

Instructor & Class Information

Course: English 127, Section 8056

Semester: Fall 2013, August 26-December 15, 2013

Instructor Name: Nuala Lincke-Ivic, Associate Professor

Instructor E-Mail: lincken@wlaac.edu

Class Hours & Location: Online

Office Location, Hours & Telephone: My office is in the General Classroom Building, in 210-D. My office hours are from 12:45 - 1:45 PM on Mondays and Wednesdays. My telephone number is (310) 287-4544. The fastest way to reach me is by using Private Messages, and I do ask that you contact me only in Private Messages, not by my college email, as we need to keep all class business inside the online classroom.

Course Description

ENGLISH 127 – CREATIVE WRITING - 3 UNITS / UC:CSU

PREREQUISITE: English 101 or equivalent.

DESCRIPTION: "This course introduces the student to the basic elements of writing fiction, poetry and drama through reading and writing assignments." (*Schedule of Classes*).

Course Learning Outcome

"At the end of the course, the successful student will be able to write a scene in a play, screenplay, or work of fiction, that dramatizes character conflict and advances plot."

Student Learning Objectives

After successfully completing this course, you will be able to...

1. Understand the difference between fiction and non-fiction;
2. Analyze different literary forms, especially from a structural perspective;
3. Utilize appropriate literary terms and vocabulary in discussing/writing about literature;
4. Scrutinize theme, character, motivation, conflict, irony, plot, climax, complications and symbolism in literary works;
5. Compose original literary works.

Institutional Course Outcomes

English 127 will also help students meet these Institutional Student Learning Outcomes:

A. "Critical Thinking: Analyze problems by differentiating fact from opinions, using evidence, and using sound reasoning to specify multiple solutions and their consequences." *In essays and class discussions, analyze arguments.*

B. "Communication: Effectively communicate thought in a well-organized manner to persuade, inform, and convey ideas in academic, work, family and community settings." *In writings and class discussions, share ideas about what makes an argument effective.*

G. "Cultural Diversity: respectfully engage with other cultures in an effort to understand them." *In writings and class discussion, analyze literature from a multi-cultural perspective.*

H. "Ethics: practice and demonstrate standards of personal and professional integrity, honesty and fairness; apply ethical principles in submission of all college work." *Submit writings in which words other than your own are documented in MLA format.*

I. "Aesthetics: Use multiple modes of inquiry and approaches to experience and to engage with the art and nature; develop and express personal creative visions throughout all aspects of one's life." *In writings and discussions, demonstrate recognition of literature as art-especially works of non-fiction.*

Assignments & Grading

- 1.** Three flash fiction pieces: short stories with a beginning, middle and end that do not exceed 300 words - 10 Points Each/30 Points Total
- 2.** One longer short story not to exceed five (5) pages - 10 Points
- 3.** The beginning of a novel, not to exceed five (5) pages, inspired by (and including, if you wish) your short story - 10 Points
- 4.** Four discussions of all literary works listed in Class Texts - 5 Points Each, 25 Points Total
- 5.** Five Critiques in Discussion Forum: Feedback from your peers regarding the literary works you produce (1-3, listed above) - 5 Points Each, 25 Points Total

Total Points: 100

Weekly Lesson Plans

Weekly Lesson Plans

| Week 1 | Activities | Due |
|---------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| Aug. 26-30 | Read through the list of Class Texts; make a reading timeline for yourself-- what you need to have read by what date. Prepare for Discussion 1 next week. | |
| Week 2 | Activities | Due |
| Sept. 2-6 Labor Day: Sept. 2 | Participate in Discussion 1. | |
| Week 3 | Activities | Due |
| Sept. 9-13 | Participate in Discussion 1. | |
| Week 4 | Activities | Due |
| Sept. 16-20 | Participate in Discussion 1. | Flash Fiction 1 Due on Sunday at 11:59 PM |
| Week 5 | Activities | Due |

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|------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| Sept. 23-27 | Participate in Discussion 2. Critique 1: Flash Fiction 1 | |
| Week 6 | Activities | Due |
| Sept. 30-Oct. 4 | Participate in Discussion 2. Critique 1: Flash Fiction 1 | Flash Fiction 2 Due on Sunday at 11:59 PM |
| Week 7 | Activities | Due |
| Oct. 7-11 | Participate in Discussion 2. Critique 2: Flash Fiction 2 | |
| Week 8 | Activities | Due |
| Oct. 14-18 | Participate in Discussion 3. Critique 2: Flash Fiction 2 | Flash Fiction 3 due Sunday at 11:59 PM |
| Week 9 | Activities | Due |
| Oct. 21-25 | Participate in Discussion 3. Critique 3: Flash Fiction 3 | |

| Week 10 | Activities | Due |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Oct. 28–Nov. 1 | Participate in Discussion 3. Critique 3: Flash Fiction 3 | |
| Week 11 | Activities | Due |
| Nov. 4-8 | Participate in Discussion 4. | Short Story due on Sunday at 11:59 PM |
| Week 12 | Activities | Due |
| Nov. 11-15 Veteran's Day: Nov. 11 | Participate in Discussion 4. Critique 4: Short Story | |
| Week 13 | Activities | Due |
| Nov. 18-22 | Participate in Discussion 4. Critique 4: Short Story | |
| Week 14 | Activities | Due |
| Nov. 25-29 Thanksgiving: Nov. 28-Dec. 1 | Participate in Discussion 4. | |
| Week 15 | Activities | Due |

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|------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------|
| Dec. 2-6 | Use the week to work on the beginning of your novel. | |
| <u>Week 16</u> FINALS WEEK | Finals Week | Due |
| Dec. 9-15 (Monday – Saturday) | Critique 5: Novel beginning | Novel beginning due by 11:59 PM on December 9, 2013. |

Class Texts

About This List of Class Texts

Everything is free online. The first 11 texts are excerpts from literary works; you do NOT have to read the complete literary works. You also have a choice regarding how you read the class texts: You can read them on the computer, or you can print them out and read them.

Literary Terms to Use in Discussions:

I will not test you regarding your knowledge of literary terms; however, I will use literary terms in our discussions. Definitions of the terms I will use are in the useful website below.

Literary Terms and Definitions (2013)
http://web.cn.edu/kwheeler/lit_terms.html

Discussion 1:

NOTE: Excerpts from works by 11 writers who can teach you a lot about writing; their works span all literary genres, including poetry and drama. (Don't think that all poetry and drama are confined in poems, plays and screenplays.)

1.

