USING SENSORY IMAGERY

SHOW, DON'T TELL
It was winter. Everything was frozen and white with snow. Snow had fallen from the sky for days. The weather was horrible.

Mossflower lay deep in the grip of midwinter beneath a sky of leaden gray that showed tinges of scarlet and orange on the horizon. A cold mantle of snow draped the landscape, covering the flatlands to the west. Snow was everywhere, filling the ditches, drifting high against the hedgerows, making paths invisible, smoothing the contours of earth in its white embrace.
Rockwell was a beautiful lake. Canada geese could be heard across the water bugling like tuneless trumpets. Near the shore, two children were hidden behind a massive maple tree. Watching quietly, they hoped to see the first gosling begin to hatch. Tiny giggles escaped their whispers of excitement.

Rockwell Lake echoed with the sounds of Canada geese. Their honking bugled across the water like tuneless trumpets. Two children hid behind a massive maple tree. They silently watched, hoping to see the first gosling hatch. Tiny giggles escaped their whispers of excitement.
I always got up in the dark as I do now and my chore, from the time I was eight or so until I went to college at 18, was to see if Grandma was still alive. She’d had a shock—what we’d call a stroke—and had been sent to bed for the rest of her life.

I always woke in the dark, lay in bed listening to the sounds of family—my mother’s heavy turning over, my father’s bassoon snore, the clatter of the milkman, the trolley screech grow louder, louder, then quieter, quieter as it passed down Hancock Street. I would get up in the dark by myself as I do now, enjoying the aloneness that is central to my life. My first morning chore, before the paper route, was to see if Grandma lived the night. She’d had a shock—what we’d now call a stroke—and had been sent to bed for the rest of her life.
It was hot and humid, but Jennifer decided to go to the pool anyway. Maybe she would see Steve, the life guard, and be able to get up enough nerve to talk to him.

Your turn. Show the scene.