

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

Alexander Broegger

Core A

10th October

Nelson

"Wait till I get that jackpot," I husked in the cold evening air. My eyes glowed like full moons in the dark. I stood rooted to the spot and glared at cabbages held captive behind bars.

"Dad will be proud of me," I told myself as I crawled over the sharp edged fence. Some how I managed to get my 14 year old body over the fence. *This is delicious*, I thought as I picked up a hand full of cabbages. The dark sky loomed over me as I crawled back over the fence. A minute later, I was on my way home.

Stealing had been something I <sup>*had done?*</sup> always did ever since dad lost his job back in Puerto Rico. I went around stealing dinner. I would arrive home with a bag full of eggplant or potatoes for the family. We had always been poor. To feed four in the house was a challenge back then. Now I'm alone with dad. We left Puerto Rico after conflict between mum and dad. Dad wanted to start a new life here in Cleveland, but that didn't work out. He still hasn't got a job meaning no school for me. Everyday, I sit around watching television from my old set I brought from Puerto Rico. Life was boring.

"What on earth are you doing," bellowed a lady above me. I peered up at her. She was standing up holding a pair of binoculars. I stood frozen. I have never been caught stealing. She stared at me but after 20 seconds, she disappeared. I darted into building and ran up the steps. I was about a flight of stairs away from home when the same lady I saw earlier bumped into me. She pinched my arm and dragged me up the stairs. Inside me, I was crying with pain but didn't express it. She brought me into her house and sat me down on an old rocking chair.

"Why did you take those cabbages?" she asked in a harsh voice. I sat still, hoping she would let me free.

"Give them to me." I took one last glance at the cabbages, then gave away my treasure. I started to cry. "What is wrong with stealing?" I thought to myself. She carried on about stealing for God knows how long. I had made myself look like a fool. Why was I so bad? The words this lady said were so powerful and deep they acted like a knife, stabbing deeper into my heart every time. Now I realize the reason why my favorite mum left me. Back at home, I stared into the mirror. I saw the reflection of an evil villain.

The morning sun glowed orange as I leaped out of bed. My eyes were half asleep while I brushed my teeth. I called Gonzalo using my dad's phone. Gonzalo was my only friend.

"Hey man!" I called as I munched on my plain toast bread. I heard a yawn on the other end of the line.

"What do you want Nelson?" groaned Gonzalo, "It's five thirty in the morning, plus its a weekend."

"Sorry I know man. I was wondering if we could meet at the garden in 30."

"Why?" he replied shortly after.

"I'll tell you later." I hung up the phone.

15 minutes later I found myself running down the side walk on my way to the garden store. My hand tightly gripping 25 dollars I took from dad's wallet. I bought myself some carrots and tomato seeds as well as a shovel, a hammer, nails, wood planks and gloves. Carrots and tomatoes reminded me of the wonderful smelling house I used to live in while my mum prepared dinner. I always loved to eat carrots and tomatoes. I almost died under the hot sun while carrying a truckload of stuff. Gonzalo was already in the garden. My legs and arm still ached but I got to work anyway.

We found an open space near the side walk and started planting there. My hands were bleeding even though I wore my gloves. The soil was filled with pieces of glass. Together with Gonzalo, it took 30 minutes to plant all the tomato

and carrot seeds. We were swimming in a pool of sweat and hour later. The wooden boards were hammered together creating a small stall. I turned around staring at the beautiful garden I had just made. I planned to help the unfortunate people by selling crops to them. Looking at the stall made my day. I had learned the meaning of life, I was going to help people and share my crops.

That evening I stared into the mirror again. This time I saw no villain. I saw a hero.

Word count: self assess  
Staple

dragged  
dragged  
dragged

Alexander Broegger

Core A

10th October

underline  
→  
Incorrect Spelling

Nelson

\*

"Wait till I get that jackpot." I husked in the cold evening air. My eyes glowed like full moons in the dark. I stood rooted to the spot and glared at cabbages held captive behind bars.

