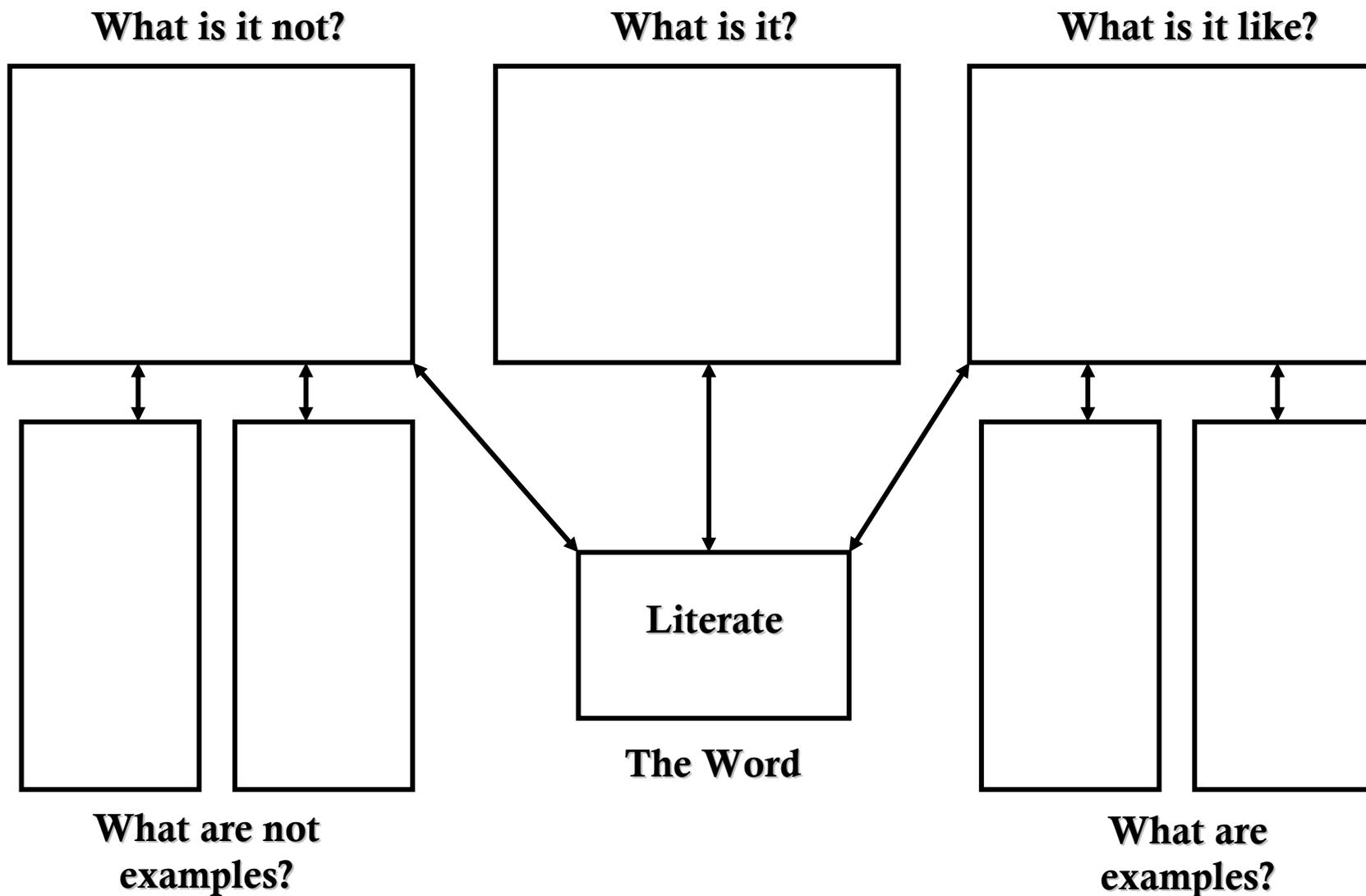


Word Map



**Educator Effectiveness Academy 2011
English Language Arts &
Literacy in History/Social Studies, Science, and Technical Subjects**

