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Confidence

I have extreme “imposter syndrome.” I consistently do not believe I can write. This class has helped me realize that I can write, I simply do not write how I think one is *supposed* to write. That is to say, I do not write “academically”, per se. By reading the works of writers like Stephen King and Gerald Graff in this class, I am reminded that being a good technical writer is not as important to me as being a good communicator. The realization of this started almost immediately in this class when we read about Graff’s obsession with reading about sports as a child. As a kid myself, I either had my head buried in a *Baseball Digest* or was begging my mother to take me to the library so I could check out another memoir of Jackie Robinson. These books were by no means “intellectual,” but they influenced me more than perhaps any other genre.

Although my learning intentions changed over the course of the semester from a more technical basis to a more structural basis, I am glad that this change occurred and do not at all view this as a failure. I think that it is actually through this process that my sentences can start to become better. I think there is a reason that I always write better low-stakes assignments in the majority of my classes. That reason is that I feel less pressure to write academically, and more pressure to express myself in a casual manner. Nothing bothers me more in classes than to have to listen to a fellow student try to sound more studious than they are. Words like “dichotomy”

and “hegemonic” are words that I used to enjoy but now my body shivers when I hear them uttered. Overzealous classmates have permanently ruined these words for me because they seem disingenuous. Perhaps I am judging (or more-likely, projecting) but I truly do find great value in expressing oneself honestly, and this class made me feel as though I can do that. The free-writing class periods also really helped me to free myself up more. The bigger projects help me realize that I am perfectly capable of doing good research and forming concise argumentation.

Even with all of this said, I would still like to be able to write better sentences. I often feel as though my sentences are either too short or too long and I have a difficult time finding the middle ground. Obviously there is no objectively “good” way to write a sentence, but I would like my sentences to be a micro-reflection of the rest of my work and as of now, I do not think they are. I cannot articulate why, however, which is leading me to believe that my sentences might be just fine.

Another thing that I am glad this class encouraged in me to do, was think about what I might write long before I write it. I thought about how I would write my research essay on natural disasters for close to a month before I started typing. This helped me get a more well-rounded idea of what I wanted to say and made the actual writing process far simpler. When it came time for the third essay, I was already in the practice of premeditating on what I wanted to write about so it made writing that essay much smoother of a process.

This class has reminded me how much I enjoy writing creative non-fiction. In the past, I have done stand-up comedy very consistently and much of my writing in this class reminded me of the process I have for writing stand-up: living, working, enjoying time with friends, thinking of something in the car, writing it down, thinking about it more, writing *that* down, and finally

performing it. Adapting this process to school has helped me immensely in all of my classes. This type of writing has made me realize that as well as writing scripts for film and television, I think I would also enjoy making creative documentaries about things I take interest in. That being said, I cannot wait for baseball season, so maybe I could consider writing a blog about random things that are happening in the sport. I think my and all the other classmates' horizons are far broader than we are often aware. This class made me realize that everyone thinks that they are the one faking it, but in reality, none of us are. We are all humans who understand one another on a human level. All we have to do, is write our experience.