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EN 110 - 04

Vito Calvo Jr

10/05/20

Narration Paper

## The Bite of 2020

# DRAFT 1

Legs stretched out onto the mahogany-like table, I tilt my head up to a 30" TV broadcasting Dark Souls. "You decapitated that poor guy." I said to my cousin as I shuffled my body to the right with my green plastic folder reading my notes. "I need to cram these before tomorrow" I thought to myself looking at the cable box reading 7:00 P.M. It was another study session that was going reasonably well, another normal night. My cousin's small half breed Rwby came happily stumbling in between us and gave forced licks on our faces and jumped down. "Bleh" I said with a disgusted face and began wiping the slobber off. I turned behind and Weiss our pitbull saw this as an opportunity to steal Rwby's spot, her masculine year and a half body came towards us and occupied the majority of the couch. "So heavy" I said out loud as my cousin produced a grin on her face as she didn't have a pitbull just laying on her. But I didn't make this pleasant intrusion prevent me from studying.

Although it may seem like another normal night, the whole time I was hiding my fear of being in a possible crossfire. My uncle came out of the living room door, walking towards the kitchen and gave a stern warning "Make sure you keep those two away from each other ahh!". It was to account the moments Rwby and Weiss began viciously attacking each

other with the intent to kill. I recalled the smell of blood and the agonizing screams Rwby made through the walls, I was useless and frozen outside their doors. "What happened to these two dogs that once loved each other?" I thought to myself. I snapped back into reality even more frightened than moments ago, seeing how this huge dog has half my body pinned and can easily snap in mere seconds. I focused my mind onto my folder in front of me, comforting myself and being aware.

However, as I begin reading something brown and white started crawling up the couch when she wasn't supposed to... The next second I felt nothing, the area around me froze as if time stopped, I looked at my front to see my left hand holding the folder was in proximity to the maw of Weiss.. I had a feeling I won't be able to retract it in time. In an instant my palms were interlocked with the jaws of a ravaging beast, who didn't know what or who was she gnawing onto. There was surprisingly no pain as I was screaming trying to slide my hands off of her mouth. As I eventually did, I was observing a one and a half inch diagonal laceration on my palm. The sight of it made me in a trance of neither pain nor psychological consciousness, I am simply staring at it seeing my hand shake five hundred beats per second. Not only a constant stream of blood, but yellow fatty lipids were exiting the flap of skin dangling like the entrance of a tissue box. My uncle instantly grabbed me and guided me towards the sink to wash my open wound, which surprisingly had no sting, at this point I question if this is a normal reaction, or if my palms lost its ability to feel..

11:00 P.M. the clock in the 2006 Scion XB stated, I was looking out the window seeing such fizzy lights as it was partially raining. The car was silent and I was contemplating whether I will pass out anytime soon, for I was exhausted. No emotions were present within me, I was like

a doll just waiting for what will happen next. We reached GRMC and parked, my father called our health insurance, I knew this night was going to get worse since money was now involved, but honestly I didn't care and accepted the lecturing and outcome. We entered the waiting room, and I had to use the restroom, in there, it was the same bland outlook, "I want this to end already" I whispered. The doctor came just outside the bathroom and said "Is Shawn here?" My mother replied ; "Oh, no I'm his mother, uh Shawn is currently using the bathroom" "Ah, okay, no worries I was surprised when I looked at his profile saying 18 years old, then seeing you two, I was confused." They both lightly laughed, and I was just about done with washing my hands.

Upon entering the operating room, it was exactly as you would expect, a large chair like the ones at the dentist, but this time with a large lamp bright enough to make the night into day. The room was of one color mainly aqua blue. I sat on the chair, and the doctor prepared the table for my operation. She brought out a container of isopropyl alcohol and stated "This might sting", but to my surprise and concern, I felt nothing besides a slight pinch. She then took out her sewing kit, and immediately my eyes lit up. I am going to witness my own skin being sewn together, "Oh how did this day come to be?" I thought. The doctor injected 3 needles one above, in the middle, and the bottom of my open wound, in which I finally felt intolerable pain, but soothed to numbness. "How old was the pitbull?" Asked her assistant "Year and a half" I exclaimed exhausted and in pain. "Yeah, it is going to hurt, since your palms have a network of nerves and it seems your pitbull may have gotten some of them" she explained. I actually recalled reading an article saying when a patient has some item injected or punctured through their palms or hands, a specialized doctor would have to perform the surgery. For the hand itself

is actually complicated, and required people who have studied its nervous system for a reasonable amount of time. Similar to neuro surgeons and those who specialize the heart. Soon the doctor started sewing, and just like clothes, she pierced downwards then upwards to get the needle through my skin, and get the blue metallic stitch to follow. She then cuts the needle end and uses two tools to tie the ends of the stitches together like a ribbon. My palm was basically a shoe. She repeated the process 3 more times. I can see my mother's face seemingly about to pass out watching the procedure, but I was somewhat interested in how they performed such a task.

