

Writing Assignments by Academy Prep Center of Tampa Students

Academy Prep Students are required to take English with literature along with additional writing, computer and library classes. These combined classes make up the English grade for all students. Below are a couple of the writing styles, short stories and an expository essay, as examples of the dynamic results of our English Academic Program. Impressively enough, these students compose the rough and final versions in just two class periods!

Queen Kublai and the Crook Brianna, 7th grade

Once upon a time in a wonderful place with golden streets and clouds of cotton, lived a queen named Sasha Kublai. She ruled this wonderful land for more than a century. Everything in the city was made of gold, marble, and stones of great value. One day, an evil crook with slick black hair, nimble fingers, and a gold hoop through his nose snook into the marvelous Kublai Castle, to steal the most prized possessions of hers. He wanted to steal her throne, her crown and her crystal ball. These items were all stored away in the padlocked safety of the throne room. How could he steal he thought?

When all was quiet on a Saturday's eve he crept into the castle past the snoozing guards and past the locked drawbridge. He threw his grappling hook over the brick wall and scaled the wall to the top. He threw himself over the wall and hurried over to the castle door. He pushed and pulled at the door and with a loud bang it opened. He walked in and began pacing the foyer floors. He made his way into the padlocked doors and into what he considered a gold mine. He packed everything into his sack and lugged it toward the entrance. He carried it to the top of the wall and threw it over. He swiftly ran out of the gates slamming them noisily, he vanished quickly into the night.

Queen Kublai woke up to the sunlight beaming into her eyes. She threw on an appealing robe with purple and blue swirls and set out for the throne room. She stopped at the door and with a slight creek opened it, her eyes widened. She blinked as if she was dreaming it was no dream. She belted out a loud screeching noise before falling to the ground. Minutes later the butler Ernie was nursing her back to health and explaining to her what happened. She called a meeting with the guards.

"How could you let some take my things, my most prized possessions?" The guard's faces immediately change from a fierce look to one of an innocent school girl.

"But, but we were sleeping, we didn't know," answered a guard hidden behind the crowd.

"I don't pay you people to go too sleep on me, now do I," said the queen

"No ma'am you do not," replied the guards in unison

"Well don't just stand there go get my stuff back you good for nothing fools!"

They set put on the quest to get her things back. They split up into teams, one in the east, one in the west, one in the north, and one in the south. They searched and searched for days and days but had no such luck in finding the thief had stolen the queen's things.

The guards returned to the castle with the news of the search which made the queen feel rather sick. She went to lye down and began to shrivel. One day after the search was about to come to an abrupt end Queen Kublai was talking to the maid she was telling her how she needs the chair more than anything.

“I need my chair, my crown, and my crystal ball there keeping me alive but without them I won't be able to survive for another day,”

“So those particular items keep you alive?” asked the maid

“Yes, because the crown keeps me in my right mind, my throne keeps me walking and talking and the crystal ball keeps me the ruler of this land.”

The conversation ended with the closing of the queen's eyes. She was dead.

My Favorite Book

Mikeisha, 7th grade

Some people walk the streets everyday, because either they did not want to achieve in life, or either they followed the wrong crowd of people, which lead to an unsuccessful life, we don't know. Maybe if they had a favorite book that inspired them, they would have done better. My favorite book in particular is We Beat the Streets. We Beat the Streets is my favorite book because it teaches young readers a lesson, it talks about real life situations, and shows that no matter where you are from, you can succeed.

Some of the important lessons that this book has to offer are that the streets are dangerous. For example, when George was influenced to sell drugs, by other young men. If he would have continued to sell drugs, he could have encountered trouble with the law. It shows that on the streets, you can't accomplish really anything. It also shows that when people see you on the streets, you make a bad name for yourself, and sometimes they will turn against you. Like George, when people in the neighborhood saw that he was hanging around the “thugs” they started to look down on him, and they were very disappointed at him.

One situation that this book encounters, are kids dropping out of school. Like when Rameck, considers dropping out, because of the peer-pressure of other children. The reason that he did not drop out is because he thought about what would happen down the road, and what the streets had to offer him. Also, kids are caught stealing, fighting, etc. This is because parents are sometimes not in their child's life enough. This puts a lot of stress, and peer pressure on the child. I particularly enjoyed reading this line, because it reminded me of society today.

The last lesson I learned from this book is no matter what your ethnic background may be you can still achieve in life. Just as George, Rameck, and Sampson did. Even though they came from a bad neighborhood, and had been through a lot, they still went to school, got their education, and became doctors. This is true, because in society today there are a lot of stereotypes about African American people. For example “black people never have jobs,” or “black people are always causing trouble.” Indeed, these stereotypes are far from being true. We Beat the Streets shows the perfect example.

Overall, because of We Beat the Streets, I can see our society improving in the future. I see more kids going to school, and getting their education. This book is very encouraging, to young readers because, it teaches you a lesson, talks about real life situations, and shows no matter where you come from you can still succeed. Similar to me, this can also be another child's influence, or even their role model. This book may influence you to do something even better with your life.

My Day as a Tiger

By: Rachel , 7th Grade

“What in the world!?!” This was the first that ran through my mind as I, Ja’Lyssa, woke up. I looked to where my tanned- caramelish hands should have been, but weren’t. Instead, they had been replaced by bright white... *paws?!?* I looked down to where my feet should have been. “Well what do you know? PAWS.” I screamed, or at least I *tried* to. A large roar worked its way up my throat. It came out and scared me.

“Oh no! What’s happening?”

I had been turned into a white tiger. Although my infatuation with this animal was much more than great, I did not want to become one. The number of things I did that day was astounding. They included trying to communicate with my parents and worrying about my condition.

I bounded down the stairs. As I approached the bottom step I was greeted by my mother. She fainted almost immediately after seeing me. She went to the floor. Her last words were, “Goodmorn-- ohmyG!” as she cut herself off. There was a loud thud as my mother’s body hit the floor. My father came bolting around the corner at the sound of my mother’s body hitting the floor. I thought of a way to communicate with my parents as my father tried to revive my mother. He instantly looked around for something to ward me off with. “Back you fiend! Back you beast!” I let an enormous roar escape my throat. I went back up the stairs to find a way to communicate with my parents. I tried to grip the pencil with my magnificently large hands. I failed.

“What can I do?” “Where can I find help?” “Is this all just a bad dream?” These were very few of the many thoughts that rushed through my head. My phone! I could use my phone to text them! I began to open my phone. I used my retractable claws to press the tiny buttons on my phone. Thank the Lord it worked! My text read: *mom, dad the white tgr is me, Ja’Lyssa. I wont hrt u. I’m gonna cum downstairs now do not be alarmed.* My father got the text and texted back: *ok cum dwn.* I came downstairs and my mother was fine. My mother and father came and talked amongst themselves. We all agreed to go get me checked out and find out what had happened.

I went back to my room and took a nap. When I awoke, I thought about what had happened. I thought about how long my condition would last. I thought about many things. As I thought all these things, I began to worry. I worried about many things. I worried about how long it would be before I could go to school. How long would it take for me to be able to hang out with my friends? As I laid in my bed staring dead ahead at the cream colored ceiling, I came to the realization that this wouldn’t be so bad. “Hmm” I sighed, “I guess I can live with this.”