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COMPOSITION
JOSEPH CURLETT
ENGLISH 3RD DAYBOOK

100 sheets • 200 pages
9¾ in x 7½ in / 24.7 cm x 19.0 cm
wide ruled

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TOM



GEORGE



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Work Process

Writing process description


I dive right into the pool and start splashing around. Sometimes I'm interrupted by a different but relevant idea, so I'll stop just long enough to write it down then get back to my original train of thought. I'll pick up the new idea later.

After a few paragraphs I go back and read what I've written. I'm usually pleased and this encourages further efforts. I should probably do this less as I have a tendency to edit immediately.

Ms. Mitzelfeld:

I hope you don't mind my formality, but I'm more comfortable with it. Maybe when class is over and we're friends on Facebook I could call you "Pamela" or "Pam" whatever you prefer.

I'm going to write honestly here with no apology. I hope you like me and aren't offended but I'm paying you to kick my ass into becoming a better writer. As long as we view our student/teacher relationship as patient/doctor I think well be fine. Perhaps confessor/priest?

Perhaps I'll draw a little wine bottle to indicate how much I've had to drink when I write.  That's a half bottle of wine with dinner at the Italian place down the street for tonight.

I think I'm going to implement a "no page tear cut rule" too, so you'll know you're seeing everything I've written. I'm starting to like this vulnerability, it's spicing.

Hot for Teacher

"I've got it bad, bad, bad, I'm hot
for teacher..." Van Halen

She is short, height/weight proportionate
and brunette like my wife of ⁽³⁰⁾ that years
and introduces herself to our Spanish class
as Argentinian/Italian. Omygod. Latin
and Italian? Are you kidding me?
Kalyshit I should drop right now, there
is no way I'll concentrate in class
especially with that sexy little mole
on her upper lip beckoning with every
accented word. And that smile.

No, I've never dropped a class yet, even
Computer Aided Design where I earned my
first "C" since resuming my college
education in 2008. I'll tough it out.

It's tough to be a guy. I remember
when riding my bike was suddenly pointless
as all I thought about were girls.

No money, no car, no social skills, and
a face full of blemishes and all I want
is a girl. My face cleared, I got a job

a car and a girl eventually, but
it was rough in between. Ladies, for
pure sexual stamina, you'll do no
better than a fifteen-year-old male,
but check your local age-of-consent laws
before engagement. It sucks to admit that.
From age twelve to thirty the male
brain is clogged by sex. It's a wonder
we can think at all. About a ~~decade~~^{decade} ago
~~decade ago~~ ^{twelve} years ago, I'm 56
in November of 2011, the fog began
to lift. It was refreshing to have
some space in my brain to think
about thoughts other than sex. Like
dropping from a hundred times a
day to just 20. What a relief, but
you don't get weed at the
titty bars anymore. Small tradeoff.



I can't believe I just wrote that but
I did and it's staying. I don't give a
fuck. It is what it is. I will
NOT TEAR THIS PAGE.

any
add.

My first battle with the pot-
for teacher thing ^{aside from record grade,} was fought in Composition 1
at Oakland Community College. She was
blonde and attractive in the Meg Ryan
kind of way which I usually don't
go for (I wish preparation at the end
of that sentence. Fuck it) ^{FOR WHICH I DO NOT GO?} ^{YEAH, RIGHT.}

I shouldn't have taken her for Camp 2
but I couldn't resist, smart and pretty.
Iaced in both but that only
encouraged me. Her skirt came unzipped
in Camp 2 one day and her polka-dotted
panties were exposed. I was a perfect
gentleman and discreetly told her to
pull her sweater over. She smiled and
thanked me. It is our delicious little
secret.

(Intro transition here)

I know there's Ms. Mitzelfeld, English 380.
She walks in and I say to myself "Drip,
motherfucker, drop." Kee-rist, I'll never
learn a thing. Tall, blond, stocky, spit,
heels, fingernails, smart, articulate, smile.
I'm toast but I stay. I'll fuck up my whole

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Tuesday - Thursday class they if I drop I'll search for something unattractive ^{at} No luck yet. Shit.

☰
☐
MOSTLY
DELAY

I'm in the student lounge an hour before class and slightly caffeinated.

I've had a few worries lately, the first that Lynn Anne, my wife, would read this. But now I don't care.

