

An excerpt from James Fenimore Cooper's "The Deerslayer"

As a matter of course, Deerslayer's attention was first given to the canoe ahead. It was already quite near the point, and a very few strokes of the paddle sufficed to tell him that it must touch before he could possibly overtake it. Just at this moment, too, the wind inopportunately freshened, rendering the drift of the light craft much more rapid than certain. Feeling the impossibility of preventing a contact with the land, the young man wisely determined not to heat himself with unnecessary exertions; but first looking to the priming of his piece, he proceeded slowly and warily towards the point, taking care to make a little circuit, that he might be exposed on only one side, as he approached.

The canoe adrift being directed by no such intelligence, pursued its proper way, and grounded on a small sunken rock, at the distance of three or four yards from the shore. Just at that moment, Deerslayer had got abreast of the point, and turned the bows of his own boat to the land; first casting loose his tow, that his movements might be unencumbered. The canoe hung an instant to the rock; then it rose a hair's breadth on an almost imperceptible swell of the water, swung round, floated clear, and reached the strand. All this the young man noted, but it neither quickened his pulses, nor hastened his hand. If any one had been lying in wait for the arrival of the waif, he must be seen, and the utmost caution in approaching the shore became indispensable; if no one was in ambush, hurry was unnecessary. The point being nearly diagonally opposite to the Indian encampment, he hoped the last, though the former was not only possible, but probable; for the savages were prompt in adopting all the expedients of their particular modes of warfare, and quite likely had many scouts searching the shores for craft to carry them off to the castle. As a glance at the lake from any height or projection would expose the smallest object on its surface, there was little hope that either of the canoes would pass unseen; and Indian sagacity needed no instruction to tell which way a boat or a log would drift, when the direction of the wind was known. As Deerslayer drew nearer and nearer to the land, the stroke of his paddle grew slower, his eye became more watchful, and his ears and nostrils almost dilated with the effort to detect any lurking danger. 'T was a trying moment for a novice, nor was there the encouragement which even the timid sometimes feel, when conscious of being observed and commended. He was entirely alone, thrown on his own resources, and was cheered by no friendly eye, emboldened by no encouraging voice. Notwithstanding all these circumstances, the most experienced veteran in forest warfare could not have behaved better. Equally free from recklessness and hesitation, his advance was marked by a sort of philosophical prudence that appeared to render him superior to all motives but those which were best calculated to effect his purpose. Such was the commencement of a career in forest exploits, that afterwards rendered this man, in his way, and under the limits of his habits and opportunities, as renowned as many a hero whose name has adorned the pages of works more celebrated than legends simple as ours can ever become.

When about a hundred yards from the shore, Deerslayer rose in the canoe, gave three or four vigorous strokes with the paddle, sufficient of themselves to impel the bark to land, and then quickly laying aside the instrument of labor, he seized that of war. He was in the very act of raising the rifle, when a sharp report was followed by the buzz of a bullet that passed so near his body as to cause him involuntarily to start. The next instant Deerslayer staggered, and fell his whole length in the bottom of the canoe. A yell--it came from a single voice--followed, and an Indian leaped from the bushes upon the open area of the point, bounding towards the canoe. This was the moment the young man desired. He rose on the instant, and levelled his own rifle at his uncovered foe; but his finger hesitated about pulling the trigger on one whom he held at such a disadvantage. This little delay, probably, saved the life of the Indian, who bounded back into the cover as swiftly as he had broken out of it. In the meantime Deerslayer had been swiftly approaching the land, and his own canoe reached the point just as his enemy disappeared. As its movements had not been directed, it touched the shore a few yards from the other boat; and though the rifle of his foe had to be loaded, there was not time to secure his prize, and carry it beyond danger, before he would be exposed to another shot. Under the circumstances, therefore, he did not pause an instant, but dashed into the woods and sought a cover.

On the immediate point there was a small open area, partly in native grass, and partly beach, but a dense fringe of bushes lined its upper side. This narrow belt of dwarf vegetation passed, one issued immediately into the high and gloomy vaults of the forest. The land was tolerably level for a few hundred feet, and then it rose precipitously in a mountainside. The trees were tall, large, and so free from underbrush, that they resembled vast columns, irregularly scattered, upholding a dome of leaves. Although they stood tolerably close together, for their ages and size, the eye could penetrate to considerable distances; and bodies of men, even, might have engaged beneath their cover, with concert and intelligence.

Deerslayer knew that his adversary must be employed in reloading, unless he had fled.

