

**Selected Response Template**

Benchmark: CCSS.ELA Literacy.RI.910.5 Analyze in detail how an author’s ideas or claims are developed and refined by particular sentences, paragraphs, or larger portions of a text (e.g., a section or chapter).

DOK Level: 2

America is an improbable idea. A mongrel nation built of everchanging disparate parts, it is held together by a notion, the notion that all men are created equal, though everyone knows that most men consider themselves better than someone. “Of all the nations in the world, the United States was built in nobody’s image,” the historian Daniel Boorstin wrote. That’s because it was built of bits and pieces that seem discordant, like the crazy quilts that have been one of its great folkart forms, velvet and calico and checks and brocades. Out of many, one. That is the ideal. Quindlen, Anna. “A Quilt of a Country.” Newsweek, September 27, 2001.

Which one of the following words does NOT support Quindlen’s claim that the United States is like a “quilt”?

- a) discordant
- b) disparate
- c) improbable**
- d) mongrel

**Rationales:**

a	Incorrect. Discordant supports the idea that the quilt is made up of many different colors and fabrics, as the United States is made up of many different peoples and cultures.
b	Incorrect. Disparate speaks to the differences in the many people who make up the United States, akin to the many different kinds of patterns that make up a quilt.
c	Correct. While all of the above words speak to the piecemeal aesthetic of a quilt, improbable does not.
d	Incorrect. Mongrel speaks to the idea of a nation that has many different races, backgrounds, and heritages.

### **Selected Response Template**

Benchmark: CCSS.ELA Literacy.L.1112.4a Use context (e.g., the overall meaning of a sentence, paragraph, or text; a word's position or function in a sentence) as a clue to the meaning of a word or phrase.

#### **DOK Level: 2**

Cecily [rather shy and confidingly]: Dearest Gwendolen, there is no reason why I should make a secret of it to you.

Our little county newspaper is sure to chronicle the fact next week. Mr. Ernest Worthing and I are engaged to be married.

Gwendolen [quite politely, rising]: My darling Cecily, I think there must be some slight error. Mr. Ernest Worthing is engaged to me. The announcement will appear in the Morning Post on Saturday at the latest.

Cecily [very politely, rising]: I am afraid you must be under some misconception. Ernest proposed to me exactly ten minutes ago. [Shows diary.]

Gwendolen [examines diary through her lorgnette carefully]: It is certainly very curious, for he asked me to be his wife yesterday afternoon at 5.30. If you would care to verify the incident, pray do so. [Produces diary of her own.] I never travel without my diary. One should always have something sensational to read in the train. I am so sorry, dear Cecily, if it is any disappointment to you, but I am afraid I have the prior claim.

Cecily: It would distress me more than I can tell you, dear Gwendolen, if it caused you any mental or physical anguish, but I feel bound to point out that since Ernest proposed to you he clearly has changed his mind.

Gwendolen [meditatively]: If the poor fellow has been entrapped into any foolish promise I shall consider it my duty to rescue him at once, and with a firm hand.

Cecily [thoughtfully and sadly]: Whatever unfortunate entanglement my dear boy may have got into, I will never reproach him with it after we are married.

Gwendolen: Do you allude to me, Miss Cardew, as an entanglement? You are presumptuous. On an occasion of this kind it becomes more than a moral duty to speak one's mind. It becomes a pleasure.

Cecily: Do you suggest, Miss Fairfax, that I entrapped Ernest into an engagement? How dare you? This is no time for wearing the shallow mask of manners. When I see a spade I call it a spade.

Gwendolen [satirically]: I am glad to say that I have never seen a spade. It is obvious that our social spheres have been widely different.

[Enter Merriman, followed by the footman. He carries a salver, table cloth, and plate stand. Cecily is about to retort. The presence of the servants exercises a restraining influence, under which both girls chafe.]

Merriman: Shall I lay tea here as usual, Miss?

Cecily [sternly, in a calm voice]: Yes, as usual. [Merriman begins to clear table and lay cloth. A long pause. Cecily and Gwendolen glare at each other.]

Gwendolen: Are there many interesting walks in the vicinity, Miss Cardew?

Cecily: Oh! yes! a great many. From the top of one of the hills quite close one can see five counties.