Gone with the Wind (1936) – Margaret Mitchell
Chapter I

Scarlett O'Hara was not beautiful, but men seldom realized it when caught by her charm as the Tarleton twins were. In her face were too sharply blended the delicate features of her mother, a Coast aristocrat of French descent, and the heavy ones of her florid Irish father. But it was an arresting face, pointed of chin, square of jaw. Her eyes were pale green without a touch of hazel, starred with bristly black lashes and slightly tilted at the ends. Above them, her thick black brows slanted upward, cutting a startling oblique line in her magnolia-white skin--that skin so prized by Southern women and so carefully guarded with bonnets, veils and mittens against hot Georgia suns. Seated with Stuart and Brent Tarleton in the cool shade of the porch of Tara, her father's plantation, that bright April afternoon of 1861, she made a pretty picture. Her new green flowered-muslin dress spread its twelve yards of billowing material over her hoops and exactly matched the flat-heeled green morocco slippers her father had recently brought her from Atlanta. The dress set off to perfection the seventeen-inch waist, the smallest in three counties, and the tightly fitting basque showed breasts well matured for her sixteen years. But for all the modesty of her spreading skirts, the demureness of hair netted smoothly into a chignon and the quietness of small white hands folded in her lap, her true self was poorly concealed. The green eyes in the carefully sweet face were turbulent, willful, lusty with life, distinctly at variance with her decorous demeanor. Her manners had been imposed upon her by her mother's gentle admonitions and the sterner discipline of her mammy; her eyes were her own.

2.

The Chrysanthemums (1938) – John Steinbeck

Elisa Allen, working in her flower garden, looked down across the yard and saw Henry, her husband, talking to two men in business suits. The three of them stood by the tractor shed, each man with one foot on the side of the little Ford-son. They smoked cigarettes and studied the machine as they talked.

Elisa watched them for a moment and then went back to her work. She was thirty-five. Her face was lean and strong and her eyes were as clear as water. Her figure looked blocked and heavy in her gardening costume, a man's black hat pulled low down over her eyes, clod-hopper shoes, a figured print dress almost completely covered by a big corduroy apron with four big pockets to hold the snips, the trowel and scratcher, the seeds and the knife she worked with. She wore heavy leather gloves to protect her hands while she worked.

She was cutting down the old year's chrysanthemum stalks with a pair of short and powerful scissors. She looked down toward the men by the tractor shed now and then. Her face was eager and mature and handsome; even her work with the scissors was over-eager, over-powerful. The chrysanthemum stems seemed too small and easy for her energy.

She brushed a cloud of hair out of her eyes with the back of her glove, and left a smudge of earth on her cheek in doing it. Behind her stood the neat white farm house with red geraniums close-banked around it as high as the windows. It was a hard-swept looking little house, with hard-polished windows, and a clean mud-mat on the front steps.

3.

Northanger Abbey (1817)– Jane Austen

No one who had ever seen Catherine Morland in her infancy would have supposed her born to be an heroine. Her situation in life, the character of her father and mother, her own person and disposition, were

all equally against her. Her father was a clergyman, without being neglected, or poor, and a very respectable man, though his name was Richard—and he had never been handsome. He had a considerable independence besides two good livings—and he was not in the least addicted to locking up his daughters. Her mother was a woman of useful plain sense, with a good temper, and, what is more remarkable, with a good constitution. She had three sons before Catherine was born; and instead of dying in bringing the latter into the world, as anybody might expect, she still lived on—lived to have six children more—to see them growing up around her, and to enjoy excellent health herself. A family of ten children will be always called a fine family, where there are heads and arms and legs enough for the number; but the Morlands had little other right to the word, for they were in general very plain, and Catherine, for many years of her life, as plain as any. She had a thin awkward figure, a sallow skin without colour, dark lank hair, and strong features—so much for her person; and not less unpropitious for heroism seemed her mind. She was fond of all boy's plays, and greatly preferred cricket not merely to dolls, but to the more heroic enjoyments of infancy, nursing a dormouse, feeding a canary-bird, or watering a rose-bush. Indeed she had no taste for a garden; and if she gathered flowers at all, it was chiefly for the pleasure of mischief—at least so it was conjectured from her always preferring those which she was forbidden to take. Such were her propensities—her abilities were quite as extraordinary. She never could learn or understand anything before she was taught; and sometimes not even then, for she was often inattentive, and occasionally stupid. Her mother was three months in teaching her only to repeat the "Beggar's Petition"; and after all, her next sister, Sally, could say it better than she did. Not that Catherine was always stupid—by no means; she learnt the fable of "The Hare and Many Friends" as quickly as any girl in England. Her mother wished her to learn music; and Catherine was sure she should like it, for she was very fond of tinkling the keys of the old forlorn spinnet; so, at eight years old she began. She learnt a year, and could not bear it; and Mrs. Morland, who did not insist on her daughters being accomplished in spite of incapacity or distaste, allowed her to leave off. The day which dismissed the music-master was one of the happiest of Catherine's life. Her taste for drawing was not superior; though whenever she could obtain the outside of a letter from her mother or seize upon any other odd piece of paper, she did what she could in that way, by drawing houses and trees, hens and chickens, all very much like one another. Writing and accounts she was taught by her father; French by her mother: her proficiency in either was not remarkable, and she shirked her lessons in both whenever she could. What a strange, unaccountable character!—for with all

these symptoms of profligacy at ten years old, she had neither a bad heart nor a bad temper, was seldom stubborn, scarcely ever quarrelsome, and very kind to the little ones, with few interruptions of tyranny; she was moreover noisy and wild, hated confinement and cleanliness, and loved nothing so well in the world as rolling down the green slope at the back of the house.

Such was Catherine Morland at ten. At fifteen, appearances were mending; she began to curl her hair and long for balls; her complexion improved, her features were softened by plumpness and colour, her eyes gained more animation, and her figure more consequence. Her love of dirt gave way to an inclination for finery, and she grew clean as she grew smart; she had now the pleasure of sometimes hearing her father and mother remark on her personal improvement. "Catherine grows quite a good-looking girl—she is almost pretty today," were words which caught her ears now and then; and how welcome were the sounds! To look almost pretty is an acquisition of higher delight to a girl who has been looking plain the first fifteen years of her life than a beauty from her cradle can ever receive.

4.

Sonny's Blues (1957) – James Baldwin

I read about it in the paper, in the subway, on my way to work. I read it, and I couldn't believe it, and I read it again. Then perhaps I just stared at it, at the newsprint spelling out his name, spelling out the story. I stared at it in the swinging lights of the subway car, and in the faces and bodies of the people, and in my own face, trapped in the darkness which roared outside.

It was not to be believed and I kept telling myself that, as I walked from the subway station to the high school. And at the same time I couldn't doubt it. I was scared, scared for Sonny. He became real to me again. A great block of ice got settled in my belly and kept melting there slowly all day long, while I taught my classes algebra. It was a special kind of ice. It kept melting, sending trickles of ice water all up and down my veins, but it never got less. Sometimes it hardened and seemed to expand until I felt my guts were going to come spilling out or that I was going to choke or scream. This would always be at a moment when I was remembering some specific thing Sonny had once said or done.

