

Prior Learning Assessment Portfolio Release

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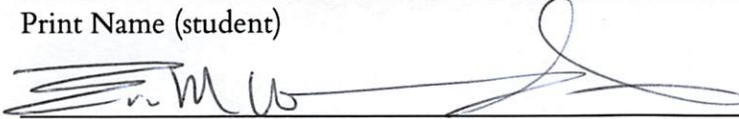
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Signed (student)

July 3 2018

Date



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7/3/18

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WRTG-111x
May 25, 2018
Eric M. Whitebread

Letter to Cohort Two,

Beginning our writing-111x Inside/Outside Expedition project for the Community of Writing (COW) we as a whole brainstormed to come up with a number of collaborative proposals for the pitch week. As a group we settled on the prompt of success stories, what success is, when we succeed, and how is that different if at all from success of others in the community at large. We picked or were assigned roles and a job for each student in week #2, collaboration week.

Once our prompt was decided we broke down into smaller teams to attack the individual branches of the projects prompt. I was part of the team that set the initial basic goals for the Expedition. This is not to say these goals we generated are the complete end-all achievements we can strive for, these are just a foundation for future Cohorts to build up from.

As Cohort Two and later Cohort Three you will be further refining the project work those of us in the first Cohort have completed. You may find it necessary at times to back-track a little to adjust the Inside/Outside Expedition prompts components to fit later needs of the group.

Getting started was slow for the first Cohort and I'm sure you will face some of the same obstacles as we did. Such as it being difficult to find chances to collaborate with your peers for generating ideas together, or finding available time at the computers for typing. Thus it will become important to work on your own and actively place your work in the writing-111x course drawer as often as possible.

Good Luck,

2018

Eric M. Whitebread

WRITING 111X

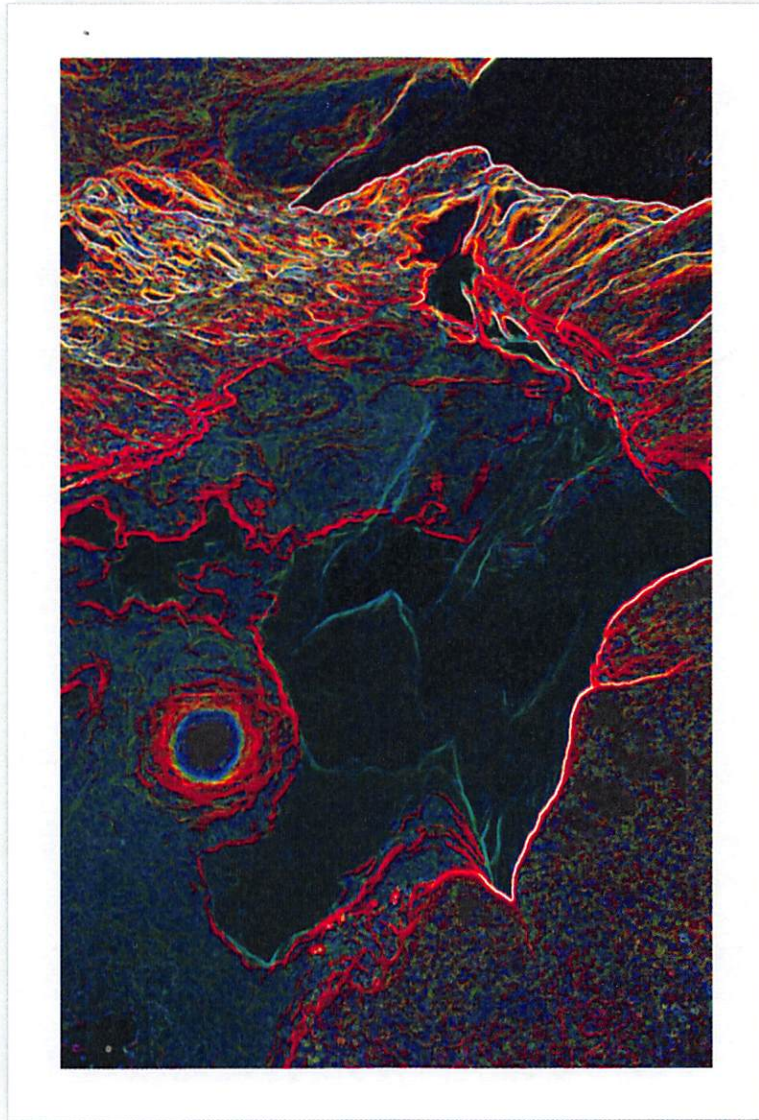
Growing up I hated school, writing and spelling in particular. I have a learning disability, ADHD, and dyslexia. This didn't necessary mean that I couldn't do the same things as others, just that I had to find different ways of completing the same tasks and often at a slower pace than most. I found that I often completed assignments backwards, and that worked for me. It still does today. I'm still not a very good speller, but I have found ways to compensate for this.

