**DADI Mix:** Mix the **D**escription, **A**ction, **D**ialogue and **I**nterior Monologue to create a textured, multisensory picture.

Emma's parents won't move out of their house in Cheyenne even though they're in the path of the volcano's deadly spew. "I just started refinishing the kitchen cupboards," Earl says. "Who'll weed Barb's garden?" Like we're asking them to fly in for a vacation week–which they won't do either.

"Send them the maps!" Emma writes in a note. She wants me to do the talking because they just pooh-pooh everything she says. "Oh, Emma Mae," they'll say, "you always were a worrier." So I send them the seismic activity maps, the color-coded temperature maps, the estimated effects from the last Yellowstone eruption 640,000 years ago–with layers of ash found in the soil as far away as Iowa! I print and pin copies on the bulletin board over the desk.

"That's just the rich hippies getting you all worked up again," they say–or Earl says. I picture Barb beside him in her John Deere cap and flowered muumuu writing the script. And Earl with the belt on his jeans cinched twice so they don't slide down his assless rear.

"Rich hippies!" I cover the phone with my hand. "For god's sake, do they know I'm a forensic accountant?" I whisper to Emma. "Who shaves his bald head twice a week!" She puts a finger to her lips to shush me and hands me another note: "Tell him about the ash falling like snow."

**DADI Mix:** Mix the **D**escription, **A**ction, **D**ialogue and **I**nterior Monologue to create a textured, multisensory picture.

Emma's parents won't move out of their house in Cheyenne even though they're in the path of the volcano's deadly spew. "I just started refinishing the kitchen cupboards," Earl says. "Who'll weed Barb's garden?" Like we're asking them to fly in for a vacation week–which they won't do either.

"Send them the maps!" Emma writes in a note. She wants me to do the talking because they just pooh-pooh everything she says. "Oh, Emma Mae," they'll say, "you always were a worrier." So I send them the seismic activity maps, the color-coded temperature maps, the estimated effects from the last Yellowstone eruption 640,000 years ago–with layers of ash found in the soil as far away as Iowa! I print and pin copies on the bulletin board over the desk.

"That's just the rich hippies getting you all worked up again," they say–or Earl says. I picture Barb beside him in her John Deere cap and flowered muumuu writing the script. And Earl with the belt on his jeans cinched twice so they don't slide down his assless rear.

"Rich hippies!" I cover the phone with my hand. "For god's sake, do they know I'm a forensic accountant?" I whisper to Emma. "Who shaves his bald head twice a week!" She puts a finger to her lips to shush me and hands me another note: "Tell him about the ash falling like snow."

**DADI Mix:** Mix the **D**escription, **A**ction, **D**ialogue and **I**nterior Monologue to create a textured, multisensory picture.

Emma's parents won't move out of their house in Cheyenne even though they're in the path of the volcano's deadly spew. "I just started refinishing the kitchen cupboards," Earl says. "Who'll weed Barb's garden?" Like we're asking them to fly in for a vacation week–which they won't do either.

"Send them the maps!" Emma writes in a note. She wants me to do the talking because they just pooh-pooh everything she says. "Oh, Emma Mae," they'll say, "you always were a worrier." So I send them the seismic activity maps, the color-coded temperature maps, the estimated effects from the last Yellowstone eruption 640,000 years ago–with layers of ash found in the soil as far away as Iowa! I print and pin copies on the bulletin board over the desk.

"That's just the rich hippies getting you all worked up again," they say–or Earl says. I picture Barb beside him in her John Deere cap and flowered muumuu writing the script. And Earl with the belt on his jeans cinched twice so they don't slide down his assless rear.

"Rich hippies!" I cover the phone with my hand. "For god's sake, do they know I'm a forensic accountant?" I whisper to Emma. "Who shaves his bald head twice a week!" She puts a finger to her lips to shush me and hands me another note: "Tell him about the ash falling like snow."

**DADI Mix:** Mix the **D**escription, **A**ction, **D**ialogue and **I**nterior Monologue to create a textured, multisensory picture.

Emma's parents won't move out of their house in Cheyenne even though they're in the path of the volcano's deadly spew. "I just started refinishing the kitchen cupboards," Earl says. "Who'll weed Barb's garden?" Like we're asking them to fly in for a vacation week–which they won't do either.

"Send them the maps!" Emma writes in a note. She wants me to do the talking because they just pooh-pooh everything she says. "Oh, Emma Mae," they'll say, "you always were a worrier." So I send them the seismic activity maps, the color-coded temperature maps, the estimated effects from the last Yellowstone eruption 640,000 years ago–with layers of ash found in the soil as far away as Iowa! I print and pin copies on the bulletin board over the desk.

"That's just the rich hippies getting you all worked up again," they say–or Earl says. I picture Barb beside him in her John Deere cap and flowered muumuu writing the script. And Earl with the belt on his jeans cinched twice so they don't slide down his assless rear.

"Rich hippies!" I cover the phone with my hand. "For god's sake, do they know I'm a forensic accountant?" I whisper to Emma. "Who shaves his bald head twice a week!" She puts a finger to her lips to shush me and hands me another note: "Tell him about the ash falling like snow."