12:00 A.M the clock read in my room, as I lunge myself onto my bed, exhausted. What felt like a day's worth of emotion and activity, only a few hours had passed. My left arm now in a casket and the numbing agent wearing off, I decide to fall asleep before the pain can prevent me to.

### **Letter:**

- The general significance I tried to convey is how a simple decision or action can snowball into a much larger scale. I chose to study in my cousin's room when I knew their dogs were not in good terms. I could have easily studied in my room and prevented this event.
- In terms of approach, I believe I was detailed in the events, however there wasn't much dialogue that happened besides lecturing and when I was speaking with the doctors. Majority of the time, I was talking to myself.
- Areas I want examined are my transitions and dialogue. As well as my word tense.

## DRAFT 2

### **The Bite of 2020**

Legs stretched out onto the mahogany-like table, I tilt my head up to a 30" TV broadcasting Dark Souls. "Ouch, what a clean cut." I said to my cousin as I shuffled my body to the right with my green plastic folder reading my notes. "I need to cram these before tomorrow's quiz" I thought to myself looking at the cable box reading 7:00 P.M. It was another study session that was going reasonably well, another normal night. My cousin's small half breed Rwby came happily stumbling in between us and gave forced licks on our faces and jumped down. A disgusted frown appeared on my face as I began wiping the slobber off. I turned behind and Weiss our pitbull saw this as an opportunity to steal Rwby's spot, her masculine year and a half body came towards us and occupied the majority of the couch. I let out a light grunt as I was being crushed by her weight, my cousin next to me produced a grin on her face as she didn't have a pitbull just laying on her, at least that's what I thought at the time. But I didn't make this pleasant intrusion prevent me from studying.

Although it may seem like another normal night, the whole time I was hiding my fear of being in a possible crossfire. My uncle came out of the living room door, walking towards the kitchen and gave a stern warning "Make sure you keep those two away from each other! okay?." It was to account the moments Rwby and Weiss began viciously attacking each other with the intent to kill. I recalled the smell of blood and the agonizing screams Rwby made

through the walls, I was useless and frozen outside their doors. "What happened to these two dogs that once loved each other?" I thought to myself. I snapped back into reality even more frightened than moments ago, seeing how this huge dog has half my body pinned and can easily snap in mere seconds. I focused my mind onto my folder in front of me, comforting myself and being cautious.

However, as I begin reading a certain someone is anxiously crawling up the couch when she wasn't supposed to... The next second I felt nothing, the area around me froze as if time stopped. I looked to my front to see my left hand holding the folder, which was in proximity to the stern maw of Weiss.. I had a feeling I won't be able to retract it in time.. And in an instant my palms were interlocked with the jaws of a ravaging beast, who didn't know who or what she was gnawing onto. There was surprisingly no pain as I was screaming, trying to slide my hands off of her mouth as she constantly struck at it like a snake, shaking it side to side. As I eventually did, I was observing a one and a half inch diagonal laceration on my palm. The sight of it made me in a trance of neither pain nor psychological consciousness, I'm just simply staring at it seeing my hand shake five hundred beats per second. Not only a constant stream of blood, but yellow fatty lipids were exiting the flap of skin dangling like the entrance of a tissue box. My uncle instantly grabbed me and guided me towards the sink to wash my open wound, which surprisingly had no sting, at this point I question if this is a normal reaction, or if my palms lost its ability to feel..

