Feeling utterly defeated, I decided to phone my seventeen-year-old son, praying that he could aid in narrowing down the choices on my platter. To my dismay however, and in an odd correlation with the day's events, he didn't answer. I was now completely alone in this task, left to awkwardly roam around the shop in an attempt to further delay the decision. Hands buried in my pockets like shovels in moist clay, I began observing completely unrelated objects, hoping to clear my mind. Feverishly, I also glanced at my watch every few minutes or so, searching for any time-related excuse that could relive me of the day's arduous duty. At one point, I actually approached the threshold of the entrance with my fists clenched in frustration, turning around at the last instant.

After twenty minutes of hesitation, however, I was unable to tolerate the pressure any longer. I was aware of what was ultimately required of me and gave myself a quick, invigorating pep-talk to prepare myself for the ensuing, life-altering experience. I breathed in tremendous gulps of air in an effort to further soothe myself, resembling an asthma sufferer after an endurance run in the process. Finally, I approached the sales associate and softly uttered, "I'll take this one."

GEOD SIMELE-

6-24

SAHTL- A FASCINATING GANDER AT

THE GENTLLEWAN, YOU EMPLOY

AN IMPRESSIVE VOCABULARY +

DO A FENE JOB DESCRIBENG THE

MAN + HIS MOTTUATIONS. YOU

DO A FENE JOB CAPTURING THE

MAN'S ENDECTION. GREAT WERE!

TO WORK ON Of Sertence Variety: SHORT + LONG-(2) VERB TENSE -NATION OUT.