

	Developing towards the Grade Level Expectation	Approaching the Grade Level Expectation	Meeting the Grade Level Expectation	Exceeding the Grade Level Expectation
<p>IDEAS The heart of the message, the content of the piece, the main theme, with details that enrich and develop that theme.</p> <p>Key Question: Did the writer stay focused and share original and fresh information or perspective about the topic?</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> lacks a central idea does not address the topic lacks detail confusing 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> emerging central idea some connection to the topic some appropriate details included raises some unanswered questions 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> main idea is clear directly addresses the topic relevant and appropriate details engages the reader 	<p>The development of ideas goes beyond grade level expectations.</p> <p>Examples include:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> original ideas ideas that demonstrate a maturity or sophistication beyond the grade level use of innovative details
<p>ORGANIZATION The internal structure, the thread of central meaning, the logical and sometimes intriguing pattern of the ideas.</p> <p>Key Question: Does the organizational structure enhance the ideas and make it easier to understand?</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> lacks a recognizable introduction connections between ideas are confusing sequencing is ineffective contains little or no evidence of paragraphing problems with organization make the text difficult to follow 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> paper has a recognizable introduction paper has a recognizable conclusion makes an attempt to use transitions uses a logical approach to sequencing structure is present but not appropriate for purpose and audience paragraphing is attempted 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> has an effective introduction has an effective conclusion uses effective transitions sequencing is logical structure is appropriate for purpose and audience paragraphing is effective 	<p>The organization of the paper goes beyond grade level expectations.</p> <p>Examples include:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> an inviting introduction draws the reader in; a satisfying conclusion that leaves the reader with a sense of closure and resolution. thoughtful transitions connect ideas sequencing is logical and effective
<p>VOICE The unique perspective of the writer is evident in the piece through the use of compelling ideas, engaging language, and revealing details.</p> <p>Key question: Would you keep reading this piece if it were longer?</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> perspective of the writer is lacking voice <ul style="list-style-type: none"> does not engage the audience is inappropriate to purpose and audience is lacking throughout the text 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> perspective of the writer is sometimes evident voice <ul style="list-style-type: none"> somewhat engages the audience attempts to suit purpose and audience is at times evident in the text 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> perspective of the writer is evident voice <ul style="list-style-type: none"> effectively engages the audience is appropriate to purpose and audience is sustained throughout the text 	<p>Voice in the paper goes beyond grade level expectations.</p> <p>Examples include:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> voice is consistently compelling voice is unique voice moves the reader
<p>WORD CHOICE The use of rich, colorful, precise language that moves and enlightens the reader.</p> <p>Key Question: Do the words and phrases create vivid pictures and linger in your mind?</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> words are nonspecific or distracting. limited range of word choice 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> repetitive use of words and phrases. words sometimes used inappropriately. words are adequate but basic 	<p>word choice is:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> specific accurate effective <p>word choice enhances and clarifies meaning</p>	<p>Word choice goes beyond grade level expectations.</p> <p>Examples include:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> play on words use of foreign phrases (appropriate) creative choice of words
<p>SENTENCE FLUENCY: The rhythm, flow and sound of language.</p> <p>Key Question: Can you FEEL the words and phrases flow together as you read it aloud?</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> constructed poorly contains choppy, incomplete, rambling, or awkward sentences sentences begin the same way phrasing is awkward 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> sentence construction usually correct - some sentence fragments sentence beginnings have limited variety some variety of sentence length and structure. writing is mostly fluent 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> sentences are well constructed and appropriate to the genre contains a variety of sentence length and structure contains a variety of sentence beginnings writing flows smoothly 	<p>Sentence fluency goes beyond grade level expectations.</p> <p>Examples include:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> variety of creative beginnings variety of sentence used for effect
<p>CONVENTIONS: The mechanical correctness of the piece: spelling, grammar and usage, paragraphing, use of capitals, and punctuation.</p> <p>Key Question: How much editing would have to be done to be ready to share with an outside source?</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> spelling errors are frequent punctuation missing or incorrect capitalization is inconsistent errors in grammar or usage impact the meaning paragraphing is missing 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> spelling is mostly correct punctuation is mostly accurate proper nouns and "I" are capitalized tense is mostly consistent subjects and verbs generally agree problems with grammar and usage do not impact meaning paragraphing is inconsistent 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> spelling is correct punctuation is accurate capitalization is accurate tense is correct subject and verb agreement correct paragraphs are indented correctly 	<p>Use of conventions goes beyond grade level expectations.</p> <p>Examples include:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> pronouns and antecedents agree manipulates conventions for stylistic effect

Summer School

Andover's campus is the biggest campus I have ever seen. I was mesmerized by the way each building was decorated, from little designs on the side and on the windows, to statues standing near the door like guarding it. After registration, my family and I went to buy some of the essentials, fan, notebooks, binder, snacks, more snacks, and even more snacks. After driving all over Andover buying lamps and fans, we headed back to the dorms.

"So kids," my mother said, "which dorm should we go to first?" she asked.

"MINE!" I shouted.

"Sure why not," my brother replied.

fragment As the car pulled to a stop near Bancroft Hall, which was my dorm. I got off and dragged my pink suitcase up the stairs, to room 11, *2nd?* second floor. As I was dragging my suitcase up the stairs, I looked at my dad and mom for some help, but they just ignored me. My arm muscle ached as I dragged it up the last flight of stairs, *OK* finally we got the second floor. I *upstairs* dragged my suitcase to room 11, *BI* and opened the door a foul smell hit me right in the face, *OK* it was also very hot a stuffy in the room. As soon as we walked in to the dorm, my parents helped unpack and wipe the tables and the dresser, *OK* made my bed all by myself...maybe my mom helped me but still I made my own bed. I got all my clothes out of the suitcase and organized them, and my lazy old brother just sitting there watching us. Finally, it was the time I dreaded, the time where I had to say goodbye to my parents. I promised myself that I wouldn't cry. I walked down the stairs and out the front door. I stood still and watched, my eyes started to water, and one small tear drop fell, it hit the pavement followed by many more.

"Sophie, is the sun in your eyes?" my brother joked.

My parents started to laugh, I finally realized that I am really going to miss them, even my annoying brother.

Tears streaming down my face as I waved to them, *was* I am truly going to miss my parents. I as soon as the car was out of sight, I walked back to the dorm, and cried. My face was red and wet, I have been crying for quite some time. I decided to go to the bathroom and clean up. As I walked into the bathroom a girl was there staring at me.

talker Ohno! I thought, *change in tense* she thinks I am a cry baby, she probably didn't even cry when her parents left. I walked to the sink next to her and washed my face, as I was walking out I glared at her showing her that I didn't care what she thought of me. I walked back into the room and

Summer School

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books, binder, snacks, more snacks, and even more snacks. ^{After buying the essentials} We were on our way back to-
the campus. ~~we headed back to the dorms.~~

"So kids," my mother said, "which dorm should we ^{to} go to first?" she asked.

"MINE!" I shouted.

"Sure why not" my borther replied.

As the car pulled to a stop near Bancroft Hall, which was my dorm. ~~I~~ ^I got off and dragged my pink suitcase up the stairs. I looked at the paper and said second floor room number 11. As I was dragging my suitcase up the stair, I looked at my dad and mom for some help, ~~but~~ they just ignored me. This is the most intense workout I have ever had (Please don't judge me, I don't have any muscle is my arm). Finally ~~we got the second floor, I dragged my suitcase to room 11,~~ ^{and} I opened the door and this foul smell hit me right in the face, ~~it was also very hot and stuffy in the room. Looked around, it was a fine room.~~ ^{and} I thought. ~~As soon as I finished looking around,~~ ^{my} parents got to work helping me unpack we wipped the tabes and the dresser, I made my bed all by myself...maybe my mom helped me but still I made my own bed. I got all my clothes out of the suitcase and organized them, and my lazy old brother we jsut sitting there watching us. Finally it was the time I dreaded, the time where I had to say goodbye to my parents. I promised myself they I wouldn't cry. I walked the down the the stairs and out the ^{front} door. I stood still and watched, my eyes started to water, and one small tear drop fell, it hit the pavement.

"Sophie, is the sun in your eyes," my brother joked.

My parents started ot laugh, I finally realized that I am really going to miss them.

I started to cry as they got onto the car I kept on waving, until they left. I walked back into the dorm, and cried. My face was red, wet and puffy, I have been crying for quite some time. I decided to go to the bathroom and clean up, ^{and I stared back} as I walked into the bathroom a girl was there she stared ^{at me} for a long time.

O no I thought, she thinks I am a cry baby, she probably didn't even cry when her parents left. I walked to the sink next to her and washed my face, as I was walking out I glared at her showing her that I didn't care what she thought of me. I walked back into the room and started to organize some of the plugs I need ^{to} use, then there was nock. ~~I didn't know who it was.~~ I slowly walked to the door ^{and} opened it, and there was the same girl.

