

Abigail Curle
EN30SL
June 17th 2016
Ms. Smith

Disasters: A Multigenre Project

Recipe for Disaster

Ingredients:

- 1 large dining room
- 1 fancy dinner party
- 1 stressed out host
- 17 guests
- 1 important business partner
- 1 rude little boy
- 1 hungover server
- 1 expensive plate of caviar
- 1 easily offended mother in law
- 1 priceless silk dress
- 3 false accusations
- a generous amount of confusion
- 24 plates of fancy food
- 4 tablespoons of anger
- 2 tablespoons of crying
- 3 tablespoons of offensive language
- 5 yapping dogs
- 1 host's good reputation

Process:

1. Start off with placing 1 fancy dinner party into a large dining room. Make sure everything is neat and proper.
2. Add 1 stressed out host, 17 guests and 1 important business partner into the dining room.
3. Add 1 rude little boy into the dining room and let him sit until he is bored and reckless.
4. Combine little boy with 1 hungover server and a plate of expensive caviar. Make sure the little boy trips the server and that the plate of caviar goes flying everywhere.
5. Mix some of the caviar with 1 easily offended mother in law and her priceless silk dress. Check to make sure the dress is completely ruined before proceeding.
6. Add 3 false accusations and sprinkle confusion generously around entire mixture.
7. Heat the entire dining room until tensions are at their maximum intensity. Heat until air tension is thick enough to cut with a butter knife.
8. Yell "Food Fight!" and quickly toss in the 24 plates of fancy food, while making sure that the dining room and all other ingredients are completely covered in food.
9. Add the anger, crying and offensive language and mix well.
10. At this point, it is imperative to release 5 yapping dogs into the dining room and allow them to run wildly over the entire party. Make sure they lick food off the face of the important business partner.
11. Place host's good reputation into the mixture and heat until burnt or non-existent.

There you have it! One perfect disaster!



Diary Entry

May 24th, 2016

Dear Diary,

It's Milorie. Today was the absolute worst day of my entire life! It was performance day for the Lakewood High school play and I'd been practising for weeks! I'd received the role of Princess Lorayne. I was sure I was going to nail my scene! I was wrong.

First of all, this morning I woke up late since my little sister Chenta, turned off my alarm while she was playing with my phone. How many times do I have to tell her not to come into my room before I wake up? She is unbelievable!

I missed my bus so I had to get myself to school. It's only a 20 minute walk but I had to be at school early since the play started at 9 o'clock sharp. I ended up having to run and I truly detest running! I got to school sweaty and winded but on time. I got into my costume as quickly as I could and prepared for the show.

I waited quietly in the wing of the stage while I listened for my cue. I suddenly had an immense urge to sneeze. I heard my cue and tried to hold in my sneeze but as soon as I set foot out on stage, I sneezed so loudly that all the attention was immediately on me. Nice entrance on my part, huh? Did I mention that the ENTIRE SCHOOL was watching? Well, they were. I heard a small chuckle drift over the crowd. I was slightly embarrassed but I held my head high and began reciting my well-rehearsed lines.


That's when I saw him: Lance Tilbury. Lance is the cutest boy at my school and I am hopelessly obsessed with him. He was sitting in the fourth row and his sandy hair fell gracefully over his eyes. As I stared at him, I felt pangs of sadness in my heart because Lance was whispering with none other than Gina Cobbler! Gina is my biggest competitor for becoming Lance's girlfriend and my sworn enemy. She was leaning close to Lance and shot me a dirty look. My next line in the play was supposed to be "Aye, love by chance will bury the truth." but I was so distracted by Lance I exclaimed "I love my Lance Tilbury, it's true!" The audience roared with laughter. Lance looked down, avoiding eye contact, and my face flushed bright red! I had just told the entire school who my crush is!

The other actors on stage just stared at me. Suddenly, someone in the audience yelled, "Hey, her dress is on backwards!" Another cheer of laughter rose from the spectators. I looked down and my dress was in fact completely backwards! I was in such a rush to put my costume on, I hadn't noticed.

By this time, I was utterly humiliated and I tried to run off stage, but of course, my feet got all tangled in my dress. I tripped and came crashing down onto the stage. The audience exploded into laughter for a third time and I ran and hid in the school bathroom for the rest of the day.

On the bus ride home, I tried to hide in my sweater but I heard two seniors say: "Hey, there's Princess Lor-LAME!" I hope they didn't see that my eyes were full of tears. I just wish that I could completely erase today. It was such a mess! I totally embarrassed myself in front of everyone I know and I'll never live it down! I might go into hiding.

