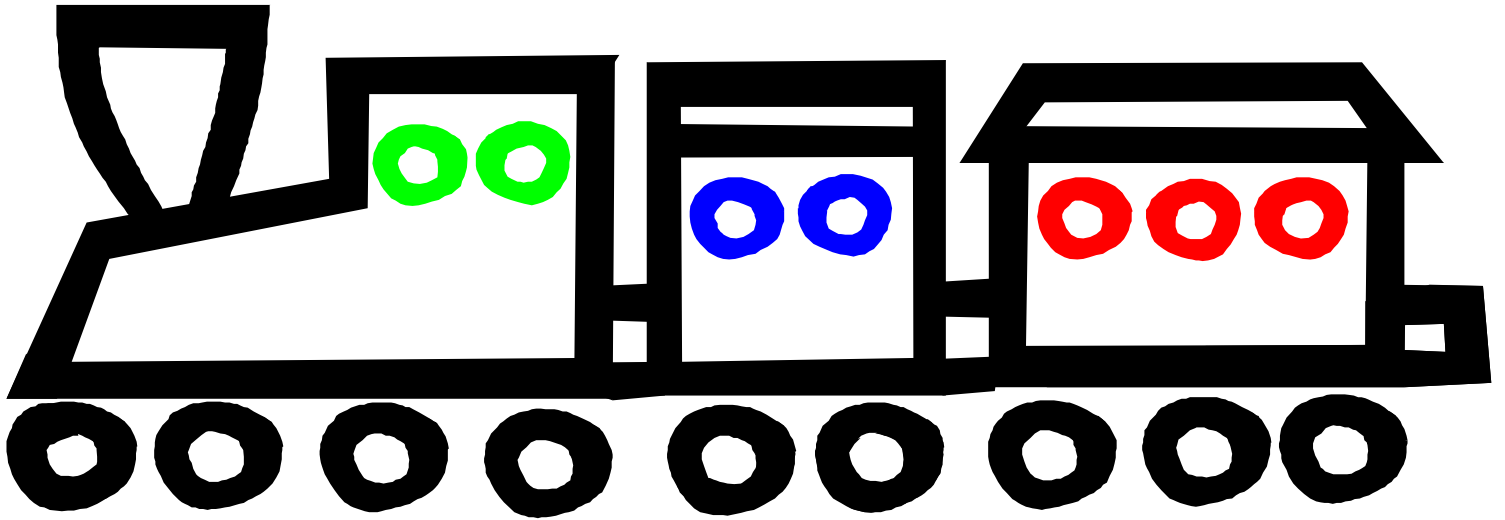


Introducing the Trait of Organization

Lesson Series 9

Trait Icon	p. 2
Sequence and Order	
'Digestive System' writing sample	p. 3
'The Third Floor Bedroom' writing sample	p. 4
'Losing the Camera' writing sample	p. 5
Pre-writing	
'Meanwhile' storyboard	p. 6
Storyboard template	p. 7
'Meanwhile' writing sample	pp. 8-9
'Harriet Tubman' grocery list	p. 10
'Harriet Tubman, the Story of her Life' writing sample	p. 11
Nouns, Verbs, Adjectives pre-write sample	p. 12
Nouns, Verbs, Adjectives pre-write template	p. 13
Beginnings & Endings	
'First Liners' collected by a student	p. 14
First Liners from children's books	p. 15
'My Sister' writing sample	p. 16
'Just a Picture' writing sample	p. 17
'Stuck on the Iceberg' writing sample	pp. 18-19
'Indian Village' writing sample	p. 20



Organization

Digestive system

MMMMMM...

my saliva is the D.J. to the dancing journey.

When my teeth bite into a snickers candy bar,

my taste buds are being electrocuted by the goodness of it.

First, they do the electro-slide down the esophagus.

It's a tube that is 25cm long.

next, they do the worm in the stomach, which has smooth muscles.

It mashes and pushes it.

Then, they spin like a ballerina down into the small

intestines which have twisted tubes that are 7 meters long.

Finally, they head bang down the intestines and leave the body.

THE Third-floor Bedroom

written ^{by} Akeesha and Vada
S. H.

Sunday, I moved in to a new house. It was so pretty. My bedroom has duvs on the wall. They are white duvs, and my curtens were white to.

Monday, I came home from the store and I went up stairs and I saw a dresser. It was not mine, and it was brown.