When he was about as old as the boys in my classes his face had been bright and open, there was a lot of copper in it; and he'd had wonderfully direct brown eyes, and great gentleness and privacy. I wondered what he looked like now. He had been picked up, the evening before, in a raid on an apartment downtown, for peddling and using heroin.

I couldn't believe it: but what I mean by that is that I couldn't find any room for it anywhere inside me. I had kept it outside me for a long time. I hadn't wanted to know. I had had suspicions, but I didn't name them, I kept putting them away. I told myself that Sonny was wild, but he wasn't crazy. And he'd always been a good boy, he hadn't ever turned hard or evil or disrespectful, the way kids can, so quick, so quick, especially in Harlem. I didn't want to believe that I'd ever see my brother going down, coming to nothing, all that light in his face gone out, in the condition I'd already seen so many others. Yet it had happened and here I was, talking about algebra to a lot of boys who might, every one of them for all I knew, be popping off needles every time they went to the head. Maybe it did more for them than algebra could.

I was sure that the first time Sonny had ever had horse, he couldn't have been much older than these boys were now. These boys, now, were living as we'd been living then, they were growing up with a rush and their heads bumped abruptly against the low ceiling of their actual possibilities. They were filled with rage. All they really knew were two darkneses, the darkness of their lives, which was now closing in on them, and the darkness of the movies, which had blinded them to that other darkness, and in which they now, vindictively, dreamed, at once more together than they were at any other time, and more alone.

When the last bell rang, the last class ended, I let out my breath. It seemed I'd been holding it for all that time. My clothes were wet-I may have looked as though I'd been sitting in a steam bath, all dressed up, all afternoon. I sat alone in the classroom a long time. I listened to the boys outside, downstairs, shouting and cursing and laughing. Their laughter struck me for perhaps the first time. It was not the joyous laughter which-God knows why-one associates with children. It was mocking and insular, its intent was to denigrate. It was disenchanting, and in this, also, lay the authority of their curses. Perhaps I was listening to them because I was thinking about my brother and in them I heard my brother. And myself.

One boy was whistling a tune, at once very complicated and very simple, it seemed to be pouring out of him as though he were a bird, and it sounded very cool and moving through all that harsh, bright air, only just holding its own through all those other sounds.

I stood up and walked over to the window and looked down into the court-yard. It was the beginning of the spring and the sap was rising in the boys. A teacher passed through them every now and again, quickly, as though he or she couldn't wait to get out of that courtyard, to get those boys out of their sight and off their minds. I started collecting my stuff. I thought I'd better get home and talk to Isabel.

The courtyard was almost deserted by the time I got downstairs. I saw this boy standing in the shadow of a doorway, looking just like Sonny. I almost called his name. Then I saw that it wasn't Sonny, but somebody we used to know, a boy from around our block. He'd been Sonny's friend. He'd never been mine, having been too young for me, and, anyway, I'd never liked him. And now, even though he was a grown-up man, he still hung around that block, still spent hours on the street corners, was always high and raggy. I used to run into him from time to time and he'd often work around to asking me for a quarter or fifty cents. He always had some real good excuse, too, and I always gave it to him. I don't know why.

But now, abruptly, I hated him. I couldn't stand the way he looked at me, partly like a dog, partly like a cunning child. I wanted to ask him what the hell he was doing in the school courtyard.

He sort of shuffled over to me, and he said, "I see you got the papers. So you already know about it."

"You mean about Sonny? Yes, I already know about it. How come they didn't get you?"

He grinned. It made him repulsive and it also brought to mind what he'd looked like as a kid. "I wasn't there. I stay away from them people."

"Good for you." I offered him a cigarette and I watched him through the smoke. "You come all the way

down here just to tell me about Sonny?"

"That's right." He was sort of shaking his head and his eyes looked strange, as though they were about to cross. The bright sun deadened his damp dark brown skin and it made his eyes look yellow and showed up the dirt in his kinked hair. He smelled funky. I moved a little away from him and I said, "Well, thanks. But I already know about it and I got to get home."

"I'll walk you a little ways," he said. We started walking. There were a couple of lads still loitering in the courtyard and one of them said goodnight to me and looked strangely at the boy beside me.

"What're you going to do?" he asked me. "I mean, about Sonny?" "Look. I haven't seen Sonny for over a year, I'm not sure I'm going to do anything. Anyway, what the hell can I do?"

"That's right," he said quickly, "ain't nothing you can do. Can't much help old Sonny no more, I guess."

It was what I was thinking and so it seemed to me he had no right to say it. "I'm surprised at Sonny, though," he went on-he had a funny way of talking, he looked straight ahead as though he were talking to himself-"I thought Sonny was a smart boy, I thought he was too smart to get hung."

"I guess he thought so too," I said sharply, "and that's how he got hung. And how about you? You're pretty goddamn smart, I bet."

Then he looked directly at me, just for a minute. "I ain't smart," he said. "If I was smart, I'd have reached for a pistol a long time ago."

"Look. Don't tell me your sad story, if it was up to me, I'd give you one." Then I felt guilty guilty, probably, for never having supposed that the poor bastard had a story of his own, much less a sad one, and I asked, quickly, "What's going to happen to him now?"

He didn't answer this. He was off by himself some place.

"Funny thing," he said, and from his tone we might have been discussing the quickest way to get to Brooklyn, "when I saw the papers this morning, the first thing I asked myself was if I had anything to do with it. I felt sort of responsible."

I began to listen more carefully. The subway station was on the corner, just before us, and I stopped. He stopped, too. We were in front of a bar and he ducked slightly, peering in, but whoever he was looking for didn't seem to be there. The juke box was blasting away with something black and bouncy and I half watched the barmaid as she danced her way from the juke box to her place behind the bar. And I watched her face as she laughingly responded to something someone said to her, still keeping time to the music. When she smiled one saw the little girl, one sensed the doomed, still-struggling woman beneath the battered face of the semi-whore.

"I never give Sonny nothing," the boy said finally, "but a long time ago I come to school high and Sonny asked me how it felt." He paused, I couldn't bear to watch him, I watched the barmaid, and I listened to the music which seemed to be causing the pavement to shake. "I told him it felt great." The music stopped, the barmaid paused and watched the juke box until the music began again. "It did."

All this was carrying me some place I didn't want to go. I certainly didn't want to know how it felt. It filled everything, the people, the houses, the music, the dark, quicksilver barmaid, with menace; and this menace was their reality. "What's going to happen to him now?" I asked again.

"They'll send him away some place and they'll try to cure him." He shook his head. "Maybe he'll even think he's kicked the habit. Then they'll let him loose"-he gestured, throwing his cigarette into the gutter. "That's all." "What do you mean, that's all?"

But I knew what he meant.

"I mean, that's all." He turned his head and looked at me, pulling down the corners of his mouth. "Don't you know what I mean?" he asked, softly.

"How the hell would I know what you mean?" I almost whispered it, I don't know why.

