

FINAL PORTFOLIO

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MY JOURNEY

My journey through English was by far the toughest if I can say the least. With the whole corona and pandemic, everything online became more of a struggle than if it was in person, face to face. I do feel like I improvised in my writing since the semester has begun. When I compare my first to last paper, I see my growth academically. I feel like I have grown in my capabilities to write stronger papers in general. I have gained a lot of skills through being in this class and for that my writing abilities have dramatically increased. This English class was by far the funniest class since I started college. I feel that professor Scheeeeermmler made the journey through our class relatively easy and clear on what she wanted us to do. You enjoyed going through the assignments with us. You professor made me come to realize that you don't only love to teach and have your students enjoy learning, but you made us feel mattered. Our voices mattered and our duties aren't only to come learn, submit what's assigned and earn the grade we receive at the end. No, it was more on you made it a life taught process where it'll teach me throughout my future hopefully. Some professors treat us as puppets and hold us by collars but in this class, it made me have a role. I learned so much more than I expected for this being an online class. I was honestly nervous and I thought that I wouldn't be able to achieve academic success in this class because of the lack of student/teacher facetime.

Unit 1:

- ❑ SECTION 1: JOURNEY TO WRITING PAPER
- ❑ SECTION 2: INNER OUTER ASSIGNMENT
- ❑ SECTION 3: UNIT 1 REFLECTION

SECTION 1: JOURNEY TO WRITING PAPER

I LIKE WRITING OR I LIKE TO WRITE?

There are many purposes to writing. The most popular is to inform, to entertain, or to persuade. However, there are many more including to express feelings, explore an idea, evaluate, meditate, problem solve, or argue against an idea. Writers often combine purposes in a single piece of writing.

I like to write things I'd like to tell and when writing one, I need to be in the best environment in order to focus. By the water, alone, beautiful weather may be around the 60s. But since the weather has been so shitty lately in the 40s and raining, I went to my local Dunkin Donuts to write this paper. I saw a homeless guy singing on the side of the road and picking up change hoping his voice can spare him some change to get something to eat. I made my way into Dunkin Donuts and ordered a medium Dunkaccino with a chocolate donut and when I got comfortable, I eventually saw him stroll in. As he was counting his change to buy something, since he may have had \$1 in change, I bought him coffee and a bagel and asked him to sit down with me. He told me a lot about how people are usually very mean to him because he's homeless, how drugs turned him into the person he hated, he lost his mom to cancer, he never knew his dad and he just wants to be someone his mom would be proud of. Along with hours worth of

conversation, this lovely man's name was Chris and Chris was one of the most honest and sincere people I've ever met. After realizing I really need to get to writing my paper, Chris asked me to wait so he could write something down for me. Handing me a crumpled up receipt he apologies for having shaky handwriting, smiled, and left. I opened his note and this was it. "I wanted to kill myself today because of u I now do not. Thank u, beautiful person." As I was done reading his note, I looked up and he was gone. Experiences like this are what allow me to write.

A few things I don't like. Boring papers. My goodness there's never a time where I want to rip out my hair so much until these times. Usually the longest paper assigned is on the most boring topics. When I get bored writing an essay, it's like trying to drive a car out of gas. I get nowhere. Distractions are normal in life, but as a writer they make it difficult to focus. Other times there are background noises from people in your home and they just get frustrating. Along with revision. Ick. I tend to cut through my papers like a paper shredder. And the whole time I wonder to myself "what was I thinking?"

Now for the few things I do like, getting unexpected ideas while typing. YES. When I get an idea, I try to hang on to them but with my brain it will be gone forever unless I focus 100% on the idea until it's committed on paper. I also love it when I get so absorbed in writing that time flies by. I'm lost in the little world I've created. It's almost like going back to being a kid. Remember how you could get lost in what you were playing?

When writing a paper, good and bad habits tag along. One of my baddest habits is the fact that while writing, dozens of different ideas will pop up into my head. This makes it hard for me to concentrate on what I'm writing about. I usually will stop writing about a current point and start writing about something else, telling myself I'll come back to it and flush out my idea. I feel

like this is my biggest weakness and I am trying to improve in it. My greatest habits in writing are my vocabulary and grammar. I enjoy knowing the roots of words which makes it easier for me to pick and choose the right choice of wording.

Coming into English 1101 with Professor Brooke, the one thing I feared was 7 page essays and perfection and all those skills I don't have assigned to one paper. But luckily she told us straight off the bat; "you guys don't have to worry, I don't enjoy reading long papers." She assigned us three papers in total throughout the semester that was only 2-4 pages long on topics that didn't make me sleep half the time. My first paper, I received a B+ and at first I wasn't that upset until I noticed the girl next me received an A. Her paper was one page long when we were told the paper should be two pages, it made me frustrated and at this point I envied her. I spent long nights preparing this paper to receive a lower grade than the girl that had less work and achieved an A. But what Professor Brooke did teach us that never clicked to my mind was, "less is more." She taught us that when writing an essay, less is more and ever since then I made sure I included all the information in the least words possible and believe it or not, the papers that came after had "A" written on the top left corner.

