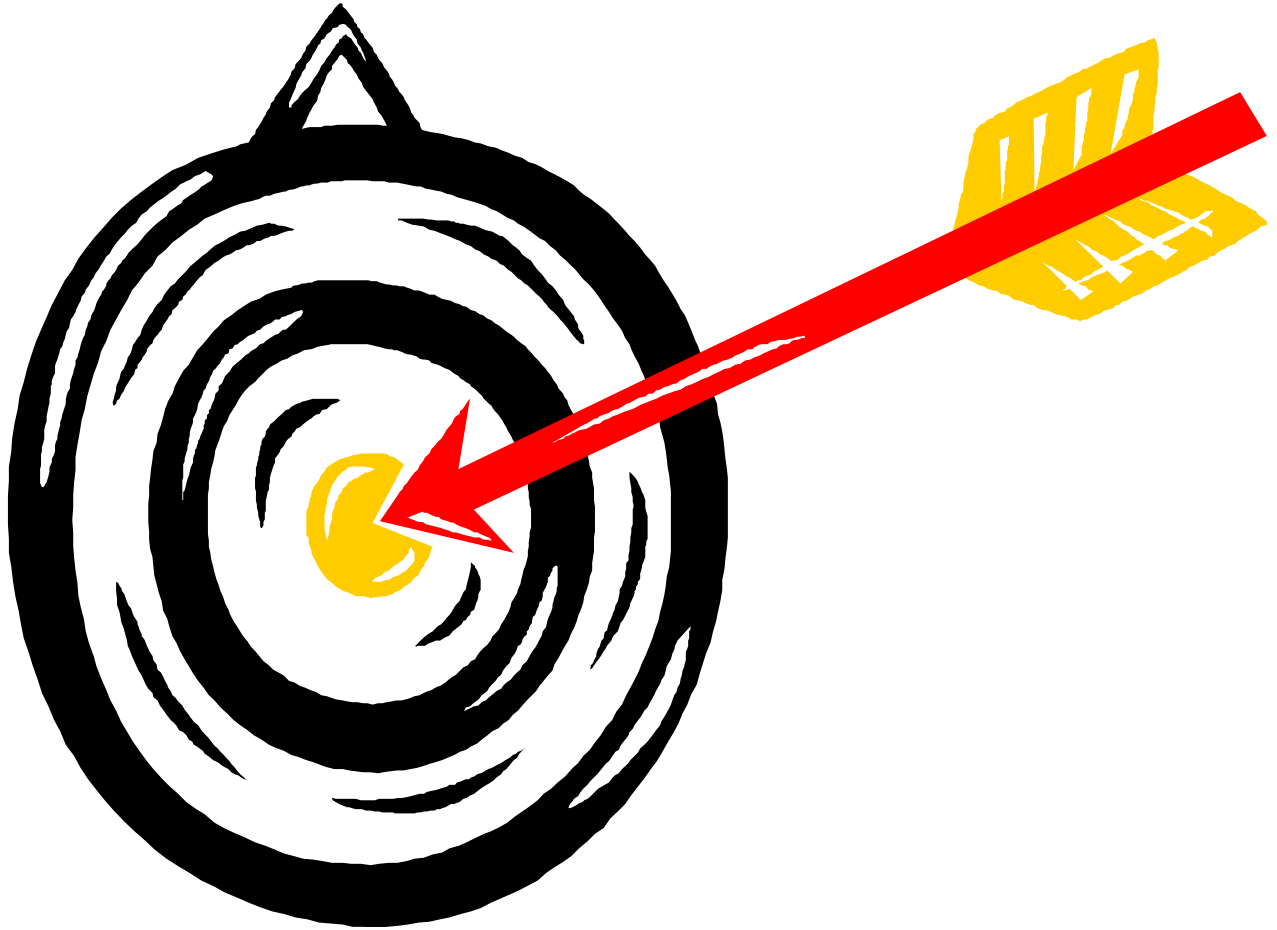


# Introducing the Trait of Word Choice

Lesson Series 11

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# Word Choice

# Original



## Party Place

For only \$6.00 you can have a stack of are pancake. It come with some hot sauge. And dont forget the cimnnon roll for a \$1.00 extra. You can have any refreshment but it come with orange jucie.

