

# THE LIFE OF THE FAMOUS





# THE LIFE OF THE FAMOUS

Jordan  
James

BY  
Jordan  
James



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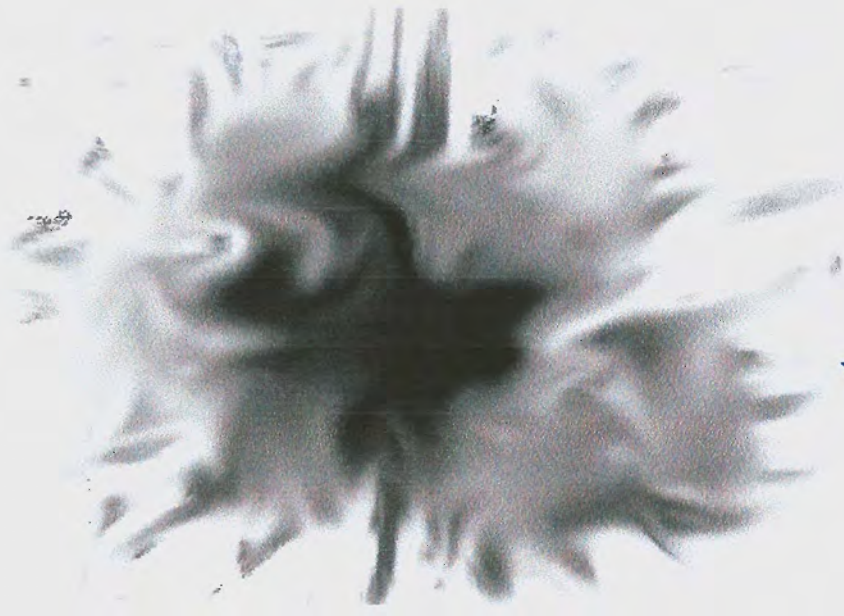
