



Appendix

ลิขสิทธิ์มหาวิทยาลัยเชียงใหม่

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Appendix A

List of Expert Names

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Ms. Anne Pierce | Language Center, Chiang Mai
Rajabhat University |
| 2. Mr. Jonathan Sampson | English Program, Chiang Mai
Rajabhat University |
| 3. Mr. Quentin C. Kitson | English Program, Chiang Mai
Rajabhat University |
| 4. Miss Sasinee Kheunkaew | English Department,
Chiang Mai University |
| 5. Mr. Bundit Kantiwang | Network Administrator,
Lamphun Technical College |

Appendix B

Sample Lesson Plan

Genre : narrative

Class : Creative Writing

Time : 3 periods

Content : 1. Godfather Death
2. The Wooden Chest
3. All things are linked
4. How Many Boys?

Language features

1. specific participants with defined identities
2. use of past tense
3. use of present of future form in dialogue and verbs + direct speech
4. descriptive language
5. use of action and linking verbs to show emotions

Terminal objective

Students should be able to create the possible world of particular story which could gain reader's interest in a story and enrich their imagination.

Enabling objectives

Students should be able to...

1. write a simple narrative with a proper sequence of actions or events.
2. establish an atmosphere of a sequence of actions or events to draw reader's interest into the story.
3. develop details of the personality of the main character(s).
4. create the complication or conflict of the story.
5. resolve the complication arisen for better or for worse or leave it unresolved.

GBC stage 1 (building knowledge of narrative and modelling text)

1. When all students are seated, some wooden chests appear on screen and they will be asked what the wooden chest is.

2. The teacher then asks this question when they have scrolled the page down to see its picture.

What do you think is normally in the wooden chest?

3. Students will explain why they think such thing (s) is/are in the chest and the teacher asks if the students find the wooden chest in the forest, near the telephone booth at the airport, or in their grandparents' house. Let students discuss in groups and exchange the ideas of the wooden chest in different places mentioned.

4. After the discussion ends, they move onto the next web page to read a story titled *the Wooden Chest* (e-text 1).

The Wooden Chest*

There was once an old woman named Teresa who had lost her husband and lived all alone. She had worked hard all her life, raising a family and taking in extra work as a seamstress. Now, in her old age, bad luck left her penniless. Old and bent, she was unable to take care of herself any longer. Her hands trembled too much to thread a needle, and her vision was blurred too much for her to make a straight stitch. The old woman had two sons, Tom and Tony, and two daughters Helen and Beth, but they were all grown and married now, and they were busy with their own lives. They had only enough time to stop by to see their mother once a week.

Gradually, the old woman grew more and more feeble, and her children came by to see her less and less. "They don't want to be around me at all any more," she told herself, "because they're so busy with their own lives and afraid I'll become a burden." She stayed up all night worrying about what would become of her, until at last she thought of a plan.

The next morning the old woman went to see her neighbor, a carpenter, and asked him to give her a large, old chest that he didn't need any longer. Then she went to see another neighbor, a locksmith, and asked him to give her an old lock. Finally, she went to see still another neighbor, a glass blower, and asked him for all the unusable, old, broken pieces of glass that he had.

The old woman took the chest home, filled it to the top with the broken glass, locked it up tight, and put it under her kitchen table. The next time her children came to visit, they sat at the table and bumped their feet against it.

"What's in this chest?" Tom asked, looking under the table.

"Oh, nothing," the old woman replied, "just some things I've been saving."

The four children pushed at it with their feet and noticed how heavy it was. They kicked it and heard a rattling noise inside. "It must be full of all the gold she's inherited and saved over the years," Helen whispered to Beth.

So they talked it over and decided they needed to guard the treasure. They made a plan to take turns living with the old woman, so they could look after her, too. In this way, the old woman always had one of her children living with her and helping her. This went on for some time.

At last the old woman grew sick and died. Her children gave her a very nice funeral, for they knew that a great fortune sat under the kitchen table, and they could afford to spend some money on the old woman now.

When the service was over, the four children hunted through the house until they found the key. Eagerly, they unlocked the chest. And, of course, they found it full of broken glass.

"What a rotten trick!" yelled Tom. "What a cruel thing to do to your own children!" Helen snapped.

"But what else could she have done, really" asked the next child. "We must be honest with ourselves. If it wasn't for this chest, we would have neglected our dear mother until the end of her days." Beth said

"I'm so ashamed of myself," Beth sobbed.

"And so am I," moaned Tony. "We forced our own mother to use a trick to get our help."

Tom pushed the chest over to make sure there was nothing valuable hidden among the glass pieces after all. He poured the broken pieces out until the chest was entirely empty. Then the four children stared silently at the floor for a long time.

* From *Bridges to Academic Writing* by Strauch (1998)

5. The teacher identifies that this is a type of text called narrative and its schematic structure can be divided into **orientation**, **complication**, **resolution**, and **coda**.

6. Each part of the story "the Wooden Chest" above will be illustrated as a model for this type of the text.

There was once an old woman named **Teresa** who had lost her husband and lived all alone. She had worked hard all her life, raising a family and taking in extra work as a seamstress. Now, in her old age, bad luck left her penniless. Old and bent, she was unable to take care of herself any longer. Her hands trembled too much to thread a needle, and her vision was blurred too much for her to make a straight stitch. The old woman had two sons, **Tom** and **Tony**, and two daughters **Helen** and **Beth**, but they were all grown and married now, and they were busy with their own lives. They had only enough time to stop by to see their mother once a week.

↓
This part is an **orientation** which introduces →

- who? (main characters)
- where? (setting: place)
- when? (setting: time)
- how an atmosphere is established?

Gradually, the old woman grew more and more feeble, and her children came by to see her less and less.

"They don't want to be around me at all any more," she told herself, "because they're so busy with their own lives and afraid I'll become a burden." She stayed up all night worrying about what would become of her, until at last she thought of a plan.

The next morning the old woman went to see her neighbor, a carpenter, and asked him to give her a large, old chest that he didn't need any longer. Then she went to see another neighbor, a locksmith, and asked him to give her an old lock. Finally, she went to see still another neighbor, a glass blower, and asked him for all the unusable, old, broken pieces of glass that he had.

