

GRADE SEVEN

NARRATIVE – LEVEL 1

- lack of introduction
- sentence structure weak
- punctuation
- spelling/capitalization
- audience/purpose
- paragraphing

Dear Diary,

Feb.24,

I would like to tell you a day I will a day I will always remember when I went to Grand Turk on my cruise. I woke up waited for my brothers were up had a shower got dressed got my parents and went for breakfast. After breakfast we went to the bottom floor and got off the ship. We came in front of a big sign that said “welcome to Grand Turk “. We walked down the beach until we came to a place called jack’s shack where we got free chairs because we were Canadian. My brother and I went snorkelling and seen lost of fish and took pictures. We met some people and a dog. The dog’s name was gopher the owner’s dog. We also me t a couple there names were Shaun and I don’t remember her name. After the day had ended we had built a sand castle and went snorkelling. It was one of the best days I’ve ever had.

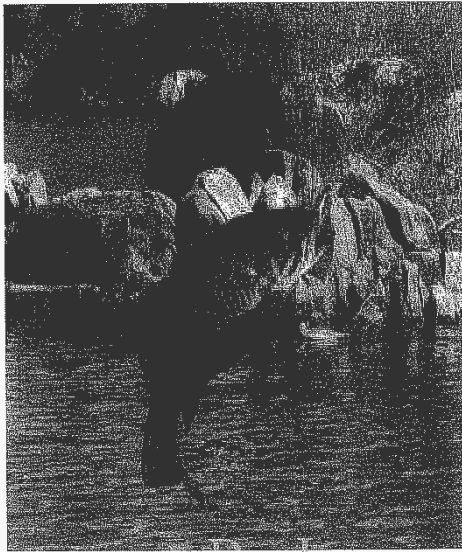
From: Kiel

GRADE SEVEN

NARRATIVE – LEVEL 1

- ineffective confusing narrative text
- sentence errors
- little development of ideas
- punctuation errors
- paragraphing problems
- lack of logical progression to conclusion

fishing story



Fishing is a past time many families like to do it together. There are many places to fish around my home. For example where I fish is at the Beaver River, Meadow River, and the Back Water. I go fishing with my uncle Doug, my mom, and my twin brothers.

It was fishing season. I went fishing with my mom and my brothers. I got out my fishing rod and put on a hook. I went to my fishing spot. I started casting. An hour later I said "I have a fish." I didn't know I had a fish until I got it in. The fish was in the shallow water. My brothers came running to see the fish and took out the hook. My brothers said "oh, you have a fish". I had a lot of fun.

The end

GRADE SEVEN

NARRATIVE – LEVEL 1

- no introduction
- limited plot
- has point of view
- uses dream to tell story
- inconsistent punctuation
- basic vocabulary
- sentence, grammar problems

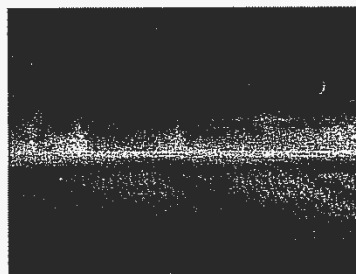
Sept.15th 400 B.c

Dear Daisy,

I went to Fernie B.C, to see my mother. When she picked me up she had a brown knit dress on. And she had a big smile on her face, she said "let's go" and I said "goodbye" to my grandma @ grandpa. Finally we walked all the way from old rusty llolydminster; its lying at the Saskatchewan @ Alberta border, To Fernie B.C when we got there we firstly we went into my was tiny. If you was huge, well my made out of rocks. out of granite, waterfall, and it crystals falling the stone-car and bed. Secondly my right? Then it was understand, the sun was green @ purple. I started to guess that I might be having a dream I pinched myself, then I opened my eyes and I forgot that I was at my moms. And I actually had I dream about me with my mom here that was pretty weird. Went and I stayed up the whole night. Ok you thought in the beginning this was real hey. Ha-ha your wrong..... TO BE CONTINUED



Yours Truly: Maren



GRADE SEVEN

NARRATIVE – LEVEL 1

- few narrative devices
- simple/basic language and sentences
- few details
- limited ideas/content
- lacks engaging introduction
- no paragraphs
- logical sequence

Dillberry Lake

When I was one year old my mom, dad, aunt, uncle and I all went to Dilberry Lake. When we got there I wanted to go swimming in the lake. We went to the lake and my aunt was holding me for a while. Then she went to give me to my mom and she dropped me of the dock into the lake. My Aunty was trying to get me out but thankfully they grabbed me out. I was scared to go back into the water until I was 5 years old.