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THE  
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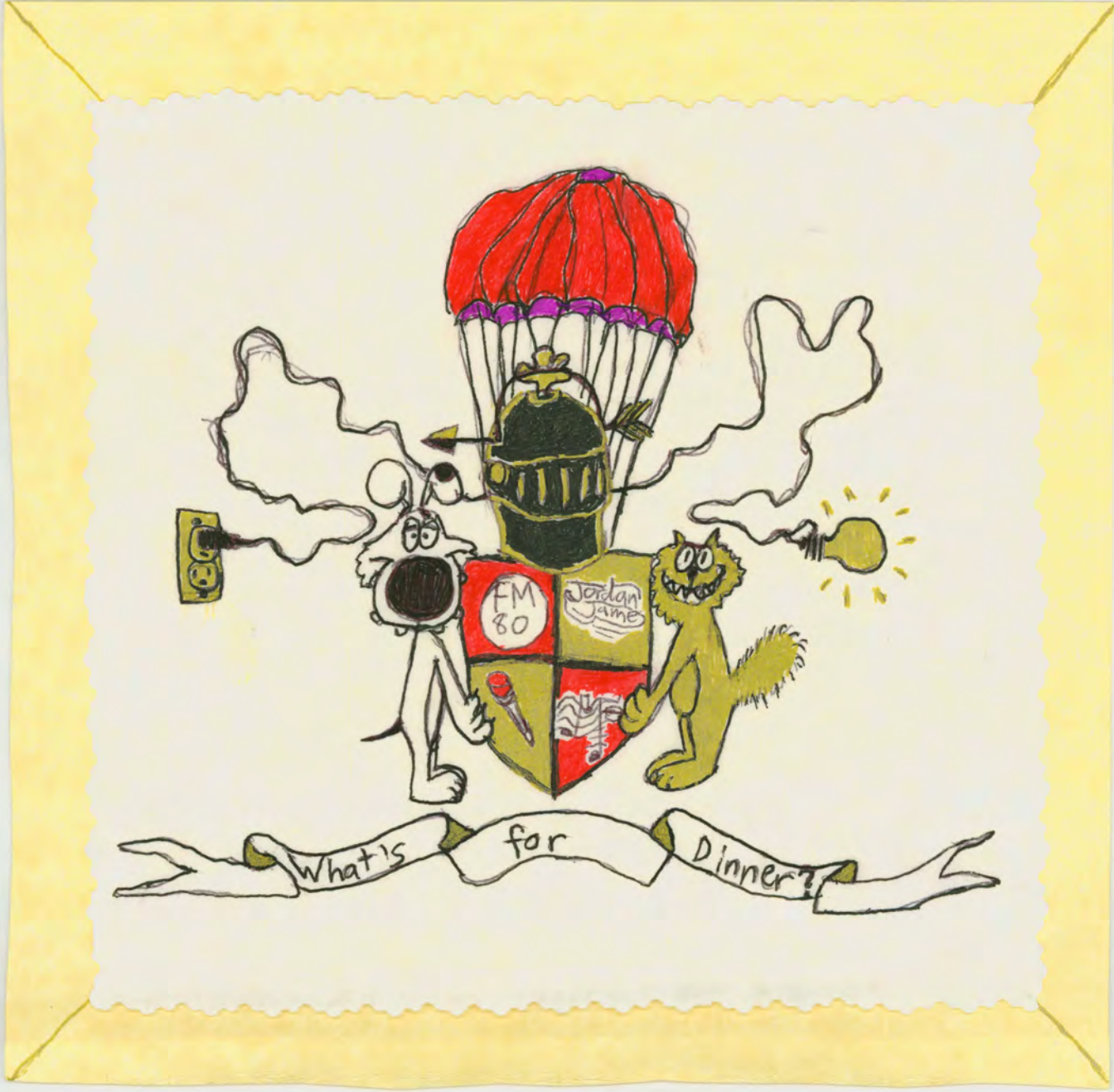
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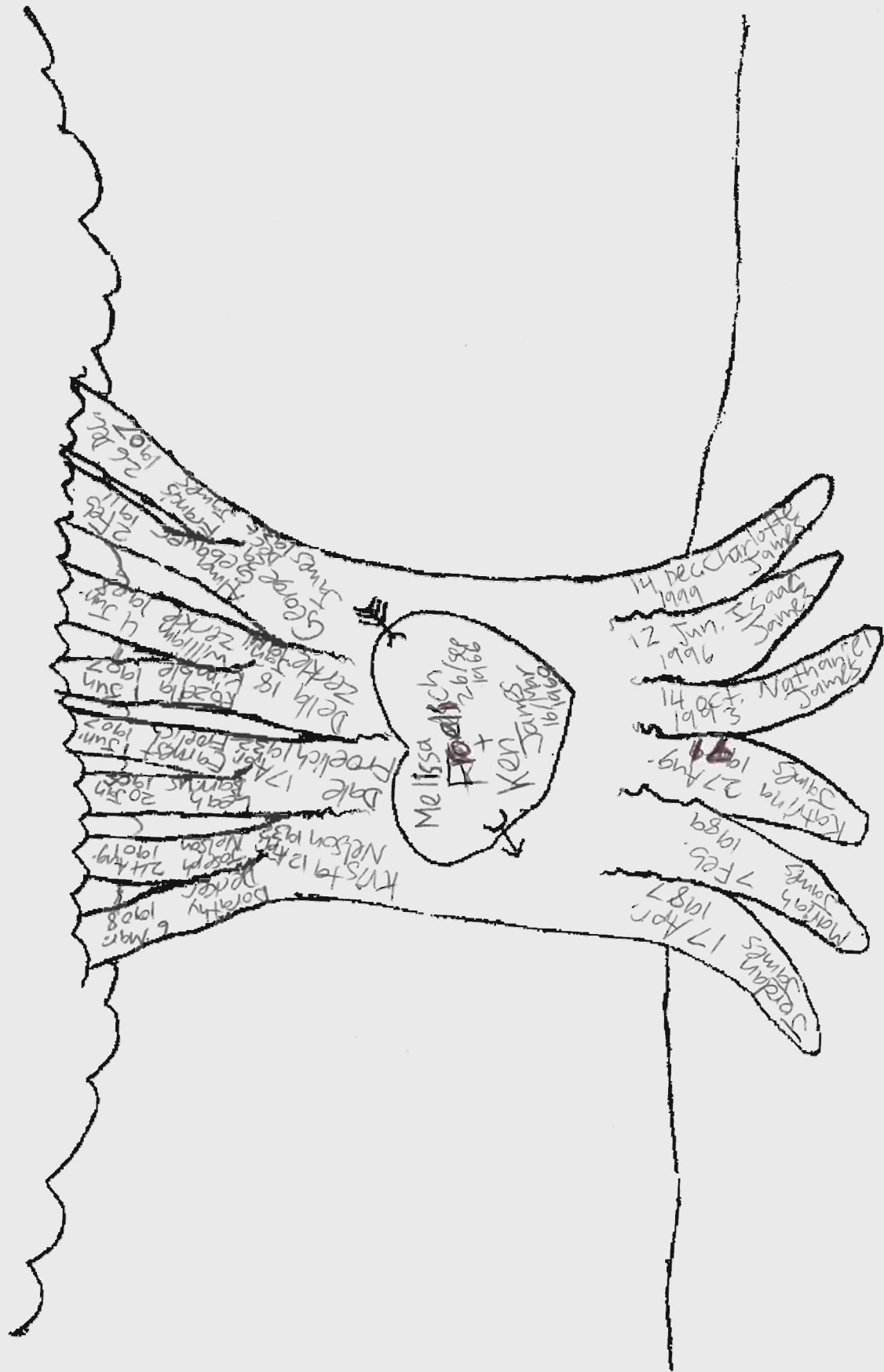


