

GRADE 10A

HISTORICAL PERSONA ESSAY - LEVEL 1

- basic dialogue
- simple language, at times confusing
- punctuation an issue

^{was} ^{in the}
Here I am fighting and killing people here on civil war in Africa. I was only 15 years old when the military force me to join them, I was been shuck in that time so I tried to refuse the m but they were going to kill me. So for my safety, I join the military.

On my first day here in there camp. I saw lots of teenager but they act really mature and they also have their gun with them. I was scared on that day because they all have gun. I'm harmless to them. I don't want the smell of this place. Then the guy who forces me to join to the military told me to go to the other new kids and he got drunk with his friends. Then I go with the other new kids I sat beside them, the kid wearing orange t- shirt and black short, ask me, why are you here? I'm here because the military force me to join them; I can't refuse them because they were going to kill me. I answered,

"The same with me" he said ✓

How about are we tried to escape this place? I ask, do you think that we can escape to this place? And they will shoot us if they catch us, he said. Well what is your plan now I said? I don't have plan for now but I'm sure we can escape in this place someday, he said. And smile

Ok!! I responded

Then after one week the military is already start to teach us how to use their military equipment and how to use gun and to kill people. But first they told us what the equipment that we were going to use is; they show us deferent types of grenades and guns. After they show us the equipment's we're going to use. They were going to show us how to use it.

^{Now} ^I ^{am living a}
Here I am ~~right now~~ got married, have two kids and leaving normal life because ^{has} the civil war is already ended here in Africa. And that's all about my life.

GRADE 10A

HISTORICAL PERSONA ESSAY - LEVEL 2

- specific person but doesn't go into depth
- basic information, observations, dialogue

I can remember our first kiss. It was a lovely summer evening in New York the year of 1913. We had been going out on picnics and to the movies for quite some time. We were going evening walk, hand in hand, when he suggested we go to an abandoned barn through this field. Once in the barn, I can still smell the hay. Noah grabbed me in his arms and spun me around. After dancing for few minutes we stopped. I looked into his deep eyes with question. Why did he stop? Then my heart started to beat fast, he kissed me and my heart stopped. This kiss felt just like that; like our first.

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" the sound of Noah's voice broke through my thoughts looking around. Where is he?

"Are you Elizabeth?" I turn around to find five to six soldiers standing behind me.

I was a little startled but I found myself say "Yes."

"If you are looking for Noah he is over here, still in the ship"

I follow them to the edge of the ship and look up. I start to think of all the letters he sent me and how happy I am to see that he is home. He wrote to me about how many people and buddies of his he watched die. There was many that he killed himself on the other side. He told me about the trenches full of rats and mud. He looks the same as he did when he left five years ago but with more muscles in the arm.

I can feel the men lifting me up. I don't panic because I know I will be in Noah's arms soon. Noah is always making huge plans for the simplest things like our first date. I laugh at the thought.

He had been bugging me to go out with him for a couple of months. I finally caved and said and "yes". When he picked me up he had a huge bouquet of red roses. He first took me out to the lake side, not the usual movie. On the shore he set up a table with a candle in the middle. It was the first of many late night picnics. When we were done he took me on the lake with his canoe by moon light. After that he took me home and kissed me gently on the cheek.

That's what he did now once which broke my thoughts.

"I missed you" Noah whispered into my ear "and I can't wait to marry you next week."

I whispered back "I missed you too"

He leaned forward and I did the same. My heart stopped. The war has ended our life's can start again. The kiss felt just like our first.

GRADE 10A

HISTORICAL PERSONA ESSAY - LEVEL 2

- capitalization issues
- okay sen10Ace structure

It was a cold chilly day in the Stalingrad war in Germany. I was with a buddy of mine, while we were out looking for our comrades in the deadly rubble that was on top of the once beautiful land. We carried out Kar 98 rifles just in case of any oncoming fire we might have to take on. My friend Dracove was in the First World War when he was around 18 years old.

We came up to a site where we found one of the German comrades lying dead with his eyes wide open. Dracove and I started talking about our lives from the past. Dracove talked about how when he was at home one morning and someone knocked on his door and basically said, "you must join the war!" then I started talking about how I have two brothers and one sister. They aren't in the war thankfully. They mean the whole wide world to me.