"That's right," he said to the air, "how would he know what I mean?" He turned toward me again, patient and calm, and yet I somehow felt him shaking, shaking as though he were going to fall apart. I felt that ice in my guts again, the dread I'd felt all afternoon; and again I watched the barmaid, moving about the bar, washing glasses, and singing. "Listen. They'll let him out and then it'll just start all over again. That's what I mean."

"You mean-they'll let him out. And then he'll just start working his way back in again. You mean he'll never kick the habit. Is that what you mean?"

"That's right," he said, cheerfully. "You see what I mean."

"Tell me," I said at last, "why does he want to die? He must want to die, he's killing himself, why does he want to die?"

He looked at me in surprise. He licked his lips. "He don't want to die. He wants to live. Don't nobody want to die, ever."

Then I wanted to ask him-too many things. He could not have answered, or if he had, I could not have borne the answers. I started walking. "Well, I guess it's none of my business."

"It's going to be rough on old Sonny," he said. We reached the subway station. "This is your station?" he asked. I nodded. I took one step down. "Damn!" he said, suddenly. I looked up at him. He grinned again. "Damn it if I didn't leave all my money home. You ain't got a dollar on you, have you? Just for a couple of days, is all."

All at once something inside gave and threatened to come pouring out of me. I didn't hate him any more. I felt that in another moment I'd start crying like a child.

"Sure," I said. "Don't sweat." I looked in my wallet and didn't have a dollar, I only had a five. "Here," I said. "That hold you?" He didn't look at it-he didn't want to look at it. A terrible, closed look came over his face, as though he were keeping the number on the bill a secret from him and me. "Thanks," he said, and now he was dying to see me go. "Don't worry about Sonny. Maybe I'll write him or something."

"Sure," I said. "You do that. So long."

"Be seeing you," he said. I went on down the steps. And I didn't write Sonny or send him anything for a long time. When I finally did, it was just after my little girl died, and he wrote me back a letter which made me feel like a bastard.

Here's what he said: Dear brother, You don't know how much I needed to hear from you. I wanted to write you many a time but I dug how much I must have hurt you and so I didn't write. But now I feel like a man who's been trying to climb up out of some deep, real deep and funky hole and just saw the sun up there, outside. I got to get outside.

I can't tell you much about how I got here. I mean I don't know how to tell you. I guess I was afraid of something or I was trying to escape from something and you know I have never been very strong in the head (smile). I'm glad Mama and Daddy are dead and can't see what's happened to their son and I swear if I'd known what I was doing I would never have hurt you so, you and a lot of other fine people who were nice to me and who believed in me.

I don't want you to think it had anything to do with me being a musician.

It's more than that. Or maybe less than that. I can't get anything straight in my head down here and I try

not to think about what's going to happen to me when I get outside again. Sometime I think I'm going to flip and never get outside and sometime I think I'll come straight back. I tell you one thing, though, I'd rather blow my brains out than go through this again. But that's what they all say, so they tell me. If I tell you when I'm coming to New York and if you could meet me, I sure would appreciate it. Give my love to Isabel and the kids and I was sure sorry to hear about little Gracie. I wish I could be like Mama and say the Lord's will be done, but I don't know it seems to me that trouble is the one thing that never does get stopped and I don't know what good it does to blame it on the

Lord. But maybe it does some good if you believe it. Your brother, Sonny

Then I kept in constant touch with him and I sent him whatever I could and I went to meet him when he came back to New York. When I saw him many things I thought I had forgotten came flooding back to me. This was because I had begun, finally, to wonder about Sonny, about the life that Sonny lived inside. This life, whatever it was, had made him older and thinner and it had deepened the distant stillness in which he had always moved. He looked very unlike my baby brother. Yet, when he smiled, when we shook hands, the baby brother I'd never known looked out from the depths of his private life, like an animal waiting to be coaxed into the light.

5.

Where Are You Going, Where Have You Been (1966) – Joyce Carole Oates

Her name was Connie. She was fifteen and she had a quick, nervous giggling habit of craning her neck to glance into mirrors or checking other people's faces to make sure her own was all right. Her mother, who noticed everything and knew everything and who hadn't much reason any longer to look at her own face, always scolded Connie about it. "Stop gawking at yourself. Who are you? You think you're so pretty?" she would say. Connie would raise her eyebrows at these familiar old complaints and look right through her mother, into a shadowy vision of herself as she was right at that moment: she knew she was pretty and that was everything. Her mother had been pretty once too, if you could believe those old snapshots in the album, but now her looks were gone and that was why she was always after Connie.

6.

The Boarding House/*Dubliners* (1914) – James Joyce

MRS. MOONEY was a butcher's daughter. She was a woman who was quite able to keep things to herself: a determined woman. She had married her father's foreman and opened a butcher's shop near Spring Gardens. But as soon as his father-in-law was dead Mr. Mooney began to go to the devil. He drank, plundered the till, ran headlong into debt. It was no use making him take the pledge: he was sure to break out again a few days after. By fighting his wife in the presence of customers and by buying bad meat he ruined his business. One night he went for his wife with the cleaver and she had to sleep a neighbour's house.

After that they lived apart. She went to the priest and got a separation from him with care of the children. She would give him neither money nor food nor house-room; and so he was obliged to enlist himself as a sheriff's man. He was a shabby stooped little drunkard with a white face and a white moustache white eyebrows, pencilled above his little eyes, which were veined and raw; and all day long he sat in the bailiff's room, waiting to be put on a job. Mrs. Mooney, who had taken what remained of her money out of the butcher business and set up a boarding house in Hardwicke Street, was a big imposing woman. Her house had a floating population made up of tourists from Liverpool and the Isle of Man and, occasionally, artistes from the music halls. Its resident population was made up of clerks from the city. She governed the house cunningly and firmly, knew when to give credit, when to be stern and when to let things pass. All the resident young men spoke of her as The Madam.

Mrs. Mooney's young men paid fifteen shillings a week for board and lodgings (beer or stout at dinner excluded). They shared in common tastes and occupations and for this reason they were very chummy with one another. They discussed with one another the chances of favourites and outsiders. Jack Mooney, the Madam's son, who was clerk to a commission agent in Fleet Street, had the reputation of being a hard case. He was fond of using soldiers' obscenities: usually he came home in the small hours. When he met his friends he had always a good one to tell them and he was always sure to be on to a good thing-that is

to say, a likely horse or a likely artiste. He was also handy with the mits and sang comic songs. On Sunday nights there would often be a reunion in Mrs. Mooney's front drawing-room. The music-hall artistes would oblige; and Sheridan played waltzes and polkas and vamped accompaniments. Polly Mooney, the Madam's daughter, would also sing. She sang:

I'm a . . . naughty girl.
You needn't sham:
You know I am.

Polly was a slim girl of nineteen; she had light soft hair and a small full mouth. Her eyes, which were grey with a shade of green through them, had a habit of glancing upwards when she spoke with anyone, which made her look like a little perverse madonna.

7.