GRADE SEVEN

NARRATIVE – LEVEL 3

- well-developed narrative, systematic plot, conclusion is adequate
- tone and voice strong
- engaging from beginning
- expressive language

It was the summer of 2011; my family and I were camping, just like we always have at Kimball Lake my family and I have done this, for as long as I can remember. That week, my Aunty Janet and my cousin Rheane came from Spruce Grove which is near Edmonton to see us out at the lake. It was just another day at the lake, but the night turned into a scary experience. Let me start the story from right before my family decided to go to bed.

I was sitting by the fire feeling the warmth of it, just about to fall asleep in my lawn chair when my mom called me in to go to bed. I got out of my lawn chair and walk it over to put it under the awning. I walked into my camper to brush my teeth, when my brother grabbed me and tosses me across the room, I hit the couch; luckily! I waited, eating chips, until everyone was done brushing their teeth. Then, I get up and brush my teeth punching my brother out of the

camper because he sleeps in a tent with my sister. I lie down on the couch and doze off to sleep, quickly.

Suddenly, I woke up to my mom screaming my name. Everyone's piling around the door. I could hear big loud banging on the camper. I jump up and shouted, "What's going on?" My mom says, "Come and see!" I walked through the crowd and LOOK! WOW! HUGE HAIL CHUNKS! My brother and sister ran in with pillows and blankets on their heads. My brother shows me a piece of hail the size of a pool ball! I continued to hear loud clunking sounds, as well as windows banging right by my bed. I was so scared that these things are coming down really, really hard.

I laid down thinking, "Here I am with huge hail falling from the sky." I waited there for something bad to happen. Two, then three hours passed by. We had no clocks because the power was out. I heard the hail slowing down, then closed my eyes. Slowly and finally I drifted off to sleep.

My Worst Storm

I got up to walk outside, and shouted WOW! "I was thinking where am I?", but I know! There were branches and trees laying everywhere. It was a mess! There were holes in our awning. I looked around, right through the trees to another camper, where there was no awning left on that camper. I walk around and found dents in everything. I found one car with broken windows. Some strangers look at our camper "WOW"! You got it bad. "Some guys across from us got it on the head and had to get stitches." I thought to myself while surveying the scene, "wow my brother and sister were lucky!"

I started by helping my dad brush off the camper and truck to really survey the dents. There were way too many too count, the dents were big and small. Then, we raked around our campsite cleaning all the branches and pine needles out of the campsite and in to the bush. I stop to eat some breakfast. I picked a blue bowl out and ate some Lucky Charms cereal, I was so hungry! I had three big bowls.

One of my brother's friends was camping and had a tree in there campsite. Our friends that we had met last year were camping right beside us and had the skylight break and water pour in the night before. Our neighbours from town also had there skylight break. I was so glad our skylight didn't break. I spent that entire day cleaning up after that storm. It was the worst storm I have ever experienced!

GRADE SEVEN

NARRATIVE – LEVEL 3

- well-developed narrative, systematic plot
- narrative devices
- climax ok
- tone/voice evident
- clear sentences

History

It all started on July 2. It was a Monday. I hate Mondays. To make matters worse I got a call at eight in the morning to tell me a man was found dead in an alley. I got out of bed, got ready, and headed to the scene of the crime.

"Detective, Detective!" called Tim. Tim was the man who found the dead guy, and the one who called me. I asked him what he was doing when he found him. "Well" he began " I was looking for certain things for an experiment I was doing." " then when I was looking in this alley I found this guy" Tim pointed to the lifeless body on the ground.

I left Tim standing there and walked over to the body. He was short, fat, and smelled strongly of something but I couldn't put my finger on it. I started searching the man. I found a wallet with ID, a phone, and a note that was torn in half. On the half I could read it said music, hair, his. What could it mean "his"?

Just as I left the alley to call the police I saw a boy on his bike stop and look in the alley. I was about to ask him to leave when he pulled out his phone, pushed one button then yelled into the phone.

"Hello 911? My name is Albert and I'm on second street and my history teacher is dead." He paused then he looked at me and said, "There's a man here. He's got brown hair and a brown coat." He pulled the phone away from his ear and said, " They want to talk to you."

