

College: Northeast Mississippi Community College
Course: English 1113 – Composition I
Instructor: Tina Gambill
Text: *Back to the Lake: A Reader for Writers*; Norton

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Reading Journals for Descriptive Essay

Journal 1- Read "More Room" by Ortiz Cofer on pages 124+. Answer the following questions for journal 1.

1. Choose at least one sentence or phrase that best characterizes Father, and tell why it does so. Choose at least one sentence or phrase that best characterizes Mama and tell why it does so.
2. What is being described in this reading selection? Who are the main characters, and which is more dominant? Why or how? Why was the last extra room built?
3. What is a simile? What is being compared in the first sentence of the first paragraph? There are at least four other similes in this selection. List two of them.
4. Define the following words giving the meanings as used in the story.
p. 125 –chifforobe
p. 126- coup, benevolent, fecund, accede, animosity

Journal 2- Read "Once More to the Lake" by E.B. White on page 145+. Answer the following questions in journal format.

1. Choose three of the five senses (see, smell, hear, taste, touch) and find an example of those three in this selection. Copy the sentence and page number and tell which sense each appeals to.
2. How is the place different from how the author remembers it from his childhood? Does this selection remind you of any childhood trips or special places? Explain.
3. What dominant impression of the lake and its surroundings do you take away from White's description? Explain. Do American families still take vacations "at the lake"? How has the pattern of family play - on a lake or elsewhere- changed since White wrote his essay? How has it remained the same?
4. Define the following words giving the meanings as used in the story.
p. 145 –placidity, marred
p. 146- pensive(ly)
p. 147- undulating, indelible
p. 148- petulant
p. 149- premonitory, languid(ly)

Judith Ortiz Cofer *More Room*

My grandmother's house is like a chambered nautilus; it has many rooms, yet it is not a mansion. Its proportions are small and its design simple. It is a house that has grown organically, according to the needs of its inhabitants. To all of us in the family it is known as *la casa de Mamá*¹. It is the place of our origin; the stage for our memories and dreams of Island life.

I remember how in my childhood it sat on stilts; this way before it had a downstairs. It rested on its perch like a great blue bird, not a flying sort of bird, more like a nesting hen, but with spread wings. Grandfather had built it soon after their marriage. He was a painter and housebuilder by trade, a poet and meditative man by nature. As each of their eight children were born, new rooms were added. After a few years, the paint did not exactly match, not the materials, so that there was a chronology to it, like the rings of a tree, and Mamá could tell you the history of each room in her *casa*, and thus the genealogy of the family along with it.

Her room is the heart of the house. Though I have seen it recently, and both woman and room have diminished in size, changed by the new perspective of my eyes, not capable of looking over countertops and tall beds, it is not this picture I carry in my memory of Mamá's *casa*. Instead, I see her room has a queen's chamber where a small woman loomed large, a throne-room with a massive four-poster bed in its center which stood taller than a child's head. It was on this bed where her own children had been born that the smallest grandchildren were allowed to take naps in the afternoons; here too was where Mamá secluded herself to dispense private advice to her daughters, sitting on the edge of the bed, looking down at whoever sat on the rocker where generations of babies had been sung to sleep. To me she looked like a wise empress right out of the fairy tales I was addicted to reading.

Though the room was dominated by the mahogany four-posters, it also contained all of Mamá's symbols of power. On her dresser instead of cosmetics there were jars filled with herbs: *yerba Buena*, *yerba mala*², the making of purgatives and teas to which we were all subjected during childhood cries. She had a steaming cup for anyone who could not, or would not, get up to face life on any given day. If the acrid aftertaste of her cures for malingering did not get you out of bed, then it was time to call *el doctor*.

And there was the monstrous chifferobe she kept locked with a little golden key she did not hide. This was a test of her dominion over us; though my cousins and I wanted a look inside that massive wardrobe more than anything, we never reached for that little key lying on top of her Bible on the dresser. This was also where she placed her earrings and rosary at night. God's word was her security system. This chifferobe was the place where I imagined she kept jewels, stain slippers, and elegant sequined, silk gowns of heartbreaking fineness. I lusted after those imaginary costumes. I had heard that Mamá had been a great beauty in her youth, and the belle of many balls. My cousins had other ideas to what she kept in that wooden vault: its secret could be money (Mamá did not hand cash to strangers, banks were out of the question, so there were stories that her mattress was stuffed with dollar bills, and that she buried coins in jars in her garden under rosebushes, or kept them in her inviolate chifferobe); there might be that legendary gun salvaged from the Spanish-American conflict over the Island. We went wild over suspected treasures that we made up simply because children have to fill locked trunks with something wonderful.

On the wall above the bed hung a heavy silver crucifix. Christ's agonized head hung directly over Mamá's pillow. I avoided looking at this weapon suspended over where her head would lay; and on the rare occasions when I was allowed to sleep on that bed, I scooted down to the safe middle of the mattress, where her body's impression took me in like a mother's lap. Having taken care of the obligatory religious decoration with a crucifix, Mamá covered the other walls with objects sent to her over the years by her children in the States. *Los Nueva Yores*³ were represented by, among other things, a postcard of Niagara Falls from her son Hernán, postmarked, Buffalo, N.Y. In a conspicuous gold frame hung a large color photograph of her daughter Nena, her husband and their five children at the entrance to Disneyland in California. From us she had gotten a black lace fan. Father had brought it to her from a tour of duty with the Navy in Europe (on Sundays she would remove it from its hook on the wall to fan herself at Sunday mass). Each year more items were added as the

family grew and dispersed, and every object in the room had a story attached to it, a *cuento*⁴ which Mamá would bestow on anyone who received the privilege of a day alone with her. It was almost worth pretending to be sick, though the bitter herb purgatives of the body were a price to pay for the spirit revivals of her storytelling.

Mamá slept alone on her large bed, except for the times when a sick grandchild warranted the privilege, or when a heartbroken daughter came home in need of more than herbal teas. In the family there is a story about how this came to be.

When one of the daughters, my mother or one of her sisters, tells the *cuento* of how Mamá came to own her nights, it is usually preceded by the qualifications that Papá's exile from his wife's room was not a result of animosity between the couple, but the act had been Mamá's famous bloodless coup for her personal freedom. Papá was the benevolent dictator of her body and her life who had had to be banished from her bed so that Mamá could better serve her family. Before the telling, we had to agree that the old man was not to blame. We all recognized that in the family Papá was as an *alma de Dios*⁵, a saintly, a soft-spoken presence whose main pleasures in life, such as writing poetry and reading the Spanish large-type editions of *Reader's Digest*, always took place outside the vortex of Mamá's crowded realm. It was not his fault, after all, that every year or so he planted a babyseed in Mamá's fertile body, keeping her from leading the active life she needed and desired. He loved her and the babies. Papá composed odes and lyrics to celebrate births and anniversaries and hired musicians to accompany him in signing them to his family and friends at extravagant pig-roasts he threw yearly. Mamá and the oldest girls worked for days preparing the food. Papá sat for hours in his painter's shed, also his study and library, composing the songs. At these celebrations he was also known to give long speeches in praise of God, his fecund wife, and his beloved island. As a middle child, my mother remembers these occasions as time when the women sat in the kitchen and lamented their burdens, while the men feasted out in the patio, their rum-thickened voice rising in song and praise for each other, *companeros*⁶ all.

