



## Sample Paper 10

Score for Voice \_\_\_\_\_

### Parking with Dad

People have their own way of doing things. My dad is no exception. He has his own way of parking, and it's pretty different from Mom's. This would upset Dad if he knew it, so I don't tell him, and I'm sure he assumes Mom drives just the way he does. Ha!

When Mom drives into a parking lot, she takes the first space she finds that is close to the door. This is, I think, the way most people park. Well, not my dad. First, he sizes up the lot—which spots will be hard to back out of, where might he get blocked by a delivery truck, that sort of thing. He avoids those spots, naturally. Then, he looks for shade. Shade is a big plus. However, he won't go for shade if it means giving up safety.

See, my dad has a thing about getting the paint job dinged. He does not like to park close to other drivers or near posts or anything he might hit his door on when getting in and out. Dad also avoids curbs, because they might damage the tires. Parking near the door is the least of my dad's concerns. "You don't mind a little walk, do you?" is his motto. And I don't. Only we park so far away just to avoid other cars, I sometimes wonder why we didn't just walk from home in the first place.

Some days, Dad has trouble find the right spot. Then we have to move several times. When we finally get home, Mom says, "What *took* you guys so long?" Parking, Mom. It's a tough job.