

Student Paper Packet ELA Refresher Training for Writing Scoring Guide



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ELA Refresher Papers

PAPER #	Title	I/C	ORG	VOICE	WC	SF	CONV
1	Tennis (N)						
2	Camping Surprise (N)						
3	Voting (P)						
4	Works of Art (E)						
5	Zack (I)						
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Teaching younger kids can be very frustrating at times. It can be hard for them to understand certain concepts, but the feeling you get when they finally succeed is awesome. Two summers ago I was able to experience this feeling and it felt great!

I started taking tennis lessons when I was ten and continued to take lessons from the same coach until I was thirteen. That was when my love for tennis began. I tried out for the high school team and made it. My old coach came to watch many of the home matches and saw how much my game had improved. While I was taking lessons from him he always had a high school tennis player there to help out. After seeing me play a few times he asked me if I would like that job. I excitedly accepted the job.

The first few lessons I helped out with the coach had me do simple things like hit the ball for the drill, or help kids with their form. As soon as I got more comfortable with the routine he had me teach the class ~~while~~ while he supervised. I was able to decide what drills we did and what the class consisted of. I was really enjoying it.

The kids who took the class ranged from age seven to thirteen. Some had developed their tennis skills and some ~~were~~ had just started playing. One specific girl had more trouble learning than most. The coach had me take her aside and help her one-on-one

I asked her what she wanted to work on the most and she said backhands. She wanted to work on backhands. We started with simple drills to help her get the idea of backhands. Slowly we worked our way up to hitting full court. She was really improving. After about forty-five minutes she joined the rest of the class and the first thing she did was hit a backhand. The ~~ea~~ coach was very impressed ~~along~~ along with the other students. She had improved greatly and I felt awesome.

Teaching this young girl to play tennis was fun, but time consuming and at times, difficult. She had trouble understanding some concepts, but with much patience and hard work she was successful.

My family and I loved to go camping. So one summer we decided to go to a new campground. Something very surprising happened there.

It was the middle of the summer and we were running out of daylight. So we decided to stop at the next campground. The only one we could find was a place called Bedrock. My mom pulled over and we began to unpack.

The next morning my friend and I went for a walk. It seemed like we were walking for hours. We began to wonder where we were going. Just as we were about to turn around, we came across a cave.

We walked through the opening we walked as far as we could and then back out. Then we walked around it. There was an opening into another part of the cave. For the rest of the trip the cave was our playground.

The most interesting thing was that inside the cave I found some tools. There was an arrow head, and a bowl or it looked like a bowl. This camping trip was the most fun I had.

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There are many laws that affect the rights of teenagers. Some of the laws are for the best, while others are just restricting. One law that exists that is in place for a good reason is the one that restricts the voting age. Teenagers should not be allowed to vote until age eighteen because most of them don't pay attention to politics, would not make wise voting decisions, and don't have enough education to vote.

The majority of teenagers have no idea what goes on in politics, mostly because they don't care. With all the other things going on in a teenager's life, staying up-to-date with political happenings simply doesn't take priority. If teenagers don't care about politics, then giving them the right to influence what goes on in it should definitely not be allowed.

This apathy for politics and the voting process would only lead to teenagers making unwise decisions while voting. Since most teens wouldn't know enough about the topics that would need to be considered before voting, many of the votes would be shots in the dark that wouldn't reflect what the voter really would have thought to be the best decision had they investigated further.

The education required to make an

informed decision is a key thing that teenagers don't have. They don't know enough about the voting process and what it means to vote wisely. They should have to wait until they are age eighteen and have received a full education to have the privilege to be able to vote.

Teenagers under the age of eighteen should not be allowed to vote because the majority of them don't pay attention to politics, would not make good voting decisions, and are not educated enough to vote. This is not a law that exists simply to restrict teenagers, but rather one that is beneficial for everyone. It is just one of the many laws that, for good or bad, affects the rights of teenagers.

Works of art such as music, films etc. can produce strong reaction to a person. Like movies can bring you to some laughter that can have you crying from laughter. Some songs can bring you memories or even inspire us.

One song called In the Garden was played at my aunts, grandma's, and grandpa's funerals. Everytime I hear that song I cry because it brings back memories of all those people.

The movie, Super Troopers is the funniest movie I have ever seen. Some parts of the movie I was rolling around on the ground laughing so hard I was crying.

Some paintings are some amazing and inspiring that they move people. Like, A Starry Night. it is so beautiful it has made many probably become artists.