It was after the birth of her eighth child, after she had lost three at birth or in infancy, that Mamá made her decision. They say that Mamá had had a special way of letting her husband know that they were expecting, one that had begun when, at the beginning of their marriage, he had built her a house too confining for her taste. So, when she discovered her first pregnancy, she supposedly drew plans for another room, which he dutifully executed. Every time a child was due, she would demand, *more space, more space*. Papá acceded to her wishes, child after child, since he had learned early that Mamá's renowned tempter was a thing that grew like a monster along with a new belly. In this way Mamá got the house that she wanted, but with each child she lost in heart and energy. She had knowledge of her body and perceived that if she had any more children, her dreams and her plans would have to be permanently forgotten, because she would be a chronically ill woman, like Flora with her twelve children: asthma, no teeth, in bed more than on her feet.

And so, after my youngest uncle was born, she asked Papá to build a large room at the back of the house. He did so in joyful anticipation. Mamá had asked him special things this time; shelves on the walls, a private entrance. He thought that she meant this room to be a nursery where several children could sleep. He thought it was a wonderful idea. He painted it his favorite color, sky blue, and made large windows looking out over a green hill and the church spires beyond. But nothing happened. Mamá's belly did not grow², yet she seemed in a frenzy of activity over the house. Finally, an anxious Papá approached his wife to tell her that the new room was finished and ready to be occupied. And Mamá, they say, replied: "Good, it's for *you*."

And so it was that Mamá discovered the only means of birth control available to a Catholic woman of her time: sacrifice. She gave up the comfort of Papá's sexual love for something she deemed great: the right to own and control her body, so that she might live to meet her grandchildren—me among them—so that she could give more of herself to the ones already there, so that she could be more than a channel for other lives, so that even now that time has robbed her of the elasticity of her body and of her amazing reservoir of energy, she still emanates the kid of joy that can only be achieved by living according to the dictates of one's own heart.

¹ Mama's house.

² Good herbs, bad herbs.

³ The New Yorkers.

⁴ Tale.

3 of 25 Literally, "soul of God." A thoroughly good person.

⁶ Companions.

E.B. White
Once More to the Lake (1941)

One summer, along about 1904, my father rented a camp on a lake in Maine and took us all there for the month of August. We all got ringworm from some kittens and had to rub Pond's Extract on our arms and legs night and morning, and my father rolled over in a canoe with all his clothes on; but outside of that the vacation was a success and from then on none of us ever thought there was any place in the world like that lake in Maine. We returned summer after summer--always on August 1st for one month. I have since become a salt-water man, but sometimes in summer there are days when the restlessness of the tides and the fearful cold of the sea water and the incessant wind which blows across the afternoon and into the evening make me wish for the placidity of a lake in the woods. A few weeks ago this feeling got so strong I bought myself a couple of bass hooks and a spinner and returned to the lake where we used to go, for a week's fishing and to revisit old haunts.

I took along my son, who had never had any fresh water up his nose and who had seen lily pads only from train windows. On the journey over to the lake I began to wonder what it would be like. I wondered how time would have marred this unique, this holy spot--the coves and streams, the hills that the sun set behind, the camps and the paths behind the camps. I was sure that the tarred road would have found it out and I wondered in what other ways it would be desolated. It is strange how much you can remember about places like that once you allow your mind to return into the grooves which lead back. You remember one thing, and that suddenly reminds you of another thing. I guess I remembered clearest of all the early mornings, when the lake was cool and motionless, remembered how the bedroom smelled of the lumber it was made of and of the wet woods whose scent entered through the screen. The partitions in the camp were thin and did not extend clear to the top of the rooms, and as I was always the first up I would dress softly so as not to wake the others, and sneak out into the sweet outdoors and start out in the canoe, keeping close along the shore in the long shadows of the pines. I remembered being very careful never to rub my paddle against the gunwale for fear of disturbing the stillness of the cathedral.

The lake had never been what you would call a wild lake. There were cottages sprinkled around the shores, and it was in farming although the shores of the lake were quite heavily wooded. Some of the cottages were owned by nearby farmers, and you would live at the shore and eat your meals at the farmhouse. That's what our family did. But although it wasn't wild, it was a fairly large and undisturbed lake and there were places in it which, to a child at least, seemed infinitely remote and primeval.

I was right about the tar: it led to within half a mile of the shore. But when I got back there, with my boy, and we settled into a camp near a farmhouse and into the kind of summertime I had known, I could tell that it was going to be pretty much the same as it had been before--I knew it, lying in bed the first morning, smelling the bedroom, and hearing the boy sneak quietly out and go off along the shore in a boat. I began to sustain the illusion that he was I, and therefore, by simple transposition, that I was my father. This sensation persisted, kept cropping up all the time we were there. It was not an entirely new feeling, but in this setting it grew much stronger. I seemed to be living a dual existence. I would be in the middle of some simple act, I would be picking up a bait box or laying down a table fork, or I would be saying something, and suddenly it would be not I but my father who

was saying the words or making the gesture. It gave me a creepy sensation.

We went fishing the first morning. I felt the same damp moss covering the worms in the bait can, and saw the dragonfly alight on the tip of my rod as it hovered a few inches from the surface of the water. It was the arrival of this fly that convinced me beyond any doubt that everything was as it always had been, that the years were a mirage and there had been no years. The small waves were the same, chucking the rowboat under the chin as we fished at anchor, and the boat was the same boat, the same color green and the ribs broken in the same places, and under the floor-boards the same freshwater leavings and debris--the dead helgramite, the wisps of moss, the rusty discarded fishhook, the dried blood from yesterday's catch. We stared silently at the tips of our rods, at the dragonflies that came and wells. I lowered the tip of mine into the water, tentatively, pensively dislodging the fly, which darted two feet away, poised, darted two feet back, and came to rest again a little farther up the rod. There had been no years between the ducking of this dragonfly and the other one--the one that was part of memory. I looked at the boy, who was silently watching his fly, and it was my hands that held his rod, my eyes watching. I felt dizzy and didn't know which rod I was at the end of.

We caught two bass, hauling them in briskly as though they were mackerel, pulling them over the side of the boat in a businesslike manner without any landing net, and stunning them with a blow on the back of the head. When we got back for a swim before lunch, the lake was exactly where we had left it, the same number of inches from the dock, and there was only the merest suggestion of a breeze. This seemed an utterly enchanted sea, this lake you could leave to its own devices for a few hours and come back to, and find that it had not stirred, this constant and trustworthy body of water. In the shallows, the dark, water-soaked sticks and twigs, smooth and old, were undulating in clusters on the bottom against the clean ribbed sand, and the track of the mussel was plain. A school of minnows swam by, each minnow with its small, individual shadow, doubling the attendance, so clear and sharp in the sunlight. Some of the other campers were in swimming, along the shore, one of them with a cake of soap, and the water felt thin and clear and insubstantial. Over the years there had been this person with the cake of soap, this cultist, and here he was. There had been no years.

Up to the farmhouse to dinner through the teeming, dusty field, the road under our sneakers was only a two-track road. The middle track was missing, the one with the marks of the hooves and the splotches of dried, flaky manure. There had always been three tracks to choose from in choosing which track to walk in; now the choice was narrowed down to two. For a moment I missed terribly the middle alternative. But the way led past the tennis court, and something about the way it lay there in the sun reassured me; the tape had loosened along the backline, the alleys were green with plantains and other weeds, and the net (installed in June and removed in September) sagged in the dry noon, and the whole place steamed with midday heat and hunger and emptiness. There was a choice of pie for dessert, and one was blueberry and one was apple, and the waitresses were the same country girls, there having been no passage of time, only the illusion of it as in a dropped curtain--the waitresses were still fifteen; their hair had been washed, that was the only difference--they had been to the movies and seen the pretty girls with the clean hair.

