Filling In the Blanks

**Intro**

Sometimes when writing you don’t remember exactly what happened so you need to fill in the missing pieces of you memory. When you fill in the blanks, you need to make sure you don’t write anything, you need to write something that you believe could have happened. Filling in the blanks allows you to write richer, more detailed writing

 Here is a true life story that I’ve been telling for years. For the first example, I won’t fill in the blanks, and I’ll only write what I know happened. For the second example, I will fill in the blanks.

**Example Without Blanks Filled In**

When I was young, my dad took my brother and me golfing. He was very cheap so he had us share one tee at the tees. My brother teed off first. I went to get the tee. After my brother had teed offed, he swung the club back to the starting point. The club hit me in the head. I started to bleed. My dad drove me to the hospital.

**Example With Blanks Filled In**

When I was seven, my dad took my brother and me golfing. I was so excited because I was going to be hanging out with my dad and my big brother Dan, who I absolutely adored. The three of us would be out smacking golf balls together. The only problem is that I got smacked too.

My dad was thrifty so on the first tee he made an announcement.

“Dan, Steve. The two of you are going to be sharing one tee. You can have this yellow one. I don’t want you two to break it.”

My brother and I were so excited to be golfing that we didn’t even care that we had to share. We just took turns teeing off.

I was loving golfing. I was getting so excited I could barely wait for my next shot. At the 6th tee I could barely contain my excitement. My brother teed off and I immediately took two steps forward and squatted down to pick up our tee.

Now I’m not sure if he had been doing it all night or not but I do know that at this tee my brother did something that I wished he hadn’t done. After hitting the ball and bringing the club up to the front of his head, he swung the club backwards behind his head back to where he had started. In this process he hit me square in the forehead.

“Crack!” echoed through my ears. I feel to the ground grasping at my head. Blood trickled down my face into my eyes and mouth. I started wailing. My Dad gently rolled me over onto my back and pulled my hands away from my head.

“Oh, no!” he gasped. “Dan, put the clubs away. Carry the bag. I need to carry your brother to the car. We need to get to the hospital.”