

GRADE 10B

FICTIONALIZED JOURNAL ENTRIES - LEVEL 1

- limited impressions and reflections
- limited description of personality and value of the character
- spelling conventions
- sentence construction impedes understanding of text
- regurgitation of events
- no emotion

Date: April 15th, 1998

Dear Diary

So today we were waiting around the house for the check to come since my husband died, they were sending his insurance to us. The check is supposed to contain \$10,000. Beneatha wants some money so she can go to school to in the medical career, Walter wants money to open up a liquor store with a couple business partners of him. Some of us don't like the idea since Walter will be helping other people from getting drunk so they would forget their memories and possibly kill themselves. And I personally want to buy us a new house so we can get out of the ghetto. So we finally got are check, its amazing how important a little slip of paper can be. I have never seen \$10,000 in my whole life, now we can put the money to good use.

Date: April 16th, 1998

This morning I left with the check and went to the bank to deposit it. While I was out I was thinking about getting a new house for all of us. I made my way to the retailer to search for a new house and everything turned out well. I bought a new house in Clyborne Park, I can't wait until we start packing!

Well I arrived at home, I told everybody what I did with the money, they all can hardly believe it. Ruth and everybody is so excited but there is one problem, unfortunately Clyborne Park is a pure white community, hopefully this isn't a huge problem for the family, I think we can get over the fact that there won't be any black people around us. Since I have left over money from buying the house I gave \$6,000 to Walter so he can deposit it and use it whenever he wants.

Date: April 17th, 1998

So the movers are coming today so were packing up. While we were packing up, a friend of Walters came over named Bobo, he said that his friend Willy took the \$6,000 that I let Walter have. He took the money and ran, I can't believe Walter could be so careless, I clearly told him to go straight to the bank and deposit the money. I lost my mind and I started to attack my son without realizing it, Ruth had to hold me back so I would calm down. I don't think Beneatha took the news to well, all the money that was going towards her medical school is now gone, all of her dreams are crushed because of one foolish move on Walters behalf. Walter said that he was going to phone Mr. Linder and let him buy the house, an hour later Mr. Linder showed up. Walter and Mr. Linder sat down and they discussed business. Walter refused to let Mr. Linder buy the house, he told him were moving into the house and he can't stop us. This surprised me, Walter changed his mind at the last minute. I didn't want to stay here. Well looks like were loading the truck. I have to go now. I'll write when I get to our new house.

GRADE 10B

FICTIONALIZED JOURNAL ENTRIES - LEVEL 1

- limited description of the personality and values of the character
- limited reflections and impressions
- reads much like a plot summary

Beneatha Journal Entry

The last couple of days have been absolutely unbelievable. The insurance money from my father is gone. Walter got played by his business partner Willy Harris. That means all the money for my schooling is gone. I'll never be a doctor. All my dreams of helping the sick have been taken faster than I could realize they had almost come true.

The first person I wanted to tell about our misfortune was Asagai. I called him up to our home to sit him down and basically vent to him about my brothers decisions. His reaction to the story was unsettling. He told me that the money wasn't mine, and I hadn't worked for it, so really I never had it.

After talking with Asagai he yet again surprised me. He asked me to come to Africa with him, escape the assimilationists I currently live amongst. But with this came the promise of spending my life with him. He wanted me to marry him and continue my practice in Africa. I really wish to spend time with Asagai and travel to Africa but marriage was not something I was focusing on at the moment. It's also a huge decision to just leave my family especially with the new house and the loss of the money.

It's safe to say I'll be spilling my thoughts onto a few more pages similar to these until my decision is clear. I've just got so many things to consider and think about until I can really decide on anything. Although with friends and family like mine I don't really see how I could go wrong.

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FICTIONALIZED JOURNAL ENTRIES - LEVEL 1

- clear focus on character, inconsistent focus on event
- doesn't really have reflections
- basic support for ideas
- unorganized
- character voice is scattered
- limited values of character
- limited impressions

September 13th

I still don't believe it! I would have never guessed he was trying to do such a thing. I trusted him. Kill me, really? What have I done wrong, experiments something must have went wrong but what? What have I done? Well what happens now, what shall I do? I don't think I could bring me sled to hurt Barney I loved that evil little rat. Maybe all poison him, oh poor Tayloe he probably never even tried to poison Barney. Barney was just trying to get Tayloe out of the way. Why didn't I just believe him? I think I made Barney a little too intelligent. Perhaps I shall try to undo what's been done, I will find a way because I couldn't just kill h8im because he tried to kill me I can't bring myself to do such an immature thing. I will just do my best to turn Barney back into a normal regular rat. That way he couldn't attempt to hurt or even worst "kill" someone again. All my studying, all my experimenting, down the drain everything I had ever done was for what? Nothing! That's what. But I guess everyone has to make a mistake once in a while. I'm so upset with myself. Well here we go, start all over again!