I suppose my fear is a good sign that I'm writing honestly.

The second worry was re-reading what I've previously written while drinking. It's not as bad as I thought and I'm seeing determined to keep the no-page-tear-out rule. I swear too much when I drink.

SPACE FOR YOU TO WRITE STUFF: }

HOT FOR TEACHER CONTINUED

I'm not a maniac for every female although I try to find something attractive about everyone. My Women's History instructor has the pleasant, no-make-up - don't-give-off-any-flirty-vibe, very similar to [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] However, my history professor sets off my gaydar and [REDACTED] does not. I could not have sex with either of these women even if you offered me a million dollars cash. I couldn't get the necessary cooperation, if you get my drift.

Spanish was the first class I'd ever dropped since resuming my college career. With hindsight, it was probably my lack of consistent practice, not the lip-riding mole, that did me in.

Note from Mrs. Mitzelfeld:

Dear Joseph:

While your writing is fair, it is completely inappropriate. I have broken your rule and torn out the offending pages. If this continues, I am obligated to report ^{you} this to the Dean, otherwise I shall consider this matter closed.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Mitzelfeld

9/20/11

2) officious - aggressive in offering unwanted advice

accept - receive
except - leaving out

Wonder Days

Professor Tripp - Michael Douglas
Inedy

Lee

James - flatness of character - tenderness
w/ pocket - coaxes - interprets M M feelings
on wedding day - jacket looks lonely

lists trunk contents

I knew immediately when James said he
wrote for *inconnia* he would write the
professor's book.

Quentin "O" Mallwood

Sara - professor's wife

Writing game @ club - James Braxler Lari

Jerry Crabtree - editor

Emily - wife

Antonie Slovák TRNS.

Hanna Green

Walter Bostell - Walter

Q

OVERDOSE

9/23/11

Revenge/Parche KARAOKE

My wife and I vacation annually with the same friends. We split the rent on a large home very near the ocean in North Carolina. Almost everyone in the group sings and likes to drink so we don't miss our yearly karaoke experience. My wife begged off as too tired, but had me go under the watchful eyes of her ^{own} friends.

I LOVE THIS.

The crowd was pretty decent and the bar pretty dirty, perfect for suburban trailer trash like us. I nurse my beer as I take in several songs, some ^{performed} much better than others. A cute blond twenty-something starts her version of a slightly dirty rap tune and I figured I'll help her out, so I grabbed a chair ^{turned} around and propped my feet on the stage as she sang. She took the bait and sang to me. It took the bait and sang to me. It took the bait and sang to me. It more than a man

1 BEE W/L

fedora, gangster, tater, testosterone vibe
dark eyes, tanned, barely caucasian, muscle shirt
santa vest, ten pounds of shit in his pants bag,
painted jeans

married the years should have.

~~When I was as I.~~

Later, as I approached the stage
to perform my infamous version
of Madobeard's "Creep", I wiped
it was time for her to return
the favor and she eagerly obliged,
placing seat and feet just as had.
When this fifty-six year old
creeps "I'm a creep, I'm a
weirdo..." to a lovely young girl,
the crowd goes insane. This dark
theatrical performance is warmly
embraced by the slightly stoned
predominantly county music crowd.

It's many after as I write and
knowing the importance of describing
my protagonist, I solicit the help
of my tablemates that hadn't enjoyed
as may give on tennis as I.

As fast as I can write, five witnesses
ratchet off fedora, gangster, tater
testosterone vibe, dark eyes, tanned, barely
caucasian, muscle shirt, ~~SANTA~~ vest,

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Ten pounds of shit in a five pound bag and painted on jeans. She is in her late thirties or early forties and fairly height-weight proportional. Not at all my type.

NUM
☐
CAFFANATED
TEA IS BULL

She picks Bobby Brown's "My Perogative" and ^{urges} her family to join her onstage. With one exception, they remain conspicuously absent. Her tablemate suffers through a few lines and abandons her unceremoniously, she is very unhappy. I've seen and heard my share of bad karaoke, but when her table shouts "off the stage," "off the stage" it is a first for me.

Undeterred, she convinces the DJ to play a song with "fuck you" as the chorus ^{follow up} and she flips off her family at each stanza. Pereng hearda. Two women leave her table and join us uninvited and announce that they are not, in fact, related to the performer but had only met her several days ago. Oddly enough, this doesn't seem out of place considering the circumstances.