Tuesday, I got off the bus and I came in and had a snack. I went up stairs and my brown dresser was gone. I call my parents.

Wednesday, night I went up in my room and there was a fernes. It was not there when I moved in, and my brown dresser appeared when I came home.

Thursday, I came home and my fernes was on. My dresser doors were open.


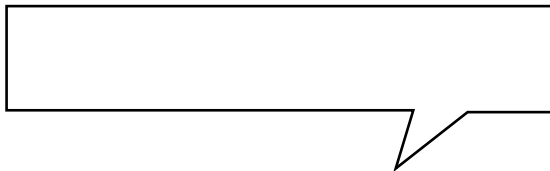
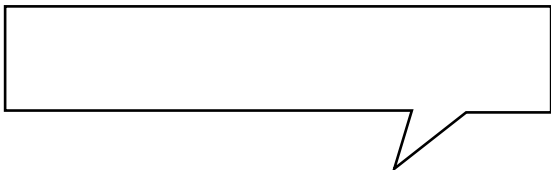
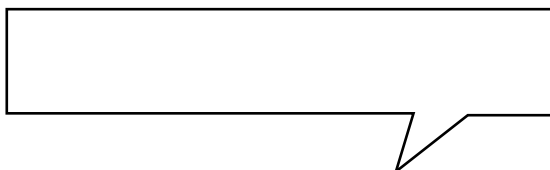
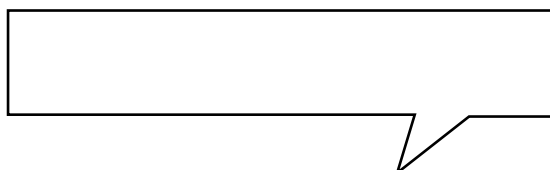
Friday, I ran up to my room, and it all began when someone left the window open.

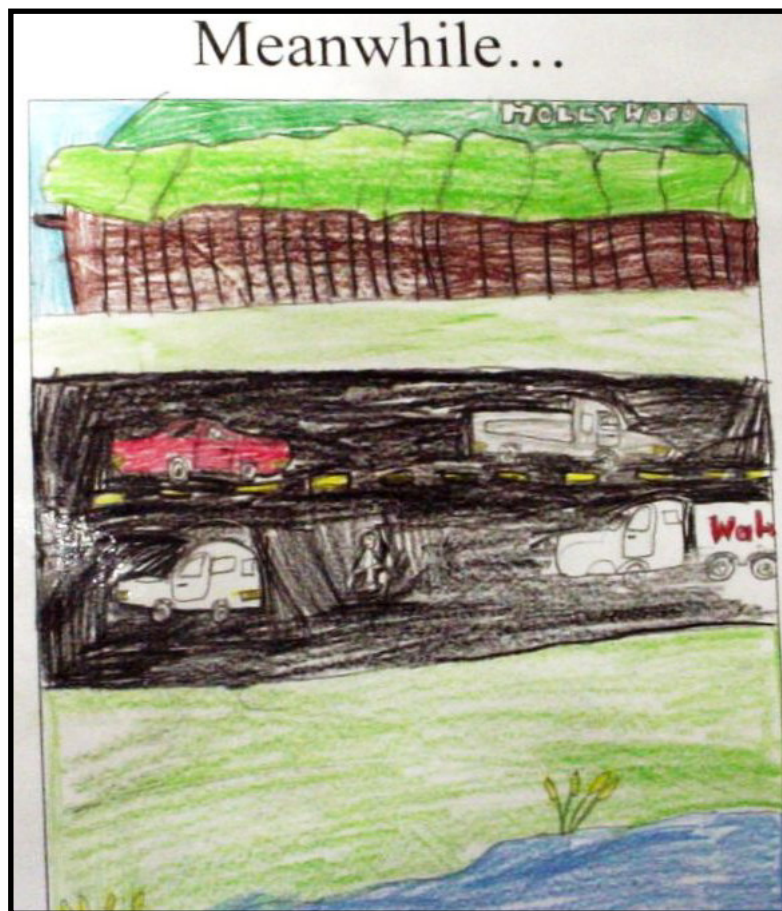
Saturday, morning I woke up and I saw a dv coming of the wall. I SKREAMED. My mom and dad talked about moving again.

