

Writing Anchor Papers

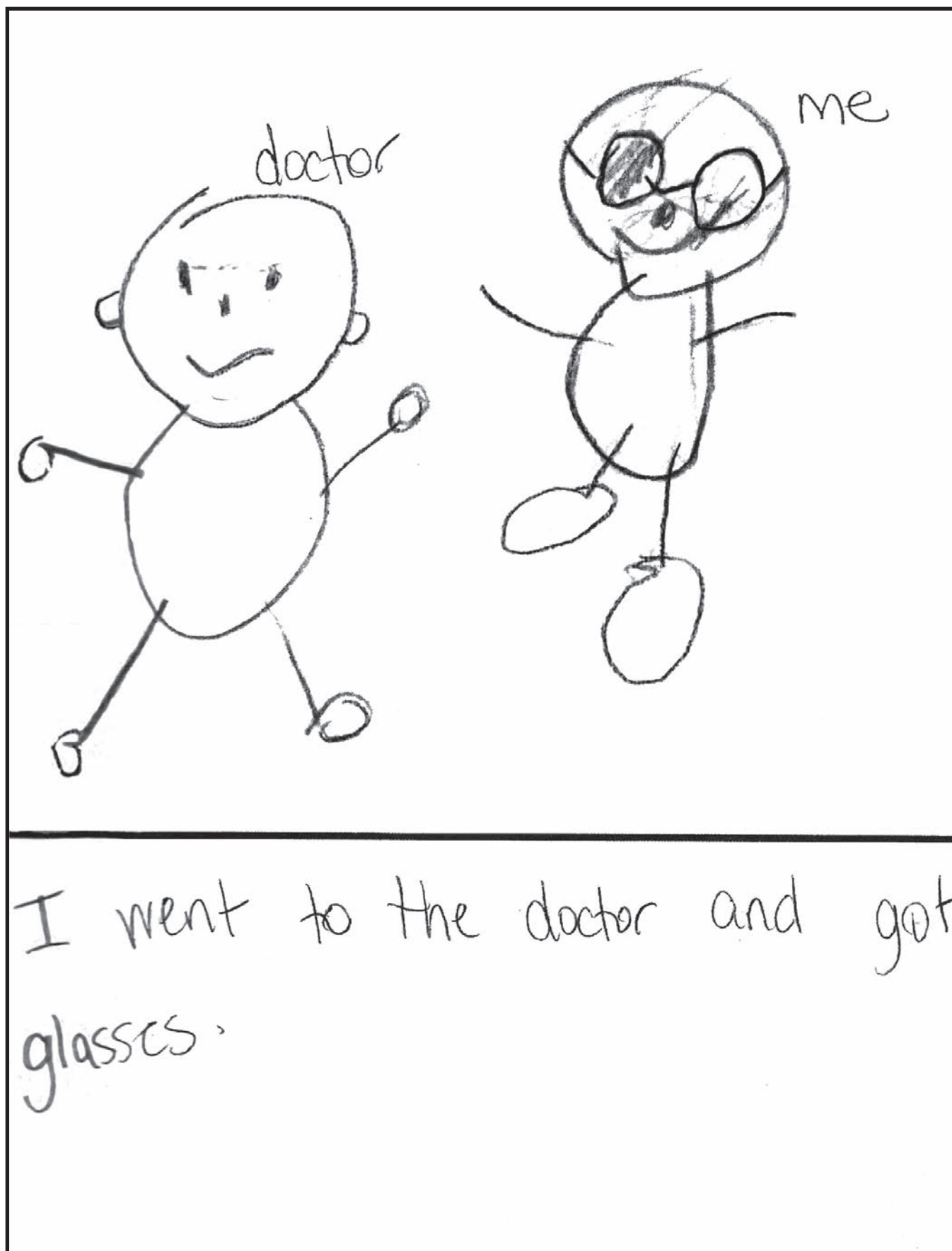
PreK - 5th Grade



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Pre K – 1st Nine Weeks – Writing Anchor Paper

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Pre K – 2nd Nine Weeks – Writing Anchor Paper

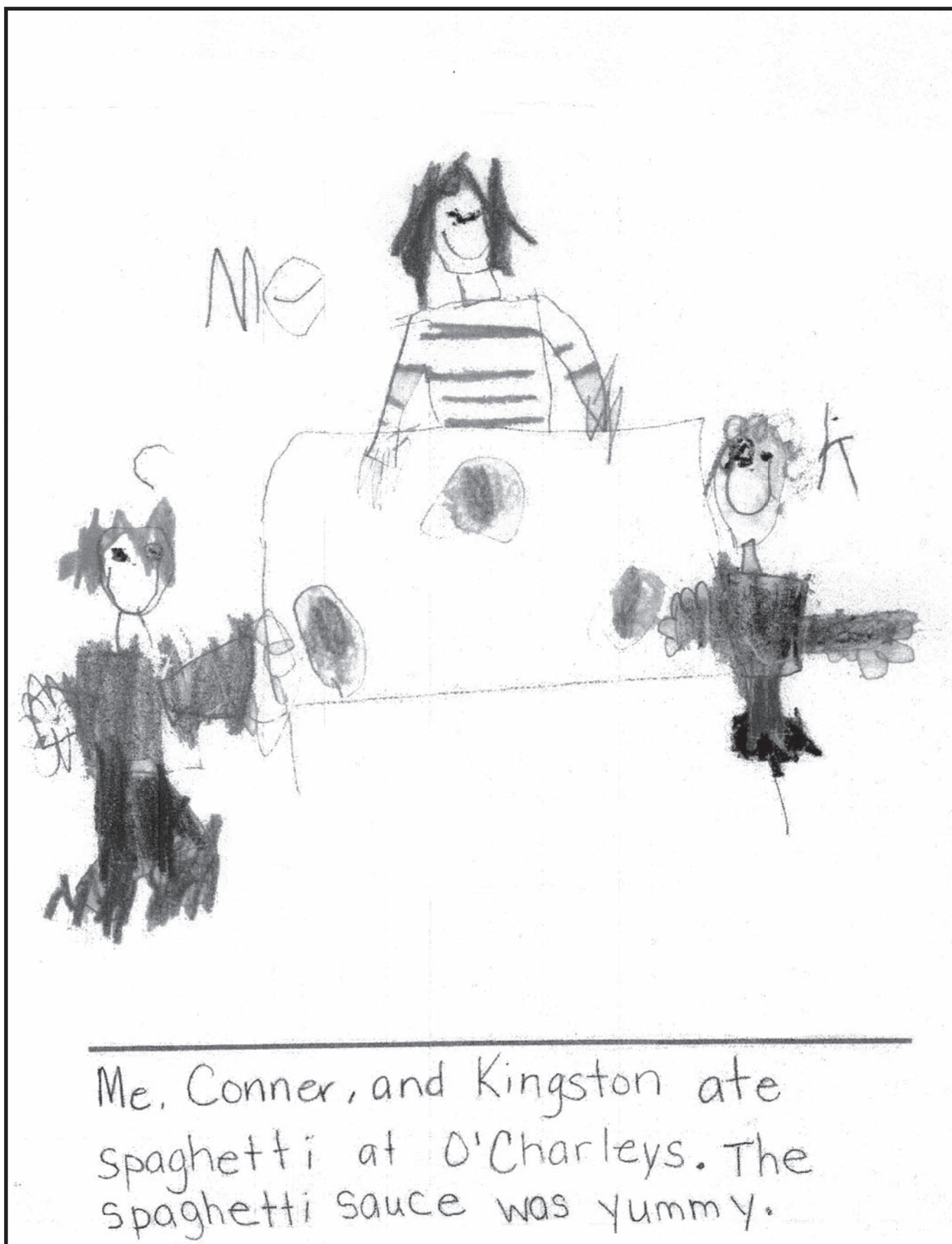
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I chased Conner on the
playground.

