**Writing Standards in Action Project**

**Abbreviated Commentary**

Abbreviated Commentary consists of the following:

* A student writing sample that illustrates what performance to grade level standards looks like—in action
* General information about the sample
* Massachusetts learning standards met by the sample
* Highlights that describe how the sample meets standards in the *Massachusetts Curriculum Framework for English Language Arts and Literacy (2017)* and other content frameworks when applicable

| **Please note:**  Student writing samples may contain inaccuracies in wording and content or shortcomings in the use of standard English conventions. |
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**General Information:**

**Writing Sample Title:** I Am

**Text Type and Purpose:** Narrate

**Grade level/Content area:** Grade 10 English language arts

**Type of Assignment:** Personal narrative

**Standards Addressed:** (W.9-10.3), (W.9-10.4), (L.9-10.1)

**Highlights from the Sample:**

This sample of student work exceeds grade level standards. It demonstrates the following attributes of effective writing. The sample:

* Begins by setting a vivid scene with details that leave the reader wanting to know more *(I am infected. I am hot. I am nervous. I am terrified, petrified, and in this moment justified.)*
* Uses parallel structure to maintain coherence and build tension as the narrative moves from one sense to the next *(I am… I see… I do not see… I hear… I feel… And then, once again, I am.)*
* Controls pace and mood with sentences of varying lengths *(I see Fenway Park. I see the Red Sox are winning… I see the people on top of me, but I cannot move my arms… I see, for a moment, the needle, the injector, my pain, my suffering, but also my hope.)*
* Juxtaposes ideas and details to convey the disorienting experience of the narrator *(I hear my parents telling me to calm down, reassuring me everything is going to be okay. I hear people muttering made up words… like a foreign language…the constant beeping of the machine behind me… my own screams and cries)*
* Uses figurative language, personification, and allusion to develop mood *(I see the orange liquid that brings me my fear… I feel the pike, the sword, the spear of Hippocrates drive into my arm)*
* Provides a satisfying conclusion that recalls the piece’s beginning and resolves its built-up tension, yet retains the ambiguity of the situation the character has faced *(And then, once again, I am. Except this time, I am a survivor.)*

**I Am**

I am infected. I am hot. I am nervous. I am terrified, petrified, and in this statement justified. I am surrounded. I am outnumbered. I am on a bed. I am stuck under bodies. I am blinded by enormous lights. I am overcome with emotions that I cannot perform today.

I see Fenway Park. I see that the Red Sox are winning. I do not see my parents, but I know they are here. I do not see my brother. I see the people on top of me, but I cannot see my arms. I see my restraints like I’m some kind of rabid dog. I see, for a moment, the needle, the injector, my pain, my suffering, but also my hope. I see the orange liquid that brings me my fear.

I hear my parents telling me to calm down, reassuring me everything is going to be okay. I hear people muttering made up words to one another in what seems like a foreign language. I hear the constant beeping of the machine behind me, preparing for my grand entrance. I hear someone telling me it's about to happen. I hear my own screams and cries.

I feel like I cannot breathe. I feel like I am alone. I feel like no will listen to me. I feel all the weight and pressure on top of me. I feel the drive and determination of my parents. I feel the wiping of my arm. I feel the band tighten and tighten until I seem to lose circulation. I feel the tapping of veins. I feel the person hold my arm down. I feel the pike, the sword, the spear of Hippocrates drive into my arm. I feel the serum throughout my body as it spreads it cold fingers to my toes, my chest, my head. I feel this spear being heaved out of my body as it pulls itself out, tearing through my veins and skin. I feel the weight go away. I feel the restraints lifted and my parents embracing me, loving me.

And then, once again, I am. Except this time, I am a survivor.