

Exercise #4: Practicing Punctuation

Identify which of the five functions of punctuation the underlined punctuation marks are doing. These five things punctuation helps you do are found from the Guide to Sentence Structure and Punctuation:

<http://www.lirvin.net/WGuides/punct.htm>

1. To connect sentences
2. To separate introductory elements
3. To separate interrupting elements
4. To separate items in a list
5. To point your reader's attention to what you wish to highlight

To write your answers, make a list from 1 - 5. Then fill in the number of the function each underlined punctuation mark is doing. If working this exercise as a print document, you can write the answer in above the underlined punctuation mark.

My Family Story

I was four years old, but I can still remember that day. I am the only daughter and have two brothers older than me. Being the only girl, my dolls were more than my toys; they were my friends. Each one had its own name. The most precious and loved doll was Carlota. Her face was like a party plate, and her eyes were like two chocolate cookies rounded by big eyelashes that seemed caramel. She had a big smile that made her cheeks look like two strawberries (What child doesn't want to see a dessert every day) , and her dress was blue as the sky. When I held her in my arms, I felt as if she were cotton candy.

My brothers always told me that Carlota was Chucky's sister, but for me, she was a priceless doll that I had--even though she was a rag doll. I didn't mind having a Barbie. Carlota was awesome! I used to leave her on the sofa before going to school. When I came back, she was still there as usual.

One day my mom told me, "Let's go to your aunt's home," I obeyed. I wanted to take Carlota, but I had to help my mom to carry plates. Even though I was so sad, I had to go without her. When we returned, I hurriedly went to the living room to see Carlota, but she was not there! I started getting nervous: I looked under the sofa, but I only saw darkness. I ran fast to the kitchen and looked around, but nothing again. My heart started palpitating. "She couldn't vanish," I thought. "Perhaps, I left Carlota in my room." I ran very agitated to the door, which was open. I came in through the door and looked at each one of my dolls expecting an answer to my question: Where is Carlota?

My anxiety got worse. I scanned the floor as a skilled detective--It was unbelievable! I started walking from one side to another trying to find her. My room that is small, at that moment became bigger making the search impossible--nothing, nothing again! The only person who could help me out was my Mom. When I was going to get out of my room, I heard a weird noise coming from the ceiling. I turned around and looked up; I couldn't move. I felt as if I were a mannequin; my soul was no longer in my body. Until I felt the warmth of my tears, I could breath again. It was then that a thunderous yell came from the deepest of my heart. Carlota was hanging from my lamp! Swinging with the delicate wind of the fan. I couldn't hear anything else; I only remember the big, brown eyes of Carlota looking at me, waiting for me as always.

My Mom came rushing into the room, while my brothers jumped out of my closet like two mischievous ghosts laughing and laughing. When my brothers saw my mom, they stopped.

My brother Felipe quickly said, "Don't worry. I can revive Carlota." He jumped onto the bed to pull down Carlota, and with his small agile hands, he started pushing down on Carlota's chest.

Meanwhile, my brother Javier took a wire and exclaimed, "Keep back!" Then he put it on her chest.

My brothers looked at each other as doctors analyzing the situation to give the expected diagnosis, and in one voice they exclaimed, "She is alive!"

What a relief! She was again with me! I was so excited. I couldn't be mad with my brothers; I hugged them. They were my superheroes. My mom, being the witness of the scene, couldn't say anything. My brothers with their blameless and naive face weren't punished.

I still have Carlota in my home. Every time that I go back to my hometown, I can't resist giving her a hug. I know, I'm not a child anymore, but how could I forget one of my best friends in my childhood.