← MY  
BRAIN



# MY COAT OF ARMS







**A Study and Comparison of Jordan James and Benjamin Franklin:**  
**A Poem in the Interesting Form of the Two voice and Making it up as you go**  
**while at the same time trying to make it interesting even though you got it out of**  
**the encyclopedia Techniques Mixed Together Into One New**  
**Form Called Anti-ruberishnessarianism;**  
**Academia, Here I Come!**

"My name is Jordan."

"Hello. My name, regardless of what you might possibly and even as far as hope it might be what it is, is, in fact, Benjamin Franklin; you may have possibly heard of me before in one of your-"

"Thank you, Ben, but this is my autobiography."

"Ah. I understand. In fact I even -"

"Ahem. I think it is time to start now. Here's your paper."

"Thank you very much."

*My name is Jordan James.*

*My name is Ben Franklin.*

*I like to read, and my shelves are all full of books.*

*I founded the first American public library.*

*I like to write comic strips.*

*The first book I published was called Poor Richard's Almanack. I wrote it under the pen name Richard Saunders.*

*I like to tinker around with electronics. My mom says that I have too many "Hardware heaps" in my room.*

*I began electrical experiments with a simple apparatus.*

*I like to make paper airplanes.*

*I like to fly kites on stormy days because of the wind. I don't want to forget my keys, so I tie them on. The kite's not going anywhere.*

"I'm afraid I must disagree, young fellow. That was an intended happening."

"Sorry, Ben. I wanted to add a little humor to it."

"I understand. ~~Prey~~ continue."

*I won several prizes in the reflections almost every year. I feel so talented.*

"Oh yes?! Listen to this one!"

*In recognition of my impressive scientific accomplishments, I received honorary degrees from the university of Saint Andrews and the University of Oxford.*

"Hey! I didn't write that one!"

"Well I did, you scoundrel! Don't try to make yourself look more talented than I!"

"OK, wise guy, listen to this!"

*I recently taught my little brother to read. I also taught him his times tables and division. He is now at the top of his class. He is only in first grade, and most of the kids there barely know addition.*

"I listened! Now you listen!"

*I exerted a great influence on Pennsylvania's education by writing Proposals Relating to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania.*

"Beat that!"

"OK. They didn't even teach that stuff back then!"

"I would very much like to beat your brains in!"

"You can't. I can write two words that prevent you from any more disturbances."

"I would like to see you try!"

"Then watch carefully"

**THE END**



**J**ust dashingly handsome

**O**rdinarily a genius

**R**eally likes to draw

**D**rives mom crazy

**A**lways joking

**N**ever listens

**D**oes good at music

**A**lways sleeps in

**L**ikes to eat

**E**ternally arguing

**J**ousts with pencils

**A**lways hungry

**M**ust have all meals

**E**ats in-between meals

**S**leeps in class



## **Yes, This Just Happens to be My Creed**

Ahem. Every one wants to be happy. Give me someone who doesn't in any way, however deep down inside themselves it could possibly be, who doesn't have even the slightest hint of a desire in them to be happy, and I will find a place for them with padded walls and a stray-jacket. They won't mind.

You can't be happy if all you do is make other people around you unhappy. And when you have a positive attitude, then you probably won't feel the desire to make people miserable. So get a positive attitude, you nitwit! (That was a joke, OK?)

To achieve a positive attitude, gain a positive outlook on life. To gain a positive outlook, think positive thoughts about everything. For every negative thought you think about something or someone, think five positive thoughts about them. You've probably noticed that the word positive appears in every sentence in this paragraph. That means that it will require effort, but be positive about it!

Finally, you can't be happy if you don't try. That's why the effort is good for you. But don't get too stressed. That would be bad for you. Then, just maybe, you'll end up in a place with padded walls, too.





## My Interview With My Grandpa

What kind of chores did you have to do?

I had to cut wood with this big old ax and fill up a coal bucket with coal and bring it into the kitchen with the wood.

What luxuries do you enjoy now that you didn't have then?

A TV, a computer, a nice furnace that you can just turn on, and not have to get wood for it, automatic transmission, in cars, without having to switch gears, lawn mower, where you just have to push.

What punishments did they have in school?

I don't know, but I remember a teacher hitting my hands with a ruler.

What things did you enjoy then that aren't around any more?

Well, I remember going to the corner drug store, where there was a thing called a fountain, and you could get fountain drinks and milkshakes. But it was different then because we had to stay there until we were done so we could give them back the glasses. They would wash them and use them again for more people. This is before they had paper cups.

What did you think you would choose as a profession when you were a child?

I thought I would be a fireman, probably 'cause that's what my dad was.

What professions did you pursue?

I was only a school teacher. I majored in industrial arts, and had an elementary and secondary degree.

Have you seen a lot of changes since you were a child?

Yes. There was a train that went through town called Bamburgur. When I was a teenager, they just took all of the tracks out. Then there weren't any tracks for about fifty years.

They just barely put them back, and that's the ones that are there today.

Why are you wasting your time patiently listening to all of these questions?

Because I have faith in the youth of the country.

THE FEW  
MEMORIES  
OF  
JORDAN  
JAMES





## My Room

My room is a big mess. Mom calls my room a pig pen. There is stuff all over the floor. Mainly papers and clothes. You can't even see a patch of my brown carpet. Last time I cleaned my room, it took hours.

The walls are completely covered with posters, charts, maps and calendars of different types such as a lunar and solar calendar. The biggest reason that I have so many posters is because the walls have peeling paint. Mom and Dad want to paint my room. I am against it, however.

I have electronics and electronic devices all hooked up and scattered all over the desk. I have a stereo that's taken apart and hooked up to an old tape player. The tape player is hooked up to something that I made with my electronic kit that makes a beeping noise. And that, in turn is hooked up to my door as an alarm system.

My room looks like a mix between a mad scientist's laboratory and a war room. All of the maps and eccentric electronic devices (some of them obviously home made) add to the effect. I even have a powerful FM broadcaster. My friends sometimes come on the air. If you're interested, and if you don't mind commercials running all the time, except every once in a while, when I come on the air, turn your tuner to FM 80.

