

Here, four fifth graders wrote about favorite places, then revised their drafts so they'd sound more like Patricia MacLachlan's writing in her book All the Places to Love. Read these pieces, then with a partner, talk about where each writer shows strength with **sentence fluency** and **idea development**.

My Favorite Place

by Paige

Beyond a little black cottage, a little ways in the woods is a trail. A tiny bit of a walk with the sparrows, ducks and beavers and you're there. Tall pine trees covering your view of the sky.

There I sit accompanied by my dog. My view is spectacular! We sit as we gaze out to the open water. A small waterfall caused by the busy beavers piling their wood can be the loveliest thing you've ever seen. Soon the ducks will have their children. It will be such a sight to see their mama guide them through the water, seeing their first flight!

My dog is fond of the frogs the most. She loves to go wondering wherever the shoreline takes her. If she does get a glimpse of one she will chase them until they escape.

It is such a pleasure to be there! It seems I have been going on too long, so it is time for my story to come to an end. Everyone has a favorite place and it doesn't matter if it's full of nature or if it's full of glamour. It's what it means to you that matters!



Places to Love

by Reece

Without being able to have dreams, I would be so depressed, because my dreams make me feel better.

Once I had a dream where I could fly. In the sky I was flying high above the trees and buildings. It feels great to fly. It drains all thought from your mind. Before I went to bed one night, I got in a fight with my brother and we got sent to our room. While I was lying in my bed, I fell asleep and had that wonderful dream. That relaxed and calmed me down. The next morning I woke up and completely forgot about the whole thing and everything was better.

Because of dreaming, sleep isn't boring!



The Forest

by Eamonn

Through the field, past the bushes, and into the woods is my favorite place to be, the forest. At my dad's, I like to go for walks in the forest, among the trails, squirrels, birds and other woodland critters. Every time the wind blows, the trees sway back and forth. I imagine them dancing and singing their hearts out. If there was no forest, my life would be nothing.



The Brook

by Julia

When my mom is angry and my sister is mad, down to the brook is where I go.

The soothing sound of trees whistling, whooshing water and rustling leaves make the brook feel like a home away from home. When I am there, it feels like I'm out in the wilderness alone. The clouds up, up in the sky are as white as a snowman, and they make me feel relaxed. Under the rocks is where I find the hiding water skippers. I like the brook the best because the commotion of everyday is far away.

