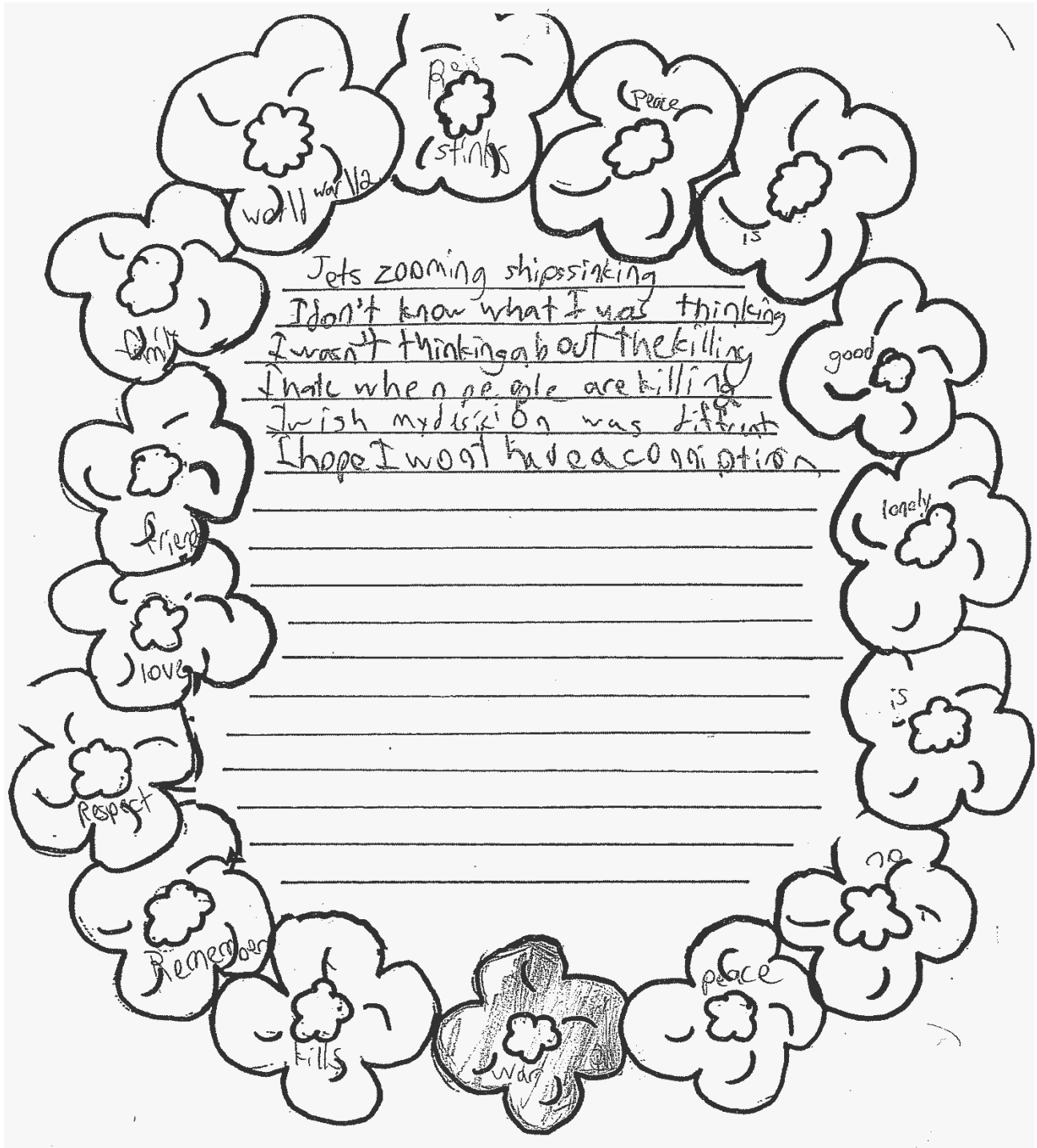
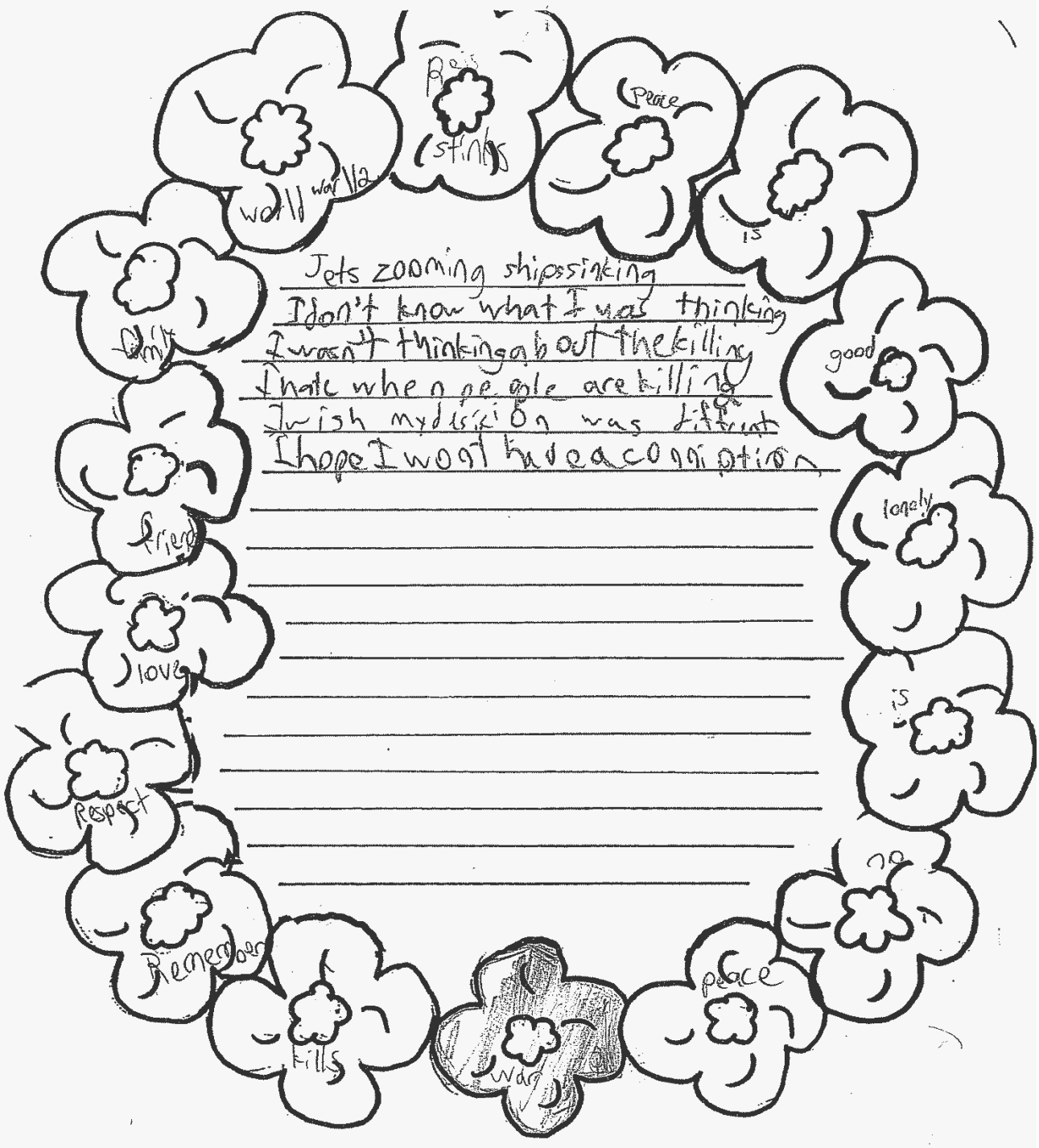