There are testers of different types including a lie detector on my desk. I use it when I really want to humiliate people. I also have a conductivity tester, which my dad gave me. I have one that can tell if something is carbon-positive or carbon-negative, which determines whether something is or was alive, or if it is non-living.

The bed is not made. The blanket is hanging halfway off of the bed diagonally. The pillows are on the floor from when the alarm went off and I jumped ten feet out of bed, hitting my head on the wall on the way down. One of the pillows has no pillowcase. The other one is made of yellow foam. It has a plaid pillowcase.

The closet is completely full of clothes and boxes. The upper part of it is used for a book shelf. The books are not organized in any way. They have just been thrown on the shelf. You would be surprised how many of them came from the DI, not to mention almost everything else.

My dresser is covered with trophies. As I look at it, I think I never knew I am so talented. I never use the drawers. I just get clothes out of the laundry room. In the bottom drawers I just keep the out-of-season clothes.

My desk, which I mentioned before, has wires, electric tape, and other electric/electronic devices in the top left drawer, art supplies in the middle drawer, references in the top right drawer. That's about all in my room.





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## Goblin Valley

We had planned for it for months. And now it was time to go. We were all packed up, but I still couldn't believe it was time to go. I knew it would take hours to drive there, but my parents told me that it would be worth every second. So I happily helped load up the car and buckle myself in.

And we drove off. The excitement wore off after driving on the highway for about half an hour. Already my sister had drunk all of her water. "I have to go to the bathroom" she cried. "This is going to be a long trip," I said quietly to myself.

No sooner had I said this, my little brother immediately started kicking the back of my seat. I sighed. He gave an extra hard kick and laughed. Lucky for me, he soon became board of the game and went to sleep. I wished I could go to sleep.

Several excruciatingly hot and maddeningly boring hours later, we arrived in Wellington, a town about an hour away from our destination. Here we gratefully got out and walked around and used the rest room. We stayed here for lunch and I found my walkman in the back of the van. That is what kept me from dying of boredom for the rest of the trip.

I couldn't pick up even a weak signal on it, so I listened to a tape several times that I was so glad that I thought of bringing. Finally we could see two natural giant structures off in the distance. One of them had a remarkable resemblance to a castle. Dad thought the other one looked like a giant cow on its back. I didn't care what in the heck they looked like, I was just so glad that we were finally there.

For about fifteen minutes we all did nothing except watch as the structures got slowly bigger and bigger. We were driving toward the giant castle and we couldn't see the cow any more. The castle was huge now, but didn't look much like a castle anymore.

We were all supposed to help set up the tent as soon as we got there, but none of us listened. By the time mom and dad had set it up, it was dark, and all of the kids had a fairly accurate map of the surrounding our camp ground for about a mile around. The next day, we went to the real goblin valley. It took about ten minutes to get there, for which I was glad.

When we did get there, I couldn't believe my eyes. "Mushrooms!" my baby sister cried out in glee. And she was right. It looked just like a valley full of mushrooms (and other odd shapes) big enough to give our entire family shade at the same time. There was no way you could spend even an entire week and get to all of the natural structures.

And there was also a giant wall on the other side of it, which I took off for immediately. I didn't wait for my family, I just took off. When I was at the wall, I found out exactly how high I could safely go. I even found a secret cave.

When my brothers and sisters got there, they went wild. Dad used up all of the film taking pictures of us on all sorts of unbelievable sandstone shapes. It was all fun, but all good (or fun) things must come to an end. I didn't want to go, but we had to, right after we were done there. We all took as much time as we could, but we finally left.

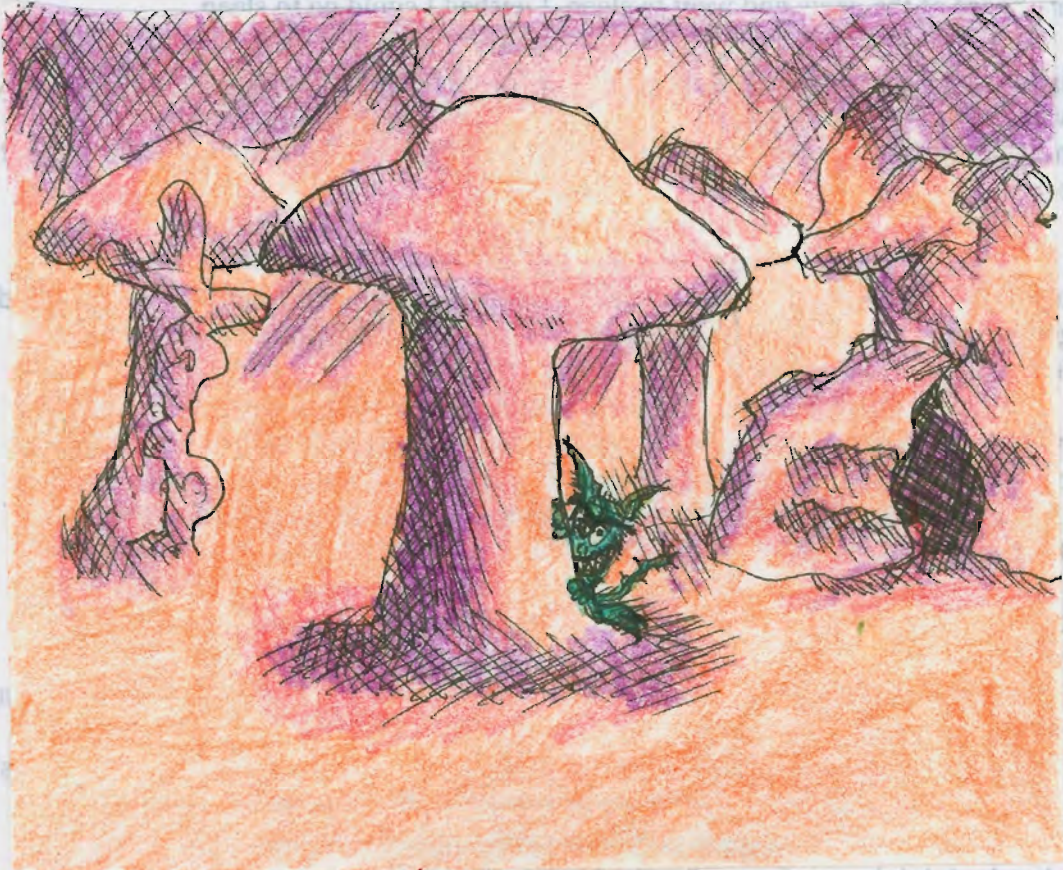
The trip back home was as bad (if not worse) as the trip there. But when we finally arrived home, I felt a sense of peace. The kids stayed away from the van like a plague for about a week, and I enjoyed the air-conditioning and the shower. Mom was right, though. It was worth every second.