Indent ↓

"Dad will be proud of me," I told myself as I crawled over the five-foot high fence. Some how managed to get my 14 year old body over the fence. This is delicious, I thought as I picked up handfulls of cabbages. The dark sky loomed over me as I crawled back over the fence. A minute later, I was on my way home.

Shaped edged

Stealing had been something I always did eversince dad lost his job back in Puerto Rico. I went around stealing dinner. I would arrive home with a bag full of eggplant or potatoes for the family. We had always been poor. To feed four in the house was a challenge back then. Now I'm Par alone with dad. We left Puerto Rico after conflict between him and dad. Dad wanted to start a new life here in Cleveland, but that didn't work out. He still hasn't got a job meaning no school for me. Everyday, I sit around watching TV from my old television I brought from Puerto Rico. Life was boring.

space

television

\*

"What on earth are you doing." belowed a lady above me. I peered up at her. She was standing up holding a pair of binoculars. I stood frozen. I have never been caught stealing. She stared at me but after 20 seconds, she disappeared. I darted into building and ran up the steps. I was about a flight of stairs away from home when the same lady I saw earlier bumped into me. She pinched my arm and dragged me up the stairs. Inside me, I was crying with pain but didn't express it. She brought me into her house and sat me down on an old rocking chair.

correct punctuation?

spelling?

\* "Why did you take those cabbages," she asked in a harsh voice. I sat still, hoping she would let me free.

"Give them to me."

"I took one last glance at the cabbages, then gave away my treasure." I started to cry. <sup>"What is wrong with stealing? I asked myself lecturing me"</sup> ~~It was like I was in detention.~~ She carried on about stealing for God knows how long. I had made myself look like a fool. Why was I so bad? The words this lady said were so powerful and deep they acted like a knife, stabbing deeper into my heart every time. Now I realise the reason why my favourite Mum left me. Back at home, I stared into the mirror. I saw the reflection of an evil villain. ~~That night in bed, I had made up my plans for tomorrow.~~

Explain more!

not sure if this works

end punctuation

\* The morning sun glowed orange as I <sup>leaped</sup> jumped out of bed. My eyes were half asleep <sup>while</sup> as I brushed my teeth. I called Gonzalo using my dad's phone. Gonzalo was my only friend.

"Hey man," I called as I munched on my plain toast bread. I heard a yawn on the other end of the line.

"What do you want Nelson?" growned Gonzalo, "It's five thirty in the morning, plus its a weekend."

"Sorry I know man. I was wondering if we could met at the garden in 30."

"Why," he replied shortly after.

Start New Paragraph

"I'll tell you later," I hung up the phone. 15 minutes later I found myself <sup>jogging</sup> running down the <sup>space</sup> sidewalk on my way to the garden store. I bought myself some carrots and tomato seeds as well as a shovel, a hammer, nails, <sup>space</sup> woodplanks and gloves. Carrots and tomatoes reminded me of the wonderful smelling house I used to live in while my mum prepared dinner. I always loved to eat carrots and tomatoes. I almost died under the hot sun while carrying a truckload of stuff. Gonzalo was already in the garden. My legs and arm still <sup>were aching</sup> ached but I got to work anyways.

to the \$25 dollar bill I stole from my dad's wallet

where do you get the \$?

\* We found an open <sup>space</sup> space near the sidewalk and started planting there. My hands were bleeding even though I wore my gloves. The soil was filled with pieces of glass. Together with Gonzalo, it took 30 minutes to plant all the tomatoes <sup>seeds</sup> and carrots. We were swimming in a pool of sweat and hour later. The

wooden boards <sup>were</sup> ~~was~~ hammered together creating a small stall. I turned around staring at the beautiful ~~stall~~ <sup>made</sup> and garden I had just build. I planned to help the unfortunate people ~~who can't plant get food they want.~~ <sup>by growing and selling food for them.</sup> Looking at the stall made my day. I had learned the meaning of life, I was going to help people and share my crops.