Losing the Camra

It all started back at the hotel we were getting ready to explore Kentucky when my dad handed me the camra. We got into a cab and I put down the camra to get buckled. When we got off cab nobody grabbed the camra. Then we went to a mall. Well there was nothing to do there, so we went to go buy tickets for a boat. I know what your thinking, we don't care, but just chill it gets exciting. When we got off the boat my dad asked "where's the camra?" Back at the hotel. Of course I only hoped it was because I guess what my funny feeling was right the camra wasn't there. I know what you're thinking we don't care. But I was in a panic attack. I thought I was in deep, deep trouble. But my dad said he'd ask the cab drivers to look for it. Well the cab driver gave us back camra. And that's how I spent my week in Kentucky.





Meanwhile...

Aaaahhhh! Breathing deeply I opened my eyes and saw a big black limousine. I just stood there stunned. I snapped out at it just in time. I rolled out of the way and I saw it, my only chance for survival.

Chalk! I ran like the wind and just barely got ran over by a Wal-Mart semi. I fell to the ground and saw the Hollywood sign. "I'm in Hollywood?" I screamed I could still hear beeping noises all around me when I snatched the chalk and scribbled meanwhile.

But nothing happened, and there was another semi coming straight at me. "Come on!" I bellowed. I ran away from the semi, but my brand new

1 of 2

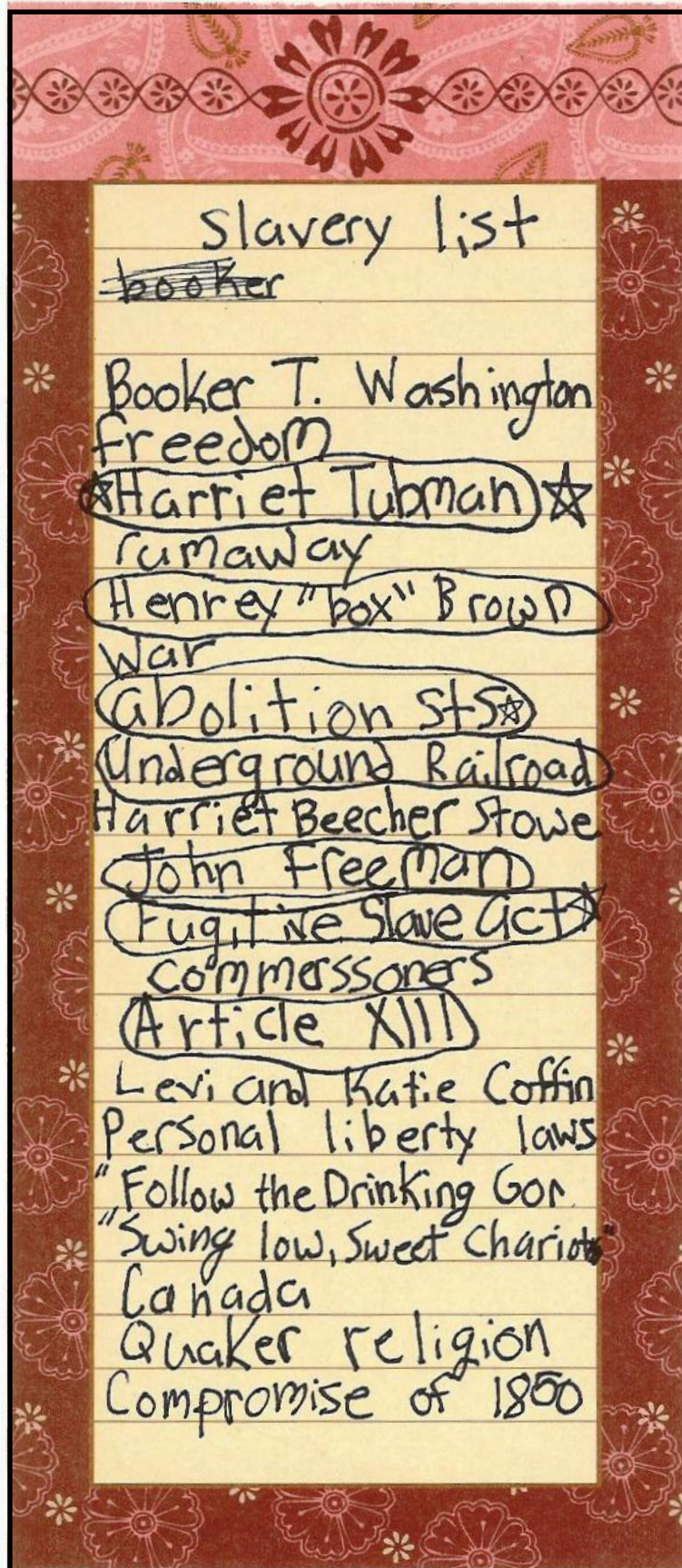
blue shoe fell off and the semi flattened it. I scurried to the side of the highway and ran as fast as the glittering white dove beside me. I ran so fast I forgot what I was doing. I jogged right into a recording studio where Hannah Montana was recording her new hit song that was never heard before. A little man dressed in black was standing in the front of the studio window. "He must be the director." I thought silently.

