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<th><strong>Composition--English 101.302A &amp; 302B</strong></th>
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<td><strong>T/TH 1:00-2:15 p.m. - Fall 2013—CAMB Room 209</strong></td>
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</table>

**Instructor:** Mrs. Linda Fretterd Earls, Associate Professor of English  
**Office Location:** Caroline Center, Room 202E  
**Office Hours:** M/W 10:00-11:15 a.m. or M/W 1:00-2:15 p.m. **Wye Mills Caroline Center 202E** (directly above the bookstore), or T/TH 11:00 a.m. to 11:30 a.m. **CAMB Multi-Service Center**, or by appointment.  
**Phone:** (410) 822-5400, (410) 758-1537, or (410) 228-4360: EXT. 2316  
**Text:** (410) 829-2235 in emergencies & include your name!  
**NOTE:** You may also leave a message with the Division Secretary, Mrs. Carolyn Causey (ext. 2322), with Mrs. Angela Harmon (ext. 2352), or at the front desk in Cambridge (ext. 2602).  
**Fax:** (410) 827-5814  
**E-mail addresses:** learts@chesapeake.edu (This is the best way to reach me!) or through our course e-mail in CANVAS.

**Required Texts & Materials:**  

![The Norton Field Guide to Writing](image)


![They Say, I Say](image)

Flash USB drive (to save documents) & marble composition book

**Course Description**

The first semester of composition provides instruction in the writing process using published essays as models of effective writing. Students will learn to write clearly organized essays using the basic patterns of expression. The English language, logic, library use, and the form and organization of research papers will be studied. In this class, students will be exploring a controversy within “a community” in which they belong as they write a 6-8 page exploration semester-long paper, discovering research methods that include detached and participant observation, interviewing, and library work. The research project will include students’ original research along with the findings of other scholars. **The smaller papers assigned for the course will lead up to this final product, so it is important that students keep up with the work as the class evolves; for example, it’s important to identify a person to interview and topic of interest within the first two weeks of the course.**
Learning Outcomes

These are the outcomes upon which all English 101 instructors have agreed. Students will:

1. Write logically organized, syntactically coherent, and grammatically correct essays.
2. Develop coherent and arguable thesis statements for all papers.
3. Locate, evaluate, and use bibliographical and web sources proficiently and ethically.
4. Produce a 6–8 page research paper using MLA style appropriately.

In addition to these measured outcomes, there are more intangible benefits that I hope everyone will enjoy in this class:

1. Working together collaboratively to evaluate texts and to improve one’s writing.
2. Awareness of the rich multicultural world in which we live, differences that give our lives liveliness and similarities that bind us together.
3. Appreciation of the continuing evolution of the English language.
4. Ability to listen to or read about ideas with which we may not agree with, yet sometimes understand the basis of our own beliefs more clearly.

Course Content:

A  Reading-Each week students will be assigned selections from Norton, a reference guide containing information on rhetoric and grammar, They Say, I Say, professional essays illustrating various writing methods, and a compilation of detailed writing assignments. The reading assignments should be completed by the dates they are assigned to prepare for periodic quizzes and class discussions, and as helpful guides for writing assignments.

B  Pop Quizzes-The course will include surprise short quizzes on the content of the reading assignments.

C  Writing-English 101 students will write a series of essays using various modes of expression. Most of the essays will be undocumented papers, of approximately 750 words. Final copies of essays must be typed and must be in the MLA format. The research paper will be a 6 to 8-page documented paper on a controversy within a community in which the student belongs. The research paper (rough & final drafts) is required to pass the course. I must see every stage of the research process in order to grade the final draft. NO EXCEPTIONS!

D  Research-Five reliable academic sources are required for the research paper; therefore, students must make two or more library visits in order to obtain that information they will need to develop a thesis, or argument on the issue they have chosen for their capstone project. Students should not
wait until the week that the rough draft is due to begin work on this project!
Note: Students must use a variety of sources; don’t rely solely on the internet. For this particular project, students should expect to conduct at least one interview to obtain primary information.

E Oral presentation-The final for the class will be a relatively formal presentation on the capstone project, the research students have conducted for the entire semester. This eight- to ten-minute presentation will be considered the final for the class. It must be creative (examples: Ken Burns like still shots, taped interviews, narrated video, creative powerpoint/Prezi with background music, powerpoint/Prezi with pictures and narrative, etc.)

F Peer consultations- With every paper, students will be required to submit drafts, which will be reviewed and critiqued by their peers. Hopefully students will receive some good suggestions from which they can improve their work. By evaluating others’ work, students will unknowingly improve their own writing. Students will be offered the option to revise their first paper for a revised grade. If a student comes to class without a draft on the day it is due, he/she will lose class participation points for that particular day.

G Portfolio-Students must keep a portfolio that contains hard copies of all of their written assignments, to include all revisions and peer critiques of those assignments. Students must be ready to submit their portfolio for evaluation at any time during the semester.

H Journal-Students must keep a journal all semester long. This journal will contain two-page reaction logs (two front and back sides each) to prompts and/or current issues discussed in class or freewriting activities. These journals should be kept in a marble composition book which is required. The journals will be collected every two weeks, as designated on the syllabus.

Criteria:
A Attendance-Class meetings are workshops for exchanging and analyzing ideas. They will also be used to: share reactions to reading assignments, elaborate on various writing terms, defend arguments, discuss strategies for creating & drafting papers, and writing workshops. Therefore, participation in discussion is an essential part of developing communication skills and understanding methods for good writing. Only two absences are permitted, regardless of the reason. Students are responsible for discovering what they missed in class. More than two absences will undoubtedly affect the student’s performance in class.

**No late assignments will be accepted for any reason. If a student cannot be in class on the day something is due, he/she must make sure the work is delivered
to me via e-mail, my mailbox (located in the office downstairs in the CAMB center), or another student or before his/her absence from class.

While it is not required, it is encouraged that students use the Academic Support Center/multi-service Center several times. The professionals there will help students devise ideas, start drafts, proofread writing, provide help with grammar, offer suggestions, etc. Please feel free to set up appointments with me also. I will not correct grammar mistakes, etc., on rough drafts, but I will offer some suggestions for improvement.

**B Evaluation:**
Grading in this course will be based on a point system. Students will be notified of the points possible and their grades several times during the semester.

- Narration essay: 100 pts.
- Definition essay: 100 pts.
- Interview Q & A: 50 pts.
- Literary Analysis: 100 pts.
- Journal: 100 pts.
- Class Debate Reaction Paper: 100 pts.
- Research thesis statement: 10 pts.
- Research annotated bibliography: 40 pts.
- Research rough draft: 100 pts.
- Final draft of research paper & all pieces: 200 pts.
- Final presentation project: 100 pts.

**Total possible: 1000 pts.***

**C DETERMINATION OF GRADE:**

- 900-1,000 pts. = A
- 800-899 pts. = B
- 700-799 pts. = C
- 600-699 pts. = D
- below 600 pts. = F

*NOTE: THERE WILL BE PERIODIC POP QUIZZES AND MINI-WRITTEN ASSIGNMENTS DURING THE SEMESTER, WHICH WILL PUSH THE POINTS POSSIBLE ABOVE 1,100.*

**Revisions:** As previously noted, students will have the option to revise the first essay after it has been graded. The new edition will be averaged with the first graded edition to determine the final mark on the paper.

**Plagiarism and Cheating Policy:** Any student caught cheating on any assignment, copying anyone else’s work, or taking credit for someone else’s work, will receive an automatic zero on that particular assignment. If such immoral actions continue in class, the student will automatically fail the course. Any instance of cheating of any kind automatically will be reported to the Academic Dean, Dr. Roger Smitter, and to the Vice President of Academic Services, Dr. Kathryn Barbour; and will be documented in a permanent database.
**CLASSROOM POLICY: STUDENTS FOUND USING THE CLASSROOM COMPUTERS OR THEIR PERSONAL IPODS OR CELLPHONES DURING CLASSTIME WITHOUT PERMISSION WILL BE ASKED TO LEAVE THE CLASSROOM. REPEATED BEHAVIOR WILL CAUSE THE STUDENT TO BE REFERRED TO THE VICE PRESIDENT FOR STUDENT AFFAIRS, DR. RICH MIDCAP!! NO EXCEPTIONS!!**

**Library & Help Services Hours of Operation**

**Learning Resource Center, L-100**
- Monday - Thursday: 8:00 a.m. - 9:00 p.m.
- Friday: 8:00 a.m. - 4:30 p.m.
- Sunday: 1:00 p.m. - 5:00 p.m.

**Academic Computing Services**
- Learning Resource Center, L-200
- Monday - Thursday: 8:00 a.m. - 9:00 p.m.
- Friday: 8:00 a.m. - 4:30 p.m.

**Student Support Services**
- Learning Resource Center, L-105
- Monday - Thursday: 9:00 a.m. - 6:30 p.m.
- Friday: 9:00 a.m. - 1:00 p.m.

**Testing Center**
- Learning Resource Center, L-133, ext. 2344
- Monday/Thursday: 12:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m.
- Tuesday/Wednesday/Friday: 8:00 a.m. - 4:30 p.m.
- Sunday: 1:00 p.m. - 5:00 p.m.

**Cambridge Center Services**
- Multi-Service Center, ext. 2601, or 410-228-5754, 410-820-6058
- Monday - Thursday: 9:00 a.m. - 6:30 p.m.
- Friday: 9:00 a.m. - 1:00 p.m.

**ACADEMIC INSTRUCTION EMERGENCY MANAGEMENT PLAN:**

In the event that Chesapeake College needs to close for an extended period of time due to a flu pandemic, severe weather event, or other emergency situation, consideration will be given to the timing and duration of the closure as follows:

1. Closure during the semester for up to one week – there will be an opportunity to make up work missed without significant alteration to the semester calendar.
2. Closure extending beyond one week (or in situations where classes are cancelled on the same days/evenings over multiple weeks) – the College may extend the length of the semester. Depending on the timing of the closure, scheduled breaks, end of semester dates, and/or the processing of final grades might be impacted.

