

Map of the Book

Unit topic	Writing skills	Readings on the topic
Unit 1 Nostalgic Memories P. 1	Part I Narration (Personal Narratives) Part II Effective Sentences (Coordination and Subordination)	1. A Dad Says Goodbye 2. Bittersweet Farewell of a Grown-up Child 3. "What's in a Name?" 4. A Lesson from My Father 5. Hard-earned Money
Unit 2 Home, Sweet Home P. 25	Part I Description (Places) Part II Effective Sentences (Parallelism)	1. Roosevelt's Study 2. Nickel and Dime 3. The Beauty of Britain 4. The Captain's House 5. My Remote Spot
Unit 3 Acts of Kindness P. 49	Part I Narration (Objective Narratives) Part II Effective Sentences (Emphasis)	1. Night Watch 2. The Man in the Water 3. All in a Day's Work 4. Leading the Charge 5. Heroes: Rescue in the Water
Unit 4 Something I Hold Dear P. 75	Part I Description (Objects) Part II Effective Sentences (Variety)	1. Natalie 2. A Ruler to Live By 3. My First Car 4. The Pickle Jar 5. History, Served Up on Two Plates

Readings written by your peers	Writing assignments
<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. What a Change! 2. I Should Have Returned Sooner 3. My First Experience with Death 4. My First Part-time Job 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. In 300–400 words, write about a farewell or a reunion you have experienced, or about the nostalgic memories still fresh in your mind. 2. Revise your first draft of the assignment by following the instructions.
<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. My Room, My Kingdom 2. The Oldest of Five 3. Hangzhou—My Hometown 4. A View from Our Balcony 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Write an essay of 300–400 words describing a room, a house, a specific spot, etc. Choose one of the given topics or one that you think of on your own. 2. Revise your first draft of the assignment by following the instructions.
<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. “My Job Is to Crack Down on Any Criminal Act.” 2. The Difference Between Fifty <i>Fen</i> and Five <i>Yuan</i> 3. In Praise of a Trustworthy Taxi Driver 4. To Step Forward or Pass By 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. In 300–400 words, write about an act of kindness you have witnessed or read/heard about using the objective third-person point of view. 2. Revise your first draft of the assignment by following the instructions.
<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. My Paper Clips 2. Inspirational Splash Photography 3. My Favorite Painting 4. Bubbles in a Park 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Write an essay of 350–500 words describing an object. Choose one of the given topics or one that you think of on your own. 2. Revise your first draft of the assignment by following the instructions.

Unit topic	Writing skills	Readings on the topic
Unit 5 An Important Person in My Life P. 97	Part I Description (People) Part II Effective Sentences (Conciseness)	1. Daddy Can Fix the Broken Moon 2. My Time with Stephen Hawking 3. Mama 4. Unforgettable Miss Bessie
Unit 6 Never Forget the Past P. 125	Part I Narration (Historical Narratives) Part II Effective Sentences (Unity)	1. The Widow Takes the Helm 2. My Favorite Teacher 3. Blueprint for Success 4. I'm a Banana and Proud of It 5. Beijing Foreign Studies University (BFSU)
Unit 7 A Service of Love P. 159	Part I Narration (Fiction) Part II Effective Sentences (Methods for Enlivening Your Writing)	1. The Story of an Hour 2. The Yellow Ribbon 3. The Romance of a Busy Broker 4. The Girl in Gift Wrap 5. The Steadfast Tin Soldier
Unit 8 Practical Writing (II) P. 187	Journal Writing	
Appendix A Revision Example P. 197		

Readings written by your peers	Writing assignments
<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. My Father 2. The Unconditional Love of a Mother 3. Amazing Grace 4. Michael 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Write an essay of 350–500 words describing a person you know or have met. 2. Revise your first draft of the assignment by following the instructions.
<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. His Life’s Work 2. My Dad, My Hero—A Short Biography of My Dad 3. My Father: A Brief Life Story 4. A Brief History of the Three Generations of My Family 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Write about a person’s life story or a brief history about an organization in 350–500 words using a point of view that best suits your purpose, either the first-person point of view or the objective third-person point of view. 2. Revise your first draft of the assignment by following the instructions.
<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Cassie’s Gift 2. A Restless Night 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Write a short story of 350–500 words on one of the given topics or one that you think of on your own, using the objective third-person point of view. 2. Revise your first draft of the assignment by following the instructions.
Seven journal entries	Write three brief journal entries, on three days, about the same topic which you can choose from the given ones.
The Story of My Name (Three drafts with the instructor’s feedback and comments and the final version)	



Unit 1

Nostalgic Memories

Objectives

Part I Narration (Personal Narratives)

- Narration and the narrative defined
- The types of narratives
- The importance of narration
- The strategies for writing short personal narratives
- The suggestions for writing short personal narratives

Part II Effective Sentences (Coordination and Subordination)

- Coordination defined
- Subordination defined

I

Part

Narration (Personal Narratives)

Guidelines

Narration and the narrative defined

- **Narration** tells a story, or gives an account of an event. In its broadest sense, narration is any account of any event or series of events, real or imagined.
- A **narrative** is the chronological presentation of events.

