

<p><b>IDEAS</b></p> <p><i>The heart of the message, the content of the piece, the main theme, with details that enrich and develop that theme.</i></p> <p><b>Key Question:</b> Did the writer stay focused and share original and fresh information or perspective about the</p>	<p><b>Developing towards the Grade Level Expectation</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• lacks a central idea</li> <li>• does not address the topic</li> <li>• lacks detail</li> <li>• confusing</li> </ul>	<p><b>Approaching the Grade Level Expectation</b></p> <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> <p style="text-align: center;">(AE)</p>	<p><b>Meeting the Grade Level Expectation</b></p> <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>	<p><b>Exceeding the Grade Level Expectation</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• fine development of ideas goes beyond grade level expectations.</li> <li>• Examples include: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• original ideas</li> <li>• ideas that demonstrate a maturity or sophistication beyond the grade level</li> <li>• use of innovative details</li> </ul> </li> </ul>
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## Seedfolks Royce

I'm a young black boy and people try to avoid me most of the time thanks to my looks, scars and muscles. The reason I look like this is because when I was a kid I used to be bullied all the time because I was black. I'd usually <sup>be</sup> punched and kicked and <sup>three</sup> 3 kids that would always bully me, would take my lunch money. Sometimes the punches were serious. They would also trip me especially on the stairs which left me <sup>down</sup> these scars. But I didn't talk about how they were bullying me. I kept it to myself thinking they'd stop by now but they didn't and I thought that if I fought back, it would only become worse. One day, I was walking down the bridge from the river and I met the <sup>three</sup> 3 kids that bullied me. They said, "Well looks who's here. Come on. What do you have?"

*what does that sound like?*

I replied stressfully, "Nothing. I'm sorry."

Then one of the kid took my bag and took my phone and my bag and threw it out into the river. I couldn't take it and said, "What was that for?"

These <sup>3</sup> kids said, "It's not my problem is it? The phone and your bag is your responsibility. You should have brought your money. Why? Are you complaining? I guess that means you want another beating." They smiled and pushed me and began punching me and I couldn't take it. I bursted and I punched back to one of the kids and the kid fell flat on the floor. That day, I realized how strong I actually was. I fought back closing my eyes just swinging my fist everywhere. I could here yells and punches landing into my stomach and face. I could also feel me punching something too. I couldn't see anything afraid there was going to be a fist in front of my face bashing into it. After about a minute later I could here no noise. When I opened my eyes, I saw them right on the ground either unconcious or too scared to stand up. I didn't realize what was happening, but then I did. I knocked them out good without me even knowing it. That day I changed from the victim to the bully.

*Is this  
even about a  
garden??*