

DOUBLE-ENTRY JOURNAL

7th Grade Exemplar

Name: Skinner Scholar

Book: *Soccer Superstars 2017*

Author: Triumph Books

Quote (include page #)	Analysis
1. “Sergio Aguero: After scoring five goals for Man City in just 20 minutes in a match against Newcastle United early in the 2015-16 season, there may soon be no one left to compare Aguero to.” (pg. 5)	That’s definitely impressive to score 5 goals in 20 minutes in a professional soccer game, as 5 goals in an entire season isn’t half bad. But the author is making it sound like this is what separates him from all other soccer greats. This is one game, consistency is what makes greats, truly great.
2. “Marco Reus: But Dortmund let him go in 2006... Borussia reclaimed the hometown midfielder before the start of the 2012-13 season.” (pg. 6)	This makes me feel like Dortmund kind of took advantage of Reus. He was let go to play at a lower level when first playing for the club, yet after helping reaching that club’s top level. He shined, which is why Dortmund re-acquired Reus, exploiting his talent.
3. “Cristiano Ronaldo: During 2007-2008, he scored 31 goals for Man U, helping his team win their second of three straight Premier League Championships. Moving to his current team, Real Madrid...” (pg. 8)	The author kind of left the reader to wonder in this certain section. I wonder why Cristiano Ronaldo transferred clubs, from Manchester United, to Real Madrid. Maybe his contract expired and he sought more potential. However, it sounded like he was succeeding with Manchester United. He was from Portugal, and Madrid, Spain is closer than Manchester, England. Maybe that had something to do with the transfer, who knows?
4. “Robert Lewandowski: ...became the first player to score four goals in a Champions League semifinal, versus Real Madrid.” (pg. 11)	This makes me think that Lewandowski is the greatest of all strikers, because unlike Aguero, who scored five goals versus a lesser opponent. Lewandowski came through clutch in a huge moment, boosting his side to win, netting four against one of the best teams in the world.

<p>5. “Andres Iniesta: Born and raised in a small village... Iniesta is without a doubt one of the best midfielders of all time.” (pg. 12)</p>	<p>I wonder how Iniesta became great, growing up in such a small town. How was he recognized? How did his career begin? I’m assuming his parents noticed his natural ability, and realized he is that good. So they called a scout or something letting him practice with Barcelona’s youth club. Where he became a stud.</p>
<p>6. “Mesut Ozil: Known for his ability to set up his teammates for goalscoring opportunities... Ozil led La Liga in assists for three straight years...” (pg. 14)</p>	<p>Honestly, I had no idea who this “Ozil” was, yet he has proven to me he is great. He doesn’t care about the glory, he just wants to win, just wants to score, he doesn’t care how. His astonishing ability to be a great teammate, is most definitely the reason why he is a very well known player. Except to me!</p>
<p>7. “Paul Pogba: Paul has two twin older brothers, Florentin and Mathias, who also play pro soccer in Europe, but are members of the Guinea national team. Unlike Paul, who was born in France, they were born in Guinea.” (pg. 17)</p>	<p>This leads me to believe that Pogba had high expectations, his older brothers both being extremely gifted in soccer. Yet he also had an advantage over his age group, as playing with bigger, better, stronger, and faster siblings only makes him better.</p>
<p>8. “Lionel Messi: Messi made his La Liga debut on October 16, 2004, and became a starter and star for FC Barcelona, one of Europe’s best teams.” (pg. 18)</p>	<p>Don’t get me wrong, Messi is without a doubt the best goal-scorer and most skilled player ever, in my opinion. But what shocks me, even for Messi, is that in his very first legit game for his new club. He became a typical starter as if he had been their for years. This must signify that he had been training very hard, and shined in his first game.</p>
<p>9. “Gareth Bale: Bale was 16 when he made his professional debut for Southampton in 2006.” (pg. 21)</p>	<p>I wonder how Bale was recognized at such a young age? To begin your career at 16 is impressive, also so much important experience is gained. This can lead to Bale becoming a “veteran” at a very young age, possibly 25 or so. This is key to future success.</p>
<p>10. “Christian Pulisic: Pulisic finds himself prospects other American players can only dream of.” (pg. 22)</p>	<p>I am kind of confused at what the author is trying to say here. Yes I know what he wrote, but I feel like there’s a deeper meaning. Why did the author say “other AMERICAN players can only dream of”? Yes, he’s American, but</p>