11:00 P.M. the clock in the Scion XB stated, I was looking out the window seeing such fuzzy lights as it was partially raining. The car was silent and I was contemplating whether I will pass out anytime soon, for I was exhausted. No emotions were present within me, I was like a doll just waiting for what will happen next. We reached GRMC and parked, my father called

our health insurance, and instantly I knew this night was going to get worse since money was now involved. We weren't doing great economically, and we just recently cancelled our insurance. Unfortunately, now we needed one and asked if our cancellation was completed, luckily it hasn't officially gone through. But honestly I was too tired to care at that moment and accepted the lecturing and outcome. We entered the waiting room, and I had to use the restroom, in there, it was the same bland outlook, "I want this to end already" I whispered. A slight reflection moment came as I questioned myself why I chose to study in my cousin's room. The reasoning sounded pitiful in my mind, and that was simply due to my room being occupied with noise, and I felt more comfortable with my elder cousins. "Wow, such a small decision led to this outcome?" I quietly said while clenching my fist staring at the tiled ground. The doctor came just outside the bathroom and said "Is Shawn here?" My mother replied ; "Oh, no I'm his mother, uh Shawn is currently using the bathroom" "Ah, okay, no worries I was surprised when I looked at his profile saying 18 years old, then seeing you two, I was confused." They both lightly laughed, and I was just about done with washing my hands.

Upon entering the operating room, it was exactly as you would expect, a large diagonal chair like the ones at the dentist, but this time with a large lamp bright enough to make the night into day. The room was mainly one shade of aqua blue. I sat on the chair, and the doctor prepared the table for my operation. She brought out a container of isopropyl alcohol and stated "This might sting", but to my surprise and concern, I felt nothing besides a slight pinch. She then took out her sewing kit, and immediately my eyes lit up. I am going to witness my own skin being sewn together, "Oh what a day indeed! I must be dreaming!" I thought with a hysterical smile. But I wasn't as the doctor injected 3 needles one above, in the middle, and the bottom of

my open wound, in which I finally felt intolerable pain, but soothed to numbness. "How old was the pitbull?" Asked her assistant "Year and a half" I exclaimed panting due to the pain. "Yeah, it is going to hurt, since your palms have a network of nerves and it seems your pitbull may have gotten some of them" she explained. I actually recalled reading an article saying when a patient has some item injected or punctured through their palms or hands, a specialized doctor would have to perform the surgery. For the hand itself is actually complicated, and required people who have studied its nervous system for a reasonable amount of time. Similar to neuro surgeons and those who specialize the heart. Once my hand was in complete numbness that I couldn't even move it, the doctor started sewing. Just like clothes, she pierced downwards then upwards to get the needle through my skin, and get the blue metallic sutures or thread to follow. She then cuts the needle end and uses two tools to tie the ends of the sutures together like a ribbon. My palm was basically a shoe. She repeated the process 3 more times. I can see my mother's face seemingly about to pass out watching the procedure, but I was somewhat interested in how they performed such a task.

12:00 A.M the clock read in my room, as I lunged myself onto my bed, exhausted. What felt like a day's worth of emotion and activity, only a few hours had passed. My left hand now in a cast and the numbing agent wearing off, I decide to fall asleep before the pain can prevent me to. As for the Marine Bio. quiz I was cramming for "Meh, I just got lacerated.. And surely one bombed quiz wouldn't affect me greatly right?" I laughingly whispered. I got an 80 and a signed cast that should have said "My Dog tried to eat my homework, so I gave her my homework hand instead :)".



**Letter:**

- Were the flow of events smooth? Did anything feel missing?
- What were your thoughts after reading my paper?
- How was the narration?

# DRAFT 3

## The Bite of 2020

Legs stretched out onto the mahogany-like table, I tilt my head up to a 30" TV broadcasting Dark Souls. "Ouch, what a clean cut." I said to my cousin as I shuffled my body to the right with my green plastic folder reading my notes. *I need to cram these before tomorrow's quiz* I thought to myself while looking at the cable box reading 7:00 P.M. My cousin's small half breed Rwby came happily stumbling in between us and gave forced licks on our faces and jumped down. A disgusted frown appeared on my face as I began wiping the slobber off. I turned behind and Weiss our pitbull saw this as an opportunity to steal Rwby's spot, her masculine year and a half body came towards us and occupied the majority of the couch. I let out a light grunt as I was being crushed by her weight, my cousin next to me produced a grin on her face as she didn't have a pitbull just laying on her, at least that's what I thought at the time. But I didn't make this pleasant intrusion prevent me from studying.