SECTION 2: INNER OUTER ASSIGNMENT

January 31, 2020

It's been a long day this Saturday. At first, I attended my Anatomy class which was from 9am-3pm and tired isn't even the word oh boy. But it's currently 3:36pm and something just not only caught my eye but hurt my feelings... I'm sitting at the end of the subway car in the R train, arriving at union street in 3 minutes and a man stood up to make an announcement. "I'm sorry to

interrupt your conversation, no one wants to listen to a person like me but if you can just give me 2 minutes of your time.” As he continues to speak, I realize these three women, a grandmother, mother and a daughter and luggages standing beside them. Right before the man cut us off, I overheard them talk about how excited they are to walk the Brooklyn Bridge. So I’m guessing they’re newcomers. The man was speaking about how he doesn't know if counseling is needed for his relationship with his wife and how he wasn't able to afford it. Personally when it comes to speeches on the train, I really don't buy it, but he was persuasive. I pulled out a dollar to hand to the man and remember those women? Yeah under their breath they mumbled “dont believe it he’s full of shit,” along with “get a fucking job.” I couldn’t believe my ears and the disrespect. If you don't want to offer anyone anything ok that's fine but, the rude comments should be kept to yourself. Words tend to hurt and some people now don’t recognize it.

February 3, 2020

6:40am, phone is going off for school. Fever of 102, head beaming as if I'm banging it against the wall. My whole body is shivering. All this point going to school would be a bad idea but I had to remind myself, this isn't high school where you choose if you want to go or not. 7:03am waiting for the D train, my fingers are still half asleep like the guy sitting on the bench besides me LOL! It’s quiet this morning maybe because it's Monday and everyone stood up watching the super bowl last night. Getting myself out of bed was the biggest battle I had to fight this morning and all I can say to myself is “well done Wala.”

SECTION 3: UNIT 1 REFLECTION

With the process of writing I never understood what the issue was and why I couldn't just figure out what to write about and how to put it into words. I would have so many ideas and thoughts that I want to include into a piece, but when it comes down to writing, my brain just has this flip where it shuts down and it won't load anymore.

Back in 11th grade, my English teacher gave us a topic on racism and I automatically thought to myself, "this should be easy" considering the fact that I had a lot to say. He gave us instructions, 1,000 words being one of them and it was due next week. So I had a whole week to write an essay that was 1,000 words long about racism and I took it as a piece of cake. I went home, opened my laptop and there it happened, my brain just shutting down and at this point I was ready to have a mental breakdown. Like I included in my previous essay, a bunch of ideas would come up while writing and I would pause on a certain point to write another which makes it hard for me to write about what I'm actually trying to say.

In the chapter 'Shitty First Drafts' by Annie Lamott, explains how it takes more than one draft, maybe even two to get that good paper written and helped me realize that I can't expect a writing done once at it's finest. The chapter "Perfectionism" stated, "The bottom line is that if you want to write, you get to, but you probably won't be able to get very far if you don't start trying to get over your perfectionism." So when writing my first unit, when Professor Schmeler told us what our paper was going to be on, I already had ideas on how I would want to complete it. I held onto my thoughts until I got home and began typing, not expecting it to be the best. I

created guidelines with bullet points, noting what I want to be said in each paragraph, that was my first draft. The following day coming into my second draft, I started to write those bullet points out into words and adding ideas, resources if needed and for once I saw a paper getting somewhere. As for the third draft, it was just a touch up, to see what was missing or what shouldn't be included anymore.

Coming into college, I was so terrified of writing essays because I had this imagination of papers being 50 pages long, well typed and explained and if not, it was a failure. But as I'm going through it, it's not as difficult as I expected it to be. College is more about your design in a paper and how well your thoughts are communicating with the keyboard or pen rather than in high school, you are given a topic and it turns out to be complete bullshit. In high school, there wasn't much guidance on how to write a paper, it was more about what the paper needed and to be very honest, I had to use google more than I wanted to.

All good papers start with terrible first efforts. I may not have received the best grade for unit 1 but, it had to be the most well organized and thought out paper throughout all times of writing. Looking back on that paper of racism, so much could have been said by me than what google told me to write. If I were to have someone hold the paper on racism that was 1,000 words long in one hand and unit 1 that was only 750 words in total in the other, they would have thought the racism paper took longer since it has more pages and words. But little do they know, that paper took one endless night and unit 1 took about three days to do. Less is more is what college taught and I'll forever stick by it.