The types of narratives

- **The non-fictional narrative:** one that tells a story based on real people and facts. This includes
 - ▶ **The personal narrative:** one that is based on personal experience or observation that offers insights into what has happened. This includes memoirs, journals and autobiographies. In these narratives, the narrator is *I*.
 - ▶ **The third-person narrative:** one that includes biographies (the life story of a

person narrated by someone else), histories (a chronological record of significant events—those affecting a nation or an institution) and news stories (a report in a newspaper or on a news broadcast of something that has happened). In such writings, the narrator is an objective observer.

- **The fictional narrative:** one that is about imaginary characters and events (not based on real people and facts). This includes
 - ▶ **The novel:** an invented prose narrative that is usually long and complex and deals especially with human experience usually through a connected sequence of events.
 - ▶ **The short story:** a fictional narrative that is shorter than a novel.

The importance of narration

- Narration is effective and useful in all kinds of writing. It is often used
 - ▶ to share feelings and experiences (as in personal narratives).
 - ▶ to define an abstract concept (such as “friendship”).
 - ▶ to teach a moral lesson (as in *Aesop’s Fables*).
 - ▶ to persuade (to convince people that something should be done, etc.).
- Narration is frequently used in essays as support for a point, where the primary pattern of development is other than narration.

The strategies for writing short personal narratives

- Construct a thesis statement (the central idea), which tells what your narrative is about and reveals the purpose of it.
- Use the first-person point of view, that is, use the first-person pronoun *I* as the narrator.
- Present your personal experiences in chronological order.
- Select only the details that serve your purpose.
- Connect the details by using transitions such as (*shortly*) *afterward*, *later*, *when*, *soon*, *while*, *the next day/night*, *before*, *then* to move the story along.

The suggestions for writing short personal narratives

- A good personal narrative does not need to be based on an extraordinary experience.
- Ordinary experiences—things that happen in your everyday life—are the best sources for personal narratives.
- Ordinary experiences can help you gain insight into human behavior or motivation.

Activity 1 Practicing the basics of narration

▶ Check the sentences that you think would make interesting thesis statements for a personal experience narrative and state your reasons. Explain why the others would not.

- ___ 1. Once I almost drowned.
- ___ 2. With the growth of online sources, fewer and fewer people depend on print newspapers for news.
- ___ 3. A journey of one mile or 5,000 miles begins the same way: with a single step.
- ___ 4. When I was five, I discovered that learning was fun.
- ___ 5. The five-minute drive to the hospital seemed to have taken hours.
- ___ 6. One evening, he was driving home on a two-lane country road.
- ___ 7. Xiao Wang has proved once again that he is an incorrigible optimist.
- ___ 8. The day I got the letter of admission from Beijing Foreign Studies University was one of the happiest days of my life.
- ___ 9. The people in my family believed that if something went wrong, it was always someone else's fault.
- ___ 10. One of my most memorable experiences took place when I worked as a schoolteacher in a mountain village.

▶ Read the passages, decide whether they are good or poor personal narratives and state your reasons.

1. It was the last day of our stay in Nanjing. My parents were sitting in the waiting room of the railway station waiting for our train back to Beijing. As a restless five-year-old, I began wandering about and then found myself lost. I was getting worried when I saw a policewoman. Immediately I headed toward her and told her I couldn't find my parents. She took me to the broadcasting station, and their announcement over the

- loudspeaker soon brought my parents.
2. Once I almost drowned in a swimming pool. I was 12, and I was learning to swim. I began to paddle to the far side of the pool. But suddenly I couldn't move an inch and keep my head above the water and I began to sink. Just then my father came to my rescue.
 3. I finally arrived at the university after two and a half hours of riding on a bus. I found a new battle to fight—running from one office to another, completing all kinds of forms and signing my name numerous times. I finished all that. I had truly become a member of the university. I was tired out. It began to rain before I could rest in my dorm room!
 4. As soon as the winter holidays began, my best friend in high school and I fixed a date to meet. We hadn't seen each other for half a year and during this period we chiefly kept contact via WeChat. The moment we met, we hugged each other for a long time, completely unaware of the people around us. Neither of us said much, and we both enjoyed being with each other. We went to the shops to have a look at the things we were interested in. Then she treated me to lunch, using the first money she had earned playing the harp in her university orchestra. How time flew when we were together! Soon it was time to say goodbye. Perhaps it would be another six months before we could meet again. But I was not at all worried that we might become estranged from each other, for I knew that time would never separate us and that we would only cherish our friendship more as time went by.

Activity 2 Readings on the topic

👉 Read the following essays written by professionals and respond to the questions below.

