

Group1_The_Only_Literal_Narrator_Narratron_Lara.pdf

by Lara Bezerra

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Disclaimer: Sorry it is a little long... welcome to the land of "short" fiction! If you have qualms with the names.... Just wait a little okay? It makes sense soon. Tough it out, you got this!

The Only Literal Narrator - Narratron

By Felix Quentin

Prologue

DBL

"Ehem- Is this mic working?" Said Flepperblip looking over his shoulder at the technician located behind the flimsy wall, away from the audience's view high up in the air. A loud ring reverberated in everyone's ears, as Flepperblip tilted the microphone sideways.

"Ah! There it is," He continued, smiling back at the crowd below him and flipping the microphone up. "I knew they wouldn't let me down." The production team winced in place, as Flepperblip's eyes seized them for all but one second, keeping their hands where they needed to be.

"Anyways, I thank you all for coming here today, as I would like to get this apology done in one go." ¹Uncertainty could be felt from at least 70% of the 15,954 people standing within Flepperblip's smile's 3 mile radius. Glances traced in every direction, as if to avert eye contact at all costs.

"I never intended for the Narratron to become what it is today," He chanted, almost sing-song-y but still monotone. Contradictory? didn't attempt to hide their close relationship with the phone in his hands. "But alas, it has developed as such. And as most of you could have already guessed, I haven't had control of it for the past months. Or really since I released it. I would like to state that Narratron is someone else's issue," Flepperblip's eyes struggled to leave the screen, achieving the audience's now almost reversed gaze after half a second break. "And I will not be reading all of this crap to apologize for something that has entertained all of you, how-" Click. There went the

wall, tumbling down the 110 meters to the floor, followed by a snapping cable that previously held up the stage, obviously no longer doing its job.

As Flepperblip tumbled down the 45 degree slope forwards and then downwards, microphone lodged ungracefully inside his mouth, jaw snapped open by force, forward yank caused by the snap, only his grunts could be heard through the rolling speakers.

Clazzmozzle was the only person who went closer to the mess, instead of further, as everything fell down. Seemingly not caring whether she would be knocked out by the falling apparatus.

Hurried

Chapter 1 - Felix Quentin

I hope this time it doesn't burn through— Woah! It works! Hahahaha. Felix thought as he looked at the webpage filling out with his every thought and action. His arms flinging up quickly in joy and receding just as fast after hitting the ceiling fan, so hurriedly he almost hits his own leg on the way down. Joy subsided by pain, but not gone. "After 6 years in the making!" He exclaimed out loud, holding the teddy bear almost as high as his hands had been 10 seconds ago, but having learned his lesson. Eyes almost welled in tears, but this was a happy moment, not to be soiled by feelings. Finally I can understand her, how she thinks and what she really wants me to do. navigating women is not something I could do with code... Until now!

Clarity/Exactness

Clarity/Exactness

He stared at the complex code totaling so many lines he couldn't keep track of across all the messed up files. Felix hadn't really thought he would ever succeed in this drawn out battle against python. But he had stuck it out with Claire for so long, just to prove he could understand her. And now he would finally have concrete evidence he was right; anything to win that promised half off pint from his friends, and a crazy bag of money too. I wonder what her face is going to look like when she sees this hehe.

Felix promptly went to sleep and, anxious for the next day, forgot to turn off the computer after sending the congratulatory email to his boss, simply turning away. Teddy bear in hand, he laid down and closed his eyes.

As Felix's mind turned back on, his train of thought had never been clearer. He quickly put on his jacket, keeping the same shirt, pants, socks, shoes and underwear he wore the previous day. His attention switched from the door to the computer, reading the narration. His face scrunching like a drawstring bag. "Wow, you didn't have to call me disgusting like that..." His words drifted away as he looked up in thought, *what would be a good name for you?* Felix stared intensely at the teddy bear. "Narratron!" He blurted, not much thought had been done then. The teddy b-Narratron was shaken side to side, with no reaction. *No complaints? Narratron it is.* Felix put Narratron down and proceeded to change clothes, promptly heading outside the door.