Some movies and other forms of entertainment can make you feel all emotions. My personal favorite is comedy. I think all literature, movies, shows and music move us all in different ways. I think everyone needs a little of all emotions sometimes.

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Zack broke the door with a mighty kick. His gear was heavy against his back and the letters "FD" gleamed brightly against his yellow coat. Zack had only been on the squad for a few days but he already had his first fire call. His arms shook with excitement and little pricks of tingely sensation ran down his spine.

"Yo Zacky-boy!" yelled a familiar voice. Zack glanced over his shoulder, it was the fire chief Will.

"We gotta call from the neighbors saying that there was a little girl in the house. The parents are at work and she just came home from school when smoke started to pour out."

"All right! Gotcha!" Zack nodded and ran off into the ember of the house. "Where would I be if I was a girl?" he ran into the kitchen throwing pots and pans messily around the counter searching for any sign of the girl. "Not here" he said to himself.

"I'm gonna look in the closet!" Will yelled across the room. "You look in her room!"

"Oh, can do." Zack bolted off when a beam of heat and light fell down. He looked at the floor. "It's..." he thought

"A support beam!" a sudden chill ran down his back and a cold sweat ran down his forehead.

"We gotta get outta here!" he scrambled into a small purple room with stuffed

animals lay scattered across the room.

He quickly glanced over the room looking for any sign of life. There she was, a little blonde bundle laying limp on her floor.

"Oh no, we gotta leave." he scooped her up in one arm and with such speed it felt like he flew out through the door and outside. A blinding light glared off his helmet as he lifted his face mask off. The curly haired bundle coughed.

"She's gonna be ok," he whispered "Good job: newbie!" exclaimed Will with a hasty slap on the back.

"You did good. A little girl gets to live thanks to you. It feels good huh? Almost like a sense of duty."

"Yeah..." he nodded and glanced at the girl at his side. "It really does."

As our society continue to growth in new technology, the number of personal use has increase dramatically, especially in teenagers. The abusing of new technology by teenagers and their spending time has put an alarming worried to parents. As a parent, I'm more concern about my children when they spend their time on these technology trends. When teens spend their time on text messaging, talk on phone, play game and using computer, they are less involving in community as well as isolated themselves from society.

When teens are not working and not involved in any school program, they have lots of time during the day. Instead of do homework or any school related. They would spend their time on text messaging, watch T.V, using computer and play games all day. Relaxing their minds is a good thing but when they get into these activities and it would brings our teens to less care about study. No education might will affect their future later on.

As a parent, I have the responsibility to find a way to help my teen to manage their times more useful. First, I could discipline the limitation of spending time. Make a schedule when and how teens can watch television or how long they can be on the phone. For an example, they could talk and text messaging on the weekend more than week days, and could even stay up later than usual. Allow them to use computer depending on how long they have been using and the reason what they using for. If they do homework then should be allowed to use longer. Helping the teens limited their amount of time is an opportunity to keep them

Stay on track and let them know that parents are ^{really} care about them.

Every time teens spend more times on television, cell phone, computer or anything that take their time to do homework, then parents should be worried. Teenagers are caring more about fun than their education, and that's why they always need the supporting and caring from parents. If parents are not paying enough attention to their teens, then they will easily go off track by the environment surround them. Later, their grade will be affect because of distraction. Gradually, there is no more motivation to social with the family and less time for friends, especially study.

Using your time on these medias, will damage the child ability to learn and isolate themselves from society. As a parent, we must restricted our teens on these usage of media as a way to help our children. I know that socialize is a good way to meet new friends and understanding each other better, but one is involved in extensive use of their socialize aids will cause threat ^a person to less concern with people that are near by.

In Oregon you run into a lot of environmentalists, people here are very much aware of the environment. So much that that they are environmentalist freaks, they want their state to be completely clean.

I'm not at all interested in being an environmentalist, but I do my best to try and help out with the environment. We should try to keep Oregon, or anywhere clean.

Don't think you need to become a recycling "super freak", recycling every little thing that you encounter. Buying only recycled products, just do little every once and awhile to help out. Just do what you can when you can, and help out your community. Every little bit helps.

The choice is up to you. It's your state, your country, your world, your responsibility. Help out every now and then, to preserve the world for future generations.

There are millions of things you can do to help, there's also a lot of organizations around you that could give you some ideas, on how you can help. With a lot of group activities, that can be very enjoyable.

