





Sensory Words

<p style="text-align: center;">What I Saw</p> 	<p style="text-align: center;">What I Heard</p> 	<p style="text-align: center;">What I Touched/Felt</p> 	<p style="text-align: center;">What I Smelled or Tasted</p> 
<p>“The soles of his bare feet looked as black as barbecue coals.” p. 1 <i>Hoot</i> by Carl Hiaasen</p> <p>“The three soap carvings tumbled to the floor in a rain of white feathery shavings.” p. 2 <i>Becoming Naomi Leon</i> by Pam Munoz Ryan</p>	<p>“Their footsteps grew fainter and fainter until the siblings could hear nothing but the evening breeze as it whistled through the bullet holes, and at last it seemed safe for the Baudelaire orphans to speak to one another.” p. 12 <i>The Carnivorous Carnival</i> by Lemony Snicket</p>	<p>“The bus wasn’t air-conditioned , and the hot, heavy air was almost as stifling as the handcuffs.” p. 6 <i>Holes</i> by Louis Sachar</p>	<p>“Instead they were crammed in a tiny apartment that smelled of burning rubber and foot odor.” p. 9 <i>Holes</i> by Louis Sachar</p> <p>“I ignored Konrad and gulped down the liquid. Slimy water that tasted like blenderized fish sticks slid down my throat.” p. 76 <i>Crown Me!</i> by Kathryn Lay</p>