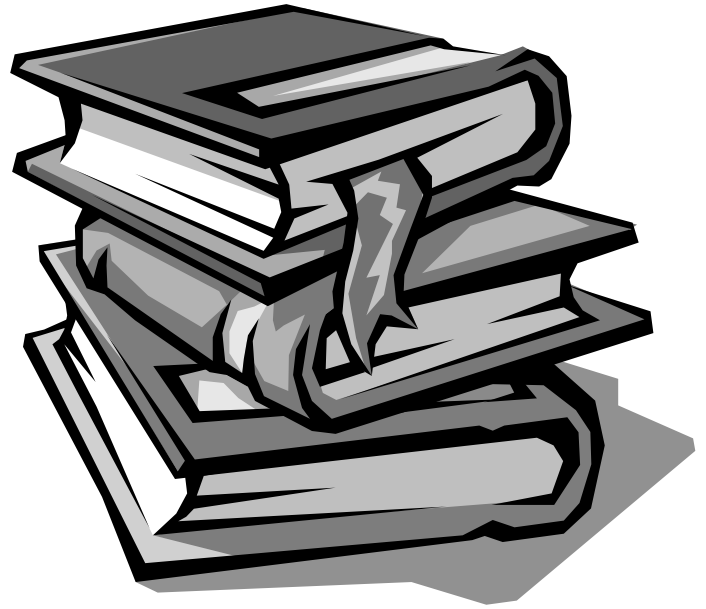


English Language Arts Prototype



Suggested for: **7th Grade**
Diversity

Prototypes developed by
St. Clair County Educators
Revised January 2005



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PART 1

WRITING FROM KNOWLEDGE AND EXPERIENCE

PART 1: SESSION 1 PREWRITING

DIRECTIONS:

THINKING ABOUT THE TOPIC:

Diversity is the condition of being different or having differences from one another.

THINK ABOUT:

Sometimes people fear what they do not understand about one another. When they communicate, they find that they have a lot in common. The fact is, every American family belonged to another culture at one time. Differences can become something to celebrate.

Suppose you had to live for a time in another country, far away from “home”. How could living away from home help you to appreciate your own culture and traditions, as well as accept those of the country you are visiting?

How can learning about other cultures and traditions help you understand and find out more about who you are?

PART 1: SESSION 1 DRAFTING

WRITING ABOUT THE TOPIC:

Continue to think about the topic: **Diversity**. You will have approximately 25 minutes to work on your draft.

Do **one** of the following:

describe a situation in which you or someone you know was discriminated against because of appearance, gender, or ethnic background

or

describe a time when you helped someone from another country feel welcome in his or her new home

or

describe diversity by explaining what it is like for someone when they don't belong

or

write about your family or a group of friends and how you are alike or different from each other

or

write about the topic in your own way.

When you are ready, you may begin your draft.

Interested adults will read your writing.

PART 1: SESSION 1

REVIEW OF WRITING

DIRECTIONS:

Use the following checklist as you draft.

CHECKLIST FOR REVISION:

- Do I stay focused on my central idea?
- Do I support my central idea with important details/examples?
- Do I need to take out details/examples that DO NOT support my central idea?
- Is my writing organized and complete, with a clear beginning, middle, and end?
- Do I use a variety of interesting words, phrases, and/or sentences?

CHECKLIST FOR EDITING:

- Have I checked and corrected my spelling to help readers understand my writing?
- Have I checked and corrected my punctuation and capitalization to help readers understand my writing?

CHECKLIST FOR PROOFREADING:

- Is everything just the way I want it?

Michigan Educational Assessment Program
Integrated English Language Arts
Part 1 Rubric
Writing from Knowledge and Experience

