



Introduction to Personal Narratives
Expressive and Reflective Writing
 Lauren Antonio
 SMWP Summer Institute 2016

+ About Me

- Graduated with BA in English from CSUF in 2011
- Single Subject Credential - 2012
- Upcoming 3rd year at El Camino High School
- Getting married next May!



+ Express and Reflect Purpose

The writer...

- ...expresses or reflects on his or her own life and experiences.
- ...often looks backward in order to look forward.

Adopted from Bean, Chappell, and Gilliam (2003).

+ Expressive and Reflective Writing

EXPRESSIVE WRITING	REFLECTIVE WRITING
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ■ Shares thoughts, ideas, feelings, and questions about his or her experiences ■ Usually written in first-person point of view – exhibits author's voice ■ Tells the reader how he or she feels 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ■ Moves beyond recounting an experience and into an exploration of how that particular experience has shaped the writer ■ Vehicle for exploring and discovering new thoughts ■ Often looks at the past as a means for looking at the future

+ The 6-word Memoir

- Originated in *SMITH Magazine* – <http://www.smithmag.net>
- Memoir - a historical account or biography written from personal knowledge or special sources.
- Examples:

All things considered, I'm doing well.
The past is forgiven, not forgotten.
Escaped my mother. Trapped by girlfriend.
So the water's deep. Man up.
You're never the same person again. (2011)

+ Some of my 6-word Memoirs...

- She's pretty but hey, I'm funny.
- Talk to teachers. Parents won't listen.
- Join cheerleading and lose your friends.
- Don't cheat on people, only homework.
- Dance, sing, and laugh. Never stop.
- When in doubt, pray it out.
- Read what you want, SparkNote *that*.

+ Your turn!

BEFORE YOU START:

- [6-Tips for Writing 6-word Memoirs](#)

Take 15 minutes to write as many 6-word memoirs as you can.

+ Twitter Memoir

- Students are asked to write memoirs of 140 characters or less (the maximum length of a "tweet")
- Have them draft in class and send on Twitter or use Twitter templates

+ My Twitter Memoirs

Tweets All / No Replies



Lauren Antonio @msantonioENG 7/14/16

Becoming a teacher is basically making an active choice to forever give up your free time, sanity, and heart to 190 students year after year.



Lauren Antonio @msantonioENG 7/14/16

One of my stubs left a note that brought a grin to my face. Said, "There's hope for America," and my heart grew ten times larger and larger. 💖



Lauren Antonio @msantonioENG 7/14/16

Will I always be a teacher? Who knows. Maybe when kids get tired of me. Nah, not even then. I'll annoy them to be excellent forever and ever.



Lauren Antonio @msantonioENG 7/14/16

+ Your turn...

- Take 15-20 minutes to draft your own Twitter memoirs. When you are ready to submit, please type them to:

Twitter Memoirs - SMWP Summer Institute 2016

Respond at [PollEv.com/adeptsands835](https://poll-ev.com/adeptsands835)

Text **ADEPTSANDS835** to **22333** once to join, then text your message

+ Encyclopedia of an Ordinary Life

- Inspired by Amy Krouse Rosenthal's *Encyclopedia of an Ordinary Life*.
- In this book, Rosenthal chronicles her life in the form of an "alphabetized existence." (2005, 35)
- [Some of my entries](#)

+ 6-minute write

GET READY TO WRITE!

I will give you the word shortly.

+ My Name – Sandra Cisneros

- Read Sandra Cisneros' vignette aloud as a class.
- Have students read a second time through with a partner annotating and highlighting for the following:
 1. Short sentences
 2. Fragments
 3. Use of the dash—emphasize information
 4. Metaphor and simile
 5. Imagery
 6. Description
 7. Poetic format
 8. Comma splice

+ Teacher's, Their Name, Your Name

- Read my version aloud to students
- Mark things I did differently and similarly, talk with partner, discuss as class
- Share student examples, discuss as class
- Assign My Name

“My Name”

In English my name means hope. In Spanish it means too many letters. It means sadness; it means waiting. It is like the number nine. A muddy color. It is the Mexican records my father plays on Sunday mornings when he is shaving. Songs like sobbing.

It was my great-grandmother's name, and now it is mine. She was a horse woman too, born like me in the Chinese year of the horse - - which is supposed to be bad luck if you're born female - - but I think this is a Chinese lie because the Chinese, like Mexicans, don't like their women strong.

