

	Developing the Grade Level Expectation	Approaching the Grade Level Expectation	Meeting the Grade Level Expectation	Exceeding the Grade Level Expectation
<b>IDEAS:</b> the central message supported by enriching detail	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>main idea is unclear</li> <li>limited or confusing detail</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>emerging central idea</li> <li>some connection to the topic</li> <li>some appropriate details included</li> <li>leaves some unanswered questions</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>main idea is clear</li> <li>directly addresses the topic</li> <li>relevant and appropriate details</li> <li>engages the reader</li> </ul>	Development of ideas is original and innovative, demonstrating maturity and sophistication beyond the grade level expectation.
<b>ORGANIZATION:</b> the internal structure, the thread of central meaning	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>problems with organization make the text difficult to follow</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>has a recognizable introduction</li> <li>has a recognizable conclusion</li> <li>makes an attempt to use transitions</li> <li>paragraphing is effective at times</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>has an effective introduction</li> <li>has an effective conclusion</li> <li>uses effective transitions</li> <li>sequencing is logical</li> <li>paragraphing is consistently effective</li> </ul>	Organization demonstrates a maturity or sophistication beyond the grade level expectation.
<b>VOICE:</b> the unique perspective and style of the writer	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>voice is limited</li> <li>voice suits purpose and audience at times</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>voice is mostly engaging</li> <li>voice mostly suits purpose and audience</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>voice is consistently engaging</li> <li>voice is appropriate to purpose and audience</li> <li>voice is sustained throughout the text</li> </ul>	Voice is consistently compelling, original, and moving, demonstrating maturity and sophistication beyond the grade level expectation.
<b>WORD CHOICE,</b> precise and vivid language that moves and engages the reader	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>word choice is limited</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>repetitive use of words and phrases</li> <li>words sometimes used inappropriately</li> <li>words are adequate but basic</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>word choice enhances and clarifies meaning and is consistently:</li> <li>precise</li> <li>accurate</li> <li>effective</li> </ul>	Word choice demonstrates maturity and sophistication beyond the grade level expectation.
<b>SENTENCE FLUENCY:</b> the rhythm, flow and sound of language	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>errors in sentence construction impair fluency</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>sentences are usually effective and:</li> <li>are mostly well constructed</li> <li>include some variety in length, structure, and beginnings</li> <li>are mostly fluent</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>sentences are consistently effective and:</li> <li>are well constructed</li> <li>vary in length and structure</li> <li>begin in a variety of ways</li> <li>flow smoothly</li> </ul>	Sentence fluency demonstrates maturity and sophistication beyond the grade level expectation.
<b>CONVENTIONS:</b> the mechanical correctness of the piece	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>errors in conventions distract the reader and make the text difficult to follow</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>conventions are mostly correct, including:</li> <li>grammar/usage</li> <li>spelling</li> <li>punctuation</li> <li>paragraphing/formatting</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>conventions are consistently correct, including:</li> <li>grammar/usage</li> <li>spelling</li> <li>punctuation</li> <li>paragraphing/formatting</li> </ul>	Use of conventions demonstrates maturity and sophistication beyond the grade level expectation.



# FORMATIVE SEEDFOLKS WRITING

## CHECKLIST

### SELF AND BUDDY

Name:

Buddy:

Core:

CHECKLIST	MY THOUGHTS AND SUGGESTIONS	BUDDY THOUGHTS AND SUGGESTIONS
Add sensory detail: touch, sight, sound, smell, or maybe taste. DO NOT WRITE: I could hear, I could smell, I could see etc. Be clever! Weave it in! Sometimes you simply need a powerful adjective or verb.	there are a few places were I can definitely do this. especially in the second paragraphs	✓
What is their purpose in the garden? How do they or the garden benefit?	to water and tend to their plants	✓
Active voice sentences?	not too many	kind of
Sentence beginnings and sentence lengths.	most are long, unlike FLEishman.	x
Vivid Word Choice?	In some places	✓
Spelling and conventions	Some spelling mistakes they have been correct	✓

# FORMATIVE SEEDFOLKS WRITING

## CHECKLIST

### SELF AND BUDDY

Name: Keelin McWhidag

Buddy:

Core: A

CHECKLIST	MY THOUGHTS AND SUGGESTIONS	BUDDY THOUGHTS AND SUGGESTIONS
Read it aloud with expression. Mark what needs to be fixed.	a few mistakes, needs some more describing words.	✓
Is there an <b>engaging</b> hook?	<del>absolutely</del> yes, I think so.	✓
Put a star * next to each of the events that have taken place. Are they correctly paragraphed? Are they clear and coherent?	✓ The first paragraph could become two	✓
Are the characters thoughts in italics?	yes, but there aren't too many thoughts	✓
How is the character speaking and interacting with other characters?	she doesn't and she runs from Kim. she only waves "hi"	she does not talk much
Which characters do you interact with from "Seedfolks"?	Anna and Kim	✓
Are the characters actions and body language clear to the reader?	at some points	✓
What does your character look like? Nationality? Clothing?	no. I need to add more descriptive words to explain	X
Snapshot/thoughtshot and dialogue - is there a good balance throughout the piece?	no. there is a lot at the beginning but not the end.	X
Command F and look for the word 'felt'. This is showing. Don't show me. Tell me! Put me there! E.g. Instead of saying, 'I felt scared', think of a more engaging way to show this to your audience.	I didn't have many 'felt' words. Only when it was necessary. but I can change them	she showed a lot but there is a couple parts that she told

I should interact more because she barely does



# Mrs. Jones

Keelin McNicholas

Core A

I was hurrying down the sidewalk. The moon was sparkling over my head, and the town was quiet. I flicked up my old, wrinkled wrist. 11:06 on my watch. I couldn't wait to jump in my bed with my little cat, Wasabi. It had been a long day at work. Yeah, I work. This old 67 year old woman, she works. At a hair salon. But I have to work. Otherwise, I wouldn't be able to pay my rent. Or buy food. Or do anything in fact. The saloon can be interesting though. There was this crazy talkative woman that came into the shop today. "Who's going to cut my hair?" She asks. And all eyes look at me. Well, when you work somewhere for over 40 years, you're kind of expected to be the best.

Well, at least she was from out of town. I wasn't really listening but somewhere in her babbling she mentioned North Carolina. I passed the town garden, and my face turned curious. Someday, I was going to plant a tree. An apple tree. They were my mothers favorite. But she passed away with my father long ago. Just after that jerk Thomas Henson left me. A forever marriage. Yeah, that's right. I made my way up the six flights of stairs. My old body almost failing to carry me. But somehow, I made it every day.

My blue eyes fluttered open. I yawned a mighty yawn, and let out a small groan. Good thing nobody was there to hear it. I dragged my body out of my bed, and tried to make my way to the kitchen, where my little kitty Wasabi was waiting patiently. I stared at myself in the reflection of the fridge, my hand resting carefully on the door. My dark skin, sunken eyes and large body figure stared back. 6 AM was much to early for me. I had eaten a leisurely breakfast consisting of heavenly smelling eggs and white toast when

a bit repetitive

vocab?

Great intro.

A mighty yawn escaped me and...

6x in the morning

What is the excitement about Kim?

I had a brilliant idea. I could plant my seeds this morning, and maybe Kim would be there! Ana had told me that she came every morning and night, at around 7:00 AM and PM, so I could make it! I checked my watch, 6:43 perfect. I got ready faster than a bullet hits a man, and rushed out the door. I made it down the stairs, keeping my eyes on the floor. I got to the very bottom of the large building to find Anna checking the mail. "Oh Luella! Isn't it a pleasant morning?" she questioned with a smile. "Why certainly, but I mustn't get caught up! I have places to be and people to see!" I yelled as I pushed open the large red door. The seeds nearly flew out of the tin watering can as I rounded the corner to the water barrels. Some kind people set it up, and even added funnels to pour! I quickly got my water, remembering to turn off the tap when I was finished, and made my way to the garden.

new speaker new line.

watch your fences

Kim showed up about 15 minutes after I did. Watering can in hand. She made her way through the millions of gardens, and stopped when it came to hers. I watched her like a hawk, carefully and without a sound. She watered each and every one of those little beans. I had already watered my sprouting tree, and was ready to talk to Kim. I strolled over, and smile when I was within eye reach. She spun around protectively, just like any other smart human living in the bad side of Cleveland. I tired to start conversation,

"Hi." i greeted.


"Um, Hi?" She cautiously replied back.

"Your beans look amazing. I must ask what you do to make the grow so nicely."