We walked up to this big pile of rubble that had bricks from the blown up buildings and wood from fences all over the place. We then took a break from all our searching and walking and hid behind the rubble pile. As we breathed into the frigid air, you could see your own breath. "Phzoom!" when a bullet and pierced a piece of brick. I immediately looked at Dracove and Dracove looked at me. We took out our rifles and loaded them with the limited supplies of bullets we were given. I looked up over the rubble pile and in my scope I could see a German comrade in a bombed building about 300 meters away. I went back down into the rubble pile and told Dracove about the German man in the building. Dracove whispered, "Can we kill the man?" I replied only to say, "We need a plan."

We thought hard about it for a while and finally I thought of a plan! I said, "Take off your hat and put your hat on the barrel of your rifle and lift it up just above the rubble pile." He then did what I told him to do and I heard a gun fire so quickly I popped out of the rubble pile saw Dracove left for dead right beside me.

I spun my head around in confusion only to see blood all over his clothes and a deep gash in his neck. I saw in the corner of my eye German soldier with a knife in his right hand running towards me. I managed to dodge him. Quickly I speared Him with my body and brought him to the filthy cold ground. I held his left hand into the ground and I saw him stick me with his knife. I thought at that very moment I was done and out of this world forever. I was gone from my family and friends. Memories from my childhood went zooming around my head. I dropped to the ground in pure shock.

The filthy German soldier ripped his knife out of me. It felt like I was hit by a wave of sharp spears piercing my body. The German ran off and away from me. There was blood gushing everywhere. I turned my head to the right and saw Dracove with his eyes closed face sideways on the ground. I closed my eyes and let my time pass.

GRADE 10A

HISTORICAL PERSONA ESSAY - LEVEL 2

Early morning of May, and I've been up all night with my troops, trying to hold off the Germans from getting to our camp and killing many us. I've been hiding in the bush sniping a lot of people and moving from place to place to try not to be noticed by the soldiers. There was one guy who tried to sneak into a hiding spot and kill some of our guys but he came right into my view and I killed him instantly. My commanding officer said they weren't sending any more troops for now but to keep an eye for them, then we headed back for camp.

I wake up in the morning, full of noise from WW2, and I have been warned immediately by the whole crew that the Germans were coming and fast so we needed to get out of there fast. I got out of the bed fast, got dressed, got my M1 Carbine and ran out of my tent. I was told to go into tank and lead the rest of the soldiers that also came. I drove and followed the rest of the crew that were on foot. The crew was right; the Germans were running and at us fast. I shot before anyone of my team got anywhere close to them. I took out at least twenty of them at once, and then another shot took out double the first shot. Our troops then rushed in and killed almost the rest of them and the ones remaining just retreated and ran back to the tank. I just shot and made that thing flop over on it back. I drove the tank back to our camp and got out and turned on the radio to make sure if the boss was to tell us if the Germans were coming and when.

It's the break of dawn and the boss has told us that the Germans were coming and to get ready to go into the battle. Again I took the tank and drove in a different direction that last time, but I didn't care I just drove that way. We were really moving fast to get to somewhere that was very far away. Just as I thought of that there was I a loud noise that was getting louder by the second. I was still driving and that noise was bugging me then I knew what it was, it was a plane flying over that tank in the sky and I felt relived because I knew what that noise was. Then there was a louder noise that sounded like a bomb dropped and I was right it had just been an air strike dropped on us. The air strike hit and our tank flipped on its head, and everyone hit the top of the tank. I crawled out of the tank and I looked at it and was surprised at how this happened. I called our boss over the radio and he said he would try to get some one over there. He asked if there was anyone injured and I said no.

GRADE 10A

HISTORICAL PERSONA ESSAY - LEVEL 3

- no insight into person
- weak sen10Aces
- jumpy action
- stilted

You Can't Run From War

It was a normal day World War II was still going on but I was hoping it would be over soon. I got up and went to the kitchen in the barracks. There were other soldiers there already eating I was the last one up because I was on watch duty. There was nothing really going on that night except a couple explosions but that is pretty normal. I went to the stove and put some eggs on I was looking around and then I heard a sizzle from the eggs cooking and it freaked me out for a second. I went and got my uniform on because we had to do a rock march this morning. And then we were going to go on patrol and try and find enemy spies.

