leave her.”

The boy nods a million times.

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They are all at home, ready to have the dinner.

“Ken, can you go grab the bowls and dishes.” mom asked the boy.

“Ken, let me help you.” the voice comes from Miki who has never offered her brother any helps.

“Nah, I’m fine. Wait at the table,” Ken smiles.

Their parents are a little bit surprised with this little change in their behaviors.

They no longer have an argument. Each of them just holds a secret that they both will never tell each other. It is not an empathy that makes them be nice to each other. It’s a comprehension. The more they know about each other, the less they hate and feel jealous. A little truth opens their eyes and peels off the label that they put on each other. Sooner or later Miki will find out this truth, and no one knows what will happen after that. The boy only hopes that she will not leave him.



## Intention

I intend to make this story occur in Japan which is a pretty conservative country. The chance that there are twins in Japan is quite low because they do not usually use drugs or any technologies to give a birth, thus the characters keep suspecting in "Twins". I put an obvious foreshadow that the brother does not look like his parents to make the readers think that he does not belong to this family. Then, I twist the plot by making the sister who looks exactly like her parents the one who was adopted. I tell this story in the narrative view to make it like a storytelling. One more thing, I try to put imagery in this story; for example, the plump RCA TV and mattress on the floor. These kinds of stuff help readers to imagine where my characters live and how poor they are.

## Reflection

I was inspired to write this story by a Japanese comics, so all the settings and characters are about Japan. Actually, my first plot is completely different from this one. At first, I wanted to write about the twins that were separated when they were really young, yet I feel that it would be boring and cliché. Then, there was another idea came to me. I flipped the plot; the new plot is that two kids who believe that they are twins find out they are actually not. Since this short story is longer than the previous one, it took me quite long to write all of them down. I needed to outline and organize it to make the story comprehensive. However, I still feel like it can be a lot better if I keep editing and polishing it.

# Wattagories

My creative work in this class is “Wattagories”. ( It came from my last name “ Wattanawanichkul” ) . It is a card game that is composed of 3 sets of cards.

- 1: Blue cards: 50 categories
- 2: Yellow cards: 26 Alphabet in English
- 3: Pink cards: 8 Special directions

There are many ways to play this game as long as you keep modifying it, but I will suggest you some ways to play it!

## 1. Traditional game

We will draw a letter from a set of yellow cards. The alphabet that we get will be the start letter of the words we need to come up with. In this game we will start from anybody who volunteer and move from that person to the person next to him/her in the next turn.

Then we will draw another card from the blue set, it will say the categories the person in that turn need to think of. For example, “A” and “brand of candy” —> “Almond joys”. If the person cannot think of any words, he will be cut out from the game. For the next person, we’ll change the category, but remains the same letter.

When we come back to the first person, we will start with the new letter and play until we have only one person left.

## 2. Poetic game

This game aims to boost up the words that are helpful in writing a poem. We’ll use the pink set of cards instead of the blue one. The directions of the pink cards will be something like “ Start and end with the same letter” or “3 syllables” or “have these letter in the words”.

## 3. Game of your choices

As I said, this game is really easy to be modified. You can create the game of your choices!

## Intention and Reflection

Since I have seen Ms. Dahl flipped her dictionary to pick up the letter which is really cool but not random enough, I want to make something that we can use to easily randomize a letter. Then, I ended up with the traditional way, drawing a card. To make it more helpful, I tried to create a whole game that we can actually play by just drawing cards. This game took me around 3 hours to make because I need to stick the colour paper with around 80 of my UNO cards. I hope that my class and the other classes can enjoy the game:)