

Alex Broegger October 6th, 2014

Punctuating Dialogue

"Today we got Maricela coming. That annoying girl who nags about her pregnant child," groaned Leona, "needs new finger nails."

"Hurry up," belowed Leona, "the salon opens in five."

"Nice to,"⁸³ he paused nervously, "meet you."

"Do you mind planting these strawberry seeds for me," I asked."

"Okay."

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

Alexander Broegger
Mrs. Bevear
4/9/2014
Language Arts Core A

Leulla Bates Washington Jones

Buzzzzz! Buzzzzz! wailed my alarm clock. "Ugh, another day at work!" I sighed.

I slowly crawled out of bed and changed into ^{Five} a yellow dress. The sun blinded my eyes as it rose high over Cleveland. ^{Five} minutes later, I found myself walking down the sidewalk along side colleague Leona, who as usual sipped on her goldenrod tea. We were on our way to the beauty salon. ✓

spelling? punctuation?
"Today we got Maricela coming. That ^{annoying} girl who, ~~the one~~ that nags about her pregnant child. Needs new finger nails.", groaned Leona as she briefed me about the day. My fourth day of work loomed ahead of me. Leona and I walked ^{three} blocks until, I noticed something peculiar I have never seen before. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a garden. A beautiful garden indeed. I stood still fascinated and stared at the garden. My eyes lit up instantly. *This is unbelievably beautiful.* My head circled with with ideas.

"Hurry up, the salon opens in ^{five} 5!" belowed Leona as she stood ten steps infornt of me. I took my final glance at the garden and promised myself, I would return here later after work. *why?*

For the next ⁸ hours, I couldn't stop thinking about that ^{magical} garden I had seen earlier that day. I kept day dreaming as I painted Maricela nails. *We had nothing like this back in Columbus, Ohio. Columbus was full of people trying to*

snatch you pocketbooks and purses. I hated it there, It was so expensive and dirty.

The day went by slowly with hardly any customers. After what seemed like forever, I was finally set free and headed to the gardening shop next door. I bought myself two bags of strawberry seeds and a shovel. I stuffed the seeds into my big purse and hustled out the store. Sweat dripped down my face as I trudged to the garden in the heat, my heavy body couldn't go much further. My hands scarred from holding the shovel. Finally, I reached the garden.

I choose a small spot in the corner of the garden. I pulled out the seeds from my purse. *Strawberry seeds, delightful. Now I can make me some strawberry cake. It will be delicious. I can set up a bake sale in the garden using my fresh fruits, that way I can people can enjoy eating and planting! I have always wanted to bake for people, my dream is coming true! Finally, I have my very own garden.*

The soil was soft as I placed my hand on it. It had pieces of glass and plastic all over. Soon my smile turned upside down and ~~my dreams were starting to get crushed.~~ *What should I do?* I have never planted anything in my life. *Where on earth do I start?* I have spent all my salary on fruits so that I could make cakes. I decided to give it a try, I bent down to plant a seed put toppled over.

"Noooo! My dress is stained with mud. My blonde silky hair was now drenched in mud like I dyed it brown. The mud had swarmed over my arms. This is a disaster! I hate planting. I'll just go back to buying fruit. I was in such a temper I icked up my shovel and was about to leave when I noticed a small boy, somewhat like a teenager, ~~in his 15's~~. He was black. I peered around to look at

really convenient!

*Why strawberries?
connection
to the
past?*

him. "Hey you, over there. Do you mind helping me." He wasn't sure, but in the end slowly made his way to me.

repetitive

"Nice to meet you.", he replied in a nervous voice.

"Do you mind planting these strawberry seeds for me." I asked.

okay "Ok." said replied with a half smile. Nervously, he grabbed the bag of seeds and bent down onto his knees. I watched him as examined the soil and cleared the trash. His hands dug through the soil like he was a dog playing around.

He stood up, "this is some great soil you got over her ma'm." I was delighted and very proud of myself when I heard this compliment. The boy took the shovel and flipped the soil around.

"Don't ruin my garden!" I screamed. *Is he mad. This is a bad idea after all.*

"I ain't destroying this ma'm," said *o, (o)* The boy calmly.

?
Silence broke the quarrel between the two of us, I watched him plant the seeds one by one. He was carefully placing every seed like a baby being placed on a blanket. Once 15 seeds had been placed, he stood up and ran back over to his small garden. He *(o)* grabbed his water jug and slowly made his way back to me. He swerved around other gardens careful not to step on any plants. His knees were stained with black soil. I watched him water the plants.

He told me that he came from Guatemala. He told me about his family and his uncle Tio Juan. He told me about his school and the seeds he helped his uncle

*Word
Count?*

plant. We had a great conversation. During this time, the sky was getting darker and the streets were clearing. The sun was slowly starting to set.

