

Prose Passage from *Tales of a Fourth Grade Nothing* by Judy Blume

In the fall the leaves turn darker and drop off the trees. Sometimes there are big leaf piles on the ground. It's fun to jump around in them. I never saw bright red, yellow, and orange leaves until the day my father took us for a drive in the country. The reason the leaves don't turn bright colors in New York is the air pollution. And that's too bad. Because yellow and orange and red leaves really look neat!

(from Chapter 4)

Found Poem

In fall

Leaves turn darker

Drop off trees

Big leaf piles on the ground

To jump around in.

I saw bright red, yellow, and orange leaves.

The day my father

Took us to the country.

Leaves don't turn bright colors

In New York

Air pollution.

Yellow, orange, red leaves

Look neat!

Parallel Poem

In winter

Flakes sparkle brightly

Drop from sky

Big snow drifts in the street

To jump over and in.

I saw great crystal, white, sparkly drifts.

The day my family

Went to my Grandparents' farm.

Drifts don't stay sparkly white.

In my city

Traffic pollution.

Sparkly, white, snow drifts

Look neat!