GRADE 10B

FICTIONALIZED JOURNAL ENTRIES - LEVEL 2

- could be organized into smaller paragraphs to give the reader a break
- character has expected reactions
- basic description of person
- brief account of experience
- limited impression/reflection
- appropriate use of language and audience

Surviving and Conquering

September 1, 2005

My whole life I've been afraid of falling. So when I had to jump off a plank, I felt as if I was going to die. I felt like the cable was going to snap, and I'd fall into a pit full of prickly trees, and break every bone in my body. ✓ I took a deep breath and just stood there for a minute, second-guessing myself. Before I knew it, the instructor guy had pushed me off the plank. Scared and screaming, I also felt as if I was flying. When I reached the end, my face was beat red and I was balling my eyes out. ✓ At the same time I had reached the end, I felt like I had accomplished something for the first time in my life. People may think I might not be afraid of heights and falling anymore because I survived it once. Even though I will probably always be afraid, I'll look back at this moment and that I'll be able to conquer my fear of falling. ✓

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FICTIONALIZED JOURNAL ENTRIES - LEVEL 2

- character voice but getting lost in present voice
- some thoughts on Lennie's thinking but inconsistent focus on event
- basic description and character values
- word choice was not as appropriate for character to use

Dear Journal,

Lennie done no good, he wouldn't hurt a butterfly. When it comes to something such as harming Curley's Wife, I'd expect any one of these guys to hurt her, she was never welcome and should've listened when we said stay away! Sure Lennie has the history to harm an animal or two, but he would never in a million years hurt a person. I'm still so hurt and heartbroken to what I did towards Lennie. It was better for me to kill him then the other guys getting to him. I harmed my own...brother. It makes me so mad to have Curley's Wife even make conversation after she was told not to. Lennie is dead, the dreams are no damn good, as for me, I best be finding something else to do. Going my separate ways without my 'tail' is going to be harder for me. I going to miss having someone to always bug me and repeatedly asking to explain the subject we have been talking about for days and days. I'm going to miss him, but it will be comforting to have him watching down on me. Crazy Lennie

Your Friend,

George

GRADE 10B

FICTIONALIZED JOURNAL ENTRIES - LEVEL 2

- basic description of personality and values of the character
- basic description of character and events
- adequate impressions and reflections
- general conclusions
- few impressions

Dear, journal

Today I had to make the mos difficult decisions. Lennie went and did a bad ting to Curley's wife, like I told him he went to the bush were we was the first night. All the men were hunting him down and going to kill him. So I ran as fast as I could to where I know Lennie was. Lennie thought I was mad and going to give him hell. But I jus said "no Lennie I aint mad at you". Lennie was so happy that he wanted to talk about our little place. So I tol Lennie to look down the river and don look back. So I started telling him about ta rabbits and animals we was gona get. When he was dazed of thinking about our little place, that's when I pulled out Carlson's luger. I raised it up to Lennies head. But I quickly dropped it. Whens I got enough courage I did it again and pulled the trigger. I couldn't believe I actually did it. Lennie just laid there lik a big sack of patatas. All the guys came running in an said right in the back of the head. Carlson said did he have my luger. I said yes he had it. Slim just turned to me and said it had to be done. Lennie is in a better place know.

Your friend,

George

GRADE 10B

FICTIONALIZED JOURNAL ENTRIES - LEVEL 2

- adequate reflections
- basic description of personality
- missing emotions of the situations
- event or experience description is basic
- voice/style is inconsistent

Dear journal,

I'm really scared for Lennie, he dun a really bad thing. If I didn't have to take care of him, I'd not have to worry so much or be in this much trouble. I'm busting my hump for him and he never does anything for me. Even though he's an idiot, I still care for him and I couldn't go on without him. I'm really confused, I don't want Curley and the other guys to find Lennie 'cause they'll slaughter him. Sure Lennie has dun bad things but, he don't do them out of meanness and he don't know what he's doing when he's doing them. He doesn't understand when he's doing the bad things. People judge him too hard and they don't know that he doesn't understand. I know exactly where Lennie run to 'cause I tol' him where to go when he's in trouble. I gotta fine him and I don't know what I'm gonna do when I fine him but I gotta fine him.