UNIT 2:

- ❑ SECTION 1:DIARY EXCERPT 1&2
- ❑ SECTION 2:ANNE FRANK'S DIARY REFLECTION
- ❑ SECTION 3:UNIT 2 REFLECTION

SECTION 1: DIARY EXCERPT 1&2

Before this coronavirus became a thing, I noticed how people used to be rather than how they're starting to act. I watched how people react to a simple sneeze now, beforehand it was a battle on who was going to scream out "god bless you", now you see people take 7 steps back from the person. Yesterday my dad came home with masks and this was not the original blue mask you see everyone wearing, it was the ones a construction builder would wear and I called him crazy. He told me if I weren't to wear it, I'm not going to school and to me that didn't sound bad but then again, education comes first. When ebola happened, everyone was reacting the same way but this time, worse. Like do you really think a 7 oz hand sanitizer can cure it? No, I didn't think so. But everyone should be cautious because it is spreading pretty fast. Stay clean, sanitized, and careful. But don't let this virus make you crazy like half the world has become.

When they first announced that classes will be held online for the rest of the semester, I couldn't bear how blessed it felt. Knowing I can do it all at home.. my favorite place. I didn't think this virus was that big of a deal and I still don't think it is, but to see how it was able to shut down almost the world, was honestly very shocking. Who knew a virus that has the same symptoms as the flu was going to be handled as a hurricane hitting our city. I came across a video on instagram, a lady, let's call her lady #1, was hunting for toilet paper and couldn't find any, then coming across lady #2, realizing her cart is filled with the toilet papers as she had taken all of it. So when lady #2 wasn't looking, lady #1 took one and lady #2 along with the members she was with, beat her to death. I don't think you know how much of a disgusting world we live in and

how I feel like the media drives these people insane. Toilet paper? Really? I hope April 1st comes and the government pulls a "April fools" on us because this all seems like a joke. As for me, I've been bored out of my mind staying home all day, doing nothing. The last time I went out was yesterday, since last week. I saw this coffee trend on tik tok and needed some ingredients from Walgreens. Just two steps, three ingredients and after one taste.. Starbucks who? (by the way I'm on my second cup ;)) I honestly don't feel productive anymore compared to how I used to feel when coming to actual class by my own two feet. This blessing feels like a set up. It's more responsibility and easy for me to be held accountable for missing anything. It feels more so of being finished with the semester than it is online classes. There's no more ability to do anything when staying home rather than to just eat, catch up on TV shows and sleep.

March 23rd, 2020

Dear Diary,

It's Monday, I woke up very moody. 6:00am, my psychology midterm needed to be taken. 50 questions all required to be done in an hour which is beyond ridiculous. I didn't even get to finish some questions which I'm very upset about and my computer kept lagging. My professor prefers us to call him when a situation happens and it was around 6:44am, I had a feeling he wasn't up but we're talking about my midterm right now so I didn't care. *ring ring ring* thankfully he answered considering the fact that he's an early bird.

Me; "Hey professor, it's Wala Nagi, I was taking the midterm and a lag had happened and the whole website froze and I'm not sure what to do."

Professor S; "I can't help you right now just do what you can do" *beep beep beep*... Did he just hang up on me? RUDE. So much for online classes right!! There were two parts to the exam, the first part was 30 multiple choice, to the garbage by the way.. and part 2 was 20 short answers. My anxiety was over 10000 while taking part 2, praying the lag won't happen again because if it did, my professor would think I'm cheating, which I wasn't. An hour has passed and now it's

7:00am. I technically finished the midterm not including part 1 being multiple choice, not getting to finish because of my stupid laptop, but Professor S. I'm not to blame for my laptop acting up okay, this is my first time taking an online test, so I think a redo is a lot more fair than being hung up on.

8:00am comes and I get an email from my professor; "Here's a redo for part 1 and I apologize for the lag and hope it doesn't happen again. I hope all is well." I kind of forgave him for hanging up on me :) I took the test again, submitted it, and went right back to sleep.

March 24th, 2020

Dear Diary,

About the coronavirus situation, I know beforehand I said it all seems like crap, but around 12:10pm, my father received a phone call from a friend, telling him a friend they both know was tested positive for the coronavirus. My father was in complete shock. I think it all comes to feel so surreal when a person you know is affected by the cause (me right now). He's in the hospital connected to a bunch of machines, a ventilator being one of them. No visitors are allowed to see him. My dad came to my siblings and I and said "we have to take this seriously, no one is allowed to go out, drink after anyone, or have a conversation unless you are 3 feet away from each other." It honestly feels like the clouds in the sky aren't white anymore, the stars aren't glistening and the air feels dangerous to inhale now. I pray for better days and for this all goes away.