Students can acquire information about closures on the College website or by calling 410-822-5400 or 410-228-4360. Chesapeake College courses held at off campus sites will follow the protocol of the host facility.
STANDARDS FOR A "C" PAPER
Developed by the Statewide English Composition Committee
For the Maryland Chief Academic Officers

CONTENT
The "C" paper fulfills the assignment, meeting all specified requirements, such as subject, organization, and length, and reflects the author's awareness of audience and purpose. The paper presents a central idea supported by relevant material (facts, figures, examples, quotations, or other details). The reasoning is sound; arguments are supported with adequate evidence; and the paper makes appropriate use of specific, concrete, and relevant information. Other points of view are acknowledged and responded to as appropriate. Sources of information are accurately and fully attributed.

ORGANIZATION
The "C" paper has a discernible and logical plan. It has a focus, and the writer maintains the focus throughout the essay. The writer has unified the entire essay in support of the central idea, or thesis, and individual paragraphs in support of subordinate points. Some individual paragraphs, however, may be weak. The writer promotes coherence through the logical order of paragraphs and the use of some or all of the following devices: thesis sentence, topic sentences, opening and closing paragraphs, and transitions. The use of these devices may lack smoothness, but the writer has achieved an acceptable level of organization.

STYLE/EXPRESSION
The "C" paper uses reasonable stylistic options (tone, word choice, sentence patterns) for its audience and purpose. The writing is clear. As a rule, the paper has smooth transitions between paragraphs, although some sentences may be ineffective. The meaning of sentences is clear, although some sentences may be awkward or there may be a lack of variety in sentence patterns. Nonetheless, sentence structure is generally correct, although it may show limited mastery of such elements as subordination, emphasis, sentence variety and length, and modifiers. The paper reflects current academic practices of language use established by professional associations such as the Modern Language Association and the American Psychological Association.

GRAMMAR/MECHANICS
The "C" paper follows the conventions of standard written U. S. English; thus, it is substantially free of errors in grammar, spelling, punctuation, and mechanics. What errors are present must not impede meaning nor overly distract the reader.
SCHEDULE*

All assignments listed for a specific date must be read and completed for that date! Also, while several readings in Norton contain exercises, students are not required to complete those exercises, unless otherwise instructed to do so.

T Aug. 27
Introduction to course
Writing Process & Peer Collaboration
Research Paper Topics on Current Events
Discuss Narration essay (packet)
Purpose Norton 3-4
Audience Norton 5-8
Genre Norton 9-11
Stance Norton 12-14
Introduction: Entering the Conversation They Say 1-15

TH Aug. 29
Writing a Literacy Narrative Norton 21-37
Describing Norton 324-332
Dialogue Norton 333-337
Narrating Norton 343-351
Memoirs Norton 153-160
“Uncle Willie” (hand-out)

T Sept. 3
Due: Draft of Narration Essay
Guiding Your Reader Norton 272-277
Drafting Norton 226-228
Assessing your Own Writing Norton 229-234
Peer collaboration on Narrative essay in class

TH Sept. 5
Getting Response and Revising Norton 235-241
Editing and Proofreading Norton 242-246
Doing Field Research Norton 394-399
Read “Conducting Interviews” (packet)
Interviews Norton 335-336
“They Say” They Say 19-51
Journal Collected

T Sept. 10
Due: Rough & Final Drafts of Narration Essay
Developing a Research Plan Norton 375-383
Finding Sources Norton 384-399
Fragments Norton HB-7
Comma Splices/Fused Sentences Norton HB-10

In class: Create 10 substantive interview questions
TH Sept. 12

Due: Research paper topic
Due: Tentative Research thesis statement
Evaluating Sources Norton 400-403
Synthesizing Ideas Norton 404-407
“Are Too Many People Going to College?” They Say 222-242

T Sept. 17

Continued Discussion about Interviews
Review Thesis Statements
Profiles Norton 161-170
Quoting, Paraphrasing, and Summarizing Norton 408-419
“Thinking Outside the Box” They Say 295-298

TH Sept. 19

Due: 10 typed Q & A from your Interview
“Why Sports Matter” They Say 489-511
“Women Who Hit Very Hard” They Say 512-523
“In Defense of Cheering” They Say 524-528
Journal Collected

T Sept. 24

“How I Learned to Love Football” They Say 529-536
“Move Over Boys” They Say 537-544
“We, the Public” They Say 545-552
“Cheating and CHEATING” They Say 553-559
Acknowledging Sources Norton 420-424
Documentation Norton 425-427
Due: Bring three research sources to class

TH Sept. 26

Review MLA Style Norton 428-476
Discuss Definition Essay (packet)
Defining Norton 314-323

T Oct. 1

Due: Bibliography draft due
View sample MLA Bib. page Norton 475-476
“There’s No I in Team” packet
“My Life as a Gang Member” packet

TH Oct. 3

Definition Essay Discussion Continued
Journal Collected

T Oct. 8

Review Note Taking Norton 408-409
Due: Draft of Definition essay
Peer Collaboration of Def. Essay in class
TH Oct. 10  Continued Discussion of Def. Essay
     Literary Analyses  Norton 143-152
     Due: Annotated Bibliography Due

Discussion of Literary Analysis (packet)
“No Rainbows, No Roses” (packet)
“Gear Up” (packet)
“The Things They Carry” (packet)

T Oct. 15  Discussion of Literary Analysis continued
     Due: Rough & Final Drafts of Def. essay

TH Oct. 17  Literary Analysis in class
     “I Say” They Say 55-101
     Journal Collected

T Oct. 22  Continue Lit. Analysis in class
     Journal Collected
     Due: Rough, yet detailed research outline due

TH Oct. 24  Outlining Norton 223-224
     Review Sample Student Research Papers in class
     Due: Rough & Final Drafts of Literary Analysis

T Oct. 29  “Is Higher Education Worth the Price” They Say 177-189
     “The New Liberal Arts” They Say 190-197
     “Kenyon Commencement Speech” They Say 198-210
     “Two Years are Better than Four” They Say 211-214

TH Oct. 31  “Why do you Think…” They Say 215-221
     “Blue Collar Brilliance” They Say 243-255
     “Lifetime of Student Debt” They Say 256-273

Watch Youtube Clip in Class
     Discuss Reaction Paper on College Education in Class
     Journal Collected

T Nov. 5  Class Debate on College Education
     MLA Documentation Format Norton 428-476

     Rough Outline for Reaction Paper on College Education Due
In Class Reaction Paper Written on College Education
“Tying it All Together”

They Say 105-128

Due: Two copies of Rough draft of research paper
Please look at the Templates on pp. 681-695 in They Say.
Peer collaboration on papers in class
Revision

Norton 236-239

Due: Revised edition of Research paper (Peer comments)
Peer collaboration on papers in class
Rough & Final drafts of Reaction Paper on College Ed. Due
Journal Collected

Final discussion of research drafts

Discussion of Final projects
View Examples in Class
Due: Rough & Final Drafts of Research paper

Final Projects in Class

No Class—Thanksgiving Holiday

Final Projects in Class
Journal Collected

Final Projects in Class

No Class—Finals Begin

Last Day of Final Projects 12:30-2:30

*Note: Changes may be made to the schedule; stay alert!
© Have a great holiday!
ENG 101--Earls

The Narrative Essay

--Make sure that your story has a point, which should be stated in your thesis statement.

--Make sure it’s a story that intrigues your reader. It should appeal to your audience.

--Use time order to organize your details (first this happened; then this; after that, this; next, this; and so on.) Employ transitions between these ideas and explain the consequences of each episode.

--Pace your story. Don’t tell everything that happened in the first paragraph.

--Tell your story from a consistent point of view. An omniscient narrator knows everything about the event. He/she is "like a supernatural video camera sweeping over the scene and pausing briefly to focus on selective characters--describing how they look, what they say, and how they feel". If you are telling the story from your perspective, the entire essay should be written in the first person point of view ("I", "we", "us", & "our").

--Use sensory descriptions. (Details which appeal to your reader's senses: sight, sound, touch, taste, and smell.) Try to make it as vivid for the reader as it was for you when you first experienced it.

--Bring your characters "to life."

--Add in dialogue to stress the most important aspects of the event.

--Leave out details that aren’t particularly important to the story. (For example, if you are writing about the most significant family trip in your life, you shouldn’t detail every bathroom break you took along the way, since they aren’t of vital importance to your narrative.)
Narrative Assignment

Write an essay of approximately 750 words (3 typed, double spaced pages) in which you use the narrative method, to tell a story about one experience/one significant event in your life so far that changed you in some way (pivotal point, turning point, reality check, etc.). Both the introduction and conclusion of the paper should clearly state the main idea of the essay. Be sure it’s a story that you wouldn’t mind sharing with others in the class, since these essays will be peer critiqued.

In telling your story, be careful to select only those details which illustrate the main point; you do not need to tell the reader everything that happened. Also be sure to make your description as concrete and specific as possible so the reader will be able to visualize the event. (Use "It was a cloudy, humid afternoon in early September when I realized how important my family is to me" as opposed to "One day changed me.") Use examples whenever you need to clarify or emphasize ideas. Give your essay an intriguing TITLE. (Don’t entitle your essay "Narrative").

Before writing the essay, be sure to read relevant pages in your textbook, as outlined on the syllabus.

Before you begin to write, think about these two very important questions:

**Why am I writing this?**  **Who am I writing it for?**

*You will receive 5 extra credit points on your paper’s final grade if you attach a relevant picture of the event. These will be returned to you with the paper.