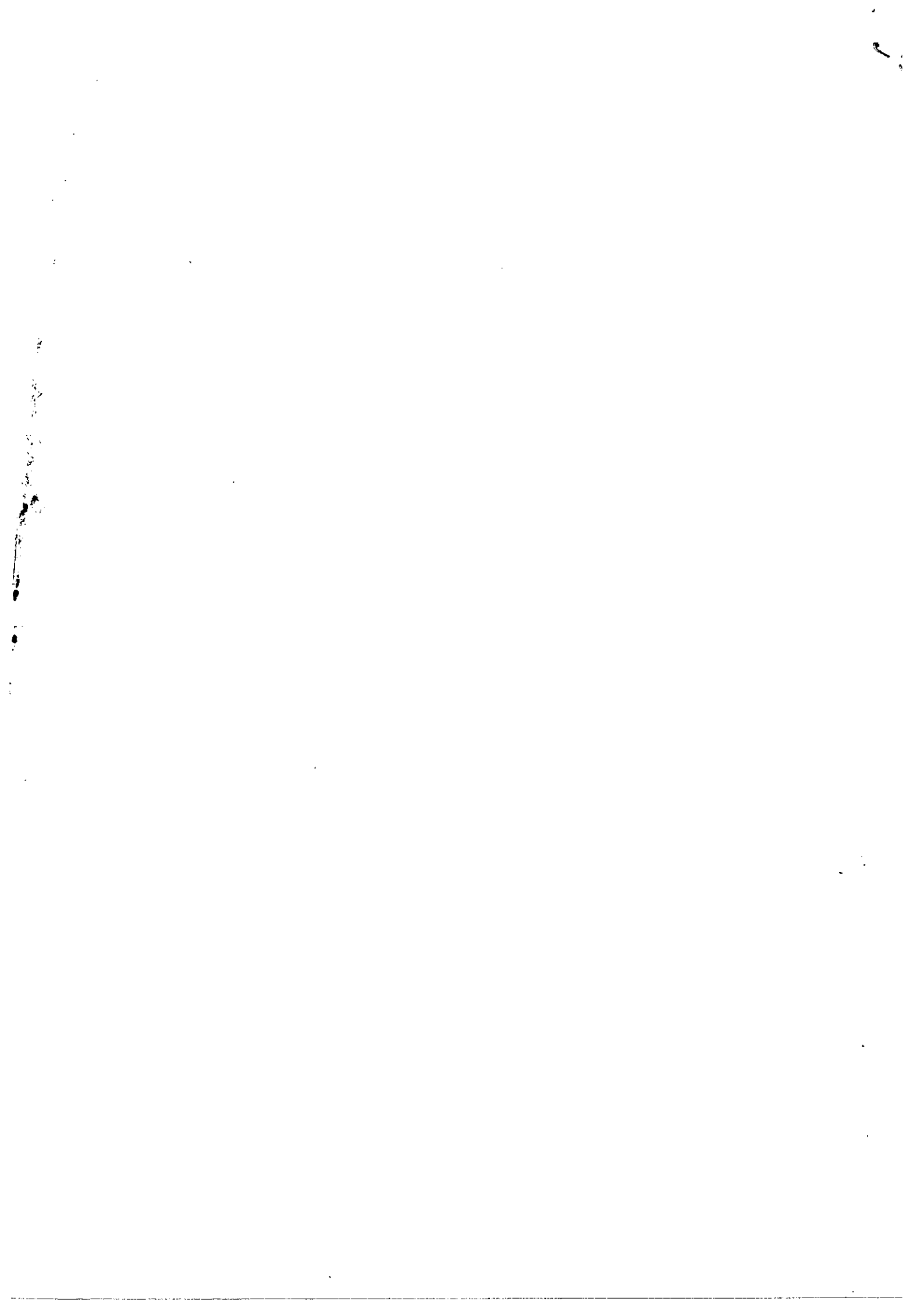
"Well, fertilizer I guess. Nothing too special. I think I planted them at the wrong time though. They still look alright." She answered.

"What fertilizer do you use? Im hoping my tree here will turn out just as amazing."

Thoughtshots?




“Bensons. But I have to go. I’ll be late for school. Bye!” She smiled, and I have never felt more accomplished. I’d helped our community by making peace with someone. A small act, but it makes a big difference.





quotation marks?

<p>Physical Appearance/Body Language: He is a small boy, and he tried to steal Mrs. Jones, a large woman on page 195. This shows us that he is determined and isn't afraid of anyone. A normal boy would probably not target a large woman like Mrs. Jones, and instead go for a small woman. This showed us how much he really wanted the blue suede shoes.</p>	<p>What does this show us about him?</p>
<p>List 3 traits describing Roger: Desperate ✓ Understanding ✓ Sneaky ✓</p>	

type in  
future

Keelin M.

Core  
rate?

A Ms. Bevear

比維亞



### Thank You, M'am by Langston Hughes

What can you tell about Mrs. Jones and Roger from their actions, language, thoughts, and physical appearance? **PEE!** Make a **point**, **explain** it, and give **evidence!** (Quote)

#### Mrs. Jones

**Actions:** What does she do?  
She kicks Roger in the behind. This shows us that she is afraid of hurting people to teach them a lesson. *quote?*

What does this show us about her?