The End



We had planned for a lot longer. And now it was time to go. We were all packed up, my  
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The End



## Bring Your Son To Work Day

Beep! Beep! Beep! Beep! Beep! I jumped ten feet out of bed, and was lucky to land back in bed this time. My Pillows, however, weren't so lucky. I got out of bed and crawled around in the dark, trying to find the alarm clock, which was just about putting me on the edge of paranoia. I turned it off and started feeling around for the light switch.

Then I remembered that I wasn't going to go to school today, and I was going to dad's work. I turned on the light. I dressed and went up. Dad said that I needed to hurry up so that we could leave. I barely had time to find my shoes. I hopped out on one foot, trying to put the other shoe on at the same time.

Dad locked the house doors, while I hastily did my hair in the passenger's seat. I was still on my way to waking up. We drove out of the driveway. By the time I was fully awake, (which was most of the way to dad's work) I started to feel exited.

Dad's work, Evens and Sutherland, or E&S, was a place where they designed government and commercial simulations. I had only been there once before, but I knew what it was like. When we got there, I was exited. But dad had forgotten his ID, which he needed to get in. The computer wouldn't unlock the doors unless he slid his card through. I didn't know what to do. But dad said "Don't worry," and gave me a sideways grin.

To my amazement, He started punching in numbers, and hacked in. The door clicked. Dad grinned at me again and said, now serious, "follow me," He led me to a room next to the cafeteria, which was full of boys and their mothers or fathers.

The guy at the front made a short speech about how this was the first Bring Your Son To Work Day, and how they used to only have Bring Your Daughter To Work Days. Then we all went through the door and got food. My dad found a guy he knew eating with two of his sons, and sat down across from him. Both of his boys were younger than me.

After breakfast, some of the parents left, including my dad. Then we all went back into the room next to the cafeteria, where the the guy at the front asked if any of us had any questions about what our parents did. A chubby kid with raised his hand. "Do you ever use pixels in your work?" Every one tried to restrain themselves from laughing.

The guy up at the front looked embarrassed. He cleared his through and began. "You all know what pixels are, don't you?" he said, "well they are the little lights in a TV or computer screen. There are three colors. Red, green, and yellow. Those are the primary colors of light. They are so small that you can barely see them."

He seemed to be trying not to embarrass the kid. "So yea, we use pixels quite a bit." The guy sitting next to the chubby kid snickered and said something to him. After a few more questions from some kids that knew what they were talking about, the man at the front told us to meet back there at lunch time, and said that they would call on the intercom system for those who didn't have watches.

I went off and found a hang-gliding simulator, which only had two boys in line in front of me. When I got on it, I decided to select the Grand Canyon. It was cool. I even went under water and saw some fish. Later I was on a flight simulator for jet planes.

In this game I got to interact with the other players. No one got me. They all thought that I was really good at this game, but in reality (virtual reality, that is) I was lost. I was flying over the ocean, but then, out of the fog came a big mountain. Yes, as you probably figured, I crashed. I had to start over, and I didn't get shot by the other players, but I got too much lift.

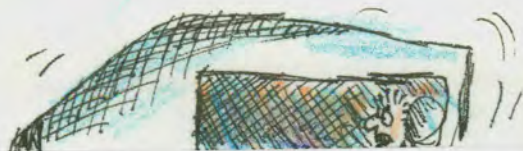
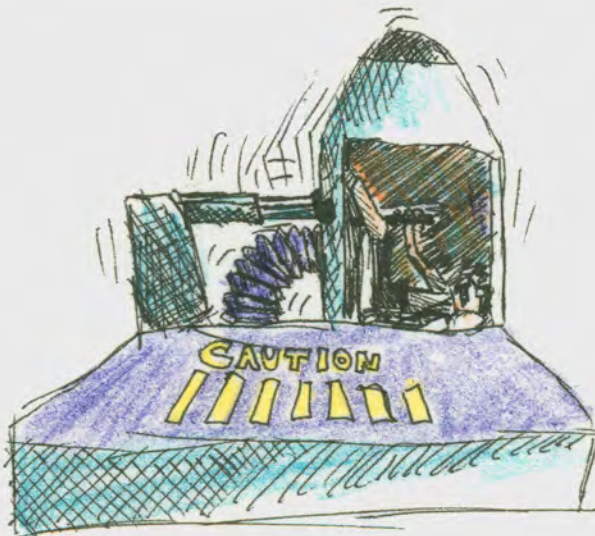


