**If I Had My Life To Live Over**

**by Erma Bombeck**

The following was written by the late Erma Bombeck after she found out she had a fatal disease.

***Read carefully, with the checklist, to pick up on the style of the piece.***

If I had my life to live over, I would have talked less and listened more.

I would have invited friends over to dinner even if the carpet was stained and the sofa faded.

I would have eaten the popcorn in the 'good' living room and worried much less about the dirt when someone wanted to light a fire in the fireplace.

I would have taken the time to listen to my grandfather ramble about his youth.

I would never have insisted the car windows be rolled up on a summer day because my hair had just been teased and sprayed.

I would have burned the pink candle sculpted like a rose before it melted in storage.

I would have sat on the lawn with my children and not worried about grass stains.

I would have cried and laughed less while watching television - and more while watching life.

I would have shared more of the responsibility carried by my husband.

***Based on Bombeck’s style fill in the blanks correctly.***

I would have gone to bed when I was sick instead of pretending the earth would go into a \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

I would never have bought anything just because it was practical, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.

Instead of wishing away nine months of pregnancy, I'd have \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.

When my kids kissed me impetuously, I would never have said, "\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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There would have been more "I love you's".. More "I'm sorry’s" ...

***Now, write your own paragraph based on Bombeck’s style.***

But mostly, given another shot at life, I would seize every minute... look at it and really see it ... live it...and never give it back.