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Portfolio Assignment
ENG 505

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Jan 17, 2022; Nguyen, In-Class Lecture; Someone's Hands

Her Hands

Her hands are soft, delicate even. She picked me up and held me with them countless times. At times they were painted, pricked, burned, and strict. But that never stopped her from continuing to use her hands. She works with her hands in everything she does and everything she loves. Her hands made creations that she proudly displays around the home. The same hands that she would use to wipe away my tears. The same hands to pull me in for warmth.

Jan 21, 2022; Nguyen, In-Class Writing Prompt: Sei Shonagon

The Colourful Places

Pinks, Reds, Blues, and Purples clash onto the surface of white. She sits, cushioned and comfortable as she digs for information, inspiration, and insight. The gears are turning in her head, and the hammering of her heart in her chest cavity. The four walls bring her peace, bring her comfort, and bring her solitude. The four walls used to hide away from the world when she cries. The four walls to retreat to when she needs to recharge. The four walls to confide in to find solace and fresh air in the freshly painted walls. This is her place of birth. Not literally. This is her place of the birth of her spirit, where she found her interests, and what makes up her soul. Where she emotionally, spiritually, and physically grew. But in her head, there is a place elsewhere, somewhere far, somewhere green, with the fresh smell of pine. A place where she can rest, restart, refuel, and recharge. Somewhere where she isn't suffocated, with pressure, stress, and life. Somewhere else to run too, perhaps a book?

Jan 17, 2022 ; “Your Moves” Move #1 p.23

What Unlocked the New World

I'm not sure if I'm one to say if not having a memory about singing or telling stories is sad or not. There is no distinctive memory that comes to mind other than the only times when I listened to music was in the car with my parents or the car shows that we would host, maybe even the dances in elementary school, but those elementary thoughts are considered to be unhappy thoughts. I would have to say the significance of these moments in my childhood, is that they opened a whole new dimension and helped me discover the importance of music. My parents had listened to classic rock with me in the car, which gave me the ability to surprise other adults with my knowledge of certain music, gives me a bit of pride and I still listen to it all today.

Jan 17, 2022 ; “Your Moves” Move #6 p.24

Sense

The twinkling starlight in the reflection of my glasses, the contrasting colours of my wall, bedspread and drapes. The faint scent of vanilla and coconut, sometimes strawberries. The faint whirring of the computer fan, the distant sound in the kitchen of dishes clashing. I can sense the warm air on my arms, everything in these four walls is soft and smooth to my fingertips. The leftover taste of chocolate panettone, but now washed down with the dull, no-taste of water.

Jan 24, 2022 ; “Your Moves” Move #10 p.35

Marz

A cold classroom on an early Monday morning. Twenty-eight tired kids, until it's time for lunch and recess that is. He sits quietly, patiently waiting. The loud bright red dome is rapidly being hit with its own hammer. A Power Ranger lunch box sits by his feet. Inside, a grape juice box and a homemade ham and cheese sandwich made with love. Love mom. Says the magenta sticky note on the inside lid. A small smile displays across his boyish face.

Jan 24, 2022 ; “Your Moves” Move #8 p.45

Hindrances

Red dye, red rashes, red legs, and red arms. A small body with eight legs and 8 eyes watches me from the wall of the washroom when I'm trying to have a moment of peace and meditation. Imperfections of the hands, knees and arms. The fear of falling in love? Or from up above?

Jan 24, 2022 ; “Your Moves” Move #10 p.46

Catch Me When?

It has always been a dream or a fantasy to meet someone that you can call your own, someone to have and to hold, for better or worse. But there's a voice in my head, a fear in me, a fear of falling. Who will be there to catch me when I fall from the sky?

Jan 31, 2022 ; “Your Moves” Move #3 p.91

Fantasy & Beauty

A dream of mine to have is to rent out a stargazing bubble, while at night you see the northern lights, an Aurora, all-white perhaps watching sleeping beauty. I think just being under so many stars and lights would be the euphoria I've always dreamed of. Out of the few times I've stargazed, there's been clarity. A new breath of fresh air. Sometimes an epiphany under stressful times. Under the stars on a cool summer night, no matter the mood I'm in or the day I've had, it always ends with being in a state of pure serenity. At the end of it all, I almost begin to wonder if the moon is too ethereal for this world.

Jan 31, 2022 ; “Your Moves” Move #6 p.91

Does Pineapple Really Go on Pizza?

“Whoever was the first person to think pineapple belongs on pizza, should be arrested. Any type of fruit topping (that isn't tomato sauce) should not even be allowed near the crust or dough of a pizza. Pineapple is too sweet of food to be put on something like a salty, romano cheese and pepperoni pizza. It just doesn't belong! It's madness, absurdity! Pineapple is supposed to be that cool and refreshing summer fruit to eat on a hot summer day. Not on roasted meat sauce!”

“I would like to personally thank whoever invented or thought of putting pineapple on pizza. It tastes absolutely amazing! The taste of the roasted fruit on top of cooked pepperoni and melted Romano cheese, is sweet, salty, savoury, and absolutely heavenly. Just the way I like it! The Hawaiian pizzas are a perfect idea for a summer night treat!”