I took the phone and said "Detective Bob here. Come over as soon as you can." I hung up the phone and gave it back to the boy. He looked at me and laughed. I asked him what was so funny and he replied "You." I decided he could help me, so I started asking questions. His name was Albert, he was sixteen, and the man found dead was his history teacher. He also told me that if I wanted more about the man ask John Berton.

I went looking for this John and found him playing soccer in Kingsman Field. I asked him if he knew anything. He did. The man dead was Joe Biller and he was the eleventh grade history teacher who had been there forever. I knew this kid was nervous and wanted to know why I was asking all these questions. I told him that Joe was found dead this morning. He stood in silence then went back to his game.

I knew a few things, one Joe Biller was the eleventh grade history teacher. Two, his last call was to someone with the number 897-6031. Three, he smelled strongly of something familiar. And four, the note that said "music, hair, his." I needed more clues and that was when I heard fighting.

I walked down the street and in an alley I saw two boys fighting. One of the boys had dark hair and pale skin. The other had a mohawk and a hoodie. I was just about to step in when they stopped. The dark haired kid ran away, it was Albert. I looked in the alley and saw the other boy come over to me "What do you want?" he spat at me I asked him if he knew Joe Biller. "He's my history teacher." He said with no expression on his face. I told him the news. I know." He whispered, "Albert told me." I asked him if he knew the whole story. " I only know he's dead." He said more angrily this time. I started asking questions.

His name was Jim, he was sixteen, and into music and history. I asked him about John. "He's a good guy, into sports and stuff like that." He said with a smile on his face. Then I asked him about Albert. " That guy is always doing graffiti and biking around." I told him about what he did at the scene of the crime. "Ha, he doesn't have a phone and why would he help? He only cares about himself."

I went home tired and hungry. After a meal I sat down and thought. I thought about the clues, all the pieces of the puzzle, but something was missing. Then it hit me. Who called Mr. Biller? I went to the alley where Albert and Jim were fighting. Maybe there would be some clues here. Sure

enough there was a phone. A black phone. I looked through the phone and I found the phone's number. It was 897-6031.

This was the phone. The phone that someone called Joe on. And there was that smell again. The same smell that was on Mr. Biller. I had to talk to John again, but in the morning.

* * *

I went to find John. I needed one more piece of information. I found him at the batting cages. I asked him about his, Jim's, and Albert's grades in history.

"Well," he began. "Jim and I get A+ and Albert was doing really well until Mr. Biller gave him an F on one of the biggest tests of the year. Albert was really angry about it and Jim promised he would help Albert get back at him in any way." I gave John my thanks and went to find the police. I had solved the case.

Can you guess who it was?

It was Albert. He was angry with Mr. Biller for failing him. I knew it was him because he left many clues. One, he dropped the phone that he used to call Mr. Biller. Two, I'm pretty sure you have to push more than one number to dial 911. He must have had it set up and he pushed redial. Three, the note.

He planted that list on Biller and framed Jim. Hair, music, and history. These are all Jim's interests. And finally number four, the smell on Mr. Biller and the phone was spray paint as Albert has been known to graffiti.

Well it was another amazing case solved by yours truly. Well now I think I'll go home and take good long rest. Oh one second, I am getting a call. "Hello, Detective Bob here..... Yep I'll be right over." Well someone robbed the bank and they left some evidence and they need my assistance. I'll tell you all about it when I solve the case.

GRADE SEVEN

NARRATIVE– LEVEL 4

- engaging context and insightful narrative
- complex style and language choices
- sophisticated
- develops through details
- thoughtful conclusion
- vocabulary = variety for effect

Give It a Try

By [REDACTED]

Have you ever looked at concerts or musical piano performances and thought ‘I want to be as talented as they are’? I did when I was no older than the age of eight. I would walk up to my piano and start pressing random keys, expecting a beautiful melody to emerge. But instead, out came a messy, disorganized tune that was loud enough to send irritated neighbors knocking on the door. My dad then enrolled me in piano lessons, and that was when I became a musician.

When I first started piano lessons, I found it a bit difficult, and the simple pieces my teacher first taught me did not even sound close to the beautiful tunes famous musicians played. There was a lot more to it than I had imagined. I had difficulty joining the notes together, and could feel my motivation sinking like an anchor. I would not have been in piano today if it weren’t for my father’s speeches of motivation to keep going. So I pulled through, and then I eventually started noticing the songs getting more advanced, and also illustrating deeper stories within the notes. I started to actually enjoy the music I played, and I noticed I played better and started to understand everything more. My favourite songs were the ones that flowed beautifully, and ones that made you move your fingers across the keys swiftly.” The Song of Twilight”, by Nakada was a beautiful piece, and the first piece I really understood. My teacher one day asked me if I wanted to play the piece for music festival, and I excitedly said, “yes.”

