

Alyssa Mozel

Student ID: 200232906

ELNG 351-010

Dr. Brittany Tomin

18 April 2023

Writer's Notebook Final Submission

My Writing/Language Philosophy

To me, there can be many goals of teaching writing. The goals of teaching writing can be to ensure that students have the writing skills for basic communication, for work environments, to create works of art, and/or to express themselves. While doing this, using a large variety of texts like poems/songs, essays, plays, movies, and more can expose students to several aspects of writing that they may have never considered. The overall goal of English classes is for students to be able to develop all these aspects of writing for future use and enjoyment. My goal as an aspiring English teacher, beyond helping students to develop their writing skills, is to help students become engaged in their writing and see how useful and important writing skills are. Also, it is important for students to be able figure out what aspect of writing they connect with and enjoy the most.

Language is only one of the ways in which people can express themselves, but it is an incredibly important one. The labels, concepts, and connections that language creates are what people use to define themselves. Without the tools of language, there would be no way for us to express and understand who we are or want to be. Further, language can be used to identify,

express yourself, and write about your identity and life in literal, metaphorical, and/or abstract ways. This connection can manifest in the classroom in various ways.

Most students are attempting to figure out who they are and who they want to be when they are in High School. Using writing and the labels and concepts that their language(s) afford them, teachers can give students the opportunity to sit down, think, and reflect on their identities. For instance, some of the most common ways in which students can explore the ways in which language can be used to express and determine their identities is through the creation of poems, journal entries, and short stories. In addition, simply exploring the various ways in which language and its various media forms can be used, created, and consumed can help students become passionate about writing and eventually find a part of their identity within that.

Creation, voice, and agency can be found in all forms of writing, reading, and media. When teaching students effective ways to create any form of writing, students must learn about various techniques, conventions, hooks, forms of structure, voice, etc. that are applicable to that particular form of writing. During this, students should be given examples with these parts of writing highlighted within them. Also, I should show students my own take on that form of writing or assignment and dissect it with them, determining where I used a particular sentence type or where I placed my hook. It is a goal of mine to be able to have a wide range of age-appropriate pieces of my own writing that I can show to my future students.

Learning and teaching about different types of voice, as well as how to properly convey the types, is very similar to how creation is dissected and explored. However, students need to have agency and be able to find their voice within the conventions of a specific piece of writing, whether it be academic or creative. In fact, the agency to choose how to write within a particular form are a large part of what makes every student's writing unique. After students have learned

the basic facts and knowledge of a form of writing, agency is what helps students find their voice and creativity.

Writer's Notebook Entries

("Burning the Old Year" Prompt)

Backstabbed

The daggers of words are hard to remove.
Leaving gaping wounds of sorrow,
Bleeding and writhing with pain.
They take time to heal,
Time to mend.

The worst are the ones left by friends,
By family that betray your trust.
The tether of safety that you once felt,
Is disconnected by one swift thrust.

The pain and blood will eventually ebb,
The wound is stitched, stabilized, and healed.
That dagger will become a distant memory.

After healing you must aim to thrive.
Let that scar only be a reminder,
Of what you once survived.

(Playing With Digital Forms Prompt)

My Condition

Breathing/Aching/The Panic Never Fading

Knives/Chest/Puncturing the Rest

The Doctors/They Don't Believe You

The Doctors/They Don't See You

Suffering/Silence

Everything/Fading

Muscles/Straining

Doctors/Don't Believe

Please

Believe

Help

Me

Br

ea

th

e

(Where do you live? What do you remember about your home? Prompt)

Summer Time

Home is split into three places for me right now. It never used to be that way, but life marches forward and changes will inevitably come. At this point in time, I almost feel like a nomad. Never staying in one place for too long and bouncing between points that I know are safe

and will welcome me with open arms. But before all of that changed, the community I come back to every summer used to firmly be my home. Even just thinking about the summers that we would have brings me back to that time.

When I was younger, my home was the whole town. We would roam the streets and visit the parks and the pool each and every day. The thick, warm summer breeze would rustle the bright green leaves of my favourite tree every morning. When the tree's leaves were at their largest, I loved to hide in them and either read or watch the people walking down my street go by. I usually did this until my friend would text me to come over to her house. After I saw that, my feet would be running on the hard, rocky pavement. I would even time myself some days to see how long it took me to get to her house and see if I was getting any faster. We would play at the playgrounds, and lay in the water-starved grass with her cats, or bunnies, or dogs, or turtle. Really whatever animals she had at the time.