Sincerely,
A miserable, mortified,
Milorie Burk



Poem

Heat Wave

The heat covers the air like a thick blanket
Holding me down
Pressing
Pushing
Dizzied faces pass by
My exhausted eyelids give in to their weight
Then raise with hesitance

The world plays in slow motion
The insects flying by
have reduced their buzz
to a low drone
The petals droop on the flowers
Their colour drained by the selfish sun

I breathe out steam
over the blistering haze
The searing wind
nudges the fevered yellow grass
My throat burns
aching for hydration
Rays of light
pierce my eyes

The sun is a slow
silent killer
Creating a quiet catastrophe
of dried up lives
and sweltering drought

I melt into my chair
as beads of sweat
trickle down my face
Unable to defeat this
broiling air
I surrender to the heat
Letting my eyelids fall closed
I enter into
the mirage lurking in my dreams



Letter of Complaint

March 13th 2016

Dear manager of Flora's Diner,

I recently went with my family to Flora's Diner on the corner of Elk and Main and was thoroughly disappointed with the experience we were provided with.

To start off our bad experience, we had to wait 45 minutes to be seated, even though we could see empty tables which had not been cleared.

Finally seated at our table of three, there was something sticky on my son's chair so we had to exchange it with a chair from a different table.

No waitress came to our table to take our order, so we had to wave one down. The waitress who came, after a tiring amount of waving, was Meghan. She was rude and chewed gum the whole time. Very unprofessional service from Meghan.

Our food didn't arrive for another hour and a half. When we asked Meghan why it was taking so long, she just shrugged and mumbled something about how they are not paying her enough for this.

When our food did arrive, it was an extreme disappointment. Though, I must say that by that point, our expectations of Flora's Diner had already been lowered a considerable amount. The chicken was dry and undercooked, my son's side of fries was missing and they poured salad dressing all over my husband's salad. He had specifically asked for no dressing since he is allergic to several spices, but that request was completely disregarded.

Meghan ignored us and refused to come over when we waved at her again, so we were unable to receive that order of fries. A different waitress came later with our bill. The diner charged us for the dressing AND the fries.

We paid but did not leave a tip. Meghan did not deserve one. I suggest firing that waitress since she does not know anything about manners or good service.

Overall, my family and I were completely dissatisfied with the service and food at Flora's Diner. The wait time was excessive, the restaurant itself was dirty and not well kept and the customer service was offensive. Flora's diner is a disaster and we will not be eating there again.

Sincerely,

Margaret Weatherall

Margaret Weatherall



Monologue

I am a neat freak. I know that's kind of hard to believe, coming from the girl sitting in a chaotic room covered in garbage, but it's true. I crave the satisfying feeling of everything being exactly where it's supposed to be. Now, I am fully aware of the fact that nothing is in its place in this room. In *my* room. I can't believe how far I've strayed. I just wish everything could go back to the way it was before.

This whole mess started when the school newspaper announced a new columnist contest. The student who wrote the best article would have their very own column! Finally, it was my chance to be heard! I'd been disgusted by the way students lived. Overflowing binders and untied shoelaces. Moldy sandwiches in the bottom of smelly lockers. Abused textbooks with pages barely clinging to the binding. A pungent aroma of body spray and raging hormones oozed from every hall. It was as if they didn't even care. They let their lives rot around them and didn't even notice. I decided that since I was the only one who could see the disaster before me, I would write an article about how to get your life back together. I would singlehandedly restore order to the school!

So, I started writing. I poured over the article for 3 weeks. I was so exhilarated to finally be able to be heard by the whole school. The article had to be perfect. Perfect. Every line, every phrase had to scream my message: That these student's messy lives had to stop and that everyone needed to clean up and stop being so lazy! The sentences had to flow together, creating a sense of regret and self-awareness in the reader. Everything in this article had to be where it belonged. It had to blow everyone away and inspire change.

For the first week, it was fun. I was excited for the future column I was sure I'd get. Then, as the days went by, the words wouldn't fit together like I wanted them to and I became frustrated. I started spending more hours every day on this article, writing and rewriting it. It still wasn't what I wanted, no needed, it to be. I figured I just wasn't working hard enough.

So, I started missing family meals. I'd grab a Sprite from the kitchen and get back to work. Evening plans, apart from writing, became non-existent. Weekends were for rewriting, lunches were for rereading. I centered everything around making more time to work on the article. My work ethic started accelerating at an enormous rate as my anger towards the revolting students grew and grew. I became obsessed, consumed with my task. Everything I loved and cared about had just become a distraction. But still, no matter how many hours I spent and how many times I reworked it. I couldn't get it right. Last night, at 3am, after writing furiously for hours, I ripped my paper in half and screamed "I can't do it anymore!" and I collapsed on my desk from exhaustion.

I woke up a few hours ago and had a look around. I'd been so focused on the article, I couldn't see the disaster my life had become. This morning, for the first time, I could finally see it.