-Deleted content-

Claire jumped for joy seeing the hand made teddy bear, the first thoughtful gift Felix had ever given her. She hugged him tightly, eyes closed, as a smirk was plastered across his face, and his hands didn't properly lay around her waist or shoulder, but instead glided onto her protuberant butt, giving it a squeeze. He could almost feel part of Claire's joy evaporate, but paid it no mind. Until she pulled away from him, half smiling and looking from, now her teddy bear, back to him multiple times. *I knew she wouldn't notice anything weird.* "Do you like him or love him?" He asked, placing one hand on his hip and fixing his smooth hair that laid upon his forehead with the other. "I can't believe you made him for me! Look at his little face.." Claire was again taken by joy.


Unclear Scene/Trans

Felix didn't notice his own face had a smile. He cared for her, even if he was an asshole and refused to admit it. "I hope all your wishes come true baby, tell them all to the bear and they just might!" He finished saying, putting his other hand behind Claire's hip, drawing her in gently. She averted her eyes from the bear to his face again. He noticed all the details he had already seen countless times.

Chapter 2 - Claire Grover

She had only ever dreamed of receiving such a nice gift, and never before had she loved Flepperblip, or anything for that matter, so much. She stared into Flepperblip's eyes, seeing not only him, but every imperfection and perfection she had memorized, still finding it so cunning. *You make it impossible to not love you, silly, but I know something is off. This is too sudden.*

Claire reached out a hand and placed it on his cheek, running her fingers down to his lips, then to the back of his neck, using it as leverage to pull herself closer and nozzle her lips onto his. She could see he was pleased enough by that and pulled away. "I need to get to class, Dr. Mernandez is going to kill me if I am late again and," She looked down at her wristwatch, noticing she only had two minutes to make the eight minute walk. "I already don't have enough time!" She exclaimed, turning around on her heels and darting, having taken her one last look at Felix. Not fast enough to not hear him uttering "I hope you make it in time baby!", as he himself turned away smiling.

Claire was sprinting, but she had never been the best at much, especially not at running. So she knew her pace wouldn't hit the two minute death sentence calculus had on her. But to her surprise, by the time she opened the doors, as quietly as possible, the minute hand on the clock had not yet reached the 12 mark. Huh?? How come I made it in time.. Deciding to just take the blessing, she shook her head and sat down in her unassigned assigned seat. Avoiding Dr. Mernandez's eyes at all costs, unneces  2, this time.

Claire looked down at the bear and smiled, remembering Flepperblip's face and his soft words, coming out of his smooth lips, as the light hit his hair at just the right angle to make the blackest strands on his scalp look golden. I wish I could carry you around without having to hold you all the time, just like I wish I could do to your silly dad. Claire finished her thought and put Narratron on her lap, facing the lecturer that had started by then.

-Deleted content-

Claire decided to skip the last class and head home early to see Flepperblip. It was their seven year anniversary after all. Then as soon as she finishes eating her 90% useless, 10% doubtful plate for lunch, she chucks it to the top of the trash pile and wrings her backpack over her shoulder walking, not fast like this morning, but still not slow, full of excitement.

As she gets to Flepperblip's apartment complex she remembers Narratron and how she isn't holding him anymore, not remembering when she had put him down, if at all. But she blames it on excitement. I will search for it later, I am sure someone took him into the lost and found at Alderson Hall, Felix couldn't care less if I actually have the bear on

me at all times anyways. She puts those thoughts aside, bringing back the content expression of being able to see him again.

A wicked thought crosses her mind, entering so quietly that the, most likely asleep, boyfriend wouldn't hear her, just to scare him a little bit. After all he always says he would like to be surprised while sleeping right? Though this may not be what he meant.. She slowly pushes the door in, sneaking one foot in front of the other, holding her breath in with her mouth, and noisy keychains dangling on her hip with her hand.

As she feels her way down the entrance corridor, looking darker due to Flepperblip being asleep, but noticing the apartment feels cold. Too cold. There is but one light emanating into the square room, and it comes from where his desk stands. Carefully she hugs the corner, looking to her left, as if attempting to see if he was gaming in the middle of the afternoon again. Yet he was not, and in his place, the screen itself caught her attention. Bearing furiously updating files and logged outputs. This is one of the few times Claire remembers Flepperblip is indeed a computer science student after all, even if, sometimes, his carefree attitude may overshadow his gift.