Summertime, oh summertime, pattern of life indelible, the fade proof lake, the woods unshatterable, the pasture with the sweet fern and the juniper forever and ever, summer without end; this was the background, and the life along the shore was the design, the cottages with their innocent and tranquil design, their tiny docks with the flagpole and the American flag floating against the white clouds in

the blue sky, the little paths over the roots of the trees leading from camp to camp and the paths leading back to the outhouses and the can of lime for sprinkling, and at the souvenir counters at the store the miniature birch-bark canoes and the post cards that showed things looking a little better than they looked. This was the American family at play, escaping the city heat, wondering whether the newcomers at the camp at the head of the cove were "common" or "nice," wondering whether it was true that the people who drove up for Sunday dinner at the farmhouse were turned away because there wasn't enough chicken.

It seemed to me, as I kept remembering all this, that those times and those summers had been infinitely precious and worth saving. There had been jollity and peace and goodness. The arriving (at the beginning of August) had been so big a business in itself, at the railway station the farm wagon drawn up, the first smell of the pine-laden air, the first glimpse of the smiling farmer, and the great importance of the trunks and your father's enormous authority in such matters, and the feel of the wagon under you for the long ten-mile haul, and at the top of the last long hill catching the first view of the lake after eleven months of not seeing this cherished body of water. The shouts and cries of the other campers when they saw you, and the trunks to be unpacked, to give up their rich burden. (Arriving was less exciting nowadays, when you sneaked up in your car and parked it under a tree near the camp and took out the bags and in five minutes it was all over, no fuss, no loud wonderful fuss about trunks.)

Peace and goodness and jollity. The only thing that was wrong now, really, was the sound of the place, an unfamiliar nervous sound of the outboard motors. This was the note that jarred, the one thing that would sometimes break the illusion and set the years moving. In those other summertimes, all motors were inboard; and when they were at a little distance, the noise they made was a sedative, an ingredient of summer sleep. They were one-cylinder and two-cylinder engines, and some were make-and-break and some were jump-spark, but they all made a sleepy sound across the lake. The one-lungers throbbed and fluttered, and the twin-cylinder ones purred and purred, and that was a quiet sound too. But now the campers all had outboards. In the daytime, in the hot mornings, these motors made a petulant, irritable sound; at night, in the still evening when the afterglow lit the water, they whined about one's ears like mosquitoes. My boy loved our rented outboard, and his great desire was to achieve single-handed mastery over it, and authority, and he soon learned the trick of choking it a little (but not too much), and the adjustment of the needle valve. Watching him I would remember the things you could do with the old one-cylinder engine with the heavy flywheel, how you could have it eating out of your hand if you got really close to it spiritually. Motor boats in those days didn't have clutches, and you would make a landing by shutting off the motor at the proper time and coasting in with a dead rudder. But there was a way of reversing them, if you learned the trick, by cutting the switch and putting it on again exactly on the final dying revolution of the flywheel, so that it would kick back against compression and begin reversing. Approaching a dock in a strong following breeze, it was difficult to slow up sufficiently by the ordinary coasting method, and if a boy felt he had complete mastery over his motor, he was tempted to keep it running beyond its time and then reverse it a few feet from the dock. It took a cool nerve, because if you threw the switch a twentieth of a second too soon you would catch the flywheel when it still had speed enough to go up past center, and the boat would leap ahead, charging bull-fashion at the dock.

We had a good week at the camp. The bass were biting well and the sun shone endlessly, day after day. We would be tired at night and lie down in the accumulated heat of the little bedrooms after the

long hot day and the breeze would stir almost imperceptibly outside and the smell of the swamp drift in through the rusty screens. Sleep would come easily and in the morning the red squirrel would be on the roof, tapping out his gay routine. I kept remembering everything, lying in bed in the mornings--the small steamboat that had a long rounded stern like the lip of a Ubangi, and how quietly she ran on the moonlight sails, when the older boys played their mandolins and the girls sang and we ate doughnuts dipped in sugar, and how sweet the music was on the water in the shining night, and what it had felt like to think about girls then. After breakfast we would go up to the store and the things were in the same place--the minnows in a bottle, the plugs and spinners disarranged and pawed over by the youngsters from the boys' camp, the fig newtons and the Beeman's gum. Outside, the road was tarred and cars stood in front of the store. Inside, all was just as it had always been, except there was more Coca Cola and not so much Moxie and root beer and birch beer and sarsaparilla. We would walk out with a bottle of pop apiece and sometimes the pop would backfire up our noses and hurt. We explored the streams, quietly, where the turtles slid off the sunny logs and dug their way into the soft bottom; and we lay on the town wharf and fed worms to the tame bass. Everywhere we went I had trouble making out which was I, the one walking at my side, the one walking in my pants.

One afternoon while we were there at that lake a thunderstorm came up. It was like the revival of an old melodrama that I had seen long ago with childish awe. The second-act climax of the drama of the electrical disturbance over a lake in America had not changed in any important respect. This was the big scene, still the big scene. The whole thing was so familiar, the first feeling of oppression and heat and a general air around camp of not wanting to go very far away. In mid-afternoon (it was all the same) a curious darkening of the sky, and a lull in everything that had made life tick; and then the way the boats suddenly swung the other way at their moorings with the coming of a breeze out of the new quarter, and the premonitory rumble. Then the kettle drum, then the snare, then the bass drum and cymbals, then crackling light against the dark, and the gods grinning and licking their chops in the hills. Afterward the calm, the rain steadily rustling in the calm lake, the return of light and hope and spirits, and the campers running out in joy and relief to go swimming in the rain, their bright cries perpetuating the deathless joke about how they were getting simply drenched, and the children screaming with delight at the new sensation of bathing in the rain, and the joke about getting drenched linking the generations in a strong indestructible chain. And the comedian who waded in carrying an umbrella.

When the others went swimming my son said he was going in too. He pulled his dripping trunks from the line where they had hung all through the shower, and wrung them out. Languidly, and with no thought of going in, I watched him, his hard little body, skinny and bare, saw him wince slightly as he pulled up around his vitals the small, soggy, icy garment. As he buckled the swollen belt suddenly my groin felt the chill of death.

[Comment on White's Essay](#)

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Reading Journals for Unit II-

Chicken Soup For the Soul/Narrative Essay

Read "Longing to Belong" (p. 66), "The Battle for United 93" (p. 70), and "An American Childhood" (p. 80) in *Back To the Lake* BEFORE completing journals.

Journal 1- (Remember to number your answers.)

1. Cite (copy) at least two passages (sentences, phrases, etc.) from any of the selections in this unit that you like or that just stand out to you for some reason. Maybe it reminds you of something you would do, or something that has already happened, or maybe it just summarizes your viewpoint on a certain topic. Explain why you relate to/chose these particular phrases, sentences, etc.
2. All of these essays discuss aspects of our American life. "An American Childhood" captures the specific time period of the children's lives, "Longing To Belong" compares marriage rituals to that of another country, and "The Battle for United 93" replays part of our history from September 11. Choose one story and explain what you think the author wanted us to learn from the story, that is, what might be the "moral to the story" or what can we learn from this story that will help us or make us a better person? Why did he or she tell this story?
3. Of these three writing selections, which introduction catches the readers' attention the most? Why was it effective for you? Which conclusion did you like the best? Why? Which selection held your interest the most and why?
4. Define the following words giving the meanings as used in the story:
visceral page 66, extricate 67, unadulterated 66, lewd 67, putative 67, sanctum 66, erroneous 71,
wield 74, crenellated 81, redundant 83

Journal 2- (Remember to number your answers.)

Go to www.nytimes.com. Find an article related to the topics of American life and/or the pastimes we enjoy by typing keywords such as reading, fishing, grilling, boating, marriage/wedding (not announcements) traditions, baseball, etc. into the search box. (You can search on a hobby of yours too if you like.)