"There you are," said the little man in black. "I was getting worried, hurry up your on in five". A woman shoved me into a velvet curtain. I struggled to get away but she said, "Hold still! You can go with makeup or without it, hard or easy." I calmed down after she said the word makeup. She put tons of makeup on me. It felt like 10 min. but I knew it was only 4 min. because when I was done the little man came in and shouted 1 min. I dressed into the most sparkly clothes I could possibly find.

There was 10 seconds left before I was on. I was frightened and embarrassed. I didn't know what to say. Somebody said to read the cardboard signs and just sing. I'd won all the past talent shows with my singing, but I was still scared to death. Someone shoved me into the studio and I saw the cardboard signs. I began to sing and it was really quite easy. As soon as it started it was the end.

I was already getting fan mail. Hannah, of course, got a lot more than me. I went outside and was bombed with fans. I signed a few and then got sick of it. The next paper I took, I wrote Meanwhile. Right as I was jabbed with pencils, paper, and pens I heard a whirling sound. I zoomed into a place unknown. While I "zoomed", I wondered, why did the pencil work and the chalk didn't?

2 of 2



Writers list details before they begin the first draft. To encourage key words and phrases (rather than whole sentences) provide students with grocery list paper.

1 of 2

Harriet Tubman, the story of her Life

Hello, I am Harriet Tubman. It is February 1st 1863. Last month the Emancipation Proclamation was issued by President Lincoln. This proclamation stated that all enslaved people would be free. The road for many enslaved African Americans has been a long, cruel, and unjust journey.

When I was born in Bucktown, Maryland, my parents named me Araminta, but most people called me by my mother's name, Harriet. When I was a child I didn't run or play, I worked hard. Many times I was whipped cruelly. I was terrified that I would be sold and have to leave my family. I hated being a slave and watching slaves. I had to do something.

In 1849 I escaped from slavery, and went to Philadelphia. I vowed to go back to Maryland. I made my first trip back shortly after Congress passed the Fugitive Slave Act. It required that citizens of all states help capture escaped slaves. It threatened punishment for people caught helping runaways. I returned 18 more times during the 1850's and helped about 300 slaves escape. I never was caught and never lost a slave on my 19 rescue trips. I carried a gun and threatened to kill anyone who tried to turn back. Some people called me "Moses of my people."

When the war was over, I established a home in Auburn for elderly and needy blacks. It became known as the Harriet Tubman Home.

Harriet Tubman died on March 10, 1913. She devoted her life to freedom. She will always be remembered as a true hero.

2 of 2

Topic: fall description

Nouns

Verbs

Adjectives

Leaves

rake

colorful

burn

crunchy

pile

jump

weather

bundle up

cool

coats

crisp

first frost

dark earlier

Halloween

Carve

spooky

Pumpkin

Scare

shapes

jack-o-lantern

creepy

candy, costumes

trick or treating

yummy

Football

play

Hayrides

load up

bumpy

Carmel apples

eat

sticky, chewy

Topic: _____

Nouns

Verbs

Adjectives

First Liners

- One morning little Kara woke up and wanted to go out to play.
- Of course he's miserable moaned Wesley's mother.
- Down by the marsh by the sleepy, slimy marsh, one duck gets stuck in the muck, down by the deep green marsh.
- Dear Diary, well here I stinking am!
- Iona and Geneva had gone long before me.
- 6:32 AM. This is the farm.
- It's raining hard.

