

APPENDIX 1.10 Sample Piece “The Beach House”: Version 2

The Beach House

One July, Carlo’s family stayed with relatives at a house near the ocean. The beach was just down the road.

“Two weeks,” said Carlo’s mother.

“Two whole weeks!” said Carlo. Then he ran down to the beach. The water was blue-green and cold. Carlo ran, screaming, into the water and back out. His older sister, Priscilla, swam long laps, and Carlo ran alongside her on the wet sand.

On the first night, Carlo and his extended family ate crab and corn-on-the-cob. Carlo thought, “I never, ever want to leave.”

He was so tired after being in the sun all day. From his bed, he could hear the waves crash. He fell asleep smiling. When he woke up, he jumped out of bed and hurried to the beach.

On cloudy afternoons, Carlo and Priscilla picked raspberries in the woods behind the house. They

went on long bike rides. One rainy night, Carlo’s family went to the movies. Carlo ate popcorn and thought, “I never, ever want to leave.” On the way home, they drove to the ocean to see the moon over the water.

Then, one morning, Carlo’s father said, “It’s time to pack up.”

“No,” said Carlo. “No, no, no.”

Priscilla took Carlo down to the beach. “I know you don’t want to leave,” she said. “But we’ll come back next year.”

Then, they dug a hole. They buried a box filled with their treasures—seashells, and a fishing hook, and a lucky pebble.

“We’ll dig it up next year,” said Priscilla.

Carlo nodded, and they walked together over the dunes and back to the house.