Frankenstein (1818) – Mary Shelley

Their benevolent disposition often made them enter the cottages of the poor. This, to my mother, was more than a duty; it was a necessity, a passion—remembering what she had suffered, and how she had been relieved—for her to act in her turn the guardian angel to the afflicted. During one of their walks a poor cot in the foldings of a vale attracted their notice as being singularly disconsolate, while the number of half-clothed children gathered about it spoke of penury in its worst shape. One day, when my father had gone by himself to Milan, my mother, accompanied by me, visited this abode. She found a peasant and his wife, hard working, bent down by care and labour, distributing a scanty meal to five hungry babes. Among these there was one which attracted my mother far above all the rest. She appeared of a different stock. The four others were dark-eyed, hardy little vagrants; this child was thin and very fair. Her hair was the brightest living gold, and despite the poverty of her clothing, seemed to set a crown of distinction on her head. Her brow was clear and ample, her blue eyes cloudless, and her lips and the moulding of her face so expressive of sensibility and sweetness that none could behold her without looking on her as of a distinct species, a being heaven-sent, and bearing a celestial stamp in all her features. The peasant

woman, perceiving that my mother fixed eyes of wonder and admiration on this lovely girl, eagerly communicated her history. She was not her child, but the daughter of a Milanese nobleman. Her mother was a German and had died on giving her birth. The infant had been placed with these good people to nurse: they were better off then. They had not been long married, and their eldest child was but just born. The father of their charge was one of those Italians nursed in the memory of the antique glory of Italy—one among the schiavi ognor frementi, who exerted himself to obtain the liberty of his country. He became the victim of its weakness. Whether he had died or still lingered in the dungeons of Austria was not known. His property was confiscated; his child became an orphan and a beggar. She continued with her foster parents and bloomed in their rude abode, fairer than a garden rose among dark-leaved brambles. When my father returned from Milan, he found playing with me in the hall of our villa a child fairer than pictured cherub—a creature who seemed to shed radiance from her looks and whose form and motions were lighter than the chamois of the hills. The apparition was soon explained. With his permission my mother prevailed on her rustic guardians to yield their charge to her. They were fond of the sweet orphan. Her presence had seemed a blessing to them, but it would be unfair to her to keep her in poverty and want when Providence afforded her such powerful protection. They consulted their village priest, and the result was that Elizabeth Lavenza became the inmate of my parents' house—my more than sister—the beautiful and adored companion of all my occupations and my pleasures.

Everyone loved Elizabeth. The passionate and almost reverential attachment with which all regarded her became, while I shared it, my pride and my delight. On the evening previous to her being brought to my home, my mother had said playfully, "I have a pretty present for my Victor—tomorrow he shall have it." And when, on the morrow, she presented Elizabeth to me as her promised gift, I, with childish seriousness, interpreted her words literally and looked upon Elizabeth as mine—mine to protect, love, and cherish. All praises bestowed on her I received as made to a possession of my own. We called each other familiarly by the name of cousin. No word, no expression could body forth the kind of relation in which she stood to me—my more than sister, since till death she was to be mine only.

8.

Blonde Faith (2010) – Walter Mosley

Martel Johnson had hired me to find his runaway sixteen-year-old daughter, Chevette. He'd gone to the police and they had taken down her information, but two weeks had gone by and they hadn't turned up a thing. I told Martel that I'd do the footwork for three hundred dollars. On any other transaction he would have tried to dicker with me, giving me a down payment and promising the balance when and if I did the job. But when a man loves his child he will do anything to have her safely home.

I pocketed the money, spoke to a dozen of Chevette's high school friends, and then made the rounds of various alleys in the general vicinity of Watts.

MOST OF THE TIME I was thinking about Bonnie, about calling her and asking her to come home to me. I missed her milky breath and the spiced teas she brewed. I missed her mild Guyanese accent and our long talks about freedom. I missed everything about her and me, but I couldn't make myself stop at a pay phone.

Where I came from — Fifth Ward, Houston, Texas — another man sleeping with your woman was more than reason enough for justifiable double homicide. Every time I thought of her in his arms my vision sputtered and I had to close my eyes.

My adoptive daughter still saw Bonnie at least once a week. The boy I raised as my son, Jesus, and his common-law wife, Benita Flagg, treated Bonnie as the grandmother of their newborn daughter, Essie.

I loved them all and in turning my back on Bonnie I had lost them.

And so, at 1:30 in the morning, at the mouth of an alley off Avalon, when a buxom young thing in a miniskirt and halter top had come up to my window, I rolled down the glass and asked, "How much to suck my dick?"

"Fifteen dollars, daddy," she said in a voice both sweet and high.

"Um," I stalled. "Up front or after?"

She sucked a tooth and stuck out a hand. I put three new five-dollar bills across her palm, and she hurried around to the passenger side of my late-model Ford. She had dark skin and full cheeks ready to smile for the man with the money.

When I turned toward her I detected a momentary shyness in her eyes, but then she put on a brazen look and said, "Let's see what you got."

"Can I ask you somethin' first?"

"You paid for ten minutes; you can do whatever you want with it."

"Are you happy doing this, Chevette?"

Her years went from thirty to sixteen in one second flat. She reached for the door, but I grabbed her wrist.

"I'm not tryin' to stop you, girl," I said.

"Then let me go."

"You got my money. All I'm askin' is my ten minutes," I said, letting her wrist go.

Chevette settled down after looking at my other hand and around the front seat for signs of danger.

"Okay," she said, staring into the darkness of the floor. "But we stay right here."

I lifted her chin with one finger and gazed into her big eyes until she turned away.

"Martel hired me to find you," I said. "He's all broken up. I told him I'd ask you to come home but I wouldn't drag you there."

The woman-child glanced at me then.

"But I have to tell him where you are . . . and about Porky."

"You cain't tell Daddy 'bout him," she pleaded. "One'a them get killed sure."

Porky the Pimp had recruited Chevette three blocks away from Jordan High. He was a pock-faced fat man with a penchant for razors, diamond rings, and women.

"Martel's your father," I reasoned. "He deserves to know what happened with you."

"Porky'll cut him. He'll kill him."

"Or the other way around," I said. "Martel hired me to find you and tell him where you are. That's how I pay my mortgage, girl."

"I could pay you," she suggested, placing a hand on my thigh. "I got seventy-fi'e dollars in my purse. And, and you said you wanted some company."

"No," I said. "I mean . . . you are a fine young thing, but I'm honest and a father too."

The teenager's face went blank, but I could see that her mind was racing. My appearance had been a possibility that she'd already considered. Not me exactly but some man who either knew her or wanted to

save her. After twenty blow jobs a night for two weeks, she'd have to be thinking about rescue — and about the perils that came along with such an act of desperation. Porky could find her anywhere in Southern California.

"Porky ain't gonna let me go," she said. "He cut up one girl that tried to leave him. Cassandra. He cut up her face."

