

# The “Me” Project

Assigned: 04/16/02.

Due Date: 05/17/02.

To: Ms. Cuppello

From: Nicholas Knapp

## Chapter One: School Days

The day starts with a drive accompanied by my Mom and Dad. Shaking and shivering I step outside the car. Other children are running around; laughing and playing. Batman and Robin, don't forget Superman, Barbie, and Barney on each of the children's nap sacs. Mom, Dad, and I approach the tall, cheerful young lady. A smile from ear to ear puts a smile on me. My parents and the teacher exchange their hellos, and goodbyes with me. Mom gives me hugs and kisses. Dad a hug and a "Be sure to behave." I cry and cry, pleading for my parents to stay. My teacher takes my hand walks me to the crowded closet to remove my shoes; the other children attending school were in there too. With a few Hi's and hello's from others kids, I began to feel a little more comfortable. And I wasn't the only one crying. The class started with us introducing ourselves to the teacher.

What a change to be in a grade <sup>one</sup> now. Graduation was so enjoyable, what a blast. Now I've got homework 3 times a month. It's difficult to get used to. Being the youngest in the family but


feeling so old in school. My teacher is nice, only little fun anymore, no naps in the afternoon. Still have a snack time. Recess involves playing tag, throwing a ball with my friends, and jumping on the jungle gym.

Another year has come the big grade 2. I couldn't even count that far last year. Now I can count to 50.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10. 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20, 21 22 23 24 25  
26 27 28 29 30, 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40, 41 42 43 44 45 46  
47 48 49 50!!

My teacher is having us print on paper. Not just writing out our name but "sentences," or the teacher says "sentences." Anyway it's getting harder, once a week I have homework. As much as I like getting older does it mean doing more work? My friends are getting more physically active, playing hockey and a lot of other sports. I'm doing my best to keep up to snuff.

Now grade 3, no more printing, I'm learning to read and write. A few math problems with adding. Homework, three times a week. Spelling B's every other Friday. I again like my teacher, as



long as I'm staying out of detention.

Grade 4, has homework each night. In math, adding, subtracting and a little multiplication problems. Grade 4 now consists of English class, and even Geography/History. Worst of all we've started a second language, as if I'm not struggling enough with our own. French seems to be ok, I'll see in later years.

Grade 5. This year math is composed of, multiplication and division problems. English, essays projects and assignments due each week, now there are volcanoes erupting and earthquakes blowing in and out of my ears. This was the first material we covered with Miss. Sciberras and Ms. Grosse my grade 5 teachers. My first schoolboy crush was with Miss. Sciberras. Trevor Vandenberg and I both competed against each other for who would get her. Constantly getting hurt in phys. Ed class so she should pamper us, it worked. Anyhow that was one of the best years of Elementary School.

Moving on to grade 6. The work got harder. Math, French, English, geography, history, etc. I detested them all. I became a



To the first day I walked in till graduation night. I was hated. Many teachers were there to support me and did everything possible; I thank My Grade 7 teacher Ms. Giampa, my grade 8 teacher Mrs. Odanski, my Grade 5 teacher Miss Sciberras, and Mr. Hoffer (Keith) for being my caretakers. These were the only caretakers, friends, and teachers; I had in school that carried me over the steep hills, running down, and up those bumpy roads. Keith Hoffer, like a football player, knocked away all the enemies' possible those there to hurt me. He did it through word of speech never did he physically stop one; he simply talked! to others and talked to me. I love him to death and he loves me. He made me the person I am today. I reflect his actions and the actions I have dealt with each day and put myself beside him in every situation. Decisions I make come from, a word of advice he at one time has told me. He is my wisdom, my emotions, and my spirit. I owe it all to the best and only friend I will ever have, Mr. Keith Hoffer. The last school day ends, Keith hands me the shark tooth necklace, it symbolizes the

living hell. I wasn't the only one. I'm not a poor innocent little boy, I wasn't an angel, but I tried. That's what it took. I liked teachers; I had the reputation as a suck up. I was just being generous it's all that could make me feel good about myself, seeing another's smile. My life changed, I was able to rise above all the troubled days because of one friend, my superman, my hero, and my rolemodel. He influenced me to be my best, to see the better side of me the side the other students didn't recognize or care to look for. Keith Hoffer was my conscience. God was reaching out to me through Mr. Hoffer. And wouldn't you know it, but this friend, this teacher, was teaching the subject I detested most; French. I love French today, I've tried my best to do what he has asked of me, and because of what Keith has said I'm still listening today. As we moved on to another year he continued to back me up, to be my support.