**Language:** What does she say? How does she say it?  
She says, "Was I bothering you when I turned that corner?" Says Mrs. Jones on page 196. When she said the it showed us that she is not someone to be messed with and that she is straightforward and doesn't let people get in her way.

What does this show us about her?

**Thoughts:** Do we know what she's thinking?  
I would infer that she's thinking something about Roger not being taught how to act and what not to do. I think this shows that she knows how to raise kids better or more effectively than Rodgers parents. *evidence?*

What does this show us about her?

**Physical Appearance/Body Language**  
In the book it tells us that Mrs. Rodgers is a large person, and this shows us that she probably has a big personality to go along with it. *evidence?*

What does this show us about her?

#### List 3 traits describing Mrs. Jones:

- Harsh ✓
- Strict ✓
- Generous ✓

#### Roger

**Actions:** What does he do?  
Roger tries to steal Mrs. Jones' purse. This shows us that he is desperate and doesn't know that you have to work for money and possessions, and that he probably doesn't have much money in his family. *Quote?*

What does this show us about him?

**Language:** What does he say? How does he say it?  
He says that "There's nobody home at my house." (Pg. 197) Which shows that either he doesn't have parents, or that they are never home. This is probably why he doesn't know right from wrong. This shows us that all he needs is a little bit of common knowledge to learn to be an acceptable person and not a thief. ✓

What does this show us about him?

**Thoughts:** Do we know what he's thinking?  
I infer that he was thinking something like 'Why is this lady helping me and giving me money' because he hadn't been kind to her and she was pretty mad when he tried to steal her purse. This shows us that he is understanding and knows what he really deserves. *Quote*

What does this show us about him?

Make sure to follow the directions.  
Watch your spelling.

<p><b>Thoughts:</b></p> <p>She will be inquisitive and likes to be in other people's business.</p>	<p><b>Appearance:</b></p> <p>Hair always in a bun, long skirts and white cardigans. She won't have too many wrinkles, making people guess she is in her early 60s</p>
<p><b>How Others Relate or React:</b></p> <p>She is kinder to children than to adults, and has high expectations, meaning she wants things to be done on time and correctly.</p>	<p><b>Body Language:</b></p> <p>She is always smiling and is quite friendly, she tries to carry herself straight, but her old age makes her slump a bit.</p>

Two people with whom my character will interact are:

Kim and Anna

Any other details you can think of?

## Replanting Mrs. Jones

Using Langston Hughes' "Thank You M'am" as a starting point, develop the character of Mrs. Jones. We're going to dig her out of her world and plant her in the community garden neighborhood of Paul Fleischman's *Seedfolks*.

Imagine that **you are Mrs. Jones**. One night on your way home from work late at night, you notice a light at the back of the vacant lot. Curious, you walk between the bags of trash to find out what's going on. The light disappears. You find something interesting going on at the back of the lot, and you make a decision. The next morning before work, you go to the shop and buy some seeds. When you come back to the garden, you meet someone who has also planted seeds. After your conversation, you have a positive feeling.

You may invent information about Mrs. Jones as necessary, **but it must fit with what we know of her in "Thank You M'am"**.

For instance, you might say she likes going to the movies, but you shouldn't say she attended a Swiss boarding school or that she was a European spy in World War II.

Name: Mrs. Jones

Age: 67

Male Female

A brief background of my character: She went to a normal school in New York as a kid. But she moved to Cleveland when she was just 29 years old, after her mother passed away. She took over her mother's apartment and took care of her father until he died shortly after from cancer. She never had the money to move back to New York, and was bound to spend the rest of her life in Cleveland. She was also known as Mrs. Henderson-Jones for four years of her life, when she was married to Thomas Henderson, but they were divorced after that short period of time. The only real 'friends' Mrs. Jones has is her cat, Wasabi, and her only other elderly neighbor, Anna. ~~She was a teacher for 38 years, explaining her harshness, but also giving her some generosity.~~

=My character could be described as

Generous, Strict

I plan to show what type of personality my character has through:

<p><b>Actions:</b></p> <p>A small limp because of old age and when she broke her hip a few years ago.</p>	<p><b>Speech:</b></p> <p>She has a raspy voice and sometimes says snarky or smart comments.</p>
---	---

