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| 1:  Beginning  Text | The warrior slowly awakened  with the morning sun, unprepared for the  battle that was still hours away. | | | | | | |
| 2:  Antecedent  A | He threw on his cotton shirt, | B | He threw on his cotton shirt, | C | He threw on his cotton scarf, | D | He threw on his cotton scarf, |
| 4:  Beginning-  Middle  Text  A | tattered condition or egregious smell. | | | | | | |
| 3:  Lure  A | He set aside his leather hat | B | He set aside his leather gloves | C | He set aside his leather hat | D | He set aside his leather gloves |
| 4:  Middle  Text | and spent the next few hours  polishing his armor  before finally putting it on.  He had fought many battles in his life,  and had come close to dying several times.  Today's battle was just a game, however;  a competition to determine  the best man in the land.  He had fought many men over the years,  many stronger than him.  He had vanquished them all because combat  is not about deploying one's strengths.  Rather, it is about exploiting  your opponent's weaknesses.  These thoughts occupied him for hours.  After this contemplation, the warrior  realized that it would be a long time  until his next meal. He slowly  walked through the village  in search of his favorite inn.  The warrior sat down to a bit of ale  and an old drumstick. This was his  traditional meal before battle.  He had actually come to hate drumsticks,  but was far too superstitious to change  his menu at this point in his life.  He methodically consumed the few morsels  for the energy they provided. Afterwards,  he resumed his long journey.  He traveled for several hours before  stopping beside a peaceful brook.  The warrior sank his hands into the water.  He then wiped his soiled fingers | | | | | | |
| 5:  Anaphor  Text | on his cotton clothing before changing | | | | | | |
| 6:  Ending  Text | into his armor and preparing himself  for battle. | | | | | | |