

Nebraska Department of Education

2011 Statewide Writing Assessment

Grade 8 Task: DESCRIPTIVE WRITING

Think about your dream house. It could be any place you wish.

Write an essay describing your dream house by creating a vivid mental picture using sensory details for the readers so that they can see it, experience it, and be able to understand why you would want to live there.

ADVANCED*

- * Creates a clear picture; is well-focused; description is distinctive.
- * Structural development includes an effective introduction, body, and conclusion; sequencing is thoughtful and logical.
- * Conveys a strong sense of the person; engaging throughout.
- * Effective use of vivid words and phrases.
- * Sentences vary in lengths or structure throughout; fragments add style.
- * Errors in conventions are mostly correct.

*This writing sample received a score of 8.00, the highest score possible on the assessment.

The Only Place Where Dreams Are Real

A large house, on the top of a small hillside, overlooking the ocean; that is my dream house. City noises don't dare enter the boundaries of my perfect home. The homemade window just on the left side of this beautiful house, replaces what is supposed to be a wall. That allows me to see the sun set over the ocean. The gate in my backyard leading to my rooftop is like a secret gateway to a magical garden.

I could often sit outside and read a book, while listening to nature take its course. Surrounded with peace and warmth; not a single annoying car horn or child yelling in hearing distance. As I sit on a patio reading the book, I hear wild animals in the desolate woods behind me. They're searching for food in order to survive. I dread going into town for anything, knowing I must leave this place that is filled with quiet, sweet sounds. The only things I will share my dream with are the ocean and the animals. I wouldn't want anyone else there with me.

Although the left side of this wonderous house should be a wall, it instead is a beautiful homemade window fit for my needs. Through this window I can see the sun setting brightly over the deep blue ocean, which gives me a sense of safety and hope. In the evening, it allows the moon to direct its shine through it, to me; so even when its dark, its light. As soon as the sun has risen, its rays shine into that window, guiding me out of my dreamful slumber.

Just outside the backdoor of my magical kingdom, there is a small black gate. When the gate is opened, there is a thin stone pathway, leading to a spiral staircase rising to my luscious rooftop. The gate creaks, and suddenly I'm on the path to my sanctuary, the rooftop. I've colimbed to the top, and finally my exotic garden is in sight. Every flower imaginable is growing up there, its sweet aromas crawling their way into my nose. These flowers are different however, they never die. Not in this mystical place. My favorite flowers are the bright yellow ones in full bloom clear to the back of my unbelievable rooftop.

Even though my dream house is nearly impossible to get, I still dream about what it would be like to live in such an amazing house. Besides, it is called a deream house after all.