GRADE FOUR
POETRY - LEVEL 1



Jets zooming ships sinking
I don't know what I was thinking
I wasn't thinking about the killing
I hate when people are killing
I wish my mission was different
I hope I won't have a concussion



GRADE FOUR

POETRY - LEVEL 2

- basic text
- some support of judgement
- weakness – word choice

Not What It Seems

Jets screaming over the earth

Bullets flying over the battlefield

Soldiers yelling so much they have no breath

My best ~~friend~~ is in the ditch so scared
friend

My wife is at home having a baby

She is very worried about me

I hope I get home soon to play with my kid's maybe

But the lord is the only one that can really see

We won this fight

Our country is okay

But the sad this is that

My best friend passed away

It made me realize there is no real winners in this thing we call war

Everyone gets hurts in one way reminding us to count our blessings much more

GRADE FOUR

POETRY - LEVEL 2

- general message
- rudimentary organization of ideas
- message could be stronger
- ideas somewhat vague

War

Laying behind a tree, wishing that I would be free.

Hearing bullets flying, thinking of soldiers dying.

Thinking of my family that was glad,

But thinking of never returning makes me sad.

Feeling the ground shake is keeping me awake.

Being married and with my kids
for only half a year.

Hoping that my wife and kids are safe.

And why I'm doing this - is so that me

And my country will be free.

This Is War

GRADE FOUR

POETRY - LEVEL 3

- demonstrates understanding with original text
- supports judgments
- weakness: conventions

