

An Example of Revision from 1st to 2nd Draft for the Family Story

Family Story 1st 2nd Draft

Cut content is crossed through. Added content is underlined. The original 1st and 2nd drafts follow this compare draft.

A Brilliant Idea

~~It was a scorching summer day,~~ That sunny Saturday afternoon at my Gram's house was probably the hottest of the season, ~~at my Gram's house.~~ We invited some of the family over for lunch and some socialization. ~~We were all outside on the back porch exchanging words and enjoying company,~~ the adults were having a few beers. ~~Over the voices of all of the adults,~~ I could hear two little high pitched voices constantly repeating, "I'm bored!". The undimmed blue sky ran for miles, while that fiery ball in the sky blazed down. Today was family day, consisting of a late lunch and who knows what else. The aroma of a brisket cooking in the smoker drew everybody outside and onto the patio where we chatted while the adults were indulging in a few cold ones.

My niece, Mystique, and my nephew, Tyler were not enjoying themselves at all. My grandma's house used to be stocked with toys for her grandkids (me and my cousins), but since we had grown up, she didn't have any need for them anymore. That resulted in two little voices squealing "I'm bored! It's hot! There's nothing to do!" ~~I could relate to how they were feeling, once all of me and my cousins and I had grown up there hadn't been any toys or games in her house.~~ So I, being the awesome Aunt Ashley that they know knew me for, busted out found the same yellow ~~water~~ sprinkler that I shared many memories with as a ~~child.~~ Tyler kid and Mystique's set it up for the little rascals. They spent about an hour running back and screaming forth through the refreshing streams of ~~the refreshing~~ water. ~~To my surprise, before~~ they grew tired of it lost interest and came returned to me with reciting the same "I'm bored" lines ~~from earlier.~~ I was at a loss uncertain of what to do next, so I turned to the adults for any suggestions that they could offer. By this time, my step-brother Charles had downed a few beers scold Bud Lights, so he ~~looked at~~ glanced over to the folded ~~up,~~ clear, plastic tarp ~~on the patio that was resting on top of a vinyl lounge chair,~~ and mischievously raised his eyebrows. He ~~suggested~~ insisted that we construct a home-made slip-n-slide. ~~I knew from the start that this~~

~~couldn't produce a good outcome. There was a thought resting uneasily in the back of my mind about the whole situation, but I went with the flow anyway.~~

~~—————As everyone helped~~Everyone gathered at the center of the backyard, began to unfold the tarp, and laid it on top of the ~~yellow-brown crunchy~~ grass. I unscrewed the sprinkler from the water hose and ~~soaked~~~~proceeded to soak~~ the “slip-n-slide”.” The kids, and some of the adults, ~~including myself, my mother, Charles, and a few others,~~ lined up at the ~~side~~ fence. ~~We were more than ready~~ to take ~~their~~our turn on the disastrous invention. ~~The first person took off running and attempted to slide down the tarp, they were not successful. How could we make it so people would easily be able to slide down this thing?~~ The first brave contestant stepped up to the plate to take their turn on the slip-n-slide. They took off running and when they bolted to their belly, ~~no sliding nor slipping occurred and the whole family roared with laughter.~~

~~I was at a loss of what to do to make this contraption function properly. So Charles, being the genius that we know him for, went~~ran into the house and ~~quickly~~ returned with a half full bottle of yellow, lemon scented, Ajax dish soap. ~~You can guess just as well as I did how this situation turned out. The dish soap did just the trick, so much that everybody was slipping and sliding all over the place, including myself. Everybody got a kick out of it especially the ones who just sat back and watched. The kids especially thought that it was the greatest thing to witness my mom, their Grammy, flopping all over the place and busting her butt. She surely felt the “fun” the next morning when she felt as if she had been hit by a bus. We still share that story as a family and laugh about it, we will never forget that hot summer day that turned into an entertaining family circus!~~ and a devilish grin on his face. “Oh no this can't be good.” I thought to myself. The soap worked to its full potential, as it had everybody splashing and flopping all over the place like a herd of white-tailed deer stuck in the middle of a frozen lake. The often thud of a grown adult slamming onto the solid ground was too much for me to bear. As I snapped my neck back in amusement, I lost control of my body and found myself crashing onto the hard earth as well. That moment had to have been the best abdominal workout of my life, I could not stop laughing. The kids thought that watching the adults make complete fools out of themselves was even better than participating in the bubbly mess, at least they were finally fully entertained. It was almost as if my mom, Charles, and I had revisited our childhoods through that experience.

~~The next morning my mom knew for sure that she definitely did not possess the same hip bones as she had in her childhood, she was wobbling like an old witch everywhere. As a family,~~

we all still reminisce on that moment and all of the joy and laughter that it brought us on that scorching summer day. One day I will share this story with my daughter, and who knows, we might have to reenact it!