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So they talked it over and decided they needed to guard the treasure. They made a plan to take turns living with the old woman, so they could look after her, too. In this way, the old woman always had one of her children living with her and helping her. This went on for some time.

At last the old woman grew sick and died. Her children gave her a very nice funeral, for they knew that a great fortune sat under the kitchen table, and they could afford to spend some money on the old woman now.

This part is a **complication** that details actions or events in which main characters are involved in the problem of the story.

When the service was over, the four children hunted through the house until they found the key. Eagerly, they unlocked the chest. And, of course, they found it full of broken glass.

"What a rotten trick!" yelled Tom. "What a cruel thing to do to your own children!" Helen snapped.

"But what else could she have done, really" asked the next child. "We must be honest with ourselves. If it wasn't for this chest, we would have neglected our dear mother until the end of her days." Beth said

"I'm so ashamed of myself," Beth sobbed.

"And so am I," moaned Tony. "We forced our own mother to use a trick to get our help."

Tom pushed the chest over to make sure there was nothing valuable hidden among the glass pieces after all. He poured the broken pieces out until the chest was entirely empty. Then the four children stared silently at the floor for a long time.



This part is a **resolution** which shows how the complication of the story is resolved for better or for worse or it is left unresolved. And a **coda** is an optional part for narrative which presents the moral of the story.

7. The teacher indicates that the verb form used in the text is past tense, yet in the dialogue the verb form should be present or future.

8. The teacher gives some information about verbs + direct speech which are verbal and metal processes indicating the dialogue made by the characters. Let students find these verbs in the text and they check their answer on the next page and see more examples.

Examples of verbs + direct speech from the text

"They don't want to be around me at all any more," she told herself.

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"Oh, nothing," the old woman replied, "just some things I've been saving."

"It must be full of all the gold she's inherited and saved over the years,"

Helen whispered to Beth.

"What a rotten trick!" yelled Tom. "What a cruel thing to do to your own children!" Helen snapped.

"If it wasn't for this chest, we would have neglected our dear mother until the end of her days." Beth said.

"I'm so ashamed of myself," Beth sobbed.

"And so am I," moaned Tony.

Examples of other verbs that can also be used to indicate the direct speech

- | | | | | |
|-------------|------------|------------|-----------|-------------|
| 1. bellow | 2. laugh | 3. groan | 4. insist | 5. question |
| 6. answer | 7. cry | 8. shout | 9. agree | 10. murmur |
| 11. suggest | 12. mutter | 13. mumble | 14. think | 15. call |

GBC stage 2 (joint construction of narrative)

9. Students will read another sample of narrative (e-text 2) and re-order the events of the complication part correctly:

Godfather Death
Jakob and Wilhelm Grimm

The poor man had twelve children and worked night and day just to get enough bread for them to eat. Now when the thirteenth came into the world, he didn't know what to do and in his misery ran out into the great highway to ask the first person he met to be godfather.

A

Death appeared as he had promised and made a perfectly fine godfather. When the boy was of age, the godfather walked in one day, told him to come along, and let him out into the woods. He showed him an herb which grow there and said, This is your christening gift. I shall make you into a famous doctor. When you are called to the patient' bedside I will appear and if I stand at the sick man's head you can boldly say that you will cure him and if you give him some of this herb you will recover. But if I stand at the sick man's feet, then he is mine, and you must say there is no help for him and no doctor on this earth could save him. But take care not to use the herb against my will or it could be the worse for you."

B

But Death came toward the doctor, his face dark and angry, threatened him with raised forefinger, and said, "You have tricked me. This time I will let it pass because you are my godchild, but if you ever dare to do such a thing again, you put you own head in the noose and it is you I shall carry away with me."

C

Next came the Devil and said, "What is it you want? If you let me be godfather to your child, I will give him gold as much as he can use and all the pleasures of the world besides." "Who are you?" asked the man. "I am the Devil." "Then I don't want you for the godfather," said the man. " You deceive and mislead mankind."

D

The first to come along was God and he already knew what it was that weighed on the man's mind and said, "Poor man, I pity you. I will hold your child at the font and I will look after it and make it happy upon earth." "Who are you?" asked the man. "I am God" "Then I don't want you for a godfather," the man said. "You give to the rich and let the poor go hungry. That was how the man talked because he did not understand how wisely God shares out wealth and poverty, and thus he turned from the Lord and walked on.

E

Soon after that, the king's daughter lapsed into a deep illness. She was his only child, he wept day and night until his eyes failed him and he let it be known that who ever save the princess from death should become her husband and inherit the crown. When the doctor came to the sick girl's bed, he saw death at her feet. He ought to have remembered his godfather's warning, but the great beauty of the princess and the happiness of becoming her husband so bedazzled him that he drew caution to the winds, nor did he see Death's angry glances and how he lifted his hand in the air and threatened him with his bony fist. He picked the sick girl up and laid her feet where her head had lain, then he gave her some of the herb and at once her cheeks reddened and life stirred anew.

F

He walked on and along came spindle-legged Death striding toward him and said, "Take me as godfather." The man asked, "Who are you?" I am Death who makes men equal." Said the man, "Then you're the one for me; you take rich and poor without distinction. You shall be godfather." Answered Death: "I will make your child rich and famous, because the one who has me for a friend shall want for nothing." The man said, "Next Sunday is the baptism. Be there in good time."

G

It wasn't long before the young man the most famous doctor in the whole world. "He looks at a patient and right away he knows how things stand, whether he will get better or if he's going to die." That is what they said about him, and from near and far the people came, took him to see the sick, and gave him so much money he became a rich man.

H

Now it happened that the king fell ill. The doctor was summoned to say if he's going to get well. When he came to the bed, there stood Death at the feet of the sick man so that no herb on earth could have done him any good. If I could only just this once outwit Death! thought the doctor. He'll be annoyed, I know, but I am his godchild and he's sure to turn a blind eye. I'll take my chance. And so he lifted the sick man and laid him the other way around so that Death was standing at his head. Then he gave him some of the herb and the king began to feel better and was soon in perfect health.