(1)

A Dad Says Goodbye

Joseph Danziger

1 I watched her and her mother decorate her college dormitory room. Everything in place, organized and arranged, just so. Attractively designed bulletin board with carefully selected, and precisely cut, colored paper. Pictures and remembrances throughout of her dearest friends. Drawers and boxes under the bed. Her room nicely accommodates not only her clothes, accessories and bric-a-brac, but her roommate's as well. I closely monitor that which I would have, in the past, ignored, knowing that this time is different. As her half of the room takes on her essence, I begin to accept that her room at home is no longer hers. It is now ours. Our room for her when she visits.

2 I find myself thinking of the day when I held her in the cradle of my arm, in the chair alongside my wife's hospital bed. One day old. So small, so beautiful,

so perfect, so totally reliant on her new, untested parents. All manner of thoughts went through my mind as I examined her every feature for what seemed to be an eternity. Time marches on relentlessly.

3 She looks up now, catching me staring at her, causing her to say to her mother, “Mom, Dad’s looking at me funny.”

4 The last few days, I touch her arm, her face—anything—knowing that when my wife and I return home, she will not be with us and there will be nothing to touch. I have so much to say, but no words with which to say it.

5 My life changed from the day I drove this child home from the hospital. I saw myself differently that day, and it has led to a lot of places that I would never have found on my own.

6 She says, “It’ll be all right, Dad. I’ll be home from school soon.” I tell her she will have a great year, but I say little else. I am afraid somehow to speak, afraid I’ll say something too small for what I’m feeling, and so I only hold on to our goodbye hug a little longer, a little tighter.

7 I gaze into her eyes and turn to go. My wife’s eyes follow her as she leaves us. Mine do not. Maybe if I don’t look, I can imagine that she really hasn’t gone. I know that what she is embarking upon is exciting and wonderful. I remember what the world looked like to me when everything was new.

8 As I walk to the car with my wife at my side, my eyes are wet, my heart is sore, and I realize that my life is changing forever. (438 words)

Questions to think about

1. Who is the narrator? What kind of father does he seem to be? Does the essay include sufficient details to show the kind of father he is? What are they?

2. What details reveal the father’s feelings when he says goodbye to his daughter?

3. What is the narrator’s view of the role of a father?

4. What insight does the father gain through this experience?

5. Why does the writer use the present tense to describe something that happened in the past?

(2)

Bittersweet Farewell of a Grown-up Child*Randi Kreiss*

1 My parents have retired to Florida, and I am suffering empty nest syndrome. They taught me the value of family, urged me to settle in town, nurtured the love of my children and then they left. I may be 31 years old and a liberated woman, but it still hurts. There are thousands of people like me, experiencing a kind of delayed separation anxiety. Our parents are leaving the old hometown and shaking our roots loose as they go.

2 In a parody of their ancestors who endured an arduous sea voyage in hopes of a better life, my well-heeled, lively parents tooled down I-95 in search of sunny days and four for bridge¹. They traded their snow shovels for golf clubs and left us behind to cope with real life.

3 Part of me is happy for them. Both in their 50s, fit and independent, they have made a gutsy move. Methodically, they lightened their load, sold their house and my father's dental practice, and bought an apartment in Florida.

4 But somewhere inside, I'm uneasy. Certainly my own life, my husband's life and my children's lives are diminished by their absence. The daily calls or visits or just sightings of my mother's car parked in town were like touching down for a moment, a warm spot in each day. There were always non-critical ears to hear my side of an argument, a sensible voice to advise compromise. Mainly, the balance they provided on a daily basis is missing, the balance between past and present and the balance between my identity as a child and as a mother. That is all gone, because phone communication is brief and all the news is edited. The daily aches, fears, and squabbles are deleted. Good news only, kids, it's Grandma calling.

5 I wonder about two active people retiring. What will they do for the next 30 or 40 years? Can they really withdraw from the tumult of Northern life and embrace Southern ways? Or are they just exchanging one set of anxieties for another? Perhaps this is self-centered—I may be unwilling to see my parents retire because it is another confirmation that I, too, am getting older.

6 There is anger in me as well. The child inside is holding her breath and turning blue; an unreasonable reaction, but let me explain.

1 **bridge:** a card game for two pairs of players who have to predict how many cards they will win. They score points if they succeed in winning that number of cards and lose points if they fail.

7 We live in a lovely community where people don't grow up longing to find a better life for themselves. They long to be able to afford this one, right here.

8 My parents, sister and I lived in our house in Cedarhurst, L.I., for most of our lives. Not that we were overprotected, but I wouldn't sleep at a friend's house until I was 14. When it came time to go "away" to college, I only made it as far as New York University.

9 Of course, I married the boy I knew in high school, and we settled just down the road in Woodmere. Only my sister threatened our geographic unity. Always the independent one (she made it to Boston for college), she married and settled in Philadelphia.

10 I began making phone calls to her. "What if you both get a virus in the middle of the night?" I whispered. "What happens when you have a baby and Mom isn't there to help out?"

11 After three years, they moved just down the road to Hewlett. So there we were, all settled in, reveling in our togetherness, except Mom and Dad apparently. They smiled lovingly at us all and announced their impending retirement.