Joby Keith's "Shoulda Been A Cowly",
is ~~was~~ right in my range, is my
second performance of the evening.

Blondie returns to ~~at~~ the stage seat
and props her feet. Our friend Freda,
walking point for my wife, joins her.
Cute tells Freda that "I'd like to
meet his wife" and in the din of
the bar I thought she said "I'd like
to be his wife", to which I replied
"Maybe just for tonight". Twenty-something
took the joke as well as my wife
when Freda rattled me out to the
group in the morning.

9/23/11

HOT FOR TEACHER CONTINUED...

Binger or Maryanne? That's the eternal male question posed on the 60's situation comedy Gilligan's Island, where the glamorous actress and the buxom farm girl are marooned. When asked, my buddy George ~~is~~ chooses Mariame without hesitation, while Tom pauses several seconds before selecting Binger. I've always been a Binger man myself but I think ~~my~~ Maryanne, Pr. Spearman, my fiction teacher, may be my Maryanne as Mrs. Mitzelfeld is my Binger.

Dr. Spearman has dark hair and eyes and occasionally rests her hand across her pregnant belly. However, it is her relentless teaching style I find irresistible. I've heard sled dogs will ~~rush~~ ^{run} themselves to an exhaustive death without counterancing by their ~~shivers~~ ^{muscles}. Wiping the sweat from her brow, Pr. Spearman would teach until she dropped were it not for the requisite break and stop times.

She is hot, and not just from
baking the sun in her oven. (too cliché?)

When we're alone after class, I
politely told her I love her style. She
admits to loving her job and
appreciates my noticing.

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My brother is a guitar player and is really good. People love to hear him play. I fancy myself a bit of a writer but I have to keep reminding myself that people react nearly as intensely to my music as they do to heavy guitar music. Despite being reminded repeatedly by my friends and family I keep forgetting this lesson.

I read an essay to my guitar-playing brother and his wife, which was graded "A" by my creative nonfiction teacher and which I entered into Creative Nonfiction magazine's "True Crime" contest. They were nonplused. Not even a polite "that's nice." Nothing.

I have to write to please myself. I'd like the vindication of a contest win even if some meant nothing to my family and dear friends.

They like my cooking though. I made fettuccini alfredo with pan seared scallops for 13. Big hit. They did get a kick out of "Hot for Soda."

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9/27

Summation - turbulent, troubled, disturbed

Vindicate - to show to be right, prove ^{uphold}

Bonus: Unique - original, by itself

MC

1. He wrote the memo but forgot to initial it.

MC

2. He wrote the memo but he forgot to initial it.

complete
sentence
made sense

3. I like his writing style; I'd like to see fewer was.

however
can be
removed

4. I gave him a fair grade, however, because his work shows a great deal of improvement.

5. I gave him a fair grade. However, I won't be that lenient in the future.

6. I take my work seriously; I expect the best.

7. He is like her as a person, but she's very

8. competitive, therefore difficult to work with.

9. However, and

10. teacher; Her

9/29/11

Landing Strip Lounge

1. Stage
2. Lights
3. Exit/entrance
4. small

Essay due on Tuesday @ 10/4/11 1-1 1/2 PAGES

TITLE

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10/4/11

Lost Opportunities / So There

Megan,

I'm again apologizing for calling you at home. I called information and guessed the number they gave me would be yours. The ~~and~~ ^{attempts to} my message of seeking English help was sincere and polite so I found your email expressing "your family's" displeasure at my call puzzling. ~~and~~ ^{it wasn't} I called before ~~that~~ ^{that late}.

As I expressed in my subsequent email, you preferred communication between us, I panicked when I thought I didn't know the assignment or how it completed. It had been done for days. I thanked you for your email assistance.