Using the Five Senses in a Descriptive Essay

Do I really have to use the five senses in writing an essay? Many students feel writing descriptive essays is difficult especially if they are assigned using the five senses in the essay, yet most of us use our five senses in talking every day. Information using the senses is vital to writing a great book! It is, also, vital to writing a great essay. **Most students learn through their different senses such as seeing or hearing.** Imagine going to a class where the instructor only uses vision in his lectures without speaking a word. On the other hand, imagine going to a class where the instructor only lectures. The senses are a vital part in learning and a vital part in creativity.

So you are assigned a descriptive essay using the senses, what can you do? Let's break this down to the five senses beginning with vision. The topic might be dating. What does the girl of your dreams look like? What color of hair does she have? What types of clothes does she wear? Now, consider hearing and dating. What does the girl sound like? Does she have a soft voice or a loud one? Does she have an accent? Next, consider smelling and dating. What does your dream girl smell like? Does she use a specific perfume? Does she smell like roses? Consider the sense of touch and ask what your dream girl feels like. Does she have soft hands? Does she have a creamy smooth skin that is enjoyable to touch? Last, but not least is taste. Imagine kissing your dream girl. What does she taste like? All five senses have been used in the discussion of your dream girl. **Writing a custom creative essay, research paper, or term paper is as easy when you think about the different senses.** A descriptive essay using the senses is similar to this.

When writing about vision in a descriptive narrative, ask what you see. Can you picture the main character? What does he/she look like? What type of clothing do they wear? How tall is he/she? What color of hair does he/she have? Describe the other characters. What do they look like? How many characters are in the narrative? What does the setting look like? Picture where the story is taking place and describe it. Is the character in a building, house, or in the yard? Describe the place where the action is happening.

Next, what do you hear? What types of sound would you hear in the specific setting? Do you hear a church bell? Do you hear sounds of animals? Are there people talking? If the narrative happens in a mall, describe all the different sounds. Clearly, visualize all the sounds that are taking place.

What do you smell? Do different people smell differently? Why? If the narrative is happening in a home, what smells might there be? For instance, someone might be baking cookies or pizza. The smells would be different. Think about different smells that happens in the story.

What do the main characters taste? Are they eating in the narrative? What foods and what are the specific smells? If the action takes place outside there may be different smells such as flowers or grass.

What are the main characters touching? What is the main character carrying? What does he/she touch **throughout the narrative**? For instance, in a mystery where a person steals diamonds, the touch of diamonds could be described. Another example is a love story where the man takes his woman into his arms. How does she feel?

Using different senses in essays, term papers, research papers, stories, and other types of creative writing helps the reader to understand exactly what is happening. It adds to the story and makes it more interesting.

Lyrics to "Don't Worry About the Government" by Talking Heads/David Byrne

I see the clouds that move across the sky
I see the wind that moves the clouds away
It moves the clouds over by the building
I pick the building that I want to live in

I smell the pine trees and the peaches in the woods
I see the pinecones that fall by the highway
Thats the highway that goes to the building
I pick the building that I want to live in

Its over there, its over there
My building has every convenience
Its gonna make life easy for me
Its gonna be easy to get things done
I will relax alone with my loved ones

Loved ones, loved ones visit the building,
Take the highway, park and come up and see me
Ill be working, working but if you come visit
Ill put down what Im doing, my friends are important

Dont you worry bout me
I wouldnt worry about me
Dont you worry bout me
Dont you worry bout me

I see the states, across this big nation
I see the laws made in washington, d.c.
I think of the ones I consider my favorites
I think of the people that are working for me

Some civil servants are just like my loved ones
They work so hard and they try to be strong
Im a lucky guy to live in my building
They own the buildings to help them along

Its over there, its over there
My building has every convenience
Its gonna make life easy for me
Its gonna be easy to get things done
I will relax along with my loved ones

Loved ones, loved ones visit the building
Take the highway, park and come up and see me
Ill be working, working but if you come visit
Ill put down what Im doing, my friends are important

I wouldnt worry bout
I wouldnt worry about me
Dont you worry bout me
Dont you worry bout me.....

Example of a Descriptive Essay (Please Proofread/Copy-Edit)

An Ocean Adventure

As I watch, the waves from the shore look fun & almost innocent as they crest and then crash over 1 another. I can taste the salt in the air & watch little rainbows glisten through the prisms of the ocean's spray. The warm ocean water toward the shore is covered with foam and bubbles from the rumbling waves as children and their families play in the gritty tan colored sand. I think to myself, "This is perfect".

I make the final preparations on my Yamaha Waverunner. All of the fluid levels check full and there is a faint smell of gasoline mixed with the aromas of salt and fish in the air. I am now ready to brave and jump the mighty ocean waves of South Padre Island !!!