12 I'm the first one to admit it was childlike, but I was angry. My father was always quoting Margaret Mead on the value of an extended family. Now he wanted to deprive his grandchildren of that experience.

13 Once the decision was made, my parents began shedding possession as a dog shakes out fleas. For my husband and me, the house was part of our youth and our romance. Memories mixed with the dust and plaster as pictures came down and relics were hauled up from the basement.

14 We all thought it would be fun to have a garage sale on the last weekend before they moved. Bits and pieces of ourselves, our old life together, were strewn about the garage waiting for buyers. But the day was cold and traffic was slow. By afternoon, my father stood outside alone, handing out things to strangers.

15 Maybe part of the sadness was the air of finality. There were unmentioned but strongly felt parallels to the cleaning out and closing up that accompanies a death. My parents vacuumed up every trace of themselves, and they left town.

16 The woman in me shouts "bravo" for their daring and the new days before them. They didn't wait for widowhood or illness to force their retirement. They made a free choice.

17 But there is still the child in me, too, perhaps more petulant in this time of adjustment.

18 Several months ago, the night before my husband and I left for a vacation alone, I heard my 4-year-old daughter crying in bed. She didn't want us to go, she said. Patiently, logically, I explained that mothers and fathers need time away to themselves. She nodded her head, endured my explanation and asked, "But who will be my mother when you're gone?"

19 When we said goodbye to my parents, the child in me was asking the same question. (923 words)

Questions to think about

1. What do you learn about the narrator?

2. Why does the narrator call her farewell to her parents "bittersweet"?

3. Why doesn't the narrator believe in phone communication?

4. What does the narrator intend to say in the last two paragraphs? Is the central idea implied there?

(3)

"What's in a Name?"¹

Henry Louis Gates Jr.

The question of color takes up much space in these pages, but the question of color, especially in this country, operates to hide the graver questions of the self.

—James Baldwin, 1961

... blood, darky, Tar Baby, Kaffir, shine... moor, blackamoor, Jim Crow, spook... quadroon, meriney, red bone, high yellow... Mammy, porch monkey, home, homeboy, George... spearchucker, schwarze, Leroy, Smokey... mouli, buck, Ethiopian, brother, sistah.²

—Trey Ellis, 1989

1 **"What's in a Name?":** The title is put in quotation marks because this is a quotation from Shakespeare's play *Romeo and Juliet*. Juliet says, "What's in a name? That which we call a rose/By any other name would smell as sweet." She defies the logic of her family's attempt to separate her from Romeo simply because of their names, she being a Capulet while he is a Montague. The two families were involved in a bitter feud.

2 **... blood...:** The second quotation is a list of insulting terms for African-Americans used during years of racial discrimination and injustice.

1 I had forgotten the incident completely, until I read Trey Ellis's essay, "Remember My Name" in a recent issue of the *Village Voice* (June 13, 1989). But there, in the middle of an extended italicized list of the bynames of the "race" ("the race" or "our people" being the terms my parents used in polite or reverential discourse, "jigaboo" or "nigger" more commonly used in anger, jest, or pure disgust), it was: "George." Now the events of that very brief exchange return to my mind so vividly that I wonder why I had forgotten it.

2 My father and I were walking home at dusk from his second job. He "moonlighted" as a janitor in the evenings for the telephone company. Every day but Saturday, he would come home at 3:30 from his regular job at the paper mill, wash up, eat supper, then at 4:30 head downtown to his second job. He used to make jokes frequently about a union official who moonlighted. I never got the joke, but he and his friends thought it was hilarious. All I knew was that my family always ate well, that my brother and I had new clothes to wear, and that all of the white people in Piedmont, West Virginia, treated my parents with an odd mixture of resentment and respect that even we understood at the time had something directly to do with a small but certain measure of financial security.

3 He had left a little early that evening because I was with him and I had to be in bed early. I could not have been more than five or six, and we had stopped off at the Cut-Rate Drug Store (where no black person in town but my father could sit down to eat, and eat off real plates with real silverware) so that I could buy some caramel ice cream, two scoops in a wafer cone, please, which I was busy licking when Mr. Wilson walked by.

4 Mr. Wilson was a very quiet man, whose stony, brooding, silent manner seemed designed to scare off any overtures of friendship, even from white people. He was Irish, as was one-third of our village (another third being Italian), the more affluent among whom sent their children to "Catholic School" across the bridge in Maryland. He had white straight hair, like my uncle Joe, whom he uncannily resembled, and he carried a black worn metal lunch pail, the kind that Riley carried on the television show. My father always spoke to him, and for reasons that we never did understand, he always spoke to my father.

5 "Hello, Mr. Wilson," I heard my father say.

6 "Hello, George."

7 I stopped licking my ice cream cone, and asked my dad in a loud voice why Mr. Wilson had called him "George."

8 “Doesn’t he know your name, Daddy? Why don’t you tell him your name? Your name isn’t George.”