~~toast~~ I didn't have too much time. I frantically stuffed the food into my mouth with my manacured fingers and sprinted for the door. Kim would be at the garden soon. Its kind of a wierd thing, why am I so obsessed with this girl? I had no clue, but Anna says it might be because she was like me as a kid. I believe it as much as I believe that it'll start raining puppies. I was never as daring and brave as this child. She did one simple thing, and impacted the whole neighborhood. But I musn't get caught up in my thoughts. I had to hurry, she could be out there! I quickly made my way over to the garden, locking the gate behind me.\* I was pleasantly suprired to find Anna at the garden aswell. It was great to see her get out of the house every once in a while. She was older than me, and much less capable of maneuvering the flight of stairs in our building. She waved, I waved back. She would've said 'Hi' if she were in the mood to talk, so I kept my distance. I kept walking untill I got to kim's garden. Those four beans were magnificent. The stetched almost sky high. They went from almost dead, to thriving. I looked towards the buildings, and saw her walking here.\* She opened the gate, and then froze, staring at me. Oh, did she think I was hurting her beans? Oh no! I quickly rushed over. She stood frozen. I thought I would have to make the first move, but she suddenly blurted out "What were you doing?" Suddenly, I froze, what should I say? Nervous, I pushed passed her and ran as fast as my old <sup>body</sup> ~~body~~ could, all the way back home. How could I have missed my chance?

Tears started welling up in my eyes.

# Mrs. Jones

Keelin McNicholas

Core A

4/9/14

~~I walked down the dirty, grimey, sidewalk that lead to my house~~ <sup>The Sparkling</sup> The moon was-  
<sup>moon shined over the</sup> sparkling over the tall apartment buildings. I checked my watch <sup>o</sup> 11:03, Friday. It had been  
a long day at work. I worked <sup>at</sup> and a tiny little barber shop down the road. <sup>hated</sup> I had work,  
especially because I was old. 67 actually, but I didnt get the luxury of retirement quite yet. I  
was just keeping above the water, <sup>m</sup> at any given moment, I could sink, deep down into the  
dark blue sea. <sup>a</sup> The thought of that scared me. If I lost my job I would have nothing. My  
mother and father died at a young age, and I never had any kids, mostly becuase I was  
only married to Thomas Henderson for a short three years. I remember when that jerk left  
me like it was yesterday. I was just heading my way down the <sup>road to the career of</sup> ~~path~~ of teaching. <sup>My first</sup>  
job. Well, at least <sup>is</sup> I had had one. Teaching was my passion. I loved kids, and like any other  
normal teacher, apples. Thats why, when this little town in Clevelad started a garden, I had  
to plant <sup>an apple</sup> a tree. I sighed and scrummaged through my purse to look for my keys. I'd water  
my apple tree in the morning, hoping that I would be able to <sup>Jump into</sup> start a conversation with the  
one who had started it all, a little asian girl whos <sup>e</sup> name I believe was Kim. The door  
creaked open, and the ugly, not maintained building almost gobbled me up. If only I could  
move back to my home town, Florida. It was beautiful there, at least where I lived. The sun  
was always shining and our small house, just big enough to fit a mother, father and me. My  
biggest fantasy had always been to buy that house again. It would of course, feel quite a <sup>bit</sup>  
bigger without my mother and father. I snapped out of <sup>my thinking</sup> it when my foot sliped off the stair. I  
was okay, but i gave me quite a shock. I couldnt wait to curl up in my bed and get a good  
nights sleep. If I speak to kim, this could be a great day.

I jumped at the sound of my alarm clock. *Beep, Beep, Bedeep.* 6:30, 'Rise and  
shine Laila' I thought to myslef. I practecly flew out of bed, my thin white hair covering my  
entire face. *Bam,* But when my feet hit the floor, I snaped back into reality. The aching  
reminded me, I aint that little girl I used to be. I whistled my favorite tune, "*How much I love  
it*" by my favorite band *The Suit and Ties* as I made my way to the kitchen. My little kitty  
Wasabi meowed cutely with her little white and black mouth as she patiently waited for me  
to pour her the cat food. The smell of the pellets reminded me that <sup>I</sup> needed some food  
aswell. I scrambled up some heavenly <sup>Smelling</sup> smelling eggs and made a peice of white <sup>Toast</sup> bread

# Punctuating Dialog!

"Hi," I greeted.

"Um hi," Kim cautiously replied back.

"Your beans look amazing, I must ask how you got them to grow so nicely."

"Well," Kim fidgeted, "fertilizer I guess. Nothing too special. I think I planted them at the wrong time though. They still look alright." She answered.

This is getting slightly awkward... I thought to myself

"Um... what fertilizer do you use?" I asked even though I wasn't really interested.

"Bensons. But I have to go. I'll be late for school," she started jogging away, "bye!" She yelled back.

"Eye!"

