

NEED LESS

TO SAY ...

**Some** STORIES FROM THE WRITING TOGETHER CLASS

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## Introduction

This is the second issue of writings by students in “Academic Writing/Writing Together” at the De Paul University’s School for New Learning. “Academic Writing/

Writing Together” is a pedagogical experiment in which students fulfilling their academic writing competence spend an hour of each weekly class session engaging in personal narrative writing as a workshop. Through this innovation we encourage students to embrace academic writing via personal narrative, and to explore the similarities between those two genres. We also reflect on the writing workshop experience through readings and discussion about its popular education underpinnings, exploring the politics of literacy and what it means to be a literate person. Participation in the writing workshop is also meant to prepare students to engage in their own community writing experience – either as observers, participants, writing teachers, or workshop designers.

Following the methodology of the Community Writing Project, we began each workshop session discussing the previous week’s stories, and end the session writing in response to prompts that emerge from the discussion. This term, writing prompts ranged from the mundane to the sublime. Students wrote about standing up to a challenge or facing a difficult loss, a person they admire or their car being towed. Through the group writing process, students drew on initial sketches to develop a story for inclusion in this booklet. In the process they also developed their narrative voice while sharing life experiences, humor, and wisdom.

– *Janise and Michelle*





## **My Two Girls: Both of Them Are Unique**

Adrienne Thomas

My two daughters have similar but different personalities. My youngest daughter is brutally honest, while my oldest daughter will sometimes tell you what she thinks you need to know or what she thinks you want to hear. Both of them speak their mind, except my youngest daughter does it all the time -- and she is not always tactful. I couldn't pay my youngest daughter to tell a lie. Not that I would want to. I just wish she would sometimes think about other people's feelings. My oldest daughter speaks her mind when she has a point to prove or if she is angry.

The funny thing is that both of them are fun-loving, artistic, generous, and like doing a lot of the same activities. They often disagree, but they also love each other.



## **Nissan Fun**

**Bonita Baxter**

One weekday morning in the spring of 2007, I woke up to see that my Nissan vehicle was moved from its parking spot. I thought I was seeing things, so I went to grab my eyeglasses just to make sure that it was not my imagination. Nope, it was for real! I could not believe that the neighborhood thugs had stolen my car for joy riding. I just could not or did not want to believe that someone would do such a thing. I went outside to investigate, only to find my car pushed from its original parking spot. I was not happy! I tried to make sense of why someone would steal my car and then try to park it back in its place. What I realized was that I did hear some banging and sounds of a car crushing in the midnight hours, but I had no idea that it was actually my car that was hit. I called the police to file a report and then I drew my own conclusion that someone who apparently could not drive had forced my car forward to that parking space. Well, the police came and looked at me as if I was some sort of nut.

I tried to play detective over the next couple of days. Whoever hit my car had left red paint on it, so I tried looking for black paint on someone else's red car. That led me to believe that a woman from the same apartment complex whose cars were always banged up had hit my car. Just as I was going to take some pictures, the car disappeared. That was the end of me taking pictures of her car. I am positive to this day she knew that she was my prime suspect. But I had no proof so I had to write that dent off as a loss. My poor Nissan didn't deserve that.

To make things more exciting, I parked my car a little further down, only to then have someone side swipe my Nissan driver side mirror. I rode around for a couple of years with the mirror dangling until I got tired of it swinging and taking off the paint. I finally got that mirror fixed. Then my daughter started driving the car and came home with some more dings. She cracked the headlight and said she hit a pile of snow -- so she says. Well, I'm still driving that Nissan, dings and all.

## **A Charlie Brown Kind of a Year**

Juan L. Latapi

Let me tell you about a world upside down. and it was quite a least.



The year didn't start so starting a new this lovely girl and to be going swell. Well, February was the month when everything started going downhill. Remember that lovely girl? Well, everything changed quickly and the relationship ended when she decided to turn into Charles Manson. Shortly after that my car got towed by the great city of Chicago. After scrambling for money and finally getting it out, someone decided that it would be a great idea to throw a rock through the driver side window. A couple of months later I lost my job (which I had had for seven years) due to some petty situation. This in turn made me lose my car. In September while riding my bicycle to a job interview I got run over by a post office truck and spent the vast majority of three months in bed. The last five minutes of 2010 I was very weary, expecting the roof to collapse over my head.

year that flipped my That year was 2010 handful, to say the

badly; I was relationship with everything seemed

Despite all that, there were still some good things. I started school at DePaul University and made some fine friendships along the way.

I will always remember 2010 as an infamous year that almost robbed me of my sanity. So let's raise a glass and here's to 2011, in hopes that it will be better than its bastard brother 2010.