Day 2, Session 1

Capacities of Literate Individuals CCSS for ELA & Literacy, p. 7	Standards for Mathematical Practice CCSS for Mathematics, p. 6
1. They demonstrate independence.	1. Make sense of problems and persevere in solving them.
2. They build strong content knowledge.	2. Reason abstractly and quantitatively.
3. They respond to the varying demands of audience, task, purpose, and discipline.	3. Construct viable arguments and critique the reasoning of others.
4. They comprehend as well as critique.	4. Model with mathematics.
5. They value evidence.	5. Use appropriate tools strategically.
6. They use technology and digital media strategically and capably.	6. Attend to precision.
7. They come to understand other perspectives and cultures.	7. Look for and make use of structure.
	8. Look for and express regularity in repeated reasoning.

Educator Effectiveness Academy 2011
English Language Arts &
Literacy in History/Social Studies, Science, and Technical Subjects

Day 2, Sessions 2 and 3

Cisneros, Sandra. "Eleven." *Woman Hollering Creek and Other Stories*. New York: Random House, 1991. (1991)

What they don't understand about birthdays and what they never tell you is that when you're eleven, you're also ten, and nine, and eight, and seven, and six, and five, and four, and three, and two, and one. And when you wake up on your eleventh birthday you expect to feel eleven, but you don't. You open your eyes and everything's just like yesterday, only it's today. And you don't feel eleven at all. You feel like you're still ten. And you are — underneath the year that makes you eleven.

Like some days you might say something stupid, and that's the part of you that's still ten. Or maybe some days you might need to sit on your mama's lap because you're scared, and that's the part of you that's five.

And maybe one day when you're all grown up maybe you will need to cry like if you're three, and that's okay. That's what I tell Mama when she's sad and needs to cry. Maybe she's feeling three.

Because the way you grow old is kind of like an onion or like the rings inside a tree trunk or like my little wooden dolls that fit one inside the other, each year inside the next one. That's how being eleven years old is.

You don't feel eleven. Not right away. It takes a few days, weeks even, sometimes even months before you say Eleven when they ask you. And you don't feel smart eleven, not until you're almost twelve. That's the way it is.

Only today I wish I didn't have only eleven years rattling inside me like pennies in a Band-Aid box. Today I wish I was one hundred and two instead of eleven because if I was one hundred and two I'd have known what to say when Mrs. Price put the sweater on my desk. I would've known how to tell her it wasn't mine instead of just sitting there with that look on my face and nothing coming out of my mouth. "Whose is this?" Mrs. Price says, and she holds the red sweater up in the air for all the call to see. "Whose?" It's been sitting in the coatroom for a month." "Not mine," says everybody, "Not me." It has to belong to somebody," Mrs. Price keeps saying, but nobody can remember.

Educator Effectiveness Academy 2011
English Language Arts &
Literacy in History/Social Studies, Science, and Technical Subjects

Day 2, Session 4

Student Sample: Grade 7, Argument

This argument was produced in class for an on-demand assessment. Students were asked to write a letter to their principal about a plan to install video cameras in the classroom for safety reasons. The abbreviated time frame . . . explains the absence of information from sources and possibly also the occasional errors.

Video Cameras in Classrooms

You are seated in class as your teacher explains and points things out on the whiteboard. You twitch your hand, accidentally nudging your pencil, which rolls off your desk and clatters to the floor. As you lean over to pick up your pencil, your cell phone falls out of your coat pocket! Luckily you catch it without your teacher seeing, but it is in plain view of the video camera's shiny lens that points straight at you. "About that cell phone of yours . . ." How did that get you in trouble? How could it possibly be a good idea to put cameras in classrooms?