I am telling you this because there is never an "I can't" reason for learning something new, it's just a "maybe I have to find my own way". Writing 111x course is not hard, but it will challenge you to think unlike you are accustomed to doing. Don't give up or complain everyone is here to help each of us to succeed as long as you don't make excuses.

It's a motto I hate, but if I can do it anyone can! Three trails, out and back. Six assignments are really all it is.

Sincerely,

Eric M. Whitebread



Never Stop Fighting

A Story of Self by: ERIC M. WHITEBREAD

WRTG | 111X | May 23, 2018

You know that feeling when you are first waking up from a deep sleep and you're not absolutely sure where you are right away? Bodies numb and your brain isn't completely connected to your muscles yet, so you just lie still. That's how this particular morning had started out. The only difference this time was the numbness didn't fade away after a few moments. Here I am with my brain just entirely unable to communicate with anything below my waist. "Well, *Shit! This can't be good,*" I thought! Maybe I slept wrong or even pinched a nerve in the night. My psyche just couldn't make significant meaning.

What was it? What did I do next? First let's back up a smidgen. I graduated High School just outside Columbus, Ohio in 1995, but I was born in Trenton, New Jersey. The year was now 1997, and I was now living in Upper State New York. I had joined the Army. It was the one constant fixation I had as far back as I could remember. Truth told, I'm genuinely not sure why I hadn't done it closer to my graduating. My father was a Marine in Vietnam; his father was in the Navy during World War II. My mother's father was part of the Army Tank Corps, and I had an Uncle in the Air Force (then the Army Air Corps). As a matter of fact my ancestors have been warriors all the way back to my clan, MacFarland, in Scotland, who were sworn to protect the Queen of England. "This I'll Defend".¹ Still, if I had to pick just one reason for my choice to join up, I would say it was growing up in the '80's watching G.I. Joe. Because "*knowing is half the battle.*"² In the fall of '97 I negotiated Infantry, Air Borne School and Ranger School in to my military contract.

Everyone I knew believed I was insane, except my old Sea-Dog of a Grandfather on my Dad's side. My Mother went as far as to contact Army Command in hopes of barring me from service due to my being an only child. I was given the choice to withdraw from my contract. I lost my Father when I was 13-years old. He was killed, electrocuted trying to save another man's life, but I know the Jarhead would have been proud.

I traveled south to Peach County in 1998, for basic training at Fort Benning, Georgia. I was in good shape at the time so basic was uncomplicated but enjoyable. Advanced Infantry Training was seamlessly after basic and was much more demanding, and then Air Borne School was incredibly vigorous. I couldn't get enough; I was motivated to learn as much as I could soak up.

It was now March of 1999, and a group of us were waiting for a new Jump class to start up. The previous class's graduation jump zone is typically set up by the incoming class. Long story short, due to a NCO's³ incompetence I was knocked off a seat from the rear of a truck on the way to the landing zone. I felt okay at the time, later that evening while unloading the truck something popped in my lower back. A few days went by; Medics said I was good to go and to hydrate better. A week later they inform me I might have pulled something and needed to rest my back. The decision was made to push my Jump class dates back and send me to a duty station for a few months before I was to resume Air Borne School.