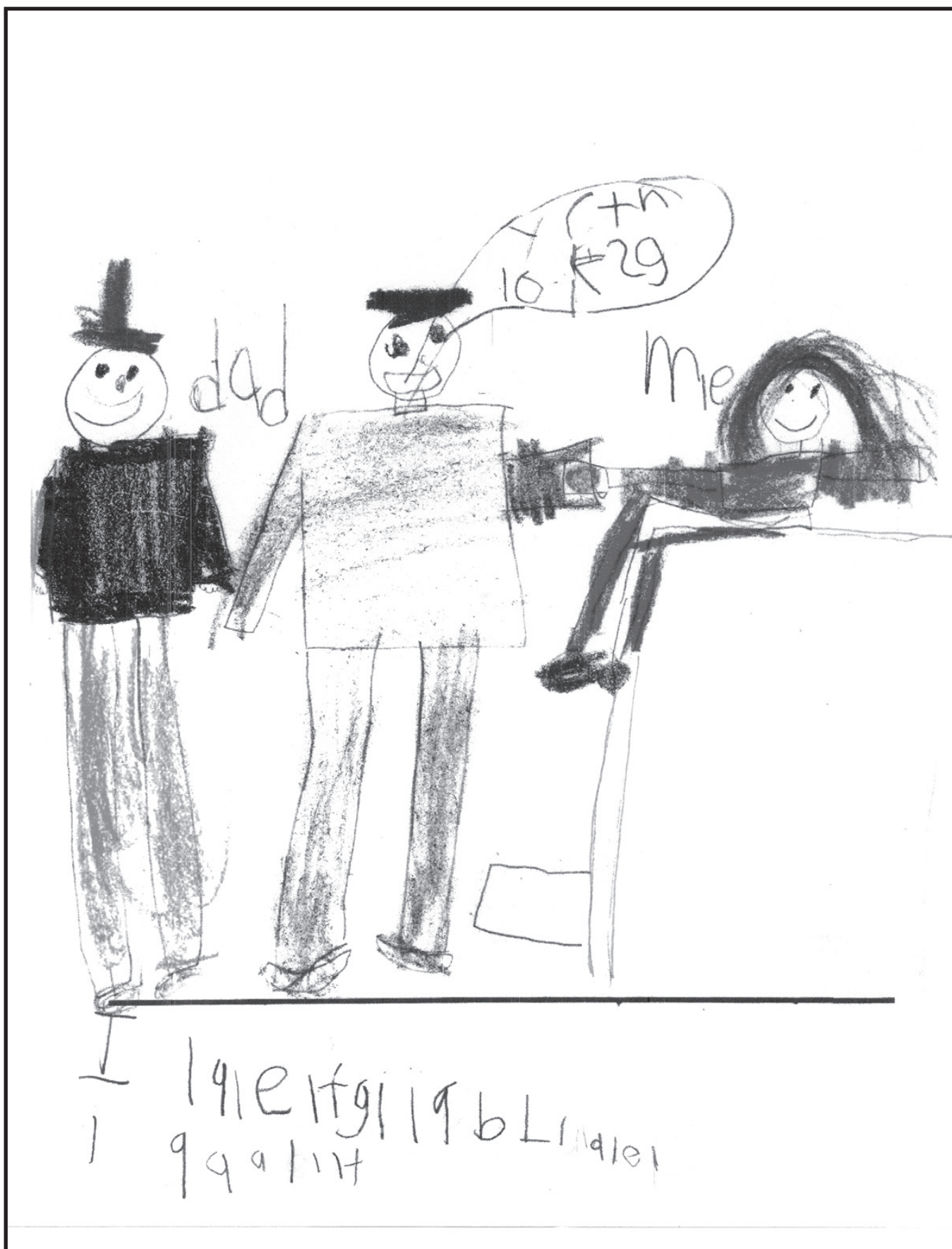
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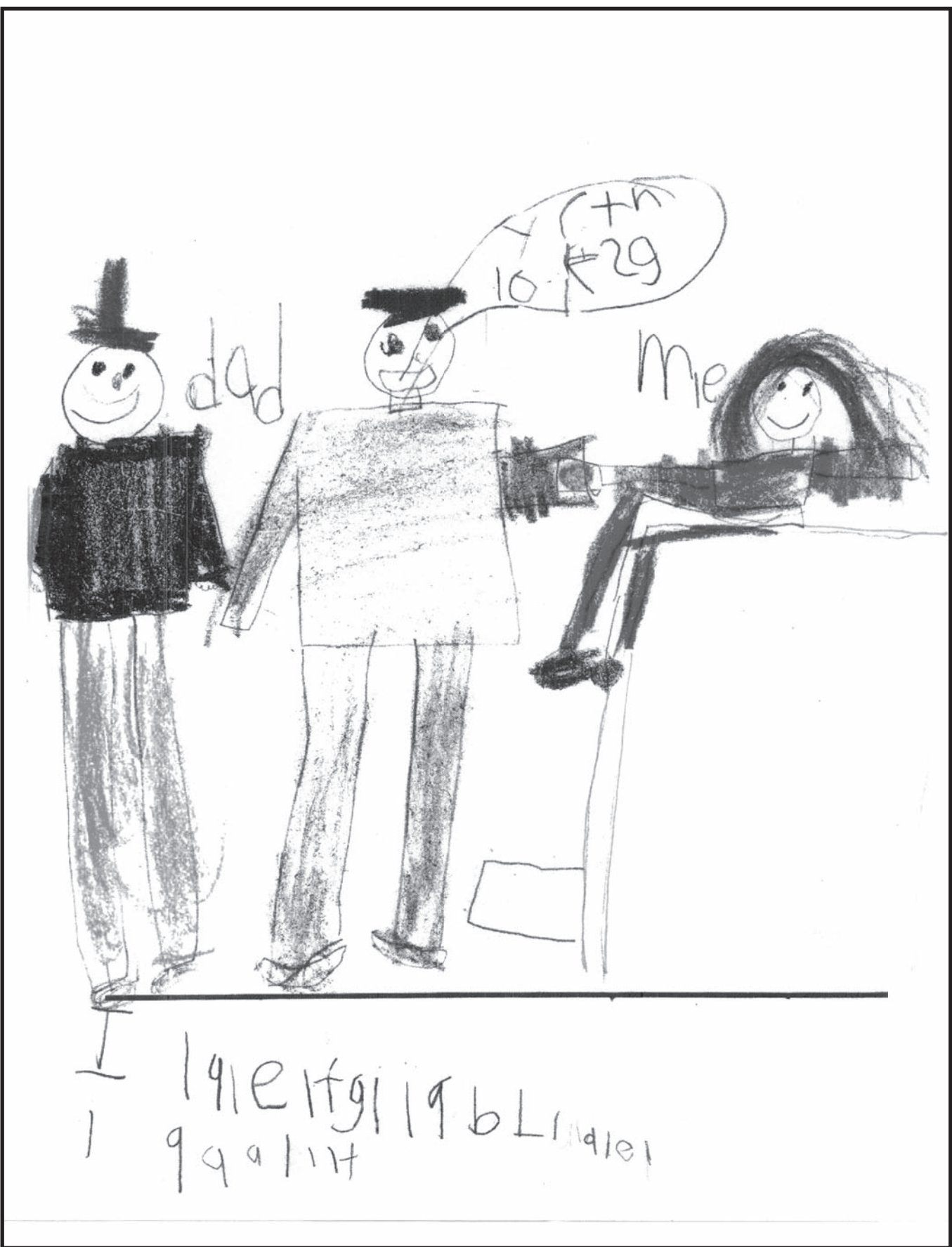
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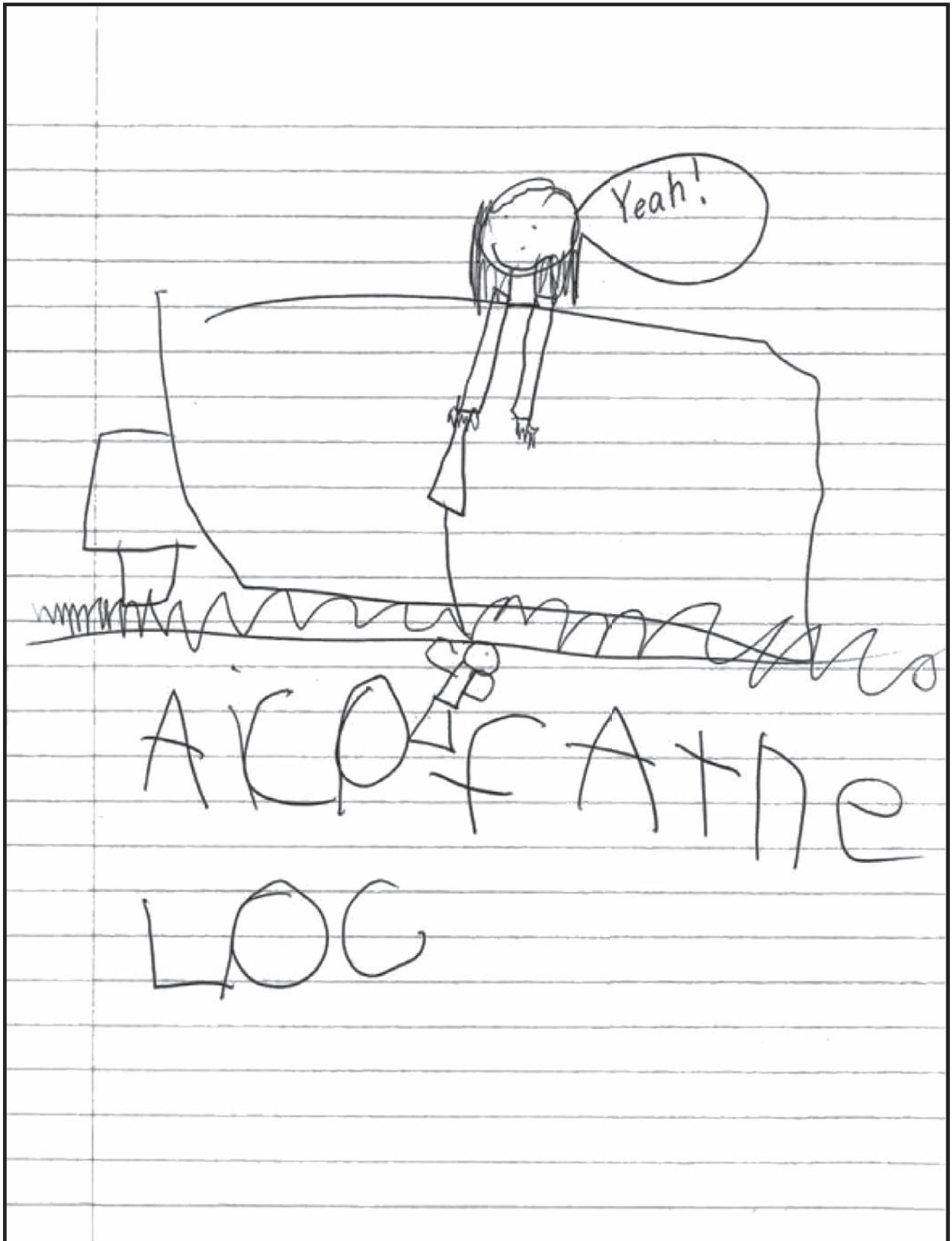
Kindergarten – 1st Nine Weeks – Writing Anchor Paper