9 For a moment I tried to think of who Mr. Wilson was mixing Pop up with. But we didn’t have any Georges among the colored people in Piedmont; nor were there colored Georges living in the neighboring towns and working at the mill.

10 “Tell him your name, Daddy.”

11 “He knows my name, boy,” my father said after a long pause. “He calls all colored people George.”

12 A long silence ensued. It was “one of those things,” as my mom would put it. Even then, that early, I knew when I was in the presence of “one of those things,” one of those things that provided a glimpse, through a rent curtain, at another world that we could not affect but that affected us. There would be a painful moment of silence, and you would wait for it to give way to a discussion of a black superstar such as Sugar Ray or Jackie Robinson.

13 “Nobody hits better in a clutch than Jackie Robinson.”

14 “That’s right. Nobody.”

15 I never again looked Mr. Wilson in the eye. (697 words)

Questions to think about

1. Is the narrator a child or an adult?

2. In what way is the social status of the Gates family different from that of other African-American families in the village?

3. Do you think the details about the Gates family’s financial situation are important to the narrative?

4. How differently do the father and the son react to Mr. Wilson’s insult?

5. What do you think is the writer’s purpose in publishing the essay when racist laws have already been overturned?

Activity 3 Readings written by your peers

👉 Read the following essays written by your peers and respond to the questions below.

(1)

What a Change!

Ji Qing

During the winter vacation, I was invited to a party, which, I was told, many of my junior middle school classmates would attend. I hadn't seen some of them for more than three years, so I was very excited and anxiously looked forward to the day. Days before the event, I easily slipped back in time to the happy days we had spent together and wondered how they had been doing, and if they had changed a lot.

The day finally came and I went happily and hopefully. But when I arrived, I was overwhelmed by the changes I saw. A former short classmate had turned into a giant; a once talkative, outgoing and sociable boy now seemed an introvert; some of the girls who used to wear baggy uniforms five days a week were so fashionably dressed that I could hardly recognize them. Besides, some of them wore a lot of makeup. What a surprise! I wondered how time and circumstances could have changed people so much, from appearance to character.

I found the atmosphere a bit awkward. We were talking, but we seemed to be talking about nothing. I wanted to ask some of them how they had been, but found it hard to open my mouth, not knowing whether I would offend them. I realized that the past three years had changed us so much that it was impossible for us to communicate as before. We no longer had the same goals, and our concerns and interests were no longer the same. When it was time to say goodbye, we exchanged addresses and telephone numbers, promising to keep in touch. Then we went our different ways, not knowing whether we would be able or willing to meet again.

I know I shouldn't feel sad about the passing of the good, old days. What I should do is cherish my happy memories, live in the present and look to the future. (323 words)

(2)

I Should Have Returned Sooner

Li Mihui

As I stepped into the building where my family lived, my heart was beating fiercely. I unlocked the door quietly, parcels in hand, and called loudly:

“Hello, everybody, here I am, back home!”

Nobody responded, and then I shouted at the top of my voice, “Is anyone home? Xiao Hui’s back from college.”

Again, there was no response. I was puzzled.

I hadn’t told my family the exact date and time I would arrive because I wanted to surprise them. But soon I discovered that I was, in fact, the one who was surprised. I searched every room but found no one at home. It was normal for Mom and Dad not to be in at this hour of the day. But it was odd that my grandparents were out, too. Where could they be? They couldn’t have gone to the railway station to meet me, for they didn’t know I’d arrive home today. And their room seemed to have been unused for quite some time. I began to worry. I picked up the phone and dialed Dad’s mobile phone number.

My worry did not prove groundless. A few minutes later I was in the city’s central hospital. My grandma had been there for two weeks. Though she’d been in critical condition, she told Mom and Dad to keep the news from me, as she wanted me to concentrate on my final exams. Suddenly I realized why Grandpa’s voice had sounded hesitant when I asked to speak to Grandma on the phone a week before and he told me she was at a friend’s place. Instantly I felt tears well up in my eyes.

Grandma looked happy to see me. Though still feeble, she managed to sit up and gave me a big hug. I cried in her arms as I had always done each time she pulled through. This reunion with Grandma at the hospital made me accept the fact that Grandma was getting on in years and that she was in poor health. I should cherish the days I would be with all my loved ones. At that moment, I said to myself, “Grandma, may you live a long, happy life! May all those I love live happily!” (370 words)

Questions to think about

1. Does each essay make a point? What message does each convey?

2. Do both essays include enough details to recreate the scenes they describe? Give examples to support your conclusion.

3. Which of the two do you think is better? State your reasons.

Writing Assignment 1



In 300–400 words, write about a farewell or a reunion you have experienced, or about the nostalgic memories still fresh in your mind.

Prior to writing: choosing a topic and exploring ideas

- List some occasions of farewell and reunion you have experienced or some interesting incidents in your childhood or youth.
- Think for a while and circle the one that comes back to your mind more often than others.
- Close your eyes and recall what happened and how you felt on the occasion.
- Write down as many details as you can remember about the experience.