GRADE 10B

FICTIONALIZED JOURNAL ENTRIES - LEVEL 3

- clear understanding of character
- reflections of character stay “in character”
- values of character are evident
- confusing opening
- relevant insight into personality
- appropriate style and voice

March 17th, 1950

Dear Diary,

March 17th it is today, St. Patrick's day. Also known as the day of luck? Well not in this household, in fact it seems to be the exact opposite. Just the other day I been having the same stomach pains I ain't had ever since before I knew I was pregnant with Travis.. So I began thinking.... And sure enough, was exactly what I thought, I'm pregnant.

It's not like I think this child is a burden sent from hell by the devil or nothing, like Big Walter always been saying when he still walked the earth, “If God ain't give a black man nothing but dreams, at least he gave em' children instead,” but these times just getting too hard for me and Walter. Walter just too busy worrying about money and that damn liquor store. Lately seem like he not even have time for me and Travis, let alone another child who would need more attention. Having this baby would cause more problems with me n Walter.

Lord, please forgive me at even the thought of destroying something, somebody that is, so precious. My own flesh and blood, but I just can't. I made my way down to the clinic this afternoon, you know- the *female clinic*. I can't even stand the word. God, I apologize to the very ends of my being, but it wouldn't even be best for him or her. Oh, a her! What if it's a girl? Of course I love my Travie, but a girl... Can't get too attached. Not right from the start when there's a chance she'll be gone by morning.

This is all so overwhelming, and I know by telling Walter that nothing will get better. He will be no support at all, that's why I've decided to terminate her. Yep, I've decided. All this child will do is cause more stress in this mess we already call our life. Not only will it cause more relationships with me and Walter, but it's not fair to the rest of the family. How will Bennie ever survive in school when she been up all night at the sound of crying? I wouldn't want Lena spending all of Big Walter's money on my own child, but most importantly Walter. He so close to having his dream, no matter how much me n Lena don't like the idea, a dream is a dream and I don't want to have to wreck it for him again.

Not sure if I'll have the courage to do it, but that's my decision. I don't plan on telling anyone, but if do- my decision is my decision. Lord please forgive me.

Ruth Elizabeth Younger

GRADE 10B

FICTIONALIZED JOURNAL ENTRIES - LEVEL 3

- stays in character
- clear reflections relevant to event
- attempt at dialect
- good observations on character and events from story
- pragmatic language

Dear Journal,

I done it. I gone and killed Lennie. Lennie! I shot 'im right square in the back of his head. I had to shoot 'im. If I didn't do what I done, Curley woulda done things worse than I could think of. Poor Lennie. He meant the world to me. I promised his Aunt Clara I would take care of 'im. I tol' her I would make sure he wouldn't get hurt, but then I ended up killin' 'im! This is all Curley's good-for-nothin' wife's fault. If she never been such a floozy, Lennie mighta still been here today. I guess gotta get off this ranch now. Find me some other work somewhere far from here. If there was a choice between my life and Lennie's life, I woulda chose to die. This is gonna haunt me for the rest of my life. His and my dreams of owning a ranch and having the rabbits are over. I shot 'im while I told 'im the story of our ranch. I made 'im look the other way while I shot 'im in the back of the head. He never saw it coming. I'm glad he died happy. I'm sorry, Lennie. I really am.

Your friend,
George

GRADE 10B

FICTIONALIZED JOURNAL ENTRIES - LEVEL 3

- clear focus on character and event/experience
- relevant insight into personality
- adequate details
- basic coherence
- clear and appropriate details connected to story and thoughts
- appropriate word choice

Fictionalized Journal Entry

May 4, 1880

I'm still fidgety Pap will find me on Jackson's Island. It's been a long two days since I fooled the ol' man into thinking I'se be dead. At night, I still gets them shivers goin' up and down my back and my heart jumps up amongst my lungs when I hear a rustlin' in the trees. I dasn't want it to be Pap, drunken on forty-rod and ready to beat the living lights out of me.

