

# **Student Essay on Word Portrait of Bob Hope**

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## Essay

He looks across the golf course, squints his eyes to see a little flag. Ah, pointing at it, there's my aim. Twisting backwards slowly, he then swings swiftly, following the ball with his eyes. It lands and bounces. Nodding his head in approval, he drops the golf club in its bag and climbed in the cart. Driving back towards the club, he relaxes, playing worn him out. He sighs, stroking his long pointy nose, he chuckles then murmurs to himself, it's a good thing I don't do this for a living. Bouncing out of the cart, he makes his way briskly inside where he meets his wife. Sitting down, he wipes his forehead with a handkerchief, and sips his mineral water. His eyes sparkle and his face breaks into a grin as he tells his wife his successful play. He stretches, tired but continues laughing away.