Drafting: getting your ideas on paper

- Form a group of three or four and narrate your experience to your partners.
- Have your partners ask questions about your experience. You should then list the details you give when you answer their questions.
- Decide what idea you want to communicate to your readers.
- Select the details that could help to recreate the scene and serve your purpose.
- Make an outline for your narrative.

Topic: _____ Tentative title: _____

Place: _____ Time: _____

People involved: _____

Details to be included (what happened):

No. 1: _____

No. 2: _____

No. 3: _____

Thesis: _____

- Discuss your outline with your partners. Elicit their suggestions as to how to improve it.
- Write the first draft, taking into consideration the suggestions your partners have offered.

II

Part



Effective Sentences (Coordination and Subordination)

Guidelines

Coordination defined

- **Coordination** is combining two or more ideas in one sentence to create equal emphasis. In other words, you coordinate ideas that you wish to give equal emphasis to.
- You coordinate words and phrases
 - ▶ by joining them with a coordinating conjunction or a pair of correlative conjunctions.
 - ▶ by expressing them in the same kind of grammatical construction.
- You coordinate clauses by joining them with
 - ▶ a comma and a coordinating conjunction.
 - ▶ a semicolon, which is often accompanied by a conjunctive adverb or by a transitional phrase.

Coordinating conjunctions	and, but, or, nor, for, so, yet
Correlative conjunctions	both... and, either... or, neither... nor, not only... but also, whether... or, etc.
Conjunctive adverbs	however, moreover, furthermore, therefore, etc.
Transitional phrases	as a matter of fact, for example, in other words, etc.

Subordination defined

- **Subordination** is combining two or more ideas in one sentence to create unequal emphasis. In other words, you subordinate minor ideas to the ones you emphasize.
- To give unequal emphasis to two or more ideas, you express the major idea in an independent clause (one that can stand alone as a sentence) and express minor ideas in
 - ▶ subordinate clauses, which cannot stand alone, introduced by subordinating conjunctions or by relative pronouns.
 - ▶ phrases or single words.

Subordinating conjunctions	after, although, as, because, before, if, since, though, unless, until, when, where, while, etc.
Relative pronouns	that, which, who, whom, whose, etc.

Activity 4 Practicing coordination and subordination

◉ The following sentences are selected from *Contemporary College English, Intensive Reading (Second Edition), Text A, Unit 1, Book 2*. Identify coordination and subordination and point out how coordination/subordination is achieved in each sentence.

1. New as I was to the faculty, I could have told this specimen a number of things. (Para. 2)
2. I could have told him all this, but it was fairly obvious he wasn't going to be around long enough for it to matter. (Para. 3)
3. They involve skills every man must respect, and they can all bring you basic satisfactions. (Para. 5)

4. ... having finished the day's work, what do you do with those other eight hours?
(Para. 6)
5. Fourteen years later I am still teaching, and I am here to tell you... (Para. 9)
6. ... the business of the college is not only to train you, but to put you in touch with...
(Para. 9)
7. ... you have no time for Shakespeare, for a basic look at philosophy, for the continuity of the fine arts, for that lesson of man's development... (Para. 9)
8. I speak, I'm sure, for the faculty of the liberal arts college and for the faculties of the specialized schools as well... (Para. 14)
9. ... a university has no real existence and no real purpose... (Para. 14)
10. ... it succeeds in putting you in touch, both as specialists and as humans, with those human minds... (Para. 14)

▶ **Correct faulty coordination or subordination in the following sentences.**

1. I applied to Tsinghua University, and I was rejected.
2. The weather in March is cold and rainy, and sometimes it is warm and sunny.
3. Grandpa often walks 20 minutes to my home and carries my favorite dishes in a basket.
4. Mr. Wang dropped the Qing vase and he broke it and the museum made him pay 2,000 *yuan*.
5. He heard that the children were safe and sound, and he breathed a sigh of relief.
6. The exam was over, immediately the children rushed out of the classroom, and they laughed and shouted joyfully.
7. My cousin phoned yesterday and he asked me how my first week of college had been.
8. The search party was leaving, but they heard some noise in the pit.
9. Those pears are grown in northern Hebei Province and the climate there is most suitable for them.
10. My sister and I looked at each other, and we didn't say a word and then decided to give our parents a pleasant surprise.

Activity 5 Readings on the topic

Read the following essays written by professionals and respond to the questions below.

(1)

A Lesson from My Father

LaVonn Steiner

1 We come by business naturally in our family. Each of the seven children in our family worked in our father's store, "Our Own Hardware-Furniture Store," in Mott, North Dakota, a small town on the prairies. We started working by doing odd jobs like dusting, arranging shelves and wrapping, and later graduated to serving customers. As we worked and watched, we learned that work was about more than survival and making a sale.