First draft 474 words

Second draft 677 words

Family Story 1st Draft

A Brilliant Idea

It was a scorching summer day, probably the hottest of the season, at my Gram's house. We invited some of the family over for lunch and some socialization. We were all outside on the back porch exchanging words and enjoying company, the adults were having a few beers. Over the voices of all of the adults, I could hear two little high-pitched voices constantly repeating, "I'm bored! It's hot! There's nothing to do!" I could relate to how they were feeling, once all of me and my cousins and I had grown up there hadn't been any toys or games in her house. So I, being the awesome Aunt Ashley that they know me for, busted out the same yellow water sprinkler that I shared many memories with as a child. Tyler and Mystique's spent about an hour running and screaming through the streams of the refreshing water. To my surprise, they grew tired of it and came to me with the same "I'm bored" lines from earlier. I was at a loss of what to do next, so I turned to the adults for any suggestions that they could offer. By this time, my step-brother Charles had downed a few beers, so he looked at the folded up tarp on the patio and raised his eyebrows. He suggested that we construct a home-made slip-n-slide. I knew from the start that this couldn't produce a good outcome.

As everyone helped to unfold the tarp and laid it on top of the grass, I unscrewed the sprinkler from the water hose and soaked the "slip-n-slide". The kids, and some of the adults, lined up at the fence to take their turn on the disastrous invention. The first person took off running and attempted to slide down the tarp, they were not successful. How could we make it so people would easily be able to slide down this thing? Charles, being the genius that we know him for, went into the house and returned with a half full bottle of yellow, lemon scented, Ajax dish soap. You can guess just as well as I did how this situation turned out. The dish soap did just the trick, so much that everybody was slipping and sliding all over the place, including myself.

Everybody got a kick out of it especially the ones who just sat back and watched. The kids especially thought that it was the greatest thing to witness my mom, their Grammy, flopping all over the place and busting her butt. She surely felt the "fun" the next morning when she felt as if she had been hit by a bus. We still share that story as a family and laugh about it, we will never forget that hot summer day that turned into an entertaining family circus!

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That sunny Saturday afternoon at my Gram's house was probably the hottest of the season. The undimmed blue sky ran for miles, while that fiery ball in the sky blazed down. Today was family day, consisting of a late lunch and who knows what else. The aroma of a brisket cooking in the smoker drew everybody outside and onto the patio where we chatted while the adults were indulging in a few cold ones.

My niece, Mystique, and my nephew, Tyler were not enjoying themselves at all. My grandma's house used to be stocked with toys for her grandkids (me and my cousins), but since we had grown up, she didn't have any need for them anymore. That resulted in two little voices squealing "I'm bored! It's hot! There's nothing to do!" So I, being the awesome Aunt Ashley that they knew me for, found the same yellow sprinkler that I shared memories with as a kid and set it up for the little rascals. They spent about an hour running back and forth through the refreshing streams of water before they lost interest and returned to reciting the same "I'm bored" lines. I was uncertain of what to do next, so I turned to the adults for any suggestions that they could offer. By this time my stepbrother Charles had downed a few cold Bud Lights, so he glanced over to the folded, clear, plastic tarp that was resting on top of a vinyl lounge chair, and mischievously raised his eyebrows. He insisted that we construct homemade slip-n-slide. There was a thought resting uneasily in the back of my mind about the whole situation, but I went with the flow anyway.

Everyone gathered at the center of the backyard, began to unfold the tarp, and laid it on top of the yellow-brown crunchy grass. I unscrewed the sprinkler from the water hose and proceeded to soak the "slip-n-slide." The kids and some of the adults, including myself, my mother, Charles, and a few others, lined up at the side fence. We were more than ready to take our turn on the disastrous invention. The first brave contestant stepped up to the plate to take their turn on the slip-n-slide. They took off running and when they bolted to their belly, no sliding nor slipping occurred and the whole family roared with laughter.

I was at a loss of what to do to make this contraption function properly. So Charles, being the genius that we know him for, ran into the house and quickly returned with a half full bottle of yellow, lemon scented, Ajax dish soap and a devilish grin on his face. "Oh no this can't be good," I thought to myself. The soap worked to its full potential, as it had everybody splashing

and flopping all over the place like a herd of white-tailed deer stuck in the middle of a frozen lake. The often thud of a grown adult slamming onto the solid ground was too much for me to bear. As I snapped my neck back in amusement, I lost control of my body and found myself crashing onto the hard earth as well. That moment had to have been the best abdominal workout of my life, I could not stop laughing. The kids thought that watching the adults make complete fools out of themselves was even better than participating in the bubbly mess, at least they were finally fully entertained. It was almost as if my mom, Charles, and I had revisited our childhoods through that experience.

The next morning my mom knew for sure that she definitely did not possess the same hip bones as she had in her childhood, she was wobbling like an old witch everywhere. As a family, we all still reminisce on that moment and all of the joy and laughter that it brought us on that scorching summer day. One day I will share this story with my daughter, and who knows, we might have to reenact it!