**Key Answers**

Here is the edited version of "Anthony," the descriptive paragraph that served as the model for the sentence-fragment editing exercise. Keep in mind that there are multiple ways of correcting the three fragments in the exercise.

Anthony (edited version)

My five-year-old son Anthony is built like a little wind-up toy. **He has black curly hair, bushy eyebrows, a cute button nose, and chubby cheeks, which people can't resist pinching.** These make him look like a life-size teddy bear. Anthony loves to wear his favourite black leather jacket with the image of Mumble the penguin on the back **and his favourite jeans, the ones with patches on the knees. The patches cover the holes that came about from crawling on the floor, pushing his toy cars around.** Indeed, he is a very energetic little boy. In one afternoon, he will ride his bicycle, play video games, complete a 200-piece jigsaw puzzle, and, of course, play with his toy cars. In fact, his energy scares me sometimes. **For example, I will never forget that time he shinnied up a tree and jumped onto the roof.** However, he wasn't energetic (or bold) enough to climb back down, and so I had to rescue my wonderful little wind-up toy.

Below is the corrected version of the paragraph used in the exercise above.

**Why I Had to Get Rid of the Monster**

Although I am a dog-lover by nature, I recently had to give away my three-month-old retriever, Plato. I had several good reasons for doing so. A few months ago I picked up the dog at the Humane Society as a Christmas gift for my girlfriend. **Alas, when she dumped me on Christmas Eve, I was left to console myself by caring for the dog**. That's when my true misery began. For one thing, Plato was not housebroken. **Throughout the apartment he left little mementos, staining rugs and furniture and fouling the air. He would burrow under any newspapers I laid down for him.** To make matters worse, his untamed potty habits were supported by an insatiable appetite. **Not content with a sack of Kibbles 'n Bits every day, he would also gnaw at the couch and shred clothes, sheets, and blankets. One night he chewed up a friend's new pair of clogs.** Finally, Plato simply wasn't happy being cooped up by himself in a small apartment. Whenever I left, he would begin whimpering, and that soon turned into furious barking. As a result, my neighbours were threatening to murder both me and the "monster," as they took to calling him. So, after six weeks of life with Plato, I gave him away to my uncle in Baxley. Fortunately, Uncle Jerry is quite accustomed to animal feed, waste, noise, and destruction.