I had to lean foreword in the seat, because the whole thing moves. I came right back down to earth and blew up, before the guy who was behind me could shoot me. Then back in real reality, the intercom beeped and the guy who was in the front of the room in another building called us to the lunch room. After lunch, dad brought me home. And thus ended the day at E&S.

The End



(Picture of me flying over the ocean)





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## Broken Arm

On father's day we were going to grandma's house. On the way there, my little sister, Katrina unbuckled her seat belt at the stop light. When when the light turned green we went ,but we had to stop quickly because someone ran the red light, and, as you probably suspected, yes, she was thrown forward. Ow! She cried loudly and started crying.

We were almost to grandma's house, so we drove there and they were looking at her arm. Aunt Maren was reminding grandma about when her arm got broken. They had thought that it was out of joint, and trying to fix it made it worse. Mom and Dad brought her to the Cottonwood Hospital.

There were no rooms where she could go because they were all full. They had to keep her in the hall. A doctor looked down at this crying little girl in a pink dress, shoes on backwards, who had unbuckled herself at the stoplight. He smiled and made her feel better. He determined that she did, in fact have a broken arm. Later, she came back from the hospital with her arm in a cast. She was really annoyed that she couldn't move her arm. She eventually got used to it, however, and even started having fun with it.

"Hey look! I'm a teenager!" she said, moving her arms so that the upper part of her arms were straight out from her body, and the lower part of her arms were at a right angle to the upper, hanging down. We were all clueless as to what she meant, but she sure thought it was funny. After three weeks, she got the cast removed, and her life went back to normal.



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## Broken Arm

On father's day we were going to grandma's house. On the way there, my little sister, Katrina unbuckled her seat belt at the stop light. When when the light turned green we went ,but we had to stop quickly because someone ran the red light, and, as you probably suspected, yes, she was thrown forward. Ow! She cried loudly and started crying. We were almost to grandma's house, so we drove there and they were looking at her arm. Aunt Maren was reminding grandma about when her arm got broken. Mom and Dad brought her to the Cottonwood Hospital. There were no rooms where she could go because they were all full. They had to keep her in the hall. A doctor looked down at this crying little girl in a pink dress, shoes on backwards, who had unbuckled herself at the stoplight. He determined that she did, in fact have a broken arm. Later, she came back from the hospital with her arm in a cast. She was really annoyed that she couldn't move her arm. She eventually got used to it, however, and even started having fun with it. "Hey look! I'm a teenager!" she said, moving her arms so that the upper part of her arms were straight out from her body, and the lower part of her arms were at a right angle to the upper, hanging down. We were all clueless as to what she meant, but she sure thought it was funny. After three weeks, she got the cast removed, and her life went back to normal.



## Peanut Butter Go Cart

A long time ago in a house far, far away, (actually, just across 7200) my friend decided he was going to build a go-cart. The idea came to him, literally in front of his eyes, or as he says, "at see level" when an older kid pedaled a go-cart down the street that he had built. "If he can do it, I can do it," he thought. So naturally, he went to the wood pile. He sorted through all the wood and thought about each piece, and ended up with a pile of two-by-fours and plywood. So he went and found some screws, and pulled old nails out of boards. And thus began the construction of the peanut butter go cart. He started by trying to build seats, but ended up with a bench-like thing. He then tried to find a steering wheel at the DI. He ended up with a 50 cent bent up handle bar. He bolted it on to the left side of the bench. By this time he was rather proud of his creation, even though it wasn't even close to finished. He was only about five years old, so he didn't know that it wouldn't work. He went and tore the flat tires off of the bike that the handlebars came off of. Then he realized that he needed two more tires and spent the rest of his money on another junk bike. He had super glued the wheel bearings onto the bench to hold the wheels on. He was very proud of his creation. He looked at it from every angle. Then he decided to paint it. He got out his water colors and spent many hours in vain. It looks good enough, he thought. So he wrote Peanut Butter on both sides and declared it done. But this adventure ended when his dad came home, to the place in a galaxy far, far away. He told him to take it apart, which he thought was mean. But his dad really just didn't want a pile of junk in his yard. And thus ends this happy story. (Or maybe not.)

