

English 10 Computer Composition Term One

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Ethical Question: Personal Essay

If I were to see a vagrant having a heart attack who needed mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, I would exhaust all other possible methods, but I would not provide mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. In this essay I'm going to provide my reasoning for my decision to not provide mouth-to-mouth, how I would help provide care in another way, what I believe I would be feeling at the time of the event, and what steps I would take to try and help prevent it from happening again. By the end of this essay, I will have shared my opinion completely and you as the reader should understand some of my morals, behaviors, and the thinking behind them.

Among the multiple reasons I have for not providing mouth-to-mouth resuscitation the main reason is that I don't know how to do it properly or safely. If I were to ignore the other reasons, I have for not providing mouth-to-mouth resuscitation I'd still run into the problem of me not having much of a clue about how to do it, which is a very large barrier. The next reason I have to not provide mouth-to-mouth resuscitation is that disease tends to run rampant in homeless communities and while not all diseases are spread through mouth-to-mouth contact some are. Some diseases that are decently common within homeless populations are lung diseases, such as bronchitis, tuberculosis, and pneumonia. Due to their living conditions and the weather homeless people are more likely to get sick with common colds as well as lung disease. All these statistics about the homeless population's health prove to be a risk to my health should I provide mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to a vagrant. While the vagrant could be completely healthy, I don't know their history and I'm not willing to take the risk of me becoming ill when I could use other methods to help them that don't risk my safety.

While I wouldn't give mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, I would try to find a different way to help the vagrant. The first thing I would do is call 911 because they would be able to tell me the best thing to do for the vagrant at the time while I wait for them to come. If 911 wasn't available or was going to take a very long time to get to my location, then I would try to find a defibrillator. A defibrillator is a medical device that helps restart the heart of people having a heart attack. I don't think a defibrillator would be very hard to find as most establishments have them, but if there wasn't one around then I would start chest compressions. Chest compressions kind of act like a defibrillator but they're less effective and will eventually tire me or whoever is doing them out. Overall, these methods might not be as good as mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, but considering the fact that I'm not willing to perform mouth-to-mouth I believe that these would be good solutions and that maybe I'd still be able to save the vagrant.

I've never actually been in this kind of situation before, so I don't know what kind of emotions I would feel, but I can make some predictions of my theoretical emotions. I have a feeling that there would be a lot of emotions going through my brain at the time, the main ones being fear, sadness, anxiety, and stress. These kinds of negative emotions can be paralyzing at times, so some strategies I could use to bring down my emotions into more manageable states are breathing techniques, for example, breathing in for four counts, then holding for four, then breathing out for four counts, then finally holding for four counts again. Other strategies I could use are thinking of three things I can feel, three things I can see, and three things I can hear to help ground me in my emotions and body. Since this would be such a high-stress situation, I'd

probably also want some support and I think the first person I'd call would be my mom because she works in healthcare so she could provide comfort and potentially medical support as well. I'd also call my friends because they would be able to help take my mind off the situation. If this theoretical situation were to ever become reality, I'd definitely be very stressed, but I know that I've got a good support system who would help me in the aftermath.

If this situation were ever to happen to me, I'd do everything in my power to prevent it from happening again. The first way I'd prevent it from happening again is by taking a first aid course that teaches me safe ways to give medical care. I'd learn how to properly administer chest compressions and defibrillators; I'd also learn how to use different drugs to help deal with overdoses like Narcan. Another way I'd try to prevent it is by donating to a homeless shelter so that vagrants could get help when they need it from other people around who could help if something goes wrong. Going with that same line of thinking, I could also donate or volunteer at a clinic to help people or vagrants who need medical care. Implementing all these preventative measures in myself would help a little bit, but I'd probably also try to get the word out to other people around me that they need to implement these things as well if a change is actually going to happen. There are definitely other measures that I'd be able to implement if this situation were actually to become a reality, but these seem like a good start.

This would be a very difficult decision, but I stand strong in my belief that I should think of my own health and not use mouth-to-mouth resuscitation on the vagrant. As I previously stated in this essay I have never been in a situation where I've had to provide mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to a vagrant, so this essay has been a theoretical assessment of how I believe I would handle this situation. At the moment I'm still currently in high school so my brain has yet to develop fully and I'm still learning more about the world, so I believe that in the future my stance on this issue could change, especially if more research comes out that lung diseases don't spread through saliva. I really hope that situation will never happen to me, but I think I might be a little more prepared for it if it does come now.

If You Were: Paragraphs

1. If you were a colour, what would you be?

If I were a colour I believe that I would be orange, because my personality is strong and energetic. When I've asked my friends about what colour I am they've all said orange because I like order and direction but, not to an insane point like someone who's red would be. In my opinion orange people are leaders because they include a little bit of all the colours' personalities, and I think that the word leader describes me pretty well. Sort of like my last point, orange people are people who persevere, they don't tend to give up easily and they're stubborn people which I think describes me perfectly. Even though I'm an energetic person I'm also an introvert which I believe fits the colour orange seeing as it's in the middle of red and yellow in a rainbow. I see red people as super energetic extroverts who can act kind of crazy sometimes, and I see yellow people as more mellow introverts, which makes orange a mix of both of those

things. In conclusion, if I were a colour I would be orange because all the traits that the colour orange makes people think of fit me.

2. If you were a number, what number would you be?

If I were a number, I think I'd be the number two because I'm sensitive, caring, and I take a leadership role in most things I do. According to some research I've done, the number two represents the Cancer star sign which is anyone born between June 21 and July 22 and the number two is also very influenced by the moon. If it wasn't clear, my star sign is Cancer, so just through that I'm connected to the number two, but I've also always been a night owl which makes me feel connected to the moon, therefore giving me another connection to the number two. As I mentioned in my introduction, I've heard people who encompass the number two described as sensitive, caring, and leaders which I believe describes my personality very well. Something else that's influenced my belief that if I were a number, I'd be the number two is that I was born on June 22nd which is two twos in a row, and I feel like that's sort of a sign. In conclusion, if I were a number I'd be the number two because all its traits fit me perfectly.

Legends of Vancouver: Formal Essay

The Legends of Vancouver by Pauline Johnson is a book of indigenous stories told to Pauline by Chief Capilano. Pauline published these stories told to her by Chief Capilano in the Vancouver newspaper called "The Daily Province" so that his stories could be heard by the world. In this essay I will analyze two of Pauline's stories, the first is called "Deadman's Island" and the second is called "The Recluse." By the end of this essay, I'll have summarized two legends and demonstrated my knowledge on the First Peoples Principles of Learning by analyzing those legends to the best of my ability.

Deadman's Island is a sad, but beautiful story of two warring nations and the courageous, heroic warriors who sacrificed themselves to save their loved ones. The story begins with Chief Capilano explaining to Pauline that Deadman's island has always had people fighting over it, so Pauline asks Chief Capilano to tell her the legend of Deadman's island. He starts by saying that the First Nations people call the story the "Legend of the Island of Dead Men" instead of Deadman's Island. The legend begins with how the island was being fought over by the north and the south nations, it was a bloody war with campfire smoking in the forest. The north claimed it for their chanting ground and the medicine men of the south claimed it equally. After many months of fighting both sides had weakened significantly. In the night the south came and seized the women, the children, and the old from the north and transported them back to the island of dead men in their canoes. After many attempts from the North to retrieve their people eventually the South had weakened too much and told the North that they would kill their hostages unless the North traded 200 of their bravest and youngest warriors. These young men traded themselves without hesitation and freed their loved ones. Once the warriors got to the island the south let

their arrows fly and killed the northern warriors. In the morning the area that the northern warriors died in was filled with flaming fire flowers which made the south flee.

