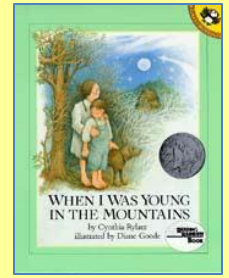


Inspired by WritingFix's [I Come From... poetry and art lesson](#), these fourth graders created the following poems inspired by Cynthia Rylant's [When I Was Young in the Mountains](#). If you use this lesson, you can share up to three of your students' best writing by clicking [here](#).



I Come From...

by Savannah, fourth grade poet

I come from my mother who helps me through my troubles.
I come from my father who teaches me how to problem solve.
I come from my brother who teaches me how to play my drums and read music.
I come from my grandparents who are just wonderful people that care so much about me.
I come from my cottage where I listen to the birds sing in the morning dew.
I come from my secret hideout where I clear my mind and think positively.
I come from my field where I see the battles of the Trolls and the dances of the Faeries.
I come from my faerie dust in which I make wishes.
I come from my lion and blankie that I cuddle with, making me comfortable.

Every day in every way these people, places and
Things are helping me succeed.



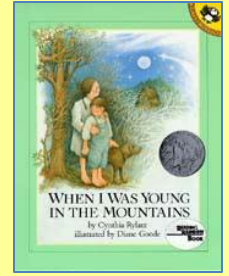
I Come From....

by William, fourth grade poet

I come from my dad and grandpa who help me with sports.
I come from my Uncle Jimmy and Cousin Brian who play video games with me.
I come from my grandma and my mom who make me my meals and help me with my homework.
I come from the little league field where I play baseball all the time, and baseballs are hit out of the park.
I come from the golf course where I snowboard and do tricks in the winter.
I come from a lot of people, places, and things - it is just who I am.



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I Come From....

by Lydia, fourth grade poet

I come from many places, people, and things.

I come from Grandma M. and Aunt Barb who support me in all my performances and who always make me feel proud of myself.

I come from my Nana that makes me precious quilts with memories inside all the strands of string she stitches.

I come from my mom and dad who hold me tight through tough times so I don't feel left alone in the open world.

I come from my bed that keeps me warm and into my other world when I dream about cookie boats and ice-cream lakes.

I come from my backyard with the birds singing while I'm swinging on my old and creaky swing set and I feel like I'm flying on an airplane.

I come from my kitchen where the warm and sweet and scents of pancakes enter my mind like I enter theirs.

I come from Le Roy, the town that made the squishy and colorful substance called Jell-O.

I come from the basketball court where I can make my parents proud by doing a swish into the strong netted hoop.

I come from dance class where I can express myself in every way by curling into a ball, ready to do a somersault.

I come from my dog Henry who I know is there to play with me and makes me smile with all his funny moves that he does when he is enjoying his dog bones.

I come from my puppy and my baby blanket where my puppy has been held in my arms ever since I was a little girl.

All of these things shape my life, and will forever and ever.