Jan 31, 2022 ; “Your Moves” Move #9 p.91

Street Corner

Grassy green lawns, rough cement road. The hockey net was set up on the bend of the road. The warm sun beating on our noses and bare arms. Shooting pucks, skating ramps, music blaring, kids laughing, cars drive past and I can still hear my father yell “Car!!!” indicating for us to move to either side of the road. The cicadas buzz as the sun sets and everyone runs inside to grab a sweater to resume playing hockey or a large game of manhunt. Kids from around the block all come together, to watch fireworks, street games and to just be together.

Feb 7, 2022 ; “Your Moves” Move #11 p.91

Experiencing Intensity

I'm not about to write about a time when a man-made me want to give it all to him, with the way he touched and held me. No matter how much I want to write about him here, that's for another journal. So instead, here is what I have to say. Emotions can be very powerful, they are very powerful. Emotions can oftentimes consume the mind and make us react irrationally. Some base their opinions around emotions, some base it around facts. But with facts and opinions, comes great passion. With passion, you can feel so much emotion and excitement. If I had to pick a time where I felt intense emotion that was PG, it would have to be when I developed a passion for reading and writing. Even though writing can be overstimulating, it's a great way to let out all the emotion pent up inside throughout the day. Reading does the same, it can decrease the stress from the day, but also get the heart pumping when you are so invested in the story. Passion is an intense emotion.

Feb 14, 2022 ; "Your Moves" Move #7 p.104

Something Has to Change

She gets overwhelmed easily and she knows that. She gets overwhelmed when she thinks too much nonsense. She gets overwhelmed when he has too much to do, but no motivation to do any of it. Which further stresses her out, putting her in an endless loop. She cant stand the endless cycle. Feeling like you have been stuck within the same four walls does not at all do anything to help improve and ease her state of mind. Her brain screams at her for a change of scene, a new place to stay and perhaps call a new home. Although, she's thankful it's not as intense as before she met him, her other half. He wasn't someone she thought would stick around as long as he has and add all this new excitement to her chaotic life. She needed change, and it came as a tall, brown-haired, brown-eyed computer programmer. She's more than glad it was him and for the better of a positive change.

Feb 28, 2022 ; “Your Moves” Move #10 p171

Prediction on the Front

It was late at night, and the light-emitting from the television was the only way to see. The walls begin to shake, the flower vase on the coffee table crashes to the floor, the front door swings open and the temperature drops. Blue Oyster Cults, Don't Fear the Reaper, plays faintly in the distance. And through a cloud of black smoke, outsteps a shadow, cloaked figure. In his hand was a scythe held by the bony fingers of a dead man. I'm stiff, frozen on the couch, the television turned to white noise and the rattling stops. The ghostly figure glides, inches above the floor over to the couch. He hovers over my rigid body, he doesn't have a scent, just coldness radiating from him. The figure then backs up and plops himself down on the couch. Then the unexpected happens. He removes his hood, and a sheet white skull with dark sunken sockets, where eyes should be, bore into me. “Hi! How are ya, the names Death, and I've got a bone to pick with you” he attempts to wiggle his brow bones. He is awfully cheery for The Taker of Souls. All I could do was scream at the top of my lungs. I was frozen and I still couldn't move. He continues to look at me “Are you done?” he asks nonchalantly. “Great!” he continues. He shifts in his seat and throws one leg bone over the other, and leans his scythe against the edge of the armrest of the couch. “So, as I said, I have a bone to pick with you. For the last two weeks or so, you have probably noticed. I have been trying to take your soul. And you have been very stubborn about it.” I just stared at him. I didn't blink. My eyes became dry. They felt like they were about to fall out of my head. “I....uh.....I” I couldn't form words. “Alright, Alright. Yes, I know this is out of the ordinary, for any human to experience this. BUT! I need your soul, please let me take your soul. It's time for me to take your soul.”

Feb 7, 2022 ; “Your Moves” Move #2 p.103

A Place to Remember

There was this place, and it had four walls. It had dirty white walls that were painted pink and blue. It had a tall dresser of all her favourite colours and patterns, with a stand-alone TV on top. A desk that was three-fourths the length of one of her four equally long walls. A bookcase of all her crafts, trinkets, favourite stories and memory books. A nightstand filled with makeup and secrets, beside a queen-sized bed with one too many pillows and stuffed animals. He painted walls held curtain rods with deep purple drapes, wall art and photographs, and two shelves of lego, pops and plants. There was something missing. She felt it and she knew it. The room felt cold, dry and gloomy, despite all the colour on her walls and bed. There was a spot at the end of her bed that ran colder than usual. Right at her feet, whether out of bed or in bed, there would be a cat. Not any cat, but her best friend, the little tiger-striped shadow. That cat was at her side at almost every waking moment when she was home. He made it a warm home for her. But home didn't feel warm anymore.

