

2008 Portfolio Scoring Training Materials

Grade 7

Practice Portfolio

Remember

KENTUCKY WRITING PORTFOLIO

Table of Contents

Grade 7

Student Signature Sheet Included and Signed

(Y) N (Circle One)

Number of pieces	Category/Descriptor	Content area At least one piece must come from a content area other than English/ language arts	Page
1	Reflective Writing (e.g., letter, personal essay)		
	Title: Letter to J.K. Rowling	English	1
1	Personal Expressive OR Literary Writing personal narrative, memoir, personal essay, story, poem, script, play		
	Title: Remember	English	5
1	Transactive Writing various authentic genres (forms)		
	Title: A sweeping epidemic without a cure.	Science	10
3	Total (must equal 3)		

EB
4-20-07

After the Table of Contents has been reviewed for accuracy and completeness prior to scoring, the person helping the student complete the portfolio should initial and date in the space provided to the left.

STUDENT SIGNATURE SHEET

(Required in Each Portfolio)

Please read the Note to Students and Teachers below before signing the following statements.

Required Verification Signature

The pieces in this portfolio are my own original work. I am the author of all the pieces in my portfolio. I may have talked about my work (through conferencing) with my teacher, family, and friends, but I have made any changes and corrections myself. I did my own writing, typing, and/or word processing (unless otherwise indicated by a teacher's signature in the box below labeled "IEP/504 Plan/Program Services Plan Adaptations").

J B
Student Signature

IEP/504 Plan/Program Services Plan (LEP) Adaptations (requires teacher signature):

Teacher Signature:

Optional Permission

I agree to allow my portfolio to be photocopied for use by others outside my school as an example of student work. I understand that my name, the names of my school and town, and any other identifying information I may have used in my writing will be removed before my portfolio is copied.

J B
Student Signature (optional)

Required Verification Signature: It is required that the work contained in each portfolio is the original work of the student. Every portfolio must include the statement, signed by the student, that the work in the portfolio is his/her original work. This sheet must be placed in the portfolio. If the verification statement is not signed, the portfolio will receive a performance rating of Incomplete.

Optional Permission: The use of actual student portfolios is critical in teacher training and is essential for quality control checks during statewide rescoring activities. Students are requested, but not required, to give permission for this purpose and should sign the optional student signature above if they agree.

Please note that portfolios are included in any statewide rescoring activities even if neither statement is signed.

707 V-ball Lane

H , KY 41701

April 13, 2007

Dear J.K Rowling,

You have been the main influence in my writing career. Before reading your books and imitating your styles I wasn't a good writer. The Harry Potter series inspired me to want to write just like you. As a young writer I feel that your writing styles and topics relate to me more than any other author. I have read hundreds of other books, but none appeal to me more than yours. After reading the 5th Harry Potter book (The order of the Phoenix) I can't tell you how many pieces I wrote with the same theory. I think I actually fell in love with the book. It made me want to grow up to be a J.K Rowling replica.

I think I'm a pretty good writer...Now! A few years ago I was terrible; I have writings to prove it. I loved to write, but all of my pieces kept turning out unclear and mediocre. I knew I had to do something if I was ever going to be an excellent writer. I started practicing writing pieces everyday and read large chapter books weekly. Sometimes to challenge myself I would set goals, for example, to see if I could read an eight hundred seventy page book in one night (accomplished). Goals like this gave me something to work for-not only that but I improved as a writer and a reader. I started to imitate authors' styles from book I'd read, well tried to. I became a speed reader from all the books I was reading, but there was still a problem, I

wasn't enjoying the books I was reading, I would read to finish a book and to say I'd read it, not to enjoy it. Which was reflecting on my writings. I wasn't able to write well because I wasn't passionate about my topic. So there was no way to solve the problem...until one day when a friend of mine was reading a book by you. I thought I'd try it, and I loved it. I started reading every book I could find that you'd written. My pieces were turning out better, they were clear, and actually sounded alright you had been the solution. You had instilled in me the passion to want to write just like you. My pieces were filled with similarities from yours. People actually started to enjoy reading my work. They said that I was a good writer, which told me that one day I wanted to be a world renowned writer.

