[Name of the Writer]

[Name of Instructor]

[Subject]

[Date]

**Longer Writing Assignment 1**

**Essay#1**

**THE UNKNOWN SOUND:**

It was a rainy Sunday. I was with my elder sister at home and parents were out for grocery. It was always a fun time when parents were not around. I felt like a independent person, who could do anything without any fear of being scouted. I was sitting in the kitchen and trying to cut the fruits on cutting board. The sound of knife on cutting board was breaking the silence of the house. Sister was reading the novel in the living room. Time to time she was checking me and guiding me what to do, how to do and I was enjoying it. I found a sound of knife tapping exciting and the next moment I started making music out of it for the next few minutes, and then I stopped. The moment I stopped, I heard a similar sound out of the kitchen. I thought the sister is playing with me, so I responded to the sound. The moment I stopped, sound from the living room started and the moment sound stopped I started to tap on the cutting board. It was fun. Suddenly, when the sound from the living room was coming, my sister came into the kitchen. I got shocked because the sound was still coming from the living room, but the sister was standing next to me. I was watching my sister and listening to that sound without blinking. My sister asked me about the matter when she observed my confusing face. I asked her whether she was playing with me from the last 15 minutes and it was shocking to know that she was not in the living room. Not only that but she also unaware of any sound coming from the living room. I ran to the living room, but there was no one. A deep silence covers the home and fear entered in my heart. The experience made me realize that ghosts are real; they live around us and sometimes show their presence.

Essay#2

**I AM BEAUTIFUL**

I was born into a black family. I was living a happy childhood then the ghost of race, class, color entered in my life. I experienced lots of moments when someone told me how ugly I am because of my color. I used to watch white people walking around me and think about why I am not white and beautiful. I used to stand in front of the mirror to see my color and feel guilty for something in which I was not involved. There were many moments when I cried and got angry, I asked God why he did not make me a beautiful white woman. Time passed, and I got admission in a college. It becomes habitual to listen to harsh sentences about my color and race. I pretended that I don't care about their words, but deep inside I did. I loved to play basketball, and in college, I joined the basketball team. In starting it was challenging to be a part of the team as beautiful white girls were not comfortable with me that made me uncomfortable. It was the second week, and we were practicing for an inter-college competition. A basketball team from other college came for practice. During the match one of the other team members fell, I left the ball ran to help her. She held my hand, and we went for the first aid. I help her till she got relaxed and then I went to my home. Next day, when I reached for the practice, my coach smiled at me and praised me by saying you helped the member of the opponent team with so much care. I must say you have a beautiful personality. These words touched my heart and praising words of my teammates made my day. That was the day when I realized I am not ugly. The color of your skin is not a symbol of my beauty. It is my behavior, nature, and thinking that makes me beautiful. Yes, I am black, and I am beautiful.