Fast forward, here to Fairbanks, Alaska, June 1999. I'm stationed at Fort Wainwright. I was doing fine for a few months, until the discomfort began. I was a soldier and we don't give

up, so I pushed through the best I could. I wasn't stupid, I still said something about the pain, but was blown off each time by the Medics telling me, "It's just soreness from some pulled muscles".

There, now I have you all caught up. I had to extract myself from the bed with just my upper body since the internet between my noggin and anything past the hips was disconnected. I flopped to the floor like a fish from water and drug myself to a phone. It took about an hour and a half to start regaining movement to my legs. This ritual commenced to repeat daily upon waking. In all this, I was still doing my job, still fighting, and training, where most around me had no clue of the difficulties I was facing. The doctors ultimately decided the obvious and took some X-rays. My lower spine looked like a major fault line waiting for the next big tremor to hit. The X-rays revealed more seven main fractures among the Lumbar vertebra of L-4, L-5, and the Sacrum where found, two ruptured disks, and a narrowing of the spinal cords path. The kicker to all this was had they taken X-rays when I originally notified them, it would have been a straightforward remedy with no lingering after effects. There were so many calcium deposits and traumatic scarring from it shifting and healing there was no correcting it now. I felt like a cracked Fabergé egg mended with Elmer's Glue and I had over exerted myself to the point of inducing an umbilical hernia.⁴

That was it. I would be lucky if I could walk past five to ten years. The type of surgery that was needed was considered too close to my spinal cord to perform on someone only 23-years old. "Tell him what he's won!" I was forced out of the Army within few months, rewarded a medical retirement at the rate of 80% disability, and received a boat ride out of Alaska. I was lost and had nowhere to go. I drove across the United States for six months in my Jeep until I settled in Seattle, Washinton. I had the umbilical hernia fixed with some high-tech mesh in 2002, and my disability was raised to 100% with un-employability since I was still intermittently losing control of my lower extremities. I fought to find a way to live in excruciating pain. When there was no pain at all, that meant my body's internet was down again and all I could do was lay there. The worst was when I couldn't help or play with my son and he didn't understand why. It broke my heart to be useless. On top of all that I ended up having a biological issue called something like Hyper Pyridoxal Reaction to 90% of medications. Meaning they affected me the opposite of how they should, if they worked at all.

More than a decade and a half elapsed with intermitting internet outages and hallucination inducing agony. I was overweight due to the lack of mobility and pain. I finally found a Doctor that would take the risk to operate, on February, 2016. He cut me open like a rag-doll needing more filling. Metal screws and rods where put in and I was stitched back up like a morbid episode of Doc McStuffins.⁵ With the loving help of my wife after the surgery the procedure was a success. I lost more than 50 pounds and rebuilt my muscle. At age 42, I now live in very limited pain. "Yo Joe!"⁶

Now I'm in an experimental and growing Writing 111X course comparing stories from writers of many differing disciplines. We have very little in common but we are much alike, but just how connected are we? I didn't plan on answering this question when I started this journey, but how things change.

The foremost mechanism that I observed following the study of our versions of *Story of Self* was the physical location we all reside. We are all presently here in Fairbanks, Alaska today. This may seem rather obvious, but for any of this to have transpired we in some way had to make the choices and follow the courses that would lead each of us to this identical location. How did we each come to be here? Some of us are transplants of faraway corners while others were born right here in Alaska, but we have all elected to remain here, or come back after once leaving. Each of our individual *heres* is an ever changing element affected by our experiences.

We represent a very large diversity in age range and personality types. Never the less there is a vast exhibition of persistence and determination throughout the telling of each of the writers tales. We have all fought in some way or another to achieve a setting that we may feel accepted by others for who we are and what we have to offer the world. While some of us may have been running from some traumatic experience that ended us here in the land of the midnight sun or chasing a dream of greener grass. All the same here we stand. Some of our choices were good and some may have been bad. Many of which we cannot even begins to understand what each of us faces besides what's shown on the surface.