1. RESPOND to the article. What did you agree and disagree with in the article? What was the main idea and how does it relate to American life? Why did you choose the topic you did?
2. Does it remind you of anything you have done that might be similar to the author's passage? What else does it remind you of? What feelings does it bring about when reading it?
3. Give the name and date of the article. Is the title misleading or does it give a good idea of what the article is about? Explain why or why not. Suggest an alternate title to be used.
4. Tell me one new idea/concept/vocabulary word/fact/etc. learned from the article.

The New York Times

Magazine

LIVES; Longing to Belong

By Saira Shah
Published: September 21, 2003

The day he disclosed his matrimonial ambitions for me, my uncle sat me at his right during lunch. This was a sign of special favor, as it allowed him to feed me choice tidbits from his own plate. It was by no means an unadulterated pleasure. He would often generously withdraw a half-chewed delicacy from his mouth and lovingly cram it into mine -- an Afghan habit with which I have since tried to come to terms. It was his way of telling me that I was valued, part of the family.

My brother and sister, Tahir and Safia, and my elderly aunt Amina and I were all attending the wedding of my uncle's son. Although my uncle's home was closer than I'd ever been, I was not yet inside Afghanistan. This branch of my family lived in Peshawar, Pakistan. On seeing two unmarried daughters in the company of a female chaperone, my uncle obviously concluded that we had been sent to be married. I was taken aback by the visceral longing I felt to be part of this world. I had never realized that I had been starved of anything. Now, at 17, I discovered that like a princess in a fairy tale, I had been cut off from my origins. This was the point in the tale where, simply by walking through a magical door, I could recover my gardens and palaces. If I allowed my uncle to arrange a marriage for me, I would belong.

Over the next few days, the man my family wished me to marry was introduced into the inner sanctum. He was a distant cousin. His luxuriant black mustache was generally considered to compensate for his lack of height. I was told breathlessly that he was a fighter pilot in the Pakistani Air Force. As an outsider, he wouldn't have been permitted to meet an unmarried girl. But as a relative, he had free run of the house. Whenever I appeared, a female cousin would fling a child into his arms. He'd pose with it, whiskers twitching, while the women cooed their admiration.

A huge cast of relatives had assembled to see my uncle's son marry. The wedding lasted nearly 14 days and ended with a reception. The bride and groom sat on an elevated stage to receive greetings. While the groom was permitted to laugh and chat, the bride was required to sit perfectly still, her eyes demurely lowered. I didn't see her move for four hours.

Watching this tableau vivant of a submissive Afghan bride, I knew that marriage would never be my easy route to the East. I could live in my father's mythological homeland only through the eyes of the storyteller. In my desire to experience the fairy tale, I had overlooked the staggeringly obvious: the storyteller was a man. If I wanted freedom, I would have to cut my own path. I began to understand why my uncle's wife had resorted to using religion to regain some control -- at least in her own home. Her piety gave her license to impose her will on others.

My putative fiancé returned to Quetta, from where he sent a constant flow of lavish gifts. I was busy examining my hoard when my uncle's wife announced that he was on the phone. My intended was a favorite of hers; she had taken it upon herself to promote the match. As she handed me the receiver, he delivered a line culled straight from a Hindi movie: "We shall have a love-match, ach-cha?" Enough was enough. I slammed down the phone and went to find Aunt Amina. When she had heard me out, she said: "I'm glad that finally you've stopped this silly wild goose chase for your roots. I'll have to extricate you from this mess. Wait here while I put on something more impressive." As a piece of Islamic one-upmanship, she returned wearing not one but three head scarves of different colors.

My uncle's wife was sitting on her prayer platform in the drawing room. Amina stormed in, scattering servants before her like chaff. "Your relative . . ." was Amina's opening salvo, ". . . has been making obscene remarks to my niece." Her mouth opened, but before she could find her voice, Amina fired her heaviest guns: "Over the telephone!"

"How dare you!" her rival began.

It gave Amina exactly the opportunity she needed to move in for the kill. "What? Do you support this lewd conduct? Are we living in an American movie? Since when have young people of mixed sexes been permitted to speak to each other on the telephone? Let alone to talk -- as I regret to inform you your nephew did -- of love! Since when has love had anything to do with marriage? What a dangerous and absurd concept!"

My Peshawari aunt was not only outclassed; she was out-Islamed too. "My niece is a rose that hasn't been plucked," Amina said. "It is my task as her chaperone to ensure that this happy state of affairs continues. A match under such circumstances is quite out of the question. The engagement is off." My uncle's wife lost her battle for moral supremacy and, it seemed, her battle for sanity as well. In a gruff, slack-jawed way that I found unappealing, she made a sharp, inhuman sound that sounded almost like a bark.

Saira Shah is the reporter in the film "Beneath the Veil" and the author of "The Storyteller's Daughter," to be published next month by Alfred A. Knopf and from which this article is adapted.

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The Battle for United 93 September 11, 2001

The dramatic events aboard United Airlines Flight 93 culminated with the heroic resistance of the passengers against four terrorists who hijacked the aircraft on September 11, 2001. The final report of the National Commission on Terrorist Attacks Upon the United States chronicled the hijacking and the resistance. The commission's findings on Flight 93, excerpted here from [The 9/11 Commission Report \(2004\)](#), contained previously undisclosed details about what happened on that fateful morning.

Between 7:03 and 7:39, Saeed al Ghamdi, Ahmed al Nami, Ahmad al Haznawi, and Ziad Jarrah checked in at the United Airlines ticket counter [at the Newark, New Jersey airport] for Flight 93, going to Los Angeles. Two checked bags; two did not. Haznawi was selected by CAPPs [Computer Assisted Passenger Prescreening System]. His checked bag was screened for explosives and then loaded on the plane. The four men passed through the security checkpoint, owned by United Airlines and operated under contract by Argenbright Security. Like the checkpoints in Boston [where other hijackers boarded planes], it lacked closed-circuit television surveillance so there is no documentary evidence to indicate when the hijackers passed through the checkpoint, what alarms may have been triggered, or what security procedures were administered. The FAA interviewed the screeners later; none recalled anything unusual or suspicious. The four men boarded the plane between 7:39 and 7:48. All four had seats in the first-class cabin; their plane had no business-class section. Jarrah was in seat 1B, closest to the cockpit; Nami was in 3C, Ghamdi in 3D, and Haznawi in 6B....

At 8:42, United Airlines Flight 93 took off from Newark (New Jersey) Liberty International Airport bound for San Francisco. The aircraft was piloted by Captain Jason Dahl and First Officer Leroy Homer, and there were five flight attendants. Thirty-seven passengers, including the hijackers, boarded the plane. Scheduled to depart the gate at 8:00, the Boeing 757's takeoff was delayed because of the airport's typically heavy morning traffic.

The hijackers had planned to take flights scheduled to depart at 7:45 (American 11), 8:00 (United 175 and United 93), and 8:10 (American 77). Three of the flights had actually taken off within 10 to 15 minutes of their planned departure times. United 93 would ordinarily have taken off about 15 minutes after pulling away from the gate. When it left the ground at 8:42, the flight was running more than 25 minutes late. As United 93 left Newark, the flight's crew members were unaware of the hijacking of American 11. Around 9:00, the FAA [Federal Aviation Administration], American, and United were facing the staggering realization of apparent multiple hijackings. At 9:03, they would see another aircraft strike the World Trade Center. Crisis managers at the FAA and the airlines did not yet act to warn other aircraft. At the same time, Boston Center realized that a message transmitted just before 8:25 by the hijacker pilot of American 11 included the phrase, "We have some planes."