The breeze is the only thing that you would often hear on those days in addition to the occasional sprinkler. The best time to be outside, when it wasn't too hot or too cold, was the time in between the sun hitting the horizon and the sun completely sinking below it. Although, we usually only got to experience that in August since it was so late in the night otherwise. The summer scenery of my home town was always brought about my joy amid that quiet and calming scenery. Or, maybe that quiet and calm is just reminiscent of a time with less responsibilities and the ability to sleep in for hours.

(The Quick Quick Write [Visual Prompts])

***The Third-floor Bedroom* Picture Rough Draft with Comments**

Link to Rough Draft and Comments:

https://docs.google.com/document/d/1Ex-FGK2DcaEyATLH3dd0SFcn9AoCibg2ySNjN_Wmvk/edit?usp=sharing

Some of the comments from Justin appear after clicking this icon. →



The Third-floor Bedroom Picture Final Draft

Oh! How I wish I was the doves on the wall that fly toward the window! Oh! How all of us wish we could be free! I can see all that happens out there for miles and miles and miles. The land attempts to stretch, reach, and plunge into the horizon. But just as I, the land cannot touch the sky. This cage of walls was designed with that window just to torture me. The lattice of vines slither and constrict these walls, making them smaller and smaller each day I spend here. The doves are trapped here too. The uncrossable plane of the window being too solid to cross and too high above the ground to even want to try to cross it. The land, the doves, and I will never reach as high as the birds that caress the sky's dancing winds. The wind weaves and blows through the trees, teasing the ground down below just as the ground teases me now.

Oh! To be free and feel the grass beneath my feet! Oh! To be able to fly like a real dove and caress the sky! All I can do as a lowly human is open my window to feel the cool, entangling breeze. The white curtains flap. My gaze moves towards the doves on my wall. If I were only a magician, I could make those doves come to life, turn them into real birds to keep me company. Of course, I would have to let them go before I was caught. However, I feel as though I would be able to finally live a little again even if I could only bring to life one of them.

Oh! If I were a magician, I would maybe even be able to make those vines expand my world instead of shrink it! I could the braid them and use them as a rope to make my descent out

of the window. I could escape this dreary and boring existence that some call “living.” Is it truly a life if you are held back from doing whatever you desire? From being who you desire to be?

The vines would turn from my demise into my saviour. Oh! If only I could be a magician!

Reflection

In my Philosophy, I mentioned that I would like to ensure that students are able to explore all different kinds of writing as well as find their voices within those writing forms. In order to figure out their voice, students must be able to practice and play with those forms of writing to find what works the best for them. My goals for this semester were closely related to this aim; to explore a greater variety of literary forms and to imbue my writing voice with more descriptive language. In many ways, I do feel that I have accomplished this. I feel more confident with my creative writing skills, I feel more confident with using my descriptive, “5 Senses”, language, and I feel that I have been able to semi-master some new forms of writing that are not essay or work related. I have surprised myself in all these aspects as I either have not explored them, or it has been several years since I have been able to explore them through a class. For instance, the last piece of writing I included has a more experimental voice and concept compared to anything I have ever written. It is a combination between of the one-word exclamations from Shakespeare’s works, some women’s writing from that time period, and a bit of my current writing voice. I really did not believe that I would be able to write with that amount of descriptiveness nor be able to those poems with the voice, messages, and forms that I did. In addition, I am genuinely happy with all the pieces that I have created for this assignment.

I also believe a part of my successes with this assignment came from being able to explore and experiment with my writing voice, just as I did with the piece I just mentioned, without the pressure of creating a piece that is fully presentable in a short amount of time. In

addition, there was plenty of creative freedom with this assignment, so I could fully explore the topics I was interested in. This then ended up further contributing to the development of my unique writing voice. Unique writing voice is also one of the aspects of writing that I would love for my students to be able to develop, because being able to find their writing voice should be integral to a student's exploration of their identity and who they want to become. Through this assignment I was able to take more of a liking to my writing voice as well as become confident enough to play with it and try different perspectives that are not my own. I became more interested in seeing what I can accomplish through my creative writing because of the creative risks that I was able to take. This is something that I would like for my students to also experience, especially the students that typically do not like to write.

As for the future of my writing, I plan on exploring this more creative side of my writing voice and really focus on experimenting with it to see what I can do. In a lot of ways, I have felt somewhat stifled by the seemingly endless stream of essays that I have had to write for the some of the classes that I have taken in the past three years. In other words, it has been great getting back into the kind of writing that I have always wanted to do. So, one of my goals is to focus on making time for more creative writing and experimentation. I aim to try and follow some different forms, rules, and styles to challenge myself and see what I can create. More specifically, I would still like to work with more descriptive, "5 Senses", writing as well as combining that with some dialogue-oriented pieces. For example, I would love to work more on trying to describe emotions without explicitly saying what those emotions are. I cannot wait to see where my creativity takes me!