ROUGH DRAFT DUE:  T Sept. 3rd  ROUGH & FINAL DRAFTS DUE:  T Sept. 10th

Suggested Topics

The first time you felt grown up
A major decision which changed your life
A time you took a foolish risk
An argument you will never forget
An incident that changed your life
The scariest thing that has ever happened to you
An event that brought you closer to a relative
A time you did or did not “do the right thing”
Your best or worst holiday, birthday, or other special occasion
A time you learned a lesson or taught one to someone else

(Topics Cont.'d)
A moment of embarrassment, defeat, or disappointment
Something that happened to make you change your opinion about a person who was/is important to you
An experience that taught you the danger of something
An experience that gave you personal insight into the problems of older people (or some other group of people that you do not belong to)
A competition of some sort that revealed something about human character and behavior
An episode that made you see yourself as others see you and the lesson it taught

**AVOID TELLING**

I'll never forget when I was seven and I stole money from my brother. It was an impulse decision. I wanted a gingerbread man. It looked so delicious in the window of the local bakery. In order to buy it, I took five pennies from my brother. I felt really horrible about the experience, so I eventually returned the money. Then I confessed to my mother. On that day, I vowed never to steal again.

Instead, Try Showing

**Patterns of Development for the Subject "Guilt"**

I was seven years old when I first became aware of the terrible power of guilt. For piling our toys into the toy box, Mother had rewarded my brother and me with five shiny pennies each. If I had had ten pennies instead of just five, I could have bought a gingerbread man with raisin eyes and sugar-frosted hair. The image danced in my head all day, until, finally, I crept into my brother's room and stole his five pennies. The next morning, as my brother and I were dressing to go to school, I hid all ten pennies in the pocket of my coat, cramming one of my father's handkerchiefs on top of them. As my brother and I lined up in front of Mother to be kissed good-bye, she looked at my bulging pocket with amazement. "What on earth do you have in your pocket?" she asked. "It's nothing," I said as offhandedly as I could. "It's nothing at all." Bewildered, but too busy to investigate any further, Mother kissed me good-bye. I ran out the door and down our gravel path as fast as my feet could carry me. But the farther from home I got, the more miserable I became. The shiny pennies in my pocket felt oppressively like one-ton boulders. And I was haunted by the idea that I had become a thief. Forgotten was the gingerbread man, for whose sake I had stolen my brother's pennies. Finally, unable to bear my horrible feeling of guilt, I ran back home to blurt out my crime to my mother. I'll never forget that day, or those pennies. (Readings for Writers 8th ed. 266-267)
THE ENGLISH 101 RESEARCH PAPER—EARLS
A Controversy within a Community with which you Belong (a team, your church, this college, a club, a gang, your family, your town, your neighborhood, etc.)

PURPOSE: You are expected to demonstrate the ability to use standard research procedures to present subject matter clearly and logically. However, along the way, I also want you to better understand something about the world in which you live. To do so, you must conduct an interview and do research on the internet and in the library. This will be a semester-long project.

TOPIC: The topic must be one in which accurate, factual information can be found, but must be presented from a specific point of view with a clear thesis statement. This is NOT A REPORT! You must present your opinion/"take" on a controversy within the group you have chosen. Try to choose a controversy for which you are passionately interested; otherwise, this will be a painful 15 weeks and will result in a project which will NOT reflect your best work. The thesis statement should be one argumentative sentence that reflects your perspective without using the first person point of view; for example: “Even in the world of community college sports, hazing threatens the emotional and physical well-being of young athletes in several significant ways.” The thesis must be defensible by sources and should be one that you can “contain” within the confines of a 6-8 page paper. In addition, it should be one in which an expert opinion can be obtained through an interview (either online or in person). You must find five variant sources (periodical, book, internet, interviews, pamphlets, etc.) to defend your stance on the issue. You will use the 3rd person point of view to present your stance on the issue, but at least 60% of the paper should be the factual evidence in defense of your stance.

FORM & STYLE: Your paper must be 6-8 typed pages in length in 12 point Times Roman font. Do not adjust the margins or font to accommodate a short paper. Your work will be closely evaluated for its content! You must have a title page, 6-8 pages of text, and a Works Cited page (in that order). Parenthetical documentation and all other up-to-date MLA prescriptions must be used. Since this paper is worth more than any other you will submit for this class, please ask several other people to proofread your work, visit the Academic Support Center, and set up appointments with me in order to insure that the paper adequately demonstrates your ideas, hard work, and effort.

NOTE: If you have not submitted a bib., a thesis statement, a rough outline, or a rough draft, I will NOT accept your final draft. The final draft must demonstrate 15 weeks of work, diligence and effort. I must see EACH STAGE of the writing process for this paper!

Research Due Dates
Step One: Research Topic (current event—last two years) Due: TH Sept. 12th
Step Two: Tentative Research Thesis Statement Due: TH Sept. 12th
Step Three: 10 Typed Q & A for Interview Due: TH Sept. 19th
Step Four: Three Research Sources Due: T Sept. 24th
Step Five: Draft of Research Bibliography Due: T Oct. 1st
Step Six: Research Annotated Bibliography Due: TH Oct. 10th
Step Seven: Rough & Detailed Outline Due: T Oct. 22nd
Step Eight: 2 copies of rough research draft  
Due: T Nov. 12th
Step Nine: Rough & Final drafts of research paper  
Due: TH Nov. 21st
Step Ten: Creative final Research project  
Due: Start T Nov. 26th

Please review the following website before conducting your interview:

http://owl.english.purdue.edu/owl/resource/708/01/

Bibliography


DUE T Oct. 1st
Annotated Working Bibliography

In this assignment you will collect and evaluate five sources that you might use in your research paper, and you will also begin to frame the perspective from which you will approach the paper.

You should introduce your sources by explaining the topic that you are researching and what the different perspectives or concerns are within this topic. You may want to use one of the templates from They Say, I Say, like these:

A great deal has been written about the broader issue of ______________________________. Some who discuss the topic focus on the ________________________________ while others look at ________________________________ (Data /Studies /Research) on associated areas such as ________________________________ will also shed light on the subject.

OR

In discussions of ________________, one controversial issue has been ________________. One the one hand, scholars like ________________ argue that _________________. On the other hand, scholars like ________________ contend that _________________. Others even feel that__________________________.

Conclude this paragraph with your own current thesis before you move on to your sources.

“Annotated” means that you will write at least one paragraph of commentary on each source you find. Start with a concise summary of the kind of information included in the article. Identify the primary thesis idea(s) and include at least one cited quotation for support. You should consider the strengths and weaknesses of the article. Take into account the author’s qualifications and potential biases, any flaws in logic that you can see, assumptions that the author makes, and the consequences of this author’s conclusions. Try to situate this particular work within the larger conversation about your topic as you identify it in your introduction.

“Working” means that you don’t stop doing research: in fact, this assignment should help you see what other kinds of materials you may need to find. NOTE: at least one of the sources you include here should represent a contrary or very different perspective.

“Bibliography,” of course, simply refers to the list of all the materials you are considering as you research. When you have a finished paper, the ones you actually use in the paper will show up on your “Works Cited” page.

After you have summarized and evaluated each of your sources separately, include a synthetic conclusion in which you: (1.) examine how all the arguments relate to one another and (2.) reconsider the validity of your thesis, in light of your research.

Provides a focused perspective on the role of the Chicana in the workforce and education through the use of historical documents. Includes relevant evidence about the contributions of Chicanas to the Chicana/o movement throughout Southwest history with examples from education, politics, and the economy. Addresses pertinent social justice issues and responses by both the Chicana/o and the anglo populations.

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Described the gender inequality within the Chicano Movement and the impact of Chicana feminism on the overall progress of 1970s social actions. Comprehensive coverage of the Chicana/o history with a careful examination and analysis of key events and players in the quest for ethnic and gender equality.

Cabera, Nolan L., and Amado M. Padilla. “Entering and Succeeding in the Culture of College: The Story of Two Mexican Heritage Students.” *Hispanic Journal of Behavioral Sciences* 26.2 (May 2004): 152-169. Academic Search Elite (Ebsco). Web. 7 February 2009. Discusses the academic resilience of two Stanford Latino students using in-depth interviews. Provides insights into the common struggles faced by many first-time college students who rely on emotional support of families and academic support from faculty and staff at institutions of higher education. Discusses and evaluates various services available to students at crucial points in a college career and the strategies that assist in the efforts for academic success.


Describes the development and evolution of two community-based organizations that empowered Latinas to deal with social justice issues in Los Angeles. Details the actions of Latinas in two neighboring communities who develop constructive, cohesive responses to perceived social threats.
ENG 101—Earls

Definition Essay

Rough draft due: T Oct. 8th
Rough & final (typed) drafts due: T Oct. 15th

Write an essay of approximately 500 words (2-3 pages typed, double-spaced), in which you offer a definition of what it is like to be part of the group you have elected to write about for your research paper. How would you define the group? Analyze it from all angles, as a scientist would.

What do you have to be like to “fit in”? Go beyond general terms. Take a view from the outside looking in. You may have to interview folks who are not part of your group. (Note: this will help you work toward your research paper!) How has the group evolved, changed over time? Has it changed you, for the better? Consider: how do you define yourself when you are with the group? Outside of the group? How do you think others define you with the group? Away from it? How do others really define you? Consider what your life was like before you joined the group and now that you are part of this group. Also consider if you are really a true part of this group. Post some serious questions on Facebook and be ready to hear the truth. Go beyond superficial, surface-level qualities about the group and explore what really separates you from others and defines you as an individual separate from this group.

Before you begin to write, refer to the guidelines outlined on the hand-out. Also, please read “My Life as a Gang Member” and “There is No I in Team” (packet).

