

PIC 40A Section 1 - Homework # 1 (due Wednesday, April 15, by 6 pm)

Follow these submission instructions carefully:

- submit the .html file and all supporting files to CCLE by the deadline;
- submit a file, “README.txt” that provides your PIC username*
- submit the “Honesty.txt” file as described in the syllabus*;
- produce a live webpage** that can be viewed at **www.pic.ucla.edu/~your_username/HW1** and make no changes to the site after the deadline. What you submit on CCLE should be exactly the same files as can be found on your live webpage***.
- follow the established convention: your main HTML file should be **index.html**, which should be located in the folder **HW1** within **public_html**.

*: failure to produce these files will automatically invalidate the work and result in a score of zero.

** : if your webpage is not live at the precise link given above, where your_username is replaced by your actual user name, you will get 0/10 for display as per the homework grading polices. Your page has to be live and work. No exceptions.

***: do not modify that live page in any way after the deadline. As per the syllabus, no matter how small the change may be, any modifications after the deadline will be treated as a case of academic dishonesty.

BLOG

In this assignment, you will create a small webpage that serves as a blog. Do not worry about things looking nice right now. Without CSS, we are quite limited so far.

You should use your HTML skills with proper semantics and document structure, adhering to the coding style guidelines for the course.

The page should include a header area with a title, subtitle, and navigation area; two (or more if you like) short stories; at least one image; and a footer area that provides the copyright information.

In the end, your webpage should look something like what you see in the figure. You may use any HTML elements that you wish, but you must use: p and article; and at least three of b, em, i, u, strong, and s.

Style: see the **HW_Codes** document for style grading.

Mike's Stories

← → ↺

Search Google or type a URL

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Mike's Stories

Some Amusing Experiences

- [Making the TSA Go Bananas](#)
- [Option Three](#)

Making the TSA Go Bananas

I was at the airport going through security - on the way to the SIAM meeting in Boston, I believe. Since I wasn't going away for long, I didn't pack much, and I left all my packing to that morning. Normally I would have packed the night before, but I have travelled enough to know how to pack the bare essentials for a short trip, and I guess that made me overly confident...

About to pass my items through the x-ray device, I scoured my backpack for potential no-nos. Sure enough, I found a water bottle and threw it in the trash. Then I proceeded to pass through the metal detector and wait for my bag on the other side.

"Sir, do you have any liquids in your backpack?" asked a TSA agent.

"No, I shouldn't...", I replied. The TSA agent didn't say anything to me and took my backpack aside and started to search through it.

I waited...


They returned and looked at me disapprovingly. In their blue nitrile gloves they held a banana. Not just any banana, mind you. It was a dark brown color. The mere pressure from their fingertips caused its sides to bend inwards. Somehow it had managed to liquefy on the inside without rupturing (which the remaining contents of my backpack were thankful for).

"I gotta show my supervisor," said the agent. She showed her supervisor and a minute later, I was cleared.

From a scientific perspective, I think it's quite interesting that bananas can do that. And that the liquid content in that decomposed fruit was sufficient to be detected.

Option Three...

At the movies, my friend Reese and I sat innocently at the back. Shortly before the movie, a skinny, middle-aged man with a moustache sat in front of us. The theatre wasn't crowded and he could have sat anywhere, but chose to sit **right in front of us**. And ordinarily, that




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wouldn't be a problem. We were both quite tall and could see over him, except for the fact that he had this annoying habit of pushing his seat back and crashing it into our knees.

He would do this every few minutes and mutter something under his breath. Reese and I couldn't help but chuckle, and feel a little annoyed. Two or so hours later, we were leaving the theatre, he motioned us over to a corner...

The man took a deep breath, and began to explain things to us, roughly as follows:
*You guys have been kicking my seat all this time, and it was really annoying and disrespectful. I'm going to give you two options here: firstly, we could go talk with your parents and have them deal with you; or, I could take you outside into the parking lot and beat the **** out of you!*

We actually chose option 3: we ran as fast as we could and never looked back.

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