My uncle came out of the living room. While heading towards the kitchen, he heard growling and immediately gave a stern warning "Make sure you keep those two away from each other! okay?." he pointed at the dogs, then to us. It was to account the moments Rwby and Weiss began viciously attacking each other with the intent to kill. I recalled the smell of blood and the agonizing screams Rwby made through the walls, "Hey!, STOP IT!" My aunt's screams would follow as if asking for help, but I was useless and frozen outside their doors. *What happened to these two dogs that once loved each other?* I briefly pondered. I snapped back into reality even

more frightened than moments ago, seeing how this huge dog has half my body pinned and can easily snap in mere seconds. I attempted to comfort myself by focusing on my notes and being cautious.

However as I began reading, RWBY was anxiously crawling up the couch when she wasn't supposed to... In an instant I glanced to my left to recognise my hand holding the folder, was in point-blank view from Weiss's massive jaws.. I wasn't able to retract it in time.. And in an instant, my hand was interlocked with the maw of a ravaging beast, who didn't know who or what she was gnawing onto. She constantly struck at it like a snake, shaking it side to side. "AHH!" I bluntly screamed, trying to slide my hand out of her mouth. As I eventually did, I observed a one and a half inch diagonal laceration on my palm while it was shaking violently due to the sudden shock. Not only a constant stream of blood, but yellow fatty lipids were exiting the flap of skin dangling like the entrance of a tissue box. My uncle instantly grabbed me and guided me towards the sink to wash my open wound, which surprisingly had no sting. "Is this normal? Will I be okay?" I whispered, or so I thought I did. But only silence followed.

We rushed to GRMC at around 11:00 P.M, and as we entered the waiting room, I shuffled myself to the Men's room to tidy up. As I entered, I saw something in front of the vertical mirror. There stood someone I've never seen before; tired eye bags shaded black, a depressed frown that just had it with everything, and a blood drenched tissue cloth wrapped around his left hand. The sight of myself made me pissed as I bit my lower lip and stared into my reflection "Look at you, you're a mess." I spoke in a low monotonous tone. As I proceeded to wash my face, I pondered on how this day came to be. The conclusion sounded pitiful in my mind, and that it's simply due to my room being occupied with noise, that I felt studying in my

cousins' room would be more comfortable. "Wow, such a small decision led to this?" I quietly said while clenching my fist staring at the tiled ground now drenched in sink water. *This all would not have happened - I wouldn't have been bitten if I just stayed in my damn room* I constantly thought. I then heard voices beyond the door stating my name, so it was my cue to finish up my business.

Upon entering the operating room, I sat on the recliner, and the doctor prepared the table for my operation. She brought out a container of isopropyl alcohol and stated "This might sting", but to my surprise as she poured, I felt nothing besides a slight pinch. She then took out her sewing kit, and immediately my eyes widened. I was going to witness my own skin being sewn together, *Oh what a day indeed! This has to be some simple nightmare!* I mentally pleaded with a hysterical smile. But it wasn't, as the doctor injected 3 needles one above, in the middle, and the bottom of my open wound. "ssSHIII-t" I exclaimed in pain followed by short pants. "How old was the pitbull?" Asked her assistant to direct my attention to something else. "Year and a half," I exclaimed panting due to the pain. "Yeah, it is going to hurt, since your palms have a network of nerves and it seems your pitbull may have gotten some of them" she explained. I recalled articles explaining professions of each particular body part. But before I could say anything, a sudden pressure occurred on my numbed hand as the doctor started sewing. Just like clothes, she pierced downwards then upwards to get the needle through my skin, and get the blue metallic sutures or thread to follow. She then cuts the needle end and uses two tools to tie the ends of the sutures together like a ribbon. My palm was basically a shoe, and she repeated this process 3 more times. I can see my mother's face seemingly about to pass out by watching the procedure.

but past the pain and the rollercoaster of emotions of this day, they educated me on how they performed such a task.

12:00 A.M the clock read in my room, I lunged myself onto my bed, exhausted. What felt like a day's worth of emotion and activity, only a few hours had passed. The fact one factor has caused such a massacre to my day, still baffled me. My hand now in a cast and the numbing agent wearing off, I decide to fall asleep before the pain can prevent me to. As for the Marine Bio. quiz I was cramming for “Meh, I just got lacerated.. And surely one bombed quiz wouldn’t affect me greatly right?” I laughingly whispered. I got an 80 and a signed cast that should have said “My Dog tried to eat my homework, so I gave her my homework hand instead :’)”.