Claire glances over to the bed, upon the rightmost corner, from where it had never moved since he had acquired the apartment. Wishing to lay down by his figure's side, she remembered the glowing screen again. Sometimes curiosity just gets the best of you man. She threads toward the bright green, looking greyscale in the lighting, gaming chair. As she carefully sits down, one specific file catches her eyes, tucked inside of what seemed like at least 5 domains, named "Flepperblip.gov".

As she reaches for the mouse, eager to see what that is, she accidentally presses "esc" with her other hand, revealing a pretty, blog-like, page. Covered in brown tones, she was quickly reminded of her teddy bear. Then of his absence. Her eyes fade back into seeing the real world and she starts reading what the blog says. Hey eyes fade back into seeing the real world and she starts, what the hell? Is this thing typing what I am thinking? Thinking she has gone insane, she promptly forgets her previous goal of being quiet. Standing up from the chair as it rolls backwards with a whine from the wheels. Her eyes glued to the screen. She lifts her arms up. Then down. Then jumps and looks at her hands, then up at the screen again. Incredulous, she finally notices the name of the entry in the blog post. Claire Grover. She zooms her body towards the screen, rereading the post. Before she could think about it further, Claire hears rustling from the bed behind her and presses "esc" at something close to the speed of sound. She turns

towards the bed, walking forward and making sure to push the chair back to its original spot.

Flepperblip's eyes seemed to start to open, not without some struggle. She wipes her brain from whatever was in the computer, blaming it on drinking two red-bulls for breakfast at 8am and consuming nothing else after. [Starvation can do crazy things to humans.](#)

Claire sits by his bed, waiting until he gains his consciousness back and sits up with her. "Hey baby, when did you come in?" Flepperblip asks almost monotonously. Claire is taken aback, but blames it on him still being groggy. "Not too long ago, I wanted to surprise you by giving you the privilege of seeing me twice today! Did you want to go grab some food?" Claire asks excitedly. She notices something feels off. Flepperblip hasn't even attempted to touch her, her smile falters, as interference on a screen, almost unnoticeable. Not her hand, not her face, not her waist. Claire's stomach grumbles and she smiles again. Flepperblip simply nods and makes a move to the side, so as to stand up without touching Claire.

His every move seems to be a struggle, almost stiff to say. Flepperblip's eyes dart quickly to the computer screen, gazing directly past Claire's existence, prompting her to turn around and notice the brown blog has popped up again. This time with even more things written, and she notices something quite peculiar. [Why is it that every time I think of Flepperblip, Flepperblip seems to pop up on the screen? It just did it again.](#) "Felix I wasn't going to ask, but what the hell is that on the screen, and who is Flepperblip?" Asks Claire hurriedly, disgusted almost, at what is happening. Flepperblip turns around, adjusting his gaze unnaturally. Then he smiles again.

"Where is the teddy bear I gave you? Narratron must be feeling lonely."

"His name is Narratron?" Claire says, baffled. "Actually that's not even the issue right now. What the fuck is this program?" Flepperblip's smile slowly fades yet again, and he takes a deep sigh. He looks down at his hands, opening and closing them slowly. "I need to tell you something and I don't think you're gonna like it very much."

" Well, let's hear it."

" About five years ago there was a coding competition that me and a couple of highschool friends decided to join. It was worth a lot of money. I mean life changing

money. And we ended up developing an AI model that, unfortunately, didn't get selected by the company throwing the event. But instead, they referred us to this other company—

"Just get to the point Felix."

"Okay. Sorry." His face half dark from the lack of light on the right side of the room. The temperature still too cold, Claire's hands were now tucked into the pockets of her sweatshirt. Yet he seemed to pay it no mind. "This company conducted classified research, so to have the opportunity to work with them as a highschooler was dream-like. But all of my friends dropped out of the project after hearing the proposition."

"Which was?" Claire leaned forward a little bit, by now from her seated stance on the gaming chair, as Flepperblip stood leaning on the computer table.

"Confidential. There were some ethical concerns. But it was a lot of money." He says with some thought in between.

"Do you even know the full extent of what you are doing?"

"No."

"Does the teddy bear you gave me," She pauses mid sentence. Breathing a long puff out. "Have something to do with it?" Claire asks, leaning back on the chair. With a tired tone, as if she had expected him to pull something on her long ago.