	<p>wouldn't it make sense to say any other player can dream of. Is the author trying to imply Americans aren't as good at soccer as the rest of the world? I don't 100% disagree, but he/she could be a but less harsh!</p>
<p>11. "Manuel Neuer: Manuel voiced the character Frank McCay in the German version of the 2013 Disney film <i>Monster University</i>." (pg. 25)</p>	<p>On a completely unrelated topic, I just would like to point out that it is extremely impressive that Neuer is not only a world-class soccer player. But involved in show-business/a very popular movie, as well. Good for him.</p>
<p>12. "Eden Hazard: 'On his day, nobody can stop him. He can create something from nothing, and this is the sign of a special player.' - <i>Thierry Henry</i>" (pg. 27)</p>	<p>Thierry Henry, by the way, is a very talented and skilled forward for Arsenal. Eden Hazard plays for Chelsea, one of Arsenal's biggest rivals in the Premier League. For one of Hazard's most fierce opponents to praise him like that, is saying something.</p>
<p>13. "Toni Kroos: ... Kroos would spend almost five seasons with Bayern Munich, becoming one of the best players in Europe." (pg. 28)</p>	<p>Is Bayern Munich really that strong in developing players? Kroos went from an unknown player, to one of the best in the business in five seasons. Wow!</p>
<p>14. "Neymar da Silva Santos Jr.: He also played brilliantly for Brazil in the 2014 World Cup before a back injury derailed their run." (pg. 30)</p>	<p>This intrigues me, just because Neymar could no longer support the team, they all of a sudden have no chance? It's the Brazilian National team, they have to be stacked with good players, nobody else could contribute. One player can't carry an entire soccer team, or maybe I was just proved wrong...</p>
<p>15. "Thomas Muller: Thomas began playing soccer on a team in his hometown called TSV Pahl, where Bayern Munich scouts first saw him play." (pg. 33)</p>	<p>In the U.S., scouts aren't just at youth soccer games looking for players that can potentially play for a club. Even at the highest level of play, which is called Developmental Academy, here, in the states. Maybe it's different in Europe, but I just noticed this part, and wondered why scouts were at an ordinary youth soccer game. Now, if it was the championship game of a tournament, I could understand, but a regular game... Maybe they knew of him, because of how unbelievable he was/is.</p>

<p>16. “Alexis Sanchez: A quick, energetic offensive force who can create with either foot.” (pg. 34)</p>	<p>In my opinion, this is key to what makes a great player, even more great. The fact that Sanchez can use both feet equally as well, this way it doesn't matter the angle, the side of the field he's on.</p>
<p>17. “Ivan Rakitic: ‘I live for football, to be 100 percent, to enjoy it--and to enjoy it you have to be at the top of your game.’-Ivan Rakitic.” (pg. 37)</p>	<p>This quote reminds me of what my baseball coach always, says... It's good to have fun, mess around, but it's going to be even more fun, if you're playing well, and winning. I can appreciate Rakitic's quote based on background knowledge.</p>
<p>18. “James Rodriguez: At the age of 11, in Columbia's premier youth tournament, James scored two goals in the final match of corner kicks.” (pg. 38)</p>	<p>I honestly have no words! Ok well, maybe I'm a liar. I won't even comprehend how unbelievable that is, to have the skill to bend it in from a flat angle, and beat the keeper at the age of 11. I play at an extremely high level, and no one I know can even come close to that, especially with a goalie, and several defenders in the way. SERIOUS TALENT!</p>
<p>19. “Zlatan Ibrahimovic: Ibrahimovic has scored 156 goals in his last four seasons, more than he did in his previous eighth.” (pg. 41)</p>	<p>This is interesting, typically players have more success closer to the start of their career. As “old age” (which is around 33 in soccer), kicks in, and it's tougher to compete with the younger guys at a high level. But I guess experience helped Ibrahimovic succeed more in the later years of his career, that would make the most sense.</p>
<p>20. “Kevin De Bruyne: De Bruyne scored against the U.S. in the round of 16 at the 2014 World Cup.” (pg. 42)</p>	<p>I vividly remember this moment, I was sitting in my uncle's shed at a 4th of July party they annually host. I'll get to the point, the game went into extra time, and Belgium ended up going up to 2-0, nearly everyone left. It was just me and my older cousin. When the U.S. scored to cut Belgium's lead in half we erupted in cheers, and apparently it was so loud that our family members thought something was wrong. So, my aunt came in from the beach (the party was in Connecticut), worried sick, and said, “What's wrong?” My cousin responded, “US scored!” More people showed up now that the game was closed. However,</p>

	the instant my uncle walked into the shed, I heard the announcer say, "And De Bruyne has done it again!" He scored the goal clinching it for Belgium, and everybody left... AGAIN!
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CHARACTER DIARY

7th Grade Exemplar

Name: Skinner Scholar

Book: *Me and Earl and the Dying Girl*

Author: Jesse Andrews

Entry #1: Rachel, Chapter 6

My phone rings. It's been doing that a lot lately. Ever since this stupid disease crept into my body, people I don't even know have been phoning me, saying how "sorry they are for me" and "wishing me well." When I roll across my bed to pick up my phone, a chill runs up my body.