When students are in their classrooms, teachers are in the classroom too, usually. But when a teacher goes out of the classroom, what usually happens is either everything goes on as usual, or the students get a little more talkative. Cameras aren't there because people talk a lot. It is the teacher's job to keep people quiet. If something horrible happened, somebody in class would usually report it, or it would just be obvious to the teacher when he came back that something had happened.

If we already have cameras in the halls, why spend the money to get thirty more cameras for all the different classrooms? Our school district already has a low budget, so we would be spending money on something completely unnecessary. There hasn't been camera-worthy trouble in classrooms. Camera-worthy trouble would be bad behavior every time a teacher left the room. There is no

Annotations:

Educator Effectiveness Academy 2011
English Language Arts &
Literacy in History/Social Studies, Science, and Technical Subjects

reason to install cameras that might just cause trouble, both for the students and for the budget.

Different students react differently when there is a camera in the room. Some students get nervous and flustered, trying hard to stay focused on their work when a camera focused on them. 90% of students claim that they do better work when they are calmer, and cameras are not going to help. Other students look at cameras as a source of entertainment. These students will do things such as wave at the camera, make faces, or say hi to the people watching through the camera. This could be a big distraction for others who are trying to learn and participate in class. Still other students will try to trick the camera. They will find a way to block the lens or do something that the camera will not be likely to catch. All of these different students will be distracted by the cameras in their classrooms.

Instead of solving problems, cameras would cause the problems. That is why I disagree with the idea to put cameras in classrooms. This plan should not be put to action.

Annotations:

Educator Effectiveness Academy 2011
English Language Arts &
Literacy in History/Social Studies, Science, and Technical Subjects

Day 2, Session 4

Student Sample: Grade 8, Informative/Explanatory

This essay was written about a favorite activity. The writer wrote for one entire class period the first day and revised his essay the second day after discussing ideas for revision with a partner.

Football

What I like doing best is playing football, mainly because it is one of my best sports. One of the greatest things about it, in my opinion, is the anticipation, wondering what the other players are thinking about what you might do. Foot ball is a physical game, of course, but it's the mental aspect that I appreciate the most.

At times football can get grueling, which makes the game even more exciting. The first time you make contact with another player (even with all that equipment) you get very sore. That is true for everyone, but in time you get used to the aches and pains. After awhile, you develop mental discipline, which allows you to ignore some of the pain. The mental discipline then allows you to go all out, to unload everything you have, every play. That's how you win games, everyone going all out, giving 110%.

The game takes concentration, just as much as any sport, if not more. You develop this aspect in practice. That is why it is so important to have hours and hours of it. Mentally, you have to get over the fear, the fear of eleven madmen waiting for chance to make you eat dirt. And that comes through practice. Once you overcome the fear, you can concentrate on the more important things, like anticipating the other guy's next move. Studying the playbook and talking with other players also helps.

During the game, your mind clears of all thoughts. These thoughts become instinct. You have to react, and react quickly, and you develop reactions and instinct in practice. For example, when you're carrying the ball or about to make a tackle, you want to make

Annotations:

From CCSS, Appendix C, p 47

Educator Effectiveness Academy 2011
English Language Arts &
Literacy in History/Social Studies, Science, and Technical Subjects

sure you have more momentum than the other guy. If you don't you'll be leveled. But, you should react instinctively to that situation by increasing your momentum.

Playing defense, all you want to do is hit the man with the ball, hit him hard. Right when you unload for a stick, all your body tightens. Then you feel the impact. After you regain your thoughts, you wonder if you're all right. You wait for your brain to get the pain signal from the nerves. Even so, if you do get that signal, which is always the case, you keep right on playing. You can't let them experience shake your concentration.

On offense, while playing receiver, you can actually "hear" the footsteps of the defensive back as you're concentrating on catching the ball. What separates the men from the boys is the one who "hears" the footsteps but doesn't miss the ball. That's mental discipline, concentration.

