

Course: ENG 2003 – Effective Engineering Communication
Professor: Dr. Rizvi
Submission: Lecture 03 – InClass Assignment
Group: Enzo Panem, Mohamed Ahmed, Rohan Sharma
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Activity # 1 – Helping your Profs edit their email

Please paste your edited email below showing your group's **tracked changes** with justification. Tracked changes is a highly useful and popular feature of word processing programs (e.g. MS Word, Google Docs etc.) that can be used to track changes between differing versions of a document. It allows you to go back in time to see how your document progressed, which can be useful whether you are going through multiple cycles of editing on your own and/or working collaboratively as a team.

***** **BEGIN EMAIL** *****

SUBJECT LINE: Proposed amendment to ENG1101 Grading Scheme; Action Required

TO:

Bcc: myself@yorku.ca

Cc: courseTA1@yorku.ca, courseTA2@yorku.ca

To: secretarytothedean@yorku.ca, departmenthead@yorku.ca

BODY:

Good afternoon,

I am currently running the ENG1101 course in the S1 term, and am seeking advice in regarding the grading scheme of the course. Currently, the grading scheme includes XXX as deliverables, and students are evaluated according to the accepted syllabus, attached here. It has come to my attention that the way students are evaluated is not reflecting their participation, understanding, or competence with the material, and as such it is my professional opinion that it would be appropriate to change (weighing/evaluations/XXX). I have Cc'ed the TAs so that you may ask them for specific details they have observed, as they have come to me with their own information that would support a proposal of change.

Please advise as to who would best be able to assist me in drafting and getting this revision approved; I would like to ensure the smoothest transition for my students, as well as the grading TAs, should this be possible.

I look forward to your timely response.

Thank you,

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Professor Reza Rizvi, PhD. (*he/him*)

Assistant Professor | Department of Mechanical Engineering
p: 416-736-2100 ext. 30090 | rrizvi@yorku.ca

***** END EMAIL *****

***** END Activity 1 *****

Activity # 2 – Slay the Demon Editing Activity

I stared at the bank statement in front of me, the sight of it sending shivers running through my entire body. I'm an atheist, but in this moment I was praying to any form of God, hoping they would magically appear and change my banking balance of \$3.86. I laughed to myself, first inwardly and then outwardly, as if possessed. I realized I finally hit rock bottom; and as the sooner I accept this aversive situation, the better I think I will fare.

I pored over the expenses I made in the last month, trying to make sense of my idiotic ascent to bankruptcy. I had always been short of cash since, having chosen to pay my own way through University. To them, the idea of their son, heir of a multi-million dollar business, living paycheck to paycheck in a dilapidated student home, struggling to make ends meet – was laughable. The shock and horror on their faces gave me a weird sense of satisfaction as I marched out of my palatial home. I had decided I was going to do this on my own. I didn't need help from anyone. And now I was broke. More broke than a bum on the street.

I raised my two meter body to my feet and dragged myself away from the bank. After walking to the edge of the curb, I climbed into my car and begun the slow, tortuous drive home. When I entered my room and slipped off my shoes, my eyes glossed over its contents and I immediately felt a wave of shame wash over me. A 45-inch plasma television was on full blast, showering the dinghy apartment with light. Subscriptions to Netflix and Scribd appeared on the main screen, complimented by a neat stack of Blu-Ray DVDs. Expensive jewellery lined each drawer of my dresser, compounding my guilt and shame. The rent for this place for \$450, but believe me, I lived like a prince there.

It wasn't until this moment that I realized that while I had left my home, I clearly hadn't left my lifestyle behind. I needed to cut the chord. All was not lost. The shame I felt would ensure that I would have a successful future paving my own way. I remembered the day I summoned the courage to walk out on my own and gain independence. The memory filled me with a sense of hope. Using this energy, I walked over to my stationary bike and began to pedal. I always thought more clearly when physically active. Slowly, I began to take account of what needed to be done. The most basic necessities, namely, food, rent, phone, tuition, would come to \$1200 per month. The luxuries of life, mostly in the form of paid subscriptions, were costing approximately \$2400 per month. The total expense, therefore, was \$3600 a month. I currently made \$1000 per month.

I took a long look across my room and sighed. All the electronics would have to go, along with the DVD collection. That alone would put \$3000 in my pocket. If I pawned all the jewellery except for the bracelet my mother gave me, I would have another \$5000 to put into my bank account. That, and bumping up my hours at the library a bit, and eating out only five times a week instead of 7, would allow me to break

even at the end of the month. While this fact is not earth shattering, its a whole lot better than the crappy situation I'm in now.

I looked back at my room and smiled. I was going to succeed, one way or another. The shameful feeling which had engulfed my body earlier was now gone replaced with sense of pride. One day I would get all my belongings back and remember the day. One day, this would all seem like a nightmare, far in my past. It was time to get to work. Today was the first day of the rest of my life.