

## Reflection for ENGL 165

This semester in ENGL 165 I feel that I have grown a lot as a writer. There was a big difference between writing in high school and writing in college. In this class we were given a lot more freedom with our writing topics and what we could talk about. In high school the whole class was given the same prompt. This caused me to grow as a writer because each prompt we were given this semester was extremely independent. Also, in this class we were given a wide prompt and were required to choose our topic to fit the prompt. For me, this presented a challenge that I enjoyed because we were given more freedom to write what we wanted.

I saw myself grow a lot as a writer this semester. I wrote a wide variety of types of papers in different classes. Based on the significance of language, structure, and reference my paper "Sunday Thoughts: What is Pretty?" falls into the social science category of writing. My KINS 205 personal statement falls into the applied fields category and "A Long Life" falls into the humanities category. Each of these papers were written differently. Beyond this I improved my use of imagery and the rhetorical triangle.

Imagery and the rhetorical triangle give the writing more depth and detail along with engaging the reader better. For example in my paper "A Long Life" I used imagery to evoke feelings from the reader. "My legs, aching from the damage to my spinal cord. The chain was so heavy, the collar was too tight. Eating through the flesh down to the bone" (A Long Life). This deep imagery was used to make readers more engaged in my paper. Imagery was present throughout the whole paper. Another use of imagery in this paper was "I lift my head the heavy chain drags, clanking on the ground" (A Long Life). I chose strong imagery for this paper in hopes that my paper would resonate more with the reader and they would remember it. Along with imagery I focused on more effectively using the rhetorical triangle. In high school, we never went into great depth of how to use the rhetorical triangle. The rhetorical triangle includes ethos, pathos, and logos. Ethos is ethics and credibility, I exemplified this in my KINS 205 personal statement by saying, "I work as a non-certified medical assistant. By doing this, I have been able to get hands-on experience by doing a majority of everything a medical assistant does." This established my credibility as a writer in the personal statement because I have first hand experience. Pathos is appeal to emotions. This was seen in "A Long Life." When writing this I tapped into the readers emotions by invoking anger and frustration by saying things like "he storms over limbs swinging. I feel a sharp pain in my left shoulder, another in my right leg. Pain spreads over my body." Animal abuse angers people and in return I pulled on those emotions in readers. Lastly, logos is persuasion and logic. In "Sunday Thoughts: What is Pretty?" I used logic to relate to readers. "I can remember my grandma gave me magazines to entertain me. There were women plastered on every page and they all looked the same, thin, toned, an even complexion" many people especially girls grew up with an idea of how to look. Throughout this semester, in English and other classes, I used the rhetorical triangle to engage my readers.

After this semester there is still room for improvement in my writing. Specifically room for improvement on source and quote integration, improved sentence structure, and more time planning. Through the library resources it was much easier to find reliable and credible sources. However there is still room for improvement. I can continue to develop my quote integration. In my paper "Sunday Thoughts: What is Pretty?" I said, "many people may feel "their bodily self-confidence may increase with their thinness" (Troscianko). On social media we could be found looking at public figures who looked like they had it all." This is an example of one of the ways I did not do the best quote integration. In the coming years, I strive to work on sandwiching my quotes more effectively. Next, I need to work on improved sentence structure. Better sentence structure will make my work sound more polished. In "Sunday Thoughts: What is Pretty?" I said, "these views continued through sophomore year of high school." To improve this sentence I could have expanded on ideas to be more specific when originally writing this paper. Also in every paper that I write I could begin using a thesaurus to prevent using "basic" words. I think this would help my papers reach the next level and sound more college level. Finally, when writing papers I should give myself more time to prepare and for planning. This will allow for me to deeper develop my claim and ideas. In turn, my papers would come out stronger. An example of this is when I was writing my KINS 205 personal statement. Some of the feedback I got from my professor that was that the after college section was a little underdeveloped. I said, "after college, I plan to continue running and going to the gym daily" among other things. Looking back if I had spent more time really thinking about what I wanted to do with my degree after college, this section would have been more developed. I think an outline is a great way to plan out a paper and it really helps with organization and well thought out ideas. This is something I will do in the future.