- 6** The writing is exceptionally engaging, clear, and focused. Ideas and content are thoroughly developed with relevant details and examples where appropriate. The writer’s control over organization and the connections between ideas moves the reader smoothly and naturally through the text. The writer shows a mature command of language including precise word choice that results in a compelling piece of writing. Tight control over language use and mastery of writing conventions contribute to the effect of the response.
- 5** The writing is engaging, clear, and focused. Ideas and content are well developed with relevant details and examples where appropriate. The writer’s control over organization and the connections between ideas effectively moves the reader through the text. The writer shows a command of language including precise word choice. The language is well controlled, and occasional lapses in writing conventions are hardly noticeable.
- 4** The writing is generally clear and focused. Ideas and content are developed with relevant details and examples where appropriate, although there may be some unevenness. The response is generally coherent, and its organization is functional. The writer’s command of language, including word choice, supports meaning. Lapses in writing conventions are not distracting.
- 3** The writing is somewhat clear and focused. Ideas and content are developed with limited or partially successful use of examples and details. There may be evidence of an organizational structure, but it may be artificial or ineffective. Incomplete mastery over writing conventions and language use may interfere with meaning some of the time. Vocabulary may be basic.
- 2** The writing is only occasionally clear and focused. Ideas and content are underdeveloped. There may be little evidence of organizational structure. Vocabulary may be limited. Limited control over writing conventions may make the writing difficult to understand.
- 1** The writing is generally unclear and unfocused. Ideas and content are not developed or connected. There may be no noticeable organizational structure. Lack of control over writing conventions may make the writing difficult to understand.

Not ratable if:

- A Off topic
- B Illegible
- C Written in a language other than English
- D Blank/refused to respond

PART 2a
READING FOR UNDERSTANDING

Directions:

In this part of the test, you will be reading two selections that are related.

FIRST READING SELECTION

from BARRIO BOY

By
Ernesto Galarza

from BARRIO BOY
By Ernesto Galarza

At Lincoln, making us into Americans did not mean scrubbing away what made us originally foreign.

The two of us [the narrator, Ernesto, and his mother] walked south on Fifth Street one morning to the corner of Q Street and turned right. Half of the block was occupied by the Lincoln School. It was a three-story wooden building, with two wings that gave it the shape of a double T connected by a central hall. It was a new building, painted yellow, with a shingled roof that was not like the red tile of the school in Mazatlán. I noticed other differences, none of them very reassuring.

We walked up the wide staircase hand in hand and through the door, which closed by itself. A mechanical contraption screwed to the top shut it behind us quietly.

Up to this point the adventure of enrolling me in the school had been carefully rehearsed. Mrs. Dodson had told us how to find it and we had circled it several times on our walks. Friends in the barrio explained that the director was called a principal, and that it was a lady and not a man. They assured us that there was always a person at the school who could speak Spanish.

Exactly as we had been told, there was a sign on the door in both Spanish and English: “Principal”. We crossed the hall and entered the office of Miss Nettie Hopley.

Miss Hopley was at a roll-top desk to one side, sitting in a swivel chair that moved on wheels. There was a sofa against the opposite wall, flanked by two windows and a door that opened on a small balcony. Chairs were set around a table, and framed pictures hung on the walls of a man with long white hair and another with a sad face and a black beard.

The principal half turned in the swivel chair to look at us over the pinch glasses crossed on the ridge of her nose. To do this, she had to duck her head slightly, as if she were about to step through a low doorway.

What Miss Hopley said to us we did not know, but we saw in her eyes a warm welcome, and when she took off her glasses and straightened up, she smiled wholeheartedly, like Mrs. Dodson. We were, of course, saying nothing, only catching the friendliness of her voice and the sparkle in her eyes while she said words we did not understand. She signaled us to the table. Almost tiptoeing across the office, I maneuvered myself to keep my mother between me and the gringo lady. In a matter of seconds I had to decide whether she was a possible friend or a menace. We sat down.

Then Miss Hopley did a formidable thing. She stood up. Had she been standing when we entered, she would have seemed tall. But rising from her chair, she soared. And what she carried up and up with her was a buxom super structure, firm shoulders, a straight sharp nose, full cheeks slightly molded by a curved line along the nostrils, thin lips that moved like steel springs, and a high forehead topped by hair gathered in a bun. Miss Hopley was not a giant in

body, but when she mobilized it to a standing position she seemed a match for giants. I decided I liked her.

She strode to a door in the far corner of the office, opened it, and called a name. A boy of about ten years appeared in the doorway. He sat down at one end of the table. He was brown like us, a plump kid with shiny black hair combed strait back, neat, cool, and faintly obnoxious.