March 25th, 2020

Dear Diary,

It's a new day my people and thankfully my father's friend is feeling a lot better. He's able to breathe without support from a machine but visitors are still not allowed. After the incident with my father's friend catching the virus, he decided to lock all the doors because, knowing the sons

he has, they don't care if there's a hurricane right in front of the house or whatever the case may be, they always find a way to be outside.

March 26th, 2020

Dear Diary,

The following day arrives. I slept around 5am, I was on tik tok all night then prayed and forced myself to go to bed. As my body is being annoying, it decides to wake up at 11am. 6 hours of sleep? Really?? I know if school was around and I had to be up earlier, my body would be the hardest thing to fight but it is what it is. I thought I was going to wake up moody since I was on 6 hours of sleep, but surprisingly I was in a very good mood. I made the whole house regular pancakes, with homemade whipped cream and seasoned potatoes on the side. But as for my plate, I added strawberries with blueberries on to my pancakes and a couple of slices of avocados next to the potatoes and of course my coffee. [The famous tik tok coffee](#) that I've been obsessed with ever since I tried it. Coffee hasn't been the same since.



March 27th, 2020

Dear Diary,

10:00pm and I'm laying in bed, sleeping kind of early today because the next day I have anatomy class and he's the only one that does facetime classes out of all of my four professors. Anyways as I'm laying down, we all have those moments where we take times like this to talk to god or perhaps even yourself; I usually speak to god but at this moment it wasn't words that wanted to

come out rather than it was feelings being felt. I'm scared. I'm scared of how the world is changing and how everyone is living under fear.

Just yesterday my mother went to Western Union to send my grandmother, who lives in Yemen, some money. She kept complaining how she didn't want to go and begged my oldest sister to take a trip down there, but my sister refused and volunteered me to go. And with a loud voice the words "NO" come out of my mother's mouth. Why? Because I have a very weak immune system and it'll be very easy for me to catch the coronavirus. So whoever is really on lock down in this house, it's me. My brothers still take trips down to the store and I get so jealous. I think to myself; "Does the air still feel warm on a cold day outside." "God whatever you're cooking outside.. It's done." "I just want to feel free again."

March 28th, 2020

Dear Diary,

My mother started feeling very odd this morning. She kept uttering the same words. "I feel so cold" "I'm feeling kind of dizzy" "I want to lay down" for minutes now, *GASP* "she went outside yesterday and now she is feeling sick" "what if she has corona" "should I touch her..." All these thoughts rambling in my mind, I yelled for my dad. He comes down the stairs and with their fear of my weak immune system, the first thing he says is "wala get away from her." I'm not the problem right now dad, focus on mom.

He laid her down into the living room and asked her to describe what she is feeling and she said the same things she kept saying throughout the day. I said "maybe it's her sugar and it's probably low." My mother has had diabetes since she was young and is very careful about what she eats, but it was 2pm and she's a coffee lover and I'm guessing instead of having breakfast, she had several cups of it as usual on an empty stomach. Luckily my older sister and I were up late last night and were bored so we went on google and searched up how to make cheesecake. So we cut her a piece and left her alone for an hour.



April 1st, 2020

Dear Diary,

Happy April fools day!! Now what better way to start the day than with pranks? I'm called the clown in the house because I tend to have too much fun compared to my other siblings. They're too serious for me so I crank it up a bit with some laughter.

My family is obsessed with soda and I'm talking OBSESSED! My mom would literally go to her weekly grocery shopping for snacks and all that good stuff and she wouldn't come home without bottles and bottles of soda. My mom would hide them after putting the groceries away because we'd go through a soda bottle not in a day but within 2 hours. During dinner time, I heard my brothers screaming for soda, so I quickly ran to get it and poured in 2 tablespoons of salt. It wasn't out of evilness but it was just for fun I guess. I didn't add much for the whole soda to go to waste, I added salt per each cup served. My oldest brother automatically knew something was up because I was laughing the whole time so he just sniffed it and put it aside. My younger brother chugged the hell out of it and didn't say a word and I thought to myself "what the hell, did I not put enough salt???" So I ignored it and went to my last victim and it was by far the

funniest one. I watched him pick the glass of soda up and take a sip and he looked confused at first as his eyebrows raised then gave it another shot and went in for a bigger sip and spit it back out and yelled out “IS THIS EXPIRED SODA? WHY IS IT BITTER?” and ran to check the date on the soda bottle. I couldn’t hold my laugh any longer and just dropped to the floor. He tried to force me to sip from the salty soda and chased me throughout the house. APRIL FOOOOOOLS!!

