

# My Room

Since then those ~~walls~~ have heard us  
moan in our sleep ~~like laziness~~.  
~~seen us pretend to sing the songs from~~  
~~disney movies, trying to sound like~~

12-6-00

1. They have felt us frantically slap  
them when they are base as we <sup>have relay</sup> run rates across  
the room

2. They have felt us dance wall to wall,  
spinning and twirling until we fall down  
and they catch us.

Suzannah's revision work.

## Ending for my room

- (1) Now I will get my own computer, I will get my own lamp and radio and most of all my own room but there will be one thing I won't have, my sister to share this room with. I will be lonely.
- (2) It will be a different feeling in my own room. No green stained carpet, no crazy dances, no movie star makeup, and most of all no sister.
- (3) I am excited to get my own room. I will get my own bookshelf. I will get a big new double bed for when I have friends sleep over. I will have my own pictures on the walls. I will have my privacy. But there will be one thing that I won't have, my sister to share my room with. I will probably be lonely.

Suzannah's revision work, p. 2.

# My Room Comparisons

\* ~~lonely as a homeless person~~

① like a picture <sup>album</sup> full of special times

② like lazy lions, like my dad, laying down on his bed

③ and sometimes our room feels like the ~~crosses~~ when we do carnivals madden Zelda (my sister) and have games like beanbag toss and catch the fish.

④ I say "It looks like a zoo, I can hardly see the green past."

⑤ The room catches our spirit, like a mesh net catches a butterfly.

⑥ and ballroom dances pretending we are Fred Astaire, sliding across the carpet with his partner Ginger Rogers.

## Leads for my Room

~~My sister and I have shared a room full of memories, sharing juice and cookies that we snuck in and hid in between our beds.~~

It's not just a room with desks and beds and stained carpeting. It's not just a room where ~~my sister and I~~ shared cookies and juice. It is a room full of childhood memories, that holds our spirit.

Suzannah's revision work, p. 4.

## More about My room

- \* and has stains of food from us sneaking in cookies and ~~juice~~ juice hiding between the space in <sup>my sister and my bed</sup> ~~our~~ beds ~~sheets~~ ~~etc~~ my mom does not notice.
- \* That room has been through a lot. It has seen ~~us~~ both of us moan in our sleep, pretend to be exercise people in the middle of the night, and pretend to be movie stars with my friends putting on loads of make-up.
- \* We have <sup>Made-</sup> ~~made~~ up games like maids, and painters, and Princess Caraboo ~~in~~ in our room. We do really silly dances like <sup>ballet</sup> ball dances, and ballroom ~~dancing~~ dances, and just a acting crazy dances...
- \* She is tired of me begging her to play a game we made up called "maids" where I play the part of the girl who knows nothing about being a maid. She teaches me.