Miss Hopley joined us with a large book and some papers in her hand. She, too, sat down and the questions and answers began by way of our interpreter. My name was Ernesto. My mother's name was Henriqueta. My birth certificate was in San Blas. Here was my last report card from the Escuela Municipal Numero 3 Para Varones of Mazatlán, and so forth. Miss Hopley put things down in the book and my mother signed a card.

As long as the questions continued, Doña Henriqueta could stay and I was secure. Now that they were over, Miss Hopley saw her to the door, dismissed our interpreter, and without further ado took me by the hand and strode down the hall to Miss Ryan's first grade.

Miss Ryan took me to a seat at the front of the room, into which I shrank-the better to survey her. She was too skinny, somewhat runty and of a withering height when she patrolled the class. And when I least expected it, there she was, crouching by my desk, her blond, radiant face level with mine, her voice patiently maneuvering me over the awful idiocies of the English language.

During the next few weeks Miss Ryan overcame my fears of tall, energetic teachers as she bent over my desk to help me with a word in the pre-primer. Step by step, she loosened me and my classmates from the safe anchorage of the desks for recitations at the blackboard and consultations at her desk. Frequently she burst into happy announcements to the whole class. "Ito can read a sentence," and small Japanese Ito, squint-eyed and shy, slowly read aloud while the class listened in wonder: "Come, Skipper, come. Come and run." The Korean, Portuguese, Italian, and Polish first-graders had similar moments of glory, no less shining than mine the day I conquered "butterfly," which I had been persistently pronouncing in standard Spanish as boo-ter-flee. "Children," Miss Ryan called for attention. "Ernesto has learned how to pronounce *butterfly!*" And I proved it with a perfect imitation of Miss Ryan. From that celebrated success. I was soon able to match Ito's progress as a sentence reader with "Come, butterfly, come fly with me."

Like Ito and several other first-graders who did not know English, I received private lessons from Miss Ryan in the closet, a narrow hall off the classroom with a door at each end. Next to one of these doors Miss Ryan placed a large chair for herself and a small one for me. Keeping an eye on the class through the open door, she read with me about sheep in the meadow and a frightened chicken going to see the king, coaching me out of my phonetic ruts in words like *pasture*, *bow-wow-wow*, *bay*, and *pretty*, which to my Mexican ear and eye had so many unnecessary sounds and letters. She made me watch her lips and then close my eyes as she repeated the words I found hard to read. When we came to know each other better, I tried interrupting to tell Miss Ryan how we said it in Spanish. It didn't work. She only said "oh" and went on with *pasture*, *bow-wow-wow*, and *pretty*. It was as if in that closet we were both discovering together the secrets of the English language and grieving together over the tragedies of Bo Peep. The main reason I was graduated with honors from the first grade was that I had

fallen in love with Miss Ryan. Her radiant, no-nonsense character made us either afraid not to love her or love her so we would not be afraid. I am not sure which. It was not only that we sensed she was with it, but also that she was with us.

Like the first grade, the rest of the Lincoln School was a sampling of the lower part of town, where many races made their home. My pals in the second grade were Kazushi, whose parents spoke only Japanese; Matti, a skinny Italian boy; and Manuel, a fat Portuguese who would never get into a fight but wrestled you to the ground and just sat on you. Out assortment of nationalities included Koreans, Yugoslavs, Poles, Irish, and home-grown Americans.

Miss Hopley and her teachers never let us forget why we were at Lincoln: for those who were alien, to become good Americans; for those who were so born, to accept the rest of us. Off the school grounds we traded the same insults we heard from our elders. On the playground we were sure to be marched up to the principal's office for calling someone a wop, a chink, a dago, or a greaser. The school was not so much a melting pot as a griddle where Miss Hopley and her helpers warmed knowledge into us and roasted racial hatreds out of us.

At Lincoln, making us into Americans did not mean scrubbing away what made us originally foreign. The teachers called us as our parents did, or as close as they could pronounce our names in Spanish or Japanese. No one was ever scolded or punished for speaking in his native tongue on the playground. Matti told the class about his mother's down quilt, which she had made in Italy with the fine feathers of a thousand geese. Encarnación acted out how boys learned to fish in the Philippines. I astounded the third grade with the story of my travels on a stagecoach, which nobody else in the class had seen except in the museum at Sutter's Fort. After a visit to the Crocker Art Gallery and its collection of heroic paintings of the golden age of California, someone showed a silk scroll with a Chinese painting. Miss Hopley herself had a way of expressing wonder over these matters before a class, her eyes wide open until they popped slightly. It was easy for me to feel that becoming a proud American, as she said we should, did not mean feeling ashamed of being a Mexican.

