

Quarter 1 Driving Question: What experiences have shaped my personal values?

Our values inform the way we understand politics, and our values are often shaped by life experiences. In this quarter-long assignment, you are challenged to identify three life experiences that shaped your own personal values. If you're unsure about what these experiences might be, explore the things you care about. What experiences brought you to care about these things? You are the author of your own life. In writing about these experiences, you will craft a multigenre author autobiography and create a multimodal self-portrait that represents these three experiences.

"It is above all by the
imagination that we achieve
perception and compassion
and hope."
- Ursula K. le Guin

Part 1: Multigenre Author Autobiography

A **multigenre format** allows you to write about your experiences in a variety of ways that are alternative to traditional essay styles.

Multigenre examples: journal entries; personal letter; greeting card; schedule/to do list; inner monologue representing internal conflicts; classified or personal ads; personal essay or philosophical questions; top ten list/glossary or dictionary; poetry or song lyrics; persuasive or advocacy letter; biographical summary; speech or debate; historical essay; textbook article; encyclopedia article; short scene from a play; short scene from a movie; dialogue of a conversation; short story; magazine story; ghost story; myth, tall tale, or fairy tale; talk show interview or panel; comedy routine or parody; picture book; chart or diagram with explanation; brochure or newsletter; map with explanation; TV advertisement or infomercial, how-to or directions booklet; local news report; comic strip or graphic novel excerpt; letter to the editor, obituary, eulogy or tribute

I strongly encourage you to use a different genre for each experience you choose to write about. Your final autobiography will include **three experiences**, a **title** and **thesis statement** that captures the main message/idea/feeling of your work as a whole.

Part 2: Multimodal Self-Portrait

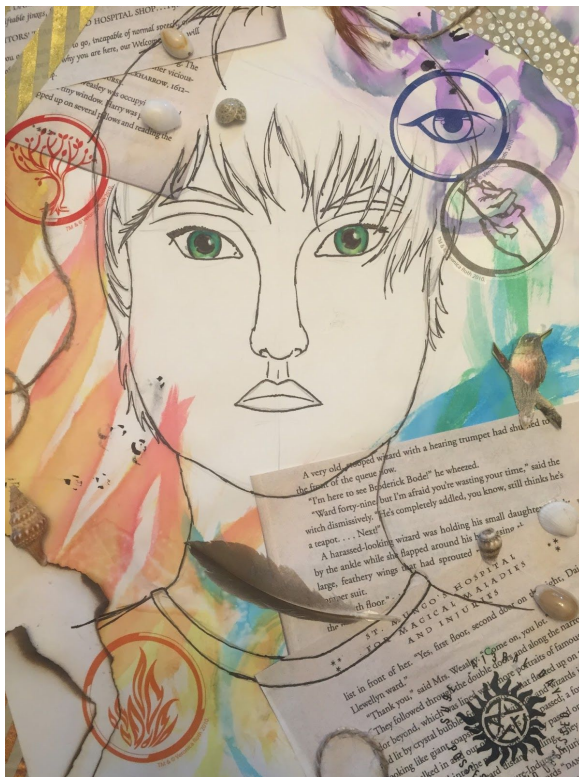
Your artifact represents all three of your experiences in a creative way of your choosing. Your artifact may be **'multimodal,'** which means a *combination of art forms*. Your self-portrait artifact may take the form of music, poetry, literature, visual representation [paint, draw, collage, computer generated image/s], dance, photography, or a combination of these forms.

Key Questions for Self-Portrait:

- What life experiences stand out as significant? (Go with your gut. Usually the first ones you think of are the ones worth writing about)
- How do those memories relate to your life now?
- What *materials* would best illustrate the meaning of those memories and why?

Samples:

Take note of the different kinds of materials used in each of these samples.



Key Due Dates

- Experience #1: Friday 9/8
- Experience #2: Friday 9/15
- Experience #3: Friday 9/22
- Final Autobiography + Self-Portrait: Monday 9/25
- Presentations Begin: Monday 9/25
- Final Reflection (written in class): Monday 10/2

Autobiography Student Sample 1:

Title: Broken Lyrics

By: *Awesome anonymous student*

Thesis: Broken pieces make beautiful lyrics.