This year, not only have my writing skills improved, but also the way I write. I have started writing in new styles, use specific details, and going through a very tough editing system for my pieces. Now instead of writing about non-detailed objects that are hard to imagine, I give in depth details that make those who read my pieces able to see exactly what I do. I have started to think before I write, which has saved me a lot of rewriting. Lastly I have gone through long hours of parent-teacher conferencing, rewritings, and revising to make my piece as perfect as possible.

Before this year my writings and pieces were so general. It was very hard to get a specific detailed picture in your head. From my writing teacher, I have learned to specify with everything I write so that I, and those who read my pieces, will see the same thing. I've learned that my readers should be able to see, smell, taste, hear and know what something I'm describing tastes like. I learned that detail is what makes me a writer.

I don't write the same as I did years ago. Instead of just writing things down, I have learned to think before I write. I now put sentences and

paragraphs together in my head to make sure they sound okay or that they make sense, then write them down on paper. Until recently I thought that's how everyone wrote, until I was told different. I was told that I'm what's called an introspective writer, which is a writer who thinks before they write. This strategy has helped me tremendously through this portfolio process.

The last thing that helped me improve my writings would be an editing system. This involves rewriting, revising, and parent-teacher conferencing. This makes sure my writing on grade level, that they're as good as they can be, and it reflects everything I'm trying to say through my writings. For example, the start of my Personal Narrative, "Remember", I had this sentence "Hello, my name is Tabitha and my best friend recently died in a dirt bike wreck." I converted that to: "I remember back to that day, and tears still fill my eyes, it's been a little over a year since then, and it seems just like yesterday, the pain of losing a friend still remains." I also changed the sentence "I talked to Dustin on the day of the wreck through instant messaging, he said that he was going to get off and go ride a while." To "I talked to Dustin on the day of the wreck through instant messaging. Since that day that conversation has echoed in my head." I changed the majority of the piece from telling about a conversation, to actual dialogue. These small changes in my piece have made an enormous difference in the quality of my work.

My dream for my life and career is to become a famous author. I want plays to be made out of my works. I want people to know my name across the world. I want my world to be appreciated and remembered thousands of years later. But, most importantly, I want my writings to inspire other young people like you have me.

I would like to thank you, not only for reading my pieces today, but also for inspiring me to write them. I hope that when reading these pieces that you notice how hard I've worked on my portfolio this year, and how much you're writings have helped with mine. Hopefully, this portfolio will be good enough to get a distinguished, who knows? Not me, that's for certain, but what I do know, is that even if I don't get a distinguished, In my book I'll have one, because these pieces have been the best ones that I have ever wrote, thanks to you.

Sincerely yours,

A Grateful Seventh Grade Student

Remember

I remember that day, and tears still fill my eyes, with memories of the one that I took for granted. It's been a little over a year since then, and it seems just like yesterday. The pain of losing a best friend still remains. It's obvious to me things will always be like that.

Dustin and I had been friends since I was in 4th grade, he was in 7th. He was the type of guy that hated to see anyone upset, or anything but happy, and anytime he saw anyone like that he would do his best to change it. Dustin always had on a smile that stretched from ear to ear. I often remember those days when we would act crazy in Arts and Humanities even though he wasn't in my grade, we had that class together, and it was always the best class of the day. We were pretty close...and when I lost him, I felt lost.

Dustin had many hobbies, his favorite being riding his dirt bike. He said it made him feel free, and without that feeling he wouldn't want to live. I can't help but wonder what if he had known that it was that same feeling that would one day take his life? Would he have quit riding? Would he still be here today? Would I still have my best friend? I guess I'll never know the answers to these questions, because unfortunately he had no clue as to what would happen in his future.

I talked to Dustin on the day of the wreck through instant messaging. Since that day, that conversation has echoed in my head.

"Hey, I'm going to get off here and go ride a while." Dustin said.

“Okay, I’ll talk to you later.” I replied, but little did I know that talking to him later would only be a wish that would never come true. His last words to me were:

“Alright, I love you sis be good.”

With that he logged off and that was the last time I ever talked to Dustin B . Looking back now I wish I would have said something to try and stop him from going, something that may have saved his life. I can’t help but blame myself for what happened to him...

After Dustin logged offline I did too, and I slipped into sleep. I awoke to my brother shaking me furiously telling me to wake up, that he had to tell me something important.

