

GRADE NINE

DESCRIPTIVE – LEVEL 1

- simplistic
- basic
- limited

When I got off my space ship on the new planet, I saw a whole bunch of different plants. There are big plants and small plants. The plants were all different colors and the plants moved like they were alive. The landscape was all hilly and rough. There were a whole bunch of hills and rivers. It looks very colorful and it smells like rain all the time. There are a lot of birds on the planet. They all look the same. Tomorrow I'm going to go look around for more animals.

GRADE NINE

DESCRIPTIVE – LEVEL 1

- vague message
- basic picture of the person
- few sensory details
- minimal order

The person that is most important to me is my dad. ⁸⁰ why ~~this~~ is because. He likes to do stuff with me and he has helped me do a lot of stuff, like I am such a daddy's girl. My dad and me like to ride harleys, ~~like~~ we go to Tim Hortons on the harley. Also, I like going in my 1962 Thunder bird. Me and me dad like old cars. My dad teaches me every thing ~~why~~ my dad impacts me is because he is a great person. He likes to pick on me. It is not very fun some times. When I ask me dad if we can do something at the time when he has day off of work sometimes he forgets to do something with me that day because his friends come over. But it makes me mad when he is with his friends because I wanted to hangout with him. My dad is the greatest dad in the world. That's why my dad impacts me a lot. ~~Me and dad also like to watch early movies together.~~

Handwritten notes on the left margin:
This is a
great
person
to be in
my life

GRADE NINE

DESCRIPTIVE – LEVEL 1

- limited text
- uninteresting picture of person
- few, simple details

My grandma has made a big impact on my life ever since ~~my mom~~ when I was very little. She is always kind and has ^{so} ~~be~~ there for me through the good and the bad times. I could always count on her to be there when I need^{ed} her the most. example?

She's a kind, loving person to everyone and has lots of great friends and family that all love her.

To me she is very important in my life. I don't know what I ^{would} do without her; she is like my best friend. We do lots of stuff ^{to} together all the time. We go shopping, camping and it's fun when we are driving around town and turn on the radio and sing to all the songs we know and people stare at us; it's so funny. To me she's like my mama. I love her so much and I'm glad she is in my life.

GRADE NINE

DESCRIPTIVE – LEVEL 2

- simplistic ideas, but generally accurate
- methodical organization
- creates an appropriate, but basic picture of character
- some use of sentence combinations, limited variation in sentence beginnings

Hailey is a very fun-loving, and outgoing person. She is friendly and is very loyal to her friends. Hailey is confident in herself and what she does. She is always honest-hearted and noble to whomever she befriends. She is always starting up a conversation with anyone she meets. Hailey does everything to the best of her ability. She constantly sees the good in people and is very emotional when things go wrong or when people do not get along. However, she can be annoying like many little sisters can be. Sometimes a person may not want to be around her, but that soon changes because staying mad at her is very difficult. She brightens every room she enters with her smile and sense of humour. Anyone would be honoured to have her as a best friend. She is very supportive and helpful when in desperate need of someone to lean on.

GRADE NINE

DESCRIPTIVE – LEVEL 2

- general, simplistic message
- basic picture of person
- limited details

Grandma

My grandma is many things, but here are just three of them. The first reason my grandma has made an impact on me is because she is caring. If I were to fall off my bike, my grandma would do anything to make it feel better. She would try to get me right away. I would be happy to be like her. The second reason my grandma has made an impact on me is because she is helpful. If I needed help with anything, she would be the first to help me. She would help me achieve anything. That is how my grandma is helpful. The third reason my grandma has made an impact on me is because ~~she is~~ because she is giving. When I graduate grade 12, my grandma will buy me a laptop. If I ask for something, my grandma would give me the money to buy it. She gives me snacks and anything I ask for. That is how my grandma is giving. These are the reasons my grandma has made an impact on me.

such as?

