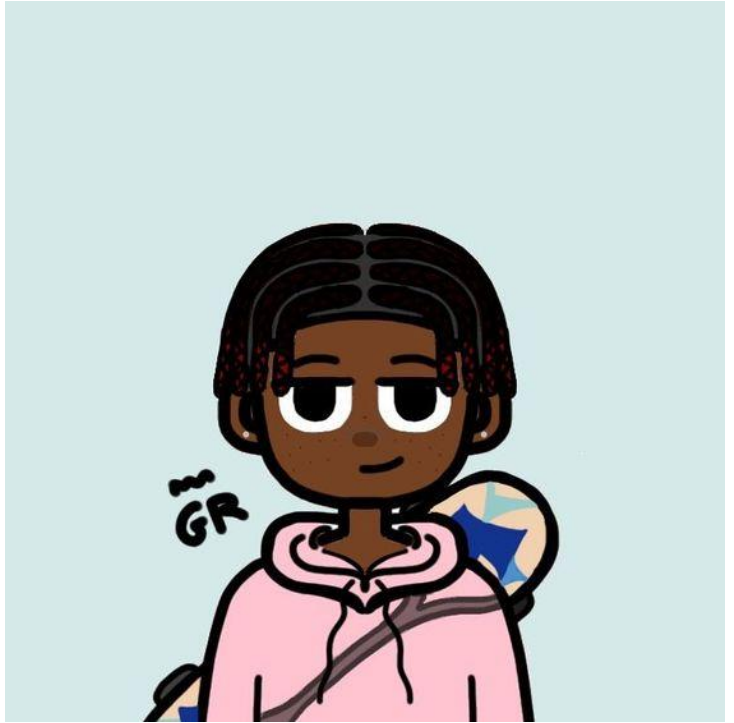


*Summertime  
&  
The Livin' is Easy*



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## Sample Narrative

The two children had not taken more than a few steps when they began to slide uncontrollably down the steep slant of the hill. Their arms flailing about, they tried to grab branches of the brush, but when they did so, the branch thistles pierced their hands and bleeding they let go and stumbled chaotically over their own feet and each other.

"Frankie!" she screamed. Ahead of her, he turned but didn't see her.

"Jazzy where are you?" he shrieked.

"Here!" she yelled trying to dig her way out of a manhole with her feet but feeling the pinch of a safety pin on her right shoe strap that had popped open.

"I've fallen into a manhole. Help me!" she gulped.



His eyes darted back and forth as he pushed the brush aside and climbed back up the hill. Over and over, he stumbled and slid downward until a large thorn caught his shirt and held him in place.

“Jazzy where are you,” he called out to her.

“Here,” she screamed. He took a few steps forward and leaned over. All he could see was her head and her two arms. Not knowing what to do, he grabbed the neck of her blouse while she used her foot to push herself out of the hole.

“I almost lost my shoe,” she whispered once out, rubbing her wet nose with the back of her arm. He

put his arm around her shoulder and he let her rest for a moment.

“There are snakes in these bushes. Let’s go, he said offering his hand to pull her to her feet. This time they turned their feet sideways to slow their descent. Once on the ground they batted their eyes adjusting them to the dim light.