When Death saw himself cheated of his property the second time, he strode toward on his long legs and said, "It is all up with you and now it is your turn," grasped him harshly with his ice-cold hand so that the doctor could not resist, and let him to the underground cave, and there he saw thousands upon thousands of lights burning in rows without end, some big, some middle-sized, others small. Every moment some went and others lit up so that the little frames seemed to jumping here and there in perpetual exchange. "Look," said Death, "these are the life lights of mankind. The big one belong to the children, the middle-sized ones to married couples in their best years, the little ones belong to very old people. Yet children and the young often have only little lights." "Show me my life light," said the doctor, imagining that it must be one of the big ones. Death pointed to a little stub threatening to go out and said, "Here it is." "Ah dear godfather," said the terrified doctor, "light me a new one, do it, for my sake, so that I may enjoy my life and become the king and marry the beautiful princess." "I cannot answer," answered Death. "A light must go out before a new one lights up." "The set the old one on top of a new one so it can go on burning when the first is finished," begged the doctor. Death make as if to grant his wish, reached for a tall new taper, but because he wanted revenge he purposely fumbled and the little stub fell over and went out. Thereupon the doctor sank to the ground and had himself fallen into the hands of death.

10. Students start writing the orientation of their story with help from teacher. The teacher gives feedback and makes comments on the characters, setting, and atmosphere.

11. Students create their complication and resolution and the teacher will explain if there is any inquiry. The teacher also helps reshape the language and correct mistakes.

12. Students hand in their first drafts and get feedback for further improvement

GBC stage 3 (independent construction of narrative genre)

13. There is no class for this period and students can see more samples in **additional sample e-texts** and develop their stories, or they come to see the teacher for more help on their second drafts.

14. Students submit their final draft

Teaching materials

Hardware : a computer

Software : Genre-Based Courseware

Evaluation

1. students' writing of narrative
2. observation

Additional sample e-texts

How Many Boys? Janet Kauffman

Before they sat down to supper, the phone rang. The father picked up the phone on his way to his chair.

"Is the boy back from the paper?"

It was the woman's voice – nasal, insistent.

"What?" said the father. "One of our boys?"

"Is the boy back from the paper?" the woman asked again. It was the same tone and it made the man think of the phone company's recordings.

"You must have the wrong number," the father said, and hung up.

"Who was that?" asked his son.

"Some woman wanted to know if the boy was back from the paper."

"What boy?"

"Who knows? It didn't make sense. Maybe it was some kind of recording," the father said.

"Recordings don't call, do they?"

"Well, I don't know."

"What paper?" asked the son.

"Maybe she meant the newspaper," the father said.

"What boy went to the newspaper?"

"I don't know! She didn't say. I thought she meant you, or your brother, but you're both here. I don't know what she was talking about," the father said.

"I'm here," the boy said.

"Where's your brother? He's upstairs, isn't he?" The father called to his wife in the kitchen and asked if their other son was upstairs.

"I don't know," his wife said.

"Supper!" the father called. In a minute, when he heard no answer, he walked to the bottom of the stairs and called. "Supper!"

"Did he go to the paper?" the boy asked his mother as she brought in a bowl of yams and set it on the table.

"What paper?" the mother asked.

"A lady that called asked if the boy was back from the paper."

"What paper?"

"We don't know," said the father, joining them. "Son, where's your brother?" and turned slowly from side to side and look up the ceiling, listening.

"I heard something!" said brother. "I'll get him."

He ran upstairs, two steps at a time.

"He's here!"

"Ah!" a man sigh to his wife. His lips parted and almost smiled.

"It's wrong number for God's sake," she said. "We get them all the time."

"We get called about little boys, out on errands this time of night?"

"No, but it's always something. People just start in. She said she didn't realize you were a wrong number," she said.

"I don't sound like somebody else. She was upset," he said. "She called whoever she called because she was worried about the was late."

"Good. Then she'll call the right number and find out."

"He was under the desk," said the boy, coming back into the room.

"I found a millipede," said his brother. "What should I do with it?"

"Out the back door," said the father. "Supper's about set"

The mother brought in a platter with a rolled boneless roast. She set a fat orange yam on each plate, and then she poured tall glasses of milk out of a plastic container.

"Get some napkins," she said to one of the boys.

He went to the cupboard and picked out four paper napkins. As the family set down at the table, he tossed a napkin, sidearm like a Frisbee, toward each person's plate.

"Stupid," said his brother.

"Boys," said the father. "Just eat."

It was a pleasant meal. The mother and the father talked about how many major appliances had failed in the year since they moved into the new house. The father said he knew the statistics for such occurrences.

"This should be our last," he said.

The boys shaped large lakes in the center of their mashed yams. They smoothed the rims with their spoons. Then they filled the lakes with the brown gravy, and drank the gravy spoonful by spoonful, out of the middle.

"Well, let's make up our minds about the dishwasher." The man said to his wife.

"Well, get it," she said. "I'm using two towels now for the leak. This one's not worth fixing." She wiped her lips and the end of her nose with the paper napkin.

"Maybe the lady said, 'Is the boy back *with* the paper?' one of the boys said.

"She said it twice. She said *from* the paper?" the father said.

"I bet he's a paper boy out on his route," the son said. "The newspaper office wouldn't be open."

"Well, let's hope she found him," said the father.

HE crumpled his napkin in his palms, shaped it into a ball, and set it on the table. And since it was no longer dusk, but dark enough for him too see his reflection clearly in the dinning-room window, he walked to the living room and turned on two lamps.

The house glowed.

When the father sat down in an easy chair, one of he sons climbed in beside him. The father put his arm around the boy so that the two would fit together just right.

The father kissed the boy's hair.

"So here you are," the father whispered.

The mother and the other boy cleared off the table. They rinsed the dishes and loaded the dishwasher. When the table and the counters had been wiped off with a

damp rag, the mother set the two cloth towels on the floor in front of the dishwasher and pressed the button to make the machine go.

The boy in the kitchen waited in the kitchen doorway until his mother walked by. Then he flicked off the kitchen light. HE had taken one step toward the living room when the phone on the wall behind him rang. He jumped to the side and called out, "Telephone!"

The father leaned forward sharply, halfway rising. The boy in the chair behind him slipped backwards and sank against the coarse fabric.

With uninterrupted step, the mother turned and walked back to the phone.

"Wrong number," she predicted

"Just get it," said the father.

"Hello?" said the mother.

"Ma!" It was a child at the end of the other line.