My great-grandmother. I would have liked to have known her, a wild horse of a woman, so wild she wouldn't marry. Until my great-grandfather threw a sack over her head and carried her off. Just like that, as if she were a fancy chandelier. That's the way he did it, and the story never forgave him. She looked out the window her whole life, the way so many women sit their sadness on an elbow. I wonder if she made the best with what she got or was she sorry because she couldn't be all the things she wanted to be. Esperanza. I have inherited her name, but I don't want to inherit her place by the window.

At school they say my name funny as if the syllables were made out of tin and hurt the roof of your mouth. But in Spanish, my name is made out of a softer something like silver, not quite as thick as my sister's name - - Magdalena - - which is uglier than mine. Magdalena who at least can come home and be Nenny. But I am always Esperanza.

I would like to baptize myself under a new name, a name more like the real me, the one nobody sees. Esperanza as Lisandra or Maritza or Zeze the X. Yes. Something like Zeze the X will do.

Sandra Cisnero

The House on Mango Street

Lauren Antonio
ENED 442, Brannon
T 4-6:45pm
9/13/11

Perfume Happiness Hill Man

Lauren Joy Lacuesta Antonio

The typical American three-name title wasn't enough for my parents. I needed to follow the Filipino way. I'm my father's *and* my mother's child. So, of course, I would take *both* of their names.

I hate it when people have to do a double take on my name. "Last name?" "Antonio." "I said, 'Last name!'" "I'm a little Asian girl. Why *wouldn't* I be called a strong, masculine Spanish name? Sweaty, tan, and a six pack. *Antonio*. I guess since there are a lot of unique names out there—Apple, Moroccan, Saffron (celebrities come up with the weirdest names)—It's not *completely* crazy for people to think my first name is Antonio. But man, when I say it's my last name, that's what it is!

Lauren. Lauren. Laur-en. In literal translation it means, "laurel tree." Why anyone would think that is a pretty name is beyond me. I'm not a hippy. I don't have a particular liking to trees; I mean, they're all right...but to be named after one? They're nice to look at, good for the environment...blah blah blah. I get that. But for a name?

For my parents, "Lauren" is the perfume my mom wore when she and my dad were dating. He thought she smelled so amazing. It entranced him. Pineapple, rosewood, lilac, pretty smell, pretty smell, pretty smell. I guess my name reminds them of their love or whatever. Quite ironic how the perfume is made by Ralph Lauren. I have a guy's last name as my first name and my last name is a guy's first name. Touché, Mom and Dad. Touché.

Growing up as a "Lauren" didn't really bother me. It was a name. A rather *normal* name. Like Jane. Or Susan. But as I got older, especially attending college, I started to think my name didn't fit me. Every other Lauren I've met has been white. I had nine other "Laurens" in my dance class. Each and every one of them—white. Coincidence? Probably. I have nothing against that. But I did not want to be a common Lauren. I'm Filipino and I love being so.

Sometimes I wish I had my mom's maiden name as my last name. Lacuesta. Lauren Lacuesta. How awesome would that be! It flows off the tongue. Perfect alliteration. Like Bob Barker or Marilyn Monroe. And no one would think "Lacuesta" is my first name. Probably because they've never even heard of it before. "So what does that mean anyway? The quest?" For a long time I actually believed that's what it meant. I felt so epic having "the quest" in my long four-word name. But no, it actually means something quite *uncool*. "The hill, Lauren...it means 'the hill' in Spanish." Are you kidding me?

Then there's my middle name. Joy. My favorite part. While my older brothers got "James" and "Timothy" for their middle names, my parents decided on a fruit of the Spirit as my middle name. You know, from the Bible—love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, etc. Joy. The absolute highest form of happiness. The happiness that *God* feels. My brothers got named after *men* in the Bible. I was named in the likeness of *God*. Pretty epic if you ask me.

I'm not a Spanish man. I'm not a tree or a perfume. I'm not a hill. But I am happy. I try to live my life every day with a new beginning, a good head on my shoulders, and a smile on my face. Everyday is a blessing from God and I'm so *joyful* to have the chance to embrace every little part of it. Whether my parents middle named me Joy so I can exuberate that happiness, or whether I'm just a symbol for the happiness they felt when they had me, I am definitely a Joy.

Still,

Lauren Joy Lacuesta Antonio.

It has a nice ring to it, doesn't it?

Jose Ceja

Period 2

Ms. Antonio

18 November 2013

The Novella Stud

Jose Alberto Ceja; a name that says little Mexican boy all over it.