Entry 1: Music is My Life (rap)

Yeah I wake up every morning
And I press play
Not willing to rewind
And just move with fate

Loving music was my first love
Ain't gonna give it up
Just cause the neglect of
Of my family being different (from me)

Finding my passion
Yeah that was the real me
Making music
Singing with the best
It's been with me
Since I was on my feet

4 years old singing to the radio
Chillin with my grandma she was oh so old
The only one to believe in me since I was 3
Man I cry I cry every time I hear this beat

Soccer, wrestling, football and so much more
I was the only one to think of singing as so much more
Being different was always apart of me
Someone told me why can't I be free

Music was my escape from reality
I cherish this with every single heart beat
If you get to know me I think you'd agree
Now that my time is over I hope it was a treat

{Ten Toes Down Challenge (Instrumental)}

Entry 2: Feeling Like I'm a Makeshift Parent (journal entry)

Date: August 2014 - the beginning of my freshman year

Today was a rough day and I'm super exhausted from everything today. Waking up at 4:45am, taking out the dog, cooking breakfast for my siblings, getting ready for school, and out the door at 6:00am. This was only the beginning of my day. Next was school and I was totally not prepared for the rude teachers that only care about coming to school, teaching and get paid. But before I get to school there's a hour and a half bus ride to school with 10 more stops and 40 more obnoxious kids on the bus. Getting to school was a hassle with everything I had to lug around campus. First and second period was a breeze. Then came fourth and fifth period and they were HELL. Then it was lunch, finally my time to relax and my time to get started on my homework so I didn't have homework that night. Then it was fifth period and I was exhausted but I knew I needed to get stuff done for that class. School finished and I go straight on the bus and knocked out on the way home. Once the bus dropped me off at my stop I rushed home so I could take care of my dog, shower, take care of my sibling and cook dinner for my siblings. My mom wouldn't get home til 6:00pm and my dad would come home at 7:00pm. When my parents would come home they would find something to eat or eat what I cooked and go straight to bed because they had a long day with their jobs. I told my siblings not to worry because I would be there to take care of them. That's what would happen every day til we were financially stable and I hated that. This was going on from my ending of my sophomore year going into my junior year. Today was like every other day that i've had so far. Everyday tests my patience but today was different, I got a feeling and it was a good feeling. Being able to cook and clean for my family is a really good skill and value that I cherish.

Entry 3: Wishing You Saw the Future (letter)

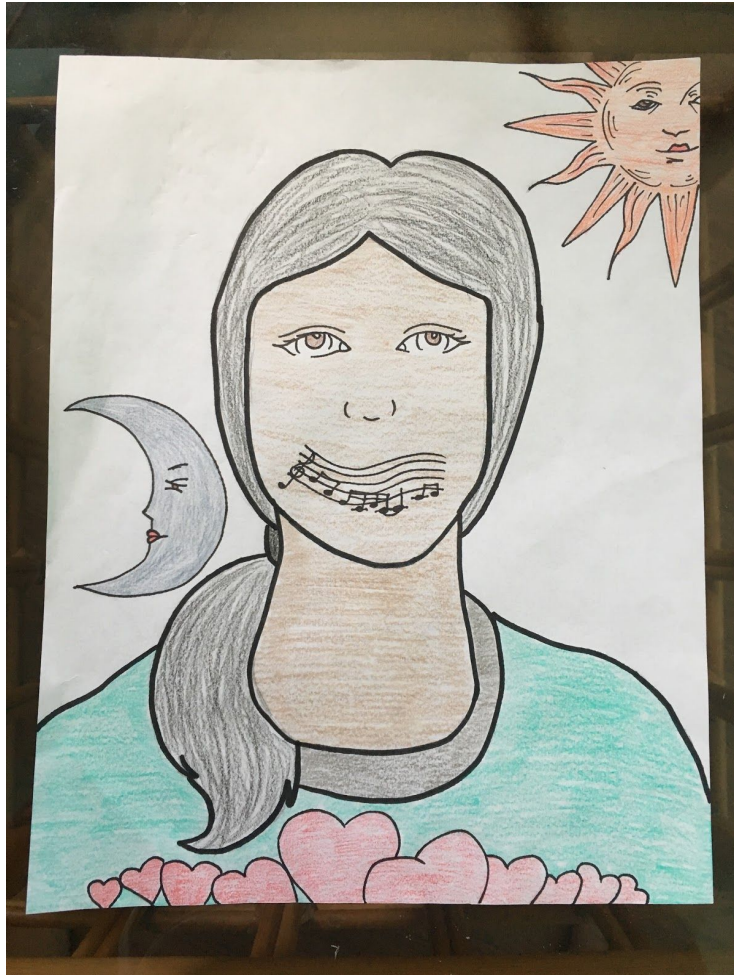
Dear Past-Self,

Hey I just wanna start out by saying that all of that crying you did was totally worth it, and i'm glad you let all that stuff out. I wish you could see the future so that you wouldn't slouch around and be depressed for so long. From the beginning I knew it was already bad and I can still feel the pain from those times. Not having anyone to turn to and being curled up in the corner all alone was the worst. I thought about suicide in the past but I knew I couldn't do that to myself. Being called names, getting trapped in the corner, not being able to play with the girls because they caught me playing dodgeball with the boys, looking a little different than most girls, and so much more was only the beginning of our problems. Coming home from school, going straight to your room, curling up in your blanket and crying for hours was hell. You remember that one time when mom walked in and said what's wrong but you just turned around, turned up your music and cried even more. Those were the times I do not miss, but those times made you stronger each and every time. They also made you not care what others thought and all that mattered was what you said and thought. I just wish I had the motivation like how I have now and used it back then, but then again I wouldn't have the experience and hardship to know how to feel later on in life. Honey later on in life it will blossom and make you so happy. Life takes a complete "U" turn back to happiness and it makes

your life a hundred times better. Things happen and you're not gonna believe it, friends become true friends, love becomes true love and sadness turns into happiness.