"Hello!" the mother said loudly.

She turned her back to the living room.

"Who are you calling?" she said.

"Ma!" the child cried.

"You have the wrong number," the mother said slowly, clearly. "Hang up and try again. This is not your mother."

"Ma!"

"You must hang up the phone and dial again. All right?"

The child cried "Ma!"

You must hang up the phone. Just dial the telephone again. I'm hanging up now. Good-bye," the mother said.

"The boy! Was it the boy?" the boy in the kitchen asked.

"It sounded like a baby," the mother said. "Some baby dialed a number."

"It was crying?" asked the father.

"It sounded like crying. It just said the same thing," the mother said.

"Call the police!" said the boy in the kitchen.

"What?" said the mother. "What for? They don't trace calls that have already hung up. How could they find the baby? Maybe it just plays with the phone."

"You said it was crying," said the father.

"It said ma," the mother said.

"A child knows how to dial for help," said the father. "Maybe it was hurt. Couldn't it talk?"

"I don't know how to dial for help," said the boy in the chair. He sat up and looked around.

"The kid was trying to call its mother and it got the wrong number. "That's all," said the mother. "He'll dial again and get her."

"Maybe he's lost at the table!" said the boy in the kitchen. He looked off toward the window, out toward the night.

"It was a baby," said the mother.

"It dialed a phone," said the boy. "Maybe he's at the paper, and it's closed up."

"Babies don't go on errands to the paper," said the father. "People shouldn't leave a baby alone like that."

"It's probably in its parents' room, thinking it'll call them up on the other phone," said the mother.

"They'd hear it!" one son said.

"Of course," said the father, nodding to his boy. "I think if the baby was crying, it was trying to call its mother."

"That's certainly all that he said," said the mother.

"Was the baby a boy baby?" one son asked.

"I don't know," said the mother. "It sounded like a boy."

"Maybe it couldn't turn on the lights," the other son said.

The family was quiet for a time. One boy went to look out the window. The mother went into the living room. She straightened cushions and sat down in the middle of the red sofa. A heavy smell of beef and gravy lay over the air in the rooms.

The boy at the window rubbed his breath from the pane. He rubbed again. Then he went to the kitchen and switched on the light.

"Well, should I call the police?" he asked. He reached for the phone on the wall.

"No," said his father. "There's nothing they could do."

"Can't we call somebody? There's two boys lost. Isn't that what there is?"

"How many boys?" one boy said.

"Those were wrong numbers!" said his mother firmly. "We get them all the way time. They'll dial again and get who they want."

"It's time for the news," said the father.

They lock their places. They sat together. The family sat together, and listened.

All things Are Linked

A lega tale

Once in a certain village there was a chief who had many slaves. When he wanted something done, he just ordered his slaves to do it. If he wanted a good and wise thing done, his advisors said to him, "Yes, that is good." If he wanted something done which was not wise, these advisors, said just the same, "Yes, that is good." They did this because if they ever disagree with the chief they became angry and said, "What? Are you saying that your chief is unwise?"

But the chief's lowest advisor never yes or no. When the chief asked him about something, he always thought for a while, and then replied, "All things are linked." For example, the chief once asked him when the long dry season would end, and he simply replied, "All things are linked." Another chief asked why the corn crop was so small and again he replied, "All things are linked."

One time it happened that chief could not sleep because of the loud croaking of the frogs at night in the marshes. For many nights he could not sleep, and he finally decided to kill all the frogs. He told his advisors about his plan. As usual, they praised him. One by one they said, "Yes, that is good." But the lowest advisor did not speak. "Do you have no tongue in your mouth?" the chief asked angrily. So the man thought for a few minutes and then said, "All things are linked, O chief." And the chief thought, "This man does not know what else to say."

The next day the chief sent his slave to kill the frogs in the marshes. The slaves killed the frogs until no frogs remained. Then they went back to the chief, "Sir, the frogs are all dead." The chief slept well that night, and for many nights after that. He was very please with life.

But soon the mosquitoes began to multiply in the marshes because there were no frogs left to eat young mosquitoes. They entered the house of the chief and bit him. The chief's became miserable. All the villagers suffered. So the chief sent his slaves to kill the mosquitoes. The slaves tried, but there were too many mosquitoes. The mosquitoes continued to plague the village.

Then the chief called his advisors. He said to them angrily, When I asked about killing the frogs, you replied, "That is good." "Why didn't you tell me, "The mosquitoes will multiply if you kill the frogs?" only one of you was wise and gave me something to think about. That wise one said, "All things are linked," but at that time I don't understand his words."

Life in the village became more impossible because of the many mosquitoes. People went away and left their fields and houses. They went to far-away places, clear the fields, and began new lives. The old village was empty except for the chief's family. Finally, the chief and his family also went away.

And now there is a saying that country: "Yes, that is good" caused a whole village to become empty."

