After looking through this never ending house I went in my room I chose and Gat down on the furry carpet. The sun shined through all the windows until it reathed the solt carpet. It was nice and warm once when it was stepped on. It felt nice. It made you want to stay in that spot felt like it was made to be a bed. was going to love this house. It had everything. I would rise up every morning with a happy and bright smill. I would like that feeling. I would go downstairs and eat a nice healthy preakfast Life would be the greatest in this house. I would take nice walks along the gray streets. I

Raising the Quality of Narrative Writing Fig. VIII-2 Kim Yung

©2006 by Lucy Calkins and Kathy Collins from Units of Study for Teaching Writing, Grades 3–5 (Portsmouth, NH: Heinemann) This page may be reproduced for classroom use only.