\* That evening I stared into the mirror again. This time I saw no <sup>villan</sup> ~~villan~~. I saw a hero.

villain → vilan

vilan villain

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10th October

Nelson

\*

"Wait till I get that jackpot," I husked in the cold evening air. My eyes glowed like full moon's in the dark. I stood rooted to the spot and glared at cabbages held captive behind bars.

"Dad, will be proud of me," I told myself as I crawled over the <sup>five</sup> foot high fence. I managed to get my 14 year old body over the fence. *This is delicious*, I thought as I picked <sup>up</sup> handfuls of cabbages. The dark sky loomed over me as I crawled back over the fence. A minute later, I was on my way home.

somehow

\*

Stealing had been something I always did ever since dad lost his job back in Puerto Rico. I went around stealing dinner. I would arrive home with a bag full of eggplant or potatoes for the family. We had always been poor. To feed <sup>four</sup> in the house was a challenge back then. Now I am alone with dad. We left the rest of the family back in Puerto Rico after conflict between mum and ~~dad~~. Dad wanted to start a new life here in Cleveland, but that didn't work out. He still hasn't got a job meaning no school for me. He's turned into a drinker. Everyday, I sit around watching T.V from my old television I brought back from Puerto Rico. Life was boring.

\*

"What on earth are you doing," belowed a lady above me. I peered up at ~~her~~ here. She was standing up holding a pair of binoculars. I stood frozen. I have never been caught stealing. After 20 seconds, she disappeared. I had a sigh of relief, darted into building and ran up the steps. I was about a flight of stairs away from home when the same lady I saw earlier bumped into <sup>me</sup> ~~be~~. She pinched my arm and dragged me up the stairs. Inside me, I was crying with pain but didn't express it. She brought me into <sup>her house</sup> ~~the room~~ and sat me down on an old rocking chair. *Am I in big trouble.*



\* "Why did you take those cabbages," she asked in a harsh voice. I sat still, hoping she would let me free.

"Give them to me."

"I took one last glance at the cabbages, then gave away my treasure. I started to cry. It was like I was in detention. She carried on about stealing for God knows how long. I had made myself look like a fool. Why was I so bad. The words this lady said, were so powerful and deep they acted like a knife, stabbing deeper into my heart every time. Now I realise the reason why my favourite mum left me. Back at home, I stared into the mirror. I saw the reflection of an evil villan. That night in bed, I had made up my plans for tomorrow.

\* The ~~Saturday~~ morning sun glowed orange as I jumped out of bed, ~~as~~ it shone through my red curtains. My eyes were half asleep as I brused my teeth. I called Gonzalo using my dads phone. *Gonzalo my only friend.*

"Hey man," I called ~~out~~ as I munched on my plain toast bread. I heard a yawn on the other end of the line.

"What do you want Nelson?" growned Gonzalo, "It's five thrirty in the morning, plus its a weekend."

"Sorry I know man. I was wondering if we could met at the garden in 30."

"Why," he replied shortly after.

"I'll tell you later". I hung up the phone. 15 minutes later I found myself running down the sidewalk on my way to the garden store. I bought myself some carrots and tomato seeds as well as a shovel, a hammer, nails, woodplanks and gloves. Carrots and tomatoes reminded me of the wonderful smelling house I used to live in while my mum prepared dinner. I always loved to eat carrots and tomatoes. I almost died under the hot sun while carrying a truckload of stuff. Gonzalo was already <sup>*in the garden.*</sup> there. My legs and arm still ached but I got to work anyways.

\* We found an open space near the sidewalk and started planting there. My hands were bleeding even though I wore my gloves. The soil was filled with pieces of glass. Together with Gonzalo, it took 30 minutes to plant all the tomatoes and carrots. We were swimming in sweat <sup>*a pool of*</sup> and ~~an~~ hour later. The wooden

boards was hammered together creating a small stall. I turned around staring at the beautiful ~~store~~<sup>stall</sup> and garden I had just build. I planned to help the unfortunate people who can't plant get food they want. Looking at the stall made my day. I was going to help people. The lady's words had given me the meaning of life. It was to be kind to everyone and share.