No one at the FAA or the airlines that day had ever dealt with multiple hijackings. Such a plot had not been carried out anywhere in the world in more than 30 years, and never in the United States. As news of the hijackings filtered through the FAA and the airlines, it does not seem to have occurred to their leadership that they needed to alert other aircraft in the air that they too might be at risk.

United 175 was hijacked between 8:42 and 8:46, and awareness of that hijacking began to spread after 8:51. American 77 was hijacked between 8:51 and 8:54. By 9:00, FAA and airline officials began to comprehend that attackers were going after multiple aircraft. American Airlines' nationwide ground stop between 9:05 and 9:10 was followed by a United Airlines ground stop. FAA controllers at Boston Center, which had tracked the first two hijackings, requested at 9:07 that Herndon Command Center "get messages to airborne aircraft to increase security for the cockpit." There is no evidence that Herndon took such action. Boston Center immediately began speculating about other aircraft that might be in danger, leading them to worry about a transcontinental flight—Delta 1989—that in fact was not hijacked. At 9:19, the FAA's New England regional office called Herndon and asked that Cleveland Center advise Delta 1989 to use extra cockpit security.

Several FAA air traffic control officials told us it was the air carriers' responsibility to notify their planes of security problems. One senior FAA air traffic control manager said that it was simply not the FAA's place to order the airlines what to tell their pilots. We believe such statements do not reflect an adequate appreciation of the FAA's responsibility for the safety and security of civil aviation.

The airlines bore responsibility, too. They were facing an escalating number of conflicting and, for the most part, erroneous reports about other flights, as well as a continuing lack of vital information from the FAA about the hijacked flights. We found no evidence, however, that American Airlines sent any cockpit warnings to its aircraft on 9/11. United's first decisive action to notify its airborne aircraft to take defensive action did not come until 9:19, when a United flight dispatcher, Ed Ballinger, took the initiative to begin transmitting warnings to his 16 transcontinental flights: "Beware any cockpit intrusion—Two a/c [aircraft] hit World Trade Center." One of the flights that received the warning was United 93. Because Ballinger was still responsible for his other flights as well as Flight 175, his warning message was not transmitted to Flight 93 until 9:23.

By all accounts, the first 46 minutes of Flight 93's cross-country trip proceeded routinely. Radio communications from the plane were normal. Heading, speed, and altitude ran according to plan. At 9:24, Ballinger's warning to United 93 was received in the cockpit. Within two minutes, at 9:26, the pilot, Jason Dahl, responded with a note of puzzlement: "Ed, confirm latest mssg plz—Jason."

The hijackers attacked at 9:28. While traveling 35,000 feet above eastern Ohio, United 93 suddenly dropped 700 feet. Eleven seconds into the descent, the FAA's air traffic control center in Cleveland received the first of two radio transmissions from the aircraft. During the first broadcast, the captain or first officer could be heard declaring "Mayday" amid the sounds of a physical struggle in the cockpit. The second radio transmission, 35 seconds later, indicated that the fight was continuing. The captain or first officer could be heard shouting: "Hey get out of here—get out of here—get out of here."

On the morning of 9/11, there were only 37 passengers on United 93—33 in addition to the 4 hijackers. This was below the norm for Tuesday mornings during the summer of 2001. But there is no evidence that the hijackers manipulated passenger levels or purchased additional seats to facilitate their operation. The terrorists who hijacked three other commercial flights on 9/11 operated in five-man teams. They initiated their cockpit takeover within 30 minutes of takeoff. On Flight 93, however, the takeover took place 46 minutes after takeoff and there were only four hijackers. The operative likely intended to round out the team for this flight, Mohamed al Kahtani, had been refused entry by a suspicious immigration inspector at Florida's Orlando International Airport in August.

Because several passengers on United 93 described three hijackers on the plane, not four, some have wondered whether one of the hijackers had been able to use the cockpit jump seat from the outset of the flight. FAA rules allow use of this seat by documented and approved individuals, usually air carrier or FAA personnel. We have found no evidence indicating that one of the hijackers, or anyone else, sat there on this flight. All the hijackers had assigned seats in first class, and they seem to have used them. We believe it is more likely that Jarrah, the crucial pilot-trained member of their team, remained seated and inconspicuous until after the cockpit was seized; and once inside, he would not have been visible to the passengers.

At 9:32, a hijacker, probably Jarrah, made or attempted to make the following announcement to the passengers of Flight 93: "Ladies and Gentlemen: Here the captain, please sit down keep remaining sitting. We have a bomb on board. So, sit." The flight data recorder (also recovered) indicates that Jarrah then instructed the plane's autopilot to turn the aircraft around and head east.

The cockpit voice recorder data indicate that a woman, most likely a flight attendant, was being held captive in the cockpit. She struggled with one of the hijackers who killed or otherwise silenced her. Shortly thereafter, the passengers and flight crew began a series of calls from GTE airphones and cellular phones. These calls between family, friends, and colleagues took place until the end of the flight and provided those on the ground with firsthand accounts. They enabled the passengers to gain critical information, including the news that two aircraft had slammed into the World Trade Center.

At 9:39, the FAA's Cleveland Air Route Traffic Control Center overheard a second announcement indicating that there was a bomb on board, that the plane was returning to the airport, and that they should remain seated. While it apparently was not heard by the passengers, this announcement, like those on Flight 11 and Flight 77, was intended to deceive them. Jarrah, like Atta [Mohammed Atta, a hijacker on an earlier flight] . . . , may have inadvertently broadcast the message because he did not know how to operate the radio and the intercom. To our knowledge none of them had ever flown an actual airliner before. At least two callers from the flight reported that the hijackers knew that passengers were making calls but did not seem to care. It is quite possible Jarrah knew of the success of the assault on the World Trade Center. He could have learned of this from messages being sent by United Airlines to the cockpits of its transcontinental flights, including Flight 93, warning of cockpit intrusion and telling of the New York attacks. But even without them, he would certainly have understood that the attacks on the World Trade Center would already have unfolded, given Flight 93's tardy departure from Newark. If Jarrah did know that the

passengers were making calls, it might not have occurred to him that they were certain to learn what had happened in New York, thereby defeating his attempts at deception.

At least ten passengers and two crew members shared vital information with family, friends, colleagues, or others on the ground. All understood the plane had been hijacked. They said the hijackers wielded knives and claimed to have a bomb. The hijackers were wearing red bandanas, and they forced the passengers to the back of the aircraft.

Callers reported that a passenger had been stabbed and that two people were lying on the floor of the cabin, injured or dead—possibly the captain and first officer. One caller reported that a flight attendant had been killed.

One of the callers from United 93 also reported that he thought the hijackers might possess a gun. But none of the other callers reported the presence of a firearm. One recipient of a call from the aircraft recounted specifically asking her caller whether the hijackers had guns. The passenger replied that he did not see one. No evidence of firearms or of their identifiable remains was found at the aircraft's crash site, and the cockpit voice recorder gives no indication of a gun being fired or mentioned at any time. We believe that if the hijackers had possessed a gun, they would have used it in the flight's last minutes as the passengers fought back.

Passengers on three flights reported the hijackers' claim of having a bomb. The FBI told us they found no trace of explosives at the crash sites. One of the passengers who mentioned a bomb expressed his belief that it was not real. Lacking any evidence that the hijackers attempted to smuggle such illegal items past the security screening checkpoints, we believe the bombs were probably fake.

During at least five of the passengers' phone calls, information was shared about the attacks that had occurred earlier that morning at the World Trade Center. Five calls described the intent of passengers and surviving crew members to revolt against the hijackers. According to one call, they voted on whether to rush the terrorists in an attempt to retake the plane. They decided, and acted.