## Final Draft

### **The Bite of 2020**

Legs stretched out onto the mahogany-like table. In front of me, a 30" TV broadcasting the game ‘Dark Souls.’ Although my cousin’s protagonist gracefully decapitated yet another foe,

it was an alluring distraction. So I shuffled to the right with my green plastic folder containing my notes. *Alright Shawn, tomorrow is another quiz, you need to focus. Time is running out.* I pondered as I observed the cable box reading 7:00 P.M. Then my cousin's small half breed Rwby came happily stumbling in between my thoughts and gave forced licks on our faces and jumped down. A disgusted frown appeared on my face as I began wiping the slobber off. I turned around and our pitbull Weiss, saw this as an opportunity to steal Rwby's spot. Her masculine year and a half body plunged towards us and occupied the majority of the couch. I let out a light grunt as I was being crushed by her weight, my cousin next to me produced a teasing grin on her face as she didn't have a pitbull just laying on her. But I didn't make this pleasant intrusion prevent me from studying.

My uncle came out of the living room. While heading towards the kitchen, he heard growling and immediately gave a stern warning.

"Make sure you keep those two away from each other! okay?" He pointed at the dogs, then to us.

It was to account the moments Rwby and Weiss began viciously attacking each other with the intent to kill. I recalled the smell of blood and the agonizing screams Rwby made through the walls.

"Hey! STOP IT!" my aunt's screams would follow as if asking for help. But I was useless and frozen outside their doors.

I snapped back into reality even more frightened than moments ago, knowing this massive dog has pinned half my body and can snap in mere seconds. Petrified, I attempted to comfort myself by focusing on my notes and being cautious.

However as I began reading, RWBY was anxiously crawling up the couch again when she wasn't supposed to. In an instant, I glanced to my left to recognise my hand holding the folder was in point-blank view from Weiss's massive jaws. I knew it wasn't possible to retract it in time. And in a second, my hand was interlocked with the maw of a ravaging beast, who didn't know who or what she was gnawing onto. She constantly struck at it like a snake, shaking it side to side.

“AHH!” I bluntly screamed, trying to slide it out of her mouth.

As I eventually did, I observed my hand to find a one and a half inch diagonal laceration on my palm while it was shaking violently due to the sudden shock. Not only a constant stream of blood, but yellow fatty lipids were exiting the flap of skin dangling like the entrance of a tissue box. My uncle hastily grabbed me and guided me towards the sink to wash my open wound, which surprisingly had no sting.

“Is this normal? Will I be okay?” I whispered, or so I thought I did.

But only silence followed.

We rushed to GRMC at around 11:00 P.M, as we entered the waiting room, I shuffled myself to the Men's restroom to tidy up. As I entered, I saw something in front of the vertical mirror. Tired eye bags shaded black, a depressed frown with dry flaking lips below a blank stare, and a blood drenched tissue cloth wrapped around the left hand. The sight of myself vexed me as I bit my lower lip

"Look at you, you're a damn mess." I spoke in a low monotonous tone.

As I proceeded to wash my face, I pondered on how this day came to be. The conclusion sounded pitiful, for the reason was simply due to my room being occupied, I felt studying in my cousins' room would be more comfortable.

“Wow, such a small decision led to this?” I whispered while clenching my fist staring at the tiled ground drenched in sink water.

*This all would not have happened - I wouldn't have been bitten if I just stayed in my damn room* I constantly thought. I heard voices beyond the door conversing my name, so it was my cue to finish up my business.

Upon entering the operating room, I was greeted by the shade of aqua blue lathered around the walls, along with slate brown interiors with silver countertops. In the middle, a recliner chair similar to those at the dentist, accompanied by a large lamp capable of turning night into day. I sat on the recliner, as the doctor prepared the table for my operation. She brought out a container of isopropyl alcohol.

"This might sting." She warned with a caring smirk.

But to my surprise as she poured, I felt nothing besides a slight pinch. Then the sewing kit appeared, and immediately my eyes widened. I was about to witness my own skin being sewn together. *Oh what a day indeed! This has to be some simple nightmare!* I mentally pleaded with a hysterical smile. But it wasn't, as the doctor injected 3 needles one above, in the middle, and the bottom of the open wound.

"ssShhuuh" I exclaimed in agony followed by short pants.

"How old was the pitbull?" asked her assistant to direct my attention to something else.

