MR

965

STUDENTS DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

ROUND 1 T:___ R:___ ROUND 2 T:___ R:___ FINAL

When I ~~when~~ was littel Something happen to me that Change my life. I was about 9 year old when it happen. I was at my house watching a movie that I like to watch. It was a Bout raping. when I Saw it the Frist time it made me ~~[illegible]~~ what to be a ~~Singer~~ Rap~~[illegible]~~ Singer. So I ~~[illegible]~~ went to my room to See if I can rap. So I got a Notebook ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ and wrote a Song. When I was Done I went to my Frend hoves to Show it to him. He told me that He like the Song That I wrote and I Should write more Song like that so I Did.

MR

922

STUDENTS DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

ROUND 1 T:___ R:___ ROUND 2 T:___ R:___ FINAL

Books, it is said, are the passageways to other worlds. Each story is a new, exciting adventure to embark upon, each word another stepping stone to the end of the story, and the knowledge you gain there. For hundreds of years, stories have enchanted the minds of people all over the world. My life was completely and irrevocably changed, the moment I recognized the wonder of reading.

As a child, literature was something to be avoided. Why would I want to waste my time reading when I could just flip on a TV and have a story play out in front of my very own eyes? Not only that, but I was always embarrassed at my inability to string together the letters of a word. I'd trip and stumble over simple sentances my fellow first graders could recite flawlessly. Reading simply eluded my grasp, and to a child who was normally quite good at whatever she tried (hopscotch, coloring, ect.) this was a real blow to me. I figured, as most children do when faced with a delima, that I would simply never be able to read, and that I should give up now.

Things changed when my dad started reading to me. Now, my parents often read me a story or two at bedtime (I was a terror when it came time to sleep, I knew every trick in the book when it came to staying up later than I should), but they were always short childrens stories, and the pictures interested me far more than the words ever did. One day, however, when it came time for bed, my father brought in one of the most un-child like

books I'd ever seen. I inquired as to what on earth it was.

"This, Haley, is "The Hobbit," and you are going to love it."

I was sceptical and stubborn. How could I love a book without pictures? But my dad was patient, and unyeilding as a mountain. By the end of the night, I was enraptured by the story.

It quickly became our nighttime routine, I would snuggle into my bright pink bed with a stuff dog name Lucky, and my fathers voice would propel us strait into the world of Middle Earth. I was thouroly hooked, and I always wanted more. I'd beg my dad to "please please with sugar on top" to read one more chapter. We flew so rapidly through that book that soon, to my horror, we were done. My heart was anguished, and I told my dad as much. "No worries Hales, there's more where that came from." He wasnt kidding.

Night after night, my dad brought home books. Soon, I was soaring through the skys and battling trolls with Harry Potter, exploring pyramids left by the ancient Egyptians. I ran through books like I was starved, and each new story was a scrumptious treat. I was a girl possessed. Slowly, my father no longer was the one reading the books at bedtime, I was.

I am now 15 years old, a self proclaimed Twilighter, Harry Potter-o-holic, and the girl everyone asks whether or not the book they're thinking of getting is any good. Not only do I read like a maniac, but I'd write like one too. It is my dream that someday, it'll be my book that draws children into the world of books. I am so thankful that my dad read to me as a kid, because those books have truly opened up worlds for me, worlds I wouldn't even have known existed ~~without~~ if I hadnt learned about the magic of reading.

2008-2009 Idaho 9th Grade Direct Writing Assessment

MR

907

STUDENTS DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

ROUND 1 T:___ R:___ ROUND 2 T:___ R:___ FINAL

Motorcycle Crash

Motorcycles can be risky. If you wreck like I did you will be more careful while riding them. Motorcycle crashes can take your life and my life almost got took. I wasn't paying attention and almost flew off a cliff.

All it takes to crash is being dangerous and not paying attention to the road in front of you. If a crash is serious enough you can possibly die or be paralized the rest of your life. When you are almost to a point where you die you think different next time you get on them.

When I crashed I was riding on a windy road that was sorrounded by a big drop off. I was going fast and there was motorcycle marks in the road so I was following them with my bike. When I was following them I wasn't paying attention to the road ahead of me. When I looked up from the road there was the drop off. When I seen that I panicked. I threw my motorcycle on the road and jumped off of it. I was so close to going off my back tire overhung the drop off. That changed riding for me for a long time.

When you ride motorcycles pay attention to the ~~rode~~ road.

If you make one wrong move you can die very easily. When you come up to a ~~road~~ corner go slower and stay to the inside it's more safe.

If you get on a motorcycle know what your doing before you crash and get hurt. One wrong move and you can be dead and not know what happened. My crash changed the way I ride forever.

2008-2009 Idaho 9th Grade Direct Writing Assessment

MR

926

UDENTS DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

ROUND 1 T:___ R:___

ROUND 2 T:___ R:___

FINAL

My teacher Mrs Moebius changed my outlook on life when we were reading How to kill a mocking bird because in the story there our these two kids named scout and Jem.

In the story scout and Jem get in to alot of trouble with there father because they are always messing with the radley's house. But there dad gives them their pusment if he finds out what they did.

Another reason why this book changed my outlook on life is because I know my mom and dad loves me, just like scout and Jem's father loves them.

Last but the least I need to treat everybody with respect my nabers, freinds, cousins, Aunts, uncles, grampas, gradmas, and most of all my mom and dad, and bothers and sister.

This is why my teacher Mrs Molbius changed my outlook on Life with takeing time to read one story that changed my outlook on life.