Jose, the Spanish translation for the name Joseph which means, "God shall add". God shall add what? Obviously a lovely little child that everybody loves and adores. I was named after my dad, who was named after a character named Jose Alberto in some old novella. According to my grandma he was "tall, handsome, beautiful, blond just the way I like'em". Ironically my dad and I are neither tall nor blonde, but we're pretty beautiful I suppose. Jose, it's one of the most typical Mexican names one could think of; other than Carlito or Pedro, or some other name you would hear on Sabado Gigante. When I was younger I thought Jose was a really special name since they said it on the "Star Spangled Banner". Yea you know, "Jose, can you see, by the dawns early light..."

I don't really mind the negatives of Jose though because nobody really calls me Jose other than a few of my friends and most of my teachers. When I was younger my family called me Josey (hoe-see), the baby voice version of Jose. You know the "hey josy, hey buddy!" Then one day for no reason at all my dad called me Joe and I had to alter the way I looked at the world and change my identity. Now, to my family and close friends my name is Joe, but to most I am Ceja.

Ceja is probably my favorite part of my name. It just sounds right, "Cejaaa". The sound of it is the only thing I like about it because nothing else about it seems to make sense. I just hate how many people don't know how to pronounce it. My name isn't seja, it's not keha, and it's definitely not Keja which has to be my favorite one of all. I also hate how whenever I check in somewhere or sign up for something they always hesitate to say or do anything and I'm forced to spell it for them before I get a "huh?" or a "sorry". I guess they're hoping that if I say it again letters will come out of my mouth and show them how it's spelled. The translation of Ceja in English is literally eyebrow. That's right Jose Alberto Eyebrow. It might as well be "pestañas" which means eye lashes. One of my friends grandpa calls me that as a joke, it's pretty funny. Then for some reason I know about 15 people that want to make my last name plural and call me cejas, I also know lots of people that thought Ceja was my first name or some nick name somebody gave me.

In the end, I'm pretty satisfied with my name though. When I think of my name I see a strong handsome cowboy riding his steed through the deserts of Mexico with the wind in his mustache. My name is what defines who I am and it's grown on me. I am the tall, beautiful, blond eyebrow from that one novella.

Ditza Guerra

Ms. Antonio Period 2

18 November 2013

Joy, Victory, War, and Brilliant

Why was I name Ditza? Many of my friends as growing up told me my father was hungry when naming me. Just because my name rhymes with "Pizza" does not mean my father was hungry. Later down the years I found out that my dad's side of the family is Jewish and my name is Hebrew which has a beautiful significance it means "Joy". When I was younger I decided to search my name online and the only image I was able to obtain was pizza, I thought "my luck" then years pass until I decided to search it again and my luck was that I don't like to share who I am. My mother decided to name me Victoria why? I don't know she decided not to pick up the phone. My name in English means Victory and I don't like it just because she gave me that name. I am very picky and hold grudges. I don't understand why she would name me Victoria, my brother and sister both start with E and I am the random one out of the punch with a D. So my mother named me Victoria because she wanted me to have success in life and it came from a biblical babies name, so much for that.

My last name is Guerra which means war and then there is Alberto; is means more like a noble, brilliant or a famous person. I once asked myself this "I a brilliant joyful person because of the victorious war?" I always thought that a person with the name of Alberto is a big guy with his belly flopping everywhere when he walks. So much for my imagination to expand and to top it off, the reality is that I am a girl. Many of my friends think I am a brilliant person, but I just think because I do my work I can do better in life. I love my name now because I am one of a kind but isn't everyone one of a kind. I am a unique person and the best part is that my name represents who I am. I am a Guatemalan person with a Hebrew, name.

I am not just a girl I am Ditza Victoria Guerra Alberto in English " Joy Victory War Brilliant" A person full of joy in life, that every battle she has she wins with a victory , and no matter how hard the war is she will fight because the brilliant young woman would never stand and watch but act in life. Yes my name is a unique because I am a unique person, a person that can laugh at every moment in life even the worst problems. I do think my name describes who I am, but I am the one that describes my name. I am a person full of silliness I am a Ditsy I am a winner in life, a fighter in a war.

I think to myself all the time why I have my name, but is no doubt that my name does belong to me. I don't look like a Darlene, or any other names. I look like myself. I am who I am for a reason. Victoria is a Latin name but I always feel like a princess. My family has never used my first name just Victoria, Vicky, Pulga, or princess. Am I so unique know? I do so many silly things that are not even funny, Ditsy truly belongs to me "I am a scatterbrained." It's so funny because if you ask any of my friends they would say the same thing or just embarrass me, joking I can do that myself. I love my name know "Ditza" and I am a true Ditsy I really don't think before I do any of my actions. For my best friend/sister I almost pulled my pants down just because she was crying. Ditza Victoria Guerra Alberto hmmm... Alberto matches me to, I am a noble I am a fighter and if know the true me I am a sweet heart. Not a bully, not Russian, and not even a white girl. Face it know one can rock my name like I do it. I am the true Ditsy, the true warrior.