After a few months, I had “The Song of Twilight” memorized like the back of my hand. The night before the day I performed, my dad spoke a few words. “When you go up there to perform, I want you to erase all thoughts about first place and just focus on the music. The most important thing is to let everyone see the image of beautiful twilight streaking across the sky as you play. If you do that, then getting first place will just be an added bonus,” he explained.

It was hard not wanting to get first place. There were ten people in the group I was going to perform in, and I was sure I would not get first place.

It was then the morning of the day I had to perform. I wanted to practice my heart out but I learned that if I did that, I would over practice and forget the notes when I did perform. I unfortunately learned that the hard way in a past experience. Worst of all though, it was like someone took a box and dumped a heaping amount of nervousness in my digestive system.

My dad then drove me over to the Baptist Church, and I entered the building, clutching my piano book as if I were holding on to dear life. I placed it on a table where nine other piano books rested, and then I took a seat with my dad.

A few moments before I had to perform; I took a deep breath and focused my mind on just feeling the music. I was extremely nervous. I could feel my feet and my hands shaking as I sat down and

put my foot on the pedal. As soon as I played the first note, I felt like I was walking on string and the slightest mistake would disturb my balance. I surprisingly did not mess up, and I put a lot of feeling behind every note. I was relieved when I was finished and took a bow.

After that I sat down, and let out a huge breath of relief that it was over. But there were still 7 more performances to go, and suspense was building up in my stomach. I thought about my performance, thinking back about all the notes I played and how I played them. Each performance seemed to last for eternity, but they were all very well played. But the silence between each performance was filled with tension and a hint of boredom. Finally, the last performer finished her piece, and the adjudicator made her way to the front. I immediately sat up in my chair and started soaking up her every word like a sponge and processed it in my brain like a machine.

The adjudicator gave comments and constructive criticism to everybody, some more than others, and I listened intently. After what seemed like hours and hours, she got to the last person. She then walked up to the piano where all the results were, and started arranging the certificates. The tension and suspense in the air was as thick as fog. I could tell everyone was holding their breath besides me. She grabbed three certificates and then slowly looked them over to check over her choices. My insides felt like they were going to explode if she didn't announce the results in the next five seconds. She then started talking about how we all deserved first place, and then finally, she announced the results. She announced third place, and then second place. I watched as a girl whose name had slipped my mind, walked up and shook the adjudicator's hand and received her certificate of honor. Then finally, the moment of truth came.

"And first place goes to..."

I was sitting upright in my seat and my hands were subconsciously holding on tightly to the arms of the chair I sat in.

MY NAME!

I could not believe my ears. The adjudicator then smiled at me and I walked up and received my own certificate of honor. As we shook hands, she whispered "You played beautifully; you have a bright musical future ahead." I thanked her graciously and happiness was just bursting inside of me. I had achieved what I had never thought I would have achieved earlier that day. As I made my way back to my dad's car, a few people shook my hand and thanked me for the beautiful performance. My dad then gave me a big pat on my back and said "Well done, that performance was great, and you projected a beautiful image in the room," I couldn't help but smile and give him a big hug.

Up to this day, I have entered two more music festivals, and I was proud of my results from each one. I even got a Beethoven bust one time for performing a Sonatina. The life lesson I got out of this was, even if you aren't good at something or think it's boring, if you keep trying and find motivation to keep going, good results will come out of your hard work.

GRADE SEVEN

NARRATIVE – LEVEL 4

- point of view is purposeful
- purposefully applies text organization features
- tone of voice is imaginative
- creatively uses connecting words
- engaging dialogue
- dynamic climax

the letter A

MY existence was lonely
I was cut off, seperated in a world of my own

always watching, never doing
I desperately wanted to BREAK loose
I was immobile, eager, YET UNABLE TO play

My future was A PUZZLE

One day EVERYTHING changed
WATCHING MY family write ATTRACTED me

the chalk was SO beautiful AND bright

I GRABBED The chalk

Not knowing WHAT to do i made a wild Scribble
NEEDING SOMEONE to show me what to do

i STOPPED!
i did IT a miracle

the letter A