MUCH LOVE,
You

Self Portrait



Autobiography Student Sample 2:

Title: Discovering New Values

By: *Awesome anonymous student*

Thesis: Self realization comes from the courage to push yourself to try new things.

Entry 1: Just Keep Swinging (comic strip)



Entry 2: Keeping Friendship Alive (diary)

February 6, 2015

Dear Diary,

Today, I found out that one of my best friends is moving away in a couple weeks! She was trying to keep it hidden in order to preserve our friendship. We all knew that by her leaving, it would never be the same. Our "squad" would be broken, and it would reveal an empty spot to be stolen by another girl. She knew that not long after her absence, she would be replaced. This weekend, we are planning to spend as much time with her as we can to dig up the memories and pile on new ones. Going to the beach is the best way to have

fun, lasting memories. At school, she told us that she is going to try and visit every summer so we can catch up. Today was a sorrowful school day filled with friendship and tears.

June 30, 2015

Dear Diary,

The "squad" is finally reunited! We have the rest of the summer to explore and adventure. Having her back makes me feel happy inside because I know that we will have so many fun and exciting memories to add to the existing ones. One downfall is that we found out that her mother was diagnosed with cancer again. She fought her previous cancer and won, but now that it has come back for revenge, we are uncertain who the winner will be. The "squad" is helping my friend through a tough time by distracting her from the severity of her mother's illness and focusing on enjoying her company. This makes me realize the importance of friendship and how it could make the most terrible things a little less stressful. It helps me understand a saying:

"Be nice to everyone because everyone is fighting their own battle."

July 27, 2015

Dear Diary,

Summer is almost coming to an end and the "squad" will be broken up once more. When she arrived, it was almost as if she never left. She told us about her new home and exciting incidents that happened. We did everything we enjoyed doing before she left and it was the most fun I've had all summer long. We also spent some time with her mother before they left and it was really fun. I can't wait for next summer when she comes to visit again. Spending time with the whole "squad" reminds me of the highlights of junior high which makes me feel happy inside and out.

Entry 3: Family Matters Most (fairy tale)

Once upon a time, there was an adventurous family of elves that lived in the kingdom of Lothlorien. In the kingdom, there lived a strong father and gentle mother of a mischievous son and daughter. They lived in a simple house with two playful, baby griffins. This was considered a typical family in the kingdom, but what most people didn't know, was that they also had an adventurous, rebellious side. They heard of a rumor about a dangerous, vicious dragon living in dark, depths of one of the four corners of the world. This family decided it was best to travel to meet this foul creature and slay it. They found passage to the land by boat, but it was difficult since no sailor wanted to encounter the beast. They packed up their belongings and were on their way to slay the dragon.

When they reached land, they paid the kind sailor and were seeking refuge for the night. They walked along a narrow, stone path and found a small cottage just up ahead. When they knocked on the old, wooden door, a woman answered. "Hello, can I help you?" she asked. "We are elves from Lothlorien," the father stated, "and we wish to spend a few nights here." The lady said, "Sure! As long as it's ok with my husband." Her husband gave them a slow nod welcoming

them to his home. The family was given dinner and a place to sleep. They knew that in the morning, they would train and practice for when they face the treacherous dragon.

In the morning, they practiced as they planned and had one on one duels. When the father and son had a duel, the son misplaced a step and twisted his ankle. "Owww!" he cried. Everyone rushed toward him, to help him up. It seemed that his wound would prevent him from helping to defeat the dreadful dragon. He definitely felt he was bringing the family and quest down. He knew that the next day would be more difficult without him. The next morning, he was in so much pain, he couldn't bare to stand. His father felt partly responsible for his injury, so he felt obligated to stay with him, so he let the women fight the battle.

The mother and daughter left to go fight the dragon. When they reached the dragon's cave, they were greeted by a surprising, "Hello, what can I do you for?" They looked at eachother confused and said, "We have come here to slay you, you foul beast!" The dragon's face wasn't filled with anger or rage, but instead confusion and pain. "Why!" he exclaimed, "I'm always nice to elves and I try to help them in anyway I can." The dragon looked genuinely humble, so the ladies put down their weapons and the mother told him about her son's situation and asked him if he would take them back to Lothlorien. "Your family must be very close and supportive," the dragon remarked. "Our family matters most," said the daughter. The dragon gently picked up the mother and daughter and carried them to the small cottage. They thanked the lovely couple and were on their way back home. When they reached home, they took their son to the best healer and she was very fascinated by their trek. The family's story was passed on through the generations and every time it was told, it brought families together.

Self Portrait:

