

Creative Writing Portfolio
Alicia Perrone

Contents

Name Poem: “The Right Name”	3
Image-based poem: “Childhood”.....	4
Pre-fab short story: “A Simple Red Clock”.....	5
New CW piece: “The Pursuit of Happiness”	10
Ghazal: “Sunrise Ghazal”	11
Rondeau: “The Mirror”.....	12
Sonnet: “Far Apart”	13

The Right Name

I've always felt that I had the right name.
Some don't feel like their name suits them.
Alicia Ludivine Perrone,
My first name,
Alicia,
meaning "noble natured",
My middle name,
Ludivine,
comes from my grandmother.
She passed before I met her.
So, my parents passed her name on.
Even though I didn't know her,
I have a piece of her by my side for the rest of my life.
My last name,
Perrone,
Represents my Italian heritage and my grandparents.
I will always cherish my name.
It defines who I am.
Alicia Ludivine Perrone

Childhood

Joy and tenderness follow
the memories of my younger self.

I remember the time my father
showed me how to ride a bike
without the training wheels.
I was on the top of the world,
I could conquer anything.

Getting my first MP3 player,
I listened to ABBA's Dancing Queen
on a constant loop, singing
the words like the song was about me.

I remember meeting my favorite Teddy;
he didn't wear a shirt and I begged
my parents to get him a green shirt
for he would get cold when the Winter came.

Coming in from the freezing cold,
having just finished building a snowman
and being welcomed by a comforting cup
of hot chocolate that my mother made
felt like a warm hug.

I remember the bedtime stories that my parents read,
they gave me lifetime of knowledge.
I remember writing my first story
I firmly believed that I was the next bestselling author.

I remember running up the basement stairs
and jumping into bed
because the fear of being chased by the monster
was more terrifying than anything else in the world.

A time of innocence and of pure joy.
My parent's names were Mommy and Daddy.
Magic was real and so were
Santa Claus, the Tooth Fairy, and the Easter Bunny.

We tend to leave our younger selves behind as time goes on,
but we should take these children by the hand and cherish them.
For there is much to learn.

A Simple Red Clock

December 15th, it seemed like a mundane day. The sky was cloudy and grey, the snow was almost brown, and it was freezing. A few months after my father's passing, I decided it was time that we go through his personal belongings. I opened the closet door and found a box hidden in the back. I pulled out the box and saw that it was wrapped in clear tape multiple times, making sure that nobody got into it. I secured the box in my hands and ran down the stairs. Once reached the kitchen, I grabbed the large pair of scissors. I cut through the tape and opened the lid of the box to find a table clock. It was red and didn't tick. I put my hand into the box and took the clock out.

My family was sitting at the dinner table. We were laughing. Everything looked the same, except for one thing. My father was sitting at the end of the table, laughing. He looked healthy. I had forgotten what that looked like. I was still holding the clock and decided to place it onto the floor.

I was back in the kitchen. It was silent. The scissors were on the marble countertop and the box was wide open, but the clock was missing. I walked out of the kitchen and into the dining room. The red clock was sitting on the floor, next to my seat. It couldn't be. That's impossible. I hadn't moved the clock over. I walked quickly towards the clock and took it off the floor.

I was laying in my bedroom and heard a knock on the door. My father opened the bedroom door. "You sure you don't want to join us? It'll be fun,"

"I'm sure. I've got stuff to do," I answered, instantly regretting my decision. I didn't know how much time I had left with him. I ran out of bed and dropped the clock. A large thud

followed. I continued running and opened the bedroom door, leaving it wide open. I finally caught up with my father. "I'll go. I changed my mind," I answered.

"I knew you would," He smiled and took me into his arms. I had missed this. I had almost forgotten how his voice sounded and I never wanted to leave his side.

We left home shortly after and enjoyed our day. When we arrived at home, I walked back into my room and started looking for the clock. I heard a new ticking noise. I bent down, lifted the comforter, and saw the clock. I pulled it out from under the bed. I tried touching the clock to go back home, but I didn't budge. I attempted it once more and nothing happened. I turned the clock and noticed that the glass was broken. This must have been the reason why it wasn't working. My heartbeat had started racing. My mother would start worrying about where I was.

I took the red clock and walked to the kitchen, finding my father baking. "Hey Dad, I found this in your stuff. Do you know anything about this?"

He turns around and looks at the clock. "Let me take a look at it," He answers, taking the clock into his hands. "No, I've never seen it before, but it's broken,"

I let out an exhale.

"Wait, something's engraved," He took his glasses off the marble countertop and shoved them onto his face. Approaching the broken clock towards his face, he squinted his eyes.

"There's an address, 26 Maple Lane. I'm guessing if you go there, you might get your answers," He handed the broken red clock over to me and put his glasses back onto the countertop.

I squeezed him tight and ran out the front door of the house. I jumped into my mother's car and slowly made my way towards 26 Maple Lane. Once I had arrived, I noticed a large sign pointing out the entrance to a repair shop. The door was opaque and there was nothing nearby. I walked into the shop and met Larry, the clerk working the shop. I handed him the clock and

explained that I needed it fixed by tomorrow morning. Afterwards, I drove back home and spent some time with my father. This was the last time I would see him.

I woke up the next morning feeling low-spirited. I was going back home in the real world where my father wasn't alive. I knew that I wanted to stay, but my mother would be frantic by now. I spent the morning having breakfast with my father. He made his famous pancake recipe, and a delicious familiar smell filled the room.

Once we finished the meal, I cleaned up and then ran out to the car. I drove back to Larry's repair shop to retrieve the red clock. The second I arrived, I jumped out of the car and walked into the shop. As I walked in, Larry did not smile or greet me. I knew he had some bad news.

"Hey Rebekah, you're not going to like this, but somebody broke in last night," He announced.

"Oh, I'm so sorry about that. Is the clock fixed?"

"I managed to fix it last night before I left, but somebody took it. They didn't take anything other than the clock," He announced.

My breathing started getting heavy. My heart, pounding. My mother would think that I've gone missing, and I would be stuck here forever.

"I know who took the clock. I was planning on reporting it after I discussed the issue with you. It's up to you Rebekah," He revealed.

"Who did it?"

"Marshall. He's been wandering around town for years looking for this red clock. I should've known and kept it locked somewhere. I'm really sorry, I hope you know that,"
"Do you have an address? I'll try to get it back from him,"

“47 Washington Boulevard,”

I thanked Larry and walked back to the car, immediately driving to Marshall’s address. Once I reached my destination, I parked my mother’s car in the large driveway and walked up the front door. I rang the doorbell. A few minutes later, a man that I would come to know as Marshall opened the heavy brown door.

“Hello sir, I’m Rebekah. I’ve heard that you have recently acquired a clock. It’s of sentimental value to my family,” I say, trying to be as polite as possible.

“Very well,” The man had a thick English accent. He gestured to let me in and walked me towards the dining room. Two meals were sitting across from each other. Almost like he knew I was on my way. He must have been expecting me.

We sat down in our respective seats, and he started eating. I could feel the tension between us. I wanted the clock, and he would not give it up.

“So... Marshall, what do you want in exchange for the clock?” I said, getting straight to the point. The man stayed silent, not looking up once. “I’ll give you anything,” He finally looked up.

“Yes, I must admit that this is a tempting offer. However, have you ever considered that I don’t want anything in exchange for it?”

“You’ll give it back?”

“Rebekah, you’re getting ahead of yourself. I never said that,” He said, taking a deep breath. “The clock isn’t up for discussion. I will keep it and that is final,”

“Please, Marshall. It belongs to my family. My mother lost it back when she was young,”

“Farce! We both know what the clock does Rebekah. Don’t treat me like an absolute fool,”

“Alright, I’ll tell you the truth. I used to—,”

“Quiet. I don’t need to hear any more lies coming from your mouth. I told you that the clock is not up for bargain, and I will certainly not entertain any pity stories,” The man sat up from his seat and walked me towards the door. I left the man’s home and drove back to mine. I planned to return tomorrow.