That evening I stared into the mirror ~~again~~. This time I saw no villan. I saw a hero.

# Formative Personal Narrative Checklist

## SELF AND BUDDY







NAME: Alex Broegger

BUDDY:

CORE: A

Checklist	My Thoughts and Suggestions	Buddy Thoughts and Suggestions
voice ideas organization fluency Read it aloud with expression. Mark what needs to be fixed.	✓	
organization Is there an <b>engaging</b> hook? (Humor? Suspense? Reflective? Ironic?)	✓	
organization Put a star * next to each of the events that have taken place. Are they correctly paragraphed? Are they clear and coherent?	✓	
ideas Highlight an area in the story that has been exploded	✗ <span style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 2px;">✓</span>	
ideas Underline where the reader has been told either explicitly or implicitly about the lesson learned or message shared	✓	
voice Snapshot/thoughtshot and dialogue - is there a good balance throughout the piece?	<span style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 2px;">✓</span>	
word choice Command F and look for the word 'felt'. This is showing. <del>Don't</del> show me. <del>Don't</del> 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.	<span style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 2px;">✓</span>	
word choice 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.	<span style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 2px;">✓</span>	

## Formative Personal Narrative Checklist SELF AND BUDDY

Checklist	My Thoughts and Suggestions	Buddy Thoughts and Suggestions
<p>Word choice</p> <p>Find a place to add three short questions. What are you thinking or feeling? (Note - this is a great strategy to use in place of 'I felt...')</p>		
<p>Word choice</p> <p>Command F: Eliminate dead weight such as 'good', 'nice', 'great', 'awesome', and 'cool'.</p>		
<p>Sentence Fluency</p> <p>Active voice sentences?</p>		
<p>Sentence Fluency</p> <p>Sentence beginnings and sentence lengths.</p>		
<p>Word Choice</p> <p>Vivid Word Choice?</p>		
<p>Conventions</p> <p>Spelling and basic conventions</p>		

Alex Broegger October 7

## Hitlist for Summative

✓ \* Have I addressed the change in my character because of the garden?

✓ \* ~~Have I made sure that the ~~three~~ story is in past tense?~~ ✓

\* ~~Have I made sure my spelling is correct?~~ Numbers in words?

\* Have I made connections to the past of why I plant certain things? ✓

\* Make sure I have made thoughts italic ✓ and correct  
punctuation

✓ \* Have I followed the word count rule?

\* Spelling + Punctuation ✓



Seedfolks Character Profile

We are about to start the process of creating our Seedfolks character. The "profile sheet" below should help you with organizing your thoughts and developing a clear picture of who your character is.

BASICS

(Male)/Female and Name: Nelson

Age: 14

Ethnicity: Puerto Rican

Be careful what you don't have too much to put into your story - too many words!

He regrets not helping his mum back in Puerto Rico.

BACKGROUND

How did this character end up in Cleveland and near the Gibb Street Garden?

His dad and him left Puerto Rico after hard times dealing with his family. They moved to Cleveland leaving their mother and his older sister behind. His dad got a new job in Cleveland. He left because he

stole things from people resulting rage over his mum. His mum got blame and couldn't hold stress any more. Key to life.

What is a problem/conflict your character is facing?

Nelson is sad because he left his mum, family, sister and best friends in Puerto Rico. He also has a habit of stealing.

What is your character passionate about? For instance, Leona is passionate about getting the garden cleaned up; Sam is passionate about bringing people together and Curtis is passionate about getting Lateesha back.

My character is passionate about helping old and unfortunate people feel happy at the end of the story. He wants to help people after he has learned that stealing and watching tv isn't the key to life.

