

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Period \_\_\_\_\_

- 1) Is the narrator worried about St. Nick spotting him? How do you know?
- 2) What inference can you make about the narrator?

R

re-state the question

A

answer all parts of the question

READ THE QUESTION

- ☐ **R** re-state the question
- ☐ **A** answer all parts of the question
- ☐ **C** cite the text
- ☐ **E** explain how your citation supports your answer

# RACE Rubric for Short Answer Questions

	4	3	2	1
<p><b>R</b></p> <p>Restate the Question</p>	Restated the question completely	Restated almost all parts of the question	Attempted to restate the question, but was unsuccessful	Did not restate the question at all
<p><b>A</b></p> <p>Answer the Question</p>	Considered all parts of the question and answered each part accurately	Considered all parts of the question but had only partial accuracy	Missed part of the question	Did not answer the question at all
<p><b>C</b></p> <p>Cite evidence from the text</p>	Properly cited adequate evidence from the text that supported the answer	Cited evidence loosely related to the answer	Evidence used was either not related to the question, or not correctly cited	No evidence from the text was used
<p><b>E</b></p> <p>Elaborate</p> <p>-Make connections</p> <p>-Explain further</p>	Made a connection with the text and clearly explained its relationship to the question	Made a connection to the text, but was unable to explain its relationship to the text clearly	Attempted to make a connection to the text, but the relationship was weak	Did not make a connection to the text at all; element was not present

R: \_\_\_\_\_ A: \_\_\_\_\_ C: \_\_\_\_\_ E: \_\_\_\_\_ Total: \_\_\_\_\_ / 4 = Final Score: \_\_\_\_\_

# "Twas the Night Before Christmas

by Clement Clarke Moore

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,  
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;  
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,  
Had just settled down for a long winter's nap,

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.  
Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
To open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow  
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,  
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,

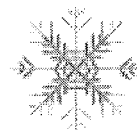
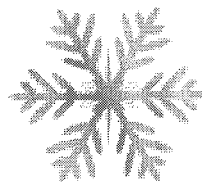
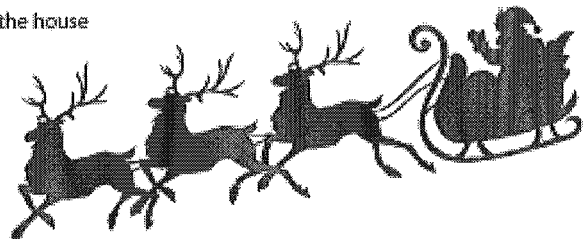
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.  
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,  
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!  
On, Comet! on Cupid! on, Donner and Blitzen!  
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!  
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"

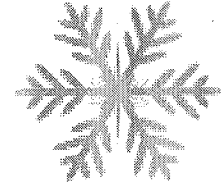
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,  
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,  
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,  
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof  
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.  
As I drew in my hand, and was turning around,  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,  
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;  
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,  
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.



His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;

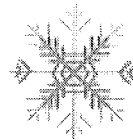


The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;  
He had a broad face and a little round belly,  
That shook, when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly.

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,  
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;  
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;



He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,  
And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;



He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.  
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,  
HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD-NIGHT!