GRADE NINE

DESCRIPTIVE – LEVEL 2

- basic picture of person
- errors in sentence structure
- low, basic vocabulary

Describe Impact

My dad has made a huge impact on my life. He has been there since I was born. I think the way he impacts my life the most is by making me work hard. When I cut the grass, dad makes me do more than just cut the grass, like weed - weeds and use the push mower for the little spots where the tractor ~~can't~~ doesn't get to. Another example is how he doesn't let me take a break until the job is done. He makes me practice my sports and makes sure I work hard. He always is there. He also impacts my life by teaching me life skills. A life skill he is helping me learn is mechanics. He always asks me to come help him with the truck, lawnmower, or dirtbike. Another skill is driving a standard. Standards get better, you mileage can't and help me later in life. The last impact is a little less serious. He makes sure I get privileges for being responsible. Privileges can be staying home alone or going to do something with a friend. He lets me drive the Sea-Doe by myself and ride on my dirtbike. He also lets me drive our boat, which teaches me how to take care of it. I think the biggest impact in my life is my dad.

GRADE NINE

DESCRIPTIVE – LEVEL 3

- clear but basic picture of person
- includes an array of descriptors
- logical development
- needs to improve punctuation
- needs to develop more extensive descriptive vocabulary (adjectives)

Descriptive Paragraph.

Grade 9 -

I have a pretty amazing uncle, me and him understand each other really well and can talk about alot. He is my dad's brother and they work together on the farm. So I see him alot, he also lives kind of close to our place. I help him out on the farm alot so I know him pretty well. My uncle is into mostly the same things as me. I like how he really likes hunting and brings me along whenever he goes out. When I was younger I used to always go to his house and just hang out. But now I'm more busier and can't go over as much. I know he likes me alot because he spoils me more than my older brother and gets me more personal gifts. Also, when I got in trouble at school last year and didn't really talk to anyone about it, but I totally opened up to my uncle and we talked it out, knowing I could trust him. He told me some personal stuff about his past too. Now a days we really only see each other when I'm working, or rarely to visit, but were still close... My uncle has been a huge part of my life growing up and I hope he will always be there.

GRADE NINE

DESCRIPTIVE – LEVEL 3

- clear picture
- provides specific details
- flows
- competent use of sentences, words and punctuation

Nana

My Nana is the most amazing grandparent to have! One of the many reasons is because she is always caring. Whenever you need advice, she will always be there to help. She is also caring because she doesn't enjoy anything more than being with friends and family, especially on special occasions. Nothing is more important to her than her family. Another reason she is so special is because of her knowledge and how fun she can be. When I was little, she was a major help to teach me how to write properly. She would also help me with any homework I didn't understand. One of the many ways we would have fun is by playing cards! She also taught me how to do that. One more of the reasons she has made such an impact in my life is because of her extraordinary cooking skills! She always puts time and effort into what she makes, like her pie, cake and other types of treats. Every holiday, she makes a big supper along with my mom and one of my personal favorites is Nana's mashed potatoes and gravy. Nana is one of the few people that can look at a recipe once, and make it perfect no matter what it is! I respect her talent for this very much. As you can see, a person such as my Nana is very amazing and I don't know where I would be without her.

GRADE NINE

DESCRIPTIVE – LEVEL 3

- clear picture of character and scene
- good word choice
- mood is created
- voice apparent

Daniel's Journal

Past

It's late. I finally took father's advice and pulled this notebook out of the cupboard. Maybe it will help me sleep. I doubt that's possible though; the Nazi's are march up and down the street of our ghetto, their footsteps in unison constantly provide vibrations throughout the building. We don't know if they're trying to scare us or if they're just marching for the hell of it. Probably both. I haven't written anything in ages but now that my camera is hidden for good I need something to occupy my mind. The blood curdling memories and the images that constantly play over and over again could drive any sane person mad. Hmm, any sane person. Ha! I must be mad; any person who sits here and watches the Nazi's murder and murder and murder again has to be at least a bit crazy. Any other person would probably just kill themselves... just like Oma. No. I guess I'm not mad, nor am I sane. I'm a fighter, that's what I am, I won't let the Nazi's win, I will never admit defeat. Somebodies knocking on the door I must go.

Present

We're free we're free! I don't have much time to write, Rosa and I are riding countless trains to Palestine. Rosa and I are engaged. We're engaged to be married. I knew this was the right choice because, if we could sit all this time apart and fight, no matter how skinny we became, no matter how sick we were, no matter how helpless we felt. If we could both willingly fight to see each other again one day it has to mean something. All the pain! We made it through all of this! Rosa is sleeping beside me on the train; she looks even more beautiful every time I lay my eyes on her. This woman is perfect in every aspect. She's seamlessly perfect. I love her.