April 2nd - 6th, 2020

Dear diary,

I’m sorry for not updating you on what’s going on and to tell you the truth I’ve been obsessed with this turkish show that my friend begged me to watch.

It’s all about Miran (main boy character) seeking revenge for his parents. He plans to marry the daughter Reyyan (main girl character) of the family who were responsible for the death of his parents. But he was aiming revenge at the wrong people due to the lies his grandmother built into his head ever since he was a young boy. Unexpectedly he falls in love with Reyyan, and the whole plan is ruined, leaving his grandmother upset.

They are 39 episodes and it’s 2 hours long per episode. My sister and I are on episode 26 and are by far obsessed. We wake up watching the show and sleep till 3am going to bed with our blood boiling because, each episode ending always leaves us speechless.



April 7th, 2020

Dear Diary,

Good morning, it's 12:06pm. I watched my father's story on whatsapp and saw he had written "may your soul rest in peace" in Arabic. So I automatically got off my bed and looked for him around the house and saw my mom crying on the phone. My heart feels so heavy. The friend of my father who tested positive for the corona had passed away. He passed away Saturday but my father was just told today on Tuesday. What's crazy is we were receiving more hope by the day being told he was doing better and now he's gone. *إِنَّا لِلَّهِ وَإِنَّا إِلَيْهِ رَاجِعُونَ* (Verily we belong to Him and verily to Him do we return) is a verse we say when someone has passed away in the muslim community.

May 4, 2020

Dear Diary,

It's the 11th day of Ramadan and all I have to say is, this is the fastest one yet. It's not as hard as the past years were and I can't place my finger on explaining how.. Maybe because we're home now and we don't have to be as motivated much? Like going outside, having to be up early, or having to force energy we didn't have on things we looked forward to doing in our daily basis lives.

Ramadan isn't all about not eating and starving but it's the month of forgiveness. To us muslims, this month is the best month throughout the whole year. During the month of Ramadan, muslims fast from sunrise till sunset everyday for 30 days. The fasting is a natural and effective way for the body to detox and revive the life itself. But it only happens if you follow a light eating plan. Normally when people fast, they're starving so much that when it's time to eat... they tend to overeat. With overeating I realized, you get more sleepy and have no more energy. Sounds crazy right, but it's true. It's happened to me plenty of times. Water is what I tend to go for when I feel thirsty because caffeine such as soda and I'm pretty sure you guys remember my family and our obsession with soda.. Soda gets you more thirsty during the fasting hours so I prefer water or lemonade that we make at home.

Ramadan is a busy month and some of us cut back on sleeping hours to make more time for good deeds which is amazing. The five prayer timings are; 5:00am (sunrise), 12:00pm, 4:00pm, 8:00pm (sunset) and 9:00pm and I'm not being specific with the timings, I'm just giving the timing around it. We're allowed to eat at 8:00pm and as each day passes by, a minute goes up which means the days get longer.

My family and I stay up till sunrise time to eat until the time being and sleep throughout the day. We just get up during prayer times because if your prayer is not made, your fast is not counted. We perform our prayers and go to sleep having the prayer before sunset to be our time to get up and prepare the food. It's a life lived cycle when Ramadan comes, one routine and we stick with it.

May 5th, 2020

Dear Diary,

After eating around 8:00pm, my brother and I went to 7-11 since it's the only thing in the area that was opened and went to get slushies for everyone. I haven't been outside since school was shut down and let me tell you the mask is so uncomfortable that I had to remove it here and there in order to breathe and my brother would yell and say put it back on.

After walking into the store, we prepared 6 cups in total for the slushies. As two girls, a mother and daughter were 6ft apart waiting for their turn, the mother yells out "Can you hurry up you're taking too long!" I responded with "I just got here so you can be a little patient." She said "I've been waiting here for 5 minutes and you've been playing around." I looked at her and pointed at what I was preparing because 6 slushie cups isn't a fast thing to prepare rather than just getting one. In a loud voice I said, "I have a lot to buy so you can wait." I didn't want to react the way I did but disrespect wasn't necessary, there were so many other ways to approach someone.

As we were paying, a customer was yelling at the worker, "there's a homeless man outside wanting food and you guys are doing jackshit, I am going to sue you guys." I couldn't believe what was going on and how crazy these people have become. Staying in the house for too long has gotten people acting reckless... I just want the world back to the way it was because the way it's looking now, I hate it here.

May 11th, 2020

Dear Diary,

Just two more weeks and there you have it, the semester is over with. I feel like this semester has gone by so slow due to the corona thing and making things online. This isn't how I visualized my first year of college to be.. I hate that we couldn't finish the semester with each other in person. This class was by far the most fun and energetic class I had been in.