I was powerful lazy today, pickin' green razberries, counting driftlogs, catching mudcats and dreaming of the loaf of bread I munched on yesterday. I even had me a good long smoke straight out of the pipe. Widow Douglas would 'a' been a cussing! poor Widow Douglas, she always pecking at me. Tells me to grumble over food so I couldn't go right on eatin', learning me about Moses, who dead anyhow. Or telling me to pray, but when I do, it don't work for me, so why bother. I recon she is worrisome 'bout me now and I feel bad cause she good at heart and I dasn't have many people botherin' about me.

I am having a good enough time but I got this feeling pecking at me that I aint alone on Jackson's Island. If it's my Pap hiding amongst the leaves, I am as good as dead. Tomorrow morning, as soon as the sun peaks out, I go to find out who is out there, but right now I am dog-tired. I s'pose I will try to pray Pap won't find me. It might just work this time.

~ Huck Finn

GRADE 10B

FICTIONALIZED JOURNAL ENTRIES - LEVEL 3

- captured the character's dialect
- consistent characterization
- some impression of character shared
- clear paragraphs
- supported by details from story
- strong voice
- multiple experiences and events – not a clear focus on event but good reflection
- strong journal entry style

Monday, 29th April, 2012

Dear Adventure Diary,

I was so happy when I got away from Pap. I wasn't all glad to see him in the first place so it was just as well that I took off.

When I got the canoe, I knowed mighty well that I wasn't going to take much more abusing from the old man no more. I got to fixing up the canoe and then made me the best crime scene. I did wish Tom Sawyer was there to take interest and throw in the fancy touches but he wasn't. I didn't lose no time before leaving, just before Pap could 'a' caught me.

The canoe and the truck was good but I got a little lonesome. Then I found Jim. Our adventures are far more interesting than the pow-waws with the band of robbers. Jim and me, we survive well on t'island and so far we haint got caught. In fact we got a load of truck from a dead man's house afloat the water, that keeped us cheery for long. We made a good haul and got home all safe.

The other day, I reckoned there would be some fun in Jim finding a rattlesnake's skin on the foot of his blanket. Well, its mate was there in the night and bit poor Jim. T'was really bad but I wasn't going to let Jim know it was my fault if I could help it.

After that, it was helpful to find Mrs Judith Loftus and find that her husband was coming for us. Being a girl wasn't something I was used to, and Mrs. Loftus knowed that but she gave me information I needed anyway.

Jim and me travelled after that to make sure Mrs. Loftus' husbands never come to catch us. It was dis way that we found the wreck and since I reckoned Tom Sawyer would do the same, I convinced Jim to land on her. for a time, I was sorry I come but then we hit a luck stroke and everything got better and we got away from the wreck to tell a closeby watchman an imaginard lie so that he would save the people about to be drowned. They was likely too late.

Me and Jim got away but then it be came powerful foggy and I lost Jim. I whoops around the fog, Jim whoops back for a long time and when I finally find him, I'm relieved but he was asleep. I laid beside him to poke some fun and says the whole thing was never true I hain't knowed Jim was to be so hurt and he says I was trash since I make him ashamed. Jim made me feel my worst and he wasn't smiling a little. I went and apologized to him for the first time, and I don't regret it, but I knowed without a doubt that if Pap had saw me, I would 'a' got a good lickin'.

Mark Jim

GRADE 10B

FICTIONALIZED JOURNAL ENTRIES - LEVEL 4

- insightful reflection and observations
- skillfully provides insights into personality and values of the character
- strong, insightful flow in and out of personality, thoughts, reflections and responsibility

Date: May 13th 1959

Dear Diary

Today is the day, I have to make one of the biggest decisions that could determine the future of my family, I must choose the right decision that my family will be proud of, I must do what my father Big Walter would have done. I am to choose between the decisions of selling the house that we bought in Clybourne Park, or to move into the house. The Younger family will have to put all of their trust in me, that I will make the choice that they will be proud of me for, that they will accept me as being the man that my father was, that I can help our family by being in a better place than this dump we live in now. There is not near enough sun that we get here in the Ghetto, it has made life very dark and the future is not a bright one, a man can still dream of a great future. I want my little boy Travis to have a good future and stay a proud people as every generation of the Younger family has been, which giving him a new house that is full of the sun that will give us the hope that we need. A man known as Mr. Linder wishes to buy back the house from us, he is offering more money than we had already used for the down payment on it. They wish to feel safer in their community which is full of those crackers. I cannot stand living here anymore, this house is making us all very angry to live in, and everyone is getting mad at each other, I will have to make the choice that will make my family happier, I wish to sell the house so that we have money. My family needs to have light to brighten up their lives and give them back their hopes and dreams that they all had once, and I will feel like a man to make the right choice for them, so I intend to sell the house to them, but I will not I will choose for us to move in, to be free and have nothing to worry about, I will be able to get a much better job in this neighborhood, where I will be able to support our family by paying the bills for the house, Mama will get her garden she has always wanted and the sun she always asked for, while Travis will get his own space to play safely and freely in the comfort of his yard.