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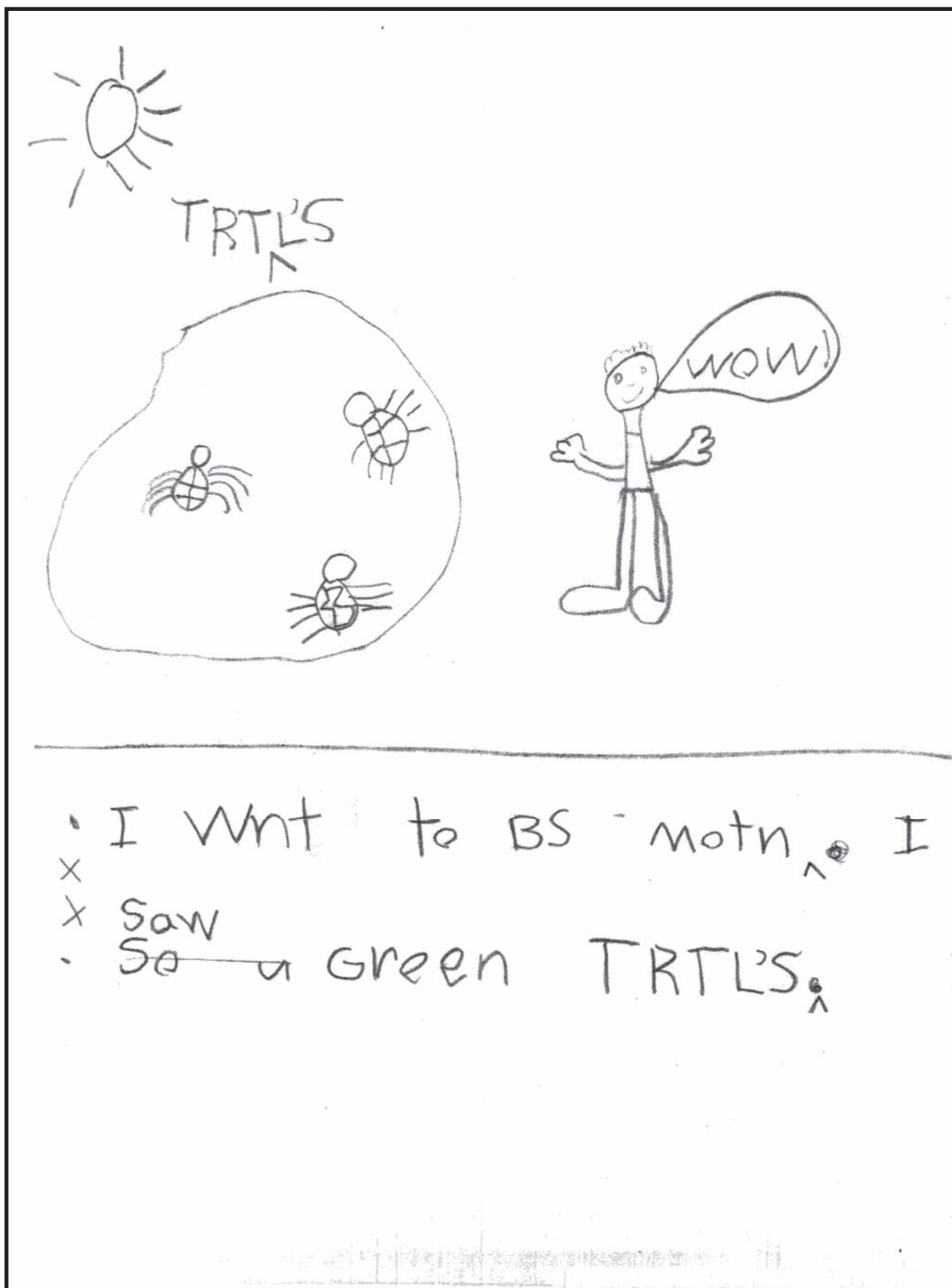
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b



e



I planted seeds and the next day
 I was sprouting they have grown
 tall and green.