# Revision



## Party Place

For only \$6.00 you can have huge towr deck of soft flaffy pankakes. Mmm m.I can just taste those warm pancakes and the sweet + sugery spynp. also it come with sizzling juicy sausage. thats is cooked to perfection. Dont forget the homemade cinnamon roll with all that gooey icing and that delicious taste of cinnam. wansh it all down with thist. queniching glass of fresh squeezed Florida orange juice. enjoy

# Shades of meaning

hot-  
warm  
flaming  
steaming  
boiling  
burning  
baking  
humid  
sizzling  
sun  
humer oven  
murkuary  
fire  
heater  
cooking carmol  
Microwave

walk  
march  
hike  
stride  
stroll  
streak  
tramp  
amble  
traips  
tread  
pace

nice  
kind  
caring  
fair  
loving  
agreeaboll  
delightful  
thoughtfull  
enchanting  
plesent  
wonderful  
pleasing

run  
sprint  
flee  
trot  
galoup  
fly  
Rush  
scurry  
hussle  
hurry  
sprint  
jog

fun  
awsome  
exitement  
playful  
happy  
cool  
spectacular  
amusment  
enjoyment  
entertainment  
pleasure  
mirth  
romping  
gay

Good  
justis  
enjoyaball  
fine  
nice  
exallent  
great  
satisfied  
favprabull  
helpfull  
Suitabull  
bonafide

# Gettin' Better Verbs

**DIRECTIONS:** Replace each get/ got with a stronger action verb without repeating a word.

1. *When I went to camp, I **got** a head cold.* \_\_\_\_\_
2. *After dinner, my dad **got** a phone call from his boss.* \_\_\_\_\_
3. *Jerry listened to the teacher explain the lesson,  
but he still didn't **get** it.* \_\_\_\_\_
4. *When will we **get** our school pictures taken?* \_\_\_\_\_
5. *Ellen **got** an A- on her test.* \_\_\_\_\_
6. *When dad sold his lawnmower, he **got** \$1500.00 for it.* \_\_\_\_\_
7. *Mom **got** all the items on her grocery list with a coupon.* \_\_\_\_\_
8. *My dad thought he knew the directions, but he **got** mixed up.* \_\_\_\_\_
9. *We **got** to the theater late and missed the opening act.* \_\_\_\_\_
10. *My sister **got** free tickets for the concert next week.* \_\_\_\_\_
11. *During our camping trip, I **got** bit by several mosquitoes.* \_\_\_\_\_
12. *My teacher asked me how I **got** my unusual name.* \_\_\_\_\_
13. *Dad **got** lost when we went on vacation this summer.* \_\_\_\_\_
14. *Mom **got** really upset with my brother.* \_\_\_\_\_
15. *Do you **get** that you shouldn't use "get" as a verb?* \_\_\_\_\_

# Pumpkin Pie

MMMM..... Pumpkin pie is the best dessert ever. My taste buds just **pop** and **pop** all over the place. Then saliva **breaks** down the food. Next muscles **push** down through my esophagus that is 25 cm. long. Stomach juices **mashes** food down. Then the food goes to the small intestines. It stays in there for 3-6 hours. Most digestion takes place here. Last large intestines **hold** the leftovers until it leaves the body as waste.

I love pumpkin pie.

And I can't wait for the next piece.