2,000 years later:





## Uncle Bill

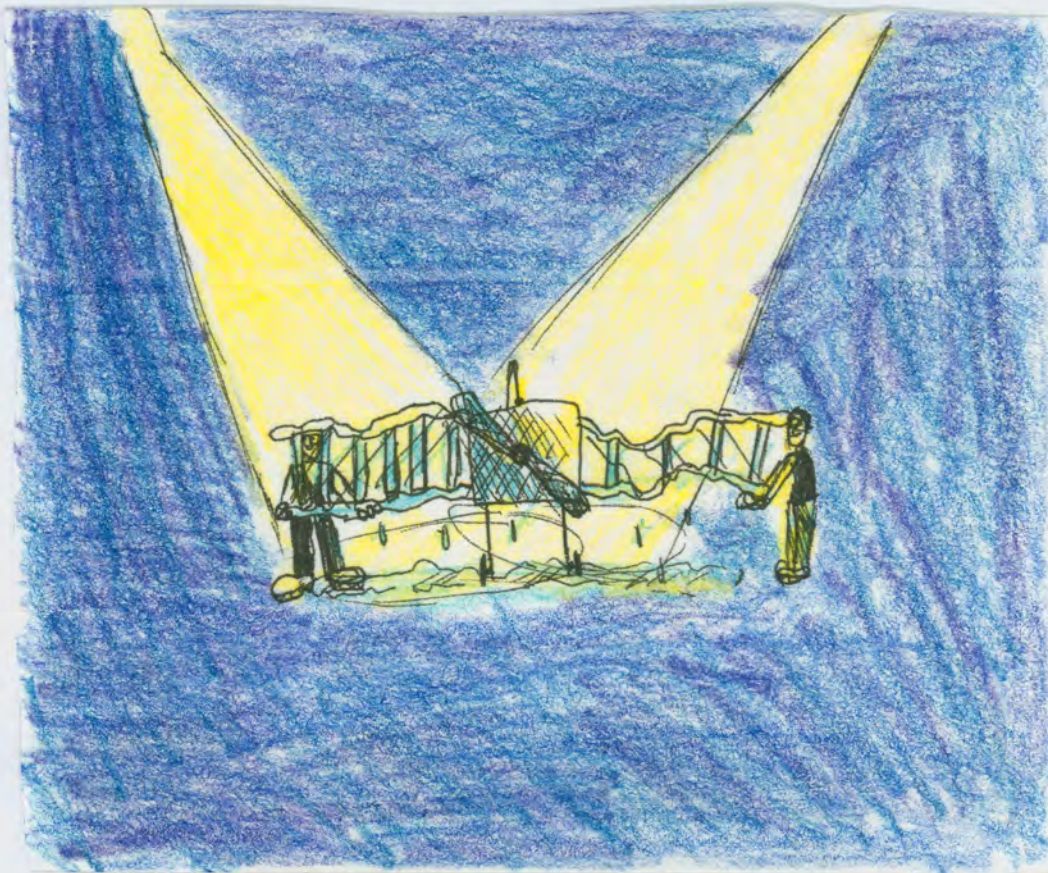
Every once in a while, say, twice a year, my uncle (on my dad's side of the family) used to stop by our house because he was driving his truck nearby. He used to ship things from one place to another. It was very seldom that he stopped nearby. A reason that he visited us was he got lonely riding such far distances, and he needed to eat something better than what he got at the truck places. The times that he came to visit were fun. He wrote goofy songs and brought the tapes over to us. I think that I got my musical talent from that side of the family. I like to write songs on the MIDI orchestrator on my computer. Uncle Bill sometimes parked his truck in our driveway. I would stay outside playing around his truck for a while. All of the neighbor kids would come over and run around his truck. We played tag and other things by it until it got dark. It seemed so big. Once I finally went inside, we listened to his tapes. He is kind of a quiet person, so he chuckled quietly as we listened to the tapes. I like his tapes and dad has them stashed somewhere. Dad sometimes wrote songs with him. Dad, Bill, and his brothers wrote songs together all of the time when they were younger. Now Dad (the oldest son in his family) is over the hill, and his brothers are getting old, too. But dad still has plans of recording songs that he wrote and Bill is still doing it. He doesn't drive his truck by our house any more. But we still get E-mails from him. And on top of that, we E-mail him back. We see him at family gatherings every once in a while. And we still get tapes from him.





## Road Show

I remember last year when I went to road show practice for the first time. That was the time when we all tried out for parts. Nobody wanted a talking part. I thought about it, but I didn't try out. I ended up being Wilber Wright, and had to help build the biplane. It was hard work. We had to cut the pipes for the skeleton for it. We had to glue giant cardboard pieces on the flimsy frame. We had to cut the tail. I got a sunburn from working in the sun so much. It hurt for weeks. The whole thing was held together with strings and glue. But the hardest part, really was working with Bob Anderson. He's an old artist that is kind of weird. An example of how weird he is is he built a styrofoam boat and is planning to sail around the world in it. After finally having the biplane built, we all worked hard at practice every week. We soon had the whole thing memorized. It looked like it was all going to pay off. Then the night before the road show, it rained. Bob had left it outside. Bob didn't even know himself, until he went outside to bring it there. It was a disaster. We all panicked. We were up next. When we got on, and it was finally my act, I ended up holding it up so that it didn't fall apart. We made it through the road show without any more problems, and all of the other acts were great. After the road show, they got a video of it, but I never got to see it. We weren't able to go to the party. I wish I had. It would really have been really fun, I'm sure.





## Scout Camp

Jordan James

Period 7

I like scout camps. I've gone on several of them. But there was one scout camp that I enjoyed more than the rest. That was when we went to the Jerico Sand Dunes. Even though it took so long that it was dark by the time we got there, (therefore making it quite hard to set up the tents) we had lots of fun before it was time to go to bed. (On scout camps, the bed time really is quite different, by several hours.)

