

*For more information on leading guided imagery, visit [Classroom Strategies for Interactive Learning: Guided Imagery](#) or [Reading Rockets: Visual Imagery](#).*

SCRIPT:

Imagine you are sitting by the front door of your home on Dock St. It is summer in Philadelphia, a dry summer. There has been no rain to wash away the filth and stink in the gutters yet, and you can see and smell rotting food, and human and animal waste. You can hear the dock, busy as ever, with ships arriving and sailors and dock workers yelling to unload and move wooden crates onto horse-drawn carts. You know the yelling will last until every crate has been moved, and given the heat, the horses will be moving slower than ever.

The smell, that rich, putrid, smell of litter and rich decay, draws your attention back to your street. You watch as one of the horse carts from the dock slowly makes it way past, the horse's shoes clacking clip clop clip clop on the parts of the street that are cobbled with stone or brick. The city hasn't completed the cobblestones everywhere yet, so there is some occasional quiet as the horse steps on dry, packed dirt instead of stone.

Around the horse cart people walking by wipe their brows due to the heat, even though it is early morning. You can feel your woolen shirt sticking to your back, and you hope the itchiness goes away eventually. Your sweat drips down your back, and you shuffle in your wooden, straight-backed chair to scratch the itch and stop the bead of sweat.

You watch the women with baskets returning from the market, where the available vegetables and flowers are already starting to wilt. The smell of meat is fresh, but without cool places to keep it in your home, you know it will have to be eaten soon to keep the maggots and flies from getting to it. In the winter a cool box is easier to manage, but the summer heat is oppressive.

The sound of chatter from your neighbor's homes, just a few feet away on both sides, starts up, and you know your neighbors have risen for the day. You hear the new baby on the first floor crying, more like wailing, and one of the six children run to it. You can hear the pounding run across the wooden slats, and even feel a little of the jostling against the wall. If the baby cries all day you may not get to run through the streets to the dock with your friend to watch the unloading and see the ships. You hope for calm.