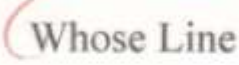
Grade 8. Each student hated me. I loved the bullies as much as I could, and loved the other students with all that I had, but it was not enough for them. I was teased every single day of grade 8.



days I've survived, the necklace I wear each day around my neck is like wearing a picture of myself. The rough, but sharp edges are what he sees in me and what I see in him.

You were  
Very wise to  
ignore people who  
have negative attitudes  
and to stand  
tall!

✓  
Thanks for sharing!  
You have a very ~~working~~  
sense of character and are  
genuine. You have a  
good attitude!  
How have you found  
grade 9?

Friends, 

 Whose Line is it Anyway, C.S.I. and the News. That's any and the only shows I'll watch. A favourite movie for me would be Longest Yard, Gone in 60 seconds, Fast and Furious, Days of Thunder, and 8 seconds.

My favourite foods are Tacos, Beef, Steak, Hamburgers, Pizza, Salads, Cereal,   
 Ice cream, Lasagna, and Potatoes.

I admire my good friend Keith Hoffer, My parents, my sisters and their boyfriends. I dislike those against or do not follow through with equality.

In the lives of those I admire they abide by the beatitudes and attitudes as each human is expected to do. This is what I first of all seen in the people, which caught my attention, and allowed me to respect them and look up to them.



## Chapter five: I'd Like to Change the World

To change the world is something you cannot sleep on. You cannot wake up the next morning and the world had been changed. What we can do is take time to learn and experience what we will encounter in life. In doing this we become more aware of our surroundings, becoming more informative. I believe one person can change the world. The result of one person's actions affects everyone. One person can say they will change the world, but it is the choice of others or us to accept what is to be done, to make the world change and our lives better. All the one person does to change the world is open the eyes of others, bring an idea out, and in the open, to allow us to make a moral decision. This decision will affect those around us, ourselves, and most of all God.

If I changed the world I would make equality much more of existence. I would have each and every outcast just as important as the Prime Minister or President himself/herself. Money will never be equal. I cannot make money, or have money equal for each person. There will always be those of wealth. What I can do is

make money not as important in our lives, so no one is judged for the amount they may or may not have.

To make such changes only makes sense. It will allow for everyone to have a fair chance. Whether it's to get that "hotdog" before another even though you're not as wealthy, or to get "hired" for a job that you're not the best dressed for.

A "Just" society is **TREATING** others **FAIR**.  
**APPRECIATING** each and every being for whom they are.  
Whether it's there looks, clothing, skin colour, accent, language, culture, and religion, etc. we are all to give equal respect, fully in "Just"

**What does the Lord ask of you?**

**To act Justly,  
To love tenderly,  
And to walk humbly  
With your God.**

**Micah 6:8**

*→ What does it mean to walk humbly with God?*

This passage explains a "Just" society. A society we do not yet live in. We are close to a society where some people are equal it is no yet complete.

Name: Nicholas Knapp

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

**THIS RUBRIC MUST BE SUBMITTED WITH YOUR FINAL PROJECT!**

CRITERIA	LEVEL 1	LEVEL 2	LEVEL 3	LEVEL 4
<b>FORMAT &amp; CREATIVITY</b>	-no pictures or illustrations included -presentation is messy, lacks effort -not in booklet form	-few pictures or illustrations included- presentation is adequate -lack of effort apparent	-several pictures or illustrations included -presentation is good -appearance reflects effort	-appropriate pictures and illustrations -neatly presented -appearance reflects a quality effort
<b>WRITING SKILLS</b> -clarity -technical sentence structure -punctuation -spelling -overall mechanics	-writing skills are limited -no evidence of proofreading -numerous spelling, punctuation, and errors in English usage	-writing skills are satisfactory -an attempt is evident for proofreading -some errors in English usage	-writing skills are approaching proficiency -evidence of proofreading -very few errors in English usage	-demonstration of proficient writing skills -writes with clarity -observance of correct English usage
<b>CONTENT</b> -each chapter contains significant information for the theme	-chapters are too brief -minimal reflection on chapter themes	-chapters are brief -some reflection on chapter themes	-chapters satisfy the specified word count -reflection on chapter themes	-chapters satisfy the specified word count -significant reflection on each theme

*Great job!  
This was a thoughtful reflection! Thanks for sharing!  
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Good Luck in grade 10!*