I was on patrol looking around with the corporal and the sergeant we had to walk around the whole city, which was about 25 miles and we had 5 hours to do so. Later that day we had been out for almost four hours and we had to start heading back. I went and alerted the corporal and the sergeant and they rounded up all the troops and we started heading back. We were in the middle of Berlin we were getting to the outskirts of town when something happened. We heard a loud rumble and smelled exhaust in the air. We turned around and saw what was happening; there 500 yards away from us was a big armored tank. Then I heard the corporal yell "everybody run!" I knew that this was real and there was no time to lose so we all started running towards the barracks to get back up. I used my radio to tell everyone at the barracks to be ready to fight off an army. They said they had an anti-tank missile ready we said okay we will lead the tank there way and for them to be ready. We ran about 20 kilometers ahead and they radioed in that they had sighted the tank. They shot the missile and hit it dead on and the tank exploded. There was a defining boom in the air. We kept running back to base this time firing at the other soldiers.

We got back to base eventually. We had killed most of the enemy troops we all let out a sigh of relief. We had survived another day. When we went back to Berlin we started looking for soldiers and civilians we may have lost because two soldiers did not make it back. We went looking under the debris and broken buildings that the tank destroyed we found one soldier dead and the other one severely injured. So we kept on looking for civilians. We had found 3-4 and they thanked us and ran back to find their families. We all went back to base and got some sleep. It was ridge's turn for lookout duty.

I got better nights sleep that night. I couldn't get the image of that dead body out of my head though. The next morning we got up and did the same thing we went on patrol again at 6:00 in the morning. We hadn't received any word from any other group out in the fields yet but we were told to stay at our post until they called us in so we did. A couple of weeks later they radioed us the war was over. The smile spread on everyone's face we were close to going home. We had to do one last thing. That was going to search for the bodies of the dead and help clean up the debris. We found a couple thousand injured under a bunch of destroyed houses. We found another thousand dead on the streets and in houses. After a couple days we were on a plane home to see our families. I fell asleep on the plane. And then greeted my wife and children with a big hug and kiss.

GRADE 10A

HISTORICAL PERSONA ESSAY - LEVEL 3

- better than basic
- better voice
- important events
- reflections
- organized

July 18, 1945

I woke up this morning thinking it was going to be a good day. I went to my closet and got dressed then went down stairs. My wife is in Canada on a business trip so I had to make myself breakfast this morning. I usually have bacon and eggs but since my wife is away I made myself toast, considering its something easy and quick plus I'm not a very good cook. My wife usually does all the cooking and cleaning around the house.

The sky was cloudy with the sun trying to break through. I left the house and went to work. I am a news reporter. I work in a little building full of newspapers and news reporters. It's not much income but it's enough to get by. When I got to work I turned my mini television on and there was breaking news. It said that there are USS ESSEX based TBMs and SB2Cs coming in towards the waterfront of Hokadate, Japan where I am currently living and working. USS ESSEX is a big ship that carries the Air Bombers called TBMs and SB2Cs. I had to get this shot of them bombing Hokadate, it would make me famous.

I opened up the door and yelled on the streets, "Air Bombers are headed towards Hokadate, everybody take cover!" Everybody went inside their stores and houses and locked their doors. One lady's kid was in the middle of the street and she was yelling her name to get inside the house. I got in my car and drove to this one building out near the city. I parked my car and went inside the building. I took my camcorder with me to get some good shots. I took the staircase to the roof and there was already another person up there, another news reporter I was assuming because he also held a camcorder.

This was the last thing I expected when I woke up this morning. I'm risking my life to get this shot. There were at least 15 Air Bombers heading towards the city I spotted out with my camcorder. The news reporter next to me was also looking at the Air Bombers with his camcorder. He said to me, "This is going to make history." I said, "We will see about that." He looked at me like I was crazy or something.

I felt the ground rattle as I was terrified. I could be dead within 10 seconds now. I heard lots of screaming across the neighborhood. The Air Bombers just dropped there first bomb. There were black clouds of smoke. That was just the first bomb. I took cover inside the building because they were getting close to the neighbor hood. I ran into the basement, ground still vibrating as if there was an earthquake. I waited in the basement until the ground stopped vibrating. The Air Bombers are gone now.

I walked back up to the roof and took out my camcorder and got shots of what was left of the city. It turns out this wasn't a good day. This is the most horrible thing that has ever happen to Hokadate. The city is destroyed. This is a wretched day, the news reporter was right, it did make history.