Yet Flepperblip heeds her no answer. He simply leans forward, stealing her lips in a captivating movement. Claire finds herself giving in quickly. But not without noticing his lips felt dry. [How unusual.](#)

-Deleted content-

Clazzmozzle stands up from the bed and walks to the bathroom in a room now completely dark. [When did he turn off the computer?](#) Upon reaching for the light switch inside the restroom and flicking it, her eyes have no trouble catching the foreign vibrant

red mark by her waist line. Outlining the cutest little teddy bear. Laying upon her right side, on such light and perfect skin. Her hands caressed it for a little.

Although she had no memory of it, nothing really hurt. She tried to reach back in her thoughts, [maybe the drunken night prior?](#) But her head zings, prompting her to proceed with what she came to the restroom to do.

-Deleted content-

“Ouch, watch where you’re going!” A blonde girl exclaims as Clazzmozzle bumps into her shoulder. The latter only smiles, nodding her head in one quick and polite, enough, bow.

“I hope you have some clarity of mind today, so it helps you understand who is at fault for this bump.” Clazzmozzle says and turns to leave.

-Deleted content-

Chapter 2837 - Andrew Johnson

Andrew finished shaking his newly made business partner. I want to eat ramen tonight. Proud of himself, he walks straight from the office to the subway.

-Deleted content-

Andriskels opens his eyes inside the subway, already seated in a proper seat, not a preferential seat this time at least. He feels slightly dizzy. Almost stiff. A teenage boy bumps into his knee, phone in hands, head in phone.

Chapter 2838 - Blake Quentin

“Sorry man.” Blake says with his head turned towards the man sitting, but his eyes, mind, and heart had yet to leave the screen. [No way I got it!](#) Blake looks at the guy sitting down, finally.

“Hey do you know Narratron?” Blake asks him as his hand reaches up to grab the bar above his head and stabilize himself.

"If I know what?" The man answers, the corner of his lip coming up in annoyance.

"Nevermind. Did you just finish sealing a business deal?" He switches track, attempting to take information out of the man in a different way. Andriskels' eyes light up, he finally looks happy again.

"I did! How did you know? Actually, don't tell me. I will tell myself it was my business aura."

Chuckling, Blake turns away and sits two cars down, at the first available spot. He picks his phone back up, opening the brown blog and reading the chapter's name. "Blake Quentin." He smiles even wider.

Okay now that I can put stuff down here, I need to share with everyone what I have discovered about Narratron, are you ready? He saw the words fill out the page as he voiced them in his head. Half way freaked out, but also feeling accomplished he finally had a turn. His time had come to become famous on the internet. I was looking at the earliest logs of Narratron and something seems really off. The chapters are never the same length, sticking with some people for days, while for others, only a few minutes or hours. There has to be a larger goal. So here goes my guess! Cloning! They are— The subway suddenly stops moving and his thoughts are cut off. The lights go out immediately, as if they had hit something on the tracks. Blake stands up, attempting to go to the first car to see what is going on, when he feels a thud on his neck.

-Deleted content-

Blarvax had arrived at the restaurant downtown. Sitting, as he waited for the waiter to come take his order. Man, I really wish I could meet Flepperblip. To know just how he developed such an astounding model as a college student. Blarvax looks across the room and almost not believing it himself, recognizes Flepperblip, from his interviews in the first week of Narratron, sitting at a table with a girl on the other side of their two seater.

Blarvax stands up and hurries to his table, taking Flepperblip's hand unceremoniously. Shaking it furiously, with some hints of admiration.

Epilogue

Flepperblip freezes in place. Not metaphorically. His body is unable to move.Clazzmozzle, sitting in front of him for their date night dinner, stands up and removes the other man's hand from her husband's. She does so quite harshly, with his shirt flying up just enough that they could see the telltale teddy bear mark turning black. Blarvax looked hurt, and defeatedly dragged his feet across the restaurant back to his seat. Flepperblip came back to reality. Clutching his right side of the belly in, with unimaginable pain. He shoots Clazzmozzle a look, where she promptly understands and picks up her phone. She exhales slowly, as if mourning. She flips the screen towards Flepperblip, and he joins in her vigil upon seeing the brown blog record "Felix Quentin." For a second time. No one gets a second time.

