

Huimei Liao

ENG1101

12/19/2023

Final Reflection & Portfolio

Final Reflection & Portfolio

Before taking this course, I had this idealization that all of the papers needed to be perfect even for the drafts. However, after reading “Shitty First Drafts”, I realized that perfect first drafts were impossible. They were called drafts so that a perfect final piece could be created. This gave me confidence and relief because I was scared to write a terrible first draft. It gave me the strength to shape my writing for unit 1, unit 2, and unit 3. I have benefited a lot from reading “Shitty First Drafts”. I also learned how to properly do research and make citations while doing unit 2 projects. I learned how to analyze and summarize the research and how to introduce the quote. I was not expecting to be like this because when it comes to English classes I would assume the project would be to write a paper on a research paper. This project would help me in future classes because I would have to do research for classes in the future. I would know how to use the database at City Tech and know how to dig into the internet to find the material I need. In addition, I would have a better understanding of the research found as I was trained to do so for this project. I also learned how to cite the research properly and learned that MLA citations all need a hanging indentation starting from the second line. I am sure that in the future I will be the head of the game because I have all this experience of doing research.

In terms of revision, I want to revise Unit 1 because I think I can do better than the grade I got. I will look over the comments and recommendations. Then I would revise accordingly so I can get a better grade. I would write more about myself instead of my father. Overall, I learned a lot from doing this project and I hope to use what I learned from this

project on future research. I also had a lot of fun while doing the Unit 3 project. I chose street art as the first part of the project. It was surprising because I got to do art instead of writing. This course is truly different and changed my ideology of a regular English class in college.

One quote from my unit 1 project is “ I began to flip open the blanket my parents put on me as a newborn. I slowly wrapped this blanket around my parents and held them as tightly as I was held by them.” This quote was important because it showed my growth as a person. It showed that I was no longer a child anymore and that I had to be independent and strong for my parents. One quote from my unit 2 project is “All in all, even though the battles between the two major political parties: republicans and democrats, will never end, we must remember the fighting is for improvements in America.” This quote is important because it reminds people of the gist of government parties. People must understand that it is not important which party wins. It is more important that America is benefiting from the decisions made by the winning party. Lastly, one quote from my unit 3 project is “...they have the right to know the truth regarding global warming instead of being lied to by the government as the Republicans refuse to believe that it is a real thing.” This was important because it is a very serious issue. The Republican side of the government can influence their followers. In other words, misinformation about climate change would be spread among people who identify as Republicans. All in all, I had a lot of fun taking this course. I wish to use what I learned in this course in future courses. I learned how to read like a writer, do research, and analyze research. I enjoyed writing the projects and look forward to challenging myself in the future using the knowledge I obtained from taking this course.

Unit 1:

<https://openlab.citytech.cuny.edu/pennereng1101fa2023d420mw10am/2023/10/19/hiumei-liao-u1-writing-assignment/>

Unit 2:

<https://openlab.citytech.cuny.edu/pennereng1101fa2023d420mw10am/2023/11/09/hiumei-liao-unit-2-annotated-bibliography/>

Unit 3:

<https://openlab.citytech.cuny.edu/pennereng1101fa2023d420mw10am/2023/12/07/hiumei-u3-part-12/>

Revision Unit 1:

Father's Back

My father has always been strong and hard-working in my memory. However, in the spring of 2020, he began to bend over like a shrimp. He always curled himself up in bed, trying to decrease his pain. Due to the pandemic, my mother was the only one supporting the family. My responsibility was to take care of my father since he refused to go to any hospitals. However, I didn't do a good job of taking care of my father. I failed to understand how seriously the sickness had broken him mentally and physically. I treated my father like a healthy person instead of a sick person. Naively, I thought my father would get better soon and everything was going to get back to normal soon. However, everything changed as I saw his ribs showing through his chest. I realized his back was so thin that his spine poked through his skin. My heart dropped again as I moved my eyes upwards towards his face. His eyebrows were twisted together in pain. His eyes sunk in his eye sockets like the bottom of a well. His cheeks were dented like it was chopped away. I questioned myself deeply, where are my father's full red cheeks? Where are his brightening eyes? All these images screamed at

me, forcing me to face the reality that my father was severely sick. He was on the thin line of death. This sickness could take away my father at any time.