Clearly our being here and our writings demonstrate that we all have an ambition to help others reach higher as well as persuading ourselves to become better individuals. No matter if it is stepping outside of our comfort zones to do something we dislike or spending our free time to help facilitate the expansion of the opportunities of others.

Acknowledgement

On our first back-trail I failed to answer the question of "How Connected Are We". I had stated that I felt that I was uncomfortable "signaling out" other course writers. It was inquired where this view came from. Truth be told, I don't like people much. I do however get great satisfaction from community volunteering and helping others. When our writings get to close home or to personal I'm not inclined to share or pick at others works. I can inadvertently become what may seem very over criticize which my come over like a personal attack. I felt that doing this in a confined habitation could lead to conformations. I have since become more comfortable but it was not an easy task. Despite concepts I have I hope that I have progressed and have better accomplished this current task. The writers that I reviewed for this trail, used for my comparisons where Sarah, Kendell, Chris, Eli, Robert, and Warren.

¹ "This I'll Defend" is the MacFarlane clan Motto

² "knowing is half the battle."- Public service announcement from the G.I. Joe cartoons.

³ NCO- Non-Commissioned Officers

⁴ An umbilical hernia is where your intestines burst through your abdomen and come through your belly button.

⁵ Doc McStuffins is a child's cartoon about a girl doctor that fixes plush toys.

⁶ "Yo Joe"- G.I. Joe battle cry

Bombastic Meanings

Eric M. Whitebread

May 24, 2018

WRTG 111X – Rhetorical Letter Portfolio

Upon reading Martin Luther King Junior's response to criticism towards himself from clergymen in his "Letter From A Birmingham Jail"¹ April 16th, 1963, it's noticed that his art of rhetoric language in his writing is used throughout in a sincere and effective fashion. His eloquence hits forcefully with persuasive expression and an art of power in just such a way that he slaps you and makes you believe you were just complimented. It was felt by this reader that King Jr. is responding to an issue that those of color are being kept out and pushed away. Although I do not feel that the injustice of segregation or racism against the Negro community is his immediate complaint of the early paragraphs of the letter.

On reading the letter a second time around, I have come to feel more that the "outsides coming in" which King Jr. refers to in the beginning of his second paragraph is not that the Negro community being kept out but rather is about King himself coming down to Birmingham, Alabama from Atlanta, Georgia. MLK Jr. is perceived to be interfering with the local affairs that the more privileged of Birmingham's people feel he has no right to be involved with. He is being resented for butting in where Martin Luther King Junior is not a part of their community structure.

This theory is further strengthened by where the letters author is grandiloquent in explaining the fact he is in Birmingham, Alabama. That he indeed has a legitimate right to be there as much as anyone else. By stating that he was requested by many of the residents of the city, these "insiders" asking for King Jr.'s help in coming to their aid in helping with the unfair prejudice the Negro community has been encountering with the City's officials.

Much of what Martin Luther King Jr. further writes is completely rhetorical, just rehashing his reasoning of asking questions merely for effect with no answer anticipated. *"If you had done what you should have or what you agreed you would, I wouldn't have to be here anyway. It was you that really brought me here."* Again, King is an artful rhetorician, with a tactful slap to the face he leaves the initial letters audience off balance and a bit unsure of what just happened.

While comparing a narrow list of our available class writings with Martin Luther King Junior's, many similar approaches seem to begin to emerge. Although, many of our writings accomplish articulating our statement in a less inflated or windy way. We each have strategies that help us express an art of power to the readers.