Future

Life in Palestine at first seemed impossible. Impossible to get a job! Impossible to find a home! Overall we learned that just because, the Nazi's weren't in charge we wouldn't have any hardships: trust me we did! But, enough about the beginning let's talk about now. Rosa is pregnant... again! We're married. We own our first home together and we have our own business. Oh how I love this woman! Speaking of her she's calling me! I must go but, hopefully this won't be the last time we chat! No, no it won't I promise.

GRADE NINE

DESCRIPTIVE – LEVEL 4

- colorful picture of scene
- very good use of sensory details – references to different senses
- excellent sequence of details
- strong paragraph structure
- interesting use of dialogue
- demonstrates an extensive vocabulary

I hesitantly followed the little known trail as it wound its way through the dense growth like a rope thrown carelessly to the ground. The breeze kissed my skin with cool lips as it moved passed me to playfully dance with the newly green leaves on the poplar trees. The ground was soft and wet. The pungent smell of rotting leaves and dirt was laced with the delicate perfume of the wild prairie roses that grew randomly along the side of the narrow strip of green. Purple shooting stars forged their way through the tangle of grassy stems and bowed their tenuous necks to the warm sunlight that dappled the forest floor. Violets raised their faces in a silent hello as my feet tread the seldom used path that led deeper into the shadowy unknown. I felt the verdant green. The silence was loud . . . heavy. Suddenly the wind picked up and its whisper turned to a choir of a thousand voices that flew through the tops of the trees and made them wave their limbs and plead, "Stop, don't go! Stay with us." I lifted my arms to the sky in wordless wonder.

GRADE NINE

DESCRIPTIVE – LEVEL 4

- evidence of confidence in writing task
- individual scenes are vividly described using extensive vocabulary
- insightful, personal depiction of a scene
- logical progression of order

Condensation slides its way down the window, leaving behind it a ribbon of smooth, murky darkness. The sheer suffocating heat and humidity inside suggests the number of drenched bodies seeking refuge from the relentless onslaught of rain. In one corner, a single teacher loses the battle to restrain a group of shouting children and is swamped in a wave of uniformed bodies. Buzzing with anticipation, their instincts triggered by the promise of food, the mass of children charges past him into the canteen. Dragging back some small measure of control, he finally manages to stem the flow and continues to thin out the crowd at a steadier pace with many jealous glances towards the table where several of his fellow teachers lounge, indulging in a few sweet, children-free minutes. As the room fills, the shouts, yells and vague discussion coming from the hoard of tatty teenagers rise to a pitch and volume that could shame a football crowd. Wanting to live up to their reputation, the children continue their barrage of sound, undeterred by the half-hearted efforts of their teachers. Finally, however, as the initial rush of eager bodies reduces, the disruption falls to a minimum and the children split off into groups. At the centre of one such gathering sits a rather plain girl putting up with the unwanted attention of several of her social superiors. She is clearly used to this type of bullying, and she continues her meal in silence. Finally bored with watching their comments bounce off the girl without effect, the group turn their attention to a table surrounded by an invisible force field apparently coming from its dozen or so occupants. This group seems to reject any lesser being that attempts to come within three feet of their sacred ground. This creates a ring of admirers who look up to the mixture of reputation and charisma within. Those teenagers within this bubble of admiration seem to have no intention of letting any others into the group. Enough gold and fake diamonds to replicate the entire crown jewels covers the same uniforms that seem to repel any similar attempt by any other pupil. One particular girl, smiling with all the dazzling intensity of a chat show host, is obviously a new addition to the group. Ecstatic at her place in this most sacred of circles, she looks down from the Mount Olympus of the dinner hall at the insignificant drones beneath her, attempting to display some of the haughty dignity of the established members of the gang. As the initial lure of the dinner hall lessens, several of the hardier students decide to brave the weather outside and leave the overcrowded, damp stuffiness to those willing to endure it for its relative comfort and the knowledge that hours spent on hair will not have been in vain. Suddenly a loud crash echoes around the hall bringing most of the children out of their relaxed stupor. For once the whole student body is united in hilarity, all eagerly scanning the three-hundred or more people for the guilty party. The culprit (a minute, year seven boy) stands next to the offending pile of broken china and, as several of the older students begin to whoop, proceeds to flush a deep red as he prays for an escape from the blinding spotlight. Unfortunately, the hole in the ground fails to appear for him as it has failed so many others in similar situations and he is left at the mercy of hundreds of delighted teenagers. Finally, the yells subside, quelled by steely glances from several of the teachers, and they are replaced by the ominous tinny chime of the bell, forcing all the children out into the merciless rain.