Last semester, English 101 was boring. Truth be told. No one there had a voice or any type of energy to learn and I didn't communicate with anyone there compared to this class. Everyone was there to get the job done and leave and I realized as the semester was getting close to the end, people stopped coming. The semester started off with around 30 colleagues and ended with probably 11. My professor barely showed up and when she did, you'd think she would give us so much work to fill in her absence. Nope, she came back with less work on her hands. I went into that class with so much to want to learn and left with A's on papers I bullshitted on. The one thing I enjoyed in her class was a paper based on a document she had us reflect on. It was called "The writing on the wall." She had us watch the video in class and I was half asleep at that time. I remember not getting enough sleep that night because of an exam I studied my ass off just for it to be cancelled. She had us compare the video and the written document and see which had more information. I ended up getting an A, following all her rules and outline she had given while the girl next to me received an A+. Her paper was only one page long when the paper was told to be two.. After speaking to her, and I didn't speak to her to bash on how unfair it was but really what my paper was missing on and therefore, she made me understand that less is more when writing a paper. If there was one thing I learned in english 101, it was that. "Less is more."

SECTION 2: ANNE FRANK'S DIARY REFLECTION

The diary of a young girl, Anne Frank. Brings me back to high school days when I was assigned to read it but was never actually reading it if you know what I mean. But as I'm re-reading it, I'm picking up the pedals of information my brain had not paid attention to.

Anne Frank was a Jewish teenage girl. She lived with her family in an attic in Netherlands, hiding from the Nazis and kept a diary with her. Sooner or later, they had gotten caught by Nazis and they were sent to Auschwitz, which was the worst Holocaust camp there that led Anne and her family to their death. She was just a girl that found herself in some awful situations. Anne receives a diary for her 13th birthday and names it "kitty." She treated it as if it was an actual person which was adorable in such a way. She entrusted it with all of her feelings and thoughts which is relatable to my writing strategy. Not only was her diary filled with the horror of the war but she enjoyed writing about others and her experiences. The diary she had kept with her was a way for her to write down all her feelings, fears, hopes, and dreams. With all that Anne and her family were suffering from, she was a really happy and cheerful person. As she says herself; "How wonderful it is that nobody needs to wait a single moment before starting to improve the world." Anne always stood positive despite what was going on around her which people now and days should focus on. !!!More positivity!!! This coronavirus lockdown thing has everyone going crazy man. Before all this, everyone would complain about wanting to be home or not getting enough sleep because of the endless nights they had."I wish I can just go home", but now everyone is complaining that a bit of fresh air would revive the soul. They won't see the positive outcomes of it. More quality time with your family.

My father used to work from 5am-3pm and I still won't manage to see him because everyone has their own schedule. But now that he's home, I am home and everyone else home, I can't describe how amazing it feels to have everyone here spending every bit of time they can before this is all over and we go back to our daily living lives. Her diary "kitty" was her only resource as a friend to communicate with since she had no one else and I'm pretty sure everyone can relate to that. "The nicest part is being able to write down all my thoughts and feelings, otherwise

I'd be absolutely suffocated." Whether it's an object such as a diary or a human, we always somehow express our feelings or else, we would go psycho. Personally for me, I don't tend to write my feelings in a diary but I'm not saying there wasn't anything I couldn't relate to with Anne's writing skills. She used her diary to write down history rather than the generation we live in where once a downfall happens, we turn to "twitter" "instagram" "facebook" and etc. I loved how for such a young girl she had an exocitic mind. Such a strong hearted girl that spoke loudly than the words in her diary.

SECTION 3: UNIT 2 REFLECTION

Throughout this journey of Unit II made me improve my writing much more than expected. I started to just write everything into my laptop rather than just take everything and put it into better words for reading. I realized my heart speaks better than my mind. I started wanting to write and now see it as a force. Writing is like a recipe, when making something you need ingredients and make sure the flavors combine well with each other. Now they always say your first batch comes out not the best but then you learn from your errors. That's what's writing all about, trials and errors and all done with love. However, my biggest struggle was being consistent with it. With this whole quarantine being held and staying home for classwork now is very distracting. I have to be up very early, like around 7am to get my work done. But waking up very early is way harder than trying to concentrate in the house so I do all my work when everyone is asleep. I found it being more handled around this time. With all that being said I believe I deserve an A.

UNIT 3:

- ❑ SECTION 1: YOUR SKILL/INTEREST
- ❑ SECTION 2: PAIRS ASSIGNMENT
- ❑ SECTION 3:
 - (A) REFLECTION ON YOUR PAIR
 - (B) OVERALL REFLECTION

SECTION 1: YOUR SKILL/INTEREST

Wala Nagi

MY SKILLS/ACTIVITIES ARE...