Tommy Huynh

Period 2

16 November 2013

For the Huynh

My name is Tommy Le Huynh. Tommy is of Greek and English origin and it means "twin". Which I don't really think fits because there can't possibly be anyone with the exact same name as me. I really like my name because it is short, easy to spell, and easy to remember. For some people when they hear the name Tommy, for some reason they automatically think of some white guy, but when they notice that I have the skin tone of a lemon, they realize that I am actually Asian. But most of the time they think of that one kid from the Rugrats, which is odd because when I think of the name Tommy.....I also think of that bald, toothless kid. Hopefully, I don't become like that kid when I grow old.

I was sort of named after my dad, his name was Tom. And likewise my sister, Jennifer, was named after my mom Jenny. So Tom, Tommy and Jenny, Jennifer. At least I won't be able to forget any of my family members names. Overall I am pretty happy with my name but there is one thing that I don't like about it. It sounds like a child's name and I don't feel it would stand the test of time. By that I mean that it would sound pretty weird to call an adult Tommy. Like if I had employees who called me Tommy, it doesn't ring authority, it's not a strong name that a boss would have. Maybe that's why I like to make all my usernames and emails named "Tomminater" or "Mr.Tomminater", now that's manly.

My middle name is "Le", which I actually really like. But when people hear it they think I'm like The Crouching Tiger or something and automatically assume that am like related to Bruce Lee or Jet Li, and I'm just like no....you racist. But I guess being thought of as a descendent of some really famous martial arts fighter is a good thing. People will think that I have some kung fu hidden in me but in reality....I do.

My last name Huynh, is actually a pretty common Vietnamese name and it means "to break away from monotony". Which I notice that I do a lot so that things in my life don't get to boring. Throughout my life, Huynh has always been misspelled or pronounced incorrectly, I guess that's the curse of having an Asian last name. People usually say "Hunyah" or "Huyen", but its pronounced like the word "win" but with and "h" in front, so "hwin". The fact that is pronounced like the word "win", I take it as a good luck charm that will help me succeed. So I guess all in all, I am a bald, toothless kid that knows some crazy martial arts, but it is doomed to be a walking mispronunciation.

Tiffany Lin
AP English Lit
Period 05
November 15, 2013

Nuances of My Name

For some reason, teachers pause after calling out my name in roll call. Sometimes, when my friends call out my name, other people turn around. Tiffany Lin. I guess it's because it stands out, sharp like a bell. But I like that. I like standing out among the boring Toms, the unremarkable Bobs, and the mundane Ashleys of names.

Two things inspired my first name. One, obviously, was from the store Tiffany and Co. It's known for its luxury and expensiveness, my mother told me, you won't be one of the low female ninety-nine cent trash that men throw away. (My mom is amazingly direct.) And, just like the diamonds in the store, you will always be pure, crystal-clear. Clear-minded, yes, I am, but sorry Mom, perhaps not in the way you imagined. I'm not afraid to tell someone to shut up, and I will not hesitate to speak my mind. Yep, I'm crystal clear.

My first name was also inspired by Donald Trump's daughter, Tiffany Trump. This, I admire. Donald Trump admires what our family can only dream of, and really, what *anyone* can only dream of: wealth and power. What came with my name Tiffany came with the idealistic hopes of the chance of great success, the great American dream that my parents held in their heart when they came to America.

But one thing seems to be missing from my name. I have no middle name. My friends have many. Sometimes, when my Latino friends spew their entire name, like Amanda Gutierrez Lopez Escalante Gomez, it's like a superfluous poem. Beautiful sometimes, but confusing in its entirety. I liked my name, but I wouldn't be unhappy with a middle name. My parents believed, why do you want a middle name? You only get a middle name if you're married. Are you married? It's an Asian thing. But sometimes, I stare in irritation at the missing "middle name" spaces on tests, on forms, on my college application, because I hate leaving those empty blank spaces that stare at you back, like it's information you don't know.

I am particularly fond of my last name. Lin. In Chinese, it means "forest". But it means so much more than "forest". My last name is dripping lovely with the bloodshed of history. In the 11th century, a subversive, Zhou Lin, slit the throat and disemboweled the corrupt ruler at the time, and fled to a forest, which was later given to his family and entitled under his name, "Lin". While I'm not particularly an extremist, I like that my name actually signifies something. It counters my apparently cute first name, if you know anything about my last name.