I can now see the piles of crumpled paper balls which are covering the floor, creating pyramids of failures. Hours spent on ideas that just weren't good enough, were tossed away without so much as a second thought. I can see the overflowing garbage bin full of empty Sprite cans. I breathed my passion into these pop bottles and there they sit, overwhelmed with the hollowness of my goal. My selfish ambitions floated ominously through the air for 3 weeks, targeting and dissolving the remnants of my life away from this article.

My bed is a rumped mess, imprinted with dozens of restless sleeps. Stacks of pencil shavings sit cluttered around my feet. I can see my own sorry state in the smudged mirror. My hair is matted and

frizzy, a product of my stress and loss of awareness. Oh, even my clothes are dirty! How did this happen?

I have created a monster out of my focus and drive. I have become everything I detest! My motivation for this article has been skewed from wanting to be heard to wanting to prove that *I* am better than everyone. That *I* know how the world should be! I don't! I can't even keep my own room clean, never mind help anyone else get their life back together! I, who advocated against carelessness, let everything in my life slide out of my grasp. I was blinded by pride and arrogance. I said that I was a neat-freak but all I really am is a control freak! *I* wanted to tell everyone what to do! *I* wanted order and for everything to be perfect. When I couldn't write a convincing article, I lost my sense of control over others. With this, I lost my sense of control over myself.

I have the article right here. This dumb article that started it all. It isn't a masterpiece of wisdom or a piece to inspire a revolution. All I've created is an ironic pile of lies. A boastful example of hypocrisy. I know absolutely nothing about getting anyone's life back together.

In this shameful article, I wrote about the importance of being aware and attentive while in reality, I couldn't even see the mess my life had become. I was so focused on everyone else's problems, I couldn't see my own. How did I judge others so harshly when I was the making the same mistakes?

My room is a disgraceful image of how I've been acting. Just like all these paper balls full of past ideas I deemed "not good enough", I tossed people I love aside because they didn't seem necessary or important to the project. Just like these empty cans of Sprite, I drained myself of all my energy to fuel this article and now I'm left feeling empty. Even though this room is so full, I feel all alone.

I honestly don't know where to go from here. My article is so arrogant and ignorant I wouldn't dare enter it in the contest. I feel overwhelmed and scared by the colossal mess I've gotten myself into. Literally, I mean look around!

I allowed this article to be my life. I neglected my friends, my family and treated all "distractions" with a contempt they didn't deserve.

I've decided I'm not ready to be a columnist. Not yet anyway. I can't give advice until I get my own life together. All I can be is a friend, a student, a daughter and a regular, flawed human being.

Letter of Reflection

June 16th 2016

Dear Ms. Smith,

I have learned a lot in English class this semester. My writing skills have improved as a result of this. In February, the thought of writing an essay scared me because I believed I was not very good at essays. By June, I have a better understanding of what is involved in making a good essay and what I can do to make my essays more effective. I have learned how to properly set up a quote using the quote sandwich, how to create a thought provoking conclusion and that it is important to use resources to broaden my ideas. I also improved my written responses through practice. I have gained the ability to process ideas quickly and one response does not take me as long to write as it used to.

Over the course of this semester, I have become a better reader. I have enjoyed reading classic books such as Lord of the Flies and Heart of Darkness which I probably would never have read had they not been assignments for class. I also have become a better analyzer as I read. I have learned how to look for symbolism, pathetic fallacy and allusions in literature. I also have learned that it is important to research the author of a text to understand the historical context in which it was written.

I have made progress in speaking this semester by focusing on forming clear answers and ideas, before answering questions in group discussions. I have tried to share my thoughts in a manner others will understand or even connect with. I have improved in representing by acknowledging my artistic skill level and staying within my artistic limits. I made it my goal to produce simple, yet well done, visual representations, instead of attempting to create something well beyond my skill level and doing a poor job of it. I believe I mostly accomplished this.

I chose the theme "Disasters" for my multigenre project. I chose this theme because I could easily think of many different types of disasters to write about. I also knew that it would be easy for me to write about the feeling of experiencing a disaster since I often view my own life as a disaster. I make many mistakes and am very clumsy. Making mistakes is a prominent subject of my multigenre project since I can relate to it. The piece I am the most proud of is my monologue because, before writing, I had a clear vision of the emotions I wanted to capture but doubted that I would be able to express them. I was able to recreate the emotions I had in mind and am very pleased with my work.

I started this semester with one main goal: to learn. I accomplished this goal by being open to learning and using constructive criticism. I have learnt how to improve myself and how to fully appreciate the works of others. I have also learnt about myself and about my own work ethic. I did not improve as much as I expected to but I have made progress. I expected my confidence and skill in writing to improve more but that will have to be one of my goals for next year. In Gr.12, I can improve on creating more of a natural flow in my writing and being less wordy. My goals for Gr. 12 are to improve my writing, read more books and procrastinate less. Thank you for being such a wonderful teacher this year.

Sincerely,



Abigail Curle