She put a hand to her cheek. It wasn't a pretty face.

9.

Salvation (1940) – Langston Hughes

I was saved from sin when I was going on thirteen. But not really saved. It happened like this. There was a big revival at my Auntie Reed's church. Every night for weeks there had been much preaching, singing, praying, and shouting, and some very hardened sinners had been brought to Christ, and the membership of the church had grown by leaps and bounds. Then just before the revival ended, they held a special meeting for children, "to bring the young lambs to the fold." My aunt spoke of it for days ahead. That night I was escorted to the front row and placed on the mourners' bench with all the other young sinners, who had not yet been brought to Jesus.

My aunt told me that when you were saved you saw a light, and something happened to you inside! And Jesus came into your life! And God was with you from then on! She said you could see and hear and feel Jesus in your soul. I believed her. I had heard a great many old people say the same thing and it seemed to me they ought to know. So I sat there calmly in the hot, crowded church, waiting for Jesus to come to me.

The preacher preached a wonderful rhythmical sermon, all moans and shouts and lonely cries and dire pictures of hell, and then he sang a song about the ninety and nine safe in the fold, but one little lamb was left out in the cold. Then he said: "Won't you come? Won't you come to Jesus? Young lambs, won't

you come?" And he held out his arms to all us young sinners there on the mourners' bench. And the little girls cried. And some of them jumped up and went to Jesus right away. But most of us just sat there.

A great many old people came and knelt around us and prayed, old women with jet-black faces and braided hair, old men with work-gnarled hands. And the church sang a song about the lower lights are burning, some poor sinners to be saved. And the whole building rocked with prayer and song.

Still I kept waiting to see Jesus.

Finally all the young people had gone to the altar and were saved, but one boy and me. He was a rounder's son named Westley. Westley and I were surrounded by sisters and deacons praying. It was very hot in the church, and getting late now. Finally Westley said to me in a whisper: "God damn! I'm tired o' sitting here. Let's get up and be saved." So he got up and was saved.

Then I was left all alone on the mourners' bench. My aunt came and knelt at my knees and cried, while prayers and song swirled all around me in the little church. The whole congregation prayed for me alone, in a mighty wail of moans and voices. And I kept waiting serenely for Jesus, waiting, waiting - but he didn't come. I wanted to see him, but nothing happened to me. Nothing! I wanted something to happen to me, but nothing happened.

I heard the songs and the minister saying: "Why don't you come? My dear child, why don't you come to Jesus? Jesus is waiting for you. He wants you. Why don't you come? Sister Reed, what is this child's name?"

"Langston," my aunt sobbed.

"Langston, why don't you come? Why don't you come and be saved? Oh, Lamb of God! Why don't you come?"

Now it was really getting late. I began to be ashamed of myself, holding everything up so long. I began to wonder what God thought about Westley, who certainly hadn't seen Jesus either, but who was now sitting proudly on the platform, swinging his knickerbockered legs and grinning down at me, surrounded by deacons and old women on their knees praying. God had not struck Westley dead for taking his name in vain or for lying in the temple. So I decided that maybe to save further trouble, I'd better lie, too, and say that Jesus had come, and get up and be saved.

So I got up.

Suddenly the whole room broke into a sea of shouting, as they saw me rise. Waves of rejoicing swept the place. Women leaped in the air. My aunt threw her arms around me. The minister took me by the hand and led me to the platform.

When things quieted down, in a hushed silence, punctuated by a few ecstatic "Amens," all the new young lambs were blessed in the name of God. Then joyous singing filled the room.

That night, for the first time in my life but one for I was a big boy twelve years old - I cried. I cried, in bed alone, and couldn't stop. I buried my head under the quilts, but my aunt heard me. She woke up and told my uncle I was crying because the Holy Ghost had come into my life, and because I had seen Jesus. But I was really crying because I couldn't bear to tell her that I had lied, that I had deceived everybody in the church, that I hadn't seen Jesus, and that now I didn't believe there was a Jesus anymore, since he didn't come to help me.

10.

Eleonora (1850) - Edgar Allan Poe

I AM come of a race noted for vigor of fancy and ardor of passion. Men have called me mad; but the question is not yet settled, whether madness is or is not the loftiest intelligence -- whether much that is glorious- whether all that is profound -- does not spring from disease of thought -- from moods of mind exalted at the expense of the general intellect. They who dream by day are cognizant of many things

which escape those who dream only by night. In their gray visions they obtain glimpses of eternity, and thrill, in awakening, to find that they have been upon the verge of the great secret. In snatches, they learn something of the wisdom which is of good, and more of the mere knowledge which is of evil. They penetrate, however, rudderless or compassless into the vast ocean of the "light ineffable," and again, like the adventures of the Nubian geographer, "agressi sunt mare tenebrarum, quid in eo esset exploraturi."

We will say, then, that I am mad. I grant, at least, that there are two distinct conditions of my mental existence -- the condition of a lucid reason, not to be disputed, and belonging to the memory of events forming the first epoch of my life -- and a condition of shadow and doubt, appertaining to the present, and to the recollection of what constitutes the second great era of my being. Therefore, what I shall tell of the earlier period, believe; and to what I may relate of the later time, give only such credit as may seem due, or doubt it altogether, or, if doubt it ye cannot, then play unto its riddle the Oedipus.

She whom I loved in youth, and of whom I now pen calmly and distinctly these remembrances, was the sole daughter of the only sister of my mother long departed. Eleonora was the name of my cousin. We had always dwelled together, beneath a tropical sun, in the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass. No unguided footstep ever came upon that vale; for it lay away up among a range of giant hills that hung beetling around about it, shutting out the sunlight from its sweetest recesses. No path was trodden in its vicinity; and, to reach our happy home, there was need of putting back, with force, the foliage of many thousands of forest trees, and of crushing to death the glories of many millions of fragrant flowers. Thus it was that we lived all alone, knowing nothing of the world without the valley -- I, and my cousin, and her mother.

From the dim regions beyond the mountains at the upper end of our encircled domain, there crept out a narrow and deep river, brighter than all save the eyes of Eleonora; and, winding stealthily about in mazy courses, it passed away, at length, through a shadowy gorge, among hills still dimmer than those whence it had issued. We called it the "River of Silence"; for there seemed to be a hushing influence in its flow. No murmur arose from its bed, and so gently it wandered along, that the pearly pebbles upon which we loved to gaze, far down within its bosom, stirred not at all, but lay in a motionless content, each in its own old

station, shining on gloriously forever.

The margin of the river, and of the many dazzling rivulets that glided through devious ways into its channel, as well as the spaces that extended from the margins away down into the depths of the streams until they reached the bed of pebbles at the bottom, -- these spots, not less than the whole surface of the valley, from the river to the mountains that girdled it in, were carpeted all by a soft green grass, thick, short, perfectly even, and vanilla-perfumed, but so besprinkled throughout with the yellow buttercup, the white daisy, the purple violet, and the ruby-red asphodel, that its exceeding beauty spoke to our hearts in loud tones, of the love and of the glory of God.