Unlike many people I know, I have always loved my name. But I think it's because I've always held my name in esteem. When others say my name, they say, "Oh, I know her. The smart one?" "She's one of the smart kids." My name didn't come easily with such honor; it's the name that I've tried to make of myself, with the struggles and hard-earned accomplishments I've fought for in all of my sixteen years. My name may have some historical meaning and may have been inspired by some acclaimed person, but I fight for the meaning that it has today, my own meaning of my name, smart, able, competent (I hope), and by my hard work and effort, I hope to add more meaning to my name, Tiffany Lin.

Zulma J. Gutierrez

Period 5

November 18, 2013

Ms. Antonio

Not Mexican, Not American

Who am I?

Nobody ever knows. Not the internet. Not my parents. Not even me. You see, when I type in my name, "Zulma was not found" is what I usually get. Until I finally go in a Spanish website and it gives me an idea of what my name means.

It tells me it's Arabic. I think, "Arabic? It sounds pretty Mexican to me". It also says it means health and strength. Well I do have both, but that's about it.

My mom says my name is beautiful, unique, a representation of me. I look at her and nod, pretending to know what she means. I think, "Ha! You only say that because you were never last in line because your name started with the 'Z'". She named me out of a combination of Zuleima and Zulema. Apparently she got creative and thought, "hey I am just going to remove the 'e'".

My name isn't Arabic, it's Mexican. A name obese with thick accent. Zuuuuul-ma. Not 'Sulmah'. No, not 'Sumo wrestler' either like I used to be called for being fat and well, a Zulma. Zulma, plain and simple. A very Mexican name that usually comes with a wrinkled forehead from every sub.

Janette.

Okay, I like this name. Its nice, simple, and the double 't' makes it look important. It is very American. Easy to spell and easy to pronounce. Janette, yes sweet. It is nothing like Zulma, pronounced in Spanish. You don't say Ja-ne-te, you say Janette.

It means full of grace, strong but sensible. It means 'a gift from god'. I love my middle name, it is a label of my personality.

My mom choose this name, but never knew why. I think she just closed her eyes and picked a random one from a list. But this one is okay, because I like it.

Gutierrez.

The internet says I am royal. I don't really believe it. It also says my last name comes from Spain, well it must be true then.

There isn't much importance in this nine lettered last name. Except maybe that I hated it for being too long back then when I was beginning to write.

However, I do like the double 'r' it has. It forces anybody that reads it to try rolling the 'r's'.

Zulma Janette Gutierrez.

My name, my very own name. All together, I like it as it comes together like a small puzzle. Together, my name transforms into a meaning in itself with who I am. Just in case you haven't noticed, I am Mexican, but I am American too. I am Mexican-American, a person of two backgrounds, cultures, and traditions. Not from there, nor from here but from both.

'Zulma' is Mexican, and 'Janette' is American. 'Gutierrez' is just long. You see it? My name is exactly who I am. I am Zulma Janette Gutierrez, a girl that has difficulty searching for her name, because this name is hers and only hers. It used to be ugly and dull, now it's bright and beautiful.

Zulma Janette Gutierrez, a Mexican-American name for a Mexican-American person.

Name:

Period:

Date:

My Name Assignment

After reading the vignette "My Name" by Sandra Cisneros, think about what tools she uses as a writer in order to create a picture for the reader and tell her story:

1. Short sentences
2. Fragments
3. Use of the dash—emphasize information
4. Metaphor and simile
5. Imagery
6. Description
7. Poetic format
8. Comma splice

Assignment: Capture the style of Sandra Cisneros in your writing. Tell the story about your own name. You can be as creative as you like. Use the piece itself as a guide

Consider the following:

My name means... Brainstorm colors, numbers, similes, metaphors, etc....

The story behind my name... You can be creative here or get the real story

My name sounds like...

If I could change my name... and why...

Name:

Rubric: My Name

- 10/9 Captured the style of Sandra Cisneros in his/her writing—consistent with the poetic-prose format throughout the entire piece
- 10/9 Included all four sections of the brainstorm
- 10/9 All paragraphs are in order

- 8 Utilized the style of Sandra Cisneros in his/her writing—consistent throughout most of the piece with the poetic-prose format
- 8 Included three sections of the brainstorm
- 8 One paragraph is not in the right order

- 7 Tries to capture the style of Sandra Cisneros in his/her writing—tells most of the story rather than following the poetic-prose format
- 7 Included two sections of the brainstorm
- 7 Two paragraphs are not in the right order

- 6 No evidence of using the style of Sandra Cisneros his/her writing—completely tells the story and does not follow the poetic-prose format.
- 6 Included one section of the brainstorm
- 6 Three or more paragraphs are not in the right order

- 0 Did not complete paper or missing paragraphs