

## Link to Audio Piece: [Sunbay Resort](#)

### Audio Transcript

Saturday morning I woke up to sunlight pouring in through the sliding glass door. “Someone didn’t shut the curtain all the way before we went to bed last night,” I thought. I try my best not to wake Caitlen up as I get out of the murphy bed and make my way to the bathroom. Luckily I slept on the left side of the bed so it isn’t very far from me. I get out of bed and feel the carpet underneath my feet. It flows into the bathroom’s sink area. I close the first door and step onto the cold laminate tile in the shower and toilet area. I close the second door, too.

When I open the bathroom door, I see my mom across the room walking in from the balcony. “Maybe she didn’t close the curtain all the way,” I thought. It is really bright as she walks in. Alex and Mason are still sleeping on the pull-out couch so mom walks through the maze that the pull-out couch and the murphy bed create in the living room. It’s 11:00, so I know everyone else will be getting up soon.

I wait patiently as mom makes her way through and walks into the kitchen, which is to my right. I walk through the maze to the balcony. As I am standing on the balcony the sun is beaming on the playground below and the sand is illuminating a really bright white-light. I look to the left at the pool. All of the lounge chairs are nicely lined up and the tables all have four chairs each.

“It must not have been very busy this morning”, I thought.

I turn around to go back inside and mom meets me at the door. Everyone starts to get up. McKlay comes into the living room from the other half of the condo to help us clean up our bedding. Caitlen and I make the murphy bed and push it up into the wall. We put the white hotel pillows on top of the bed and close the white slatted doors, revealing where the white carpet has been torn due to the legs of the murphy bed. We try our best to cover those spots with the brown accent chair (that doesn’t really go with anything).

Alex and Mason fold up their bed and put their pillows in the black chest that sits between the entrance to the kitchen and the bathroom. We all file into the single person wide kitchen and make something to eat. Whoever was the last one to enter the kitchen is lucky because now they get first choice of where to sit and eat.

One by one we file out of the kitchen and find our seats on the couch or at the round table. The table is covered in laminate that looks like wood. It is light brown and also doesn’t match the other furniture in the condo. It has to be scooted out from the wall so that four of us could sit there. This condo is so tight that we have to make room where we can. We laugh and talk as we eat. Afterwards we push the table back against the wall and pile our dishes in the sink and take turns using the bathrooms to change into our swimsuits. When we are all ready to go we fight over the lake or the pool and the pool wins. We grab our

floaties from the balcony and head down the warm hallway to the elevators, starting one of the best vacation weeks of our lives.

The elevators have wood panel walls and tile flooring. The tile is already wet from swimmers that don't dry off completely. A poster for the spa downstairs has not been updated since the 90s. It feels like you are stepping back in time every time you walk in.

We finally reach the lobby. It has the same smell year after year--chlorine. We walk outside the door that leads to the pool and to the lake. The pool's gate is right in front of us. We enter the gate and take the one awkward step down to the pool deck. The pool is still pretty quiet and we get to sit wherever we want. We grab a couple lounge chairs and drag them over to one of the tables with four chairs. Our colorful beach towels hang over the chairs in a disorderly fashion. Flip flops, tank tops, t-shirts, and athletic shorts are all on the ground near the table. We waste no time to start our dunking war! Water is splashing out of the pool as we chase after one another. No score or points are kept, but we all knew Alex was the winner.

As the war ends, Caitlen and McKlay get out of the water and lounge in one of the chairs. I join them, wiping myself off with one of the towels and then letting the Sun air-dry me. I remember I never put sunscreen on and hurry to the bag to grab some. I apply the cold lotion to my arms, legs, and face and then put it back in the bag. I lay in the chair listening to the waterfall in the background, guests splashing in the pool, and the pool gate opening and closing. I put my headphones in after a while and get lost in my music. We lay in the Sun until our skin becomes darker, or in McKlay's case redder!

After a while we all decide to go up stairs to the condo. When we open the door, it looked bigger than it did that morning. All of the beds, bedding, pillows, and clothes had been put away. The condo is cooler than the hallway, but not as cool as I would like it to be.

I go to the back bedroom (the master bedroom) on the other side of the condo. It is cooler in there because the air runs constantly at 60 degrees and the door remains shut. The tan blinds are open on the big window next to the air conditioner. I walk across the room to shut the blinds. As I do, I look out at the lake. Boats are going by pulling tubes. The tubes legs are flying in the air as they hit every wake. I go grab my bag which is next to the door and on the other side of the room. My bag is cold and my clothes are cool. I begin to freeze due the air blowing in my direction. I put my bag on the king size bed that has attempted to be made; however, it doesn't look like the way housekeeping makes it. I change out of my swimsuit and walk out of the room, look at myself in the full length mirror that is attached to sliding door for the hall closet. Alex walks out of the bedroom that is straight ahead of me and Caitlen walks out of the bathroom to my right. This hallway is about as wide as the kitchen--only one person can walk at a time.

I put my swimsuit and towel on the balcony, and sat in one of the brown, meshy balcony chairs. I looked out at the lake. The Sun is reflecting off the water and makes the water sparkle like a bunch of tiny diamonds. A nice, cool breeze hits my face and body. The property looks the same as last year. The fountain is going. I hear the waterfall and the

ducks quacking below. I watch families walk to the playground and take off in their boats. It is so peaceful here.

Mom makes spaghetti for dinner and keeps us out of the kitchen while she cooks. We all sit in the living room; some at the table, others on the couch. The curtain for the balcony door is open and we can see the sunlight starting to fade as we talk about what we will be doing later on that night. We all agree to go down to the breeze way and play rummy. Mom said that she would even go with us.

