Sheila Canaan Reyes

Professor Skelly

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**CCNY Class Observation Essay**

 Isn’t that a class should make you curious and want to learn? When I was observing Professor Shapiro’s class, I noticed that people just chose it so they can only fulfill their general requirement credit, but nobody is there because they are actually interested in the material he gives in the class. I’m talking about a Spanish class that it is focused in the Literature of Latin America. Apparently, every Monday and Wednesday they have the same routine: they talk about a specific writer, read like two to three poems and then analyze them with literature elements.

 Even before going to the class, I remember that I was rushing, because I was getting out of my last class of the day, and I almost forgot that I had to go to this class for the assignment. Thanks God one of my closest friend told me about it, like asking: “Aren’t you supposed to go to this class of a homework?”. I’m so lucky to have my friends. But not that lucky at all, I was already late and as always, the escalators in the NAC building are never in service, a lot of people were mad about and decided to take the elevators because apparently, they were too tired to be going up the stairs. Once I got to the classroom, everybody was looking at me like “Who is she?” and I slowly went to the back of the classroom, acting like nobody saw me.

The class environment it was pretty chill, you cannot feel the pressure or the rush of doing some classwork, you literally just go and sit down for an entire hour and 15 minutes. While I was sitting in the back, I could notice that the people in the classroom aren’t that engaged in the topic, they just be there looking at their phones, while just a few people be participating in the class. But it doesn’t seem to bother the professor, because he never vents about it.

 To be honest, it was a pretty boring class, meaning that nothing surprised me, there it is nothing innovating or someone who can be extremely smart about the theme. People just be there because they have to be there, not because they want to really learn. But there was a poem of Gabriela Mistral, I think it was, and it talked about how she left her country and came to this new place and she felt like out of place, like a completely stranger, and I really connected with that poem, because it reminds me a lot to me, because of my migration. But after that, there was nothing else that it could be excited in this class.

**Reflection**

 This essay seems easy at first, but when it comes to be really paying attention to details and the people surround you in a boring class, it is not that excited. The essay could have gone better if something really out of this world happened, but it didn’t to be honest, and I felt disappointed because of that. It was a strange experience because I don’t feel comfortable in my own classes, so been in another class it was really awkward. People didn’t notice that I was writing notes in my notebook, they taught that I was just part of the class, nobody looked at me weird or anything. If I had another opportunity to do something like this again, I think it could go better.