At 9:57, the passenger assault began. Several passengers had terminated phone calls with loved ones in order to join the revolt. One of the callers ended her message as follows: "Everyone's running up to first class. I've got to go. Bye."

The cockpit voice recorder captured the sounds of the passenger assault muffled by the intervening cockpit door. Some family members who listened to the recording report that they can hear the voice of a loved one among the din. We cannot identify whose voices can be heard. But the assault was sustained.

In response, Jarrah immediately began to roll the airplane to the left and right, attempting to knock the passengers off balance. At 9:58:57, Jarrah told another hijacker in the cockpit to block the door. Jarrah continued to roll the airplane sharply left and right, but the assault continued. At 9:59:52, Jarrah changed tactics and pitched the nose of the airplane up and down to disrupt the assault. The recorder captured the sounds of loud thumps, crashes, shouts, and breaking glasses and plates. At 10:00:03, Jarrah stabilized the airplane.

Five seconds later, Jarrah asked, "Is that it? Shall we finish it off?" A hijacker responded, "No. Not yet. When they all come, we finish it off." The sounds of fighting continued outside the cockpit. Again, Jarrah pitched the nose of the aircraft up and down. At 10:00:26, a passenger in the background said, "In the cockpit. If we don't we'll die!" Sixteen seconds later, a passenger yelled, "Roll it!" Jarrah stopped the violent maneuvers at about 10:01:00 and said, "Allah is the greatest! Allah is the greatest!" He then asked another hijacker in the cockpit, "Is that it? I mean, shall we put it down?" to which the other replied, "Yes, put it in it, and pull it down."

The passengers continued their assault and at 10:02:23, a hijacker said, "Pull it down! Pull it down!" The hijackers remained at the controls but must have judged that the passengers were only seconds from overcoming them. The airplane headed down; the control wheel was turned hard to the right. The airplane rolled onto its back, and one of the hijackers began shouting "Allah is the greatest. Allah is the greatest." With the sounds of the passenger counterattack continuing, the aircraft plowed into an empty field in Shanksville, Pennsylvania, at 580 miles per hour, about 20 minutes' flying time from Washington, D.C. Jarrah's objective was to crash his airliner into symbols of the American Republic, the Capitol or the White House. He was defeated by the alerted, unarmed passengers of United 93.

Rubric for Reading Journals

Commitment	Comprehension	Analysis	Vocabulary	Grading Scale	
				Total Points	Equivalent Grade Points
4-5 Shows evidence of thorough reading, based on multiple specific references to assigned passages	4-5 Shows evidence of strong comprehension, based on accurate identification of main and secondary ideas	4-5 Shows evidence of thorough understanding of the parts of texts	4-5 Makes a thorough list of unfamiliar or remarkable words with comments and/or correct meaning through inference or dictionary consultation	20	100
				19	98
				18	95
				17	93
				16	90
				15	88
2-3 Shows evidence of some reading, based on occasional general references to assigned passages	2-3 Shows evidence of moderate comprehension, based on occasional accurate identification of ideas	2-3 Shows evidence of basic understanding of some parts of the text	2-3 Makes an adequate list of unfamiliar or remarkable words with comments and/or correct meaning through inference or dictionary consultation	14	85
				13	83
				12	80
				11	78
				10	75
				9	73
1 Shows little or no evidence of thorough reading	1 Shows little or no evidence of comprehension of ideas	1 Shows little or no evidence of understanding the parts of the texts	1 Makes an inadequate list of words and/or supplies no comment or correct meaning	7	68
				6	65
				5	63
				4	60
Total Points:					
Comments:					

Library Project- Annotated Bibliography

We will meet in the library during the week of Monday, April 18 through Thursday April 21.

Go to the research room to the right and into the computer lab room in the far left corner.

Follow the signs.

Assignment: Write an annotated bibliography for five sources from the library's online catalog and online databases. Please use your career/college major as your topic. Some of the sources will require that you choose a topic that is just somehow related to your major or career. (Example: dental hygiene may have to use teeth, gingivitis, tooth decay, bad breath, etc.) That is perfectly okay; the content of the material you are collecting is not of major importance. **Our main objective with this project is to acquaint you with these reference tools/sources, how to use them, and how to do a correction bibliographic citation when you do use them.** Your annotated bibliography must include all of the sources listed below. We will also complete two reading journals.

****Bring your own typing paper or twenty cents to use the paper I provide.****

You must have at least one page printed from each of the five sources; however, you will need to READ the articles, so I also suggest you email the articles to your email account for further reference when completing your annotation. Below are the five resources that must be used for the annotated bibliography.

1. 1 article from *SIRS*
2. 1 article from *Issues and Controversies*
3. 1 article from *MELO* (from Occupational Outlook Handbook)
4. 1 article from *Opposing Viewpoints*
5. 1 article from *Choices*

How do I write my citation?

Use the handout you receive from Mrs. Stone in the library. Follow the exact format for each source by replacing the information from your article in the appropriate places as indicated on the handout provided.

Citation Information (when typing)

1. **Follow exactly the format on the handout given to you by Mrs. Stone.** All you are doing is replacing the citation information with the information from each of your articles.
2. Must be typed in 12 point font Times New Roman or Calibri (or similar font), double-spaced and in alphabetical order according to the first word in the citation, **not by database.**
3. Must include correct, complete bibliographic entries (citations) with hanging indention on the citation only.
4. The title page should be in proper MLA format with the title being Annotated Bibliography for _____ (fill in your major).
5. Must have one citation for each of the five sources.

How do I write my annotation? (this is the paragraph BELOW the citation)

The annotation is a review of the article. **ANSWER ALL QUESTIONS BELOW, IN ORDER and in COMPLETE SENTENCES.** Do not number the questions. Put them in paragraph form in the same order as below. **DO NOT USE THE WORDS "I" or "YOU."** **IT INCLUDES MORE THAN JUST A SUMMARY.**

VISUAL-How long is the article? Are there pictures, graphs, additional resources, audio or video links, bulleted lists, timelines, etc. for the reader? Tell if it IS there and if it is NOT there. (2-3 sentences)

SUMMARY- What is the main argument or point of this article? BE CONCISE. Don't use quotes or statistics or copy from the article. Put EVERYTHING IN YOUR OWN WORDS. Don't use "I" or "YOU." Be objective. (3-4 sentences ONLY)

AUDIENCE-Who do you think the intended audience is for this article? What makes this article useful? Make an educated guess on this. (1-2 sentences).

REFLECT-How will you have to deal with the topic(s) discussed in this article in your career now or in the future? How will this topic affect you in your future career? Will you have to deal with any area or aspect of this topic in your future career? (3-4 sentences)

WHEN TYPING ANNOTATION:

1. Do not repeat the citation information (author, title, etc.) in the annotation.
2. The annotation also **doublespaced and is lined up with the hanging indentation.**
3. The annotations must be at least **150 words long but no more than 250 words** (use word count), and should be written in paragraph form, with **NO PERSONAL OPINION. Do not use word for word information from the article. THAT IS PLAGIARISM. Do not use quotes or statistics from the article.** Put one citation/annotation per source on piece of notebook paper. These five cards will be considered your rough draft.
4. This is not a narrative essay, so **do not use "I" or "you."**

Suggested Syllabus for Library Project/ Annotated Bibliography

(Notice it says suggested. Please check Blackboard for accuracy.)

