Cassidy and her sister, Marisol, decided to spend the day at the beach. While they were there, they walked along the shore to look for shells.

Here’s a nice one! Marisol said.

It’s chipped though, Cassidy pointed out.

Marisol shrugged her shoulders. I like it, she said. She put it in her sand pail.

The girls continued to walk. Cassidy stooped down to pick up a large, flat shell. I like how smooth this one is! She looked at it more closely and frowned. It has a crack along the bottom. I’ll keep looking.

Marisol peered closer. I’ll take it. It’s really good!

The girls spent another hour scanning the seashore for shells. After they walked back to their beach chairs, both girls emptied the sand pails to inspect their treasures.

Wow! Look at all the shells you collected! Cassidy said to Marisol. I could only find a couple perfect shells. You found tons!

Marisol grinned at her sister. That’s the thing, she said. My shells aren’t perfect. Most of them have chips and cracks and smudges of dirt. But they don’t have to be perfect to be beautiful. I thought they were worth keeping anyway.

Cassidy looked at Marisol’s shells in a new way. You’re right, she said. They are beautiful. I’m glad you kept them.

Marisol smiled. Since I have so many, why don’t we share them between us?

Cassidy laughed. Yes! I’d love to have some of your perfectly imperfect shells!
Read the following passage and add in the missing quotation marks.

Cassidy and her sister, Marisol, decided to spend the day at the beach. While they were there, they walked along the shore to look for shells.

"Here's a nice one!" Marisol said.
"It's chipped though," Cassidy pointed out.
Marisol shrugged her shoulders.
"I like it," she said. She put it in her sand pail.

The girls continued to walk. Cassidy stooped down to pick up a large, flat shell.
"I like how smooth this one is!" She looked at it more closely and frowned.
"It has a crack along the bottom. I'll keep looking."
Marisol peered closer.
"I'll take it. It's really good!"

The girls spent another hour scanning the seashore for shells. After they walked back to their beach chairs, both girls emptied the sand pails to inspect their treasures.
"Wow! Look at all the shells you collected!" Cassidy said to Marisol.
"I could only find a couple perfect shells. You found tons!"

Marisol grinned at her sister.
"That's the thing," she said.
"My shells aren't perfect. Most of them have chips and cracks and smudges of dirt. But they don't have to be beautiful. I thought they were worth keeping anyway."

Cassidy looked at Marisol's shells in a new way.
"You're right," she said.
"They are beautiful. I'm glad you kept them."

Marisol smiled. "Since I have so many, why don't we share them between us?"

Cassidy laughed. "Yes! I'd love to have some of your perfectly imperfect shells!"