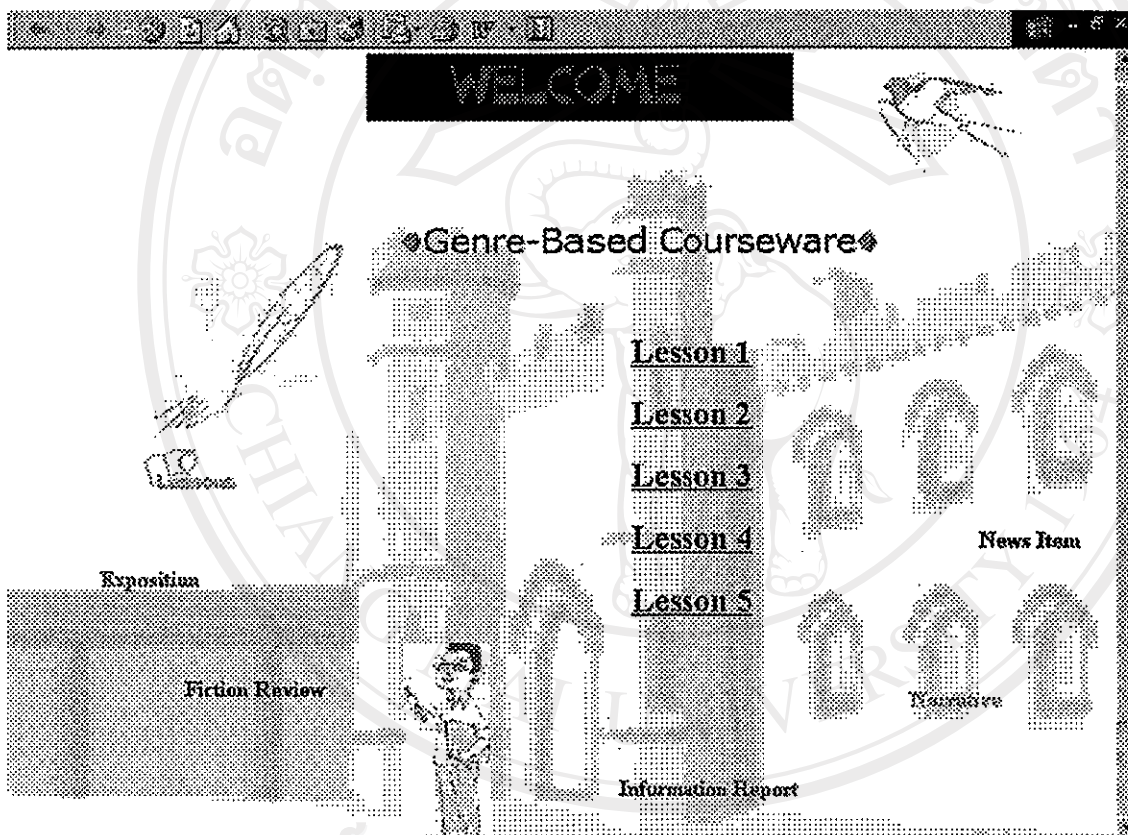
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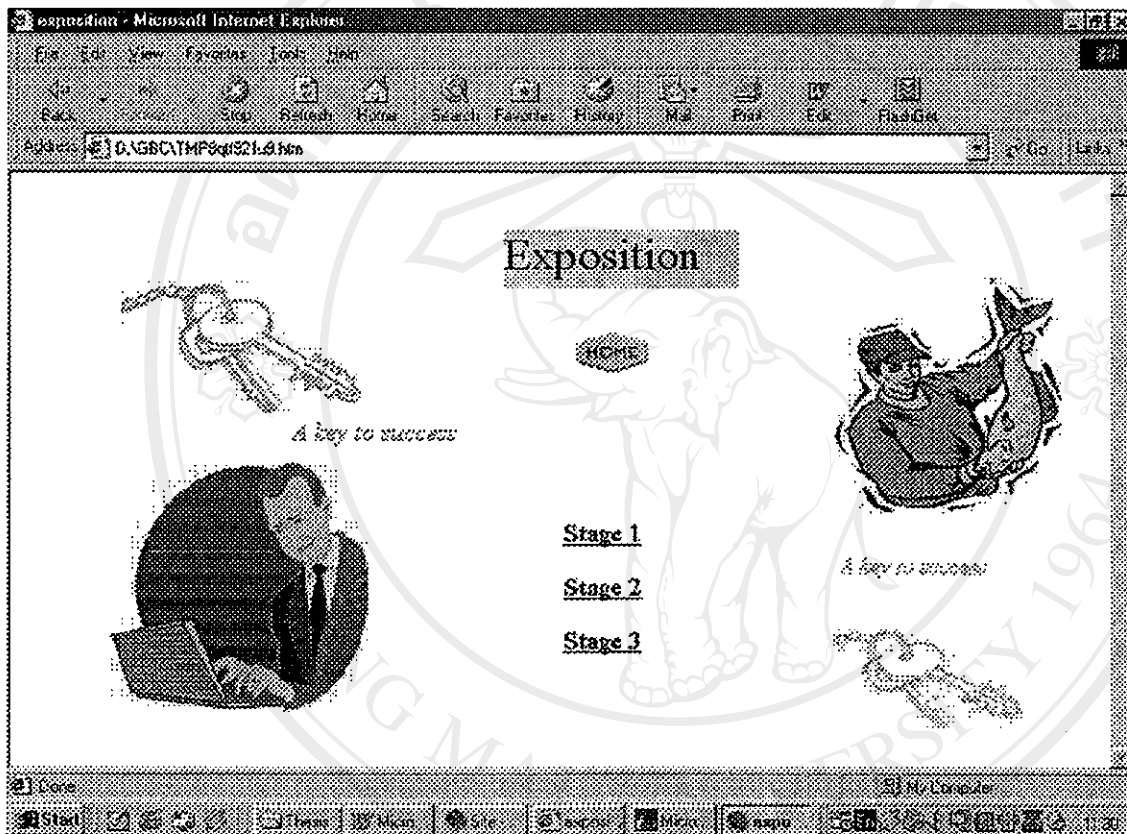
Appendix C