GRADE NINE

DESCRIPTIVE - LEVEL 4

- sense of voice
- sensory details
- excellent assumption of character's attitude
- free of mechanical errors
- solid sentences, word choice, etc.

WRITING PROMPT:

Imagine that you are Anne Frank after you have been captured by the Nazis. You have been taken to a concentration camp and are faced with the reality living under some of the worst conditions known to humankind. Somehow, you have managed to sneak in your diary (did not actually happen) and you want to continue journaling your experiences. Please write a minimum of three journal entries which explain the experiences you are encountering in the death camp. Try to be as descriptive as possible, taking every effort to visualize life in a concentration camp. Try to write in Anne's writing style as much as possible.

4 August, 1944

Dear Kitty,

We have been captured by members of the S.S. and are on our way to a camp. I am not sure of what will happen to us, but I am truly learning to accept death's arrival. I do not understand nor think I ever could, why someone would loath a group of people with deepest and darkest hatred. I am but a child, and I now know I will never be able to fulfill life to its fullest. This depresses me, to an extreme, but I must be strong in these times of monstrosity.

All eight of us from the secret annexe have been transported to a prison in Amsterdam. I'm not sure how much longer we will remain together. Oh Kit, I'm so afraid. Afraid... what an understatement. How should one feel when life is merely just an expression of time, not of any passion or experience? I can't write anymore, a guard is making his rounds, and I'd rather like to be able to confide in you, as I intended from the beginning. Sleep tight, and pray for me as I pray for my people.

Yours,
Anne

6 September, 1944

Dear Kitty,

It has been a few days over a month since I have written to you. I'm deeply sorry but I was weak and could not risk losing you to those filthy Nazis. After arriving in Amsterdam, (like I told you last) we were exported to Westerbork and remained there to the third of September. I watched trains arrive and take away thousands of Jewish people, or so I assume. None of them ever came back, for the trains were always ready to be loaded upon arrival. It seemed like years that I watched innocent people be taken away to their death.

For the past three days, I was pushed against walls of a box, crammed with at least sixty others. I never really cared much for trains, but was without a doubt, worse than the food we ate, especially the countless recipes for strawberries. Oh, how I would give my arm, to be back in Amsterdam, sitting in the

secret annexe, in Peter's arms. I know I've come to realize that he is quite an odd boy, but I do need someone, to comfort me and assure me all is fine, even if I do consider them below me. We are now in Auschwitz, all eight of us here. I'm positive that we will soon be separated; it's really quite a surprise how we're here together right now. I'm sorry, I'm just too weary to write, and we are being taunted with food, like dogs, but isn't that what we're viewed as?

Yours,
Anne

17 November, 1944

Dear Kitty,

It is just me and Margot. Mother was left behind in Auschwitz, and the Van-Daans have been transported to countless camps. I am sure both of the Van Daans are dead, and as for Peter, I have no knowledge of his current location. I can only pray that he will be safe, and that after this epidemic I will find him. We have now been in Bergen Belsen since the end of October. I'm scared and unsure whether to look forward to the end of the war, or just lay my head down, and sleep for the rest of time. I'm not usually one to give in, but I simply cannot keep fighting this worldwide disaster.

I'm beginning to regret not speaking up, sacrificing myself to possibly save an entire race. Soon we will all be wiped out, but what will there be to show, the degrading, dehumanization, and constant reminder that the Jews made your life hell? It may be easy enough to accept, it must be. The Germans bought into it and kept milking that cow until, well, look at where we are. I'm just one person, and so is the next. But when we all form together, we're nothing but cowards. It's something that we cannot change. We have no rights, and that's why we are here, gathered in concentration camps trying to forget death around the corner.

I've been a horrid child to my mother, and I never had the chance to say I love her. I'm crying just thinking about never being able to see my mummy again, unless truth be told, there is an after-life. Sadly I have nothing to gain, and even more, nothing to lose. So if I die as I am, I want my family to know how much I love them, they really are all darlings, but they'll never know...

