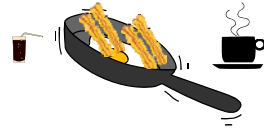


## DEV 075 Sample Paragraph: Description

### Breakfast of Heartburn



Recently, I had a breakfast at the White Tower that disappointed my stomach. The only reason I went there to begin with is that it was convenient for me. I walked in half awake after a very long night of partying and ordered coffee. The waitress then brought me a menu which was dominated by high prices. The only thing I could afford was a breakfast special. I ordered that and a glass of grapefruit juice. When I received the meal, after what seemed like an hour, it did not appeal to me the way it did on the menu. The eggs looked different from what I am used to seeing. They looked small and funny as though they had come from a dying chicken. The shriveled bacon contained mass quantities of fat and grease. The glass of juice seemed as big as my thumb nail, so I drank it in one gulp. Finally came the hashbrowns, which at least looked edible. Shortly after eating them, however, I got heartburn. I then decided to leave without paying my bill, which was \$4.29. I also decided never again to eat at White Tower.

### Dressing Up For Beggar's Night



Dressing up for Beggar's Night thrilled my little sister, Shelley, almost as much as seeing Santa Claus. She decided a ghostly green goblin would be best for this special night. Since trick-or-treat doesn't start until seven o'clock, we had plenty of time to get dressed. First, I dug out an old dress of my mother's, which was black, dusty, and torn around the edges. The dress fitted Shelley loosely, just fine for a goblin. Next, Shelley and I rummaged through the closet and came up with some old, worn-out shoes that had been used by my father when digging in the garden. They had holes in the bottom of the soles, which made the boots flop open from time to time. Then I mixed some moss-colored powder from the costume store and puffed it on her face and neck. The green powder made her eyes look red, which caused her to look even more like a goblin. Finally, I added false warts on her nose and chin and placed an old, torn hat on her head. Dressing up was fun, and we had just as much fun collecting and eating candy!

## A Special Boy



My son, John, is a very special child in our household. John ranks sixth in a family of seven children and is one of six boys. He has light brown hair and large blue eyes. Being a fairly large child at five, John wears the same size shoes and clothes as his ten-year-old sister. Because of his premature size, John is the most awkward of all my children; in fact, I don't think I have seen another child quite so awkward. He's had stitches in his face so often that his face is beginning to look like a road map. At three he broke his arm trying to jump from one set of bunk beds to another, and he can't run across the room without tripping over his own feet. Not only is John awkward, but he's also very messy. His face and hands are always dirty. His shoes are invariably on the wrong feet, and he always manages to get his shirt on inside-out. He would never win a prize for neatness, but when I look at his face, I forget all his faults. Plastered there is the biggest smile anyone has ever seen, a smile that has been there from birth. John has always been a cheerful child, able to take life's ups and downs in stride. And in doing so, he has helped the whole family to look at the brighter side of life. No matter how many problems I have, after one look at John's face, I forget them all. He has been a joy to his father and me and to his brothers and sister as well. God gave us all something very special when he gave us John. As he grows older, I'm sure he will lose his awkwardness and take more pride in his appearance. However, there is one thing I hope John never outgrows, and that's the smile on his face.

## The Sick Room



My doctor's office is a gloomy place. The walls are a depressing institutional green, and the one facing the entrance features the standard Norman Rockwell painting of a country physician. The frame is chipped, and the faded print has a layer of dust on it. The furniture looks like garage sale rejects, with torn vinyl and loose legs, and it's not even as comfortable as a park bench. The magazines, Readers Digest and Newsweek, are out of date and so badly worn that reading them is nearly impossible. There used to be a pot of live flowers near the door, but it's gone now. All that remains is an ugly water stain that has left a smelly, moldy ring in the corner. Adding the final touch is the usual, large group of sick people, coughing and moaning. The whole place makes a patient wonder if being ill at home isn't better than being there.