Due to the pain my father was having, his personality changed drastically. He became aggressive and constantly yelled at me when taking care of him. His personality changes also caused many fights between him and my mother. I was constantly stuck between their fights because the only ending of the fights would be my mother crying that we should go back to China and I should quit school to go back with her. I was terrified every single time because I didn't know how to comfort my mother and I didn't want to go back to China. I had an older sister who was also living in NYC. I cried to my older sister for help, but there was nothing she was able to do. She gave the best advice she could — stay quiet and don't get involved in between their fights. I felt alone and scared. I didn't know when this would come to an end. The only thing I was able to do was put my head down and focus on helping my father recover while doing schoolwork. I almost went crazy because it was a very difficult time. I was basically a person split into multiple pieces trying to help out and take care of my father.

At the end of May 2020, my father was rushed to the emergency room for surgery. Since I was the only English speaker in my family, I had to squeeze out every little time I had to translate for him over the phone. Physically being there with him was not an option at the time due to COVID protocols. When my father returned, it was again my mission to take care of him. I would clean his wounds and change his gauze every day because I was the only one able to do it. My mother, on the other hand, was scared to look at the wounds on my father's stomach. I was responsible for connecting with his doctor, managing his medicine, and scheduling his second surgery. It was a horrible experience for me, especially when I also had online school going on while taking care of him. I felt alone and hopeless. Still, I was happy to see some physical features of my father slowly returning to his original state. I felt

like my life was finally back on the right path and that I could stop being an adult for my father.

Finally, as time passed, my father was ready for his second surgery. It was stressful. My heart went up and down like rollercoasters from the news about my father. I was terrified by the sounds of monitors beeping and the sounds of nurses speaking. Every word that came out from the nurses and doctors felt so cold that it froze my blood and took away my ability to process anything. Luckily, my father was able to get through the recovery. As a process of taking care of him, I skipped classes to translate for my father during doctor's appointments. However, my father was angry with me. I remember clearly this one day when my mom got off work and I finished the school day, we both went to the living room to chat. My father lay weakly on the bed in his room and cried, "I am dying here and you only care about your stupid education. You are trying to murder me by making me wait for my doctor's appointment". I was devastated and didn't know how else I could smooth out my father's anger. Although my mother backed me up against him, his words remained in me like a needle, pricking me day and night. Looking back now, I understand that he was mad at the situation he was in. However, it still traumatized me and it hurt me deeply. After this horrific experience, I finally began to taste the adulthood waiting ahead of me. I realized I needed to be more than just my parent's child. I needed to be the child they can rely on as they get older. I began to flip open the blanket my parents put on me as a newborn. I slowly wrapped this blanket around my parents and held them as tightly as I was held by them.

To the present, my father has survived the sickness. He still needs to have follow-up meetings with his doctors and take medication to control the disease. I take it as my responsibility as I am the only one they can rely on. I manage all his medical-related things, such as medication and making doctor appointments. This event has changed my way of thinking and viewing the world. For example, in fall 2022, my freshman year of college in

Long Island. It was the first time I left home and had my own control over decisions. The process of taking care of my father has made me survive my first year of college. I was able to manage time better and I was able to take care of myself instead of causing trouble to my roommate. It benefited me in college to be more on task and manage to finish every assignment on time. Even though I was away from home, I still had to make time for my father as his doctor needed translation from me through video visits. I sometimes also need to make time to go back to the city to walk him through his doctor's appointments and rush right back to Stony Brook University for my education. It is tough, but I manage to push it through as hard as I can because I am the only one my parents can rely on. It forces me to be a strong and independent person. Even though it was a horrific experience, I am still grateful for the things it forced me to learn and develop.

After finishing the first semester at Stony Brook University. I decided to come back to the city for a lesser cost of education. I was also able to take care of my father easier. However, I decided to move out. Even though my parents were not happy and were very angry with me, moving out was very important to me to obtain independence. Moreover, I was unable to live under the same roof with my parents anymore after going through such chaos. I was traumatized and I needed a place of my own to escape from them. I truly deeply love my parents in my heart. I just had to escape from their endless arguments with each other. I was always dragged in and moving out would be the best for my sanity.