First Liners from Children's Books

CHARACTER HOOK:

Bat is working, upside down as usual, hanging by her toenails. (from *Bat Loves The Night*, Nicola Davies)

Molly Lou Melon stood just taller than her dog and was the shortest girl in the first grade. (from *Stand Tall Molly Lou Melon*, Patty Lovell)

Mean Jean was Recess Queen and nobody said any different. (from *The Recess Queen*, Alexis O'Neill)

Harriet Harris was a pesky child. (from *Harriet, You'll Drive Me Wild!* Mem Fox)

MOOD/FEELING HOOK:

I went to sleep with gum in my mouth and now there's gum in my hair and when I got out of bed this morning I tripped on the skateboard and by mistake I dropped my sweater in the sink while the water was running and I could tell it was going to be a terrible, horrible, no good, very bad day. (from *Alexander and the Terrible, Horrible, No Good, Very Bad Day*, Judith Viorst)

Hello, ocean, my old best friend.
(from *Hello, Ocean*, Pam Muñoz Ryan)

All William ever wanted in the whole world was to have a loose tooth. (from *Wibble, Wobble*, Miriam Moss & Joanna Mockler)

Lilly LOVED school!
(from *Lilly's Purple Plastic Purse*, Kevin Henkes)

I'm bored... Take me out to play!
(from *Let's Play Basketball*, Charles R. Smith, Jr.)

It began with an egg! (from *T. Rex*, Vivian French & Alison Bartlett)

SETTING HOOK:

Sundays when I was small, that Gran of mine was good at hiding. (from *The Hickory Chair*, Lisa Rowe Fraustino)

When I was nine or ten years old, I couldn't wait for Saturdays. (from *Saturdays & Teacakes*, Lester Laminack)

In Sooeey, South Dakota, in a sloppy, stuffy sty, there's an itchy ol' straw bed where the Bed Hogs pile high. (from *Bed Hogs*, Kelly DiPucchio)

It's summer on the river, when the air's as thick as soup and you can smell tar melting on the roof. (from *Root Beer and Banana*, Sarah Sullivan)

ACTION HOOK:

Sophie was busy playing when... her sister grabbed Gorilla. (from *When Sophie Gets Angry-- Really, Really, Angry...*, Molly Bang)

QUESTION HOOK:

See this man? This one here, sitting on the porch?
(from *Mr. George Baker*, Amy Hest)

Do you have six legs? Do you wiggle and crawl?
(from *The Bugliest Bug*, Carol Diggory Shields)

SOUND HOOK:

Extra! Extra! Extra Credit for Mrs. Page's Fifth-Grade Students! (from *Miss Alaniuns-- A Vocabulary Disaster*, Debra Frasier)

DIALOGUE HOOK:

"Come on, rain!" I say, squinting into the endless heat. (from *Come, On Rain*, Karen Hesse)

"Of course he's miserable," moaned Wesley's mother. (from *Weslandia*, Paul Fleischman)

My Sister

Looking at my sister is like looking in a mirror. When I look at my sister I see brown hair, brown eyes and freckles. We go shopping together. We go swimming together. We go everywhere together. I love my sister, but some times she can be a pain in the neck but I get over it. My sister is very serious, but I am very playful. She has a different style than I do. She likes short short and I like pants. She likes tank tops and I like tee shirts. We are very different considering we're twins!

Macy + Lacy = Haggard

Just a Picture

Just a picture, funny little words aren't they. Just a picture, just a piece of paper with ink on it. Tattered, torn, black and white, or even color it's still just a picture. To me, this picture is the best thing that happened to me.

I remember everything from that night, the smell of my aunt's garage, the taste of sweet birthday cake. As I touch my Papaw's warm back and smile for the camera, I think nothing can harm Papaw and I.

But, as we sing "Happy Birthday" to him for the 80th time, I think, what if something happened to him, what would happen to me? What would I do? Who would we take out to Cracker Barrel every Friday night?

Papaw was on my mind that night, while I brushed my teeth, and wet my hair. As I lay in my bed, Papaw drifts off my mind, as I drift off to a cumbersome sleep.

For the next 2 weeks it was the same old, same old. My family and I took Papaw out to eat like usual. But, one Friday, my Dad and I went into Papaw's house to get him, Papaw was in his chair with a fleece blanket, and his thermostat turned all the way up, and he was still cold.

The next day, my Aunt Linda took Papaw down to the Medi-Center in Harrison. They immediately took him to Christ Hospital, where he was diagnosed with pneumonia. That was on Saturday. My family and I went and visited him on Sunday.

