

## Element 1: First draft you brought to class with before any revisions

After writing this short piece for the discussion board, I couldn't stop thinking about all the implications my statement had. This realization has made me feel like I'm trapped and yet free in some odd sort of parallel. As English students, our major, the entirety of our four years in college, is spent studying 26 letters. We pay thousands for this overpriced education—often going into lifelong debt—only to end up as mere English teachers with broken dreams of literature grandeur. It's a sad reality but often true. If you tell someone your major, they automatically assume you're aiming high to be a lawyer, or you haven't accepted the fact that you're going to end up teaching adjectives to some 5th grade class. It seems so grim and I often ask myself why I've chosen this path.

My second choice for my major was chemistry; a stark contrast to my current one. I've always been naturally good at flawlessly balancing equations and properly applying formulas to any given problem, so why would I choose this uncertain future? My parents would have preferred the alternative; their constant disappointment is a constant weight upon my shoulders as they brag about my engineering friends only to turn away from their own daughter. And yet, I cannot imagine myself doing anything else. I don't think any of us can—and that's why we're here. We push forward towards this uncertain future that only contains 26 letters and yet so many unknowns.

When most think of other majors, they see opportunity: a chance to discover something new. Whether it's a science major finding a cure for a disease, or a business major finding a new way to stabilize our economy after hardships, or an architecture major creating a new diagram for cheap and sustainable housing: the possibilities are endless. Yet with English, it's all the same. We read *Romeo & Juliet* and *The Odyssey* and *The Iliad* over and over and over again. There's no room for growth. Every thought we conjure up about each text we read, has already been thought out in a 12 page essay. These works have been around for centuries; rereading the same old thing time after time does not allow us freedom for new discoveries. And that is why the English major is seen to be such a dead end. We are already limited to 26 letters, so why do we further constrain ourselves by rereading the same literary works as our parents and their parents before them?

I became an English major with the intent to create. This idea that while we are constrained to some degree, there is still plenty of room for discovery. I want to bring something new to life, not study the same old texts that have been overused for generations. Whether that involves writing works of my own, or editing and publishing

the works of others, I refuse to end up reading *Hamlet* to a bunch of students who couldn't care less year after year until I retire or die.

Choosing to become an English major is a lot riskier than people are led to believe. We will either end up trapped in this infinite loop of cliched texts, or we will live our life to the fullest by breathing life into new arrangements of words and stories. I hope for the latter but only time will tell.

**Element 2: Second draft that you revised for punctuation. Use ALL the punctuation. Highlight all the new changes.**

After writing this short piece for the discussion board, I couldn't stop thinking about all the implications my statement had. This realization has made me feel like I'm trapped and yet free in some odd sort of parallel. As English students—our major, the entirety of our four years in college—is spent studying 26 letters. We pay thousands for this overpriced education—often going into lifelong debt—only to end up as mere English teachers with broken dreams of literature grandeur. It's a sad reality but often true. If you tell someone your major, they automatically assume you're aiming high to be a lawyer, or you haven't accepted the fact that you're going to end up teaching adjectives to some 5th grade class. It seems so grim and I often ask myself why I've chosen this path.

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been around for centuries; rereading the same old thing time after time does not allow us freedom for new discoveries. And that is why the English major is seen to be such a dead end. Students majoring in English are seen as creative minds – but ironically we are given so few opportunities to create. We are already limited to 26 letters, so why do we further constrain ourselves by rereading the same literary works as our parents and their parents before them?

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**Element Three: Take that second draft with new punctuation, but this time only highlight the verbs, nouns, and adverbs**

adverb

noun

verb

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**Element Four: In a third draft, revise for at least half of the verbs, nouns, and adverbs you highlighted.**

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