FIRST READING SELECTION

DIRECTIONS:

Mark only the **BEST** answer for each multiple-choice question. You may look back at *Barrio Boy* at any time.

1. Another good title for this selection would be
 - A. *The Boy from Lincoln School*
 - B. *The Americanization of Ernesto*
 - C. *The Spanish Boy*
 - D. *Proud to be Spanish and American*

2. Miss Ryan can **BEST** be described as
 - A. tolerant and compassionate.
 - B. supportive and intimidating.
 - C. concerned and shrewd.
 - D. condescending and spirited.

3. How does the makeup of Ernesto's class reflect his neighborhood?
 - A. His neighborhood is also culturally diverse.
 - B. The school is located in the center of the neighborhood.
 - C. His neighborhood is solely Mexican.
 - D. It is a typical American school.

4. According to Miss Hopley, the most important lessons the students are taught is
 - A. to speak and read in English.
 - B. to be good Americans and be tolerant of others.
 - C. to accept American culture and traditions.
 - D. to become fluent in Spanish.

5. What is the message of this selection?
 - A. America is a "melting pot" of cultures.
 - B. Everyone wants to be "Americanized".
 - C. Our diverse backgrounds should be accepted and celebrated.
 - D. We are all products of our cultural environments.

6. What triumphs at Lincoln School?
- A. The respect for cultural differences.
 - B. “Americanized” students.
 - C. Bilingual education.
 - D. Spanish traditions.
7. Ernesto’s experience shows us that
- A. coming to America means losing your personal identity.
 - B. it is important to understand ourselves.
 - C. we need to be proud of who we are and celebrate the cultures of others.
 - D. the intentions of others should be suspect.
8. Miss Ryan helped students maintain their individual cultures in all of the following ways **EXCEPT**
- A. by allowing students to speak in their native languages on the playground.
 - B. by calling them by their birth names.
 - C. by allowing the sharing of individuals’ possessions and experiences.
 - D. by learning the native language of all her students.
9. Ernesto can **BEST** be described as
- A. obstinate and resilient.
 - B. experienced and confused.
 - C. persistent and accepting.
 - D. carefree and intimidated.
10. The sentence: “*The school was not so much a melting pot as a griddle where Miss Hopley and her helpers warmed knowledge into us and roasted racial hatreds out of us.*” means:
- A. the students learned academics as well as tolerance.
 - B. the school represented many cultures and taught many subjects.
 - C. the school melted different cultures into one.
 - D. Miss Hopley, as the principal, made sure everyone was respected.

SECOND READING SELECTION

NAMES/NOMBRES

**By
Julia Alvarez**

NAMES/NOMBRES

By Julia Alvarez

When we arrived in New York City, our names changed almost immediately. At Immigration, the officer asked my father, *Mister Elbures*, if he had anything to declare. My father shook his head no, and we were waved through. I was too afraid we wouldn't be let in if I corrected the man's punctuation, but I said our name to myself, opening my mouth wide for the organ blast of *a*. trilling my tongue for the drumroll of the *r*, *All-vab-rrr-es!* How could anyone get *Elbures* out of that orchestra of sound?

At the hotel my mother was Missus Alburest, and I was *little girl*, as in, "Hey, little girl, stop riding the elevator up and down. It's *not* a toy."

We moved into our new apartment building, the super called my father *Mister Alberase*, and the neighbors who became mother's friends pronounced her name *Jew-lee-ah* instead of *Hoo-lee-ah*. I, her namesake, was known as *Hoo-lee-tah* at home. But at school I was *Judy* or *Judith*, and once an English teacher mistook me for *Juliet*.

It took me a while to get used to my new names. I wondered if I shouldn't correct my teachers and new friends. But my mother argued that it didn't matter. "You know what your friend Shakespeare said, '*A rose by any other name would smell as sweet*.'" My family had gotten into the habit of calling any famous author "my friend" because I had begun to write poems and stories in English class.