1st Grade – 1st Nine Weeks – Writing Anchor Paper

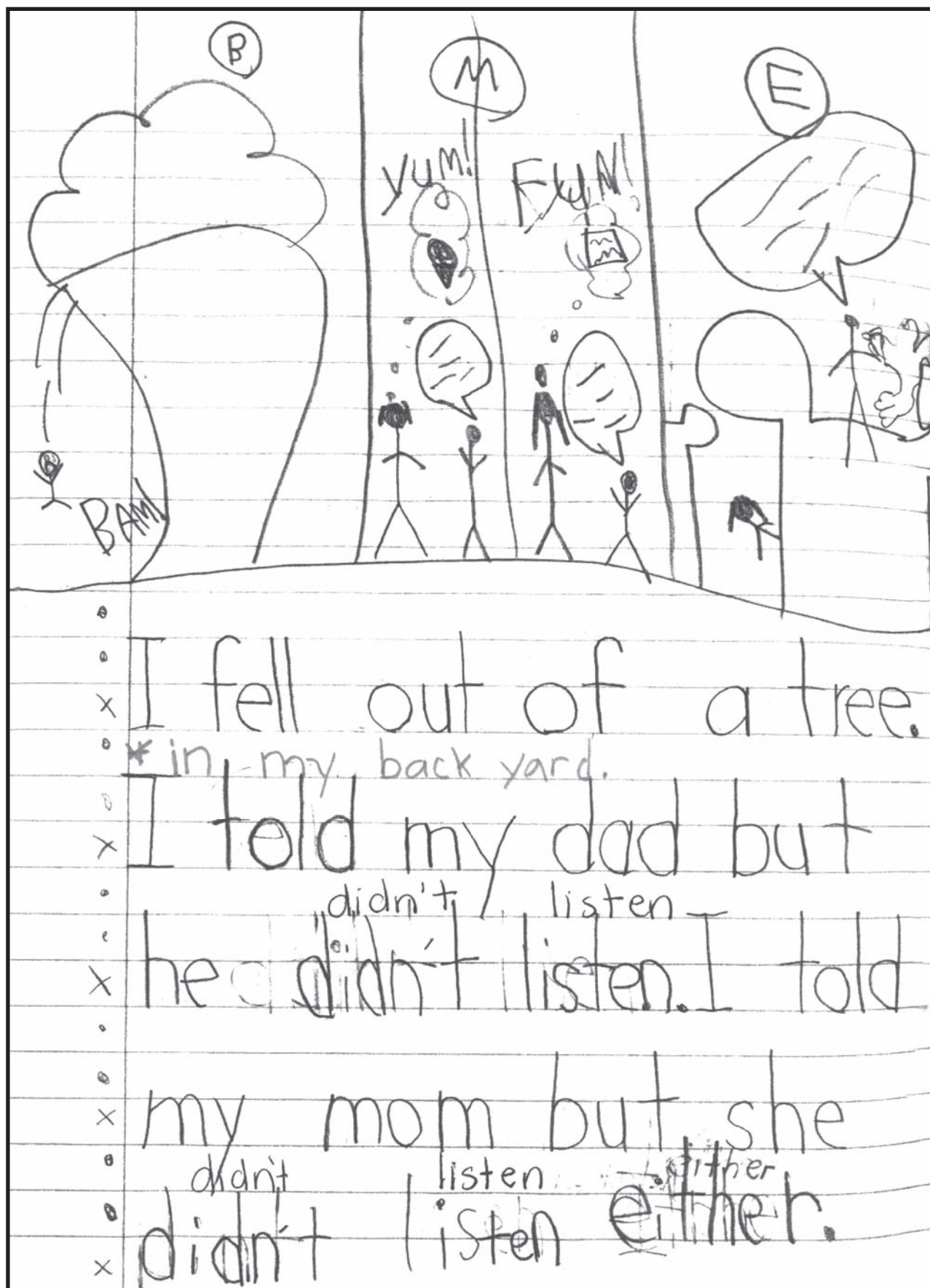
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x I was
 • I ~~was~~ on a whale
 x watching trip.
 • A whale went
 x over my boat.
 • I said wow. I was
 x excited!

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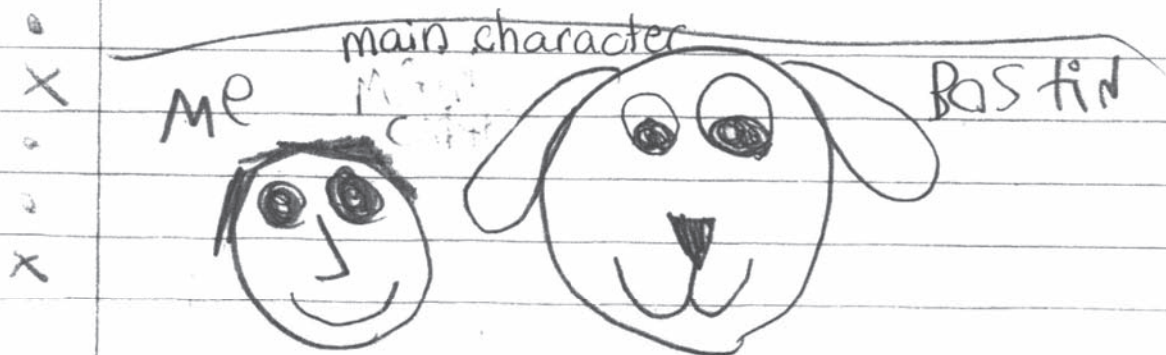
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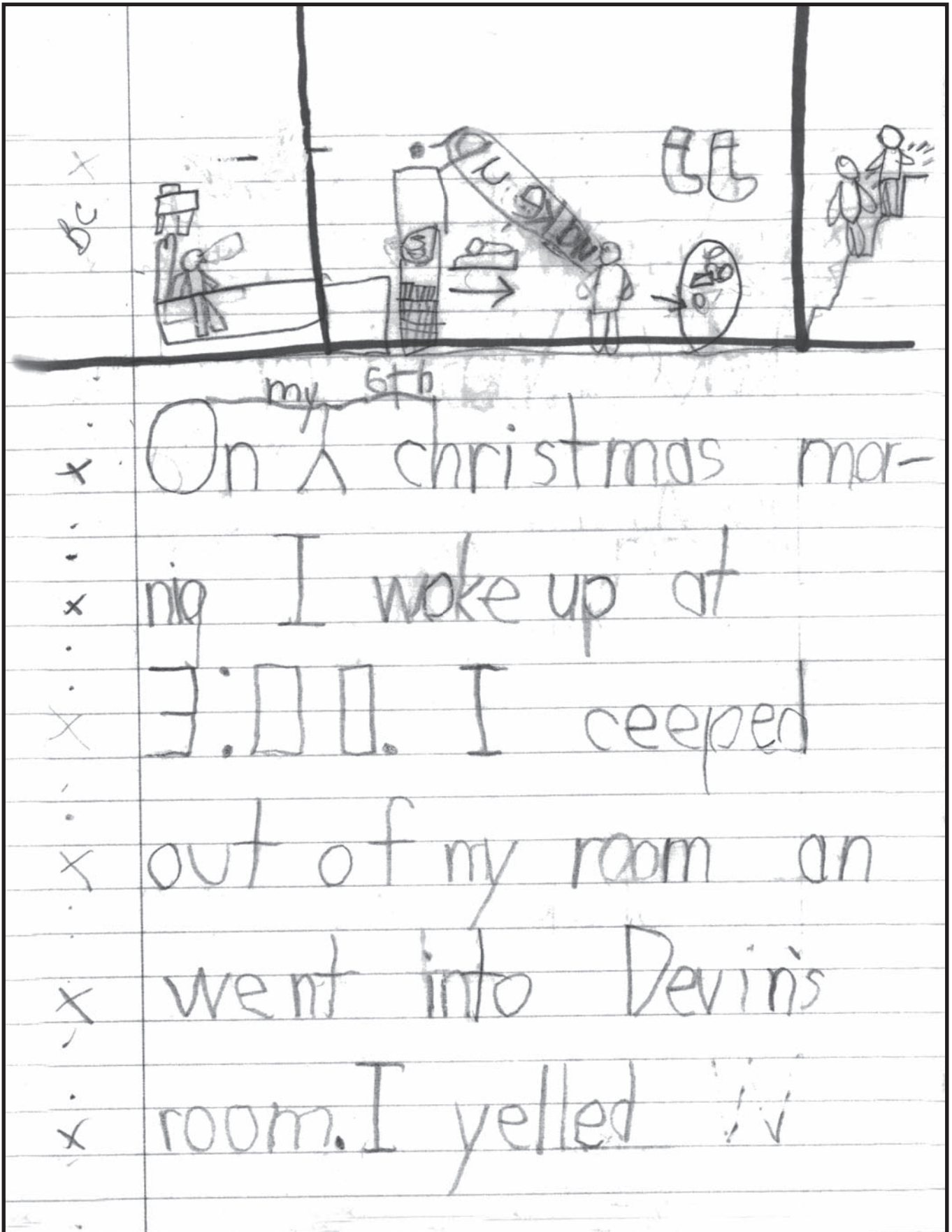
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I told my dog
 he ^{heard} heard me. I told
 him my story.
 And then he licked
 me and I felt
^{better} better. The End