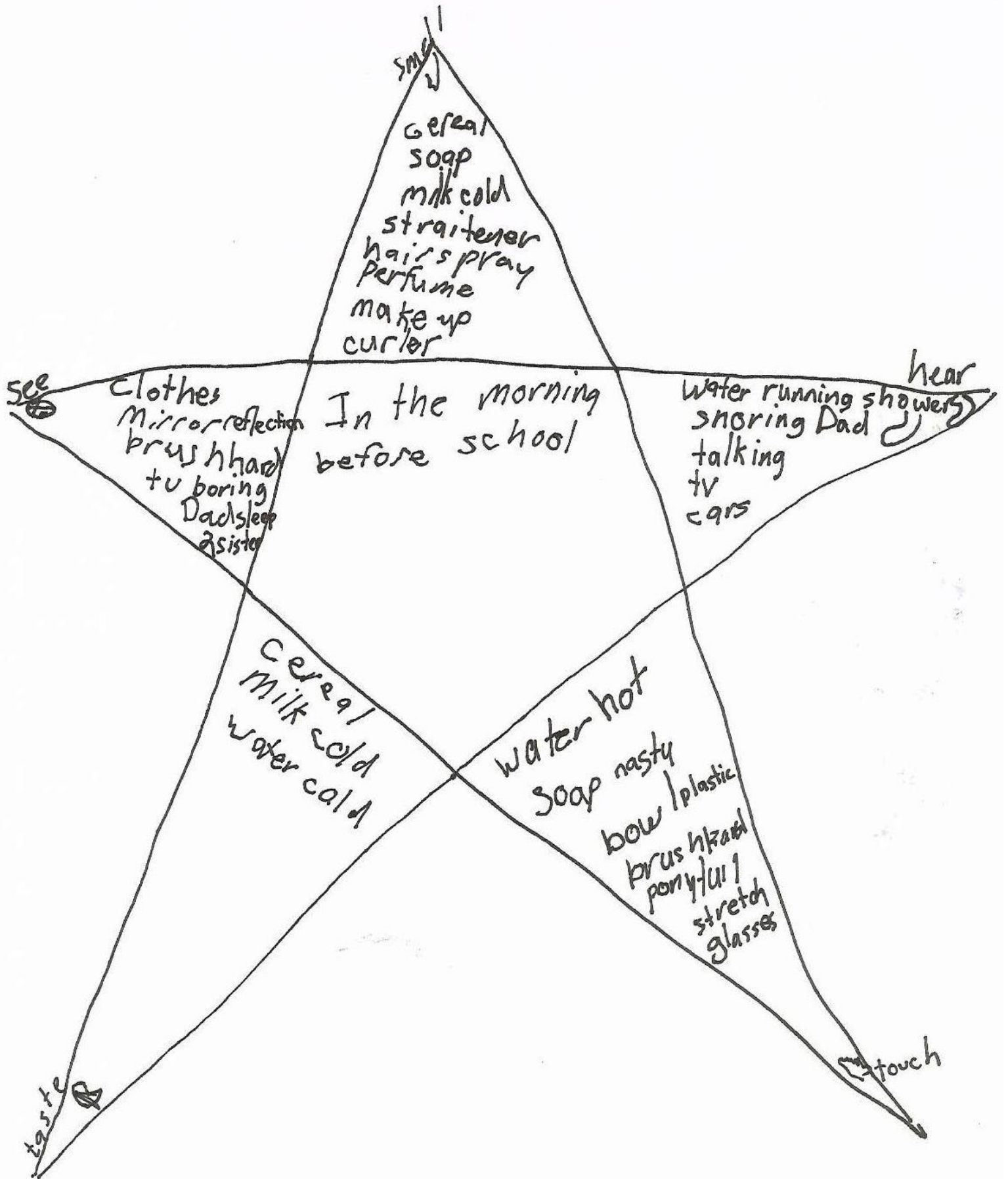
A walk, throw the park in the  
morning

When I was walking in the park,  
I saw a blue bird and a green frog, It was  
cool. Gess whatels I saw. I saw littel  
Cristels of due sparkeling in the  
fresh grass in the morning

## At the Bakery

I love the smell of a bakery  
the smell of fresh bread donuts just  
waiting to be gulped up  
baking a cake oh so sweet  
the sound of pots and pans  
the feel of the hot oven  
the taste of banana nut bread mmm...  
the beautiful yummy dishes come fresh  
out of the oven  
the chefs have a smile on their face for a job  
well done





# Fall-Walk Single Sentence Contest

One freezing cold day the sun's warmth vanished away.

A brownish oak leaf lies on the ground with white frost outlining it like lace.

The giant oak tree with the shape of a moon in it waits for fall to be over.

The tip of one small leaf is all that remains green on this plant.

When the wind blows, the weeds make a noise like a shaking rattlesnake tail.

The blowing wind carries the light seeds into the field.

I walk in the wind as the crackling leaves cling to my feet.

The snake hole was too small for my hand to fit in it.

In the chilly air, flying beautifully, two birds circled through the soft but smeared clouds.

Dead, ripped-up yellow grass blows all over the dirty ground.

The leaves turn scarlet, dandelion, and cherry in the fall.

The wind blows wildly through the bare tree.

Red and blue birds sing to the world, and when the wind stops blowing, they start to sing again.

A robin chirps madly at a squirrel.

In the shiny, blue sky not many clouds float over the trees with no leaves.