Once all the plants had been watered. He stood up and smiled at me. His smile was a big warm smile.

"Goodbye ma'm," he said slowly. I looked down at my half empty bag of seeds, then looked back at him still smiling. I handed the bag to him. I reached into my purse and gave him a five dollar bill. "Take care, thank you so much."

I turned around and strode down the road. The sun was vanishing behind the horizon. The sky was red like an artists palette. With a wide smile across my face I slowly hummed to my favourite tune. Now I have a garden, but I didn't realise the challenges I would face of taking care of my plants.

So how did she change?

FORMATIVE SEEDFOLKS WRITING

CHECKLIST

SELF AND BUDDY

Name: Alex Broegger

Buddy: Ryan Argetsinger

Core: A

CHECKLIST	MY THOUGHTS AND SUGGESTIONS	BUDDY THOUGHTS AND SUGGESTIONS
Read it aloud with expression. Mark what needs to be fixed.	Yes ✓	✓
Is there an engaging hook?	Yes ✓	✓
Put a star * next to each of the events that have taken place. Are they correctly paragraphed? Are they clear and coherent?	Yes ✓	✓
Are the characters thoughts in italics?	Yes ✓	✓
How is the character speaking and interacting with other characters?	Chatting while walking Or planting ✓	✓
Which characters do you interact with from "Seedfolks"?	Leona, Gonzalo ✓	✓
Are the characters actions and body language clear to the reader?	Yes ✓	✓
What does your character look like? Nationality? Clothing?	American, blonde hair ✓	✓
Snapshot/thoughtshot and dialogue - is there a good balance throughout the piece?	Yes ✓	✓
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.	Done ✓	✓

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.	Done ✓	✓
What is their purpose in the garden? How do they or the garden benefit?	She likes to bake cakes and will start a bake sale in garden ✓	✓
Active voice sentences?	Yes ✓	✓
Sentence beginnings and sentence lengths.	Yes ✓	✓
Vivid Word Choice?	Yes ✓	✓
Spelling and conventions	Yes ✓	✓

Tip: Mrs Jones wants to be a seed maker,

*** new paragraph ADD PARAGRAPHS!**

Circled words should be changed into better word choice

Alexander Broegger
Mrs. Bevear
4/9/2014
Language Arts Core A

New Sentence when using dialogue

Highlighted words in italics.

Leulla Bates Washington Jones

show not tell
Include sensory detail
to the gardening shop.

As the sun rose high ^{over} ~~above~~ Cleveland, the sound of my alarm bell ^{rang} ~~rang~~ buzzed. My eyes ^{blinded} ~~blinded~~ from the light ^{through} ~~through~~ the window.

"Another day at work." I sighed. I ^{got} ~~got~~ out of bed and changed into my clothes. 5 minutes later, I was walking down the sidewalk along ^{side} ~~with~~ Leona. We were on our way to the beauty salon. After ~~walking 2 blocks~~ ^{2 blocks down the road}, I noticed something ^{peculiar} I have never noticed before. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a garden. A beautiful garden indeed. ^{I stood still, fascinated and} ~~As the sun was beating down on me~~, I promised myself, I would return here later after work. ^{the whole afternoon} ~~the whole afternoon~~, I couldn't stop thinking about that magical garden I had seen earlier that day. We had nothing like this back in Columbus. Columbus was full of people trying to snatch your pocketbooks and purses. I never liked it there, it was so expensive. The day ^{when} ~~when~~ slowly with hardly any customers. After what seemed like forever, I was finally set free and headed to the gardening shop. I bought myself two bags of strawberry seeds and a shovel. I stuffed the seeds into my big purse and hustled out the store. It was hard work walking back to the garden in the boiling heat. Finally I reached the garden. I chose a small spot in the corner ^{of the garden} ~~of the garden~~. I pulled out the seeds from my purse, "Strawberry seeds, delightful. Now I can make me some strawberry cake. It will be delicious." The soil was soft but had pieces of glass and plastic all over. I ^{stood there trying to figure out what to do} ~~stood there trying to figure out what to do~~. I have never planted anything in my life. I have spent so much money on fruits so that I could ^{make} ~~make~~ cakes. Finally, I have my very own garden. I ^{tried} ~~tried~~ bending down to plant a

I can set up a bake sale ^{I thought to myself} ~~I thought to myself~~
My dream is about ^{to come true} ~~to come true~~. I can finally have fresh fruit. I have always wanted to bake for people. I couldn't wait to get started.

This is fascinating. Its overwhelming beautiful.

Sweat was dripping down my face as I trudged to the garden, under the heat of the boiling sun. my heavy body could go much further.