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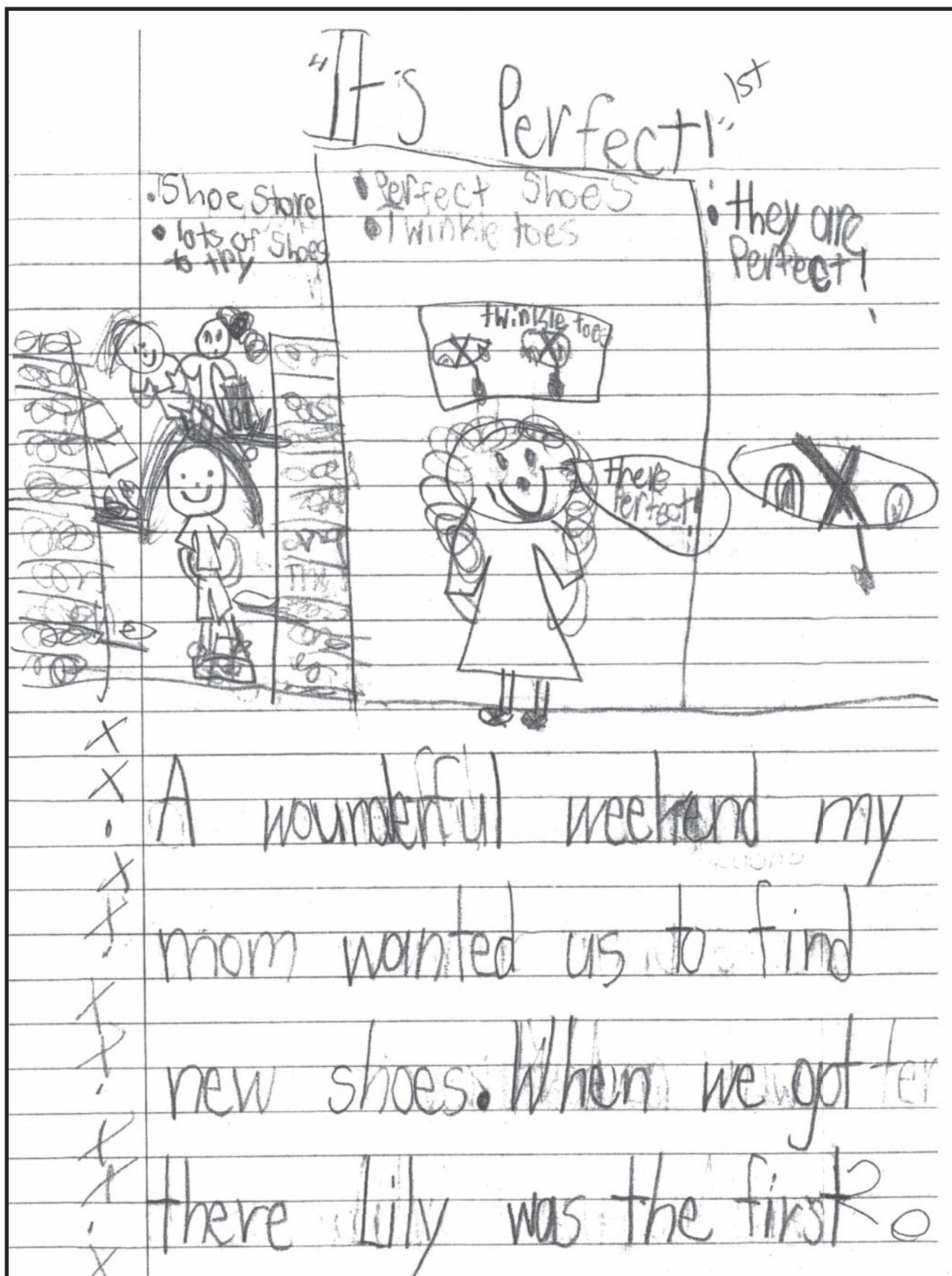
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x WAKE UP! He wo
 x ket up. We jump raced
 x down the stairs ^{we saw} toward
 + candy and a bean bag
 x chair. Santa needs
 x to stop watching
 x television. He ate half
 x of the cookies. we

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to pick some. When we went to
my size Lily was very happy
in her new shoes as mama
let me try on some. Soon
enough I found the perfect
ones bright pink Twinkle toes
with a rose keychain on each
one. And the best part is they