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FICTIONALIZED JOURNAL ENTRIES - LEVEL 4

- insightful focus on character and event because character recognizes moral problems with abortion while accepting reality about needing it; concurrently this is balanced with her reflections on her personal feelings and impressions while she is aware of her family arguing over what to do (event)

Saturday afternoon.

Today, I went to see that woman doctor about having an abortion. I didn't tell my family before I left where I was going and I don't think they have figured it out yet. I don't think they will approve of this decision, well, mama won't anyways. I don't even think I do, but I don't know how our family will manage. I can clearly see that we are already struggling financially, and with another child all of our problems will be doubled. I already feel that I struggle enough with providing for Travis. I don't want another child to be forced to live this kind of life. I just couldn't stand it. On the other hand, I really don't want to have an abortion. It feels wrong to ruin someone's chance at life, but unfortunately I feel it has to be done.

I don't know how I am going to tell my family about this decision. It makes me sick to even think that I would be considering this. I hope they understand my reasoning and the fact that this was last resort. I didn't see any other options as to how it would work. In a way, I kind of hope they talk me out of it. I don't want to live the rest of my life knowing I didn't give this child a chance.

Right now I can hear my family arguing in the next room. Mama and Walter are fighting again. I am getting sick and tired of all the fighting and arguing going on around here. I can't stand it anymore. It's a horrible environment to try and raise a healthy family in. They are talking about me and I think Mama knows where I went. I need to go talk to them.

- Ruth

GRADE 10B

FICTIONALIZED JOURNAL ENTRIES - LEVEL 4

- insightful focus on the character – internal conflict/debates
- skillfully provides insight into the personality and values of the character
- thoughtful details
- advanced style and voice
- clear focus on George's view on Lennie
- clear event – Lennie's death

Dear Journal,

Today was one of the hardest days a my life. Soon as I walked into that barn and saw Curley's wife layin' there all woodenly, I knew it was Lennie soon as I saw her neck. No one else at that ranch were strong as him. The men walked into the bran an assumed it was Lennie fast as I ever seen. I knew Curley's wanna kill 'em. Wouldn't be nice 'bout it neither. I knew he wouldn't listen when I told him Lennie ain't done it to be mean. I had to find Lennie before the other men. I stole Carlsons Luger when I was in the bunkhouse, guess that's when I decided to do it. I never really decided what I wanted to do just what I had to do. When the men asked me which way Lennie'd gone I didn't know what I was gunna tell 'em. Guess I told 'em the wrong way 'cause once they made me go with 'em I don't even remember how I got to the little place by the river. I hoped and hoped Lennie'd be there. Lennie, poor Lennie. Even though he was dumb I loved the guy. He was a burden and I coulda been better without him but he was like a brother to me. When I found him there at the river parta me was glad but the other parta me withed he wasn't there. He looked so happy to see me and so worried that I'd give 'em hell.. That made it even harder. I knew I had to do it, I really did but I didn't wanna. He asked to hear the story about the ranch we was gunna get.. The story always made him so happy.. he deserved to be happy.. He'd never done nothin' to be mean, never to be mean. He couldn't help when he did it, he got scared and stopped thinkin'. I told him to look away so he couldn't see what I was gunna do. He looked away as I told him the story. I took out the gun and my hand shook more than I'd ever seen it shake before. Pulling the trigger was the hardest part but I had to do it. He was my best friend, my brother, I loved him. I told his Aunt Clara I'd keep him safe, not let him get hurt but I was the one who hurt him the most in the end. I miss him already, so much. I miss the stupid things he'd say even though he made me mad. I had to do it.. I had to.. It was the best thing for him..

Your friend, George.