

GRADE EIGHT

DESCRIPTIVE – LEVEL 1

- weak description
- no sensory details
- spelling/sentence construction weak

April, 18, 11

My name is [redacted] and I am telling you about the island I got sent to. This island is shaped like a box with rough edges and water surrounding it in the middle of the ocean. The weather on this island is mostly sunny & rainy but very cold, sometimes the weather is very wind but sunny. Most of the time its cold and raining. The cold on this island cause of all the water surrounding the island. Since ive been on this island I discovered mostly trees and one woman and two teenage boys. Ive learnt alot about this island by asking these people. The woman told me that she has lived here. Also she survived on this island ever since her days were two years old. The woman told me and showed me all the animals on this island so far i seen a couple of bears and falcones and fish and i saw one fox. This island is located in the middle of the pasific ocean. this is all i have learnt and discovered since ive been here.

GRADE EIGHT

DESCRIPTIVE – LEVEL 1

- no mood
- lack of imagery and sensory details

I'm on my way to an island with Garvey and Edwin. They're dropping me off. They will be checking upon me very often. For the whole time I will be here. I am going to be here for a year. I'm just getting to the island and all I see are trees and more trees. I can see my cabin where I will be staying at. But I really don't want to be here right now. When I got out of the boat I was in for hours I can see birds, fish bones, and a lot more. When I was looking at the trees it was cold out and all I could hear was the boat leaving the island. I wanted to leave the island so bad. To me it didn't matter what it looked like, but I took a minute to stop and look around. When I started looking I could see what I would have missed out on if I didn't take that minute to stop.

GRADE EIGHT

DESCRIPTIVE – LEVEL 2

- organization, coherence inconsistent
- some variety of sentence openers
- presents a picture of the place
- precise objectives
- includes some sensory details

The Pond

The pond by my house is a beautiful and wondrous place like no other! In the fall it has terrific golden and green leaves fluttering by here and there. It creates a magical sensation that only you can discover for yourself!

The pond is a part of the White Fox Creek. It has many swirling, twirling, ferocious currents. It flows through the giant mouths of culverts and under tall, fantastic looking bridges.

The large, curious beavers build their mud and stick homes along the tremendous riverbanks and build dams across the murky brown water. It also has little, brown minnows that dart about swimming and enjoying themselves. It has a thick coating of algae on the top of the brownish water. The dragonflies and butterflies are all the colors of the rainbow with a wonderful feeling to their presence. The frogs, which are loud and sometimes obnoxious, are always croaking! It has a weedy

bottom and shallow edges, which is good for the side crawlers and beetles. Sometimes the cows will poop in the water leaving a stinky, brown smell floating about the premises.

Every once and a while the creek will flow like Niagara Falls!

It is a great place to go rafting or just float about in a boat and tan until your hearts content! You can also go on a thrilling canoeing or boating adventure. Swimming is also a great thing to do when you want to relax. If you like to be more exciting you could ride beautiful horses through the glistening water and get your ratty, old riding clothes and worn out boots soaked with water.

There are fallen trees, which are great to go on fantastic adventures with your friends. In the winter the pond is a mystifying place to go skating, and to practice your skills to become a great, balanced figure skater like Dorothy Hammel. It

is a great place to play an awesome game of hockey, or just skate

around and enjoy yourself! It is truly a beautiful place full of fun

and adventure!

GRADE EIGHT

DESCRIPTIVE – LEVEL 3

- varies vocabulary
- clear and colorful picture
- sensory details and vivid words
- mood is set with precise adjectives
- paragraphing is weak - first section in one long paragraph

My Perfect Night

The night was wonderful as the sun began to set. I could see the barrier of the sun from my campsite. The party was getting louder and my head was beginning to throb, so I went for a walk. The walk to the beach was chilly on that spring night with only the sun's last rays of the day leading me to the shore. Once I got to the shore all I could hear was the call of the wilderness. The sky was clear and beginning to turn a deep blue colour, almost as dark as the water. As my dog and I walked along the shore with sand beneath my toes and the small waves of water hitting his paws, ^{was} ^{"Man"} it was a night to remember! I wanted to capture all the wondrous colours of the sunset; so I sat down on a bench by the cabins on the east side of the lake. I sat there with my blanket wrapped around me tight, dog on one side lying in the sand, and nothing but open water and forest miles away to clear my head. All the colours of the sunset, blue, red, orange, and yellow, shone bright, almost too bright to handle. All I could hear was the loons on the lake and a few sighs from Buddy, still at my right

side. All we did was sit there and listen, so still like a deer caught in head lights. I could smell the walleye and see the odd jumps here and there of a fish.