"No, my beautiful yellow dress, its full of mud!"
 seed but toppled over. The mud stained my beautiful yellow dress. "This is a
 disaster! I hate planting." I was about to leave when I noticed a small boy,
 somewhat like a teenager in his 15's. I peered around to look at him. "Hey you,
 over there. Do you mind helping me." He wasn't sure, but in the end slowly made
 his way to me. "Nice to meet you. My name is Gonzalo." he exclaimed ~~happily~~
 "Do you mind planting these strawberry seeds for me." I asked. "Sure," said
 Gonzalo with a smile. He grabbed the bag of seeds and bent down onto his knees.
 I watched him as he dug the soil and cleared the trash. His hands dug through the
 soil as if he was a dog playing around. He stood up, "this is some great soil you
 got over her ma'm." Gonzalo took the shovel and flipped the soil around. "Don't
 ruin my garden!" I screamed. It looked as if he was trying to destroy all the soil. "I
 replied "Are you sure? I asked. "Then what was that for?"
 "I'm not sure." Gonzalo replied calmly. I watched him plant the seeds one by
 one. He was carefully placing every seed like a baby being placed on a blanket.
 Once 15 seeds had been placed, Gonzalo stood up and ran back over to his small
 garden. He grabbed his water jug and slowly made his way back to me. I watched
 his knees were full of black soil. He sneezed and other people being careful not to step
 on a plant. him water the plants. I asked him about where he came from and his family. I
 asked him about his school and his garden. We had a great conversation. Once all
 the plants had been watered. He stood up and smiled at me. His smile was a big
 goodbye when he slowly said "Still smiling to empty the red sun
 warm smile. I looked down at my half empty bag, then looked back at him. I
 handed the bag to him. I reached into my purse and pulled out a five dollar bill.
 "Take care, thank you so much." I turned around and strode down the road. The
 sun was setting. The sky was red like an artists palette. With a wide smile across
 my face I slowly hummed my favourite song. I now have a garden, but I didn't
 realise the challenges I would face of taking care of my plants.

The red sun
 slowly sets
 We start
 streets
 and the
 streets
 were stark
 still smiling to empty
 the red sun
 slowly sets

Gonzalo
 reply

arms
 all over me
 mud swarmed
 said in a shaky voice
 The soft

blonde hair
 my silky
 I will just go back to buying fruit
 I picked up the shovel and
 was now dread

mud
 in mud

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. Luella Bates Washington Jones

Age: 37

Male Female

A brief background of my character:

She works in a beauty salon. She isn't rich. She is a big lady. She has a large purse. She is strong, harsh, generous, forgiving, understanding and kind. ✓

My character could be described as

Generous

Understanding

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

<p>Actions:</p> <p>She will make Gonzalo plant the plants but she will give him a few seeds. She will have trouble to plant since she is a big lady. She invites Gonzalo over for a cup of tea and cake. She works with leona at the beauty salon and finds out about the garden on the way home from work. Leona and her chat a lot. She only plants a small area because she wants other people to have the opportunity to be able to have a small garden area.</p>	<p>Speech:</p> <p>Talks nicely after Gonzalo plants her the crop. She gives him a few seeds and wishes him a nice day. She will sound curious when she finds out about the garden with leona. She will asks questions and sound surprised. She will ask questions to herself and relate back. She will try to speak nicely to everyone she meets because she is new to the community and doesn't want anything to go wrong on the first week.</p>
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Taking out seeds from her big purse. Having trouble bending down to plant seeds, so asking someone to help. Gonzalo will help her and they will chat. Leona comes back from beauty salon with Mrs. Jones. They work together. She will be new and just moved in. Relates back to her old home and about how there wasn't a garden. (get info about where she lived from Thank You Ma'm). She is white. She is from a small town in Ohio. Moved because her house rental started to increase to much. She plants strawberries and other fruit because she likes to have cake. She makes the cake and Gonzalo and her eat it together. *Gonzalo was planting*

Any other details you can think of?

Leona

Gonzalo
and

Two people with whom my character will interact are:

<p>Body Language: She walks slowly because she is a big lady. She is strong because she always carries a lot of stuff back from the beauty salon. She can't bend down because she is a big lady.</p>	<p>How Others Relate or React: She meets Gonzalo at the garden. Gonzalo helps her plant the crop she wants. Gonzalo comes to her house and they chat/eat cake. She passes Kim on the street (thinks she is chinese). She and leona work together at the beauty salon. They talk together because they walk home from work together.</p>
<p>Appearance: She is a lady with short blond hair. She is 37 years old. She has a wide mouth, short neck and short arms. She is a little bit tall but wide. She always has a big handbag with her.</p>	<p>Thoughts She thinks about her house back in Ohio. She thinks about the garden and how cool it is. She thinks about her life (job and Cleveland).</p>