2 One lesson stands out in my mind. It was shortly before Christmas. I was in the eighth grade and was working evenings, straightening the toy section. A little boy, five or six years old, came in. He was wearing a tattered brown coat with dirty worn cuffs. His hair was straggly, except for a cowlick that stood straight up from the crown of his head. His shoes were scuffed and his one shoelace was torn. The little boy looked poor to me—too poor to afford to buy anything. He looked around the toy section, picked up this item and that, and carefully put them back in their place.

3 Dad came down the stairs and walked over to the boy. His steel blue eyes smiled and the dimple in his cheek stood out as he asked the boy what he could do for him. The boy said he was looking for a Christmas present to buy his brother. I was impressed that Dad treated him with the same respect as for any adult. Dad told him to take his time and look around. He did.

4 After about 20 minutes, the little boy carefully picked up a toy plane, walked up to my dad and said, "How much for this, Mister?"

5 "How much you got?" Dad asked.

6 The little boy held out his hand and opened it. His hand was creased with wet lines of dirt from clutching his money. In his hand lay two dimes, a nickel and two pennies—27 cents. The price on the toy plane he'd picked out was \$3.98.

7 "That'll just about do it," Dad said as he closed the sale. Dad's reply still rings in my ears. I thought about what I'd seen as I wrapped the present. When the little boy walked out of the store, I didn't notice the dirty, worn coat, the straggly hair, or the single torn shoelace. What I saw was a radiant child with a treasure. (399 words)

Questions to think about

1. Is the narrator a teenager or an adult relating a personal experience in his early life? How do you know?

2. How did the narrator's family make a living when he was in the eighth grade?

3. What did the little boy come to the store for? Why does the writer give a detailed description of the boy's appearance?

4. Why did the narrator's father sell the toy to the boy for 27 cents instead of giving it to him?

5. The main idea of the narrative is stated in the introductory paragraph. Can you identify the sentence and indicate whether it is an example of coordination or subordination? Give your reason.

6. The thesis, or main idea, is reinforced but implied in the last paragraph. Identify the sentences. Is this an instance of coordination or subordination?

7. Do you think the writer uses coordination/subordination effectively? If you think he does, cite two or three examples to support your conclusion.

(2)**Hard-earned Money***Joann Tanner*

1 Sometime I chuckle at the thought of the things that made me happy as a child. Back then true happiness was a tightly gripped quarter in hand that could be spent on anything I wanted at the corner store. Looking back, quarters were not like the quarters of today. They actually bought something. With a quarter, I could purchase enough candy to fill a brown paper lunch bag to the brim. Yes, a quarter could buy me a great deal of candy or gum. Unfortunately, getting the quarter was the hard part. Quarters just didn't get handed out in my home. I had to figure out different methods to earn my money.

2 Dad always seemed to supply one possible job a month. I'll never forget his muddy cowboy boots left outside the door. At the very sight of the thickly caked boots, I could envision the money I would make. I didn't see dirty leather but silver. It became my job to clean the monstrous boots. Scrubbing and polishing them to meet my dad's standard was hard work. By the time I finished, my small red hands ached so much I could barely hold the cloth. Yet, satisfied that I had made every inch shine, I would proudly show my finished product to my dad. His eyes would twinkle, and a warm smile would cross his face as his hand would slide deep down into his pocket, rummaging around for two quarters. It was at those moments that I learned the value of money.

3 As my appreciation for the value of money grew, so did my instinct for finding money-earning opportunities. I had an older sister who loved dodging her responsibilities at home—especially the days she worked at the local café. On those days, she primped endlessly in front of the mirror, and I knew if I hung around her until our chores were assigned, nine times out of ten she would offer me a quarter to do her job.

4 Many times I used my own initiative to earn money. Saturdays were the most profitable. Early in the morning, with my gunnysack flung over my shoulder, I would head out for the ditches. These were thickly overgrown ditches that surrounded a beautiful golf course. For a ten-year-old, they were like a jungle. The grass was so tall it would sometimes brush my shoulders as I hunted for anything of value. Luckily for me, the ditches were a dumping ground for long-necked beer bottles, pop bottles, and, of course, golf balls. Each item I found brought in a whole nickel at Kelly's Corner Store. From eight in the morning until early afternoon, I endlessly scoured the ditches. I seemed to have the strength of an adult as I slowly dragged the full sack to the corner store, anticipating my bubble gum cigars.

5 Over the years, I have come to value highly my money-making experiences. They taught me that there is a delicate balance between the opportunities that our parents give us and our own initiative. If my parents had supplied me with all the money I desired, or all the jobs with which to earn the money, I would have never learned to use my own initiative. I'm glad I was a child who recognized the value of hard-earned money. (552 words)

Questions to think about

1. Is the narrator a ten-year-old or an adult?

2. What is the purpose of the opening paragraph?

3. What money-earning methods did the narrator use?

4. Does the narrator give equal importance to her money-earning methods?

5. How does the writer conclude her narrative? Is the thesis of the narrative stated or implied?

6. Which of the two strategies of coordination and subordination is used more heavily? Do you think the writer uses it successfully? Give some examples.

