

**Edit the thirty errors used in the following paragraph.**

Every Fall my family and I take a trip to visit our relatives in alabama. We leave around Noon and travel South on interstate 65. We love looking at the fall foliage along the route. We arrive in time to play outdoors with our cousins while my grandmother and my aunts prepare an early dinner. Everyone agrees my Aunt Delores is the greatest cook in the south! Because she had a wonderful Home Economics teacher in High School, she loves to practice her culinary skills on us. Our dinner conversation usually starts with the topic of politics. Uncle Joe is a democrat, but aunt polly is a republican. They never see eye-to-eye on any subject. As soon as possible, my Mother always guides the subject away from politics. She usually asks my cousins about their favorite school subjects. Cousin George favors his english class because he wants to be a writer someday. I share my aversion to algebra 2 and explain I'm not very good with numbers. My brother brags that he's acing his Physical Education class and is learning the rules of Tennis. Near the end of the meal, nanny asks if anyone has read a good book lately. She is an avid reader and is always looking for good recommendations. My Mom suggests *The Book Of Lost Friends* by Lisa Wingate, and my uncle says something about Gary Chapman's *the Five Love Languages*. For some reason, he winks at my Aunt when he talks about this book. After everyone finishes my aunt's famous Snickers Pie, we take a stroll around the farm just as the Sun is beginning to set. We then hug all our relatives and promise to see them soon for thanksgiving. We drive for a couple of hours and then stay the night at our favorite Hotel in Huntsville. I sleep well and dream of happy times.