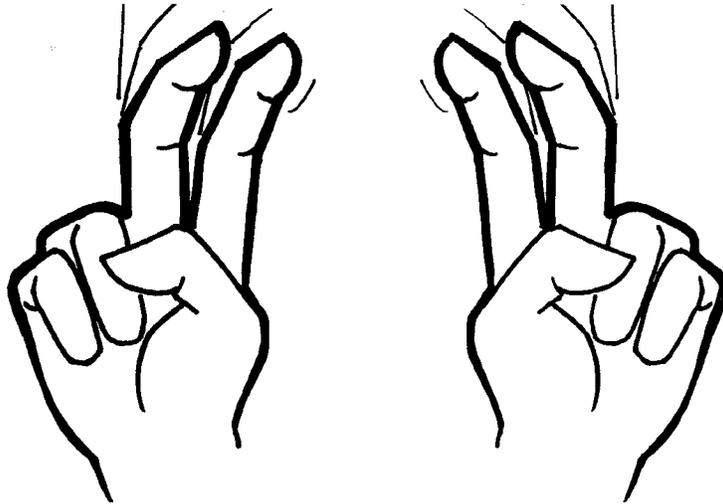


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# Punctuating Dialogue



“Oh, Emily Brown, Emily Brown, is there anything you can do?” asked the Queen.

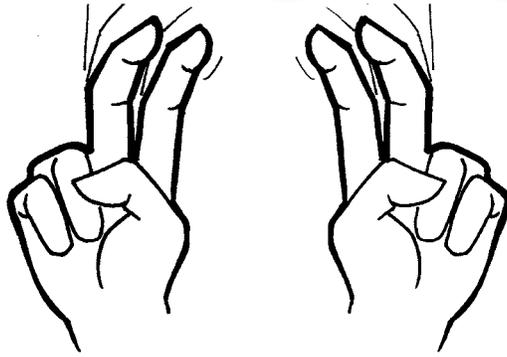
“There certainly is,” said Emily Brown. “I shall take Stanley HOME.”

The Queen started crying harder than ever. “I have all the toys in the world but none are as nice as STANLEY.”

*That Rabbit Belongs to Emily Brown, Cressida Cowell*

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# Punctuating Dialogue



Jake climbed into the big chair and Mrs. Wadsworth sat next to him. “Could we call someone at home to bring your collection?” she asked.

“Everyone’s at work,” Jake said, sniffing. “Grandma Maggie’s not home either. She’s getting ready for the *superific* surprise.”

“Let’s check around here,” said Mrs. Wadsworth. “I’ll bet we can find a hundred of something.”

“I don’t know,” Jake said, “a hundred is a whole lot of stuff.”

“Do you suppose I have a hundred paper clips in this jar?” she asked, lifting it for him to see.

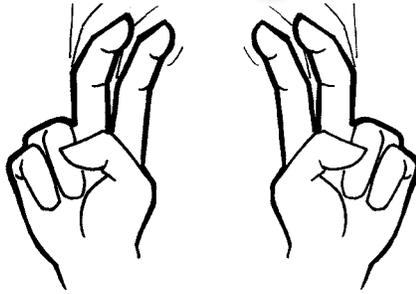
“It doesn’t look like a hundred,” Jake said. “Besides, Emily is wearing a hundred paper clips.” He looked around the office.

“Mrs. Wadsworth, all you’ve got in your office is books—lots and lots of books. I guess we could make a collection of books.”

*Jake’s 100th Day of School*, Lester Laminack

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# Punctuating Dialogue



The baker answered the phone. “Downtown Bakery, home of the best—”

“Mr. Baker Man!” Arnie frantically whispered. “This is Arnie the doughnut. Do you remember me? You made me at 5:15 this morning, and I was bought about twenty minutes ago by a man who goes by the name of Mr. Bing.”

“Yes, Arnie,” the baker answered. “What can I do for you?”

“Now, I don’t want to alarm you, but just moments ago, that man tried to eat me! And not only that—he claims to have eaten hundreds of us! I’m going to make a run for it, but I wanted to warn you so that if you see him coming into the bakery again, you can stop him!”

“Oh my, Arnie—I thought you understood. That’s why I make doughnuts...for people to eat.”

“I CAN’T BELIEVE IT!” Arnie gasped. “Are the other doughnuts aware of this arrangement?”

“Well, I think so,” the baker said. “Let me ask them to make sure.”

The baker yelled to the other doughnuts, “DO YOU DOUGHNUTS KNOW THAT YOU’RE GOING TO BE EATEN?”