In ENGL 165 I really grew as a writer. In the future I will be using skills that I have better developed like imagery and the rhetorical triangle to keep my readers engaged. Also I will continually improve on my skills like quote integration, sentence structure, and better planning. These will all help me write stronger papers. Assuming I will be doing a lot of research as a

kinesiology major things like quote and source integration will help me strengthen my argument. With better sentence structure I will sound much knowledgeable by having better diction. By better planning my papers, I will stay more on track and be able to produce a more developed paper with better research among claims.

### A Long Life

Another day, waking up to screaming, banging, and yelling. I can hear it from outside. As I lift my head the heavy chain drags, clanking on the ground. The door flies open and a large man comes barreling out of the door. I lay quietly on the old, hard dirt hoping he doesn't notice me. He turns around yelling things at the house. In the midst of chaos his eyes lock mine. He storms over limbs swinging. I feel a sharp pain in my left shoulder, another in my right leg. Pain spreads over my body. I lay down hoping it will end. I let out a bark and a low growl. Numbness over takes me. My eyes slowly close, I hear yelling in the distance. Is this life?

The day breaks, the sun peeks over the fence. So much effort to lift my head. Soreness creeps over my small body. The chain weighing down my neck. A few barks escape my muzzle until someone from inside yells for me to shut up. I slowly sink back down. My stomach growls longing for food, something more than rocks and dirt. I slowly find my feet and wander as far as I can reach. As I reach the full length the collar digs deeper into my skin. The chain becomes too heavy and I allow my body to collapse back down to the ground. I let out a long sigh and close my eyes once again. Days, weeks, and months lump together. Everyday is the same. Yelling and screaming followed by pain. The chain and collar dig deeper into my flesh. My collar is too small for my growing body. Beating after beating my body is sore. Hands and hard objects hit me. My head continually pounds. Dreaming of the day I can run free.

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The vehicle comes to a stop. I don't recognize my surroundings at all. Where am I? A man assists me getting out. This man is different. He's not loud and handles my frail body with a gentle touch. I am led into an area closed off by a fence. There are more people waiting for me. Surrounding me, I allow myself to wander around and explore. There aren't any chains, just fresh grass that I can feel on the pads of my paws. Next, I find myself rolling in the grass. What a wonderful feeling. The new people call me and lead me into a building. There aren't any other barking dogs. Is this a trap? The place is full of new smells. Everyone gently brushes over my body with their hands. Everytime a hand runs down my body I can feel their fingers run through my ribs and down my spine. My body quivers and my mouth drools. I long for food, until someone sets down a bowl in front of me. I slowly savor every bite I take not knowing when my next meal could be, not even remembering my last meal. Pausing, I look around. I have an audience watching me. It is brought to my attention that they aren't yelling, they're speaking with low quiet voices. Tending to me.

In the months that follow I begin to feel changes. My favorite thing - I could count on food. I've even made some friends of my own to play with. My days are full of running free and gentle interactions. Through the next year, my life did a complete one-hundred eighty degrees. Days were filled with lounging with my new small, black fuzzy friend and running though the yard. There was always a human to hold and comfort me with a gentle touch. Grateful for the love and affection, I learned to reciprocate. My favorite part of the day was in the brisk evening, we went for a walk. Walks were always full of new smells and looking at the fox on the other side of the golf course fence. The only set back, my head continually pounds. Of course there are good and bad days but the bottom line is my head hurt. I didn't know what to do. Some days it was so bad I would snap at my friends and get in trouble. As the months progressed some days I didn't even want to get out of bed. I wanted to make everyone happy so I did the best I could. I felt the stress around me. The pain didn't allow me to think right, when I snapped at someone and immediately felt bad. Come to find out, I suffered from migraines. The migraines were a result of pressure changes in the weather. My head...pounding, from the many skull fractures I endured just a year before. Fists and two by fours continually striking my head. My legs, aching from the damage to my spinal cord. The chain was so heavy, the collar was too tight. Eating through the flesh down to the bone. All in the past.

