At 7:00 a.m., a dead rat was found in the attic creating a strange odor.

My father and I excitedly went to see the movie *Poster Head* on Tuesday night, but all our hype was for nothing when we saw the terrible and plain animations.

I waved hello to my Golden Retriever with an animated look on my face, as I walked in the door coming home from school.

Marie, the social services agent, looked grim as she found the horribly abused child digging through the garbage for food.

I walked into the grim cafeteria and noticed each child in the room looked miserable because unfavorable food was being served that day. The staff was serving singed hamburgers, expired milk, peas only half thawed, and a cake made by the school cook who had a cold.

I waved erratically to my rambunctious dog as I chased him around the backyard.

The crook hurtled into his BMW and sped away leaving a large cloud of smoke.

After the Thanksgiving feast, the kitchen was a wreck--trash everywhere, a bone on the floor, pieces of food scattered on the floor--so Mrs. Waters and her daughter had to spend multiple hours cleaning.