

Every hot and sticky summer night I would sit on the front porch with my grandparents. We would all be ~~clunched~~^{clutched} together as if we were on a small ship leading to memories. My grandmother would always start out telling about the time when she skipped school so she could go to the market street fair. She would sit down on her brightly rainbow colored pillow. She would use her arms to express herself as if she was trying to tell ^{me} something. Then she would go on telling us the rest of the story ^{about} how she went on the big fair's wheel of wonder. Then it would be my grandfather's turn to ~~lead~~^{lead} the ship. He would always start out telling us about how he almost got shot in the army. We would never believe in him because of the funny laugh he would make. Last but not least it was my turn to ~~lead~~^{lead} the ship. I would always start out telling them about the time when I fell down and bruised my leg knee. Then I would always end the ~~short~~ hot and sticky night with a warm ^{kiss} good night.