"Hi, this is Rachel."

"Hey, this is Greg," announced the phone.

Greg? As in, Greg Gaines? He was the absolute LAST thing I need right now. His mom probably made him call me. He's probably doing this against his will. He's a jerk.

"Hi," is all I can respond.

"I called the doctor and he said you needed a prescription of Greg-acil," he says, desperately. I'm not in the mood for his jokes. I'm not in the mood for anyone right now.

After quickly denying his "sudden desire" to hang out, I end the call. I lay my aching head on my new, silk pillows mom got me. I can't believe Greg Gaines just called me. He's just like everyone else. Passing me like I'm invisible in the hallways, and suddenly, I turn sick.. Well that just changes everything doesn't it? Now Greg wants to "hang out" and call me. It's obvious. He feels sorry for me. EVERYONE seems sorry for me.

An unexpected headache suddenly pierces through my head and I let out a shriek. Mom frantically rushes in.

"Rachel! Honey! Are you okay? What's wrong? Do I need to call the doctor?"

Questions swarm me like annoying bees. It only makes the headache worse.

“I have a headache,” I moan. “Shut up.”

I can tell mom is slightly insulted with this comment the way she clenched her jaw. She finally kisses me lightly on the forehead, tucks me in, and leaves me alone. Thank God.

I take deep breaths. That’s what the doctor told me to do. I recall the good memories I’ve had: running around Frick Park, pretending I was a squirrel. Climbing up the trees and deciding to never come down. I would give anything to go back to those days. The days when life seemed simple. The days where when you got hurt, you would get a bandaid and everything would be peachy. Not anymore.

I close my eyes and desperately try to focus on anything but the terrible disease within my body. It’s a very hard task, but I finally fall asleep.

Entry #2: Rachel, Chapter 10

Greg Gaines is in my house. Greg Gaines is in my house. Greg Gaines is in my house.

It’s impossible for me to wrap my mind around that simple fact. I can hear him making small talk with my mom. She roars with laughter, so loud that I’m surprised that the house didn’t shake. Oh God. Is that what I sound like when I laugh?

My room door opens, surprising me. It’s Greg. He looks the same, maybe he put on a couple pounds. I imagine what I might look like. The rat’s nest I call my hair is everywhere, including in my face. My teeth are so big they might as well belong to a chipmunk. I have lost weight, though. Not like I needed to, I didn’t even want to. My doctor says that it’s a side effect of leukemia. But, it’s getting to a point where my whole self might as well be “a side effect of cancer.”

I notice Greg eyeing my beautiful Hugh Jackson and Daniel Craig posters. The awkward silence is unbearable. Why did I invite him over again? I quickly deny both his attempted hug from the “Hug Zombie” and desperate fist bump. I don’t need his pity. He looks like he has given up trying. Good.

“I like your room,” he says.

I don’t like small talk, but then again, who does? I hate this, and I bet he does too. Why won’t he just leave? I’m playing it cool, like how I imagined in my head when I accepted his hang-out-request. *Pretend you don’t care, because you don’t. Greg is stupid and you only accepted to do this because your mom made you.* Well, I was playing it cool, until Greg casually mentioned his weird obsession and love of pillows. A small snort creeps out of my mouth. Dang it. He keeps talking. I can’t hold it in anymore.

I erupt in laughter, like a volcano. I admit it, Greg’s hilarious. I am pretty much begging him to stop because my stomach is in pain from laughing. That did it for me. I smile, indicating that we can be friends. I forgive him.

Entry #3: Rachel, Chapter 14

First of all, let me get something clear: Greg and I are NOT dating. We are NOT boyfriend and girlfriend. We are JUST friends.

You can tell Greg doesn't have very many friends, it's obvious, really. As a result of this, he is awkward, especially around me: the girl who might die any minute, and the girl who lives in a hospital. That also just makes things awkward for me, too. Because of this, I decided to invite him to lunch. Hopefully, if we talk more, he'll crawl out of his shell and be less... awkward. Hopefully.

Of course, if I would want us to talk more, he would need to meet my annoying, weird, interesting "friends group" (and by group I mean 2.) That's bound to be fun.

At lunch, Maddie asks to sit with us. She, like most, has been extra nice to me since leukemia took over my body. I giggle as I watch Greg, awestruck. His eyes are wide open and I'm surprised his jaw wasn't dropped.

I sit there, failing to keep in my hyena howls in as Greg makes up an awkward excuse to why his lunch appears strange. He's obviously embarrassed. It's pretty hilarious.