Yours,

Anne

GRADE NINE

DESCRIPTIVE - LEVEL 4

- insightful, colorful picture of the character and events
- purpose and focus clear and effectively sustained
- uses relevant examples and vivid details to elaborate ideas
- shows a clear sense of audience; tone is appropriate and consistent throughout
- flows smoothly, uses a variety of sentence types and lengths effectively
- introduction is interesting and engaging for intended audience
- conclusion is strong and has an impact on the audience
- grammatically correct

Bloody Mary

Officially I am Mary, Wife of Philip II, Queen of England and France, Naples, Jerusalem and Ireland, Defender of Faith, Princess of Spain, and Sicily, Archduchess of Austria, Duchess of Milan, Burgundy, and Brabant, and finally the Countess of Flanders, Hapsburg, and Tyrol. As much as all those titles may lead you to believe, I am not powerful. I am nothing but a lonely, childless, sick and unloved girl at heart. I am Mary, and this is my story.

I awoke into this dark and dreary world on February 18, 1516. Opening my eyes, I faintly remember my mother's weary smile and my father's dismal scowl. Later I was to learn that my father, King Henry VIII of England wanted a son not *just some girl!* Then, because I wasn't a boy, father tried to divorce my mother, Catherine of Aragon. He complained that he had married his brother's widow and that just wasn't right. Of-course, the wise Pope didn't agree with the claims since Lady Catherine's first marriage wasn't consummated. Then, because the Pope wouldn't allow this atrocity, father turned the whole country upside down. He declared himself the Head of the Church of England and switched our beloved Catholic religion for that heathen crap, Protestantism. All this so he could marry that witch, Anne Boleyn. I watched my oversexed pig of a father treat my mother like a whore, make a mockery of my beloved church, and virtually slap me and my mother in the face for all of England to see.

I was born and raised a Catholic and more than that, I stayed a Catholic. Even through all the hard times and threats of imprisonment and death. I must confess that it was partly out of respect of my dead mother. I learned to play the virginals while I was just still a young child. Of-course I was very well educated as I learnt Greek, Latin, French, Italian, science and music. I was even sent away from Court to study under several philosophers including Linacre and Vives. Unfortunately, most of my childhood mentors were killed by my father.

Even as a young girl, I was buried up to my neck in political intrigue. Trust me, it was not fun as I was but a pawn in the wild scheme of things. I have had many marriage proposals from France, Austria and others places as well. Finally, when I was just 2, I became engaged with Charles V, the Holy Roman Emperor. The marriage never happened. Why? Well when I was 15, I was sent away to Wales as the Princess of Wales where I was not allowed to see my beloved mother, *even when she was dying!* Then in 1533, I was declared illegitimate and my baby half-sister, Elizabeth was named the Princess of Wales. I guess the Holy Emperor didn't want to marry just any common royal bastard. Plus then he just had to name me *Princess Elizabeth's Lady-in-Waiting?* That's just a nice way to say maid! I am the granddaughter of Queen Isabella and King Ferdinand of Spain and the true heir to the English Throne! And now I'm a nursemaid?! I was humiliated, all my pride and honour gone! Just poof, but as if "beloved" father even cared! That is something I will never forget. Soon my religion and my mother merged into one. Catholicism was my dream, my one hope that keeps me going through this retched life; my taste of revenge.

I am stubborn, strong-willed and I hate compromises. Compromises are a sign of weakness. I refused to follow the new prayer book and instead followed the Catholic mass. What is faith if you could change it at a whim?

Then Cromwell realized that I was in danger and sent me this statement I was to sign. Well statement is putting it nicely, really it was a formal submission! It said such awful things like begged pardon of the king whom she had "obstinately and

disobediently offended", renounced "the Bishop of Rome's pretended authority", and acknowledged the marriage between her father and mother to have been contrary to the law of God. Cromwell made me sign it, I had no choice. I didn't read it though, I couldn't stand all the dreadful things that he made me say. At least now I'm the heir to the Throne once more.

Soon my sinfill and completely immoral father beheaded the witch, Anne Boleyn, to marry Jane Seymour. With her he had a son named Edward VI. He was the first real obstacle I ever faced, well, except for the threatened life imprisonment by my own father. Soon Jane Seymour died as well and he married once again, this time to Cathrine Parr. Out of them all, I must say she was the nicest. I think I might have even liked her! At least at the Court of Parr, I had enough money to buy the proper clothes for a princess. Soon my father died and Edward VI acceded to the throne. Edward, though, had always been a sick and frail boy, and he soon got this disease of lung rot. I prayed for him to recover, but secretly waited for him to die.