By the time I was in high school, I was a popular kid, and it showed in my name. Friends called me *Jules* or *Hey Jude*, and once a group of troublemaking friends my mother forbade me to hang out with called me *Alcatraz*. I was *Hoo-lee-tah* only to Mami and Papi and uncles and aunts who came over to eat sancocho on Sunday afternoons—old world folk whom I would just as soon go back to where they came from and leave me to pursue whatever mischief I wanted to in America. JUDY ALCATRAZ, the name on the "Wanted" poster would read. Who would ever trace her to me?

My older sister had the hardest time getting an American name for herself because *Mauricia* did not translate into English. Ironically, although she had the most foreign-sounding name, she and I were the Americans in the family. We had been born in New York City when our parents had first tried immigration and then gone back "home," too homesick to stay. My mother often told the story of how she had almost changed my sister's name in the hospital.

After the delivery, Mami and some other new mothers were cooing over their new baby sons and daughters and exchanging names and weights and delivery stories. My mother was embarrassed among the Sallys and Janes and Georges and Johns to reveal the rich, noisy name of *Mauricia*, so when her turn came to brag, she gave her baby's name as *Maureen*.

“Why’d ya give her an Irish name with so many pretty Spanish names to choose from?” one of the women asked.

My mother blushed and admitted her baby’s real name to the group. Her mother-in-law had recently died, she apologized, and her husband had insisted that the first daughter be named after his mother, *Mauran*. My mother thought it the ugliest name she had ever heard, and she talked my father into what she believed was an improvement, a combination of *Mauran* and her own mother’s name, *Felicia*.

“Her name is *Mao-ree-shee-ah*,” my mother said to the group of women.

“Why, that’s a beautiful name,” the new mothers cried. “*Moor-ee-sha, Moor-ee-sha*,” they cooed into the pink blanket. *Moor-ee-sha* it was when we returned to the States eleven years later. Sometimes American tongues found even that mispronunciation tough to say and called her *Maria* or *Marsha* or *Maudy* from her nickname *Maury*. I pitied her. What an awful name to have to transport across borders!

My little sister, Ana, had the easiest time of all. She was plain *Anne*-that is, only her name was plain, for she turned out to be the pale, blond “American beauty” in the family. The only Hispanic thing about her was the affectionate nicknames her boyfriends sometimes gave her. *Anita*, or, as one goofy guy used to sing to her to the tune of the banana advertisement *Anita Banana*.

Later, during her college years in the late sixties, there was a push to pronounce Third World names correctly. I remember calling her long distance at her group house and a roommate answering.

“Can I speak to Ana?” I asked, pronouncing her name the American way.

“Ana?” The man’s voice hesitated. “Oh! You must mean *Ah-nah!*”

Our first few years in the States, though, ethnicity was not yet “in.” Those were the blond, blue-eyed, bobby-sock years of junior high and high school before the sixties ushered in peasant blouses, hoop earrings, serapes. My initial desire to be known by my correct Dominican name faded. I just wanted to be Judy and merge with the Sallys and the Janes in my class. But, inevitably, my accent and coloring gave me away. “So where are you from, Judy?”

“New York,” I told my classmates. After all, I had been born blocks away at Columbia-Presbyterian Hospital.

“I mean, *originally*.”

“From the Caribbean,” I answered vaguely, for if I specified, no one was quite sure on what continent our island was located.

“Really? I’ve been to Bermuda. We went last April for spring vacation. I got the worst sunburn! So, are you from Portoriko?”

“No,” I sighed. “From the Dominican Republic.”
“Where’s that?”

“South of Bermuda.”

They were just being curious, I knew, but I burned with shame whenever they singled me out as a “foreigner,” a rare, exotic friend.

“Say your name in Spanish, oh, please say it!” I had made mouths drop one day by rattling off my full name, which, according to the Dominican custom, included my middle names, Mother’s and Father’s surnames for four generations back.

“Julia Altagracia María Teresa Álvarez Tavares Perello Espaillat Julia Pérez Rochet González.” I pronounced it slowly, a name as chaotic with sounds as a Middle Eastern bazaar or market day in a South American village.