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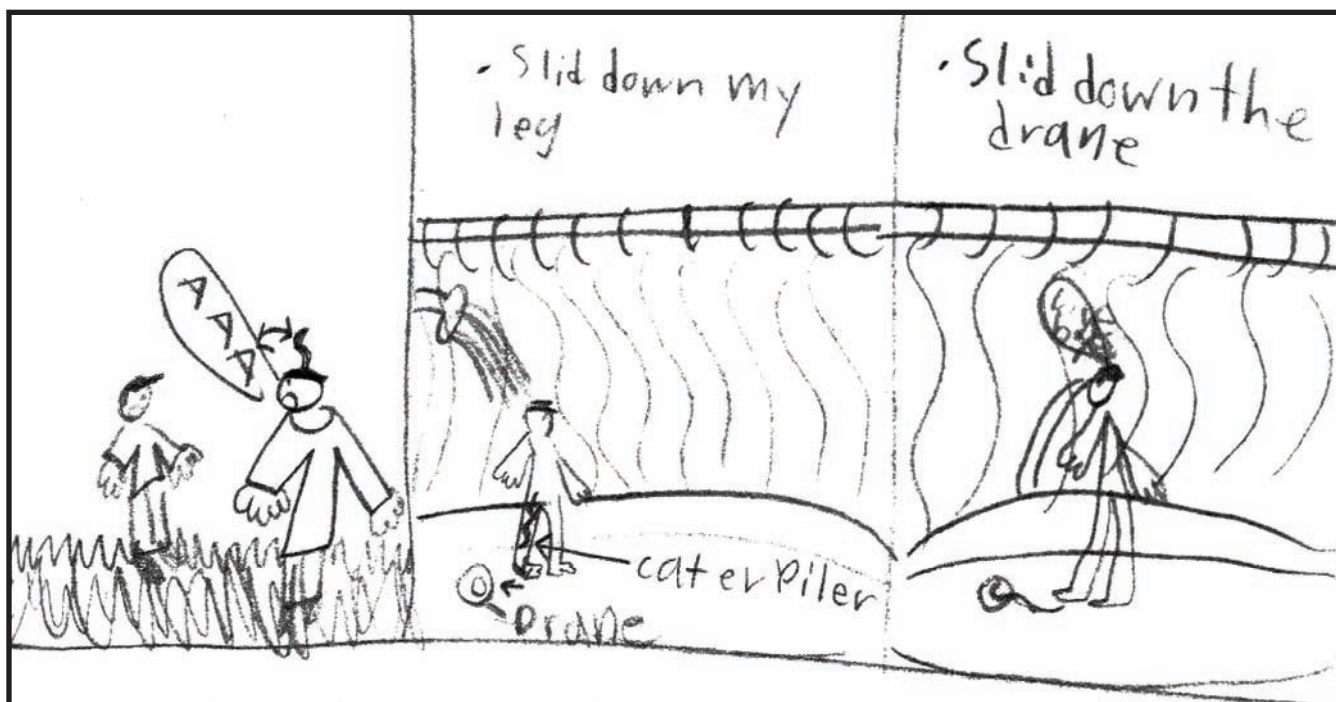
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are so cozy. I Love my Twinkl
toes.

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2nd Grade – 1st Nine Weeks – Writing Anchor Paper

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One bright day Logan and
 I ^{we} ~~where~~ trying to catch
 a caterpillar. ~~We found one and let it crawl on~~
 us. Aaaa it
 went in my hair and I
 couldn't find him! I
 took a shower and he

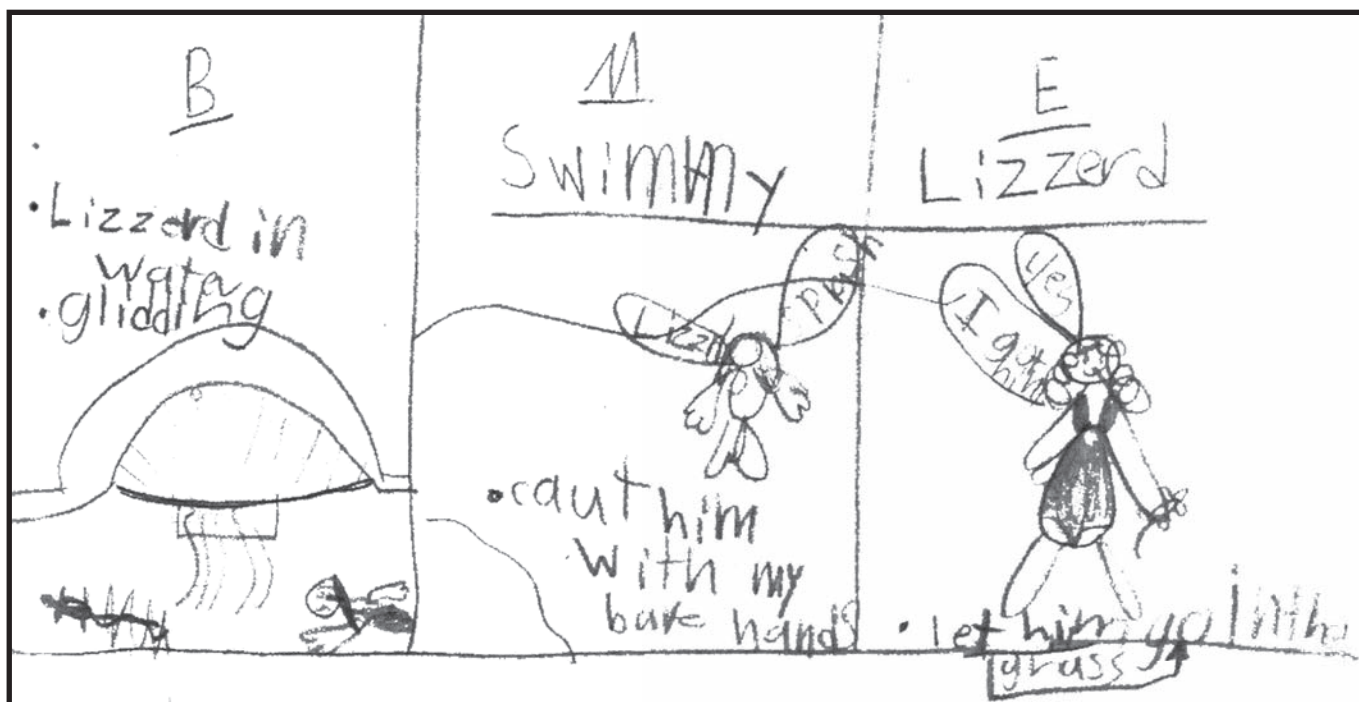
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· slid very fast down my
 x
 x
 · leg. He fell in to the
 x
 x
 x
 · tub. Then finally twisted
 x
 x
 · down with the water.
 x
 x
 · The caterpillar went
 x
 · bye bye!

2nd Grade – 2nd Nine Weeks – Writing Anchor Paper

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- One Summer afternoon at Rosemary Beach Kelly and I were at the pool swimming. I glanced over at a black and blue creacher thing gliding in the water. A LIZZARD. I screamed!
- I jumped into the pool and caught catch him

2nd Grade – 2nd Nine Weeks – Writing Anchor Paper

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. With my bare hands. He was friendly
 X
 X
 . black, blue ^{and} smooth. His sides were going
 X
 X
 . in and out in and out. I got out
 X
 X
 . With him ^{and} held him for a minute.
 X
 X
 . I * I had never held a lizard before!
 . Then [^] let him go in the grass.
 X
 X
 X

2nd Grade – 3rd Nine Weeks – Writing Anchor Paper

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Beginning

1. Family wants dog
2. Visited poodle lady
3. ...

Middle

Jack

1. eyebrows
2. the "one"
3. cried all the way home

End

1. tag
2. hugged and licked us
3. feeling better

I was delighted when my family decided

it was time ^{to get} ~~for~~ a dog. We knew just where to go!

We had heard that there was a lady selling

baby miniacher poodles. We went to her

apartment to see which one we wanted.

We picked out a chocolate brown puppy that had

~~we got it but we had to wait a couple of days~~

tan fur around his eyes ~~before we got it.~~ that made him look like

he had eye brows!