Feb 7, 2022 ; In Class; Peer Editing #1

More To Me Than Anything

He was eighteen years old in human years, but if we are really counting he was about ninety to one hundred years old. He had golden stripes of a tiger, and the bravest heart of a lion. His sage coloured eyes with black slits had saw everything there was to see, every movement in the grass, and every shift in the bushes. He was never one to back down from a fight he knew he could win. He would put up a fight with every pair of pale legs that disturbed him, big or small. As each day went on, his loyalty had grown and became the sweetest and most affectionate, his stripes never faded. His inner flame was ignited, until it wasnt. Until his final days he was always loyal, affectionate, and there for us, there for me. By my side through every sorrow and sadness, and every broken heart. I was there for him until his last breath, last purr, last meow, and even his last queek. There has never been anything more painful, than watching the friend that you grew up with, the friend you cuddled, the friend that was your second shadow, the true friend that was always there when no one else was. Watching his eyes glaze over and his black vertical pupils dilate to a black void. Just as my heart did now that he is no longer here with us, no longer here with me.

Mar 7, 2022 ; In Class Prompt; In Media Res

They Cant See When Their Eyes Are Closed

And there I was, standing at my gray opened locker, filing my coat and purse away. Getting ready to start my shift, I listen to the older co-workers bicker about something they have little to no knowledge of something I so passionately stand by. Crammed between these two walls of lockers, putting on my orange apron, splattered with paint swatches, I can feel my blood slowly begin to boil. They have no idea what they are talking about. They cant seem to open their eyes and wake up from their propagandonized sleep. They have been fed lies and cant see all the wrongs and consequences that they voted for. Its absolutely irritating, frustrating and down-right aggravating. They voted for a life without choices. Im so young as it is and I already have to worry about the choices that I wont get to make? Swallowing the abundance of raging thoughts and emotions threatening to escape and so desperately wanted to scream at them all. I slammed my locker, hard enough to startle them for a moment, "Good" I thought. Let them know their words and choices impacted the ones with open eyes.

Mar 7, 2022 ; In Class Prompt; Scars

Healed Wounds

Scars are the result of a wound that is completely healed, but there's still a left over mark. Indicating that there was a change in your mind and on your body. Emotional wounds take longer to heal, at least for me. Loud voices had made me nervous, gave me anxiety ever since I was a child. There was a lot of yelling when I was younger. I was constantly reminded when in the event of loud voices anywhere I was, of how small I would feel. Whether the yelling was directly to me or not, I would feel so small and so confused. I would feel my nerves begin to shake and my brain on alert, ready to take flight on the first sign of discomfort. It was the left over discomfort of a wound that still needed to heal. It is now a reminder of how I once felt during times of overly loud noises. There's no more jumping, or shaky nerves. It has all been healed now.

Mar 7, 2022 ; “Your Moves”; Move #5 p.103 (Unassigned)

Wet & Rainbows

She was a straight A student, graduating with honours at the end of the semester. She was bubbly, happy and always had a smile on her painted face. She expressed herself with the bright colours that she always loved to wear. She loved the sun, the few times that it would show itself. She enjoyed the way it felt on her skin. She was the brightest person in the entire gloomy town. It was always raining, the roads were always wet, and there was never enough sun for any of the colourful flowers to bloom. She wasn't bullied or picked on cause she dressed so full of colour. In fact, people enjoyed the little colour that she brought into their day. But she felt out of place in the wet and grey town, and everyone around her knew it. She deserved to be in a place where her colours can shine brighter in the constant sunlight. Somewhere where it's not always cloudy and wet. Her parents knew this too, that this place dampens her true spirit. But she doesn't give up.

Mar 7, 2022 ; “Your Moves”; Move #3 p.103

She’s a Natural

There was nothing that she cooked that left an unpleasant taste in your mouth, out of everything that she cooked and everything that she baked. She could whip up any new recipe for the first time and make it taste like she has made it a hundred times. Shes the one her family blames for them getting fat during the holidays, but she is also the reason her family looks forward to the holidays. Her baking puts everyone in this love-hate relationship with her baking, they hate that they love it so much. But aside from her hypnotic pastries, and her skilled movement around the kitchen, she sews. Ever since she was a teenager she knew how to sew. She knew her way around a sewing machine and she knew hot to put her delicate and nimble fingers to work, every time she sat in her sewing chair. At her sewing desk, that was littered with discarded threads and patches of fabric. She could whip up a quit pattern, just as she could qhip up a new recipe.

Mar 7, 2022 ; “Your Moves”; Move #11 p.46 (Unassigned)

Daisuke

So many different colours, cool tones and a majority of warm tones. Several shades of red. The fine detailing of cool tones in that revets in the back of his coat, giving it depth and showing how to hangs off his shoulders. The swirl design on the flaps on his suit, the yellow eyes that remind me of a Scooby-Doo villain. The yellow eyes and red suit that reflect in the mirror. Its not what is really there, his suit is red in the mirror. It is almost like the mirror reveals what you look like really, or just to plainly switch up your appearance. The markings of red that you wouldnt assume were on his face, but are in the mirror. It just makes you wonder where he is, to come across a mirror such as this one.