After dinner we stack our dishes in the sink and walk out of the condo to go down to the breeze way. When we reach the lobby, we walk out the side door and across the little brown bridge that is over the koi pond. Of course we have to look at all the fish as we cross. We choose the glass table on the right because there is more space. We take two chairs from the other table so that we have six total. The chairs are a little dirty, but are in very good condition. As we are settling into our seats, we hear the sound of the waterfall and the fountain. There is also the hum of the Pepsi machine that just eats your money and never dispenses your drink.

Mom deals the cards and we laugh and talk until it is completely dark. The flood lights come on, so do the lights around the koi pond, giving us enough light to continue to play. The breeze would pick up and blow some of cards, but we always caught them. A few people would walk by and say hello as they took their evening stroll on the property. Everyone is so friendly here!

We take a break after our third round of rummy and walk over to the swing-set. We take our shoes off to feel the soft sand under our feet. We leave them by some sand toys that someone had left. There are only four swings, so we take turns swinging. As we are swinging, we look at the fountain that is just a few feet away from us. It lights up and cycles through with red, pink, purple, blue, green, and yellow lights. The stars are shining bright in the sky. The white rope with the blue buoys are moving with the ripple of the water. They separate the swimming part of the lake from the fountain and waterfall. The water is reflecting the lights that line the sidewalks of the property. You can hear kids screaming and playing at the pool and people talking while eating at Back Porch Grill.

Mom asks, "Do you want to play some more?" And we all reply yes.

Around midnight we call it quits and head back upstairs. We set up the maze in the living room again. I turn the air down and go to close the curtain. I look out at the lake through the glass door. The moon is shining bright and the water is reflecting it. What a great end to a wonderful day at Sunbay.

## **RHET 3317**

### **Project #2 Self-Assessment**

1. How did your piece define the idea of “personal geography”? (What is the topic and how does it fit the writing assignment?)

The topic of my piece is Sunbay Resort during one of my favorite summers as a teenager. Sunbay is a place that will always be near and dear to my heart because it is where my family has vacationed since my mom and uncles were young.

The topic fits into the assignment because I was able to write about a place that means the world to me and describe it so that others could understand what it looks like, but also get the personal connection that I (and my family) have to this vacation spot.

2. Who is the intended audience for this project? Why did you select this particular audience?

I have made my audience those that are in the piece—my mom, my cousin Alex, my siblings Mason and McKlay, and my best friend Caitlen. This is written so that they can also remember this wonderful vacation spot and maybe even pieces of that amazing summer we all had at Sunbay.

3. What do you hope readers gain from reading your piece? What is your reason/purpose to write this particular piece?

I hope that readers gain an idea of what Sunbay looks like and “feels” like. It is a very friendly and peaceful place to go for vacation. There are many activities and places to go on the property that you do not have to leave the resort in order to have a wonderful time. I also want people to pick up on how much I care and love this place. It honestly is part of what made me who I am today— due to the lessons I learned and the good times I had down there.

I enjoyed writing this piece so that I will always remember Sunbay and help my mom, cousin, siblings, and friend also remember Sunbay, too.

4. Why did you select the genre (format/type of text) and medium (print, electronic, or sound) for this piece? How does your genre and medium meet the needs of your audience and purpose?

I chose to do a podcast as my genre and wrote a script so that I know what I want to say and cover. I chose a podcast / sound because it is personal. I am telling a “story” about a place that means a lot to me and I have a personal attachment to. My family and friend also have a personal attachment to this place to, so hearing my voice when I am talking about something so personal and meaningful to us allows them to hear the emotion in my voice and feel the memory that I am sharing.

5. What is your favorite part? What is your favorite line?

My favorite part / line is when I am talking about the elevators. “The elevators have wood panel walls and tile flooring. The tile is already wet from swimmers that don’t dry off completely. A poster for the spa downstairs has not been updated since the 90s. It feels like you are stepping back in time every time you walk in.”

Anyone who visits the resort can relate to this scene.

6. What struggles did you face when developing this project? What are your lessons learned as a writer from this piece?

I struggled with verb tense. I didn’t know the best way to tell this “story”. However, it would make sense to tell it in the present, so I had to go through and check all my verbs as I was editing. For future projects I think the best thing for me to do is to just write it and then go back and check all my verbs to make sure they are being used correctly (like I did for this project).

I also struggled with developing place at first. I developed the events and characters really well in my first draft, but neglected place. As I was editing, I took out parts about my characters and the events that happened and added more to describe the resort. I think that looking back at my descriptions and character / event build up helped me build up place more. It did take a lot of editing and revising to do it, though.

7. Discuss how you met the following learning outcomes:

- Practice techniques of creative nonfiction.

My piece is based on an actual place and time period; however, I do not remember the specifics of what we actually did on the particular day I am writing about. I went by the activities that we would normally do while we were at Sunbay Resort.

The description of the resort is factual and the fact that we went down there in the Summer of 2011 is true too. However, to build up my setting and story, I did “makeup” the actual day’s events.

- Conduct research and incorporate research into their nonfiction writing.

Though I know Sunbay very well, I did consult pictures I have taken over the years to make sure that I am properly describing the property. These pictures have been taken by me or my family. Most of the pictures are of the actual property that were taken from the balcony of the condo.

- Provide (and receive) constructive peer feedback and apply to writing.

My peers gave me wonderful feedback about my writing, specifically about me switching back and forth between the past and the present. One peer told me that my writing was very good, but I was just describing the place and not actually making it feel like my audience is there. I took that feedback and the feedback from Dr. Robertson to really develop “place” in my writing. I think I did a great job doing so.

I believe I provided great feedback to my peers. I pointed out a lot of the “good” stuff and pointed out the parts of their piece that needed to be developed more. Most of my peers did a wonderful job making me feel like I was there with them while telling their “story”. I was not able to provide feedback to one of my peers due to not being able to access her file.