1. Cooking
2. Makeup
3. Organizing

1. Here You will tell us a little bit about WHAT YOU ALREADY KNEW BEFORE the confinement/what your experience has been with this skill/activity.

Makeup was never a thing for me when I was a kid. I was only into lip gloss, that's it. I remember telling myself, "when I grow up I will never wear eyeshadow, it's so ugly." But the reason being said was because I never knew how to do it. Maybe the reason for not knowing how to do it was because I barely had much makeup. I didn't know what I was doing with the product's I had at the moment, so it wouldn't turn out very nice. But now having the right product's and right tool's, makeup has become an activity to me.

Most of the time I just walk out of the house with literally just face cream because I have nasty dry skin and some chapstick on. But there's other times where I want to be kind of extra and wear a little makeup and every time I do, my mom hits me with: "you don't need makeup, you're beautiful without it. Don't think you need makeup in order to feel beautiful." Sometimes makeup is put on to feel a little better or have more confidence, but no girl out here believes she needs makeup in order to feel beautiful. People see it as a way of girls covering up their insecurities. It's not, MAKEUP IS ART.



2. Here You will tell us *SOMETHING NEW* you learned about it during this confinement period. If you haven't learned anything new, then go out now and find out something(s) that you didn't know about it before!

I may not be the best at makeup but I know for sure it's not the way it was when I first started makeup. There's so much I've learnt from youtube and these beauty role models. When I first got into makeup, I didn't think having to own so much makeup brushes was necessary. So owning one I felt like was enough. I would just use one brush for every color I would use. When I were to apply shade onto my eyelid, before dipping the brush into another color, the brush already had some residue from the previous color I used, so when applying, the colors would mix and come off a different color and it was just a hot mess. But now being taught that it's "one brush per color" and having many more brushes in use, the colors when applied are so noticeable and vibrant rather than one brush and colors on top of the others.

3. Here You Will Give credit to *THE SOURCE(s)* of this new information and tell us a bit more about this/these sources and why you like them. Show us where we can go to find them.

When reading about makeup, I didn't know that [mascara goes bad](#). I thought that if the bottle is empty or when applying you see dry peaks then that means it's done and it's time to buy a new one. But online taught me that a mascara bottle lasts only three month until buying a new one. Makeup is very expensive, literally it is where all my money goes.

4: Context/Brief explanation to explain your skill/interest*

Makeup takes a lot of practice for it to become a skill. Trust me I learnt that with trials and errors. Making sure your foundation is the right shade, not too light, not too dark or else people will notice and point it out and make you feel uncomfortable. Understanding what eye looks matches your eye shape and what goes with your face. Some people look so beautiful with winged eyeliner, but for my small eyes it makes me look scary. Nude (light beige color) lipsticks is such a beautiful tone but I hate how it looks on me because since I have very plumped lips it gives my lips an appearance as if I don't have any lol. So dark lip colors are the go for me.

It takes time, patience, and dedication to become good at something not just makeup. I've come to realize so much when doing makeup for a long time and it's been almost 4 years. Every time I apply it, I learn something new and nothing excites me more is when someone compliments my makeup in a party and when I receive a compliment then I know that eyeshadow blending that took 20mins was worth it.

SECTION 2:PAIRS ASSIGNMENT

Hi **Jordy**, don't know if you remember exactly who I am but I'm Wala and I guess we're partners :)

Yea we are, and i do know who you are. I found out that we do have some things in common. Well, i didn't put it as my number one skill but i think this is fine. I love doing art and you like doing makeup. Some things I found in common was that makeup and art does take some skill, is that you are trying to show off what you did to the people around you. Also they both have to do with color. You can also practice or take some classes. And they both do trial and error. You can both get compliments. And yea this is all i got. As for what is different I feel like in makeup you gotta make the eyebrows on point, the cheekbones with the right color, I guess cause if its bad people are going to start violating. As for art you can have some weird art project and some people will like it(This is probably not true). Make is limited and art isn't, it can stay longer than 5 hours. Have to buy different products for makeup, as for art you can have a pencil and paper.

QUESTIONS FOR WALA:

How much are the products you buy, on an average?

Well it all depends on the budget you're at, like in the drug store, foundation costs around \$8, but in sephora it's like 50\$ for a small bottle. Or for lipstick, in the drugstore it'll be around \$5 and in high brands sold in sephora, it'll be around \$20.

When I started makeup, the drugstore used to be the only place I could go to because I didn't have money like that, but now that I have a job and have a good amount of it, I started popping into sephora here and there. But the prices are dragged, sometimes the products aren't even good so the money goes down the drain.

How many times do you do makeup?cause my sister does it as if it's her job or something.

