



ACT PUNCTUATION PRACTICE DRILL I

My Dream Home

I recently moved into the apartment of my dreams. It's tiny, its inconveniently located, and¹, it's too expensive. But the best thing about my apartment is, the fact that it sits by² a wonderful place called La Pâtisserie Coffee Shop in Old Town Jerusalem.

All independent coffee shops³ have a certain small-town charm to them, and this one is no different. The store actually owned, by a man, named Ibrahim⁴ is a very cute place, but proximity to a coffee shop is not the sort of thing one usually makes living decisions around. Living by a coffee shop, though⁵ is more important to me than having walk-in closets or beautiful wood, floors.⁶

There's one thing that makes life by La Pâtisserie so great; the⁷ smell. Nothing in the world is better than the smell of fresh coffee and pastries coming into your apartment first thing in the morning. Because the store starts preparing the menu when I get up in the morning, I don't even need an alarm clock, the aroma⁸ of fresh croissants and rich espresso nudges me awake and eases me into the day. I can't imagine a more pleasant way to get up.

By now I can even distinguish all the different rolls scents⁹. I can tell what's coming out of the kitchen without leaving my bedroom. Hazelnut lattes, have a rich¹⁰ dense aroma. Surprisingly, the almond croissants smell more sweet than nutty, almost like maple syrup. My favorites, are¹¹, the chocolate eclairs. They're nice and creamy, and it's easy to detect the vanilla ones.

People are amazed to learn that, despite my obsession, I rarely keep any pastries in the apartment. Why would I? If I want something fresh, I can just go downstairs and pick up something delicious. When I first moved in, this convenience made me a bit concerned about my weight. Fresh cupcakes and macarons, sit¹² literally steps away from my bedroom all day and much of the night! I've done a good job of staying in shape—I've actually lost weight since moving here but,¹³ I have to be careful not to indulge myself too often.

I was also worried that,¹⁴ constant exposure to the coffee shop's smell might desensitize me until I no longer noticed it. Even worse, I might start to resent the smell or even hate it. My friend Paul used to love Indian food before he moved next to an Indian restaurant. After three months there, the smell drove him so crazy that he had to move. But I've been here over a year now. The smell is still as wonderful as it was on the first day, and I have¹⁵ no intention of ever leaving.