Sample Lessons from the Genre-Based Courseware



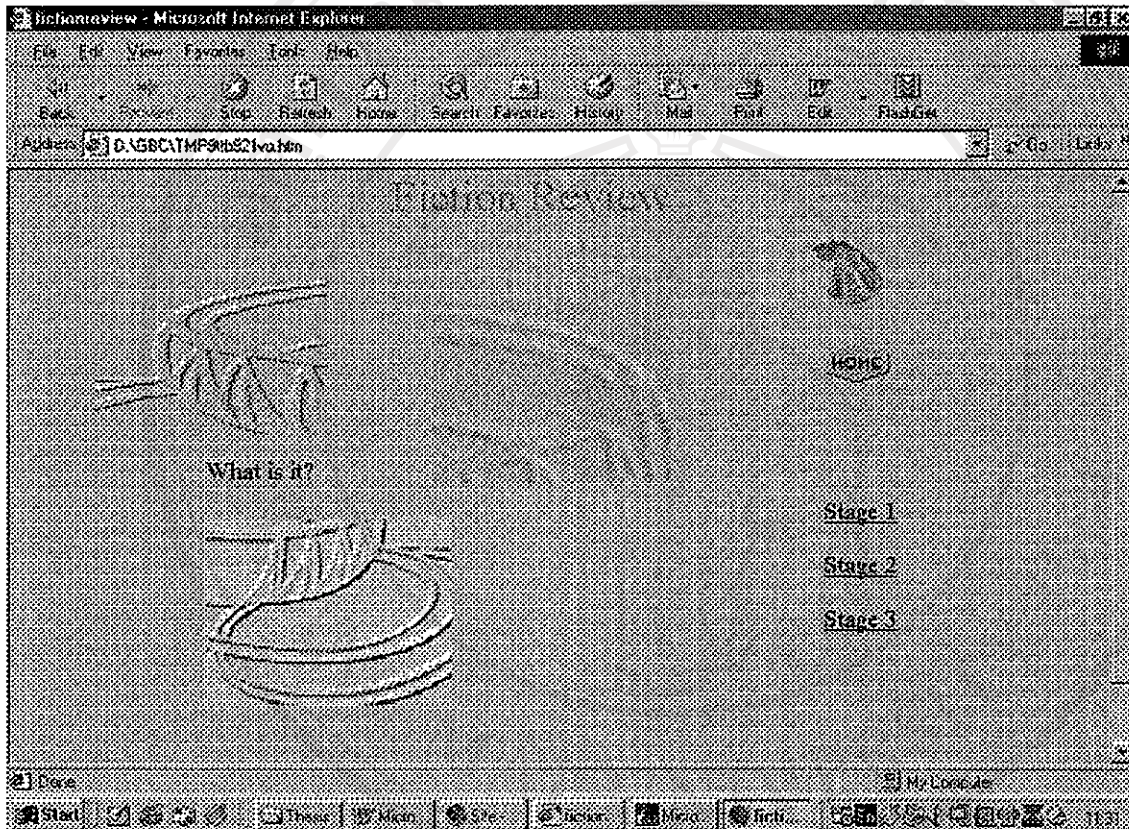
The homepage of the Genre-Based Courseware