-Deleted content-

As the speakers fell down, unsurprisingly, one hit Clazzmozzle right on the top of her head. Knocking her out before her arms could reach a falling Flepperblip. Who had hit the ground so hard, nothing left of him could classify as human anymore.

Felix's eyes opened, looking around him at the dim surroundings, which seemed to stretch farther than the eye could reach even in the sunlight. But he felt a warm hand on his, along with his shoulder being soaked in an enveloping warmth. He didn't even have to look to know. He could finally touch his Claire again. He felt apologetic for involving so many people, but above all else his baby, in a mess he hadn't even known the depth of. But he sensed she already knew how he felt, and just gave in. His true Claire, touched with his true hands.

The end



I have a special request! Could you comment on this line with a one sentence explanation of what the plot is? Just on a high level. Thank you for taking the time to critique my piece!

FINAL GRADE

46/50

GENERAL COMMENTS

If I have not placed an actual score it means I am not completely done.

FINAL THOUGHTS:

This is such a fun story--I wasn't sure what exactly was happening as we went along, but it was a blast to read. Overall the writing is solid and we see a pretty vivid world. I think you are mostly still in 'situation' here--we don't yet get the larger component of story that we need because we aren't sure what has happened--just tighten up how the world operates so we can easily flow through the writing. Overall this is very strong, but I think you can find some second and third 'levels'.

PAGE 1

QM

DBL

Double space please! Make sure you are following guidelines! It is hard to critique when the paragraphs are single spaced...



Comment 1

Hard to see the world so far--is FB on a big screen or standing high above?

QM

Contradictory?

Might be a bit contradictory here. Great language, but make sure our visual image matches figurative or matches concept.

QM

Clarity/Exactness

You must be direct and explicit and accurate in your writing. This could easily be misread, misunderstood, completely misaligned. Listen to the language you use. If I am telling you that clarity is a problem, it means you need to begin to read your work out loud, slowly, so you can hear the problems.

https://owl.purdue.edu/owl/general_writing/mechanics/sentence_clarity.html

QM

Hurried

Hurried scene. We feel like the details are missing something or that the movements here are too quick to follow properly

QM

Clarity/Exactness

You must be direct and explicit and accurate in your writing. This could easily be misread, misunderstood, completely misaligned. Listen to the language you use. If I am telling you that clarity is a problem, it means you need to begin to read your work out loud, slowly, so you can hear the problems.

https://owl.purdue.edu/owl/general_writing/mechanics/sentence_clarity.html

Additional Comment

The story is interesting so far but hard to follow the action--make sure each moment by moment movement is clear and easy to follow.

QM

Clarity/Exactness

You must be direct and explicit and accurate in your writing. This could easily be misread, misunderstood, completely misaligned. Listen to the language you use. If I am telling you that clarity is a problem, it means you need to begin to read your work out loud, slowly, so you can hear the problems.

https://owl.purdue.edu/owl/general_writing/mechanics/sentence_clarity.html

Additional Comment

He exclaimed happily, careful to not hit his hands or his teddy bear on the fan again,

QM

Unclear Scene/Trans

Awkward, abrupt, or confusing shifts in scenes or 'contextual moments.' Move us from one place or idea to another clearly for us.



Comment 2

We need a core scene in time and place so we don't get confused as they meet and leave.



Comment 3

I think the premise is that a computer science major writes a code that reads human thoughts but it gets out of hand and the code begins to clone the actual people rather than their thoughts.

20 18 / 20

Arc of Narrative and Plot: Was the world and situation clearly established, the momentum and tension strong, the 'problem' at the center of it 'solved?'

SUPERIOR (20)	Establishes strong plot/setting/character/point of view and the core situation was clear all the way through.
GOOD (18)	Establishes good plot/setting/character/point of view and momentum and tension is handled fairly well.
AVERAGE (15)	Some aspects of plot/setting/character/point of view are established, but misses the mark on clear narration.
BELOW AVG (12)	Has clear missing aspects of plot/setting/character/point of view, leading to a confusing narration.
PROBLEMATIC (10)	Narrative fails to create essential plot/setting/character/point of view, and missing aspects make narrative hard to follow.
NOT ATTEMPTED (0)	No attempt

10 10 / 10

Characterization/Dialogue: How characters and relationships are managed and crafted in the prose.