The First Peoples Principles of Learning for this legend were “learning involves recognizing the consequences of one's actions” and “learning is embedded in memory, history, and story.” I believe that these principles fit the legend because they encompass the message of the story, which is that even with terrible loss, always remember those who save you. Diving deeper into the first principle, I believe that the best evidence of this principle in the legend is when the South people realized their mistake of killing the North warriors after seeing the flowers that grew from the warriors' bodies “They abandoned the island, and when night again shrouded them they manned their canoes and noiselessly slipped through the Narrows, turned their bows southward, and this coast-line knew them no more.” The South people realized their mistake and learned from it, seeing as they left and never came back. This also served as a learning opportunity for the North people because now they know not to leave their weak and vulnerable unguarded from their enemies. Now diving into a deeper analysis of the second principle. This principle kind of applies to a lot of indigenous stories in general because without these stories we'd never realize our mistakes. Specifically in this legend, this principle is shown when the fire flowers sprouted because they serve as a reminder that the brave northern warriors gave their lives for their friends and families.

The second legend that I'm going to summarize and analyze is “The Recluse.” This legend starts with Chief Capilano asking Pauline what her tribe's views on twins are and Pauline responds by shaking her head, implying that her tribe doesn't like twins very much. After Pauline asks what Chief Capilano's tribe's views on twins are he says that they're a bad omen to his tribe. The Chief explains that if a set of twins were born it would be seen as a dire omen to the tribe. The only way to reverse this evil is for the father of the twins to go into the mountains, only taking his strongest bow and arrows. The father may only return once he receives a great sign that the evil is gone, in this legend the father of the twins goes into the mountains, but he realizes that instead of ten days, he must stay ten years. This makes his family and village believe that he died due to how long he was gone. The father builds himself a shelter and he hunts food for himself until the day came that a thunderbird came as a sign that the evil omen was gone. Back in the village, the twins had grown up and they decided to go find their father because they could feel in their hearts that their father was still alive. While following their hearts like a compass, the twins finally found their father and the legend ends with them walking hand in hand.

The First Peoples Principles of Learning for this legend were “Learning involves patience and time” and “Learning ultimately supports the well-being of the self, the family, the community, the land, the spirits, and the ancestors.” I believe that these principles are important and represented by the legend because they encompass the overall message of the legend which is in my opinion that if you're patient good things will come to you. The first principle is shown when the father must wait ten years instead of ten days; this shows how the father is very patient and doesn't complain one bit about his situation. The father also learns during his time in the mountains, which is another reason why I believe this principle fits this legend. The second

principle is shown in the story when the father leaves his community and family for the better of everyone. The father learns that he must sacrifice himself otherwise the people he cares for might be in danger. He realizes that to support his family he must learn to support himself without the help of others, which is a very brave thing to do.

In conclusion, reading the legends of Vancouver by Pauline Johnson has taught me how to look into myself and recognize how to learn with the principles of the indigenous peoples. Reading these legends has given me a newfound appreciation for indigenous stories because they're so interesting and they also help me learn about the world and myself. Indigenous stories have helped warn me about the consequences of my actions should I do something dangerous or dumb. These stories have not only helped shape my worldview, but their messages have helped me become a better person. I hope to continue to learn from the stories of all Indigenous peoples, including Chief Capilano.

Poetry Writing Assignments

Writing Activity One

- People Vaping in the bathrooms
- The hallway traffic
- How early it starts
- The homework
- Being in a class with no friends
- Not being allowed to eat in class
- Not allowed to have phones to listen to music with

What I Hate By: Sydney Howarth

Ding!

Goes the students school morning alarm

Brrrrring!

Uh oh, here comes the swarm

The students run to their classes

they have the weight of the world on their faces

The students lined up shoulder to shoulder
as if they're piled with boulders

DING

First class done more homework

DINg

So hungry but no food in class

DIng

Where are my friends...?

Ding

It's so loud!

...ding

The students leave the hallways

It's like a maze

Smoke in all their lungs

No matter what they touched

.....oh, I still have work to do

Writing Activity Four

The North Shore By: Sydney Howarth

As green as a tree

As mean as a bee

As pricey as yacht

As cold as a shock

As tame as a beast

As rich as a feast

As quiet a river

As pretty as silver

There's rocks and rain that really aren't tame
You see snow like sugar falling in shame
In summer it's hot but in winter it's not
In autumn it's chilly but in spring there's lilies

Writing Activity Five

Snow By: Sydney Howarth

Snow is very cold

It sinks into your white bones

Powder or wet slush



Picture Source: Ski White Water