**Lecture 1 Handout**

Key words:

 Identity

 Genre

 Narrative

Homework

1. Purchase required textbook: *Understanding Rhetoric: a Graphic Guide to Writing* by Losh, Alexander, Cannon, and Cannon. **You must have the textbook by next class!**
2. Join our OpenLab Group:

https://openlab.citytech.cuny.edu/colemaneng1121d430spring2020/

1. Narrative Writing Assignment Due **Tuesday, February 4th**

\*\*Write a short story or poem that describes a vivid memory that was significant to you or reveals something about who you are as a person. In your piece, include sensory details (descriptions of sights, sounds, smells, tastes, physical feelings) to help the reader imagine the scene. Represent at least three of the five senses.

\*\*You piece should be about 250 words. Please include a word count at the top of the page. It should be typed in Times New Roman 12 point font and double-spaced.

\*\*Use this piece as an opportunity to introduce yourself to me. Tell me something about you that I might not otherwise know!

**Oranges by Gary Soto**

The first time I walked

With a girl, I was twelve,

Cold, and weighted down

With two oranges in my jacket.

December. Frost cracking

Beneath my steps, my breath

Before me, then gone,

As I walked toward

Her house, the one whose

Porch light burned yellow

Night and day, in any weather.

A dog barked at me, until

She came out pulling

At her gloves, face bright

With rouge. I smiled,

Touched her shoulder, and led

Her down the street, across

A used car lot and a line

Of newly planted trees,

Until we were breathing

Before a drugstore. We

Entered, the tiny bell

Bringing a saleslady

Down a narrow aisle of goods.

I turned to the candies

Tiered like bleachers,

And asked what she wanted –

Light in her eyes, a smile

Starting at the corners

Of her mouth. I fingered

A nickel in my pocket,

And when she lifted a chocolate

That cost a dime,

I didn't say anything.

I took the nickel from

My pocket, then an orange,

And set them quietly on

The counter. When I looked up,

The lady's eyes met mine,

And held them, knowing

Very well what it was all

About