You should use the 3rd person point of view (He, his, him, David, etc.). Don’t use the 2nd person point of view (“you”) or the 1st person point of view (“I, me, my, we, us, our,” etc.) anywhere in this essay (unless of course you are defining yourself)! Be consistent with the same perspective throughout your essay! Keep the focus on your interviewee or yourself.

Your introduction should include a thesis of your “overall take” or your argument of this definition of what it meant to be a member of __________, how others view you or how your definition of yourself within __________ has evolved over time. Use supporting details, examples, sensory descriptions to prove your point.

Use transitions between new ideas/new paragraphs to introduce thoughts. (Consult the appropriate pages in the packet on writing a definition essay for help.)

Write developed paragraphs (6-8 sentences: topic sentence, supporting details,
and concluding sentence.) Each body paragraph should offer a different perspective/insight on your definition (ex.—a different adjective or characteristic to illustrate who this group is and how it defines itself, how it defines you, and how you function within it). Offer examples and actions/deeds to defend your points. Include specific quotes from your interview(s) to defend your points.

Your conclusion should provide your overall “take” on either: why you joined the group in the first place, how the group has ultimately changed your life for better or worse, looking back whether/or not you would join the same group, or why/why not you would recommend someone from joining a similar group.
Helpful Reminders for the Literary Analysis

1. Please read all of the prompts carefully. Respond to the story you understood the best or liked the most.

2. Please double space your essay so you can return and make changes between the lines, if you need to.

3. In your introduction, be sure to include: the author’s name, the “title” of the short story, and a brief 2-3 sentence summary of the story before you bring in your thesis statement.

4. Make sure your thesis statement directly addresses the question being asked of you. Don’t digress to other intriguing discoveries you’ve made about the story. It should contain the name(s) of the character(s) you will be analyzing.

5. Follow the introduction with 3-4 detailed body paragraphs (of at least 4-5 sentences each.) Be sure to include quotes, pieces of the plot, the setting, symbols, characters’ actions, etc., and the page number on which the evidence can be found. Ex.—“I didn’t believe there was a Jesus anymore” (2).

6. Precede and follow all evidence with your own words of interpretation. Don’t assume your reader is interpreting the line or lines the same way you are interpreting them.

7. Don’t retell the story. Use only the details from the story that defend your theme/focus.

8. Order your body paragraphs logically from most important to least important points.

9. Each paragraph should analyze a separate point of proof/piece of evidence.

10. Be sure to avoid using “you” (the 2nd person point of view) and “I” (the 1st person point of view) anywhere in your analysis, since the focus should be on the characters and the story itself.

11. Use transitional words and phrases to link one new idea/pt./para. to the next.

12. In the conclusion, you should not only summarize your main point/focus (i.e.—your response to the prompt you have chosen), but it should also leave your reader thinking about the significance of your argument. (For instance, how does this focus relate to modern readers? In other words, in what way is this work of fiction and the theme/focus you’ve disclosed relevant to real life?)

13. Don’t forget to give your essay an original title. Don’t entitle your work “Literary Analysis” and don’t use the title of the story itself. Create a title that reveals your theme/focus.
14. Proofread your work! Check for the grammatical errors you’ve committed in other essays. Read your essay backwards (sentence by sentence) in order to pick up on any sentence-level mistakes.

15. At the end of each class you must print out what you’ve composed. These two drafts will constitute the rough and final drafts of your paper.

Choose one of the following prompts and write a thesis-driven analysis of approximately 500 words, responding to one of the short stories:

1. In literature, a character could experience an epiphany, moment of revelation, moment of clarity. What is the narrator’s epiphany in “No Rainbows, No Roses,” or in “The Things They Carried”? How do you know? Perhaps you could even define her/his epiphany in stages. What is her/his first revelation? Second?, etc. Each would be discussed in a separate body paragraph.

2. In literature, symbols are important for supporting a theme, conveying a message. Select two symbols in “No Rainbows, No Roses,” in “The Things They Carried,” or “Gear Up” and explain how they are related to the author’s overall theme/main message of the story. Each symbol would be expressed in a separate body paragraph.

3. There are many similarities in theme between “Gear Up” and “The Things They Carried.” Even though they are different genres, detail a similar prominent theme between the two works.

4. All three works of literature (“No Rainbows, No Roses,” “The Things They Carried,” and “Gear Up”) are ironic in some way. Choose one work and explain at least two ways in which the work is ironic and how the irony relates to the theme or focus.

Reminder: This will be written in class starting on TH Oct. 17th! You must attend. No make-up will be offered for any reason! Please bring your packet & something on which to save your work!
BEVERLY DIPO

NO RAINBOWS, NO ROSES

Beverly Dipo is a nurse by profession. "No Rainbows, No Roses," which won a Bedford Prize, was written as an assignment for a college writing class. Using the observational method of her profession, Dipo describes a dying woman with clinical detachment—at last. "Right or wrong, it's the way we're trained," she told a fellow writing student. "I frequently observe things before I ever speak to a patient or get to know them as human beings." In addition to observing her patient as an object among the other objects in room 309, Dipo goes on to look at the whole person beneath the physical ruin. So sharp and clear are the visual and auditory details of Nurse Dipo's clinical observations, we can picture the woman, too.

I have never seen Mrs. Trane before, but I know by the report I received from the previous shift that tonight she will die. Making my rounds, I go from room to room, checking other patients first and saving Mrs. Trane for last, not to avoid her, but because she will require the most time to care for. Everyone else seems to be all right for the time being; they have had their medications, backtrack and are easily settled for the night.

At the door to 309, I pause, adjusting my eyes to the darkness. The only light in the room is coming from an infusion pump, which is flashing its red beacon as if in warning, and the dim hall light that barely confirms the room's furnishings and the shapeless form on the bed. As I stand there, the smell hits my nostrils, and I close my eyes as I remember the stench of rot and decay from past experience. In my mouth I taste the bitter bile churning in the pit of my stomach. I swallow uneasily and cross the room in the dark, reaching for the light switch above the sink, and as it silently illuminates the scene, I return to the bed to observe the patient with a detached, medical remoteness.
children on the wall. There is no hint in the room anywhere that this is a person who is loved. As though she has been reading my mind, Mrs. Trané answers my thoughts and quietly tells me, “I want... my family... home... tonight... didn’t want... them... to see...” She cannot go on, but knowingly, I have understood what it is she has done. I lower my eyes, not knowing what to say, so I say nothing. Again she seems to sense my unease, “Yes... stay...” Time seems to come to a standstill. In the total silence, I noticeably feel my own heartbeat quicken and hear my breathing as it begins to match hers, stride for stride. Our eyes meet and somehow, together, we become aware that this is a special moment between us, a moment when two human beings are so close we feel as if our souls touch. Her long fingers curl easily around my hand and I nod my head slowly, smiling. Wordlessly, through yellowed eyes, I receive your thank you and your eyes slowly close.

Some unknown amount of time passes before her eyes open again, only this time there is no response in them, just a blank stare. Without warning, her breathing stops, and within a few moments, the faint pulse is also gone. One single tear flows from her left eye, across the cheekbone and down onto the pillow. I begin to cry quietly. These are a tug of emotion within me for this stranger who so quickly came into and went from my life. Her suffering is done, yet so is the life. Slowly, still holding her hand, I become aware that I do not mind this emotional tug of war, that in fact, it was a privilege she has allowed me, and I would do it again, gladly. Mrs. Trané spared her family an episode that perhaps they were not equipped to handle and instead shared it with me, knowing somehow that I would handle it and, indeed, needed to grow, both privately and professionally. She had not wanted to have her family see her die, yet she did not want to die alone. No one should die alone, and I am glad I was there for her.

Two days later, I read Mrs. Trané’s obituary in the paper. She had been a widow for five years, was the mother of seven, grandmother of eighteen, an active member of her church, a leader of volunteer organizations in her community, college-educated in music, a concert pianist, and a piano teacher for over thirty years. Yes, they were long and graceful fingers.
"The Things They Carried" by Tim O'Brien

First Lieutenant Jimmy Cross carried letters from a girl named Martha, a junior at Mount Sebastian College in New Jersey. They were not love letters, but Lieutenant Cross was hoping, so he kept them folded in plastic at the bottom of his rucksack. In the late afternoon, after a day's march, he would dig his foxhole, wash his hands under a canteen, unwrap the letters, hold them with the tips of his fingers, and spend the last hour of fight pretending. He would imagine romantic camping trips into the White Mountains in New Hampshire. He would sometimes taste the envelope flaps, knowing her tongue had been there. More than anything, he wanted Martha to love him as he loved her, but the letters were mostly chatty, elusive on the matter of love. She was a virgin, he was almost sure. She was an English major at Mount Sebastian, and she wrote beautifully about her professors and roommates and midterm exams, about her respect for Chaucer and her great affection for Virginia Woolf. She often quoted lines of poetry; she never mentioned the war, except to say, Jimmy, take care of yourself. The letters weighed ten ounces. They were signed "Love, Martha," but Lieutenant Cross understood that Love was only a way of signing and did not mean what he sometimes pretended it meant. At dusk, he would carefully return the letters to his rucksack. Slowly, a bit distracted, he would get up and move among his men, checking the perimeter, then at full dark he would return to his hole and watch the night and wonder if Martha was a virgin.