NOTE: Poe's narrators often love young, innocent girls. Read Poe's poem "Annabel Lee" if you've never read it before; it's entrenched in the great novel Lolita by Vladimir Nabokov:

<http://www.poetryfoundation.org/poem/174151>

11.

Lolita (1955) - Vladimir Nabokov

Lolita, light of my life, fire of my loins. My sin, my soul. Lo-lee-ta: the tip of the tongue taking a trip of three steps down the palate to tap, at three, on the teeth. Lo. Lee. Ta. She was Lo, plain Lo, in the morning, standing four feet ten in one sock. She was Lola in slacks. She was Dolly at school. She was Dolores on the dotted line. But in my arms she was always Lolita. Did she have a precursor? She did, indeed she did. In point of fact, there might have been no Lolita at all had I not loved, one summer, an initial girl-child. In a pryncedom by the sea. Oh when? About as many years before Lolita was born as my age was that summer. You can always count on a murderer for a fancy prose style. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, exhibit number one is what the seraphs, the misinformed, simple, noble-winged seraphs, envied. Look at this tangle of thorns."

Discussion 2:

NOTE: What are the lessons these writers teach about writing in their works?

14.

ANTON CHEKHOV (1860-1904)

"The Beauties" (1888)

<http://www.online-literature.com/kipling/1251/>

Philip Pullman Podcast: <http://www.theguardian.com/books/audio/2010/dec/08/philip-pullman-the-beauties-anton-chekhov>

15.

ANNIE PROULX (1935-?)

"Brokeback Mountain" (1997)

http://www.newyorker.com/archive/1997/10/13/1997_10_13_074_TNY_CARDS_000379463

NOTE: You do not have to read the *Brokeback Mountain* screenplay completely, but look through it.

A Screenplay - Brokeback Mountain

<http://brokebackmtn.tripod.com/script.pdf>

Adapted from an Annie Proulx Story. BY. Larry McMurtzty and Diana Ossana. February 1, 2003 ...

16.

JAMES JOYCE (1882-1941)

"A Little Cloud" (1914)

http://www.gutenberg.org/files/2814/2814-h/2814-h.htm#link2H_4_0008

17.

ALICE MUNRO (1931-?)

"The Bear Came Over the Mountain" (1999)

http://www.newyorker.com/archive/1999/12/27/1999_12_27_110_TNY_LIBRY_00001990?currentPage=all

18.
ERNEST HEMINGWAY (1899-1961)
"A Clean, Well-Lighted Place" (1933)
<http://tabootenente.tblog.com/post/1969893207>

Discussion 3:

NOTE: What are the lessons these writers teach about writing in their works?

19.
JOYCE CAROLE OATES (1938-?)
"Where Are You Going, Where Have You Been?" (1966)
<http://www.usfca.edu/jco/whereareyougoing/>

20.
F. SCOTT FITZGERALD (1896-1940)
"Babylon Revisited" (1931)
<http://gutenberg.net.au/fsf/BABYLON-REVISITED.html>

21.
FRANK O'CONNOR (1903-1966)
"My Oedipus Complex" (1965)
<http://www.cyc-net.org/cyc-online/cycol-0201-oconnor.html>

Helen Dunsmore Podcast: <http://www.theguardian.com/books/audio/2010/dec/07/helen-dunmore-frank-oconnor>

22.
FLANNERY O'CONNOR (1925-1964)

"A Good Man Is Hard to Find" (1953)
<http://pegasus.cc.ucf.edu/~surette/goodman.html>

Discussion 4:

NOTE: What are the lessons these writers teach about writing in their works?

23.

PHILIP ROTH (1933-?)

"Defender of the Faith" (1959)

http://www15.uta.fi/FAST/US1/REF/SUPP/defender_of_the_faith.pdf

"Philip Roth: Unmasked' and the Birth of a Meme" (2013)

<http://www.newyorker.com/online/blogs/movies/2013/03/philip-roth-unmasked-and-the-birth-of-a-meme.html>

24.

RAYMOND CARVER (1938-1988)

Note: All Carver works are podcast, as his written work is protected by copyright.

Three Writers Read Favorite Carver Stories: "Will You Please Be Quiet, Please?" ; "Fat"; "Chef's House"

http://www.openculture.com/2013/03/three_raymond_carver_stories.html

The Paris Review: Raymond Carver (1983)

http://www.openculture.com/2013/03/three_raymond_carver_stories.html

25.

IAN MCEWAN

“Hand on the Shoulder” (2012) – Ian McEwan

http://www.newyorker.com/fiction/features/2012/04/30/120430fi_fiction_mcewan

“Ian McEwan's 'Sweet Tooth' Leaves A Sour Taste ” (2012) – Maureen Corrigan (2012)

<http://www.npr.org/2012/11/14/164985216/ian-mcewans-sweet-tooth-leaves-a-sour-taste>

“Zadie Smith Talks with Ian McEwan” (2005)

http://www.believermag.com/issues/200508/?read=interview_mcewan

Grading Scale

A = 100 - 90 points

B = 89 - 80 points

C = 79 - 70 points

D = 69 - 60 points

F = 59 - 0 points

NOTE: There are no plus (+) or minus (-) grades in the LACCD system. For this reason, I will offer three (3) extra credit points at the end of the semester so that students may change grades that would be a B+, C+ and D+ into an A, B, and C. However... fulfillment of extra credit assignments does not guarantee that extra credit will be awarded; all extra credit assignments must be of superior quality.

Rubric for Literary Works

| RUBRIC FOR LITERARY WORKS | | | |
|----------------------------------|------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------|
| Criterion | 1. Does not demonstrates SLO adequately | 2. Demonstrates SLO adequately | 3. Exceeds adequate demonstration of SLO |

| | | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>Academic Integrity*</p> | <p>1. Work is plagiarized in whole or in part.</p> | <p>1. Work is not plagiarized in whole or in part.</p> | <p>1. Work is not plagiarized in whole or in part, and presents a fresh approach to a standard situation or issue.</p> |
| <p>Content</p> | <p>1. Plot seems mundane and/or predictable, and may be flawed: contain unnecessary details and/or unresolved situations that do not logically advance character action leading to change or contribute to the work's overall style.</p> <p>2. Characters do not seem well developed and may not be interesting to read about.</p> <p>3. Themes and sub-themes seem prosaic and may not be sufficiently clear.</p> <p>4. Setting is not detailed</p> | <p>1. Plot logically advances character action leading to change, but does not seem particularly imaginative, a fresh approach to a standard situation or issue that contributes to the work's overall style.</p> <p>2. Characters are sufficiently developed, but may not be particularly interesting to read about.</p> <p>3. Themes and sub-themes are sufficiently clear, and while not prosaic, may not seem particularly insightful or</p> | <p>1. Plot logically advances character action leading to change, and seems particularly imaginative, a fresh approach to a standard situation or issue that contributes to the work's overall style.</p> <p>2. Characters are extremely well developed and absorb reader's interest.</p> <p>3. Themes and sub-themes are clear and seem insightful, even enlightening.</p> <p>4. Setting is detailed not only sufficiently and logically, but in a way</p> |