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I hop in the car. I've grown to love car rides. However, this one feels different. There is a strange feeling, the air is heavy with sadness. Everyone gently runs their hands over my body, talking in low voices. We get out of the car in an unfamiliar place. Entering, I can hear dogs barking. My whole family files into a small room. We cuddle on the ground. Someone feeds me

hotdogs. I feel a small pinch in my left arm. Everyone is petting me telling me it's going to be okay. My world starts spinning, everything is in slow motion. My world goes dark. Sunday Thoughts: What is Pretty?

Everyone goes through phases of self-doubt and strong urge to fit in. How do you handle them? What if you're surrounded by this ideology of wanting to fit in from a young age?

From as early as I can remember my grandma gave me magazines to entertain me. There were women plastered on every page and they all looked the same, thin, toned, an even complexion. Starting at a young age I don't think it fully registered what I was looking at. However, these women were seen, societally, as beautiful.

As I grew up, reaching middle school, I started to notice. Not only was it the magazines, these women were everywhere. Social media, billboards, TV ads. I looked in the mirror. Why didn't I look like that? Looking at these women I didn't have long, slender legs. I played soccer most my life leading up to this moment and I had the stereotypical large soccer quads. These thoughts continued even once I started running cross country. I was strong, but was I pretty?

These views continued through sophomore year of high school. A few of my friends and I felt the same way. Many people may feel "their bodily self-[confidence](#) may increase with their thinness" (Troscianko). On social media we could be found looking at public figures who looked like they had it all. It really took a toll on my happiness and overall moral. I felt like I wasn't going to make the "cut." I felt like I looked different in a way. It can be very hard to look at someone and not envy what they wear or how they look. Even when it came to shopping, "because many clothes are designed for thin bodies" (Troscianko). At the time I didn't fully realize that, it's not that I wasn't skinny, I just had a more muscular build than some public figures.

Little did I know, no matter how many pictures I looked at, many of these girls I looked at on social media even though they appeared happy, many were not. I wish I had wrapped my head around this sooner. I remember when Robin Williams died. Not only was that a reality check for society, it brought more light to people who weren't happy. Even some of the women I had previously been looking at, came forward about their unhappiness. That was even a big awakening for me, these people looked so happy but on the inside they were struggling. I started living my life how I wanted to without comparing myself to these other people and I felt so much better.

I think these are all common feelings for young girls looking for their niche in society. As I went through high school, I gained confidence by finding clothes that made me feel good about myself. I surrounded myself with who lifted me up. I started to notice improvements in my overall mood and quality of life. I stopped looking in the mirror and comparing myself to others. However in the midst of my self image battle I had started running competitively. For those who don't know, very fast runners are usually very lean and skinny from the amount of training they partake in. Yet again, I was faced with another ideology that you had to be skinny to be something that people look up to and aspire to be. Except this time you have to be skinny to be fast and who doesn't want to be fast?

I remember working so hard to become "skinnier" in order to look like a stereotypical runner. I didn't look at the fact that I was captain and ran #1 for the team. I was more mixed up in looking like someone who wasn't me. I wasn't focused on what was right in front of me. I had so many things going for me. I stopped fuelling my body. I wasn't taking into account my physical activity level compared to the other girls around me. My sophomore year, my running career plateaued. I wasn't getting any better. I was frustrated and in a rut.

One day something snapped. I just couldn't do it anymore. My body was weak and tired at practice and I was struggling to do daily activities because I was so exhausted. I remember specifically toeing the line at my first state meet sophomore year.