GRADE 10A

HISTORICAL PERSONA ESSAY - LEVEL 3

- inconsistent word choice
- details don't fit – lack life experience
- repetitive words
- great imagery – can feel it

They always say that a picture is worth a thousand words, but in this case it is worth so much more. It is the first thing that makes them feel safe, secure and worry-free. After a while it is not just a picture anymore but a memory. The first picture they want to remember forever. The day soldiers finally got to come home.

All my dreams, memories, and hopes did not seem like enough to ever fully come true. I do not think I can believe it until I finally feel at home. The worst part was that I can remember all the loud gun fires, the sleepless nights, and the never ending fear running throughout my body. Just yesterday, I was out there defending my life but the lives of many others. There was dirt flying all around my body. The tiny particles would make my eyes close and I feared that I wouldn't open them in time to defend the fire. It was late January and about the 10, 11, or 12 of the month; I wasn't too sure and late evening. I saw a man through the lens off my scope, lined it up, and just like that pulled the trigger which released a loud bang and down he fell. My clothes were starting to wear out; my boots were getting to small. Overall my appearance was not all that great since I had not bathed in a while and the smell of sweat mixed with dirt was a revolting smell but you adjusted after sitting in it for days at a time. Although my stomach kept grumbling there was not much food to go around our whole team. I cannot remember the last time I actually had a full meal. It hurt the most when I tried to close my eyes and sleep. It was not all that comfortable laying in the dirt with stones piercing my back. Everything replays in my head when trying to get some rest. Most of the time you're lucky to get five hours of sleep.

The next morning, I woke up bright and early. I had a good feeling about the day. I think it helped that the sun was shining, no clouds were near, and we had lots of food for breakfast. After eating I found a letter in the tent of our camp it had my name on it. I was not sure who it was from but I just knew I had to read it. I slowly pulled the corner open; I did not want to rip the letter. Then, cautiously I slid it out of the envelope. The letter was very official looking. It read:

Dear Governor McWaters,

Your time has been served very well in the army. We are very pleased we could have you on our forces. It has been five years since you first joined us. You have been a fearless, strong, and honouring leader. Thank-you. We are pleased to inform you that you will be returning home to your daughter, mother, father, and brother. It which have already been informed and are waiting with a tear of joy for you to land safely.

Yours truly,

Governor General

I felt myself begin to shed a tear. They started to run down my cheek then off my chin to my shirt. My heart was racing with excitement, an enormous smile spread across my face. Under my breath I murmured, "I am finally free. I get to go home."

Even though I was so incredibly happy to leave it was going to be hard to let it all go when I went home. I started packing my things safely into my bag I had. Then threw it over my shoulders and let it rest on my back. For a moment, this all felt like a dream I never wanted to be woken from. I was overjoyed but I would miss all the close friends I had been here with from day one. Saying goodbye to them would be emotional, overwhelming, and depressing. Hopefully I would see them again someday. While building myself up and preparing for the goodbyes I made my way over to a group of soldiers in front of our tent. Their eyes looked sad as soon as I approached them. I started off by saying: "It was an honour to know and work with all of you. You will never be forgotten." I wished them luck, gave hugs, and said goodbye for the last time. My departure home then began.

Although my flight was fourteen and a half hours long just thinking of my family seemed to get me through it. The first plane soared through the air and I began to close my eyes feeling safe and secure for once. I woke to the bumping of the plane then it slowly decreased down and before long there was a big bump as the wheels sped down the runway. That was one plane down; one to go. I quickly grabbed my things and boarded the next plane. I do not remember much of this plane ride just that what if I did not recognize my family – it had been a long time. We landed. I was so thankful. For the first time it felt like I was home.

I climbed off the plane my eyes searching the crowds. Finally, there they were! My legs started to shake; I could see my daughter running to me. She had chestnut eyes, chocolate hair, black shorts, and a pink and white striped shirt. The smile on her face was like a rainbow after a storm. With my arms out wide I ran for her, but broke down I was so happy, overwhelmed, so many different emotions ran through my body. Then she jumped into my arms and hers wrapped tight around me, and mine around her. I was full of tears. "You are so big." I told her. It was that moment that I truly felt at home. She whispered to me, "Mommy, I love you, please do not leave again." I knew from that day forward that this is truly where I belonged. I do not know how long we were there hugging but I did not care nor did anyone else. The rest of the family was waiting I hugged them too and said "Let's go home." Their faces light up. Proudly I hung up my uniform for good in my own secure house.

Finally after the never ending wait they get to come home. They reunite with everyone and their dreams come true. Each picture can be interpreted differently by everyone.