The things they carried were largely determined by necessity. Among the necessities or near-necessities were P-38 can openers, pocket knives, heat tabs, wrist watches, dog tags, mosquito repellant, chewing gum, candy, cigarettes, salt tablets, packets of Kool-Aid, lights, matches, sewing kits, Military payment Certificates, C rations, and two or three canteens of water. Together, these items weighed between fifteen and twenty pounds, depending upon a man's habits or rate of metabolism. Henry Dobbin, who was a big man, carried extra rations; he was especially fond of canned peaches in heavy syrup over pound cake. Dave Jensen, who practiced field hygiene, carried a toothbrush, dental floss, and several hotel-size bars of soap he'd stolen on R&R in Sydney, Australia. Ted Lavender, who was scared, carried tranquilizers until he was shot in the head outside the village of Than Khe in mid-April. By necessity, and because it was SOP, they all carried steel helmets that weighed five pounds including the liner and camouflage cover. They carried the standard fatigue jackets and trousers. Very few carried underwear. On their feet they carried jungle boots - 2.1 pounds - and Dave Jensen carried three pairs of socks and a can of Dr. Scholl's foot powder as a precaution against trench foot. Until he was shot, Ted Lavender carried six or seven ounces of premium dope, which for him was 2 necessity. Mitchell Sanders, the RT0, carried condoms. Norman Bowker carried a diary.

Rat Kiley carried comic books. Kiowa, a devout Baptist, carried an illustrated New Testament that had been presented to him by his father, who taught Sunday school in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. As a hedge against bad times, however, Kiowa also carried his grandmother's distrust of the white man, his grandfather's old hunting hatchet. Necessity dictated. Because the land was mined and booby-trapped, it was SOP for each man to carry a steel-centered, nylon-covered flak jacket, which weighed 6.7 pounds, but which on hot days seemed much heavier. Because you could die so quickly, each man carried at least one large compress bandage, usually in the helmet band for easy access. Because the nights were cold, and because the monsoons were wet, each carried a green plastic poncho that could be used as a raincoat or groundsheet or makeshift tent. With its quilted liner, the poncho weighed almost two pounds, but it was worth every ounce. In April, for instance, when Ted Lavender was shot, they used his poncho to wrap him up, then to carry him across the paddy, then to lift him into the chopper that took him away. They were called legs or grunts.

To carry something was to "hump" it, as when Lieutenant Jimmy Cross humped his love for Martha up the hills and through the swamps. In its intransitive form, "to hump," meant "to walk," or "to march," but it implied burdens far beyond the intransitive.
Almost everyone humped photographs. In his wallet, Lieutenant Cross carried two photographs of Martha. The first was a Kodachrome snapshot signed "Love," though he knew better. She stood against a brick wall. Her eyes were gray and neutral, her lips slightly open as she stared straight-on at the camera. At night, sometimes, Lieutenant Cross wondered who had taken the picture, because he knew she had boyfriends, because he loved her so much, and because he could see the shadow of the picture taker spreading out against the brick wall. The second photograph had been clipped from the 1968 Mount Sebastian yearbook. It was an action shot—women's volleyball—and Martha was bent horizontal to the floor, reaching, the palms of her hands in sharp focus, the tongue taut, the expression frank and competitive. There was no visible sweat. She wore white gym shorts. Her legs, he thought, were almost certainly the legs of a virgin, dry and without hair, the left knee cocked and carrying her entire weight, which was just over one hundred pounds. Lieutenant Cross remembered touching that left knee. A dark theater, he remembered, and the movie was *Bonnie and Clyde*, and Martha wore a tweed skirt, and during the final scene, when he touched her knee, she turned and looked at him in a sad, sober way that made him pull his hand back, but he would always remember the feel of the tweed skirt and the knee beneath it and the sound of the gunfire that killed Bonnie and Clyde, how embarrassing it was, how slow and oppressive. He remembered kissing her goodnight at the dorm door. Right then, he thought, he should've done something brave. He should've carried her up the stairs to her room and tied her to the bed and touched that left knee all night long. He should've risked it. Whenever he looked at the photographs, he thought of new things he should've done.

What they carried was partly a function of rank, partly of field specialty.

As a first lieutenant and platoon leader, Jimmy Cross carried a compass, maps, code books, binoculars, and a .45-caliber pistol that weighed 2.9 pounds fully loaded. He carried a strobe fight and the responsibility for the lives of his men.

As an RTO, Mitchell Sanders carried the PRC-25 radio, a killer, twenty-six pounds with its battery.

As a medic, Rat Kiley carried a canvas satchel filled with morphine and plasma and malaria tablets and surgical tape and comic books and all the things a medic must carry, including M&Ms for especially bad wounds, for a total weight of nearly twenty pounds.

As a big man, therefore a machine gunner, Henry Dobbins carried the M-60, which weighed twenty-three pounds unloaded, but which was almost always loaded. In addition, Dobbins carried between ten and fifteen pounds of ammunition draped in belts across his chest and shoulders.

As PFCs or Spec 4s, most of them were common grunts and carried the standard M-16 gas-operated assault rifle. The weapon weighed 75 pounds unloaded, 8.2 pounds with its full twenty-round magazine. Depending on numerous factors, such as topography and psychology, the riflemen carried anywhere from twelve to twenty magazines, usually in cloth bandoliers, adding on another 8.4 pounds at minimum, fourteen pounds at maximum. When it was available, they also carried M-16 maintenance gear—rods and steel brushes and swabs and tubes of LSA oil—all of which weighed about 2 pound. Among the grunts, some carried the M-79 grenade launcher, 5.9 pounds unloaded, a reasonably fight weapon except for the ammunition, which was heavy. A single round weighed ten ounces. The typical load was twenty-five rounds. But Ted Lavender, who was scared, carried thirty-four rounds when he was shot and killed outside Than Khe, and he went down under an exceptional burden, more than twenty pounds of ammunition, plus the flak jacket and helmet and rations and water and toilet paper and tranquilizers and all the rest, plus the unweighed fear. He was dead weight. There was no twitching or flopping. Kiowa, who saw it happen, said it was like watching a rock fall, or a big sandbag or something—just boom, then down—not like the movies where the dead guy rolls around and does fancy spins and goes ass over teakettle—not like that, Kiowa said, the poor bastard just flat-fuck fell. Boom. Down. Nothing else. It was a bright morning in mid-April. Lieutenant Cross felt the pain. He blamed himself. They stripped off Lavender's canteens and ammo, all the heavy things, and Rat Kiley said the obvious, the guy's dead, and
Mitchell Sanders used his radio to report one U.S. KIA and to request a chopper. Then they wrapped Lavender in his poncho. They carried him out to a dry paddy, established security, and sat smoking the dead man's dope until the chopper came. Lieutenant Cross kept to himself. He pictured Martha's smooth young face, thinking he loved her more than anything, more than his men, and now Ted Lavender was dead because he loved her so much and could not stop thinking about her. When the dust-off arrived, they carried Lavender aboard. Afterward they burned Than Khe. They marched until dusk, then dug their holes, and that night Kiowa kept explaining how you had to be them how fast it was, how the poor guy just dropped like so much concrete, Boom-down, he said. Like cement.

In addition to the three standard weapons—the M-60, M-16, and M-79—they carried whatever presented itself, or whatever seemed appropriate as a means of killing or staying alive. They carried catch-as-catch can. At various times, in various situations, they carried M-14's and CAR-15's and Swedish K's and grease guns and captured AK-47's and ChiCom's and RPG's and Simonov carbines and black-market Uzi's and .38-caliber Smith & Wesson handguns and 66 mm LAW's and shotguns and silencers and blackjacks and bayonets and C-4 plastic explosives. Lee Strunk carried a slingshot; a weapon of last resort, he called it. Mitchell Sanders carried brass knuckles. Kiowa carried his grandfather's feathered hatchet. Every third or fourth man carried a Claymore antipersonnel mine—3.5 pounds with its firing device. They all carried fragmentation grenades—fourteen ounces each. They all carried at least one M-18 colored smoke grenade—twenty-four ounces. Some carried CS or tear-gas grenades. Sonic carried white-phosphorus grenades. They carried all they could bear, and then some, including a silent awe for the terrible power of the things they carried.

In the first week of April, before Lavender died, Lieutenant Jimmy Cross received a good-luck charm from Martha. It was a simple pebble. An ounce at most. Smooth to the touch, it was a milky-white color with flecks of orange and violet, oval-shaped, like a miniature egg. In the accompanying letter, Martha wrote that she had found the pebble on the Jersey shoreline, precisely where the land touched water at high tide, where things came together but also separated. It was this separate-but-together quality, she wrote, that had inspired her to pick up the pebble and to carry it in her breast pocket for several days, where it seemed weightless, and then to send it through the mail, by air, as a token of her truest feelings for him. Lieutenant Cross found this romantic. But he wondered what her truest feelings were, exactly, and what she meant by separate-but-together. He wondered how the tides and waves had come into play on that afternoon along the Jersey shoreline when Martha saw the pebble and, bent down to rescue it from geology. He imagined bare feet. Martha was a poet, with the poet's sensibilities, and her feet would be brown and bare the toenails unpainted, the eyes chilly and somber like the ocean in March, and though it was painful, he wondered who had been with her that afternoon. He imagined a pair of shadows moving along the strip of sand where things came together but also separated. It was phantom jealousy, he knew, but he couldn't help himself. He loved her so much. On the march, through the hot days of early April, he carried the pebble in his mouth, turning it with his tongue, tasting sea salts and moisture. His mind wandered. He had difficulty keeping his attention on the war. On occasion he would yell at his men to spread out the column, to keep their eyes open, but then he would slip away into daydreams, just pretending, walking barefoot along the Jersey shore, with Martha, carrying nothing. He would feel himself rising. Sun and waves and gentle winds, all love and lightness.

What they carried varied by mission.

When a mission took them to the mountains, they carried mosquito netting, machetes, canvas tarps, and extra bugjuice.

If a mission seemed especially hazardous, or if it involved a place they knew to be bad, they carried everything they could. In certain heavily mined AO's, where the land was dense with Toe Poppers and Bouncing Betties, they took turns humping a twenty-eight-pound mine detector. With its headphones and big sensing plate, the equipment was a
stress on the lower back and shoulders, awkward to handle, often useless because of the shrapnel in the earth, but they carried it anyway, partly for safety, partly for the illusion of safety.