The next morning, I quickly left home and drove to Marshall’s. This time, a woman answered the door. I explained that I was the man’s friend and that I was sent to collect a bag that he had forgotten. The woman let me in, and I quickly left her side. I walked towards the dining room and started searching in every drawer. Once I realized that it wasn’t there, I thought I could search the bedroom.

I found the red clock wrapped in a towel in the trunk at the end of the bed. I took the clock out of the trunk and hurriedly put the clock into a bag.

I drove back home and walked to my bedroom. I opened the large bag and unwrapped the towel from the clock, gently setting the red clock onto my dresser. I closed my eyes and put my hand on the clock.

I opened my eyes and saw my mother sitting at the dinner table. Lots of papers and pictures with my name and face were placed out in front of her. “Mom?”

She quickly turned around. She had been crying. “Rebekah! Where have you been? I thought that something had happened,” she said, wiping her damp cheeks.

“It’s a long story, I’ll tell you everything later,” I told her everything from my father to the robbery, to Marshall and finally coming back home to find her. It was December 15th, it seemed like a mundane day. The sky was cloudy and grey, the snow was almost brown, and it was freezing.

The Pursuit of Happiness*

As a child, I was that kid who always had a smile on her face. I had a lot of emotions, and I wasn't afraid to show them. I laughed like there was no tomorrow. I made up words, pretended they existed, and taught them to people around me. Maybe the word to use in this case is: creative. It was around this time that I started writing stories and creating characters. They weren't developed and neither were the stories, but they made me even happier. It was at this time that I started writing my first scary stories. I practiced until my characters started becoming more developed and my stories more complex. Writing made me unconditionally happy.

During the first week of my high school experience, we had to write our first short story. Others dreaded the assignment while I rejoiced. When I got my grade back, I was disappointed. I had failed, and for someone who wanted to be a writer, failing was not an option. My classmates were getting perfect scores and they were the ones dreading it. I felt like a fraud.

A few years ago, I went through a lot. I started asking myself a lot of questions about who I was and who I wanted to be. I became a shy and reserved person. I started feeling guilty for things I shouldn't feel guilty about, and it was the worst thing I had ever felt. I was truly at rock bottom.

It was during this year that I wrote everything down. Everything I felt, it went into my writing, and I started feeling like myself again. I started writing characters that reflected the way I was feeling. I started laughing more and having more fun. It was refreshing. Through my writing, I answered those questions about myself. I was finally myself.

I finally knew the secret to happiness. It was believing that the smallest things were exciting and new. I got my life back and started looking forward to every day. That's the secret to happiness.

Sunrise Ghazal

When she and I met we promised each other the sunrise;
we both had read a novel which painted a sunrise.

Receding lilacs, incoming baby blues, pastel pinks descend
upon the sky painting beauty into the sunrise.

We talked about it for weeks on end,
counting down the days until we could see the sun rise.

We lived far apart and promised to spend
every day together, waiting for the sunrise.

We grew further apart, waiting for the end.
She and I planned to meet in a park and watch the sunrise.

When she and I reached a dead end,
I knew that neither of us would see the colours of the sunrise.

I knew I couldn't wait to attend.
Alicia walked to the park alone and watched the sunrise.

The Mirror

I look in the mirror.
Getting nearer,
I see my hair is dark brown.
Looking down, do I hang around
seeming inferior?

My face stares in terror,
making sure I haven't made an error.
I frown,
looking in the mirror.

I look further
and see myself clearer.
Calm down,
you don't look like a clown.
You just made the error
of looking in the mirror.

Far Apart

We live a lengthy way from each other.
While you live on the summery West Coast,
enjoying life near cerulean water.
I freeze on the white wintery East Coast.
We agreed to date on Valentine's Day,
I didn't know if what we had was real.
We lived considerably far away,
and that made it tougher for us to feel.
Both our hearts grew further apart this time,
yearning for some strong wave of emotion.
Acting like we could have turned on a dime.
Our hearts worn out from all the devotion.
You and I put an end to our torment,
and started existing in the present.