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| **First Draft**  BROWN: Great Day Donovan! this is the third time in a row you've been tardy.  DONOVAN: I am sooooo sorry, Mr. BROWN. I'm ashamed of myself. But I have a good excuse.  BROWN: Probably a whole mess of shiggidy! Well, I'll tell you what. This time I'll let the class decide if it's an excused tardy or not. Why were you late this time, Donovan?  DONOVAN: Well, I was trying to get back to school after lunch you know the line was so long and I had to wait forever to get my big Mac and just as I was pulling out of the parking lot onto the highway this big ole semi smahed into a little yellow Volkswagen.  BROWN: Oh really?  DONOVAN: And I had to decide Am I going to be late to Mr. BROWN's class again or am I going to try to rescue that poor little baby out of the back seat of that car.  BROWN: So of course . . .  DONOVAN: So of course I really didn't have a choice now did I. So I jerked open the car door, jerked the kid out of his car seat—oh, Mr. BROWN his little ole face was covered with blood and he was just screaming and I handed him to an ambulance driver that just pulled up and then I just reached across the seat and grabbed that poor sobbing screaming Mama out of his seat and dragged his out onto the pavement cause I was scared to death that ole gas truck was goin' to explode any minute and...  BROWN: So what do you think class—Excused tardy or unexcused?  DONOVAN: Thank you, friends. Thank you Mr. BROWN. I won't be tardy tomorrow. Unless I see a robbery in progress or something... |

**First Draft**

Donovan, this is the third time in a row you've been tardy, said Mr. BROWN

I am sooooo sorry, Mr. BROWN. I'm ashamed of myself. But I have a good excuse, said Donovan.

Probably a whole mess of shiggidy!. Well, I'll tell you what. This time I'll let the class decide if it's an excused tardy or not. Why were you late this time, Donovan?

Well, I was trying to get back to school after lunch you know the line was so long and I had to wait forever to get my big Mac and just as my grandpa was pulling out of the parking lot onto the highway this big ole semi smahed into a little yellow Volkswagen, said Donovan

Mr. BROWN said, Oh really?

And I had to decide Am I going to be late to Mr. BROWN's class again or am I going to try to rescue that poor little baby out of the back seat of that car, said Donovan.

So of course . . .said Mr. BROWN.

Donovan said, So of course I really didn't have a choice now did I. So I jerked open the car door, jerked the kid out of his car seat—oh, Mr. BROWN his little ole face was covered with blood and he was just screaming and I handed him to an ambulance driver that just pulled up and then I just reached across the seat and grabbed that poor sobbing screaming Mama out of his seat and dragged his out onto the pavement cause I was scared to death that ole gas truck was goin' to explode any minute and...

Then Mr. BROWN said, So what do you think class—Excused tardy or unexcused?

Thank you, friends. Thank you Mr. BROWN. I won't be tardy tomorrow. Unless I see a robbery in progress or something...said Donovan.

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| **Final Draft**  "Donovan, this is the third time in a row you've been tardy." Mr. BROWN's eyes glowed like the devil's as Donovan walked into class.  "I am sooooo sorry, Mr. BROWN. I'm ashamed of myself," Donovan confessed, "but I have a good excuse." He ginned mischievously.  " Probably a whole mess of shiggidy!." He crossed his arms and tapped his foot. "`Well, I'll tell you what. This time I'll let the class decide if it's an excused tardy or not. Why were you late this time, Donovan?"  Donovan tapped his left foot as well, his khaki pants tucked into his brown boot. "Well, I was trying to get back to school after lunch, you know the line was so long and I had to wait forever to get my big Mac," rambled Donovan, his bubblegum crackling in his mouth like BBs falling on a hardwood floor. "Just my grandpa was pulling out of the parking lot onto the highway this big ole semi smahed into a little yellow Volkswagen!"  Rolling his eyes playfully, Mr. BROWN sneered, "Oh, really?"  Donovan looked at his boots as he continued with his story, only allowing his eyes to peek at his audience once. "And I had to decide: Am I going to be late to Mr. BROWN's class again or am I going to try to rescue that poor little baby out of the back seat of that car?"  "So of course . . . " Mr. BROWN interrupted.  "So of course I really didn't have a choice, now did I? So I jerked open the car door, tried to untangle the kid out of his car seat. Oh, Mr. BROWN, his little ole face was covered with blood, there was glass everywhere, and he was just screaming." Donovan looked his in the eye for the first time to see how he was doing. "So I handed him to an ambulance medic that had just pulled up and then I just reached across the seat and grabbed that poor sobbing screaming Mama out of his seat and dragged his out onto the pavement `cause I was scared to death that ole gas truck was goin' to explode any minute and..."  Suddenly Mr. BROWN chuckled, "So what do you think, class? Excused tardy or unexcused?"  "Excused!" they all yelled in unison, laughing at Donovan's latest historic adventure.  "Thank you, friends," mumbled Donovan humbly, nodding his head toward his classmates and heading toward his seat in the back. "Thank you Mr. BROWN. I won't be tardy tomorrow. Unless I see a robbery in progress or something..." |