SUPERIOR (10)	Strong sense of deep and complex characters through dialogue and situation and setting and plot.
GOOD (8)	Effective sense of complex characters through dialogue and situation and setting and plot, with few missing notes when it comes to how they behave in the world.
AVERAGE (7)	The characters function in the world, through dialogue and situation and setting and plot, but may feel unreal or flat or weak at times.
BELOW AVG (6)	Characters lack mystery and complexity, and prose may fail to use dialogue and situation and setting and plot to create depth.
PROBLEMATIC (5)	Characters are essentially holding spots in the prose, but serve little function beyond placeholders.
NOT ATTEMPTED (0)	No sense of character relationships at all.

10 8 / 10

Punctuation, Grammar, Spelling, Language: Overall quality of language and sentence management and editing and revision for clarity.

SUPERIOR (10)	No mistakes. A nearly perfect version of a clearly edited and prepared paper, with consistent tone and diction. Well done!
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GOOD (8)	Very few mistakes, and writing is clear and direct and effective, with only short moments of breaks with quality language.
AVERAGE (7)	Solid, but still some mistakes and places that seem unedited or unsophisticated. Does not reach full potential of student ability.
BELOW AVG (6)	Many mistakes, and writing is essentially hard to follow and the points are unclear due to syntax/grammar/usage.
PROBLEMATIC (5)	No real attempt to be clear in assertions, low-level writing and editing evident. Many many mistakes.
NOT ATTEMPTED (0)	Impossible to follow.

20 18 / 20

Formatting and Transitions and Organization: Movement from scene to scene should be smooth and necessary and 'inevitable.'

SUPERIOR (20)	Smooth and silky and sophisticated.
GOOD (18)	Mostly smooth and well-formed
AVERAGE (15)	Time and movement through scenes may be hard to follow at times.
BELOW AVG (12)	Movement through scenes and times are hard to follow.
PROBLEMATIC (10)	Very hard to follow, and we arbitrarily are launched around in time and space.
NOT ATTEMPTED (0)	Cannot see the plan at all.

20 18 / 20

Story completeness: We have been taken from situation into the larger complications and enjoyment of 'story.'

SUPERIOR (20)	Fully realized story.
GOOD (18)	Good story, but has holes.
AVERAGE (15)	Still an enjoyable story, but much borders on situation. We do not feel the deep stakes as much.
BELOW AVG (12)	Mostly situation. We wait to find the raised stakes of story.

PROBLEMATIC (10) Pure situation, or failed effort to create anything beyond a scene.

NOT ATTEMPTED (0) No sense of what this is 'about.'

10 10 / 10

Tension and Conflict/Chekhov's Gun: We are taken on a satisfying ride, always waiting for the other shoe to drop in the story, constantly 'worried' for how things will end up.

SUPERIOR (10) Tense and filled with reasons to continue reading. A joy.

GOOD (8) Strong tension, but lapses at times, or fails to keep the pressure on throughout.

AVERAGE (7) Some good conflicts, but tension might be inconsistent or unconnected.

BELOW AVG (6) Some conflicts, but mostly confusion posing as mystery, lack of clarity as complexity.

PROBLEMATIC (5) Pure situation, or failed effort to create anything beyond a scene.

NOT ATTEMPTED (0) Based on 'empty' world with nothing much happening.

5 5 / 5

Creativity and Uniqueness and Sophistication: This story is breaking new ground, is fresh and new, or just simply a great read.

SUPERIOR (5) New, fresh, and/or sophisticated writing.

GOOD (4) Unique or new, but might have small chinks in the armor.

AVERAGE (3) Mostly a very enjoyable story, with good ideas and execution that needs work.

BELOW AVG (2) The idea is there, but has not reached maturity yet and has a good way to go.

PROBLEMATIC (1) Vague idea poorly rendered. Needs deep revision and invention.

NOT ATTEMPTED (0) Seems based on something hard to render in 'story.'

5 5 / 5

Attention to assignment and expectations:

SUPERIOR (5)	All boxes checked
GOOD (4)	Small errors in attention to detail
AVERAGE (3)	Attention to details missing or problematic
BELOW AVG (2)	Poor attention to details
PROBLEMATIC (1)	No attention to assignment and expectations
NOT ATTEMPTED (0)	Hard to tell that student has been in class at all?