You don't need to be an environmental extremist, you just need to be environmentally aware, because the world around you

is getting pretty bad. Every little bit you do, goes a very long way. Go for a walk around your block and pick up some garbage, or pick up just the garbage in your lawn. But at least try and do something, it will be the easiest thing you have ever done.

You can help out however you want, whenever you want, and stop whenever you like. You are the one who will make, all the difference in the world.

I think that with the community funds we have raised we should build speed bumps on Oak Street. as of now Oak is a very hazardous street because of speeders. there has been 7 car accidents and 4 pedestrian hittings in the last year. most of these in the last six months. the problem is oak is a long street with no four-way stop for nine blocks. drivers disobey the speed signs and barrel down the street hitting pedestrians or other cars.

the solution to this issue is simple: add speed bumps to this street that will force cars to slow down. this method of traffic control will reduce the chance of risk on this street by a good amount making it safer for you, your family, and the community.

this project can be started as soon as the 10th of next month. that portion of the road would be closed for about two to three weeks. i've talked to a constructor who said it would cost \$11,400 to complete the job. that would leave our community funds with a little money left over as well.

That's my proposal to the community. thank you for listening.

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This is a Story of a man

One day the man

get's up from the Street's and .

realises that this is not the life

that he wanted when he was litel he

Wanted to be a Rock Star So he go's and

get's help and get's upon his Feet

and the next day he's looking for a job and

get's hiree the next weekend he ge's a

Check for two hundred Dollers

and he looking for a good gettare

now he is liveing life like a Rock Star.

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A Look at the Future

Sitting behind a dumpster in a dark alley, hands rubbing his throbbing temples, his thick coat protecting him against the cold of the night, Greg strained his ears to hear any noise of a person out on the street. His dark hair was mussed, and splatters of now-dry blood stained his jeans. The heavy, sour stench of garbage filled his nose, but Greg hardly noticed; he had sat by it long enough to have become accustomed to it.

"Damn it!" he whispered angrily, slamming his fist into the ground. In the back of his mind, he wondered what it was exactly he was cursing. "It wasn't supposed to go like this! This wasn't supposed to happen!" He dropped his head into his hands and rubbed his eyes.

Only an hour or so before, to satisfy the financial needs that came with a life of minimum-wage, part-time jobs and semi-casual drug use, Greg had broken into a house, his intent to steal a few valuables. He hadn't expected anyone to be in home. He hadn't expected a woman about his own age, to confront him. He hadn't expected things to escalate so quickly to violence.

He hadn't expected his desperation could lead him to kill.

Greg had fled moments after pulling his knife from her chest, running through laws, jumping over fences, running down streets, running without thinking, until he finally turned into the secluded alleyway where he now sat behind the dumpster.

A car drove by, Greg started and pulled himself deeper into the umbrage.

Greg knew he was being hunted. He knew there were cop cars everywhere in the city patrolling the streets, looking for a suspicious-looking man that fit his description. He should turn himself in, that would be the right and honorable thing to do. He would turn himself in and apologize sincerely to the family of the girl. He would go to jail, though not for as long as he would if he didn't turn

himself in, if he was caught. He would serve his time and clear his conscience and maybe get a clean start in a few years.

Another option, to make a new start now, was to run. Greg could run away to another town, change his name, hide. Though he had no money, he wouldn't be able to sell his dingy apartment to fund this move, it took too much time and was too suspicious. This meant living on the streets for a while, until he could afford something to live in. He'd be safer once he got a place; people look distrustfully at the man asleep on the bench, but pay no mind to the man hidden behind curtains. With or without a home, though, it would be a life of constant looking over his shoulder, but at least it would be a life.

The easiest way out of this problem was, without a doubt in Greg's mind, suicide. Greg wasn't by any means looking forward to his inevitable death, and did not want to rush it along unless necessary, but suicide was the decidedly easiest solution. But, he told himself, the easiest way is not always the best. Ending his life was it, final, the end. There was no second chance or future for anything; future at all. On the other hand, justice would be served: his life for the girl's. It definitely seemed a plausible alternative to spending the next few decades in jail.

Shivering for reasons beyond the cold, Greg stood up and wiped off his hands. He listened for one more moment for any nearby cars or people, then walked as steadily as he could out of the alley, down the streets, into the downtown area. He stopped at an intersection. Turning left, and continuing, would take him to the police station. Right, to his apartment, with his wallet, and his gun. Greg stood at the corner, the lights changing above him, cars rushing around him, until the sky grew darker. Then he turned, and started walking.