How do they learn about the garden? If they already know about it, how did they get involved? What have they planted or what will they plant? He plants carrots, cabbages and tomatoes. He found out about the garden when he arrived and has known it ever since. He used to try and steal people's crops so he and his father could have it for dinner.

What are some words that describe your character?

Willing, naughty, troublesome, understanding/Kind, helpful, He is bad at the beginning but very helpful at the end.

Selfish

How do they change from the beginning of their chapter to the end?

He changes from being selfish and stealing to being willing to help the unfortunate. At the beginning he used to steal from people's garden but now he sets up a stall to give back help.

Do they change someone for the better? How?

He doesn't change anyone apart from his dad. His dad would always be in a grumpy mood but he changed his dad to be happy and grateful.

How do they positively contribute to the garden?

He starts a vegetable sale for the unfortunate people who can't grow crops.

Who are two characters with whom they interact?

Gonzalo is Nelson's best + only friend since he doesn't go to school. Ana is another best friend who teaches him how to behave.

only one trying like all the characters

Ideas: Nelson does not go to school because his dad can't afford it. He lives in a small apartment with the old T.V. - he used to have in Puerto Rico. He wakes up the next morning to start the garden after Ana's lecture.

PLAN AND PLOT

What is your first sentence? Hook your reader!

"Wait till I get that Jackpot," I hushed under the cold evening sky. My eyes glaring bright like two moons at I stood frozen, staring at a bunch of cabbages huddled up.

What are 3 events that happen in your character's chapter?

- 1) He steals the cabbages but Ana sees him through he binoculars.
- 2) Ana talks/lectures him about stealing (how he was separated with his mother).
- 3) He sets up a garden and a stall to sell fruits.

How did he get there?

Use some figurative language:

\*Describe what the lot looks like from outside the fence using a simile, metaphor or personification:

"I was facing a jail, with vegetables held captive inside."

\*Describe what one of the other characters with whom you interact looks like (be nice!) using a simile, metaphor or personification:

"she's smarter than Einstein but as stubborn as a pig," I told myself as I exited her apartment.

\*Describe how your character's sense of pride/sadness/achievement/regret using a simile, metaphor or personification:

"I stared at what seemed like an evil monster"

\*What might a brief interaction with another character read like? Include some dialogue:

"Hey man," I swiftly said as I ran down the stairs.

"I heard a yawn on the other end of the line"

"What do you want?" growled Gonzalo, "Its five in the morning, Plus, Its Sunday."

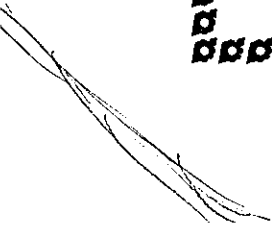
"I know man, sorry." I was wondering if you wanted to meet at the garden in 40."

"Okay," he replied sounding half asleep.

Use for 3rd sentence or 2nd

Ana →

After Ana and him talk. → He stares in the mirror talking to himself





- Tio Juan ✓
- The Polish lady ✓
- Kim's mum ✓
- The teacher (Mrs. Fleck) ✓
- Royce ✓
- Mr. Myles ✓
- Curtis's girlfriend (Lateesha) ✓
- Delores ✓
- The Italian lady ✓
- Gonzalo's father ✓
- Penny ✓
- Amir's wife and child ✓
- Old man in Rocking chair ✓
- The homeless man ✓
- The purse thief ✓
- Virgil's father ✓
- Kim's sister ✓
- Yolanda ✓ <sup>Rican</sup>
- The Puerto Rican Kid ✓
- Mr. Smoltz ✓

Two people I would like to do

The Puerto Rican Kid

Contribution to garden:

He and Gonzalo setup a separate garden growing cabbages, carrots and other vegetables so that he and Gonzalo can sell the vegetables to the people they can't grow food

2 characters they interact with: Gonzalo and Gonzalo and Puerto Rican Kid are friends. They want to

set up a garden to grow vegetables to sell so they can buy