"Year and a half," I exclaimed panting.



"Yeah, it is going to hurt, since your palms have a network of nerves, and it seems your pitbull may have gotten some of them."

I recalled articles explaining professions of each particular body part. But before I could say anything, a sudden pressure on my numbed hand caught my attention as the doctor started sewing. Just like clothes, she pierced downwards then upwards to get the needle and metallic sutures through the skin. She then cuts the ends and uses two tools to tie the sutures together like a ribbon. My palm was basically a shoe, and she repeated this process 3 more times. Through which, my mother was seemingly about to pass out by simply watching. We then parted from the hospital, and soothing relief came over me as the adrenaline dissipated. At last the nightmare was coming to an end.

12:00 A.M the clock read in my room, as I lunged myself onto my bed, exhausted. What felt like a day's worth of emotions and activities, only several hours had passed. The fact one factor had such a consequence, still baffled me. My hand now in a casket and the anesthetics wearing off, I decide to fall asleep before the pain can prevent me to. As for the Marine Biology quiz I was cramming for.

"I just got lacerated, and surely one bombed quiz wouldn't affect me greatly right?" I laughingly whispered.

I got an 80 and a signed casket that should have said; *My Dog tried to eat my homework, so I gave her my homework hand instead.*

	<b>F: 0-59%</b>	<b>D: 60-69%</b>	<b>C: 70-79%</b>	<b>B: 80-89%</b>	<b>A: 90-100%</b>
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<b>WRITING TASK</b>	The writing has a confused sense of purpose and/or no evidence of connection to the writing task.	The writing has an inconsistent sense of purpose with a loose relation to the writing task.	The writing addresses the writing task but may lack complexity.	The writing effectively addresses the writing task and shows depth.	The writing clearly and effectively addresses the writing task in a thoughtful and/or creative manner.
<b>ORGANIZATION</b>	The organization is illogical. The writing contains no transitions; the beginning and ending do not relate to the content.	The ideas are inadequately organized and may have abrupt or illogical transitions and ineffective flow of ideas.	The content shows some signs of logical organization with a beginning, middle, and end and some use of transitions.	The content is generally well organized with appropriate transitions and relevant beginning and ending paragraphs.	The content is well organized with effective transitions and effective beginning and ending paragraphs.
<b>IDEAS</b>	The ideas are superficially developed and inadequate, inappropriate, or redundant details are present.	The content is underdeveloped and may be vague, simplistic, or superficial.	The ideas are partially developed with some details, examples, evidence, etc.	Ideas are adequately and thoughtfully developed with specific details, examples, evidence, etc.	Ideas are logical and fully developed through explanations, examples, evidence and/or other means appropriate to the assignment.
<b>PARAGRAPHS</b>	There is little to no attention to paragraph structure.	Paragraphing errors are consistent.	Paragraphing is appropriate.	Paragraphing is structured.	Paragraphs are structured effectively.
<b>WORD CHOICE</b>	The writer uses inadequate and simplistic language. There are errors in word choice, and there is little or no sentence variety.	The writer uses inappropriate or inadequate language.	The writer uses language adequately but with some inappropriate word choice. The writing demonstrates some sentence variety.	The writer demonstrates confidence with language, a mature range of vocabulary, and control of sentence-level style.	The writer uses appropriate and precise word choice; language and sentence structure are alive, mature, and varied.
<b>GRAMMAR &amp; MECHANICS</b>	The writing contains repeated weaknesses in spelling, conventions (mechanics), and usage that interfere with the flow of the essay.	The writing contains repeated weaknesses in spelling, conventions (mechanics), and usage.	The writing contains a number of spelling, conventional (mechanical) and usage errors that do not interfere with overall meaning but do	The writing contains a few spelling, conventional (mechanical) and usage errors.	The writing contains no more than a few spelling, conventional (mechanical) and usage errors.

			distract the reader.		
<b>WRITING PROCESS</b>	There is no evidence of the writing process. The writing does not address the basic requirements of the assignment. The writer submits drafts past the due date of the assignment. The writer intentionally plagiarizes.	Lack of attention to detail through the writing process and crafting the essay significantly affected the successful completion of the assignment.	More attention to detail through the writing process and crafting the essay would have strengthened the final product.	Good attention to detail through the writing process and crafting the essay is evident.	Superior attention to detail through the writing process and crafting the essay is evident.