As the truck backs the trailer in to the warm waters at the dock and lowers the Waverunner into the blue-green abyss, I crank the engine for a final system's check. It roars powerfully, drowning out the sound of the birds circling overhead, as thick black and gray smoke initially pours from the exhaust and then slowly drifts away on the wind's light breeze. I turn the impressive machine off to finish my final preparations.

As I put on the Jet Pilot lifejacket and tighten the thick blue straps, I remind myself to stay calm and not to make stupid or impulsive decisions during my journey into the ocean. It's easy to push oneself to the limits and lose track of reality. I must remember to respect Mother Nature at all times and keep in mind that I am not invisible.

I climb aboard the Waverunner and grab hold of the handbars, warm from the bright sun. Now the truck begins to back up, gently lowering me on this powerful machine into the calm waters of the docking area. As I drift from the trailer, I take a moment to look around and enjoy the peaceful serenity of the smooth, almost glass-like, water.

As I push the start button and the Waverunner roars to life, the power vibrates my seat at first and then settles into a soft rumble. I navigate my way through the docks until I am in the channel. I can now press the throttle and hang on for a fun ride! While the waves through the exit channel are only 1/2 of the size of the ocean's mighty waves, this gives me time to warm up and get in sync with the powerful 135 horse powered Waverunner. I am now ready to take on the Gulf of Mexico!

I drive out far enough to stay out of the foamy white surf. Suddenly, the ocean begins to crest around me. As I drive into the waves, I am careful to only depress the throttle to a maximum of half power. Any more would be foolish AND COULD cause a wipeout. I approach a

wave with a perfect peak and at the ideal time. I gently squeeze the throttle and the loud roar of the engine fills my ears as the power pushes me up to the foamy white crest of the wave wave w

In an instant, I am no longer floating on the water, but I am soaring like the beautiful white birds through the misty air. In one brief moment, I look down and estimate that I'm 8 to ten feet in the air for a split second before I begin my descent back to the briny waters. In a flash the back end of the Waverunner sits down into the ocean with the front following in a rocking motion. All around me is a fine spray of the salty water. I have landed!

Salt and sweat mix to run down my face and into my mouth. I swallow some of the brackish mixture as I wipe my face with my hand and then run my hand through my dripping hair to dry it out. I think to myself, "What a way to spend an afternoon".

Soon, I notice that the sun is slowly fading in the West so I decide to turn back toward the docks as I enter the entrance channel, I decide to return at a slower pace to enjoy my last few minutes at sea. The sun reflects off the water in brilliant colors of gold, orange and red. The beads of sweat. Water glimmer on my bronze skin in the vanishing rays of light.

To my surprise, I look out and see a smooth gray hump with a dorsal fin surface about twenty feet in front of me. It is a dolphin! What a beautiful sight. As this intelligent creature slides back under the ocean's surface, I spot 2 more dolphins and then another joins them. The first dolphin emerges again to make a total of four. They are swimming in front of me, playing in the surf. It is almost as if they are leading me to shore. As I idle through the channel, and they slowly disappear back to their home in the Gulf.

Once the dolphins are gone, I gently squeeze the throttle and head back to the docks. With a final look back, I see the sun's reflection off of the glassy smooth water as the ripples of my wake break the surface behind. I think about what a wonderful experience this day has been.

Approaching the boat trailer. I realize how physically tired I am from the constant rush of adrenaline brought by my adventures. I have the memory's of the exciting jumps of the waves and the vivid pics in my mind of the graceful dolphins swimming in the sunset I am ready to go home.

Bad Letter	X	Insert apostrophe	∨	Wrong font	<i>wf</i>
Push down space	⊥	Insert quotation	∨̂	Let it stand	<i>stel</i>
Turn over	⊗	Insert hyphen	∕	Transpose letters/words	<i>tr</i>
Take out	ℓ	Insert superior letter	∨ ²	Change to capitals	<u>Cap</u>
Insert at this point	∧	Insert inferior letter	∨ ₂	Change to small capitals	<u>sc</u>
Space evenly	✓	Insert leaders	⊙	Change to lower case	<i>l.c.</i>
Insert space	#	Straighten lines	///	Change to italic	<i>ital.</i>
Less space	∪	Move left	⌊	Change to roman	<i>rom.</i>
Take out all spacing	⊖	Move right	⌋	Change to bold face	bf
Insert period	⊙	Move down	⌊	Query to author	?
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Insert colon	⊙	Indent one em	□	Set large initial	<i>init.</i>
Insert semicolon	∕;	Make new paragraph	¶		
Insert dash	∕-	No paragraph	¶		

The Red Wheelbarrow
 By William Carlos Williams

so much depends
 upon

a red wheel
 barrow

glazed with rain
 water

besides the white
 chickens.