



Formatting Your Portfolio

- ✎ A complete portfolio consists of one cover letter and two to four (2-4) pieces written expressly for English 100A/100/200.
- ✎ At least two submissions must include sustained, substantial analysis. The cover letter must also reveal sustained writing self-awareness.
- ✎ Neither poetry nor fiction may be included in the portfolio.
- ✎ **YOUR PORTFOLIO MUST CONTAIN A MINIMUM OF 13 FULL PAGES** and should not exceed 16 full pages (excluding bibliography / works cited pages). Please note:
 - 📌 Partially filled pages are counted as *fractions* of pages. This includes pages with extra lines around titles and between paragraphs.
 - 📌 A page in single-spaced documents (like letters) is counted as one page, not two.
 - 📌 Portfolios that fall below thirteen full pages of text will not be accepted.
- ✎ Essays / papers must be double spaced; letters must be single spaced.
- ✎ Be sure to make your font a 12-point version of Times—Times, Times Roman, or Times New Roman—and to maintain one-inch margins on top, bottom, and sides.
- ✎ The portfolio submission date must appear on the first page of each piece of writing.
- ✎ Your portfolio number and a page number must appear within the header (top margin) of every page in your portfolio. This information may either be typed or handwritten.
- ✎ Please number each page in your portfolio consecutively. That is, if your cover letter is two pages long, the cover letter's second page becomes page 2; then the first page of the first submission becomes page 3, the second page of the first submission becomes page 4, and so on.
- ✎ In double-spaced texts (like essays), indent the first line of each paragraph with the tab key. Do not skip additional lines between paragraphs. In single-spaced texts (like letters), do not indent the first line of the paragraph; instead, separate the paragraphs by a single blank line.
- ✎ Each submission that includes research must have **ITS OWN** in-text and bibliographical reference section. If the bibliography / works cited fits on the bottom of that essay's last page, please use that space rather than devote a new page to it.
- ✎ Please include only final drafts in your portfolio and only one copy of each submission. In other words, do not include previous drafts as you would in a working portfolio.
- ✎ Staple **INDIVIDUAL** submissions separately in the upper left-hand corner (no paper clips, please).
- ✎ Neither your name nor your instructor's name should appear on any part of your portfolio.
- ✎ Present your portfolio in an 8½ x 11 inch manila folder (no envelopes, report covers, or PeeChee folders, please). On the folder's tab, clearly print your portfolio number in ink.

Your portfolio number and a page number must appear within the top one-inch margin.

Letter Formatting:

<p style="text-align: right;">123: 1</p> <p>December 12, 2001</p> <p>Portfolio Committee English Department Humboldt State University Arcata, CA 95521-8299</p> <p>Dear Portfolio Reader:</p> <p>In this portfolio, I included a variety of pieces in order to display a wide breadth of my abilities and interests. I tried to show the presence of awareness of my audience and rhetorical purpose by providing several different styles of writing.</p> <p>I chose to present "Voyeur" first because I feel that it provides the reader with an introduction and insight into my character and interests in a personable manner. Although I feel this piece stemmed from somewhat of a trip to a psychiatric hospital and used vivid descriptions such as that of riding through a Mexican border town in a "shiny white rental car smelling of new plastic and a faint tinge of the prior occupant's cigarettes" past ancient grandmothers who "sit listlessly on the dirt packed earth with their faces wrinkled by almost a century of sun, tears, and age," I consider it my weakest piece because I was experimenting with writing a subjective narrative in first person, a style that is new and unfamiliar to me, because I was not writing an objective essay or a research paper, it forced me to abandon writing strategies that I had found adequate and successful for these requirements of previous classes. It forced me to write about emotions as opposed to logic and straight facts. Facts tainted by emotion are harder for me to portray because I often don't trust myself writing to convey that meaningfulness. For example, when I wrote, "When I came back, I resumed with a sense of confidence," I did so because I felt I could not even begin to convey the magnitude of my new found sense of self-worth and the absence of ostracism from my peers that I felt at that point.</p> <p>Because I wasn't comfortable with this paper, had many people read over it for me as I made my revisions. Some of these people suggested that I name the destinations of my travels. I purposefully did not do so because I only sought to convey the incredible impact traveling had on me upon me, thus, I left the locations vague and undistinct.</p> <p>Despite my concerns about the strength of "Voyeur" in comparison to the others, I think it enhances my portfolio because it does succeed in telling the reader about me and some of the defining influences on my character.</p> <p>The second piece I chose to include in the portfolio was written in response to the events of September 11. I wrote a letter to an elected official because I felt its value would be twofold: I could fulfill a class requirement while simultaneously informing an elected official of my opinion on such a serious situation. I feel that the letter is highly important because if one believes strongly in something, and she doesn't tell her representative her opinion, then they cannot be held accountable for their actions or inaction.</p>	<p style="text-align: right;">123: 2</p> <p>Although when I wrote it, I felt passionately about the situation, I tempered my vocabulary because if I had used over-emotional language my opinion would have been easier to dismiss or discredit. It was also purposeful for me to be concise. I wanted to make my point and move on, and not overdo it with facts, so that it would actually be read and not just skimmed over. Even though I made unsubstantiated generalizations like, "For even so unprincipled as terrorism is, the desperation and craziness of those who commit these crimes stem from real situations of injustice in the world," but for the sake of brevity I did not find this unreasonable. I also feel that in a letter to an elected official one shouldn't justify her views but merely state them, for it is not the official's job to evaluate his constituents' views, only to represent them.</p> <p>Finally, the third piece of writing I included was my research paper on the philosophical beliefs of North Coast Earth Firsters. Although it would be a strong piece to end with as it demonstrates my skills to research a topic in length, analyze it, and also compare it with other topics for clarification. For example, I showed the philosophies of the New Age Movement and Animal Rights proponents to contrast with a deep ecological philosophy. This helped to support my assertions about their beliefs as well as dispel some of the misconceptions surrounding them.</p> <p>The tried and true methods I used to write this paper made it one that I felt quite comfortable including in my portfolio. For example, I outlined this piece by using a method for writing research papers suggested to me by a previous instructor. As I concluded my research, I simply wrote down any relevant points and quotes that I wanted to use on index cards. On the back of these cards I wrote the bibliographic information of my sources in MLA format. Then when I felt I had enough information to begin writing, I laid out the cards in the order in which I wanted to present the information, they held which instantly provided me with an outline. Writing my works cited page and bibliography were then a cinch because I didn't have to return to any of my sources or even search for my MLA handbook.</p> <p>Fortunately, I entered this semester with a strong background in English which allowed many of my revisions to focus on style, purpose, and trying to make my voice heard. And although much of this semester's work validated the effectiveness of strategies that I had used in the past, I learned the areas in which my writing is weakest and needed the most work. I've known what to improve my overall writing abilities I need to continue to practice writing subjectively and also vary the sentence structures I use to add depth to my work. I also learned that it is okay—and ultimately necessary—for one to experiment outside her comfort zone in order to achieve a higher level of success.</p> <p>Sincerely, 123</p>
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Essay Formatting:

<p style="text-align: right;">123: 3</p> <p style="text-align: center;">May 2, 2007</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Addict</p> <p>There I sat, rigid with tension. With a mindless fixity that comes only with habitual repetition, I raised a cigarette to my lips, dragged deeply, and exhaled. My personal cloud of smoke was quickly assimilated to the general blue-gray haze that hung stagnant in the glass-walled fishbowl of a Smoking Room at LaGuardia Airport. My movements were mechanical and my mind was elsewhere. I was as oblivious to my cigarette as I was to my surroundings: old men with stinking yellowed mustaches, jaundiced ladies with hacking coughs, or embowing waitresses, and a cloud of smoke so thick that the simple act of breathing would likely satisfy the most formidable nicotine craving.</p> <p>I was seventeen and about to embark on a dream come true: a month of unchaperoned travel in Europe. I should have felt excited anticipation—to see the Louvre! Big Ben! The Heineken Factory! Instead I lay in the grips of a panic attack. It was not fear of flying that caused this untimely anxiety, not exactly... I was dreading that little, red non-smoking sign which would be illuminated above my head for the nine nicotine-free hours between New York and London.</p> <p>Joylessly chain-smoking in that dreary, dirty room, I first realized the true nature of my addiction. I was not primarily physical but mental. I had numbed this addiction, coddled it and helped it grow to the point where it was Supreme Ruler of my mind and my life. For years, cigarettes marched my moods and my actions; they took precedence over all else. In retrospect it is impossible to deny the bizarre compulsion this addiction fostered in me.</p> <p>I returned from Europe a more convicted and self-righteous smoker than ever before. My LaGuardia epiphany had been lost in the smoky Elmpenbar hotel rooms, train cars, and</p>	<p style="text-align: right;">123: 4</p> <p>airports. I began working after school at the Astro, the local low-grade gas station. This place was truly little more than a glorified cigarette stand; a few pumps surrounded a small shack our boss degradingly demanded we all the Doghouse. Although the boss was a lecher and my coworkers gas-huffing hillbillies, I loved that job. I loved it because of the cigarettes. The Doghouse was filled with them, row upon row on the shelves above, and below, locked away like gold bars in Fort Worth, by the caters. I loved the aesthetics of them: the geometric conformity of the rectangular boxes, the smoothness of the thin cellophane wrappings, the pleasing array of colors and designs.</p> <p>The variety of the cigarettes was almost comparable to the diversity of the clientele. Doctors came in their coats and yuppies in their BMWs. Even the bums who had been eating from dumpsters for years somehow found room in their budgets to support their habits. Apparently I was not the only one for whom cigarettes were an absurd priority.</p> <p>One customer I will never forget. He was an old, dimpled black man, all wrinkled skin on shrunken bones. He would pull up every day at four o'clock sharp and leave his box of a Duke running as he hobbled over to the Doghouse. He'd stand his shaking, quaking hand, and with what seemed to be great effort he would force it open, revealing an opium of peanuts, nickels and dimes. He didn't have to tell me what he wanted: the generic Value Prides, filterless.</p> <p>After our silent exchange he would return to his car, and before leaving he would open the pack and light up a cigarette. Why was this man unique? His cigarette did not dragle jauntily from his lips but from a hole in his throat. Despite his tracheotomy, he plodded along in his addiction with a strange determination, one that made some sick kind of sense to me. It had to make sense. If I had admitted to myself the utter insanity of this man's addiction, I would also have to acknowledge the absurdity of my own. So I distanced and distanced myself from him, from</p>
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Use this dark page border to verify one-inch margins.