Lol, usually for me, I wear light makeup to school or a nice girls day, but for parties or weddings I wear a lot.

Other times, if I'm on youtube and I watch a video I love, I get up and re-create it. The only thing I do hate is having to clean my brushes, it takes a hot minute just for it to be used again.

How many brushes do you need?

There's a brush for every step you do, for foundation you need a big brush to blend it all over your face but for me I like to use a beauty blender, I feel like it has more of a better finish to it.

And the same goes for eyeshadow, blush, contour, highlight and etc, there's a brush made for each of those.

In total, there's like I would say 10 steps to it, so I'd say you'll need like 15 brushes in total, but us makeup freaks, we like to be extra and have more, from eyebrushes to face brushes.

And Is make up art to you?

Indeed it is, you can do so much. People that are into drawing, love to draw it on paper or paint it onto a board and the same goes for makeup. But we like to draw it on our face lol.

An artist can wake up and say "oh I wanna draw a sunset today" and grab all the right tools and colors and get to work. Same goes for makeup but rather than drawing it onto paper, we'll create it on our eyelids.

QUESTIONS FOR JORDY;

At what age did you start taking art seriously?

When did I start? I started around fifth grade when my art teacher did some graffiti. I took an interest in it because I love the way it had so many curves and design. So after school I would do art and practice on graffiti but he wanted me to start off with bubble letters and that was the beginning.

How long does it take you to finish a drawing/painting?

It takes hours for me to do art. Maybe a day or two. I like to take my time when I do art. Need to know what colors to put on, if i should add more etc.

What are the things you enjoy drawing the most?

I love doing graffiti. It's something that i grew up with and something that i'm very proud of.

What type of tools and products do you need?

The tools I use are a piece of paper, pencil, and markers. These are the products I use but some people might use something else.

How often do you draw? And do you have a specific spot? Because for me, my favorite spot is in my room, doors locked so no one can disturb me and has the best light so I can see my work clearly.

I stopped drawing for a while because it was time consuming and I didn't have any ideas on what to do. I also do this in my room because I have all the space I need here. But must have my music on because it's better to focus.

SECTION 3(A): REFLECTION ON YOUR PAIR

Jordy and I were paired as a team. His skill was art and mine was makeup and we automatically clicked. We started comparing the similarities and differences and I realized, there weren't many differences. Jordy is into drawing, grabbing a pencil and starting to get creative, as for I, picking up a makeup brush was related to picking up a pencil. I compared it to the art of the sunset. For an artist, they would gather all the right colors and tools and start the magic and as a beauty artist is the same. We'd gather the right colors and tools and get to work. His masterpiece would appear on paper and mine would appear on my eyelid, that's the only difference in our skill.

SECTION 3(B): OVERALL REFLECTION

I never knew how much makeup Jordy knew about because I live with three brothers, and when I send them to the store for makeup relating, they would look at me as if I have 5 heads connected to my neck. So I'd have to send them a picture on what I need. But surprisingly, Jordy knew what I was saying and where I was coming from. From foundation shades and how they're supposed to match the color of your neck, or having the brows on fleek or else people would notice. I enjoyed working with Jordy because of the similarities we had. Art is about color and it's dealt with trials and errors. From what I can remember in class about Jordy was, he was never afraid to speak his mind and say his opinions. He enjoyed having his voice heard. Having been paired up with someone that relates to your skill made you learn more about it. It made the journey more interesting.

As for Daniel S. that just recently joined our group. Daniel is into drawing and the way he describes it is fantastic. "Drawing is not mostly skill but it is the will to find yourself to draw, if you believe that you are able to draw this certain thing then you can." Daniel S was that colleague that whenever he speaks, I don't find myself yawning or dozing off. I remember in class, as

Raghda mentioned that even if he speaks about a chair, he'll know how to make it interesting and I couldn't agree with her more. I could never get bored of him while speaking on something. He pointed out how writing wasn't his best skill but when we used to talk in class I felt like he was the best one. His ideas and thoughts used to always amaze me because he just knew how to use the right words to make anything interesting. I wish I had more time in class to learn more about both Jordy and Daniel S.

Sadly the semester has come to an end.. I can't express enough how much I really enjoyed it and having professor Schermler as my professor. You have taught me so much, but till this day, I still think subway "cars" are called "carts" ;) Professor Schmerler, your class was nothing but positivity and compared to my other classes and how hard I had to force myself to get up, this class was always a dedication to go even though english isn't my strongest subject. I do believe I learned with excitement and aimed to do better on my assignments. It's not even about the grade, it's the enjoyment I had in the class itself but, I truly believe I deserve an B in this unit, considered the fact that it was handed in later than the due date. I don't think I'm perfect but for a quiet girl, I did my best at communicating and being active throughout this unit.