After finally setting up the tents, and without any of them falling down that time, we went and played capture the flag. This game, when you have enough space, (say several miles around) requires lots of skill. (and the fact that we got there after it was dark, therefore leaving us without much knowledge of the area.) This made it so that we won the games, about 11 times, before the opposing team won us. The reason that we won so much, I think, was because everyone on my team were geniuses. (including myself, of course.)

We kept on finding ways to their side that they never would have imagined were there. We had great fun. The next morning, after a much needed sleep, we found that someone had put George's tent down while he had slept, and he didn't even know until he woke up.

The breakfast wasn't really that great, however, because of all the sand



(and also because it was Kevin who was cooking). So we suffered through it, and went exploring. I almost got ran over by a four- wheeler that came out of nowhere, and Adam almost got hit with a rocket; it's parachute failed to come out.( we later learned that the people who shot it up were unable to find it, and neither were we again)

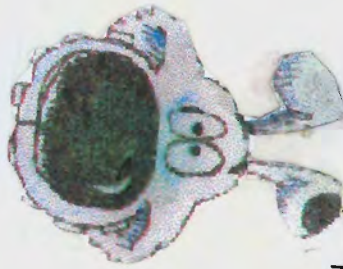
The last thing that happened was we all got buried in the sand, and no one unburied george, as a joke, and we almost left without him.(Then Kevin confessed that we had left him buried, and we all got told off)



THE LIFE  
OF THE  
FAMOUS



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Great! I love your pictures  
They're great!

English 8

Name Jordan James

Period 7

Date due Jan 9, 2001

Autobiography

50 ← Title  
50 ← Table of Contents

1250=A

1425 A

900=B

650=C

600=D

50  
500  
175  
250  
450  
1425

Section I — "C" level Maximum 650 Points

Required

6 Memories of your life — rough draft essays (300+ words) typed. 300pts.

500 2 of the above essays completed as final drafts written following the hamburger model. Must be edited final draft. 200 pts.

Choose three or a total of 150 points 175

1. Compose an "I Am" poem according to guidelines. 50 pts
- 50 2. Compose an "Acrostic" name poem using your full name and a phrase describing you for each letter. 50 pts
3. Write a "Dedication" poem dedicating your autobiography to someone you admire using the poem guidelines or a variation thereof. 50 pts
- 25 4. Draw pictures or design photo pages to accompany two of your memories. Artistic content counts. 25 pts each ✓ 4x
- 50 5. Interview one of your parents or a grandparent about his/her life. Make a list of interesting open-ended questions that will allow your interviewee to tell what it was like when he/she was growing up. 50 pts
- 50 6. Research and fill out a Family Tree of your choice. You must go back as far as your great grandparents. 50 pts

Section II "B" level Maximum 900 pts

Required

Complete "C" level 650 pts

And

150 1 more memory rough draft (300+words) 50 pts.

Complete 1 more essay as a final draft— follow the hamburger model. Must be edited, final draft. 100 pts

Choose two of the following for 100 pts. 100

Road Show 250

Go to Work

Room  
Golden Valley



1. Compose a 20 line "These Have I Loved" poem. 50 pts
2. Fill out a Family Tree of your choice, and find out about an ancestor of yours. Write a short three-paragraph essay explaining how you are like him/her. 50 pts
- 50 3. Discover what your name means and draw a coat of arms based on the meaning of your name and those things that you value. 50 pts
4. Design a plaque to be presented to you upon retirement telling all you have accomplished and your contributions to society. 50 pts
5. Write a character essay for a friend based on his or her name, what it means, and what you know about him/her. 50 pts.
- 50 6. Draw pictures or design photo pages to accompany two of your memories. Artistic content counts. 25pts. each ✓✓

2x

**Section III "A" level Minimum 1250 pts**

**Required**

Complete "B" level— 900 pts

And

150

1 more memory rough draft (300+words) 50 pts.

Complete 1 more essay as a **final draft**— follow the hamburger model. Must be edited, final draft. 100 pts

*Soot Camp*

450

*Broken Arm*

**Choose two of the following— 200 points**

1. Research and determine what profession you will choose and explain why. What kind of difference will you make in the world and what will be your contributions to society? 100 pts.
- 100 2. Using Marva Collins's "Creed," Shakespeare's advice from Polonius to his son Laertes, from "Hamlet," or Kipling's poem "If" as a guide write a creed of your own explaining what motivates you and what you stand for. 100 pts.
- 100 3. Write a "Two-voice" poem comparing or contrasting yourself with a famous person in history. 100 pts.
- 100 4. Write a celebration essay or letter of appreciation to someone who has been a strong influence in your life using Anaya's essay as a guide. 100 pts.
5. Using Cynthia Rylant's book *When I was Young in the Mountains* write your own "When I was Young ..." story. Include photos, drawings, or pictures from magazines. Final draft must be edited. 100 pts.
6. Compose a song about your life and record it on a cassette. It must be a minimum of three minutes long. Submit printed lyrics as well as tape. 100 pts.
7. Write a 6 to 10 minute skit based on one of your memories and direct it using kids the age you were when the memory took place. Use props, costumes, etc. as needed and video tape it. Submit a copy of the script as well as the videotape. 100 pts.
- 100 8. Draw pictures or design photo pages to accompany four of your memories. Artistic content counts. 25 pts. each ✓✓✓

100

*100 Clever!*

2x