The next day, September 26, 2005, it was a Monday, and I woke up an hour after school had started, so I went into my mom's bathroom, where I found her cheeks aglow, and her heart broken. She then told me that my Papaw, "The Wood", had died at 80 years of age. It was the hardest thing I've had to get through.

That's why this picture is so vital to me; it was taken 2 weeks before my Papaw died. Just a picture, funny little words aren't they. Just a picture, just a piece of paper with ink on it. Tattered, torn, black and white, or even color. It's still just a picture. Yeah right.

Stuck on the Iceberg

One hot, sweaty day, my family and I were waiting in line for an Alaskan cruise. There were a lot of people in line so it took for ever and I was getting suntanned.

When the boat finally started to move, I got out my jigsaw puzzle I had brought.

In about a half-an hour I had one more piece left and unexpectedly the boat took a sharp turn and wrecked it all. "This is not as fun as I thought it would be," I said.

A few days later we were still on the croose. But it wasn't really a croose I thought, because it was just a big boat with a lot of people going to Alaska. "How much longer till we get to Alaska?" I asked the captain. "One more day," he replied in a captainish voice.

I got bord very quickly and kept repeating that same question over and over again. But every time I asked it just got a minute shorter.

I was getting kind of sleepy so I decided to take a rest. When I woke up the day had passed. We were in Alaska!

"So when shall we go back?" asked the captain. "What?" I said. "Yes, this is a croose. The whole point is to be on the boat, not to go anywhere." The captain said.

"But can't we explore a little bit?" my mom said. "Yes." Replied the captain, but stay away from the animals and most definally the water." "O.K." everyone in my family said.

So we stumbled out of the boat ready to explore. My family and I stayed together and obeyed the captain while walking on the cold Alaskan snow.

"Your father and I are going to explore on our own." my mother said.

1 of 2

“stay off the water.” They said.

“stay off the water? Was that some kind of joke?” I thought. I’ll just go up there and look at it. And right when I got there I slipped in. It was so wavy I was floating away. But I was somehow under the water. “I knew I should have taken swimming lessons,” I thought.

I tried to get a hold of something to help me at least get out of the water. Finally I felt something and climbed on. Uh—Oh! It was an iceberg.

And it was moving! I was stuck on the iceberg. Extra Uh—Oh! It was heading toward a waterfall!

Suddenly, I saw something in the water. Things couldn’t get any worse, it looked like a shark.

It was black, white, and a little bit of orange. There were three creatures in the water and..

They were swimming toward me!

They popped out of the water and all my fears were over—they were penguins!

Why are you out here on this iceberg?” said one of the penguins. “I slipped in the water and floated away.” I explained.

“Can we help?” asked the penguins. “Well can you get me back to shore?” I asked.

“No problem.” Said the penguins. So they carried me back to shore.

Soon I saw my mom and dad. “I have to go.” I said, “They will get mad at me if they see me with you.”

So I thanked the penguins and promised I would be back next year.

I didn’t know if I would tell my parents about the iceberg or not.

All I was thinking about was going home and being safe.

Indian Village

I made an Indian village that includes four different artifacts, or something that a human being can make. These four artifacts are the wigwam, spear, mound and pottery. These are things that the Indians would have used long ago! Let's check out these four items, shall we?

The wigwam is the first artifact. A wigwam is a house that the Indians would have lived in. Our houses and a wigwam aren't much different! Except that instead of a roof, a wigwam has animal skins and hides that the women would make after the men kill the animal. Then they could feast!

The next artifact is a spear. A spear is a weapon used to hunt or kill animals. All you have to do is take a stick and a rock and tie them together! I think that this could come in handy don't you? I know I wouldn't want to get stuck with one of them pointing at me!

Third are the mounds. Now you may say, "Oh, I know what a mound is, it's a hump in the ground." Well yes, but did you know that the mound is actually a log tomb. Then they put the dead in it and then burn it and cover it with earth just like they were tucking a baby in for the night. So, this time when you say that you know what a mound is, say it right!

Now, last but not least, pottery!!! Pottery is just what you think it might be, a clay pot or can to hold things such as, food, drinks, or flowers. And since the Indians were hunters and gatherers, then they made pottery to store that food. They learned how to grow their own food and stay in one place or not having to depend on animals. They then started to get fancy with their pottery! They started putting in some designs. How about you trying to do pottery the same way?!

So, was that a report or an adventure? Whatever it was, I sure hope you enjoyed it!