While I sit there, listening to Greg's "alien barf stories," I feel... different. I feel like an average girl laughing at her friend's jokes, without a care in the world. I forget who I really am: a sick girl who might shriek in pain any second of the day and is cackling at jokes made by someone who might not even want to be her friend. I don't feel ugly, or stupid, or even sick. I feel like myself before the cancer. Greg made me feel free.

Entry #4: Rachel, Chapter 18

To be honest, I'm kind of excited to get rid of my hair. I never liked it anyways. I mean, I don't think I'd like being bald either. Actually, I don't really care about my appearance anymore. Who am I trying to impress?

When the doorbell rings, I know it's Greg, but I'm too lazy to get to the door. Mom'll answer it anyway. Seeing Greg is like the highlight of her day; sometimes she needs a good laugh.

I'm confused when I hear three voices downstairs. I'll just have to wait to find out. I'm okay with that. Since cancer, that's pretty much all I've been doing.

Two people are standing in my room. One of them is Greg, and the other I can't be sure. Maybe a friend? When Greg speaks, his words slur and half of what comes out of his mouth doesn't actually make any sense. What's wrong with him?

In the best way he can, he explains that the boy standing next to him is named Earl, and is his best friend. Earl verifies it, in case I didn't believe Greg. Earl sounds weird. What am I missing? Finally, Greg tells me.

"We're on drugs," he blurts.

He gives me this long, obviously fake, story of how they got high. I don't want to argue so I decided to accept it. I guess it was pretty funny, but I didn't want that right now. I wanted a friend who will talk with and understand me like a normal human being.

I don't think Greg is exactly "the king" of first impressions. Actually, he sucks at them. He didn't really do well himself that first day I invited him over, but now, with Earl, we aren't exactly "hitting it off." Well, it would be hard to when your subject is on drugs.

We all stand there, staring at our shoes, not really able to break the silence, except Greg. He's over there giggling stupidly for no apparent reason. God, this sucks. Earl finally suggests ice cream and I couldn't agree more. Anything to get out of this death triangle would be fine by me.

Entry #5: Rachel, Chapter 24

I'm sick of this stupid hospital room. I just want to be alone. But, of course, Greg Gaines prevents that from happening.

Laying in my bed, I hear the door creak open, like the person on the other side is considering coming in. I wish I had the voice to tell them to go away. I groan. That's the best thing I can do at the moment. The person takes this as an invitation. Dang it.

It's Greg. He looks different, maybe worried. I ask him what's on his mind. As a result, we talk about college, something I'm actually interested in. If not for the evil disease inside me, I would be applying for many colleges. As soon as he mentions the small, stupid fact that he's not interested in college, I can tell he immediately regrets it.

As best I can, I question him, trying to figure him out. Who wouldn't want to go to college? Greg's got a good shot at it, why not take it? It's not like HE'S in a hospital bed with people praying for his life. Greg is obviously not really willing to discuss it. I don't care. I ignore his attempt to change the subject.

We're both thinking the obvious solution. Why doesn't Greg get a scholarship for filmmaking. I didn't dare say that aloud. We don't need two grumpy people in this room.

After a while, the conversation slightly changes. Greg, as always, makes a joke. It's funny. I should laugh, but I don't. The "happiness part" of my body isn't working... as usual.

The conversation drags along and my bad mood is rubbing off on him. He doesn't give up with his jokes, and I still don't laugh. I feel bad. To put both of us out of our misery, I ask him to leave. I'm just not in the mood.

Entry #6: Rachel, Chapter 36

I love it. The film is amazing. I've watched it multiple times now. I tear up everytime. I can see why they think it's a load of crap. But I disagree. Even though there isn't any special lighting, or sound effects, or anything like that, it means a lot to me. It's real. It's from the heart. It makes me feel better.

When Greg visits, I'm in a better mood. We talk about the film. I keep insisting that it's good, but he keeps denying it. God, can he not take a compliment?

I casually tell him about some colleges I found for film making. He tells me that he's done with movies. I try to hide the disappointment on my face.

Even though I want him to, Greg doesn't stay for long. Nothing to say, I guess.

As he closes the door behind him, I think to myself, something I've been doing a lot lately.

Here's the thing: I know that I'm going to die soon. I knew it the second the hospital called me back here. I can't tell Greg. I could tell that from the moment he stepped inside my room for the first time in a while, he thought I was going to die any minute. I can't bring those feelings back up again.

I wish it wouldn't have ended so quickly, our friendship. Greg could make me laugh the way no one else could. He made me forget my problems. He taught me not to be ashamed of or pity my illness, but to embrace it and make the most out of everything I have. He showed me that even in a hospital bed, life can be extraordinary. For that, I owe him, but I think it's a little too late for that.

I'm not saying I'm giving up, but I know the odds are against me. I will fight for him. I will stay strong. But who knows? Maybe that's not enough.