Gwendolen: Five counties! I don't think I should like that; I hate crowds.

Cecily [sweetly]: I suppose that is why you live in town? [Gwendolen bites her lip, and beats her foot nervously with her parasol.]

Gwendolen: [Looking round.] Quite a wellkept garden this is, Miss Cardew.

Cecily: So glad you like it, Miss Fairfax.

Gwendolen: I had no idea there were any flowers in the country.

Cecily: Oh, flowers are as common here, Miss Fairfax, as people are in London.

Gwendolen: Personally I cannot understand how anybody manages to exist in the country, if anybody who is anybody does. The country always bores me to death.

Cecily: Ah! This is what the newspapers call agricultural depression, is it not? I believe the aristocracy are suffering very much from it just at present. It is almost an epidemic amongst them, I have been told. May I offer you some tea, Miss Fairfax?

Gwendolen [with elaborate politeness]: Thank you. [Aside.] Detestable girl! But I require tea!

Cecily [sweetly]: Sugar?

Gwendolen [superciliously]: No, thank you. Sugar is not fashionable any more. [Cecily looks angrily at her, takes up the tongs and puts four lumps of sugar into the cup.]

Cecily [severely]: Cake or bread and butter?

Gwendolen [in a bored manner]: Bread and butter, please. Cake is rarely seen at the best houses nowadays.

Cecily [cuts a very large slice of cake, and puts it on the tray]: Hand that to Miss Fairfax.

[Merriman does so, and goes out with footman. Gwendolen drinks the tea and makes a grimace. Puts down cup at once, reaches out her hand to the bread and butter, looks at it, and finds it is cake. Rises in indignation.]

Gwendolen: You have filled my tea with lumps of sugar, and though I asked most distinctly for bread and butter, you have given me cake. I am known for the gentleness of my disposition, and the extraordinary sweetness of my nature, but I warn you, Miss Cardew, you may go too far.

Cecily [rising]: To save my poor, innocent, trusting boy from the machinations of any other girl there are no lengths to which I would not go.

Gwendolen: From the moment I saw you I distrusted you. I felt that you were false and deceitful. I am never deceived in such matters. My first impressions of people are invariably right.

Cecily: It seems to me, Miss Fairfax, that I am trespassing on your valuable time. No doubt you have many other calls of a similar character to make in the neighbourhood.

Wilde, Oscar. *The Importance of Being Earnest*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1999 (1895). From Act II, Part 2.

What does Gwendolen mean when she tells Cecily she is “presumptuous”?

- a) Gwendolen thinks Cecily is being rude to her.
- b) Gwendolen thinks Cecily is foolish to argue with her.
- c) Gwendolen thinks Cecily is overstepping her bounds.**
- d) Gwendolen thinks Cecily is mistaken about Ernest’s feelings.

a	Incorrect. Cecily is being rude, but this is not what Gwendolen is pointing out.
b	Incorrect. It is clear from later exchanges that Gwendolen believes Cecily is foolish, but this is not what she means by calling Cecily presumptuous.
c	Correct. Gwendolen believes that Cecily is being overconfident and has overstepped her bounds in calling Gwendolen an entanglement.
d	Incorrect. Gwendolen does not believe Ernest has feelings for Cecily, but this is not what she means when she calls Cecily presumptuous.

Selected Response Template

Benchmark: CCSS.ELA Literacy.RL.1112.9 Demonstrate knowledge of eighteenth, nineteenth and early twentieth century foundational works of American literature, including how two or more texts from the same period treat similar themes or topics.

DOK Level: 1

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,  
Thou foster child of silence and slow time,  
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express  
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:  
What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape  
Of deities or mortals, or of both,  
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?  
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?  
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?  
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?  
Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;  
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,  
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:  
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave  
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;  
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,  
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;  
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,  
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!  
Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed  
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;  
And, happy melodist, unwearied,  
For ever piping songs for ever new;  
More happy love! more happy, happy love!  
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,  
For ever panting, and for ever young;  
All breathing human passion far above,  
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,  
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.  
Who are these coming to the sacrifice?  
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,  
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,

And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?  
What little town by river or sea shore,

Or mountainbuilt with peaceful citadel,  
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?  
And, little town, thy streets for evermore  
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell  
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.  
O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede  
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,  
With forest branches and the trodden weed;  
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought  
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!  
When old age shall this generation waste,  
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe  
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,  
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Keats, John. "Ode on a Grecian Urn." *The Complete Poems of John Keats*. New York: Modern Library, 1994 (1820).