7. In what way do coordination and subordination contribute to the essay?

Activity 6 Readings written by your peers

- Read the following essays written by your peers and respond to the questions below.

(1)

My First Experience with Death*Li Mihui*

I love animals. Shortly after my sixth birthday, Grandma brought home an abandoned kitten and allowed me to keep it. I realized I now had responsibilities to perform for this kitten, and began to learn how to care for her for all I was worth. When I fed her, played with her and cleaned the bed I made for her, I felt as though I were a mother. Never before did I know that caring for a living creature could be such great fun.

I was happy to see Snowflake—I gave my kitten this name because her fur was pure white—growing healthily day by day. After six months the kitten had become a full-grown cat; we became close friends and perfect partners. I spent most of my waking time with Snowflake. We did almost everything together. Even when I went to

my uncle's place to visit, I would bring my cat with me. I could hardly imagine a day without Snowflake.

Then one day, Snowflake was struck down by a strange disease; she began shivering all over and refused to eat or drink. The next day she disappeared. I looked for her everywhere, and three days later Grandma and I found her lying in a corner of a nearby yard. At first, I thought she was sleeping and sat down waiting for her to wake up. I whispered her name and patted her back, but nothing happened. Then I tried to get her to stand up, but failed. Whatever I did, I couldn't wake up my pet. Grandma patted me on the shoulder and said, "No use, my dear girl. We can't bring Snowflake back to life. She's dead." I burst into tears and had a good cry in Grandma's arms.

Grandma dug a hole in the yard under a big tree and buried Snowflake. All at once, I realized what death means. It takes away those you love so that you will never see them again. The painful memory haunted me until I started school. Looking back, I consider this sad experience a valuable lesson: Cherish the days you have with your loved ones, for life is short. (357 words)

(2)

My First Part-time Job

Li Meng

During the winter vacation when I was in Senior Two, I worked at a KFC restaurant for 10 days. In the first three days, my job was clearing and cleaning the tables and mopping the floor. In the next three days, I was told to fry the chips. To be honest, it was not a pleasant job. Working beside the stove, I soon began to sweat like a pig. Besides, I had to concentrate on my work so as not to get my hands burned. However, when bags of chips were passed to the customers, I had a small taste of satisfaction.

The last three days were the happiest for me. I helped with hamburger making. I liked the smell of cheese and sauces, and the hamburgers looked attractive and inviting. Of course, occasionally I made mistakes, but I learned through trial and error. Once I added a spicy sauce instead of tomato sauce to a hamburger. By the time I realized what I had done, it had been sold to a customer who did not protest, probably because she did not notice the difference. But I felt very sorry for my carelessness and decided the same thing would never happen again.

During this period I made a few friends who were also high school students working there. As we had similar experiences, our friendship grew quickly. We helped and encouraged each other at work. What's more, we began to care for each other. So we decided to work at the same KFC restaurant during the coming summer vacation.

In spite of its short duration, I cherish this 10-day work experience, from which I tasted the happiness of working and the satisfaction of earning money through my own labor and effort. (291 words)

Questions to think about

1. What message does the writer of each short essay want to get across?

2. Did they succeed in fulfilling their purposes?

3. Do you think the details selected advance the central idea of each essay?

4. Does each writer use coordination and subordination? Pick up one paragraph from each essay and analyze the use of coordination and subordination.

Writing Assignment 2



Revise your first draft of the assignment by following the instructions below.

Prior to revision

- Have at least two fellow students read your narrative and offer comments and suggestions, and then study their feedback.
- Take your instructor's written comments and specific suggestions seriously and consider whether you should incorporate any of these suggestions into the second draft of the narrative.
- Read your first draft again, after putting your essay aside for a short while, and decide on the focuses of the revision.

Questions regarding your revision

- **About organization**
- Have you used the first-person point of view throughout the essay?

- Have you presented your personal experience in chronological order?
- Have you connected the details by using appropriate transitions?
- Have you focused on the thesis? Does the rest of the narrative relate to and support it?
- Is the thesis well and clearly stated? Or is it implied? Is it powerful enough to give direction to everything you say?
- Do the points you make in the body paragraphs support your thesis?
- Have you provided sufficient details to support each topic sentence of each paragraph?
- Is the incident or series of incidents you describe clearly presented?
- How effective are your introduction and conclusion? Is the conclusion a mere repetition of the introduction?
- Do your title and the opening sentence attract the reader's attention?
- **About style**
- Have you used both coordination and subordination effectively?

Revising: strengthening your draft

- Reconsider your thesis and ask yourself if it is what you want to get across in your essay. Revise it if necessary.
- Rewrite any part you think ineffective and supply more powerful details if necessary.
- Delete any detail that does not relate to your thesis.
- Replace vague words or expressions with specific ones.

After revising your essay

- Go over your essay once again to eliminate technical and typographical errors.
- Check your spelling.
- Check your grammar: subject-verb agreement, verb forms, tenses, etc.
- Make sure you use punctuation marks correctly.
- Observe the proper essay format: capitalization, indentation and spacing.