On ambush, or other night missions, they carried peculiar little odds and ends. Kiowa always took along his New Testament and a pair of moccasins for silence. Dave Jensen carried night-sight vitamins high in carotene. Lee Strunk carried his slingshot; ammo, he claimed, would never be a problem. Rat Kiley carried brandy and M&M's. Until he was shot, Ted Lavender carried the starlight scope, which weighed 63 pounds with its aluminum carrying case. Henry Dobbins carried his girlfriend's panty hose wrapped around his neck as a comforter. They all carried ghosts. When dark came, they would move out single file across the meadows and paddies to their ambush coordinates, where they would quietly set up the Claymores and lie down and spend the night waiting.

Other missions were more complicated and required special equipment. In mid-April, it was their mission to search out and destroy the elaborate tunnel complexes in the Than Khe area south of Chu Lai. To blow the tunnels, they carried one-pound blocks of pentrite high explosives; four blocks to a man, sixty-eight pounds in all. They carried wiring, detonators, and battery-powered clackers. Dave Jensen carried earplugs. Most often, before blowing the tunnels, they were ordered by higher command to search them, which was considered bad news, but by and large they just shrugged and carried out orders. Because he was a big man, Henry Dobbins was excused from tunnel duty. The others would draw numbers. Before Lavender died there were seventeen men in the platoon, and whoever drew the number seventeen would strip off his gear and crawl in headfirst with a flashilight and Lieutenant Cross's .45-caliber pistol. The rest of them would fan out as security. They would sit down or kneel, not facing the hole, listening to the ground beneath them, imagining cobwebs and ghosts, whatever was down there-the tunnel walls squeezing in-how the flashlight seemed impossibly heavy in the hand and how it was tunnel vision in the very strictest sense, compression in all ways, even time, and how you had to wiggle in-ass and elbows-a swallowed-up feeling-and how you found yourself worrying about odd things-will your flashlight go dead? Do rats carry rabies? If you screamed, how far would the sound carry? Would your buddies hear it? Would they have the courage to drag you out? In some respects, though not many, the waiting was worse than the tunnel itself. Imagination was a killer.

On April 16, when Lee Strunk drew the number seventeen, he laughed and muttered something and went down quickly. The morning was hot and very still. Not good, Kiowa said. He looked at the tunnel opening, then out across a dry paddy toward the village of Than Khe. Nothing moved. No clouds or birds or people. As they waited, the men smoked and drank Kool-Aid, not talking much, feeling sympathy for Lee Strunk but also feeling the luck of the draw, You win some, you lose some, said Mitchell Sanders, and sometimes you settle for a rain check. It was a tired line and no one laughed.

Henry Dobbins ate a tropical chocolate bar. Ted Lavender popped a tranquilizer and went off to pee. After five minutes, Lieutenant Jimmy Cross moved to the tunnel, leaned down, and examined the darkness. Trouble, he thought-a cave-in maybe. And then suddenly, without willing it, lie was thinking about Martha. The stresses and fractures, the quick collapse, the two of them buried alive under all that weight. Dense, crushing love.

Kneeling, watching the hole, he tried to concentrate on Lee Strunk and the war, all the dangers, but his love was too much for him, he felt paralyzed, he wanted to sleep inside her lungs and breathe-her blood and be smothered. He wanted her to be a virgin and not a virgin, all at once. He wanted to know her. Intimate secrets-why poetry? Why so sad? Why that grayness in her eyes? Why so alone? Not lonely, just alone -riding her bike across campus or sitting off by herself in the cafeteria. Even dancing, she danced alone - and it was the aloneness that filled him with love. He remembered telling her that one evening. How she nodded and looked away. And how, later, when he kissed her. She received the kiss without returning it, her eyes wide open, not afraid, not a virgin's eyes, just flat and uninvolved.
Lieutenant Cross gazed at the tunnel. But he was not there. He was buried with Martha under the white sand at the Jersey shore. They were pressed together, and the pebble in his mouth was her tongue. He was smiling. Vaguely, he was aware of how quiet the day was; the sullen paddies, yet he could not bring himself to worry about matters of security. He was beyond that. He was just a kid at war, in love. He was twenty two years old. He couldn't help it.

A few moments later Lee Strunk crawled out of the tunnel. He came up grinning, filthy but alive. Lieutenant Cross nodded and closed his eyes while the others clapped Strunk on the back and made jokes about rising from the dead.

Worms, Rat Kiley said. Right out of the grave. Fuckin' zombie. The men laughed. They all felt great relief. Spook City, said Mitchell Sanders.

Lee Strunk made a funny ghost sound, a kind of moaning, yet very happy, and fight then, when Strunk made that high happy moaning sound, when he went Ahhooooo, right then Ted Lavender was shot in the head on his way back from peeing. He lay with his mouth open. The teeth were broken. There was a swollen black bruise under his left eye. The cheekbone was gone. Oh shit, Rat Kiley said, the guy's dead. The guy's dead, he kept saying, which seemed profound - the guy's dead. I mean really.

The things they carried were determined to some extent by superstition. Lieutenant Cross carried his good-luck pebble. Dave Jensen carried a rabbit's foot. Norman Bowker, otherwise a very gentle person, carried a thumb that had been presented to him as a gift by Mitchell Sanders. The thumb was dark brown, rubbery to the touch, and weighed four ounces at most. It had been cut from a VC corpse, a boy of fifteen or sixteen. They'd found him at the bottom of an irrigation ditch, badly burned, flies in his mouth and eyes. The boy wore black shorts and sandals. At the time of his death he had been carrying a pouch of rice, a rifle, and three magazines of ammunition.

You want my opinion, Mitchell Sanders said, there's a definite moral here. He put his hand oil the dead boy's wrist. He was quiet for a time, as if counting a pulse, then he patted the stomach, almost affectionately, and used Kiowa's hunting hatchet to remove the thumb.

Henry Dobbins asked what the moral was. Moral? You know- Moral. Sanders wrapped the thumb in toilet paper and handed it across to Norman Bowker. There was no blood. Smiling, he kicked the boy's head, watched the flies scatter, and said, It's like with that old TV show - Paladin. Have gun, will travel. Henry Dobbins thought about it. Yeah, well, he finally said. I don't see no moral. There it is, man. They carried USO stationery and pencils and pens. They carried Sterno, safety pins, trip flares, signal flares, spools of wire, razor blades, chewing tobacco, liberated joss sticks and statuettes of the sniffing Buddha, candles, grease pencils, The Stars and Stripes, finger nail clippers, Psy Ops leaflets, bush hats, bolos, and much more. Twice a week, when the resupply choppers came in, they carried hot chow in green Mermite cans and large canvas bags filled with iced beer and soda pop. They carried plastic water containers, each with a two gallon capacity. Mitchell Sanders carried a set of starched tiger fatigues for special occasions. Henry Dobbins carried Black Flag insecticide. Dave Jensen carried empty sandbags that could be filled at night for added protection. Lee Strunk carried tanning lotion. Some things they carried in common. Taking turns, they carried the big PRC-77 scrambler radio, which weighed thirty pounds with its battery. They shared the weight of memory. They took up what others could no longer bear.
Often, they carried each other, the wounded or weak. They carried infections. They carried chess sets, basketballs, Vietnamese English dictionaries, insignia of rank, Bronze Stars and Purple Hearts, plastic cards imprinted with the Code of Conduct. They carried diseases, among them malaria and dysentery. They carried lice and ringworm and leeches and paddy algae and various rots and molds. They carried the land itself. Vietnam, the place, the sod -a powdery orange-red dust that covered their boots and fatigues and faces. They carried the sky. The whole atmosphere, they carried it, the humidity, the monsoons, the stink of fungus and decay, all of it, they carried gravity. They moved like mules. By daylight they took sniper fire, at night they were mortared, but it was not battle, it was just the endless march, village to village, without purpose, nothing won or lost. They marched for the sake of the march. They plodded along slowly, dumbly, leaning forward against the heat, unthinking, all blood and bone, simple grunts, soldiering with their legs, toiling up the hills and down into the paddies and across the rivers and up again and down, just humping, one step and then the next and then another, but no volition, no will, because it was automatic, it was anatomy, and the war was entirely a matter of posture and carriage, the hump was everything, a kind of inertia, a kind of emptiness, a dullness of desire and intellect and conscience and hope and human sensibility. Their principles were in their feet. Their calculations were biological. They had no sense of strategy or mission. They searched the villages without knowing what to look for, nor caring, kicking over jars of rice, frisking children and old men, blowing tunnels, sometimes setting fires and sometimes not, then forming up and moving on to the next village, then other villages, where it would always be the same. They carried their own lives. The pressures were enormous. In the heat of early afternoon, they would remove their helmets and flak jackets, walking bare, which was dangerous but which helped ease the strain. They would often discard things along the route of march. Purely for comfort, they would throw away rations, blow their Claymores and grenades, no matter, because by nightfall the resupply choppers would arrive with more of the same, then a day or two later still more, fresh watermelons and crates of ammunition and sunglasses and woolen sweaters-the resources were stunning -sparklers for the Fourth of July, colored eggs for Easter. It was the great American war chest-the fruits of sciences, the smokestacks, the canneries, the arsenals at Hartford, the Minnesota forests, the machine shops, the vast fields of corn and wheat they carried like freight trains; they carried it on their backs and shoulders-and for all the ambiguities of Vietnam, all the mysteries and unknowns, there was at least the single abiding certainty that they would never be at a loss for things to carry.

After the chopper took Lavender away, Lieutenant Jimmy Cross led his men into the village of Than Khe. They burned everything. They shot chickens and dogs, they trashed the village well, they called in artillery and watched the wreckage, then they marched for several hours through the hot afternoon, and then at dusk, while Kiowa explained how Lavender died, Lieutenant Cross found himself trembling.