The people of England, or at least most of them, supported me not that cow, Lady Jane Grey, whom Edward VI had chosen on his deathbed. Edward had always been weak and Northumberland, the Lord President of the Council, thought that the young king should disinherit both his sisters in favour of Northumberland's own daughter-in-law, Lady Jane Grey. The Lord President, backed at first by the Council, made a resolute attempt to secure the succession for Lady Jane, but I acted promptly and courageously, setting up my standard at Framingham, where the men of the eastern counties rallied round me. Soon, I was joined by some members of the Council. By the 19 of July, I was in London and in power. A few days later Northumberland was arrested. My success was very popular and resistance was hopeless. On July 20, 1553, I was made Queen at the old age of 37. This how I began my "Reign of Terror" as people call it behind my back. I prefer to call it a reign to right the wrongs my terrible father made. It was a reign entirely devoted to restoring Catholicism to England and papal supremacy.

Soon came the problem of husbands. What's the problem? Well the fact that I needed one. I was promised to Charles V, the Holy Emperor but he's married now. I guess I'll just have to be happy with his son, Philip II, who is 11 years younger than me. This was totally against the advice of my counsellors and totally against the will of the people. Evidently, they worried about a threat to the English freedom and their right of self-governing. That's completely absurd! It was just my first step in my masterplan! Marriage to a Catholic prince was just a part of restoring Roman Catholicism to England! Unfortunately, it's been about 20 years of Protestantism, a whole new generation has practically been raised on it. Nevertheless, Philip and I were married in July, 1554, in the Winchester Cathedral.

Philip wasn't much of a husband. Now I can tell that he married me solely for the alliance between Spain and England, not love. In fact, I've heard that he despised and hated me. I loved him! Ofcourse, the Parliament did help when they refused to name him the King of England. About 14 months after arriving in England, he left again. He returned in 1557 and just to get support for his meaningless war against France. I happily obliged, sending him armies, food and supplies. This, unfortunately, enraged my people as we were short on food at the time.

They became even madder when Calais was lost. Calais was our last possession on the mainland and now it was lost. Philip, my dear Phillip, never came back.

Then I guess I went a little crazy on my Mission. I thought I had displeased God and all my misfortune was my punishment. Plus it was a good way to forget about Philip. In a very short time, I brought back the Latin Mass, the rituals of worship and clerical celibacy. In the March of 1554, I issued the Royal Injunction which ordered bishops to remove married clergy from office, suppress the awful and now very common heresy, restore Holy Days and attendant ceremonies. Many of the bishops happily agreed and one of them named Gardiner began an efficient purge of married clergy. This practice eventually claimed almost a quarter of parish clergy. In April, Parliament reluctantly agreed to pass my heresy laws, but only if there is no restoration of monastic lands. I reluctantly agreed to this condition. Parliament met again and passed a 2nd Act of Repeal. This Act I think was the best. It makes all religious legislation since 1529 uncountable! In other words, the Henrician Reformation never occurred! I am the most proud of that one.

In the May of 1555, I though I finally became pregnant! Preparations and announcements were made, but after 9 months, no baby. This has happened numerous times before I remember myself weeping, surrounded by a swarm of doctors all whispering to each other. I could only hear fragments of sentences and words like "menopause..." and "convinced herself so much that she was pregant.....body believed it too....."and stuff like that! They all looked at me not like the powerful Queen of England, but a look of pity! I wanted to just slap them! But I knew the reason. I knew why I couldn't have a baby. It was proof of divine displeasure that heretics still practised in England. Fires were lit and in the next 3 years, 300 Protestants were burned. I even burned several mock bishops, including Latimer and Cranmer. This, though, just made me even more unpopular and feared. Even though this was rather common in the rest of Europe, I guess it hasn't happened in England before. They nicknamed me Bloody Mary, a nickname I find totally unfair. Didn't they do the exact same thing when the Protestants took over?

Now I am dying, with no friends in the world. Twice I've been abandoned, once by my husband and the other by my own father. I am lonely, ill and childless, and forsaken by my own family and my country. I was made wretched by Philip's absence and a series of false pregnancies. I failed in the only hope and dream I had. Let it be known that "when I am dead and opened, you will find the words 'Philip' and 'Calais' engraved upon my heart." I am Mary, Queen of England, and that is my story.