The webpage of the first lesson

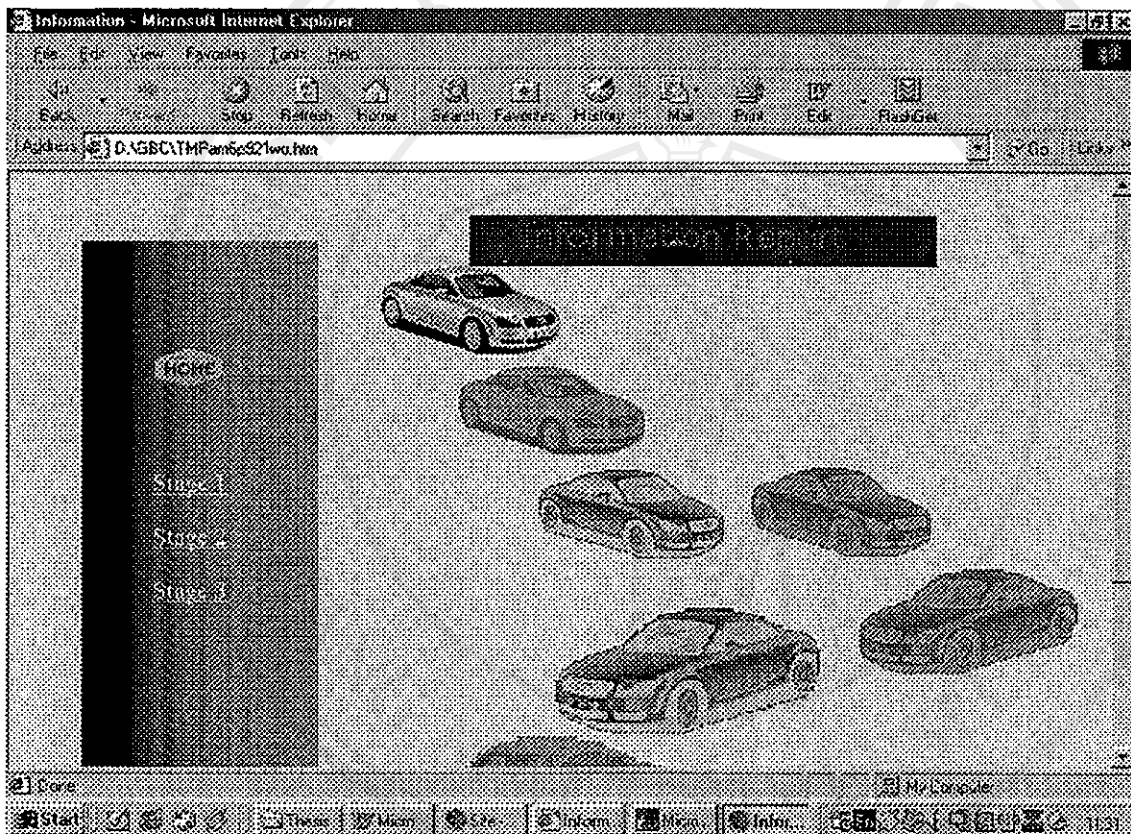


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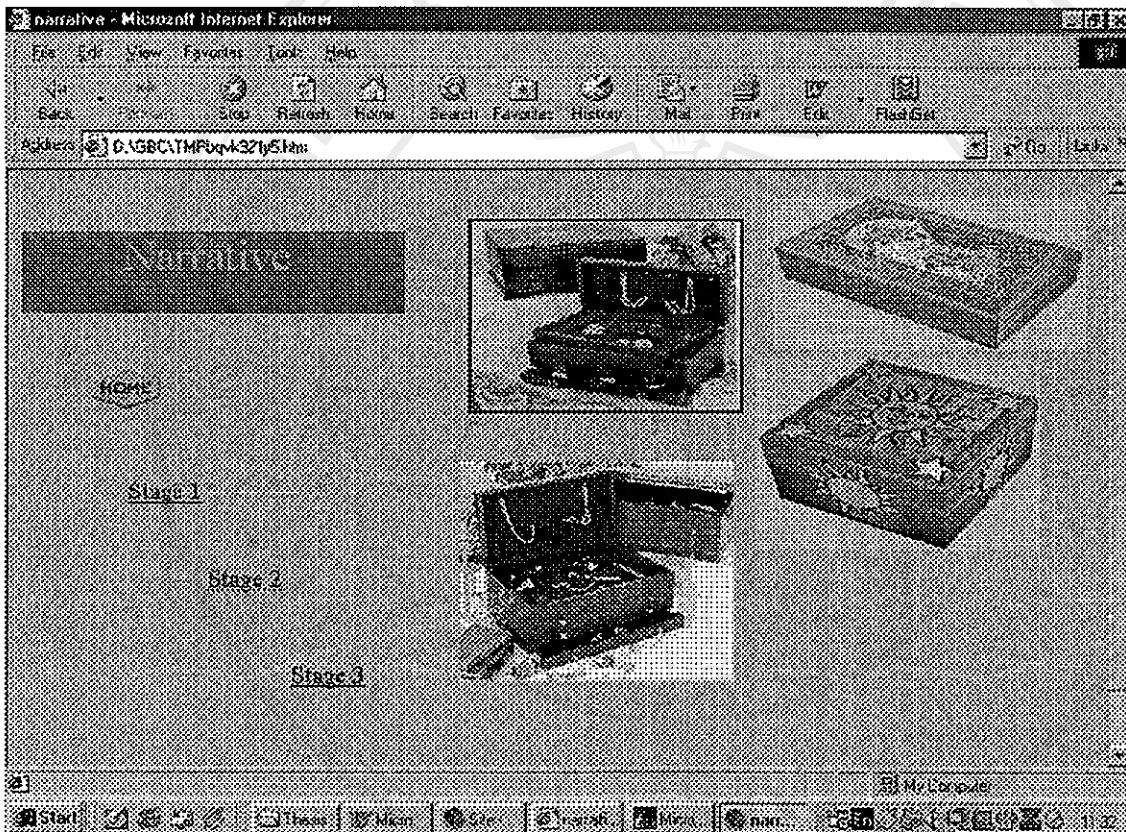


The webpage of the third lesson



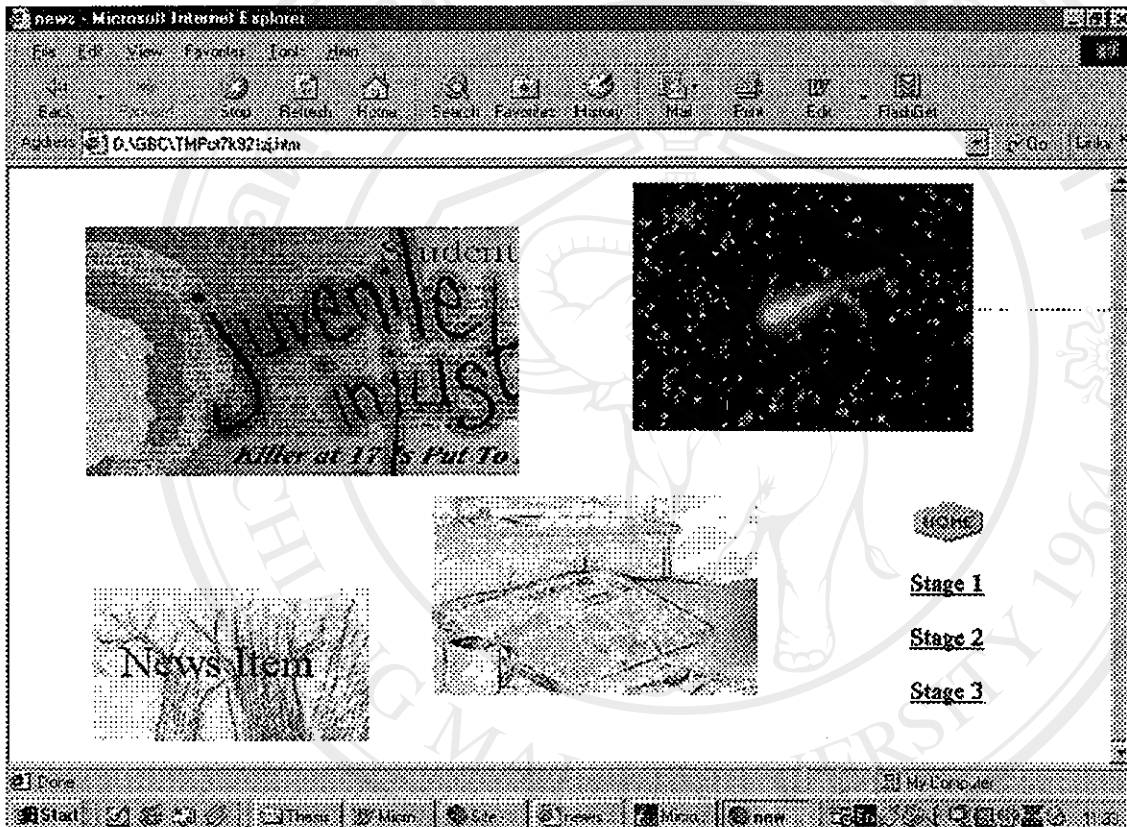
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The webpage of the fourth lesson



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The webpage of the fifth lesson



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Appendix D

Questionnaire for Learner Autonomy

Please respond (/) to the following statements which describe your learning process after you had access to the Genre-Based Courseware, using the following explanation.

	5-always	4-often	3-sometimes	2-rarely	1-never
	5	4	3	2	1
1. I have tried to learn everything even if I don't like it.					
2. I have tried to study alone outside the classroom.					
3. I have learned how to write in my own way.					
4. I have access to the lesson more than one time.					
5. The sample texts in the courseware help me how to write.					
6. I have tried to correct my mistakes.					
20. I have done things I don't usually do to gain more information about how to write better.					
8. I have paid special attention to new ideas or content.					
9. I have paid special to grammar and vocabulary.					
10. I have my own learning pace with the courseware.					
11. I have tried to develop good techniques to practise writing.					
12. I have tried to develop good techniques to improve my idea, grammar, and vocabulary.					
13. I sometimes prefer to study alone with the courseware					
14. When I can't create new ideas, I try to read to get more information.					
15. I've asked people to correct me if I make a mistake.					
16. I think each stage in the courseware is easy to follow.					
17. I've looked for clues that will help me understand how to write.					
18. I think the courseware helps improve my understanding in writing.					
19. I can learn more from the courseware without the teacher supervision					
20. I think my responsibility in learning is increasing after the lesson.					

Appendix E

Sample Texts Written by the Students

Exposition

In your opinion, should teachers and parents use physical punishment?