He tried not to cry. With his entrenching tool, which weighed five pounds, he began digging a hole in the earth.

He felt shame. He hated himself He had loved Martha more than his men, and as a consequence Lavender was now dead, and this was something he would have to carry like a stone in his stomach for the rest of the war.

All he could do was dig. He used his entrenching tool like an ax, slashing, feeling both love and hate, and then later, when it was full dark, he sat at the bottom of his foxhole and wept. It went on for a long while. In part, he was grieving for Ted Lavender, but mostly it was for Martha, and for himself, because she belonged to another world, which was not quite real, and because she was a junior at Mount Sebastian College in New Jersey, a poet and a virgin and uninvolved, and because he realized she did not love him and never would.

Like cement, Kiowa whispered in the dark. I swear to God - boom-down. Not a word. I've heard this, said Norman Bowker.
A pisser, you know? Still zipping himself up. Zapped while zipping.
All right, fine. That's enough.
Yeah, but you had to see it, the guy just
I heard, man. Cement. So why not shut the fuck up?
Kiowa shook his head sadly and glanced over at the hole where Lieutenant Jimmy Cross sat watching the night. The air was thick and wet. A warm, dense fog had settled over the paddies and there was the stillness that precedes rain.

After a time Kiowa sighed.
One thing for sure, he said. The lieutenant's in some deep hurt. I mean that crying jag - the way he was carrying on - it wasn't fake or anything, it was real heavy-duty hurt. The man cares.

Sure, Norman Bowker said.
Say what you want, the man does care.

We all got problems.
Not Lavender.

No, I guess not, Bowker said. Do me a favor, though.

Shut up?

That's a smart Indian. Shut up.

Shrugging, Kiowa pulled off his boots. He wanted to say more, just to lighten up his sleep, but instead he opened his New Testament and arranged it beneath his head as a pillow.
The fog made things seem hollow and unattached. He tried not to think about Ted Lavender, but then he was thinking how fast it was, no drama, down and dead, and how it was hard to feel anything except surprise. It seemed unchristian. He wished he could find some great sadness, or even anger, but the emotion wasn't there and he couldn't make it happen. Mostly he felt pleased to be alive. He liked the smell of the New Testament under his check, the leather and ink and paper and glue, whatever the chemicals were. He liked hearing the sounds of night. Even his fatigue, it felt fine, the stiff muscles and the prickly awareness of his own body, a floating feeling. He enjoyed not being dead.

Lying there, Kiowa admired Lieutenant Jimmy Cross's capacity for grief. He wanted to share the man's pain, he wanted to care as Jimmy Cross cared. And yet when he closed his eyes, all he could think was Boo-n-down, and all he could feel was the pleasure of having his boots off and the fog curling in around him and the damp soil and the Bible smells and the plush comfort of night.

After a moment Norman Bowker sat up in the dark.
What the hell, he said. You want to talk, talk. Tell it to me.

Forget it.

No, man, go on. One thing I hate, it's a silent Indian.

For the most part they carried themselves with poise, a kind of dignity. Now and then, however, there were times of panic, when they squealed or wanted to squeal but couldn’t. When they twitched and made moaning sounds and covered their heads and said Dear Jesus and flopped around on the earth and fired their weapons blindly and cringed and sobbed and begged for the noise to stop and went wild and made stupid promises to themselves and to God and to their mothers and fathers, hoping not to die. In different ways, it happened to all of them. Afterward, when the firing ended, they would blink and peek up. They would touch their bodies, feeling shame, then quickly hiding it. They would force themselves to stand. As if in slow motion, frame by frame, the world would take on the old logic-absolute silence, then the wind, then sunlight, then voices. It was the burden of being alive. Awkwardly, the men would reassemble themselves, first in private, then in groups, becoming soldiers again. They would repair the leaks in their eyes. They would check for casualties, call in dust-offs, light cigarettes, try to smile, clear their throats and spit and begin cleaning their weapons. After a time someone would shake his head and say, No lie, I almost shit my pants, and someone else would laugh, which meant it was bad, yes, but the guy had obviously not shit his pants, it wasn't that bad, and in any case nobody would ever do such a thing and then go ahead and talk about it. They would squint into the dense, oppressive sunlight. For a few moments, perhaps, they would fall silent, lighting a joint and tracking its passage from man to man, inhaling, holding in the humiliation. Scary stuff, one of them might say. But then someone else would grin or flick
his eyebrows and say, Roger-dodger, almost cut me a new asshole, *almost.*

There were numerous such poses. Some carried themselves with a sort of wistful resignation, others with pride or stiff soldierly discipline or good humor or macho zeal. They were afraid of dying but they were even more afraid to show it. They found jokes to tell.

They used a hard vocabulary to contain the terrible softness. *Greased,* they'd say. *Offed, lit up,* zapped while zipping. It wasn't cruelty, just stage presence. They were actors and the war came at them in 3-D. When someone died, it wasn't quite dying, because in a curious way it seemed scripted, and because they had their fines mostly memorized, irony mixed with tragedy, and because they called it by other names, as if to encyst and destroy the reality of death itself. They kicked corpses. They cut off thumbs. They talked grunt lingo. They told stories about Ted Lavender's supply of tranquilizers, how the poor guy didn't feel a thing, how incredibly tranquil he was.

There's a moral here, said Mitchell Sanders. They were waiting for Lavender's chopper, smoking the dead man's dope. The moral's pretty obvious, Sanders said, and winked. Stay away from drugs. No joke, they'll ruin your day every time. Cute, said Henry Dobbins. Mind-blower, get it? Talk about wiggy- nothing left, just blood and brains. They made themselves laugh.

There it is, they'd say, over and over, as if the repetition itself were an act of poise, a balance between crazy and almost crazy, knowing without going. There it is, which meant be cool, let it ride, because oh yeah, man, you can't change what can't be changed, there it is, there it absolutely and positively and fucking well is. They were tough.

They carried all the emotional baggage of men who might die. Grief, terror, love, longing—these were intangibles, but the intangibles had their own mass and specific gravity, they had tangible weight. They carried shameful memories. They carried the common secret of cowardice barely restrained, the instinct to run or freeze or hide, and in many respects this was the heaviest burden of all, for it could never be put down, it required perfect balance and perfect posture. They carried their reputations. They carried the soldier's greatest fear, which was the fear of blushing. Men killed, and died, because they were embarrassed not to. It was what had brought them to the war in the first place, nothing positive, no dreams of glory or honor, just to avoid the blush of dishonor. They died so as not to die of embarrassment. They crawled into tunnels and walked point and advanced under fire. Each morning, despite the unknowns, they made their legs move. They endured. They kept humping. They did not submit to the obvious alternative, which was simply to close the eyes and fall. So easy, really. Go limp and tumble to the ground and let the muscles unwind and not speak and not budge until your buddies picked you up and lifted you into the chopper that would roar and dip its nose and carry you off to the world. A mere matter of falling, yet no one ever fell. It was not courage, exactly; the object was not valor. Rather, they were too frightened to be cowards.

By and large they carried these things inside, maintaining the masks of composure. They sneered at sick call. They spoke bitterly about guys who had found release by shooting off their own toes or fingers. Pussies, they'd say. Candyasses. It was fierce, mocking talk, with only a trace of envy or awe, but even so, the image played itself out behind their eyes.

They imagined the muzzle against flesh. They imagined the quick, sweet pain, then the evacuation to Japan, then a hospital with warm beds and cute geisha nurses. They dreamed of freedom birds.

At night, on guard, staring into the dark, they were carried away by jumbo jets. They felt the rush of takeoff *Gone!* they yelled. And then velocity, wings and engines, a smiling stewardess—but it was more than a plane, it was a real bird, a big sleek silver bird with feathers and talons and high screeching. They were flying. The weights fell off; there was nothing to bear. They laughed and held on tight, feeling the cold slap of wind and
altitude, soaring, thinking *I'm over, I'm gone!* - they were naked. They were light and free-it was all lightness, bright and fast and buoyant, light as light, a helium buzz in the brain, a giddy bubbling in the lungs as they were taken up over the Clouds and the war, beyond duty, beyond gravity and mortification anti global entanglements - *Sin loi!* They yelled, *I'm sorry, motherfuckers, but I'm out of it, I'm goofed, I'm on a space cruise, I'm gone!* - and it was a restful, disencumbered sensation, just riding the fight waves, sailing; that big silver freedom bird over the mountains and oceans, over America, over the farms and great sleeping cities and cemeteries and highways and the Golden Arches of McDonald's. It was flight, a kind of fleeing, a kind of falling, falling higher and higher, spinning off the edge of the earth and beyond the sun and through the vast, silent vacuum where there were no burdens and where everything weighed exactly nothing. *Gone!* they screamed, *I'm sorry but I'm gone!* And so at night, not quite dreaming, they gave themselves over to lightness, they were carried, they were purely borne.

On the morning after Ted Lavender died, First Lieutenant Jimmy Cross crouched at the bottom of his foxhole and burned Martha's letters. Then he burned the two photographs. There was a steady rain falling, which made it difficult, but he used heat tabs and Sterno to build a small fire, screening it with his body, holding the photographs over the tight blue flame with the tips of his fingers.

He realized it was only a gesture. Stupid, he thought. Sentimental, too, but mostly just stupid.

Lavender was dead. You couldn't burn the blame.

Besides, the letters were in his head. And even now, without photographs, Lieutenant Cross could see Martha playing volleyball in her white gym shorts and yellow T-shirt. He could see her moving in the rain.

When the fire died out, Lieutenant Cross pulled his poncho over his shoulders and ate breakfast from a can.

There was no great mystery, he decided.

