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

Porcelain plates slam against each other in the sink echoing through the cramped kitchen, overpowering the hum of voices and sizzle of food on the grill. I shut off the water and wipe my hands on my red apron.

“Annabelle, what was your order?” Nick asks. He’s the best chef in the diner. After cooking in the city for twenty years, he decided he wanted to work somewhere calmer.

“Two cheeseburgers, both medium.”

“Got it.” He flips the patties.

I fill up two plastic cups with water and ice and push open the double doors to the kitchen. The middle of the restaurant is busy with waiters and waitresses rushing back and forth trying to keep the customers happy. I grip the two glasses and place them on my customers’ table.

“I’ll be back in a minute to take your order,” I say. Looking up. I freeze.

I hadn’t seen my her in two years. The last time I was eighteen. She threw a fit and said she would only pay for *her* college so packed my bags and left. Haven't seen my mother since.

Until now.

She stands in the doorway, eyeing the place. She doesn’t approve; I can tell by the way her eyebrows furrow together.

Description

Action

Dialogue

Inner monologue