**Instructions:** The song *I've Got a Name* tells the story of a person heading down “life’s road” with three important pieces of personal property at his side: a name, a song, and a dream.

Inspired by the song, these students created their own “Quest Item Poems,” which are shared here. Compare each student poem below to the original song, and then compare the poems to one another.

If you were to write your own “Quest Item Poem,” which student sample inspires you the most?

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### My Story
by John M., seventh grade writer

Life is like a story  
You never know  
What will be written next.

I carry my love  
As deep as the sea  
Never ending  
Always holding my hand  
To assure me of things not known  
Subsiding love, subsiding love.

I carry my pride  
As tall as the clouds  
Riding above buildings  
Holding me back  
When I seem to be in trouble  
Helpful pride, helpful pride.

I carry my curiosity  
As full as a story  
Brimmed to the edges with ideas  
Running by my side  
Asking me questions as we go  
Quick curiosity, quick curiosity.

My journey is ending  
My time is near  
And I will go with no fear.  
I have my weapons, my holy grails,  
No one but me will care  
When and if I fail.

### My Clown Shoes & Wings
by Danielle R., seventh grade writer

I’m wearin’ these clown shoes  
As I shuffle down the road,  
Laughing and dancing  
To lighten my load.

No matter the brambles  
That block my path,  
I have the confidence  
To give a hearty laugh.

I know my clown shoes will see me  
Safely to my dreams  
Because nothing, you know,  
Is really what it seems.

Maybe some day  
I will trade my clown shoes in  
For wings to fly back  
Over where I’ve been.

Then maybe I’ll rest and  
Think for a while  
And get some new clown shoes  
And dance with a smile!
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**My Path**  
by Truman C., seventh grade writer

Like the melody soaring in my mind  
I have music, I have music  
Like the creativity passing through time  
I have music, I have music  
Traveling across this rocky road  
I find the path my friend once took  
Lookin’ down this path I take  
I move with pride

And I will make it.

Like the glory in my sight  
I walk down my path  
Like the widow of the night  
I walk down my path  
And I carry with me my dream  
To start anew and come our clean  
I move with pride

And I will make it.

And I’m goin’ to find my opportunity  
Like what my dad had taught me  
I have a future  
People tell me I can’t make it  
But let them be  
I have a future  
I’m givin’ it my best and will make history  
Now it’s time for that test  
I’m goin’ to give it my very best  
I move with pride

And I will make it.

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**The Journey**  
by Olivia E., seventh grade writer

Going towards the end  
But it starts at the beginning.  
What would you bring with you?  
Well, here is what I am bringing.

What do you need to get that passing grade?  
You need knowledge to get that A.  
Carry your knowledge as a necklace.  
That will get you all of the way.  
Skipping down the freeway,  
Driving down the highway,  
Going so fast I think I can fly.

What makes you laugh?  
Is it a big funny clown?  
Whatever it is, you need happiness in your sock  
So you will never be down.  
Skipping down the freeway,  
Driving down the highway,  
Going so fast I think I can fly.

Getting one place to another,  
You will need your determination.  
You need it in your back pocket  
So you can get to your location.  
Skipping down the freeway,  
Driving down the highway,  
Going so fast I think I can fly.

So you can get to your place  
With a happy, determined and smart smile on your face.
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### Make My Own
by Shari S., seventh grade writer

If you were like me then you would know  
I travel life in a world unknown.  
I got a paved road that I don’t take.  
Instead I take my tractor  
And make my own.

I search for my soul and who I am  
In a dark cave with a flashlight in hand.  
I got my integrity to carry with me.  
I’m someone you can trust  
And someone you can see.

I help myself to my pride deep inside.  
It may be hid, but not for long.  
I will find it and I will ride it all night long.  
In the dark it lies  
But in the light it flies.

I find my knowledge and use it for good.  
I won’t hesitate to use it great.  
To decide my fate  
I’ll use it when it comes.  
I can wait.

If you are like me  
You can see  
I am in a world unknown.  
I will make my own.

### My Own
by Nicole A., seventh grade writer

Again I find myself  
on my own little forgotten path,  
dragging my dreary legs,  
and pushing my broken body  
to search for my lost soul.

My will, soaked with tears and blood,  
toppling down to jump back up,  
and reaching far above,  
to cure my confusion  
and bring me to mind.

My sins, smiling brightly into the night,  
the moon’s ghostly rays,  
to show sharp teeth,  
dark morbid eyes,  
and pain written across me,  
while a smile dances on my face.

My sense of wonder, dancing among the  
stars,  
stealing my shattered heart,  
and stabbing my clouded mind,  
traveling so far with words alone,  
and going on though so cold.

Fear will grip inside me,  
And my past will break me down,  
And I smile at the pain.  
A lost soul must be found.