

Squiggle Journal

This is a creative writing assignment where students turn a squiggle into something (animal, ghost, monster, person, etc) and then write a paragraph about their creation. Each paragraph has a rubric that guides their writing to ensure it written properly.

Mr. Thomas' Advisory Class

My Squiggle
Journal

By Sam Spengler

My Squiggle Journal Directions:

1. Use your creativity to turn each squiggle line into a unique creation that is colored neatly.
2. Write a paragraph about your creation that has 5 sentences.
3. Complete a creation and paragraph at the beginning of class on Tuesdays.
4. Use the following rubric as a guide for how each paragraph will be graded:
 - a. Each paragraph has an introduction and conclusion: ____/5
 - b. Each sentence has appropriate punctuation: ____/5
 - c. Each sentence has appropriate capitalization: ____/5
 - d. Each sentence has is written neatly: ____/5
 - e. Each paragraph ends with an interesting question: ____/5
 - f. Each picture is neatly drawn and colored: ____/5Total ____/30

Example:



My squiggle is a deep sea octopus. It has eight tentacles that it uses to attack its prey. Be careful not to startle this ocean giant or you might get inked! Octopi are one of my favorite sea creatures. Did you know that octopi can eat small sharks?

- Note:
 - a. Remember to use great adjectives and nouns when creating your paragraph.

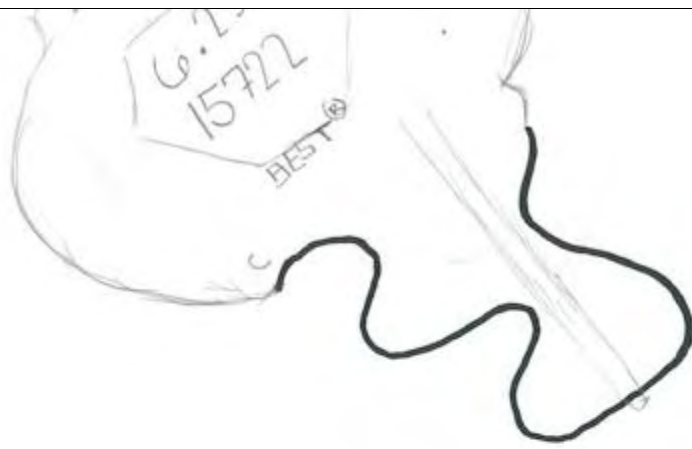


This is a critic's thumb. It critiques with a simple up or down for any of its unfortunate victims. Everything it passes by, is up or down in its mind - snowman - up, airplane food - down, down, DOWN, and a hazy summer sunset - two thumbs, way up. Restaurants, record companies, directors, and authors all fear this thumb and its notebook and pen.

So what will you be? Up or down?



This is a tree stump that has as many tales to tell as the ^{multitude of} stories that our mother Earth has witnessed. It has seen the shining evening moon enter in the dark sky many times more than the days you are old. It's lived in the tangled romance of a girl and a boy, ^{wasly bonded together} new ^{it} for life. For years ^{it} waited patiently for the old man to wake up — to sit and watch the hazy morning sun rise up in the distance, marking the start of a new day. ^{and} it has seen the seagulls dip and dive over the foaming sea. Its many rings tell the story of lives lost, changed, and gained. The tales are engraved, etched into its loops. ^{Running} a hand over the aged bumps and dents of ^{wood}, you can envision the many secrets buried in its layers. What will you see?



This is a key I found on the street, I don't know who it belongs to or what it unlocks. I just think of all the possibilities. Maybe this key belongs to an old woman who comes out ^{at her house} at five exactly, unlocks her shed filled with all of her special tools and tends to her tangled flower garden which may someday be as beautiful as the Garden of Eden. Or maybe this boy's owner wanted to lose it. For whatever it unlocks, its contents were almost too unbearable to face. Or best of all, maybe it unlocks a fairy's house, or a great oak door behind which is all the secrets of the world.