“What do you want?” I asked him angrily.

“I don’t know how to say this...” He replied seeming unsure.

“Say what?”

“Dustin was in a dirt bike accident.”

“What happened?”

He told me that Dustin had been crossing the road and didn’t check to see where he was going. A guy had been driving, and wasn’t paying attention to where he was going; he was too busy adjusting the volume of his radio, and he hit Dustin. Josh said that Dustin was okay for now, that he was in the hospital and was put in the Intensive Care Unit. I asked him what was going to happen now he that didn’t know, and that we could only hope for the best.

Josh left and I was left with unbearable silence. All I could do was think about Dustin, and what was going to happen to him, I wondered if I was ever going to see him again. I spent the day worrying, which only made me sick. Something in me told me that I wouldn’t see or talk to Dustin again,

and inside my heart was breaking. Just the thought of losing him was tearing me apart. Throughout that day, I reminisced about all of our times together, and wondered if there would be anymore.

After hours of worrying and thinking about Dustin, I finally drifted off to sleep. I slept through the night and half of the next day. At about twelve o'clock the next day my brother, Josh, came and woke me up. With tears in his eyes I knew what had happened before he even said a word. "Tab, Tab it's Dustin...he...he...he died!" he said his voice unclear from the crying.

I stared off into the emptiness and started crying so hard, I was speechless, what could I say to him? After that he just started rambling on about how the doctors tried to help him, and that it must've been his time to go. What did he mean "It was his time to go?" It couldn't have been. He was fourteen years old! He didn't even make it to college, how could it have been his time to go? I just couldn't understand. I didn't see why any of this happened.

After my brother made that statement that sent my mind in a whirlwind, I asked him to leave. I didn't want to be around him he was only making things worse. After he left I asked God, why? Why had he taken my best friend? Why had he ended a fourteen year olds' life? Why? I never received an answer; looking back I don't think I could have handled one. To know that someone had a reason to end Dustin's life, would have been something I wasn't ready for, and I don't think I ever will be.

For a long time after that I was angry with everyone, including those close to me, friends, family, everyone. Having Dustin taken away was like a punishment for something I didn't do. Nothing was the same anymore. Even going outside to ride a 4-wheeler wasn't something I could enjoy because

thoughts of Dustin came in my head. The summer was like a boring class at school that I dreaded everyday. Each day was the same, unfulfilling hours that slowly passed with agonizing thought in my head of the accident. School was fast approaching, which I really wasn't looking forward to. I wondered how I would be able to concentrate on my work and grades. I had always been a straight "A" student, so my grades had always been important...until then. I didn't care about much of anything those days, and the idea of school was more like a jail sentence. Those last few days of summer were spent lying in bed watching old movies, overeating, and enjoying the time I wasn't in school working. Too bad that privilege was soon taken away.

In a few days school started, the first day was imaginably hard. Seeing all of mine and Dustin's old hangouts, seeing his locker brought tears to my eyes. His voice lingered in my head, those last words. It seemed like I couldn't walk two steps without being reminded of him. I hated being in a situation where I was forced to think about him every single minute. I don't think there was a second where my eyes weren't filled with tears. People noticed, and people asked what was wrong, that whole day I was bombarded with questions that I didn't want to answer. I know that they cared and were just trying to help, but they made things even worse. Needless to say, I wasn't very worried about any school work that day, and I probably didn't write two words the whole time. So when the bell rang that signaled us to go home, I was very relieved. I just wanted to go home, relax and not think about Dustin at all.

The next few days were just as hard, but things became easier with each day. I guess it's true; time does heal everything, or at least lightens the load. After I realized that nothing I did could bring Dustin back, I started to

move on. I still thought about him with each passing day, and I still missed him but I knew he was in a better place, I stopped being so angry with everyone, and instead I cherished every minute I spent with my friends and my family because I knew they could be gone at any time too. Even though Dustin is no longer alive, he's still in my heart, and I love him and always will, and I still wait for that day when I'll see him again.

It sounds bad, or even wrong to say, but I suppose I did learn something from Dustin's death. I learned that I should never take those who are always there for me for granted, because one day they might just not be there. I should love those who are here for me with all my might with fear that they could one day be gone. I have learned the value of not only my friends or my family, but of life itself.