- April 18-21 Meet in the library. Go in the main entrance, turn right into the reference room, and go all the way across the room and to the left corner room. Bring twenty-five cents to donate for paper or bring your own typing paper. Print the FIRST PAGE AND Save/email (to yourself) articles from the library. **You may also bring a flash drive if you want to save them, but you still need to print out the first page at least. (*Be working on reading journals on your own time.*)**
- April 25-29 **Bring at least the first page of all five articles to class** and a pencil will be helpful. I will show you examples in class, and you will begin working on the rough draft. THE ROUGH DRAFT MUST BE WRITTEN ON PAPER and is DUE ON Thursday/Friday of this week. (*Be working on reading journals on your own time.*)
- May 2-3 FINAL COPY IS DUE TODAY!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Don't forget to complete the two reading journals. (YOU WILL NEED INTERNET ACCESS TO DO THESE!)
- List of items due with final copy:**
- 1. Evaluation form stapled to final copy**
 - 2. Five pieces of notebook paper with citations and annotations(rough draft)**
 - 3. First page ONLY of each article**
 - 4. Two reading journals and one reading journal rubric (staple the rubric to the top of the two journals). Remember the format of journals!!**

Annotated Bibliography Evaluation Sheet/ Rubric

Name _____ Class time _____

0 (POOR) 1 2 3(AVERAGE) 4 5(EXCELLENT)

CITATIONS

- | | | | | | | |
|----|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | MLA format (double spaced, etc) |
| 2. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | alphabetized |
| 3. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | hanging indention |
| 4. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | spacing (any extra space, only one space after punctuation) |
| 5. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | all necessary information |
| 6. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | five citations |

ANNOTATIONS

- | | | | | | | |
|-----|---|---|---|---|---|---------------------------------|
| 7. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | sentence structure/construction |
| 8. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | grammar/mechanics |
| 9. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | visual |
| 10. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | summary |
| 11. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | audience |
| 12. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | reflect |
| 13. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | MLA format (double spaced, etc) |
| 14. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | length (150 words) |
| 15. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | five annotations |

OTHER

- | | | | | | | |
|-----|---|---|---|---|---|--|
| 16. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | reflective journal |
| 17. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | lab time attendance |
| 18. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | first page of each source printed out |
| 19. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | rough draft (notebook paper) |
| 20. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | title page, header, 12 point font (MLA format) |

Reading Journal Score _____

COMMENTS:

DO NOT PUT JUST ONE ANNOTATION PER PAGE. THEY ALL GO IN ONE DOCUMENT. SEE EXAMPLE.

**NEMCC ENG Interview:
Tina Gambill October 31, 11am**

- The class is taught in units, the first unit is "descriptive".
- Students are assigned to read selections in the textbook, these are examples of the type of essay in the unit
- Students read 2-3 (sometimes 4) selections/examples and write a journal based on the reading
- The journal rubric is a general rubric for the whole department, each instructor writes his/her own questions (she sent us the rubric and her questions)
- The four things instructors are looking for in the journals are 1-Commitment (did they read it) 2-Comprehension 3-Analysis 4-Vocabulary
- They talk about the selected reading in class, she breaks it apart into its components, talks about how the students can do each part in their own essay.
- The mid-semester unit is "narrative". Again they read selections and do a journal.
- The most demanding questions on the journal involve analyzing it to relate it to themselves. Students read a story about a man who helps a skunk with its head stuck in a jar, and are asked if they've been in a similar situation. They have trouble not taking it literally to mean "have you ever helped a skunk" rather than "have you had to help someone and been worried about the consequences" or something more general.
- The final unit, the "library project" is the most demanding unit. Students create an annotated bibliography, so they have to cite sources and summarize and interpret each source. She sent that as well.

3 assignments

- Journal for Unit I: Descriptive Essay
- Journal for Unit II: Narrative Essay
- Library Project: Annotated Bibliography

COURSE NAME AND NUMBER: English 1113 – Composition I

CATALOG DESCRIPTION: A study of the principles of effective communication with emphasis upon reading, thinking, and writing while engaged in the writing process. Word and style awareness, effective sentence structure, organizational skill, clear thought, and appropriate verbal and written responses are encouraged throughout the writing process. Library orientation is provided.

CREDIT/CONTACT HOURS: 3 Semester Hours Credit.

TEXTBOOKS :

Primary Text:

Cooley, Thomas. *Back to the Lake: A Reader for Writers*. New York: W.W. Norton, 2009.

Text for Technical English: Riordan. *Technical Report Writing Today*.

Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 2005.

Supplementary Text (Required):

Pocket Wadsworth Handbook 2009 MLA W/Tutor Access Card,
Kirszner Wadsworth Binding Kit/Set/Package Copyright 08.
ISBN: 1424041848

Supplementary Writing Evaluation Program (Required):

Criterion Online Writing Evaluation for Higher Education.

Rosedale Road, Princeton, NJ 08541

ISBN: 0-88685-382-6

SUPPORTING MATERIALS: Blackboard, library online databases.

TEACHING METHODS: Lecture, small- and large-group discussions, peer reviews and responses to writing, reading and evaluating sample essays, drafting of assigned writings, individual conferences.

ATTENDANCE: Attendance is mandatory - The maximum number of absences allowed for any student shall be the equivalent of two weeks of class (6 MWF or 4TR).

COURSE OUTCOMES: To communicate effectively in written and oral tasks required of academia and the world of work.

STUDENT LEARNING OUTCOMES:

- 1. To produce clear, precise, effective writing to communicate intended meaning.**
- 2. To invent, develop, and narrow topic ideas.**
- 3. To introduce, support, and conclude main ideas.**

4. To demonstrate effective organizational skills applicable to academic as well as workplace writing tasks.
5. To locate and use basic library materials, equipment, and data bases. Students will evaluate potential usefulness of reading materials obtained through library research.
6. To demonstrate an understanding of formal documentation styles.
7. To share in written and oral responses to peer, group, and professional works. Students will utilize component parts of reading materials to identify the purpose and meaning of what they read. Students will summarize the flow of informative and persuasive reading.
8. To discover and develop ideas through reading and to synthesize ideas into works of original writing. Students will infer suggested meanings through interpreting stylistic cues in what they read. Students will demonstrate an increase in vocabulary by using newly acquired words in sentences of original composition.

ASSESSMENT: The student will complete

1. at least four writing units illustrating skills necessary for successful communication in and beyond the academic setting. Assignments should concentrate on expository writing that involves more critical thinking in the form of analysis, evaluation and persuasion.
2. an orientation session in the library culminating in at least one related project focusing on major research sources and the Modern Language Association form for documenting those sources. All classes will receive at least one class session in an *Orientation to Research Sources*. In addition to library materials and Internet sources available from this library, at the discretion of the instructor, students may also use sources from local libraries in the town(s) in which they live.
3. written and oral responses to readings, evaluations, questions, or other comparable assignments deemed appropriate by the instructor.
4. collaborative learning activities.
5. all steps of the writing process for each assignment.
6. a final examination at the scheduled examination period.

EVALUATION: The instructor will

1. keep on file each student's work to date for self, peer and instructor evaluation.
2. guide the students through oral and written responses to the work of peers.
3. read and provide oral and/or written responses to each student's work in progress.
4. require students to keep a reading journal for the duration of the course.
5. provide written evaluation of each completed unit.
6. give a final exam at the scheduled exam time and review each student's work for evidence of competency. All graded work will be kept on file for a period of one semester.

ACADEMIC HONESTY Academic honesty is a fundamental attribute of higher learning. Students who violate the principle of honesty deny themselves an opportunity to master the skills that they are credited to possess, cheat their classmates of deserved recognition, and demean the college and its degrees. It is a matter of great concern that all members of the college community strive for high standards of personal integrity.

Evaluation of each student's level of knowledge and understanding is a vital part of the teaching process, and requires tangible measures such as reports, examinations, and homework. Any act that interferes with the process of evaluation by misrepresenting the relationship between the work being evaluated and the student's actual state of knowledge is an act of academic dishonesty. These acts of dishonesty include but are not limited to: fraud, cheating, plagiarism, forgery, and facilitating dishonesty. (Definitions found in Northeast Procedures Manual).