My Dominican heritage was never more apparent than when my extended family attended school occasions. For my graduation, they all came, the whole lot of aunts and uncles and the many little cousins who snuck in without tickets. They sat in the first row in order to better understand the Americans’ fast-spoken English. But how could they listen when they were constantly speaking among themselves in florid-sounding phrases, rococo consonants, rich, rhyming vowel?

Introducing them to my friends was a further trial to me. These relatives had such complicated names and there were so many of them, and their relationships to myself were so convoluted. There was my Tía Josefina, who was not really an aunt but a much older cousin. And her daughter, Aida Margarita, who was adopted, una hija de crianza. My uncle of affection, Tío José, brought my madrina Tia Amelia and her comadre Tía Pilar. My friends rarely had more than a “Mom and Dad” to introduce.

After the commencement ceremony, my family waited outside in the parking lot while my friends and I signed yearbooks with nicknames which recalled our high school good times: “Beans” and “Pepperoni” and “Alcatraz.” We hugged and cried and promised to keep in touch.

Our goodbyes went on too long. I heard my father’s voice calling out across the parking lot, “*Hoo-lee-tah!* Vámonos!”

Back home, my tíos and tías and primas, Mami and Papi, and mis hermanas had a party for me with sancocho and a store-bought pudín, inscribed with *Happy Graduation, Julie*. There were many gifts—that was a plus to a large family! I got several wallets and a suitcase with my initials and a graduation charm from my godmother and money from my uncles. The biggest gift was a portable typewriter from my parents for writing my stories and poems.

Someday, the family predicted, my name would be well-known throughout the United States. I laughed to myself, wondering which one I would go by.

SECOND READING SELECTION

DIRECTIONS:

Mark only the **BEST** answer for each multiple-choice question. You may look back at *Names/Nombres* at any time.

11. When Julia Alvarez first returned to the United States she wanted people to use her correct Dominican name because
- A. she thought it would help people remember her.
 - B. she wanted people to learn Spanish.
 - C. she strongly identified with her cultural background.
 - D. she liked being different.
12. In high school, Julia can **BEST** be described as
- A. popular and spirited.
 - B. respectful and subservient.
 - C. miserable and proud.
 - D. frustrated and intimidating.
13. What is another good title for this selection?
- A. *My Impossible Name*
 - B. *A Girl With Many Names*
 - C. *Say My Name*
 - D. *Who Is Judy/Julia?*
14. By using Shakespeare's quote, "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet", Julia's mother implied
- A. your self-identify relies on your name.
 - B. you are the same person, no matter what you are called.
 - C. your name should be a source of pride.
 - D. you cannot control what others call you.
15. What is the source of conflict in this selection?
- A. Julia struggles to maintain her personal identity while wanting to be like everyone else.
 - B. The mispronunciation of Julia's name.
 - C. Julia was singled out as a foreigner.
 - D. Julia's family was a source of embarrassment to her.

16. In high school, the main reason Julia preferred to be known by her American nicknames was
- A. they could not be mispronounced.
 - B. she did not want to be viewed as different.
 - C. they were given to her by her new American friends.
 - D. they helped her become comfortable in her new surroundings.
17. What picture does Julia create of the people who mispronounce her name?
- A. They are oblivious to the languages of other cultures.
 - B. They feel an “Americanized” name is better.
 - C. They want to make her feel welcome.
 - D. Names are not as meaningful in America.
18. At the end of the selection, what lesson does Julia learn?
- A. The feelings of others are of little importance.
 - B. All Americans are ignorant of cultural diversity.
 - C. People from other countries should be treated sympathetically.
 - D. Your cultural heritage is part of who you are.
19. Mrs. Alvarez can **BEST** be described as someone who is:
- A. totally “Americanized”.
 - B. unaccepting of the American culture.
 - C. self-assured and confident.
 - D. learning to be comfortable with her cultural differences.
20. The author’s purpose in writing this selection was to
- A. describe the experiences and feelings of a foreigner in America.
 - B. share her cultural heritage from the Dominican Republic.
 - C. scold Americans for their intolerance.
 - D. be humorous and make the reader laugh.

CROSS-TEXT QUESTIONS

DIRECTIONS:

The following questions are based upon the two selections that you just read. For each question, choose the **BEST** answer. You may look back at the text at any time.