Because I could not stop for Death—  
He kindly stopped for me—  
The Carriage held but just Ourselves—  
And Immortality.  
We slowly drove—He knew no haste  
And I had put away  
My labor and my leisure too,  
For His Civility—  
We passed the School, where Children strove  
At Recess—in the Ring—  
We passed the Fields of Grazing Grain—  
We passed the Setting Sun—  
We paused before a House that seemed  
A Swelling of the Ground—  
The Room was scarcely visible—  
The Cornice—in the Ground—  
Since then—'tis Centuries—and yet

Feels shorter than the Day  
I first surmised the Horses' Heads  
Were toward Eternity—

Dickinson, Emily. "Because I Could Not Stop for Death." *The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson*. Boston: Little, Brown, 1960 (1890).

Both Keats and Dickinson compare scenes of the mundane: Keats from the images

engraved on an urn, Dickinson from a metaphorical carriage window. What do the scenes they have described say about the nature of living?

- a) It is tedious and full of work.
- b) It is beautiful but ultimately meaningless.
- c) It is the same regardless of time passing.**
- d) It is full of passion and the promise of immortality.

**Rationales:**

a	Incorrect. Though there is work, neither poet suggests that it is tedious.
b	Incorrect. The beauty described, especially in Keats's poem, is far from meaningless.
c	Correct. The scenes of life in both are constant and timeless, and each poet celebrates them in his or her own way.
d	Incorrect. There is passion in Keats's poem, but it is largely absent from Dickinson's.

### **Constructed Response Template**

Benchmark: CCSS.ELA Literacy.W.910.1a Introduce precise claim(s), distinguish the claim(s) from alternate or opposing claims, and create an organization that establishes clear relationships among claim(s), counterclaims, reasons, and evidence.

DOK Level: 3

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife. However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering a neighbourhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families that he is considered as the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters.

“My dear Mr. Bennet,” said his lady to him one day, “have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?”

Mr. Bennet replied that he had not.

“But it is,” returned she; “for Mrs. Long has just been here, and she told me all about it.”

Mr. Bennet made no answer.

“Do not you want to know who has taken it?” cried his wife impatiently.

“You want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it.”

This was invitation enough.

“Why, my dear, you must know, Mrs. Long says that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England; that he came down on Monday in a chaise and four to see the place, and was so much delighted with it, that he agreed with Mr. Morris immediately; that he is to take possession before Michaelmas, and some of his servants are to be in the house by the end of next week.”

“What is his name?”

“Bingley.”

“Is he married or single?”

“Oh! Single, my dear, to be sure! A single man of large fortune; four or five thousand a year.

What a fine thing for our girls!”

“How so? How can it affect them?”

“My dear Mr. Bennet,” replied his wife, “how can you be so tiresome! You must know that I am thinking of his marrying one of them.”

“Is that his design in settling here?”



“Design! Nonsense, how can you talk so! But it is very likely that he may fall in love with one of them, and therefore you must visit him as soon as he comes.”

“I see no occasion for that. You and the girls may go, or you may send them by themselves, which perhaps will be still better, for as you are as handsome as any of them, Mr. Bingley might like you the best of the party.”

“My dear, you flatter me. I certainly have had my share of beauty, but I do not pretend to be anything extraordinary now. When a woman has five grownup daughters she ought to give over thinking of her own beauty.”

“In such cases a woman has not often much beauty to think of.”

“But, my dear, you must indeed go and see Mr. Bingley when he comes into the neighbourhood.”

“It is more than I engage for, I assure you.”

“But consider your daughters. Only think what an establishment it would be for one of them. Sir William and Lady Lucas are determined to go, merely on that account, for in general, you know, they visit no newcomers. Indeed you must go, for it will be impossible for us to visit him if you do not.”

“You are overscrupulous surely. I dare say Mr. Bingley will be very glad to see you; and I will send a few lines by you to assure him of my hearty consent to his marrying whichever he chooses of the girls; though I must throw in a good word for my little Lizzy.”