Sarah Stanly--one of our 111x trail guilds begins her letter with "Never before have I written a letter like this". *I could say that's true of our entire writing-111x projects thus far.* Sarah gives a brief history of her teaching background as an opener to her intended recipient. This is similar to King's style of rhetoric writing in explaining to his fellow clergymen why he is responding to their criticism. Sarah expresses to us how she enjoys the satisfaction she receives from inspiring her own students merely for impact with no reply anticipated. *I can relate to this in a way as a father observing my children learning to grasp new ideas and running with them, it's a magnificent feeling.* This leads to Sarah thanking "Erin's Co-Teacher" with eloquence for inspiring her (Sarah). This alludes to the opinion that good teachers don't always get the appreciation that they deserve. Sarah continues with a statement about writing by acknowledging Martin Luther King Jr.'s, "Letter from a Birmingham Jail" that our own writing group has been reviewing. She continues by speculating on how the addressee would communicate to her own students about such writing samples as King's with his use of grandiloquent vernacular. Although Sarah's letter is meant to be rhetorical, I can definitely see a possibility for a response being made to her in return. It was a minor complexity for me to be unsure of precisely when this letter was composed or who Erin's Co-Teacher is exactly, but overall little consequence to the feel of the message. We see that it must have been composed sometime after the year 2010 as Sarah states she has been in living in Fairbanks, Alaska that long. In the last paragraph Sarah begins with "This semester" which leads us to believe that the letter is in fact more recent, but it could have very easily been a few years prior for all the readers know.

I moved on from reading Sarah Stanly's rhetorical letter to reading Warren's. From Warren Nichols' (Cowboy) writing it is obvious that it is recent as he dates his composer at the top of his letter. He is addressing his parents back in his home state of Texas. This is a very straight forward authoring with a lot of emotion and less rhetorical effect than Sarah's or King's, with no bushes to beat around. His letter almost feels as if it is meant to reinsure himself of his own thoughts or beliefs. *I can completely relate to this, after sitting sedentary for so long one begins to exhaust hope of seeing a way out of the forest for the trees.* In this way Warren's writing serves two masters. He explains with articulateness how he is feeling in a rhetoric way of writing, what he has seen, and his hopes for in the immediate future. He looks to his parents for solace, not in their reply but in the hopes of a response. This letter is borderline rhetorical, as he leaves an opening path for them to answer while not seeming he is expecting to receive one.

At the beginning of our third trail I had not known what the meaning of the word rhetorical was and I had to look it up. Exploring these papers was a new concept in language and writing for me. As a student who has had a strong dislike for writing his entire life I have been inspired by Sarah's childlike enthusiasm and excitement of writing.

¹ "Letter from a Birmingham Jail" (Martin Luther King Jr. 1963)



Locomotive; Communication in Transit

Eric M. Whitebread
May 18, 2018
WRTG 111X – Situation Metaphor Portfolio

Observed metaphors:

1. Time moves
2. Shit happens
3. Traveling ideas
4. Containers pass words
5. Self-controlling
6. Goals reached

All aboard! Locomotion is the act or power of moving from one place to another, along a track. While embarking on this excursion I had a super challenging time understanding what was being asked for this project. The sample writing went completely over my head. I understood the words but not the overall significance of the order the words were in. Maybe some passengers should be certain her ticket is punched correctly so that her traveling companions end up at the same location she is heading for. *Making sure we are all on the same track!*[©]

From the six metaphoric pieces that I reviewed for our second adventure, the combination of them immediately brought to attention a vision of Time and Relative Dimensions in Space¹. Most of these metaphors along with their respected entailments have to do with the relationships of concepts (an *ideal, thought, word, time, achievements or ourselves*) moving from one position to anew. A migration or assertion. TIME moves forward as in “*time flies*” (Eli), Relative meanings such as in “*the meaning is right there in the words*” (Sarah) & “*shit*” (Robert), Dimensions are possible choices such as “*focus on the goal*” (Cowboy) & “*SELF is CHILD*” (Kendell), and Spaces are where we need to voyage to, such as “*stay on track*” (Eric).

The engineer, our brain guilds the course we take and operates our engine. My engineer was unable to “*arrive*” at my “*idea*” as outlined at our Tuesday get-together. I may have had to jump a few turnstiles in my approach. Instead of boarding at the station near the intersection of “*Source Domain*” and “*Target Domain*” then traveling to “*Inductive Metaphor*” to disembark, I made the journey in reverse order.