2nd Grade – 3rd Nine Weeks – Writing Anchor Paper

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.	The minute I saw him I knew he was
X	
X	
.	the one for us! We ^{brought} brought a blanket
X	
X	
.	to hold him in once we got in the car. Even
X	
X	
.	though we talked to him and hugged him
X	
X	
.	he cried all the way home ^{"You are} when we
X	
X	"going to be just fine" I told him.
.	got home we played tag in the grass. I
X	
X	
.	could tell he was feeling better
X	
X	
.	because he was running after us,
X	
X	
.	jumping and even licking us! I was so
X	
X	
.	happy that we had a new member of the

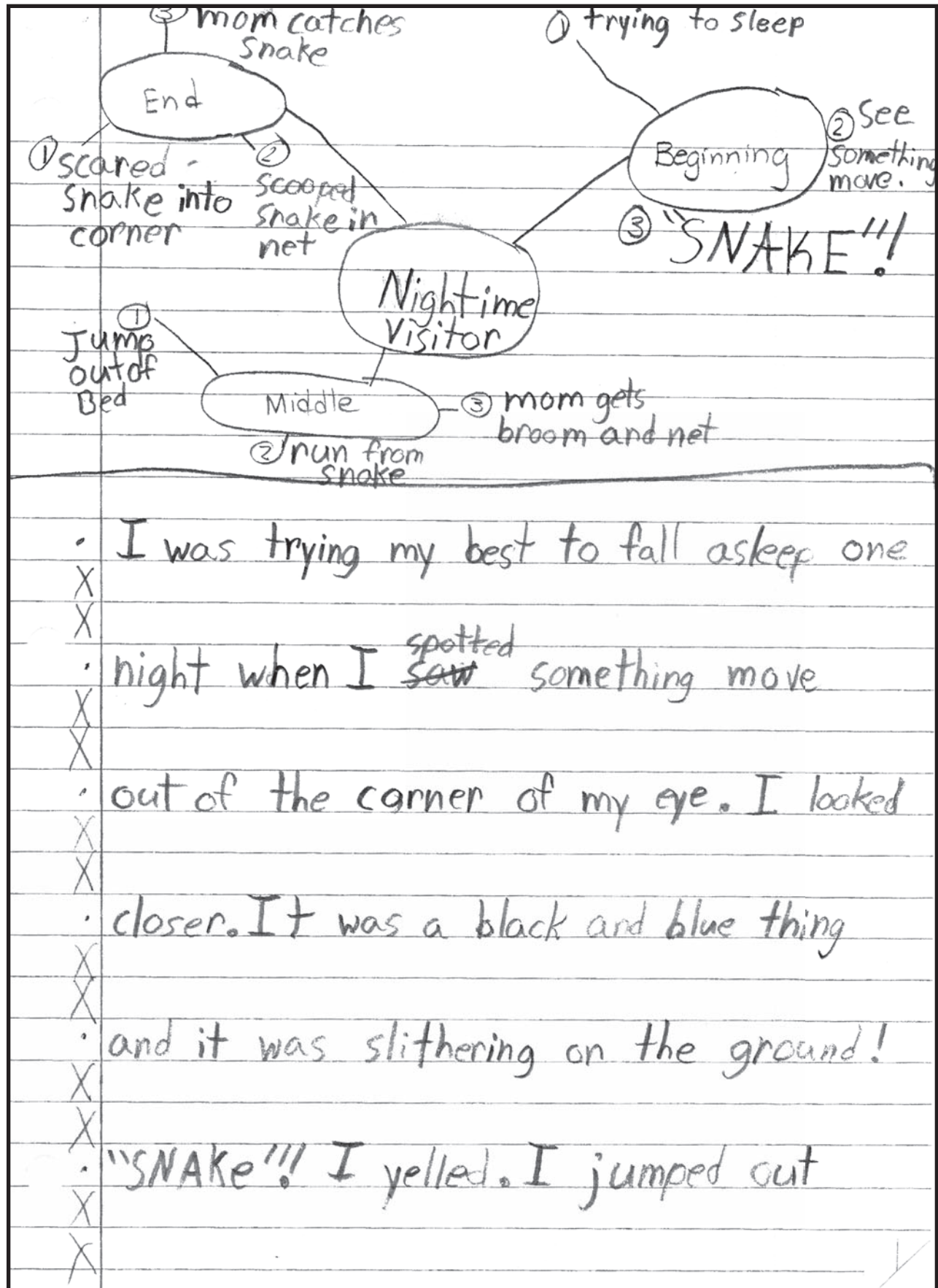
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family-our puppy Jack!

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of my bed and tried to ^{escape} ~~get away~~ but
 then it turned around and came toward
 me! I thought "oh my!" My mom
 hurried into my room and saw the snake.
 We got a broom and quickly made a
 plan. My mom grabbed a broom. She
 scared it into a corner with the
 broom and then scooped it up into
 the ^{net}. We threw it out into the

3rd Grade – Writing Anchor Plan

Beginning: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Emotion: Anxious Character: Marcus, Sofia, Me Setting: Campsite Hint to Problem: Getting hit with a stick 	Middle: detailed significant event <ul style="list-style-type: none"> "Ow, ow, ow!" Swollen eye—like an inflated balloon Ice—hurts more than the eye 	End: resolution <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Feeling better "What do you want to play next?" Not Sticks and rocks—Hide n' Go Seek
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3rd Grade – Writing Anchor Paper