“I desire you will do no such thing. Lizzy is not a bit better than the others; and I am sure she is not half so handsome as Jane, nor half so goodhumoured as Lydia. But you are always giving her the preference.”

“They have none of them much to recommend them,” replied he; “they are all silly and ignorant like other girls; but Lizzy has something more of quickness than her sisters.”

“Mr. Bennet, how can you abuse your own children in such a way! You take delight in vexing me. You have no compassion on my poor nerves.”

“You mistake me, my dear. I have a high respect for your nerves. They are my old friends. I have heard you mention them with consideration these twenty years at least.”

“Ah! you do not know what I suffer.”

“But I hope you will get over it, and live to see many young men of four thousand a year come into the neighbourhood.”

“It will be no use to us if twenty such should come, since you will not visit them.”

“Depend upon it, my dear, that when there are twenty, I will visit them all.”

Mr. Bennet was so odd a mixture of quick parts, sarcastic humour, reserve, and caprice, that the experience of threeandtwenty years had been insufficient to make his wife understand his character. Her mind was less difficult to develop. She was a woman of mean understanding, little information, and uncertain temper. When she was discontented she fancied herself nervous. The business of her life was to get her daughters married; its solace was visiting and news.

Austen, Jane. *Pride and Prejudice*. New York: Oxford University Press, 1990 (1813). From Chapter 1.

Citing examples from the excerpt, discuss the nature of Mr. and Mrs. Bennet’s marriage. Are they happily married? Why or why not? What role do their daughters play in their feelings toward each other?

Response Area:

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**Scoring Rubric and Exemplar**

2	A score of two indicates that the student has demonstrated a thorough understanding of the writing or reading concept embodied in the question. The student response is clear and complete, follows a logical order, and is grammatically correct. The response may contain minor errors in grammar, spelling, or punctuation.
1	A score of one indicates that the student has provided a response that is only partially correct. For example, the student may arrive at an acceptable conclusion or provide an adequate interpretation, but may demonstrate some misunderstanding of the underlying concepts. Conversely, a student may arrive at an unacceptable conclusion or provide a faulty interpretation, but could have applied appropriate and logically sound concepts. The response may contain several grammar, spelling, or punctuation errors.
0	A score of zero indicates that the student has not provided a response or has provided a response that does not demonstrate an understanding of the reading or writing concept. The student's response may be uninterpretable, lack sufficient information to determine the student's understanding, or contain clear misunderstandings of the underlying concepts. The response may contain many errors in grammar, spelling, or punctuation.

**Exemplar**

2 Despite the fact that in her first address of her husband she refers to him as “dear,” it is clear from this excerpt that Mr. and Mrs. Bennet have a strained relationship. Their marriage is a troubled one and only appears to be happy. Mr. Bennet seems only to be humoring his wife in listening to her talk of Netherfield and Mr. Bingley, and Mrs. Bennet even scolds him for being “tiresome” and “vexing” her nerves. They’ve been married for 23 years and she still doesn’t understand him, possibly because she isn’t as smart as he is.

When the two begin to speak of their daughters specifically, however, it’s clear that they argue about them a lot. Mrs. Bennet loves all of her daughters equally and believes each girl has something to recommend her to Mr. Bingley, but Mr. Bennet prefers Lizzy. Because it’s the “business of her life” to get her daughters married, Mrs. Bennet doesn’t believe this is fair, and it’s especially unfair of Mr. Bennet to tease her about it.

1 Mr. and Mrs. Bennet are mostly happily married, because in those times men and women weren’t really equals. Mrs. Bennet calls Mr. Bennet “dear” and though she is over-sensitive, she knows he loves her because he flatters her and listens to her talk about the things that interest her. Even though Mr. Bennet teases her a little, he is being serious when he says that he hopes she’ll “get over it, and live to see many young men move into the neighborhood for their daughters to get married to.

Their daughters don’t really play much of a role. While it’s important to Mrs. Bennet that they all get married off, Mr. Bennet really only likes Lizzy and wants Mrs. Bennet to be the one to visit Mr. Bingley and take care of everything. He doesn’t feel like he has to get involved because it’s her job.

No 0 point exemplar required