I've learned a valuable lesson for which I'm grateful. From now on, I'll fail a class before I call a hot chick classmate for help. Even though we've had several enjoyable lunches in the cafeteria, you can't get past the "old-guy-in-English-stalker" stereotype of me. Don't worry, you're not the first and I doubt you'll be

the last. It does hurt my feelings, especially since I've been nothing but polite, courteous and respectful to you. I should have known that your stereotypical screen through which you viewed some of the themes of my essays I should would render you unable to offer a clinical or detached kind of assessment or input. You just thought "Pervert!" Had a female classmate shared ^{the} same ^{adult} ^{themes}, I'm betting she wouldn't have gotten that reaction. Yes, I'm calling you sexist. You're in college now Megan. It's time to drop the every-man-has-the-hots-for-me attitude and treat ^{you} the classmate, especially those old enough to be your father, with the respect they ~~deserve~~ they've earned and deserve. Some boys just want English help, and don't want in your pants. In the record, I prefer women I'm attracted to closer to my own age.

10/4/11

Inundate: flood, overwhelm, deluge

Nebulous: indistinct, confused, obscure

peruse - look over, pursue - chase

Amy [redacted] / Joan [redacted] - portrait

Aspect that gives insight - admire or imitate

Workshop this Thursday!

Denese [redacted]

English 303

Joseph Corlett

Flash Fiction

Ms. Metzfeld:
While I promised not to remove any pages, I made no promises not to add

Bubby's Battle

"Sir, it's no secret I'm sweet on Miss Becky; I'll take her as my wife if she'll have me. Sir, I'll brook no man disrespecting her in word or deed. Not even her daddy, in his own home, on Christmas day. Sir, I'm callin' you out."

I'll never forget the suicidal words of skinny Bubby Johnston, spoken in front of the television, blocking the view of the game. Daddy was not amused; he hadn't been called to a fistfight in over twenty years. Everyone, except Bubby Johnston, knew better.

It was an otherwise uneventful Christmas, just like the others I remembered as a fifteen-year-old. My two older sisters, with their husbands and children, had spent the night so Granma and Grandpa could enjoy the kids ripping open Santa's gift-wrapped bounty in the morning. Breakfast was kind of an eat-when-you-were-hungry proposition with Christmas dinner promptly at 1:00. Dinner was uneventful, with the usual cacophony of plates and silverware clanking, infants fussing, hushed only for the opening prayer by Daddy.

Like every other year, after dinner the girls and women would clear dishes and gossip in the kitchen while the men headed for the den with the television and where momma allowed Scotch and smokes. I was finally old enough to join them. Enconced comfortably in his front-row La-Z-Boy, it was Daddy's dessert request that set off Bubby, my sister Becky's boyfriend of eight months: "Becky! God damn you're slow girl! Where's your daddy's apple pie? And don't forget the ice cream."

Daddy was a scrapper in his younger days and with his size and fighting experience, no one could recall his losing a brawl. He never had to get physical with any of us kids, he'd just give us "the look" and we fell right in line. I'd never heard a sane sober man challenge Daddy in my life. It's a good thing Becky was in the kitchen, for if she'd heard Bubby's challenge her screams would still be ringing in my ears. George and Tom, my brother's-in-law, sat in stunned-slack-jawed silence as Bubby blocked the view of the game.

"Becky!!" Daddy screamed.

Becky appeared in the doorway, her face at her feet.

"Look your daddy in the eye." Daddy commanded.

Becky did as she was told; twenty-two years of indoctrination is not easily subordinated.

"Sugalump, I was rude and disrespectful to you earlier. I am sorry. Do you accept my apology?"

Becky places her arms around him, gives him a big hug, and goes to fetch the pie with ice cream. George and Tom are incredulous. Despite their years in the family, they've never seen or heard anything like this fistfight/proposal. They'd cut off their balls with a spoon rather than challenge their father-in-law.

Daddy, wiping his eyes with his sleeve, looks ^{PO} Bubby in the eye and asks him, "I've got an unopened ^{PO} bottle of fifty-year-old single malt in the liquor cabinet. Would you honor me with a drink?" ^{OVER}

"Yes sir." Bubby says as he moves from blocking the T.V.

After setting up four glasses, Daddy faces the kitchen and politely asks, "Becky, when you bring that pie, would you fetch your mamma too? Bubby's got somethin' he wants to ask you that I'm sure your mamma's gonna wanna hear."

Write a memory, use elevated language

My Life As a Labrador Retriever

28 I am not a man. Sure, I've got a wife and family, a mortgage payment, two cars (one paid for) and a part time job while I go to school. That's a facade. I live for a pat on the head or hearing "Good boy!" from the women in my life, my wife, ^{my customers,} and my four professors. Sickness really.