Choo-choo. THINKING IS MOTION, like a railway IDEAS FOLLOW A PROGRESSION from beginning to end, moving from one interchange to another along sets of rails with an infinite number of track switches. You can move from one concept or idea to another one similar to how locomotives change tracks. New experiences or input controls our possible planning. These railway switches have the possibility to lead us to many stimulatingly new and exciting destinations. We are only limited by our imagination of sensible word combinations. Essentially we can modify the direction and destination of our theories and philosophies similar to how we would by changing tracks or trains, all in an effort to get where we hope to go. Switches decide tracks we ride, they are changed by others as well as ourselves, and they are influenced by our opportunities. The track switch of our mind is controlled by inside and outside influences to our individual way of processing information.

When I close my eyes and ponder each writer's chosen rhetorical expression I imagine traveling through space. Ideas and people continue relocating from here to there. WORDS GO IN CONTAINERS and are passed along like thoughts or people in train cars, moving our brainwaves from location to location. Time passes as we strive to achieve our GOALS and we forget to treat ourSELF when all the SHIT hits the fan.

Although, just because we boarded the wrong line doesn't permanently mean that our destination will not be where we belong or needed to arrive at. As with the many different train companies there are many ways of philosophical thinking and disembarking at the same station or idea. We just took a later train or transferred through an alternate platform. Two people can independently arrive at the same conclusion without having the same thought process. The conductor collects our fares and the exchange of information is like paying for passage and receiving our change, it's different depending on where we are trying to end up.

Similar to Time, Space, and Dimensions our preferred metaphors are all interconnected, albeit elastic. The more we attempt to separate them the more kinetic energy that is built up. We may be able to stretch them apart, but any effort to significantly pry or pull them away from each other will result in a substantial spring back. There is always going to be some string of consecutiveness between the metaphors. We are all moving, struggling to raise ourselves to a higher enlightenment. *Space isn't just black, there just is not much out there for the available ambient light to reflect off of. It's full of lamination you just have to bounce it off something else.* We are each that "something else" that we need to bounce our light off of. TIME passes by us all as we ponder our THOUGHTS and try to focus on our GOALS. We try to explain these THOUGHTS, GOALS or ideas, and dreams to others. We then endeavor to combine our individual relative meanings of these primitive grunts and squiggly lines to construct coherent corresponding imaginings that make sense to one and another. We come up with fun new ways to using the 4-Wheel Drive of expletives (Robert). So let's all make sure our axle hubs are locked and shift into low-range. Let's all get on the SAME TRACK and be on TIME to reach our GOALS. Not only for ourSELVES but also for each other.

Express in writing. Communication is to pass from one place to another, to transport or transfer our ideas to another place or person. Moving too hasty or skipping platforms may often lead to colliding with other concepts and derailing us if we are not careful. Collaboration with others is akin to sharing our cortege with other travelers. The two or more of us could be sitting in the same car right next to each other, heading to the same station, but may be looking out the windows at completely different scenery. Sightseeing is brainstorming. We may be on the same track but have different end destinations, where one of us is continuing on by transferring trains. In contrast the others may be on different lines coming to the same terminal. *We may not be able to reach Chicago from Grand Central but we can get there by leaving from Penn Station.*

Source Domain/concrete, Train

Target Domain/abstract, Thought

Thank you for expanding my writing,

For helping me spend my TIME wisely.

For making my perspective Relative with others,

For MOVING my intellect to a higher Dimension.

And providing a Space to express mySELF.

What is your next station ?



Train of thought

You are off track

Out of track

You missed that train

Don't get derailed

Stay on track

Train to crazy town

Out of steam

Keep chugging along

You need to get back on the right track

Are you tracking?

Off the rails

The train has left the station

You're on the wrong track

Reference:

¹ Time and Relative Dimensions in Space (TARDIS)

² *Metaphors We Live By* by George Lakoff and Mark Johnson (1980)

³ *Merriam-Webster's Dictionary and Thesaurus, 5th printing (2017)*

© No animosity intended, just though a fun metaphor presented itself.

