

Here, three eighth graders—inspired by Doreen Cronin’s [CLICK, CLACK, MOO: Cows that Type](#)—worked on their persuasive skills as they wrote the creative letters you see below.

Read each letter and be prepared to discuss each writer’s best skills with both the **voice** and the **organization** traits. Also look for each writer’s best use of a **persuasive skill** in the letters.

Click [here](#) to access the WritingFix lesson that inspired this writing.

Shelf #2
The Bookshelf, California
February 13, 2010

Dear Ben,

I just wanted to let you know that I miss when you used to read me! The first day you picked me up, I felt so wonderful and loved. Every night you would read a chapter of me. The way you would hold me made me feel safe at home. When you were done with your chapter each night it would make me a little sad, but it also made me look forward to the next day.



But one night, when you were done with a chapter, you didn’t put your bookmark between my pages where you left off. I wondered, “Has he forgotten?”

I thought, “Maybe he’ll remember before he goes to brush his teeth.” But that time never came.

The next day, I waited anxiously for night to come so you could read me and make me feel loved. Eight o’clock finally came, but instead of going to your bookshelf like you usually do, you went straight to the bathroom to get ready for bed.

“Have you really read my last page?” and “What will I do now, and who will read me?” were thoughts that rapidly darted through my mind. That was the first night in a while that I was left unread.

From the beginning, I knew that the day would come when you would read my last page, but it still came as such a bitter surprise.

All I want now is for you to just pick me up again one night and make me feel loved, make me feel safe, make me feel wanted.

Sincerely,

Gone With the Wind
(letter written by Zion)

Cove #4
Bass Lake, California
February 24, 2010

Dear Bob the Fisherman,

Would you please listen to what I have to say? I am sick of you baiting my friends and me with your tempting treats. I know you might have to feed your family, but - I hate to tell you this - you're killing us! Even our children are being caught, and you sometimes don't release them. If you catch some of us, at least release the children!



And why would you tempt us with shiny lures? When we bite onto the hook, all we get is pain. At least leave something there for us to taste before we get brought up.

Would you please spread your fishing out so it's not just our school of fish that you are depleting? Also when one of my friends was taken up, he spotted a FISH RADAR! That is not cool. Even if we tried to hide, you could still spot where we are, and soon one of us would be slaughtered, no matter how much control we have. We love shiny things!

I'm sorry for bringing this news to you, but you had to know. And hopefully you will stop fishing here and move on to another school. Thank you.

Your bottom-dwelling friend,

Fred the Fish
(letter written by Aidan)

Tract of Dirt #3
Garden City, California
February 28, 2010

Dear Mister Bird,

I can see you circling above me, and I think I know what you're going to do, but please, please don't eat me, Mister Bird. Trust me when I say this: You would not want to eat me; I taste like dirt, and I'm sure I wouldn't satisfy your empty stomach. If you eat me my family will be very sad. As it is, I can barely provide enough food for my wife and kids!



There's barely any water seeping through the soil. And while we're on the subject, the soil doesn't have enough vitamins and protein for my kids. Think about it. What would eating us get you? I'm sure you can understand my situation. You probably have kids as well, so please, Mister Bird, please don't eat me. I'll tell you what. If you spare me, I'll tell you where that old bag, Old Man Worm lives. He would fill you up. What do you say?

Your would-be breakfast,

Tom the Worm
(letter written by Cody)