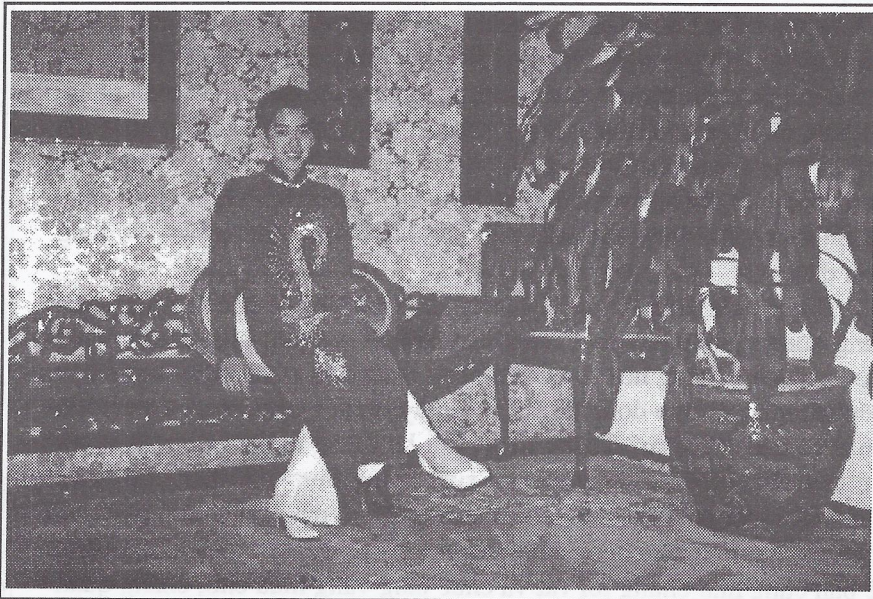


Anh Ngữ ra trường hay chuyển trường



(BPT. Môn Anh Ngữ ra trường hay chuyển trường là một môn học về Luận văn Anh Ngữ bắt buộc cho các sinh viên tốt nghiệp BA, BS ở các trường Đại Học hay các sinh viên chuyển từ trường này qua trường khác. Ở Sacramento State University, có vài sinh viên Việt Nam, lần Huê Kỳ, học rất giỏi về môn Kỹ Sư Công Chánh, kỹ sư Điện Lực song thi trượt môn Anh Ngữ 5, 6 lần, sinh ra chán nản đành bỏ cuộc. Sau đây là một luận văn Anh Ngữ xuất sắc của cô Nguyễn Đan Thư nói về "Chiếc áo dài Việt Nam". Cô Đan Thư đang theo học Nha Khoa tại UOP California. Ý nguyện của cô là sau khi tốt nghiệp Nha Khoa, cô sẽ đi về Việt nam, miền Lục Tỉnh, Long Xuyên là nơi cô chào đời, để giúp chữa răng miễn phí cho dân nghèo.

Xin xem bài Essay Topic của cô Nguyễn Đan Thư.)

ESSAY TOPIC

If you could go back and change ONE incident of your life, what would it be and why?

I repeatedly tell myself, "To complete this essay, I only need to choose ONE incident to change from my past." This task is not simple, for changing or removing one grain of sand from my past would result in a being that is not me. Nevertheless, I must think about possible topics. Should I write about Vietnam's traditional costume for females, the ao-dai, and how this high collared, long sleeved, flowing dress and pants burned a strong desire in me to learn more about my Vietnamese heritage? Should I write about the night at my cousin's honestly admit, at that night, I wished for a change in my past. I wished I had worn an ao-dai to my senior prom instead of a

gown.

Though I never suffered huge fractures of discomfort of being myself in the American society, I was uncomfortable in Vietnamese society. I felt as if I did not fully belong. However, when I wore the ao-dai at my cousin's wedding, I discovered a new strong bond with the Vietnamese people. I felt proud, and my relatives were also proud. As my father looked at me, I could see in his eyes his childhood – playing with his brothers as my grandmother sat in her ao-dai and watched on. When I walked around the banquet hall, I was not myself by my mother, wearing her ao-dai, with her grace, beauty, and strength, walking down the Sacramento Assembly Hall to receive the honor of being Women of the Year. At the celebration, I also saw myself in my aunts and the elderly Vietnamese women and they saw themselves in me. We viewed life with blooming youth; we saw hope for the future; and we appreciated the wisdom of experience.

I realized that the ao-dai did not create the comfort and pride I felt with others and myself that evening. However, the ao-dai, finely wrapped my growing maturity and independence, built a closer relationship with my family. In the simplicity of clothing, I was able to find the dramatic bond between my Vietnamese culture and future in America. Thus, I wished I had this knowledge and pride when I just caught sight of the world at eighteen. I wished I had danced at my high school prom in an ao-dai, which symbolized the harmony of contentment, the green rice fields, the slow moving oxen, and the humidity and warm sun of Viet-

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