AMERICANS WITH DISABILITIES ACT/SECTION 504 OF THE REHABILITATION ACT OF 1973 - (ADA)

Provide adaptations and modifications to the learning environment for eligible impaired and/or disabled students. All students with a disability, including distance learning students, are strongly encouraged to contact the ADA/Section 504 Compliance Officer located in Estes Hall at (662) 720-7207, or via email at kwponders@nemcc.edu to discuss their disability and the appropriate accommodations. Students must self identify in order to receive accommodations. NEMCC Disability Applications may be obtained from the Counseling Center in Waller Hall, or online from the College's website at www.nemcc.edu.

Spring 2010/M. Goodson, Instructor

ENGLISH 1113 – Policy Sheet

Office: Anderson Hall 236 **Phone:** 720-7219 **E-mail:** mdgoodson@nemcc.edu

Conference: MWF -8:00am-9:00am /TR-12:15:1:15pm

TEXTBOOK:

- **Primary Text:**
- **Cooley, Thomas. *Back to the Lake: A Reader for Writers*. New York: W.W. Norton, 2009.**
-
- **Text for Technical English: Riordan. *Technical Report Writing Today*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 2005.**
-
- **Supplementary Text (Required):**
- ***Pocket Wadsworth Handbook 2009* MLA W/Tutor Access Card,**
- **Kirszner Wadsworth Binding Kit/Set/Package Copyright 08.**
- **ISBN: 1424041848**
-
- **Supplementary Writing Evaluation Program (Required):**
- ***Criterion Online Writing Evaluation for Higher Education*.**
- **Rosedale Road, Princeton, NJ 08541**
- **ISBN: 0-88685-382-6**
-
- **SUPPORTING MATERIALS: Blackboard, library online databases.**

Definition and Purpose: *English Composition I* at NEMCC is a study of effective written and spoken communication. Word and style awareness, effective sentence structure, organizational skills, and clear thought encouraged. A Library orientation is provided. To enroll in ENG 1113, a student must have a prerequisite score of 12 or above on the ACT English usage section (taken before October 28, 1989) or 15 or above on the Enhanced ACT English usage section (taken after October 28, 1989) or a Accuplacer score of 7 or more, or a passing grade in ENG 0113.

Attendance: Attendance in composition class is very closely linked to success in the course. Class lectures and discussions will offer insights about steps to writing well that you can not gain from copying a fellow student's notes or just by picking up your missed assignment sheets. Composition class also contains a great deal of group work and peer editing assignments that must be done in class. Therefore, class attendance is crucial and every effort should be made to attend class regularly.

Absentee Policy: The maximum number of absences allowed for any student during the semester shall be the equivalent of two weeks of class. This means that you are allowed **6 MWF, 4 TTH, and 2 night class absences**. If you must be absent for any reason, it is **your** responsibility to find out your assignments, to complete any make-up work, and/or to submit any work that was required on the day of your absence. If you are absent the day that a paper is due, you must submit your work to me before our next scheduled class meeting. **(This does not mean 5 minutes before our next class meeting is scheduled to begin!)** See Late Work Policy.

Note: 3 tardies constitute 1 class absence. I will be understanding if you have unavoidable circumstances on occasion that make it impossible for you to arrive to class on time. See me at the end of class and explain to me why you were late. However, I will not be understanding if a student is consistently late for class.

Supplies Needed:

- Text
- Notebook
- Blue or Black ink pens
- 2 Folders
- Flash drive

The Course Material:

- Reading Journal
- Essay Writing
- Library Orientation
- Final Exam

Other Activities:

- Journals
- Daily Exercises
- Outside and/or In-class Readings

Late Work: Late work is not only an inconvenience for the instructor, it is also unfair to the students who follow instructions and submit their work on time. As stated earlier, you must submit your work to me before the next scheduled class meeting. For example, if you miss class on a Monday, I expect your work to be turned into me on the next day, which would be Tuesday. Therefore, you will be given a **1 day grace period**. Starting the following day after your grace period, late work will be docked 10 points per day (including weekends and holidays) that it is late. This is only fair to students who submitted their work on time and perhaps compromised the quality of their work to meet the assignment deadline. **No late work will be accepted after two weeks past the due date, except in extreme hardship cases, and the credibility of said circumstances will be determined by the instructor.** For obvious reasons, group work and pop tests can not be made up. If you come to class late, you will not be allowed to submit class work that was begun before you arrived for class.

Grading: The grade you will receive in the course will be computed by averaging the following grades at the end of the semester.

4 Major Unit Grades.....80%
1 Reading Journal Grade.....10%
Final Exam.....10%

Grading Scale: A=100-90, B=89-80, C=79-70, D=69=60, F=below 60. If you have any questions about your grades, please feel free to talk to me after class or set up a conference period with me.

Getting in Touch: I have voicemail, so you may leave a message if you need to get in touch with me. I will do my best to return your call, but this is not possible at all times. Leaving a message does not excuse you from completing and/or submitting your assignments. **The best way to get in touch is to email me.**

Northeast Email/ Blackboard: You will be required to check your Northeast email account and Blackboard for class updates and information. Please make this a daily habit so you will be aware of any changes in the course syllabus or other information I may need to get to you outside of class.

Steps To Acquiring Your Student Email:

1. Log on to TigerLine using your generated ID and password.
2. Click on "Personal Information."
3. Click "View E-mail Addresses" – your student email will be listed there.

Steps to Accessing Your Student Email

1. Go to www.hotmail.com
2. In the Windows Live ID enter your student email address
3. Temporary Password for your student email account is **gotigers**. This password must be changed upon first logon.

For assistance, please go to the NE Website and choose the "Student Email Help" link.



Please be reminded that students must park in the **white-lined** parking spaces. Yellow lines are faculty/staff parking and you will receive a ticket if you park there. Single parking violations are \$30.00 and multiple offenses increase the amount you will pay.

English Laboratory—ENG 1003

English students are encouraged to visit the English Laboratory located in Anderson #231. The lab offers learning opportunities through group and individual instruction, computer based instruction, assessment, and counseling services. The lab will promote

student success through removing academic deficiencies and by providing opportunity for academic enrichment.

The lab will be available during the Spring 2010 semester from 10:50 A.M. to 12:05 P.M. Tuesdays & Thursdays. All computers are programmed with PLATO software, which will enable students to enhance their English/Writing skills.

Cell Phone/ Internet Rules:

Cell Phone:

CELL PHONES MUST BE TURNED OFF AND PUT AWAY OUT OF SIGHT (in pocket, purse, book bag) BEFORE ENTERING CLASSROOM.

If there are extenuating circumstances when it is imperative that you have your cell phone on for contact during class, you must let me know prior to class. Unless you have been given my permission to have your cell phone out during class, you will be asked to leave class and will not be allowed to make up the work you miss during that class meeting. You will be counted absent for any class time you miss because of your disregard of class rules.

Internet:

Since our class is held in a laboratory setting, you will be seated at a computer. When the instructor begins class, you should not have your computer on the Internet for ANY reason unless you have been given instructions to do so. If the instructor sees you on the Internet without permission, you will be asked to leave class and will not be able to make up the assignments you missed during that class period. You will be counted absent for any class time you miss because of your disregard of class rules.

Class,

I realize these are a lot of rules but I believe that if you know what is expected of you at the beginning, you will know what you have to do to be successful. I want each of you to be successful in this class and I am here to help you. Please do not hesitate to ask for help or clarification on anything you don't understand. I'm so glad you are in my class and I look forward to a wonderful, productive semester with you.

Molly Goodson