The following paragraphs contain five sentence fragments, six comma splices, and one run-on sentence. Please identify and correct them.

 Floating upward through a confusion of dreams and memory, curving like a trout through the rings of previous risings, I surface. My eyes open, I am awake.

 Cataract sufferers must see like this when the bandages are removed after the operation: every detail as sharp as if seen for the first time, yet familiar too, known from before the time of blindness, the remembered and the seen coalescing as in a stereoscope.

 It is obviously very early, the light is no more than dusk that leaks past the edges of the blinds. But I see, or remember, or both, the uncurtained windows, the bare rafters, the board walls with nothing on them. Except a calendar that I think was here the last time we were, eight years ago.

 What used to be aggressively spartan is shabby now, nothing has been refreshed or added since Charity and Sid turned the compound over to the children. I should feel as if I were waking up in some Ma-and-Pa motel in hard-times country, but I don’t. I have spent too many good days and nights in this cottage to be depressed by it.

 There is even, as my eyes make better use of the dusk and I lift my head off the pillow to look around, something marvelously reassuring about the room, a warmth even in the gloom. Associations, probably, but also color. The unfinished pine of the walls and ceilings has mellowed, over the years, to a rich honey color, as if stained by the warmth of the people who built it into a shelter for their friends. I take it as an omen; and though I remind myself why we are here, I can’t shake the sense of loved familiarity into which I just awoke.

 The air is as familiar as the room. Standard summer-cottage taint of mice, plus a faint, not-unpleasant remembrance of skunks under the house, but around and through those a keenness as of seven thousand feet. Illusion, of course. What smells like altitude is latitude. Canada is only a dozen miles north, and the ice sheet that left its tracks all over this region has not gone for good, but only withdrawn. Something in the air, even in August, says it will be back. Sally is still sleeping, I slide out of bed and go barefooted across the cold wooden floor. The calendar, as I pass it, insists that it is not the one I remember, it says accurately, that it is 1972, and that the month is August.

 The door creaks as I ease it open. Keen air, gray light , gray lake below, gray sky through the hemlocks whose tops reach well above the porch. More than once in summers past, Sid and I cut down some of those weed-like trees to let more light into the guest cottage all we did was destroy some individuals, we never discouraged the species. The hemlocks like this steep shore. Like other species, they hang on to their territory.

 From CROSSING TO SAFETY by Wallace Stegner