Summer School

Comma splices.

Andover's campus is the biggest campus I have ever seen, I was mesmerized when I first saw the campus. My family and I went to buy some of the the essentials, fan, notebooks, binder, snack, more snacks, and even more snacks. After buying the essential, we headed back to the dorms.

"So kids," my mother said, "which dorm should we go to first?" she asked.

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correct punctuation?

As the car pulled to a stop near Bancroft Hall, which was my dorm. I got off and dragged my pink suitcase up the stairs. I looked at the paper and said second floor room number 11. As I was dragging my suitcase up the stair, I looked at my dad and mom for some help, but they just ignored me. This is the most intense workout I have ever had (Please don't judge me, I don't have any muscle is my arm). Finally we got the second floor, I dragged my suitcase to room 11, and opened the door and this foul smell hit me right in the face, it was also very hot a stuffy in the room. Parents got to work helping me unpack we wipped the tabs and the dresser, I made my bed all by myself...maybe my mom helped me but still I made my own bed. I got all my clothes out of the suitcase and organized them, and my lazy old brother we jsut sitting there watching us. Finally it was the time I dreaded, the time where I had to say goodbye to my parents. I promised myself they I wouldn't cry. I walked the down the the stairs and out the front door. I stood still and watched, my eyes started to water, and one small tear drop fell, it hit the pavement.

"Sophie, is the sun in your eyes," my brother joked.

Make sure to re-read your work.

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I started to cry as they got onto the car I kept on waving, until they left. I walked back into the dorm, and cried. My face was red, wet and puffy, I have been crying for quite some time. I decided to go to the bathroom and clean up. As I walked into the bathroom a girl was there she stared and I stared back.

O no I thought, she thinks I am a cry baby, she probably didn't even cry when her parents left. I walked to the sink next to her and washed my face, as I was walking out I glared at her showing her that I didn't care what she thought of me. I walked back into the room and started to organize some of the plugs I need to use, then there was nock, I slowly walked to the door and opened it, and there was the same girl.

Spelling?

*nic
dad
ok of
why
an you
how?
more?*

Personal Narrative Planner

The personal narrative is about: My personal narrative is about the first day of summer school. Some of the emotions I experienced: Sad, happy, anger, love, loneliness

The main characters were: Sophie (me), Elea, Charlotte, Mom, Dad Some words to describe my/their personality are: Nice, friendly, shy, caring,

Introduction, background, setting I just got to Andover for summer school, my parents and I just finished buying everything Wenbo and I needed. I told my parents to go to my dorm first so I wouldn't be the last to say goodbye to my parents. Andover is a very big school, they gave us maps of the school so we wouldn't get lost.

Event 3: We started to walk to walk wanting to find the cafeteria, trying to follow the map but we couldn't figure out where the cafeteria was, and ended up getting lost, we walked longer and longer and didn't seem to get anywhere so we went to ask anyone if they knew where the cafeteria was and finally after walking for ages we got to the cafeteria and when I went in I saw my parents with my brother

Event 2: When I saw her all happy with her parents, it made me remember my own parents and then my eyes started to water, I went back down and cried some more. A girl walked into the bathroom, and was staring at me, I glared at her and left the bathroom thinking she was judging me. I went back in to my room and stayed there, there was a knock on the door and it was the girl she asked if I was okay. and I said I was fine.

Event 1: I was unpacking everything, my parents are helping me unpack some of my stuff. I was dreading the time where I had to say goodbye to them. But I had to because they had to help my brother set up his dorm. I walked with them out of my hall and said good bye, tears streamed down my face, as I said goodbye. I went into the stalls and cried my heart out. I washed my face and went up to look for Charlotte. → Who is?

This is the final thing that happened: I ran to them and introduced Elea we ate with my parents and played truth or dare and in the process of playing truth or dare we met someone new. Who? your brother?

The thing that I learned was? (purpose): I learned that I shouldn't judge someone and that I shouldn't care what people thought of me because I did care when she saw me crying and I glared at her showing her purpose

Some examples of sensory detail that you will use: A tear drop rolled down my face as it landed on the floor. I waved as my parents walked to the care, I kept waving until they couldn't see me anymore

What was the moment are you going to 'explode'? The moment that is going to explode would be the part where I was in the bathroom crying and she saw me. I thought she would judge me but she didn't.