21. After reading both selections, the **BEST** definition for diversity would be
- A. cultural differences.
 - B. cultural intolerance.
 - C. cultural acceptance.
 - D. cultural acts.
22. Both Ernesto and Julia learn to
- A. fully acclimate to the American culture.
 - B. value their cultural heritage and appreciate American culture.
 - C. deny their ethnicity.
 - D. accept intolerance as part of the American culture.
23. What is the common theme of both selections?
- A. Our cultural heritage helps define who we are.
 - B. Each person's cultural heritage is most important.
 - C. Cultural differences should be overlooked.
 - D. Tolerance is a natural instinct.
24. A good title for both selections would be
- A. *Deny Your Difference*
 - B. *How to Be An American*
 - C. *Celebrate Our Difference*
 - D. *Being Foreign is Intolerable*
25. With which of the following statements would Ernesto and Julia **MOST LIKELY** agree?
- A. All foreigners come to this country to be Americanized.
 - B. Sacrificing your cultural heritage is necessary for acceptance.
 - C. Tolerance cannot be taught.
 - D. Diversity is the foundation of America.

PART 2b

READING AND WRITING

APPLYING IDEAS TO A TASK

DIRECTIONS:

During Part 2a of this test you read *Barrio Boy* and *Names/Nombres*. You may look back at the reading selections to help you answer the following question:

SCENARIO:

You attend a middle school with many students from foreign countries. Currently the school curriculum offers a class titled, “*The Cultures of the World*”. This class presents the cultures and traditions of many countries. With this knowledge the student body recognizes and better understands the cultural differences of all students. However, due to budget cuts this class will no longer be offered.

SCENARIO QUESTION:

Do you agree or disagree with their decision? Write a letter to your School Board stating your decision and your reasons why.

When finished writing fill out this checklist.

- Did I take a position on the question?
- Did I tell why I took this position?
- Did I use examples from the two reading selections to support my thinking?
- Did I show how the selections are connected or alike?

Michigan Educational Assessment Program
Integrated English Language Arts Assessment
Grade 7
Part 2b Rubric
Writing in Response to Reading

- 6 The student effectively synthesizes and applies key ideas, generalizations, and principles from within each reading selection to support a position in response to the scenario question and makes a clear connection between the reading selections. The position and connection are thoroughly developed through the use of appropriate examples and details. There are no misconceptions about the reading selections. There are strong relationships among ideas. Mastery of language use and writing conventions contributes to the effect of the response.
- 5 The student makes meaningful use of key ideas from within each reading selection to support a position in response to the scenario question and makes a clear connection between the reading selections. The position and connection are well developed through the use of appropriate examples and details. Minor misconceptions may be present. Relationships among ideas are clear to the reader. The language is controlled, and occasional lapses in writing conventions are hardly noticeable.
- 4 The student makes adequate use of ideas from within each reading selection to support a position in response to the scenario question and makes a connection between the reading selections. The position and connection are supported by examples and details. Minor misconceptions may be present. Language use is correct. Lapses in writing conventions are not distracting.
- 3 The student makes adequate use of ideas from one reading selection **OR** makes partially successful use of ideas from both reading selections to support a position in response to the scenario question. The position is developed with limited use of examples and details. Misconceptions may indicate only a partial understanding of the reading selections. Language use is correct but limited. Incomplete mastery over writing conventions may interfere with meaning some of the time.
- 2 The student makes partially successful use of ideas from one reading selection **OR** minimal use of ideas from both reading selections to support a position in response to the scenario question. The position is underdeveloped. Major misconceptions may indicate minimal understanding of the reading selections. Limited mastery over writing conventions may make the writing difficult to understand.
- 1 The student does not take a position on the scenario question but makes at least minimal use of ideas from one or both of the reading selections to respond to the scenario question or theme **OR** minimally uses ideas from only one of the reading selections to support a position in response to the scenario question. Ideas are not developed and may be unclear. Major misconceptions may indicate a lack of understanding of the reading selections. Lack of mastery over writing conventions may make the writing difficult to understand.

Not ratable if:

- A Retells or references the reading selections with no connection to the scenario question or theme
- B Off topic
- C Illegible/written in a language other than English
- D Blank/refused to respond
- E Responds to the scenario question with no reference to either of the reading selections.