| | | | |
|-----------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| | sufficiently and/or logically, so it provides an inadequate frame for characters and plot. | enlightening. 4. Setting is detailed sufficiently and logically, so it provides an adequate frame for characters and plot. | that enhances the other elements of story, and contributes to the work's overall style. |
| Voice (unique writing style of author) | 1. Voice seems hard to discern, perhaps obscured by too many distracting errors and/or problematic word choice and usage, which negatively affects overall tone of work as well as different elements of story: character, plot, theme, setting. | 1. Voice is clear, but could be improved by different word choice and usage to enhance overall tone of work, which may seem somewhat stiff and/or fragmented in terms of narrative and different elements of story: character, plot, theme, setting. | 1. Voice is clear and engaging because word choice and usage is appropriate, innovative and artful, serving to enhance the overall tone of the work, as well as elements of story: character, plot, theme, setting. |
| Organization | 1. The work does not read well overall, seems disjointed, inexpertly crafted in terms of transitions, paragraph length, and/or choices made in beginning, middle, end structure. | 1. The work reads well overall, seems adequately crafted in terms of transitions, paragraph length, and choices made in beginning, middle, end structure. | 1. The work reads extremely well overall, seems solidly or even wonderfully crafted in terms of transitions, paragraph length, and choices made in beginning, middle, end structure. |
| Grammar, | 1. | 1. | 1. |

| | | | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Mechanics, & Style | The work features many different kinds of distracting errors that stop reader from focusing on content: grammar, spelling, punctuation, wrong words, awkward/garbed phrasing. | The work may contain several errors, but errors do not distract reader from focusing on content. | Contains few, if any, errors. |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------|

*A work that is plagiarized or contains one or more plagiarized passage automatically receives a failing grade.

Discussion Rubric

Rubric for Discussions

Well = Superior performance

Adequate = Meets minimum standards

Inadequate - Does not meet minimum standards

A: Fulfills all criteria well.

B: Fulfills most criteria well, but 1-2 adequately.

C: Fulfills 1-2 criteria well, but most criteria adequately.

D: Fulfills one or two criteria well or adequately, but fulfills most criteria inadequately, and too many distracting errors stop reader from focusing on content.

F: Fulfills all criteria inadequately, and/or too many distracting errors stop reader from focusing on content.

Discussion Criteria:

1. Read and/or view discussion texts, as appropriate, before the discussion begins.
2. Read each discussion contribution before posting your own discussion contribution.
3. Answer each set of questions the instructor asks, but stay focused on the current set of questions the instructor asks. Do NOT attempt to answer questions from a previous week or weeks.
4. Offer your own thoughts/ideas about the instructor's questions and discussion texts; do not simply parrot others' thoughts/ideas or agree with their opinions.
5. Dialogue with one or two peers regarding their thoughts/ideas about instructor questions/discussion texts.
6. Run a spell/grammar check on all discussion postings, and use font Times-New Roman, size 12, in black type.

Classroom Environment

In this classroom, all students must work together with me to create a safe, pleasant and productive learning environment. Please see <http://www.wlac.edu/studentlife/index.html> for WLAC policies about creating this kind of environment. This URL contains other useful information for students. Please click on it, and read the information.

Important Dates: Last Day to Add, Drop...

Fall Semester 2013: Traditional Semester

| LAST DAY TO | |
|--------------------|----------|
| Apply In-Person | All Year |

| | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Determine Residency | Aug 25 |
| Add Traditional Classes | Aug 25 online Sept 6 in-person |
| Drop a Class w/o a Fee | Sept 6 |
| Drop a Class w/o a W | Sept 6 |
| Drop w/ a W | Nov 15 |
| File Pass/No Pass | Sept 6 |
| GRADUATION PETITION ACCEPTED | Apr 29 - Nov 15 |
| CAMPUS CLOSED | Labor Day, Sept 2 Veteran's Day, Nov 11 Thanksgiving Nov 28 - Dec 1 |
| <i>NOTE: Short-term courses and other accelerated program classes have different deadlines. Please check with your instructor.</i> | |

Etudes Tutorials

Learn to Work in an Online Classroom at WLAC:

If you have never worked inside an online classroom at WLAC, please learn how to (a) equip your computer with the correct browser and (b) work inside our online classroom.

1. Go to www.wlac.edu.
2. Click on the Online/Hybrid Classes link in the upper right corner.
3. In the top menu, click on Course Login Info.
4. Scroll down the screen to the tutorials.
5. View/read the tutorials, as appropriate.

Resources

Please go to <http://www.wlac.edu/studentlife/index.html> to learn about what campus resources are available to you: tuition waivers, book vouchers, academic counseling, tutoring, and additional services. Be aware that WLAC has a Writing Lab on the ground floor of the library--and it offers online help. For library computer-assisted instruction information, please see the Class Schedule.

Writing Lab: http://www.wlac.edu/library/info/lab_writing.html

Changes to Syllabus

I may make changes to the Syllabus, if they seem appropriate and/or necessary. If I do, then I'll announce the changes on the home page, on the right side of the screen, under "Announcements," and write the changes on the whiteboard in class. It is your responsibility to become aware of these changes.

Learning Disabilities

If you have a learning disability (LD), then you learn things differently than most students do--and you usually learn at a different speed. In other words, you "process" information differently. For this reason, you might need more time to complete an assignment. An LD is not a shameful thing--LOTS of intelligent people have LD's. You are *not* stupid if you have an LD! Let me know immediately if you have an LD--or think that you might, okay? We'll need to make sure that DSP&S documents your LD; if it's not documented, then I will not be able to give you additional time to complete assignments.

Location

Student Services Building (SSB 320)

Telephone

(310) 287-4450

Department Email
dsps@wlac.edu

Hours
Monday-Thursday: 8:30 a.m. 4:30p.m.
Friday: 9 a.m.-1 p.m.
Saturday: CLOSED

Plagiarism (Cheating)

In most English classes, cheating occurs in two ways. First, a student presents another person's words or ideas (or other people's words and ideas) as his or her own, quoting or paraphrasing that person (or people) without indicating that quoting or paraphrasing is occurring. Second, a student has someone else write his or her work. Every semester I seem to catch students cheating; I don't enjoy catching cheaters. Please do NOT cheat.

Students who cheat will be subject to all appropriate academic penalties: They will receive a failing grade on their assignment, and the Dean of Student Services will be notified. If an assignment seems too challenging for you, or if you have an emergency that stops you from completing an assignment, Private Message me. I'll try my best to help you.