Football is very physical or else it wouldn't be fun. But it is also a mental game and that is why it's challenging. You can get hurt in football if you screw up and ignore the right way to do things. However, mental discipline and concentration, which you develop during hours of practice, helps you avoid such mistakes.

Annotations:

Educator Effectiveness Academy 2011
English Language Arts &
Literacy in History/Social Studies, Science, and Technical Subjects

Day 2, Session 4

Student Sample: Grade 8, Narrative

This narrative was written to fulfill an assignment in which students were asked to introduce a special person to readers who did not know the person. The students were advised to reveal the personal quality of their relationship with the person presented. The student who wrote this piece borrowed ideas from a fictional piece she had read.

Miss Sadie

Miss Sadie no longer sits in her rocking chair on her porch on summer days. But I still can see her. The old chair squeaking with every sway of her big, brown body. Her summer dresses stained from cooking in her sweet smelling kitchen. I see her gray hair pulled back in that awful yellow banana clip. Most of all, I hear that voice. So full of character and wisdom.

I used to bring Miss Johnson cookies every summer day of 1988. I miss the days when I would sit on that shabby old porch and listen to her stories. “Melissa!” she would holler. “What ‘chu doin’ here? Come see me and my poor self, have ya?”

She once told me of her grandmother who escaped slavery, back when white men could only do anything she would say. Her grandma ran for miles without food or water. It wasn’t too long before her master came looking for her and took her home to whip her. I thought of how Blacks are treated today. I sighed. She would sing in her soulful, blaring voice, old negro hymns passed down from her mother and grand mother. I would sit there in amazement.

Once, Jimmy Taylor came walking by us yelling, “Melissa! Whattaya want with that old, fat, Black lady, anyways?”

Before I could retaliate, Miss Johnson said to me, “Now you musn’t. We must feel sorry for that terrible child. His mother must have done gone and not taught him no manners!” She actually wanted me to bow my head and pray for him. (Even though I went to his house and punched him out the next day.)

Annotations:

Educator Effectiveness Academy 2011
English Language Arts &
Literacy in History/Social Studies, Science, and Technical Subjects

My friends would tease me for spending the whole summer with Sadie Johnson, “The Cuckoo of Connecticut,” they called her. But I’m so very glad I did. She taught me then, to not care what other people thought. I learned that I could be friends with someone generations apart from my own.

My visits became less frequent when school started. I had other things to think about. Boys, clothes, grades. You know, real important stuff.

One day I was thinking, I haven’t seen Miss Sadie in a while. So after school I trotted up to her house amidst the twirling, autumn leaves.

I rang her bell. The door cracked open and the women adjusted her glasses. “May I help you?”

“Miss Sadie, it’s me, Melissa.”

“I-t,” she stuttered. “I don’t remember,” she said and shut the door. I heard crying. I rang the door again and she screamed, “Please leave!” in a scared, confused voice.

I went home, bewildered and my mother told me to stop bothering Miss Sadie. I said I wasn’t bothering her. Mama said, “Miss Johnson has a disease. Alzheimer’s disease. It makes her forget things . . . people, family even. And so, I don’t want you over there anymore, you hear?”

Then, I didn’t realize or comprehend how someone so special to you could forget your own existence when you’d shared a summer so special and vivid in your mind.

That Christmas I went to bring Miss Johnson cookies. She wasn’t there. I learned from a family member that she was in the hospital and that she’d die very soon. As the woman, a daughter maybe, spoke, my heart broke.

Annotations:

Educator Effectiveness Academy 2011
English Language Arts &
Literacy in History/Social Studies, Science, and Technical Subjects

“Well, you make sure she gets these cookies,” I said, my voice cracking and tears welling in my eyes.

Today I’ve learned to love old people. For their innocence, for their knowledge. I’ve learned to always treat people with kindness. No matter how cruel they may seem. But mainly I’ve learned, that you must cherish the time spent with a person. And memories are very valuable. Because Miss Sadie no longer sits in her rocking chair on her porch on summer days. I’m glad that I can still see her.

Annotations