PART 3

LISTENING FOR UNDERSTANDING

DIRECTIONS:

In this part of the test, you will be listening to one selection. .

LISTENING DIRECTIONS:

Concentrate on listening to the poem, *A Place in the Choir*. As you listen think about the message of the poem, and what you can learn about diversity. Think about the part each animal plays in the choir.

After listening to the poem, you will have a few minutes to make some notes on the next page. If you wish, you may also make a few notes while you are listening the second time. You will be able to use your notes when you answer questions about *A Place in the Choir*.

PART 3
LISTENING SELECTION

A PLACE IN THE CHOIR

By
Bill Staines

LISTENING SELECTION QUESTIONS

DIRECTIONS:

Mark only the **BEST** answer for each multiple-choice question. You may look back at any notes that you may have taken about *A Place in the Choir* at any time.

26. What is another good title for this poem?
- A. *Voices of the Animals*
 - B. *Sing Out Loud*
 - C. *Everyone Has A Place in the World*
 - D. *Animal Tunes*
27. In this poem the choir symbolizes:
- A. the entire world.
 - B. the animal kingdom.
 - C. communication.
 - D. the best voice.
28. In this poem the author uses animals to represent:
- A. the different voices of a choir.
 - B. the different types of music.
 - C. the different types of personalities.
 - D. the different cultures of the world.
29. By allowing the different animal sounds into the choir the author is saying:
- A. not all voices will be heard.
 - B. our differences should be celebrated.
 - C. each animal should know its place.
 - D. all animals are the same.
30. The choir can be **BEST** described as:
- A. diverse and tolerant.
 - B. sensible and friendly.
 - C. agreeable, but self-serving.
 - D. experienced and dismissive.

31. What is the author's message in this poem?
- A. Everyone should make the same sound.
 - B. Everyone can contribute something of value.
 - C. Animals are like people.
 - D. Some animals have more important roles than others.
32. The phrase, "All God's critters got a place in the choir" infers
- A. everyone should sing the same song.
 - B. everyone should know their place.
 - C. everyone is important and should be included.
 - D. each place is selected by the choir director.
33. The author allows many animals in the choir:
- A. to represent the different people of the world.
 - B. because there are many parts in the song.
 - C. because he wants the song to be heard.
 - D. because all people sound the same.
34. With which of the following statements would the author **MOST LIKELY** agree?
- A. We should all have the same voice.
 - B. The size of a choir is limited.
 - C. Everyone's voice should be heard.
 - D. Everyone should try to blend in.
35. What does the author imply about diversity?
- A. It should be eliminated.
 - B. It should be respected.
 - C. It should be modified.
 - D. It should not be tolerated.

Middle School – 7th Grade - Diversity

ANSWER KEY FOR MULTIPLE-CHOICE QUESTIONS

1. D Proud to be Spanish and American
2. A tolerant and compassionate.
3. A His neighborhood is also culturally diverse.
4. B to be good Americans and be tolerant of others.
5. C Our diverse backgrounds should be accepted and celebrated.
6. A The respect for cultural differences.
7. C we need to be proud of who we are and celebrate the cultures of others.
8. D by learning the native language of all her students.
9. C persistent and accepting.
10. A the students learned academics as well as tolerance.

11. C she strongly identified with her cultural background.
12. A popular and spirited.
13. D Who Is Judy/Julia?
14. B you are the same person, no matter what you are called.
15. A Julia struggles to maintain her personal identity while wanting to be like everyone else.
16. B she did not want to be viewed as different.
17. A They are oblivious to the languages of other cultures.
18. D Your cultural heritage is part of who you are.
19. D learning to be comfortable with her cultural differences.
20. A describe the experiences and feelings of a foreigner in America.

21. A cultural differences.
22. B value their cultural heritage and appreciate American culture.
23. A Our cultural heritage helps define who we are.
24. C Celebrate Our Difference
25. D Diversity is the foundation of America.

26. C “Everyone Has a Place in the World”
27. A the entire world.
28. D the different cultures of the world.
29. B our differences should be celebrated.
30. A diverse and tolerant.
31. B Everyone can contribute something of value.
32. C everyone is important and should be included.
33. A to represent the different people of the world.
34. C Everyone’s voice should be heard.
35. B It should be respected.