## You've Got a Friend in Me!

I should think we all have friends one or two, or five! However many you have it is always nice to have a pal. I have many friends. Here are some.

I have a best friend Katie (Kathryn) Shaffe. She's a sweet, blonde haired, blue eyed, kind of girl who's great girl to have around. She's humorous and kind. When you need a comforting soul, she's the gal. Katie's smart too! But, since Katie isn't everything you need in a friend I have others too. Lauren Lehman is one.

Lauren's a lot like me, yet so different. She has a face of freckles, light brown hair and eyes, and a smile that would melt old Scrooge's cold heart. Lauren is a terrific listener. She (like I) loves to be dramatic. We dream to have a starring role in a play. Lauren also gets excited about things. Every time I see her she's all hyped up about something.

Now Lauren and Katie aren't the only best friends I have. There's also Sydne and Sharon. Sydne is a spunky, firewood brown eyes and hair colored, tomboy. (She can't stand to even say Libby Luv) In some ways I relate

to her. Other times I don't know what she's talking about. Sydne is sooo athletic.

She loves basketball. Her favorite animal is a monkey. We can't even wear monkeys on shirts without hearing "Monkeeyyy!" and getting trampled on. Sharon is a different story. She's so careful, yet clumsy at the same time. (Once she knocked out my lightbulb during a pillow fight!) She's the best listener you'll ever have though.

She cares about other people more than the best doctors could come close to.

Sharon has sunshine yellow hair, ocean blue eyes, and clear white skin. She also has glasses (like Katie and I). Sharon's loud, funny, and outrageously outgoing. She's usually the only girl football player at recess. So those are close friends.

Now not all of friends are close, or the same type as you. Some of a boy's friends are girls. Some girls have boy friends.

I happen to have a boy friend (not a boyfriend) a boy who is a friend. His name is Sawyer Miller. He has fiery red/orange hair, and bright hazel eyes. He's an entertainer. He makes lots of people laugh. Sawyer's also athletic.

Has a wonderful playmate ~~and a~~ wonderful friend.  
So not all friends are best friends. girl friends  
and boy friends, and not all friends are class/school  
mates. Some live houses apart, or states apart. I  
have a lot of friends who are that. They are  
all close friends. I heard in a movie once  
that if you can count on your hand the  
number of friends you have you have a lot  
of friends. I have five fingers and a lot more  
than five friends. Think about your friends and  
what you treasure about them. I bet it'll be  
a long list.

3 of 3

# Green

Green is the color of a mermaid's fin gliding through the water,  
The color in the rainbow that leads to the pot of gold,  
A dragon's body, scaly and shining like gems,  
An emerald stone, glittering with a luscious green texture,  
A green thumb, caring for the earth, helping her plants grow,  
The Irish, with their beautiful island, soaked in grass and flowers,

Beautiful seaweed, dancing daintily in the salty ocean,  
A frog, fat and lazy, never a care in the world,  
The eye of a little girl, quiet and gentle,  
The color of the cactus, soaking in the luscious moisture,  
A greeny juicy apple in the middle of an Indian summer,  
A head of lettuce bright green, soaking in the sunlight.

# Red

Red is the color of a juicy red apple,  
And a hydrated watery tomato,  
It's the color of a beautiful dew speckled rose,  
It covers a British uniform with buttons,  
A torn filthy red flag signifies danger,  
Cranky grouchy crabs scuttle about,

Regal handsome cardinals fly in the sky,  
Delicate dainty blood cells hover in their veins,  
Juicy tender beef chunks make me drool,  
Sweet jelly wobbles like jello,  
Globs of catsup make a good hot dog,  
And scarlet lipstick on my mom's lips.

# 1-69

We stay between the murky, white lines  
And night seeps in through the windows, puddling in my lap.  
Headlights skitter past like lightning bugs,  
Marching in ranks of two.

Night seeps in, puddling in my lap,  
While taillights like campfire embers,  
March in ranks of two,  
On the sooty, tire-scared asphalt.

Taillights like campfire embers,  
Dance through the forest of florescent signs,  
On the sooty, tire-scared asphalt,  
And I feel the velvet, night-jazz.

Headlights skitter past like lightning bugs,  
Dancing through the forest of florescent signs,  
I feel the velvet, night-jazz,  
And we always stay between the murky, white lines.