

HKIS 6 Traits Writing Rubric

Alex Brogger

	Developing towards Grade Level Expectation	Approaching the Grade Level Expectation	Meeting the Grade Level Expectation	Exceeding the Grade Level Expectation
<b>IDEAS:</b> <i>the central message supported by enriching detail</i>	<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>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Development of ideas is original and innovative, demonstrating maturity and sophistication beyond the grade level expectation.</li> </ul>
<b>ORGANIZATION:</b> <i>the internal structure, the thread of central meaning</i>	<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>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Organization demonstrates a maturity or sophistication beyond the grade level expectation.</li> </ul>
<b>VOICE:</b> <i>the unique perspective and style of the writer</i>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>voice is limited</li> <li>voice suits purpose and audience at times</li> <li>word choice is limited</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>voice is mostly engaging</li> <li>voice mostly suits purpose and audience</li> <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>voice is consistently engaging</li> <li>voice is appropriate to purpose and audience</li> <li>voice is sustained throughout the text</li> <li>word choice enhances and clarifies meaning and is consistently:                             <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>precise</li> <li>accurate</li> <li>effective</li> </ul> </li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Voice is consistently compelling, original, and moving, demonstrating maturity and sophistication beyond the grade level expectation.</li> <li>Word choice demonstrates maturity and sophistication beyond the grade level expectation.</li> </ul>
<b>SENTENCE FLUENCY:</b> <i>the rhythm, flow and sound of language</i>	<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:                             <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>are mostly well constructed</li> <li>include some variety in length, structure, and beginnings</li> <li>are mostly fluent</li> </ul> </li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>sentences are consistently effective and:                             <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <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> </li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Sentence fluency demonstrates maturity and sophistication beyond the grade level expectation.</li> </ul>
<b>CONVENTIONS:</b> <i>the mechanical correctness of the piece</i>	<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:                             <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>grammar/usage</li> <li>spelling</li> <li>punctuation</li> <li>paragraphing/formatting</li> </ul> </li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>conventions are consistently correct, including:                             <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>grammar/usage</li> <li>spelling</li> <li>punctuation</li> <li>paragraphing/formatting</li> </ul> </li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Use of conventions demonstrates maturity and sophistication beyond the grade level expectation.</li> </ul>

Dear Diary,

I don't know where to start. My brain is as lost as I am now. Rain crawls down my murky windowpane as I sit quietly on my bed, all alone. I stare into darkness, unable to sleep. Tears drip down my cheeks like a sprinkler going off. My bed, a huge sponge soaking up every drop. I miss mother and father. I am only 15, but live miles from home. I close my eyes and try to recall the life I once lived. A life where nothing could stop me. ✓

*The warm Bauru sun rises high above my bedroom window. I lie down, counting the spiders on the ceiling. The door creaks open, mother and father walk in. Mother's soft hand gently glides across my face like silk. Her eyes glow like gems glistening in the sun. My father's muscular hands pull of my covers and expose me to the morning air. His firm grip stings my hand as he pulls me from my bed, the way he would pull a fish from a river. Hand in hand, father and I would walk to the lot for a game of soccer. The cold sensation of my feet on the gravel lot is indescribable. It's like walking on clouds, but ten times better. Every touch of the ball was like performing a magical trick. This was where failure was and option. I wished, life would stay that way forever. ✓*

My homesickness didn't stop. Instead, it escalated. It kept going up the same way a man goes up an escalator. I am the grape in a candy jar, a lonely stranger and different from everybody else. It was the first time away from home. Maybe one day, just one day, I could live here happily. But one day seems too far away. For now, I will stay as the hopeless me, trying, but unable to fit in.

After the battle, the pain finally won. Before long, my belongings were jammed into my duffel. I was ready to leave. In my life, fairy tales don't usually end well. In this case, I

was correct. The door clicked open and to my horror, in stepped the head coach. I stood like a frozen statue. My heart was out of beat, sounding as if a beginner was learning the drums for the first time.

"Pele, what the heck is going on," he barked. His voice pitched lower than a tuba.

"Nothing," I quietly whispered.

Nothing was the perfect word to describe me. For now, I was nothing...