One morning, when I watched TV I came across the horrible news that there was one teacher who slapped in the face of one of his students. I found out later that he could not control his anger since that student made a loud noise in the room next to his office and he also told him to stop several times but he didn't do so. In my opinion, physical punishment doesn't make any good for teacher, parents and children since it worsens the situation.

Firstly, whenever the whole class get punished by their teacher, it makes the atmosphere in the class more boring and uncomfortable. I also went through this from my class when I was young. At that time, there were some of the students in my class making a loud noise and the head of the class told them to stop, yet they didn't. They had a fight and meanwhile our teacher came into the room and let us explain what had happened in the class but no one spoke a word since they feared that they would be punished. The teacher decided to make a condition that if no one told her who started a fight, we were all punished. Afterward, we were hit by the teacher and some of my friends who didn't involve in the situation got angry by the teacher's decision. The class went on without any communication between teacher and students and it took a long time for us to get over this matter.

Secondly, younger children might not understand why they are punished by their parents and keep thinking that their parents hate them. Young children sometimes need more sympathy from parents as well as explanation. Parents should think for a moment before doing any punishment to their son or daughter. They should explain why they punish him or her otherwise their son or daughter would be confused and try not to talk freely to their parents if they have any questions or problems about their life. This could cause some conflicts among family members since on one will listen but punish when there are other ways to solve. If parents hit their child they should tell them some reasons why they do that.

In conclusion, punishment is good but teacher and parents should know how to use it properly in order not to have any problems. Some problems or behaviour cannot be solved by physical punishment.

Fiction Review

A Review of the Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-time

This is the first English book I have ever read after I have been reading a lot of Thai novels. Mark Haddon's novel held my interest from the first to the last page and the diagrams and other pictures in the book make my imagination clear. The main character, the 15 year old Christopher who suffers from Asperger's Syndrome, makes me laugh and sometimes confused about his behaviour. I feel happy with this novel because I like Christopher who is autistic but intelligent.

15 year old Christopher Boone is autistic. One day he discovers that Mrs. Shears' dog has been murdered with a garden fork. He decides to begin an investigation and write a murder mystery about it. Christopher has a bad social skill with other people. He shouts and screams if he is touched and doesn't want to be around in a public place. However, he is very good at math and try use math to solve all the problems that he faced. During his investigation he discovers that his mother isn't dead as his father told him but she is living with Mr. Shears in London. He is so confused about the things happened to him and his family. His father finally tells him that he killed the dog and Christopher was frightened and decides to live with his mother in London. He spends time there for a while and then comes back home with his mother.

Haddon's novel takes us into the world of autism and he is good at describing characters, especially Christopher. I think his story is easy to read since everything in the book is almost in a chronological order. Moreover, the language is quite easy for Thai students who have such limited sets of words.

This novel is a good book for learners of English who want to expand their reading knowledge. I consider this book as a good start for me and my friends to read together and share opinions of what happens in the story. It's worth a try for everyone who is a beginner in literature.

Nucharee

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Information Report

MicroRin

MicroRin, a miraculous computer, has been developed with modern technology. In the future, the number of MicroRin will increase rapidly. This type of computer has a special program that was created differently from other computers and it can travel through time and place, return to the past, go to the future, and travel around the world.

The striking features of MicroRin are a rabbit- like figure and its fan overhead. It has a transparent mirror to see the place where we want to and it has a gold knob at one of the rabbit' ears. In addition, you can start the program, set up the period of time and date for the place that you want to go and come back. Then you press a gold knob at the rabbit's ear-the door will soon be opened. Such door is a dimension door which we can go through a dimension from its light. When the light is on, you should rapidly walk into it since it will be on for only 20 seconds. This machine works functionally after it has been set so you cannot readjust the period of time. For example, when you have programmed the rabbit that you want to be in Chiang Mai from the first of March to the tenth of march 1889, you have to stay there according to the time and place you've set, otherwise you'll lose mind when you come back to the present.

MicroRin helps us to save money, petrol, and time and we don't have to waste time on the road we travel or in a hurry. You can return to the past to amend the bad events that affect the present and retain good events. You can study the history and you can learn the former lifestyles and culture in which it occurred. You can see the fresh and beautiful nature of the pre-historic time and go to the future to study any event like modern evolution and technology in advance. Surprisingly, you could even skip the worst events like wars and plagues. Seeing arts, climate, landscape, attractive places, architecture anywhere that you're interested in, you would be the luckiest person in the world.

Sukharin

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Narrative

Death Sign in the Nightmare

Once, long ago, in the far away country. There was a lady named Mary who was a daughter of Henry and Jessica. She lived with her parents in the cottage. Mary was 17 years old and she was a lovely, good girl. She helped her family everything she could do because they were poor. She didn't complain when she worked and this made Henry and Jessica love her more and more. Although they were poor, they were happy and never had a fight.

One day at night, Mary had a nightmare which was terrifying for her. She dreamed that her parents were dead and in the nightmare they were killed by a demon with three legs. He cut only their mouths, ears and noses and threw the rest of their bodies into a large jar. Suddenly, she cried, "Why did you do this to my parents? They do no harm to you". "Laugh when sick." He muttered. Mary was confused with his words, then she woke up and realized that it was only a dream. The next morning she went to the kitchen and cooked breakfast for Henry and Jessica as usual and later found out that they were still in their bedroom. She thought that they might be very tired since they worked on farm all day yesterday. She also remembered that her parents didn't mean to kill their dog because they didn't see it lying on the ground. Of course this made Mary cry for the whole afternoon. At 9, Mary decided to wake her parents up and she was frightened that they were ill. She immediately recalled her nightmare that they were dead. She cried more and more and Henry and Jessica grew weaker and weaker. "My dear daughter, we cannot stand no more." Henry moaned. "I had a nightmare last night" said Mary and she was interrupted by her mother. "Please don't say anything about it but I have a good dream that we all laughed" smiled Jessica. Mary was surprised how it was so opposite with her dream.

"Ha! Ha! Haaaaa!" she laughed. To her amazement, Henry and Jessica's face reddened and they became lively again. She figured it out by herself that she had a special gift, when crying those people who saw it, became weaker and when laughing those people who heard it, became alive again.

Sirinan

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Author's Biography

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