While I haven't started the head-cocked-sad-eye-thing yet like most other Labs, I'm making no promises I won't start. You're going stopping for new curtains and might look at shoes on the way home? Move over mamma. If you don't want me to chrouffer, I'll ride shotgun and try not to slobber on the seats or hang my head too far out the window.

10/18/11

Vocab:

Fortitude: determination, strength, courage

Holistic: complete, relating to parts of a whole

Bonus: Imply: putting it out

Infer: what audience gets

Political Correctness Invades O.U.

It's Drama ³⁰⁰ ~~300~~ ^{bars} and we're studying Eugene O'Neill's play "The Emperor Jones" like the American classic "Huckleberry Finn" it is filled with the word "nigger". Yes there it is, ~~the~~ fifty-six year old white guy repeated "nigger". The word did not end. asked Dr. Barry McDaniel has instructed the class racially mind to say "N" ^{to} ~~to~~ where the word "nigger" appears. This offends me. This is political correctness on steroids. Worse yet, it is cheating students of their education for which they're paying.

Do they cover the breasts and/or genitalia of subjects in Anatomy class to avoid offending students? Of course not. If I am critically sick or injured I want a doctor, male or female, black or white, that's had some practice on genuine naked people. ~~previously~~ If anatomy students can look at and practice on naked

when she's reading already



FULL
STRENGTH
CAFFIENE
@ LUNCH
ITS 5:30PM
AND IM
SMOKIN.

corpus, without snickering like adolescent boys, why can't Prama students show the same ^{mature} clinical detachment while reading the classic texts verbatim?

Is the text offensive? When taken out of its context, yes. But so what? When did the politically correct class ^{earn} the "right" to never be offended? They haven't.

This is college kids, the real world is right outside your door.

Here's a tidbit OU should be teaching you but isn't due to its so-called "in loco parentis" attitude: The world doesn't give a ^{MOST} fuck how you feel. Get used to it; start now.

And don't start with that "It's okay for the black kids in class to read 'nigger' verbatim, but not the white." So certain people are allowed denied certain privileges based solely on their skin color?

Why is this tacit racism accepted ^{culturally} when reintroducing "colored only" signs to select OU bathrooms ^{water fountains} would

probably, and justifiably, cause a riot? You can't love it both ways.

What's next, only Jews ^{to} can say "holocaust"? On the scale of horrible shit humans have done to each other, Hitler takes a back seat to no slave holder or trader.

After class, I approached Dr. McDaniel and conveyed my concerns. Part of me wanted to disobey and read verbatim, and suffer the consequences. Part of me thought it only fair to tell Dr. McDaniel that I am unable to accommodate her request. She assured me that I am halfway through the term I've already secured an "A" in Class Participation, even if I didn't say another word until the final and she said she wouldn't call on me to read aloud. I feel like a chickenshit now. Rosa Parks never gave that white bus driver a heads-up that she'd be sitting up front from now on.

Well looky there. I learned something about myself at OU. I imagine that.

* In the same class, we studied Sophocles' "Oedipus Rex" in which the protagonist, Oedipus, has an ^{ongoing} sexual relationship with his mother. Did Dr McDaniel show the same hyperreactivity to ^{student} ~~insert~~ victims as she ^{was} ~~does~~ to blacks? No, she ^{did} ~~does~~ not. Perhaps the PC Police will successfully eliminate "Oedipus Rex" from classrooms, its twenty-five-hundred year run notwithstanding.

PLACE

I've got to write a "place" essay for English. I did the kid-lying-on-branwai-lawn cliché for Creative Nonfiction class last fall and I'm not revisiting. No beach or quarry visits either.

Without question, my favorite place in the last 33 of my 36 years has been in the arms of my wife in bed at night. She's usually in my arms and she calls me her "furnace man". This worked out well until she hit menopause upon suddenly and ineptically my arm and our bed covers were quickly evacuated. A bedroom ceiling fan became a must-have, not a luxury.

She needs the fan and I need my pistol. Although I sleep nude, I only feel naked without my gun on the nightstand or in the bedside safe.

My wife snores and occasionally I'm awakened with a shove and an admonition to roll over and I do compliantly. My wife snores too and laughs when I call them "cute little Punkin' snore", incapable of waking anyone or hearing

anyone awake