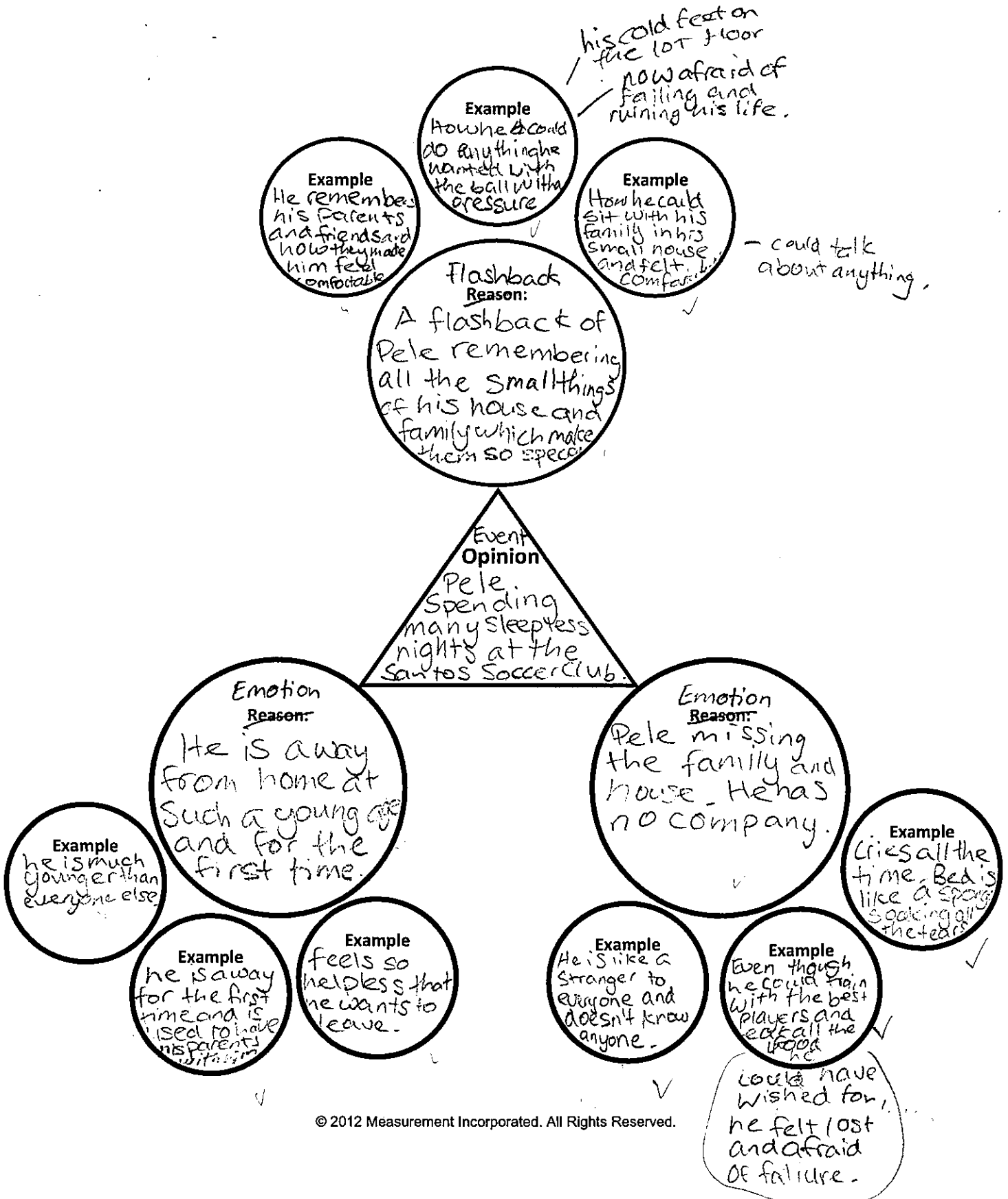
Sincerely,

*Pele*

Student Name: Alex Roegger

Date: 30<sup>th</sup> Jan

Paw Print Web



one day seems to far away.

June 26th, 1956

Dear Diary,

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I don't know where to start - My mind is as lost as I am know. Rain crawls down my window pane as I sit quietly on my bed. I Stare into darkness, unable to sleep. Tears Spurt out of my eyes like a Sprinkler going off, and My bed ~~gets~~ <sup>is</sup> like a sponge, Soaking ~~me~~ <sup>me</sup> up. I miss father and mother. I am only 15 ~~over~~ <sup>at</sup> miles from home. I close my eyes, and try to recall my other life, a life where there was no consequence for failure...

○

The warm Breeze soon rose high above my bed every morning. I would lie, looking up at the spiders on the roof. The click of the door opening would echo by, as mother and father would walk in. Mothers soft ~~and~~ silky hand glided across my forehead. My fathers muscular ~~and~~ arms would pull off my covers and let the morning air flood over me. The cold sensation of my feet on the hot floor was the best feeling ever. Playing Soccer without pressure and where failure was an option. I had everything I could ask for and wished life would stay that way forever.

Stamps  
H

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The pain didn't stop, it escalated. I am the grape in a candy jar, ~~only~~ a lonely stranger, different from everyone else. It was my first time away from home. Maybe one day, just one day, I could live happily here. But one day, seems to far away. For now I will stay as the hopeless me, trying to fit in. The pain ~~erupted~~ <sup>erupted</sup> like a volcano, and took over me. I jammed all my belongings inside, Took a deep

breath and stood up. The door clicked, my heart ~~skipped~~ skipped a beat and to my horror, in came my coach.

"Pele, what the heck is going on," he bellowed.

"Nothing," I quietly whispered. Nothing is the word of how I felt now. It was the perfect word to describe me. Nothing. . .