Meanwhile, while the sun was setting, I just sat there, watching the sun get lower and lower each minute. I must have sat there for at least ^{twenty} 20 minutes, until the sun was finally out of sight and what was left were the colours of the dark sky. Shortly after, I was lying on the bench watching the stars appear like city lights turning on. It was as if someone was manually turning on each one! For those brief ^{fifteen} 15 minutes that I lay there, all my problems floated away as I enjoyed my last few minutes on "the beach of silence" because I knew ^{return} ^{← conclusion.} tomorrow would be another long day of fishing and packing up to go back home. That night was the end to my May long adventure at Jan Lake and the start to a new beginning!!

GRADE EIGHT

DESCRIPTIVE – LEVEL 3

- spelling
- sensory details included
- some off topic sentences
- some vivid words
- strong voice
- strong point

The island off the coast of Alaska is beautiful in its own way. The snow-tipped mountains, dead in the background, the violent waves which spread once it reaches the shore. Trees in the forest silence the sounds of civilization. With winter moving in, most of the trees lose their leaves. It becomes cold and winds become more violent. With the once colour full shelter sitting in the middle of nowhere now lies dull with faded brown paint. The wind blows in the trees which creates a low whistle and flows through out the land. Greenish land twists and turns to form valleys and mountains. My name is Cole. I was sent to this island at a young age. Being the guy I was at the time I fanned down the shelter and decreased the land. I still regret doing what I did, but the only thing you cannot miss is the beauty of the greatly spirited island and its grand surroundings.

GRADE EIGHT

DESCRIPTIVE – LEVEL 3

- imagery and tone is engaging
- strong use of vocabulary
- word use: ie chili – chilly, quiet – quite
- strong introduction
- weak last sentence destroys the impact of writing
- sensory details
- colourful picture of place

Touching Spirit Bear.

04.13.11

Since I arrived on this island, I've begun to realize the beauty of my surroundings. It's constantly drizzling and chill outside. The sun may be out but it provides little warmth. The shore sprawls quiet far, its muddy and mushy. The ocean is deep, dark and beautiful. The forest is all light colors of fall leaves, its peaceful and weirdly calm. The trees grow high and the grass grows thick and damp underneath my feet. Everywhere there's a forest or thick brush, its usually teeming with blood-thirsty mosquitos. If I stay silent enough I can hear a distant rustle or the thicket of animals and birds singing. It is a very peaceful and cold island. There are some big rocks along the shore, where the water laps over them and smoothes the surface. When I investigate the island, I'm like an elephant stampeding through a monks sanctuary. It's freakishly quiet when I'm around & the dead fall underneath me crunches. Near the rocks and where the forest gets thickest is usually the area the Spirit Bear appears. A huge spruce tree, catches my eyes because I always see a squirrel running around it and see a raven's nest up high. This is my simple description of the island.

GRADE EIGHT

DESCRIPTIVE – LEVEL 4

- voice is imaginative
- precise words
- spelling correct
- variety of sentence length
- point of view inconsistent
- complex use of language conventions (vocabulary)
- uses all the senses to create a vivid, clear description

View from my Window

In the dim, early, peaceful, morning light the view from my window is quite interesting and breathtaking. I silently and calmly stand in the timid stillness of the dim room, my feet at ease against the cold, rigid floor, and the motionless, foggy window before me. I hear nothing but the gentle, constant, soft ticking of the aged clock, on the smooth, worn, wall. The slow soft, never ending ticking, is a sign, telling me, time will never ever end, giving me a penetrating, panicky feeling. As I stare out that foggy window, I get a chilly feeling run up my spine, giving me an eerie sensation.

The frost crystals I see, silently resting on the frozen tree branches, gleam like innocent, white pearls. The drive quietly lies beneath the soft, blanket of snow, with a deathly chill, frozen and white. The sky is a soft, gray, fog, silently creeping along, like a cougar through a frosty winter's evening. The wind wistfully whirrs through the icy forest, whipping the needles in a sudden wake, almost like a piercing scream in the peaceful, serene, moonlight. I also see the smoke deliberately falter, away from the dark, mystic, shape of the chimney on the garage, in the dim, dusky distance. The malicious blowing wind cuts through the sleek smoke, like a knife through paper, interrupting its feeble slumber. The smoke slowly, but

slightly takes form of a mystical shape, frozen and desperate, which will never belong in this forgotten, freezing place. It gradually begins to silently disappear in wisps of swirling smoke, anxious and frantic to escape.

Here I stand, staring out that window, in a daze, daydreaming of what will come and go, in the future, and of some place warm and comforting.

Outside the cats patiently wait, pawing at the fresh, clean, snow in the stillness, waiting for the sun to rise, above the dark, frozen world. Then bang! Away from this peaceful, frozen, place, threatening, in the far distance is a disturbing gunshot. It slowly begins to wake the gloomy night, and the shadows lurking in the frigid, cold, forest.

Silently peering out my window in the peaceful mornings, gives me a mysterious and wonderful feeling of adventure. It also gives me the taste of freedom!