In those burned letters Martha had never mentioned the war, except to say, Jimmy take care of yourself. She wasn't involved. She signed the letters "Love," but it wasn't love, and all the fine lines and technicalities did not matter. The morning came up wet and blurry. Everything seemed part of everything else, the fog and Martha and the deepening rain. It was a war, after all.

Half smiling, Lieutenant Jimmy Cross took out his maps. He shook his head hard, as if to clear it, then bent forward and began planning the day's march. In ten minutes, or maybe twenty, he would rouse the men and they would pack up and head west, where the maps showed the country to be green and inviting. They would do what they had always done. The rain might add some weight, but otherwise it would be one more day layered upon all the other days.

He was realistic about it. There was that new hardness in his stomach. No more fantasies, he told himself. Henceforth, when he thought about Martha, it would be only to think that she belonged elsewhere. He would shut down the daydreams. This was not Mount Sebastian, it was another world, where there were no pretty poems or midterm exams, a place where men died because of carelessness and gross stupidity. Kiowa was right. Boom-down, and you were dead, never partly dead.

Briefly, in the rain, Lieutenant Cross saw Martha's gray eyes gazing back at him. He understood. It was very sad, he thought. The things men carried inside. The things men did or felt they had to do.
He almost nodded at her, but didn't. Instead he went back to his maps. He was now determined to perform his duties firmly and without negligence. It wouldn't help Lavender, he knew that, but from this point on he would comport himself as a soldier. He would dispose of his good-luck pebble. Swallow it, maybe, or use Lee Strunk's slingshot, or just drop it along the trail. On the march he would impose strict field discipline. He would be careful to send out flank security, to prevent straggling or bunching up, to keep his troops moving at the proper pace and at the proper interval. He would insist on clean weapons. He would confiscate the remainder of Lavender's dope. Later in the day, perhaps, he would call the men together and speak to them plainly. He would accept the blame for what had happened to Ted Lavender. He would be a man about it. He would look them in the eyes, keeping his chin level, and he would issue the new SOPs in a calm, impersonal tone of voice, an officer's voice, leaving no room for argument or discussion. Commencing immediately, he'd tell them, they would no longer abandon equipment along the route of march. They would police up their acts. They would get their shit together, and keep it together, and maintain it neatly and in good working order.

He would not tolerate laxity. He would show strength, distancing himself. Among the men there would be grumbling, of course, and maybe worse, because their days would seem longer and their loads heavier, but Lieutenant Cross reminded himself that his obligation was not to be loved but to lead. He would dispense with love; it was not now a factor. And if anyone quarreled or complained, he would simply tighten his lips and arrange his shoulders in the correct command posture. He might give a curt little nod. Or he might not. He might just shrug and say Carry on, then they would saddle up and form into a column and move out toward the villages west of Than Khe. (1986)
“GEAR UP” by Rachel Vigil

earplug case (1)
hanging from button hole
with 1" red laser flashlight (1)
notepad
Social Security Numbers (1)
(last 4 digits yelled out loud)
weapons serial numbers (8)
(checkered 4 times)
of all your soldiers
weather & percent-illumination data

Shoulders
Load-Bearing Equipment Vest (1)
full canteens (2)
coffee packets (2)
tissue pack (1)
power bars (2)
in magazine compartments
tiny cheeseboard (1)
in grenade cup
X-large rucksack with frame (1)
2-gallon ziplock (1)
with full set of Desert Camouflage
Uniform (1)
socks (2)
bra (1)
shorts of underwear (1)
brown towel (1)
hygiene bag (1)
chapstick (1)
shampoo (1)
dial (1)
browser tampons (1)
hair rubber bands (5)
comb (1)
aspirin (1)
sleeping pills (1)
Tums (1)
small towel (1)
large pack of baby wipes (1)
sunflower seeds (1)
single-serving laundry soap (2)
CD player (1)
and CD's (20)
deck of Chipperdale's playing cards (1)
empty 30-round M-16 magazines (4)
550-cord (350')
and cloths (7)
comfy boots (2)
a field-striped MRE (1)

Left Leg
bolts to M-16 rifles (9)
keychain (1)
with compass (1)
thermometer (1)
Leatherman (1)

Right Leg
ziplock baggies
with baby wipes (2)
stridex pads (1)
Chapstick (1)
tampons (4)
pack Kleenex (1)
calling card (1)
phone numbers (5)

Duffel bag
(on top of rucksack) packed in order
of use
sleeping mat
flak vest (1)
in bottom
Nuclear Biological Chemical
MOPP suit (1)
full sets of DCU's (4)
each in 2-gallon ziplocks
pack of baby wipes (2)
small ziplocks (10)
with socks (2)
underwear (1)
bra (1)
brown t-shirt (1)
ziplock with PT suit (1)
white socks (2)
running shoes (2)
gore-tex jacket (1)
and pants (1)
poncho (1)
(with a length of 550-cord
tied to each corner of tent for
shade)
towel in ziplock (1)
sleeping bag (1)
extra lock (1).
blue tape
(unit colors)
around the bag.
named and unit tag
on handle.

Weight: 276 lbs.
ENG 101—Earls  Reaction Essay to Current Issue of College Education

This project will begin with a list of readings from They Say, I Say as designated on the syllabus, Oct. 29 & 31. You must read all articles listed to gain an understanding of both sides of the current issue.

Be prepared to come to class to engage in a debate on both sides of the issue (i.e.—basically those who believe a college education is absolutely necessary and vital for success in life and those who don’t). In class, you will explore all sides of the issue and will defend your stance with evidence from They Say.

You will also watch a youtube clip to formulate your argument. Then, you will react to this during the debate and also in journal form.

As a class, we will create a rough draft of a reaction paper from the youtube clip. This may or may not match your views on the subject. We will practice inserting research (quotes, paraphrases, and statistics) on the subject. Together, we will also create a Works Cited page of our sources. This should prepare you for not only the mini-reaction paper you will have to create on your own, but also your upcoming community/controversy research paper.

The final response to the issue will culminate in the mini-reaction paper, in which you will formulate your individual stance in a thesis-driven paper of at least 3 double spaced 12 point font pages; you will defend your stance on this controversy of the necessity of a college degree in American society. You must use quotes and statistics from They Say, I Say or other academic sources you find and deem appropriate. You must use MLA format to document the sources with in-text citations and a Works Cited page.

Rough Reaction Essay Draft: TH Nov. 7th  Rough & Final Drafts: TH Nov. 14th
Checklist for the ENG 101 Research Paper

1. The writer offers a title that reveals the focus
2. The writer includes an intriguing introduction
3. The Thesis statement is in the intro.
4. The paper is 60% facts, 40% opinion
5. The writer reacts to all quotes and evidence
6. The writer uses citations correctly (Last name page # for books or Last name and para. # for internet sources)
7. The writer uses transitions between paragraphs
8. The writer never ends or begins a paragraph with a quote
9. Every paragraph defends the thesis statement
10. There are 4-8 sentences per paragraph
11. The writer never uses 1st person (me, I, us, we, our) POV or 2nd person (you, your, yours) POV
12. The writer uses case studies/experiences of specific people who have lived through the controversy
13. The writer uses current statistics
14. There is an effective conc., which leaves the reader thinking!
15. The paper is 6-8 pages in length
16. The writer uses headings with his/her last name and the page number at the top of each page
17. The writer has a Works Cited page with alphabetized sources.
18. The writer uses at least five sources to defend his/her argument and all are included on the works cited page.
19. The writer uses no more than 2 long quotes. A long quote is over 4 lines typed.
20. The writer reacts to any long quote (over 4-lines typed) on the left-hand margin.
21. The long quote is blocked off by indenting it 10 spaces from the left-hand margin.
22. If he/she uses the same source in the same para. with no other sources in that para., he/she just uses the page # in the citation.
24. The paper is an argument, not a report.
25. The writer takes the opposition into account somewhere in the body paragraphs, but also refutes that opposition in the same paragraph, to return to his/her powerful side.
26. The writer has avoided redundancies in words and thoughts.
27. Offer two specific suggestions for improvement for the writer:
ENG 101—Earls  Final Project/Power Point Oral Report

You must complete a power point oral report, video narrative, or Prezi presentation of at least six to eight minutes on the research work you’ve completed this semester. The purpose is to showcase and demonstrate your research thesis to the class through a presentation and to simultaneously share your discoveries of the controversial topic within the community you selected. Everyone should be ready to present on T Nov. 26th (no exceptions!). Your assigned date will be determined by random draw. Your oral presentation must include:

1. A thorough definition of the controversial topic within the community you’ve selected. (Be sure that your slides/prezi blogs have headings. Also be sure that your slides/prezi clips don’t contain too much “verbage.” Rather than reading to us, you should be showing more than telling.) Be sure to discuss the significance of the event with the class. Include what led up to the event and the aftermath. (Note: Don’t just list dates and show pictures. Verbally, offer explanations and details.)

2. Be creative! Include research of the time. In other words, show us the world as it was affected. How was your community/society changed? the world affected? your interviewee involved? This can be established through pictures, music, short video clips, letters exchanged, scrapbooks you have access to, etc. Everything you use must be documented on your Works Cited page!!!! Remember:

   Last name, first name (if there’s an author), “Title of item.” Search engine. Day month year of access. URL (web address) for pictures used from a source. (These sources would be alphabetized and double spaced on the Works Cited slide at the end.)

You must use at least five different sources in MLA format. These will include your research sources and interview used.

You must submit a hard copy of your power point slide presentation or a CD of your video to me before you present (even if it is the day of the presentation). This can be accomplished by sending me an e-mail 24 hours BEFORE you present! I will not accept a copy minutes before your presentation!!!!

This presentation is considered your final/capstone project for this class, so please dedicate the time and effort that it deserves. The intention here is that beyond ENG 101 this project will have an artifact (for years to come) to demonstrate your work in this class and to show the “times” in which we live. This will be worth a possible 100 points!