Looking around a majority of the girls were tall and skinny and personally I didn't feel that way. However right before my race, another group of girls raced. The top girls were all shapes and heights. I think something clicked then as I watched some of the best girls in my area race, running was what you gave it no matter how you looked. After that cross country season I have my body time to recover with this new found ideology.

I began reading scientific articles and journals about health and I'm so glad I did. I almost felt an immediate difference in day to day life. Some of the biggest shifts were in training. I started getting faster and feeling good while going it. I no longer dreaded practices for the sole reason I felt like I could fall asleep at any moment. My body and mind began to feel so much stronger.

My senior year I was cruising through every race, I PRed almost every race. I took over a minute off my 5k time throughout the season. *My confidence grew.* After a season like that I had this new found confidence as a new incoming collegiate athlete.

Reflecting on my previous ideas that you have to be skinny to be pretty I can't but see how far I've come. I am mentally and physically stronger. When I was younger and my goal was to be "thin" so I would, what I thought in my mind was to fit in, I didn't realize "a body undernourished loses its strength, its self-cohesion, its intrinsic functional confidence in itself"

(Troscianko). After years of feeling sluggish and tired not only running but doing daily activities, I made a change. I focused

more on doing what is best for my body and not so much as to fit into what I thought people wanted to see. Between gaining confidence socially and fueling my body again, I began to thrive. Works Cited  
Troscianko, Emily T. "Is Thin Beautiful?" *Psychology Today*, Sussex Publishers, 3 Aug. 2017.

#### KINS 205 Personal Statement

I have always wanted to help people through my chosen career, I fluctuated between jobs like an athletic trainer, police officer, and doctor. All these jobs had a common denominator - wanting to help people. After years of being an athlete, I chose kinesiology because not only could I help people, but I could also benefit from the things I learn. I believe being an athlete and working in a doctor's office has helped make me a role model in the field of exercise science.

Being a collegiate athlete at Longwood has allowed me to grow as a person and work on my people skills. I have the opportunity to work with a strength and conditioning coach and an athletic trainer. First hand, I see the impact they have on athletes'. I believe this helps me see what exercise science is all about. Every day I learn something new inside and outside the classroom. Along with the beneficial results of having a training program, I have also felt and witnessed the effects of not doing what is suppose to be done and the way it makes my body feel. With my team, we get involved on campus as well and I enjoy attending the Lancer strongHER meetings. I believe my team and athletic organizations on campus are helping me become a better leader.

For the past three years, I have worked part-time at a podiatrist's office. I work as a non-certified medical assistant. By doing this, I have been able to get hands-on experience by doing a majority of everything a medical assistant does. This experience helped solidify my interest in the medical field. I love everything about the job except the feet. In a day to day aspect at work, I work alongside the doctors and get to watch and help with office surgeries. I think this exemplifies how to be a citizen leader in the field of exercise science because of the experience I have continued to gather. Over the summers and breaks throughout college, I plan to continue working in the podiatrist's office. This will be beneficial because I will be able to apply things I am learning in my classes. Not only have I had hands on experience, but I have also had the opportunity to better my people skills. Working with patients is always an adventure but a very crucial part of the job. One has to be able to relay information from doctor to patient and vise versa. One also has to have good communication skills and to be patient. I have seen my communication and people skills exponentially increase by having this job.

After college, I plan to continue running and going to the gym daily. I love making my own workouts and seeing what my body is capable of. I also like experimenting with different exercises and weight lifting to see what will be the most effective in helping me reach my goals. I believe my degree in kinesiology will help me in the long run because I will be able to relate to people I work with who have similar goals. Also, my training has shifted from high school to college and I am beginning to see an improvement in my fitness level by switching up training. Strength and conditioning is a job that really interests me and, if I chose to go into that field, then I will have first on experience of being the athlete. I believe it is important especially with exercise, to experience what the patients do. It's hard to make a training plan for someone who is training for a marathon when the professional has never run a marathon themselves.