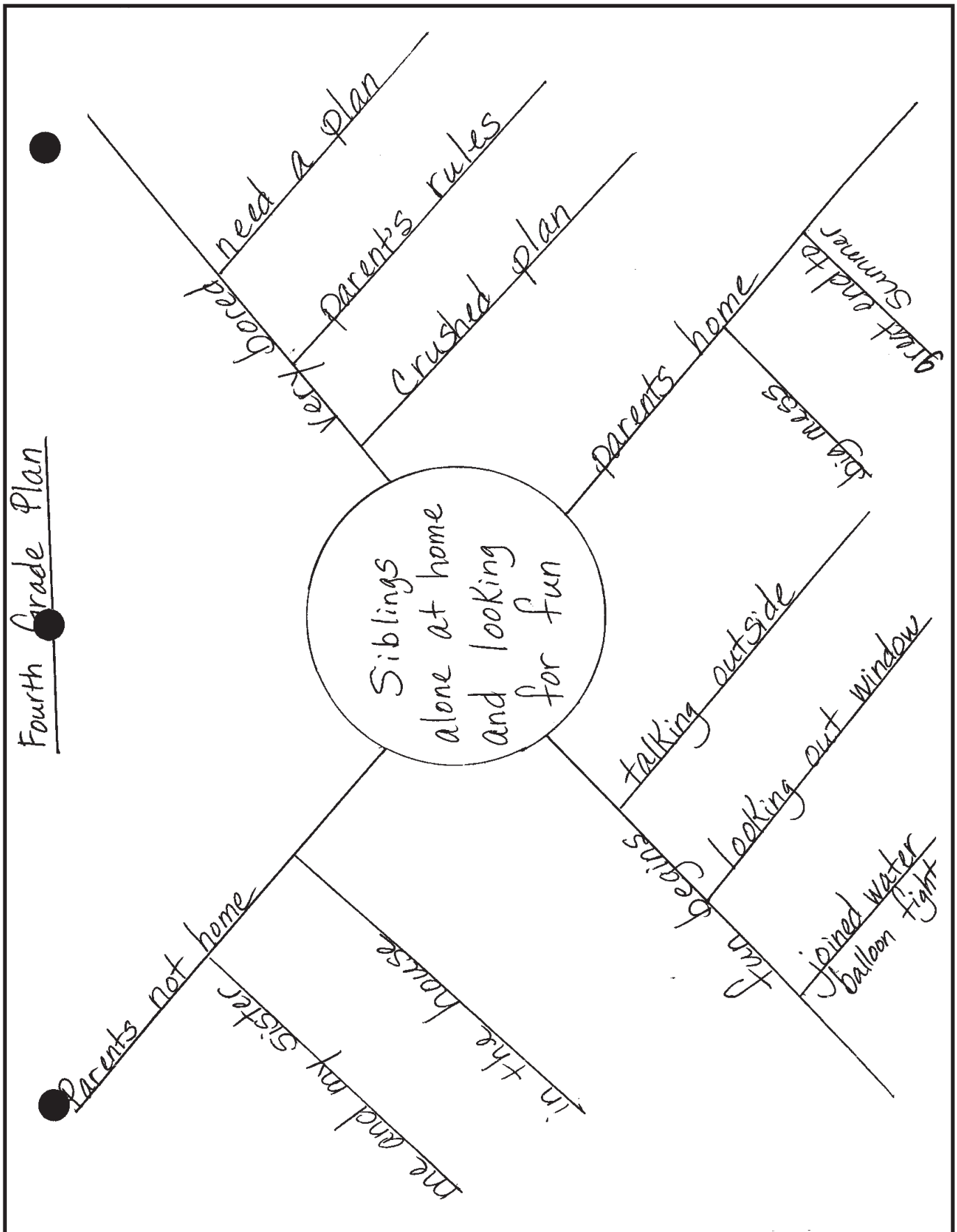
Extreme Sports

“Let’s play hit the rock with the stick!” exclaimed Marcus. My friends and I were camping with our families and were trying to find something fun to do. My friend Sofia quickly grabbed a stick and was ready to play when. . . “BAM!” Instead of hitting the rock with a stick, Sofia hit my eye.

I screamed, running to the side of the campsite where my mom was. “Ow! Ow! Ow!” I shrieked. I could feel my eye began to swell like an inflated balloon. My mom quickly ran to the cooler for some ice. She placed it on my eye to stop the swelling. It was freezing! “BRR”, I thought. I wasn’t sure which felt worse, the ice or my eye?

Soon my eye began to feel better and I decided to see what my friends were doing. Marcus asked, “What do we want to play next?” I hoped it wouldn’t involve any sticks or rocks. “Hide n’ Go Seek” I yelled out rubbing the wound over my eye.

4th Grade – Writing Anchor Plan



4th Grade – Writing Anchor Paper

Summertime Battle Stations

“Come on!” I said. “We need to get out of here!” It was late summer and muggy. My older sister and I were home alone while my parents were out for the evening. We were sitting around bored, when all of a sudden I decided we needed to have some fun. After all, school was about to start for the year, and the summer fun would soon be over for ten long months!

“Hmmm...so now we just needed a plan” I thought to myself. “We could go to a movie, or bowling, or even to get ice cream!” It wasn’t long before I could hear my sister’s voice interrupting my thoughts with reminders about my parents’ rules for when they were away. Rule number 1: No other kids allowed in the house. Rule number 2: Don’t leave the property. So much for a fun night! I thought. Crushed, I flopped down on the couch ready for the most boring night ever.

As I flipped through all 999 channels on our television, I heard a lot of talking coming from the backyard. It sounded like a wild mob. I jumped up like a dog jumping for a bone. When I looked out the window, I couldn’t believe my eyes. All the kids from our neighborhood were in the backyard, laughing and throwing water balloons. The water-filled bombs looked like fireworks as they burst in the air! The balloons were flying in all directions, soaking everyone as they ran and screamed with delight. I burst through the backdoor just in time to get hit in the head with a bright pink warhead. Grinning, I picked up an unexploded purple weapon and pelted it back at my attacker. “This is war!” I exclaimed.

When the battle was over, my sister and I sat on the back porch steps and surveyed the damage. Little balloon pieces covered the yard like sprinkles on a cupcake. “Whew! We had better clean up mess.” I said to my sister. Before we could get started, we heard a car door slam. “Uh oh!” we blurted out at the same time. Mom and dad were home. As they rounded the corner, their eyes widened and their mouths fell open. My sister quickly took charge and said “Don’t worry guys we didn’t break a single rule.” Of course my parents just walked inside shaking their heads. As I stood on the porch with my hair dripping wet, I grinned to myself. Tonight was the best way ever to end the summer!

Beg. Paragraph

- Topic:** Baby-sitting
- Audience:** My parents
- Purpose:** To tell my parents I am tired of getting blamed
- Characters:** me, little brother, parents
- Setting:** home
- Hint to problem:** brother always blames me for everything, chaos

2nd paragraph

- Walked outside
- BANG went the door behind me
- Thought “OH NO!”
- Door locked, couldn’t get in, raining

3rd paragraph

- Sunday-everyone at church
- All other doors locked
- Brother making faces at me
- The window

4th paragraph

- Climbed through window like burglar in night
- TOO QUIET, no brother
- Went to my room
- Clothes and toys everywhere
- NOT THIS TIME!!

5th paragraph

- Parents home
- I’m soaking wet
- Brother’s acting like he’s asleep
- My learning: 1. never baby-sit again, 2. hide a key outside

5th Grade – Writing Anchor Paper

NOT THIS TIME!

My little brother is notorious for getting into trouble. He has a history of starting fires, overflowing the toilet, and creating chaos wherever he goes. The worst part is he always blames ME for his actions. Well, last week I was asked to baby-sit him, and boy, was that something!

As soon as our parents left, I walked outside to get the newspaper and immediately heard “BANG” as the front door slammed shut. Shivers ran down my spine as I whirled around and sprinted toward the front door. When I reached the house and turned the doorknob, I found that it was locked. “Great, now what am I supposed to do?” I whispered to myself. As quick as lightning I bolted for the back door...LOCKED! There I stood, standing outside as it started to rain, watching my little brother through the window, laughing at me. “Open the door” I shouted! He ran away and left me standing there, dripping wet, with no way to enter the house. I wondered what to do next.

I couldn’t go the neighbor’s house. It was Sunday and everyone was at church. I couldn’t use a key; it was inside hanging beside the door. So much for the movie my parents promised me if I was responsible and watched my brother without any problems. As I turned toward the house I could see my brother through the kitchen window sticking his tongue out at me. He turned and sped away. “If only...” I thought to myself. Suddenly I remembered the window I left unlocked. This was my chance.

Carefully I climbed through the window like a burglar in the night. It was quiet. Actually, it was too quiet. That’s not a good sign. Suddenly, “BAM, BAM, BAM!” I darted up the steps, threw open the door to my room, and stared in disbelief. There was my brother jumping like a kangaroo on my bed. All of my toys and clothes were scattered about as if a tornado had just come through. I knew what he was going to do—he was going to tell my parents that I did it. “NOT THIS TIME!!” I thought to myself. That’s when I heard the garage door opening. Mom and dad were home. “What am I going to do?” I thought nervously.

As they walked in, they immediately asked, “Why are you all wet?” “HE locked me out of the house!” I yelled with taking a breath. “How could he have done that? He’s asleep on the couch.” said my dad. Sure enough, that bratty little brother of mine was on the couch acting like he was asleep. He had done it again! I guess I learned two things from this babysitting experience. First, I will never agree to baby-sit my brother again, and second, I’m definitely going to hide a key outside!