Answer Key

On a dark and stormy night, four shadowy figures made their way through the thick trees that shielded their ghostly torches from the wind gusting around them. Ever so slowly, the foursome traveled (to, be, as) their hidden grotto for another meeting (am, of, so) the Dead Writer's Society.

After they (inspire, arrived, between), Sam slammed a gavel made of (block, leave, solid) oak onto an old, dead tree (guard, walls, stump) and called the meeting to order. (Secretary, Invigorate, Sculpture) Sam opened the meeting in his (story, catch, usual) manner.

"We now begin yet another (concrete, tiresome, visitors) meeting of the minds. I call (iron, upon, that) anyone who wishes to chit-chat (leave, after, about) books, philosophy, free thought, or sports (of, to, in) speak freely. This is an open (works, color, forum) and members may speak about anything (relevant, explain, learning) that comes to mind." Sam draped (for, low, his) garments around himself and sat upon (how, the, buy) lower limb of a leafless elm.

(Will, Many, Judd), the society's keeper of times, rose (from, with, came) the moon looming behind him. Judd (had, dog, saw) chosen his seat specifically for this (tapestry, painting, purpose). The October moon occasionally broke through (was, the, new) pale clouds that covered the night (are, all, sky) and created a chillingly silhouetted effect.

(Rise, Judd, Reel) cleared the phlegm from his throat (and, can, too) hoarsely proclaimed, "I bring up the (galleries, display, question) of Shakespeare and whether the society (proclaim, ceramic, affirms) or denies that he is the (walk, best, pale) writer ever. It behooves the society (by, to, is) determine a stance in said matter."

(The, Far, May) society members felt strongly about this (dragon, subject, against), having spent many evenings debating the (behind, merits, carve) of the English playwright. Sam hooted (like, once, fang) an owl and proclaimed, "I feel (year, that, worn) Shakespeare is certainly one of the (than, best, more) writers ever."

In a regal manner, (touring, strongly, another) member named Rob stated, "Clearly this (ladies, effect, writer) is one of the best, along (with, also, much) Jack London, Edgar Allen Poe, and (many, robe, Mark) Twain."

"I agree," Judd said. "But (no, he, us) is sometimes difficult to understand."

After (continue, ancient, several) hours of conversation while the wind (copper, whipped, believe) at their campfire until it was (explanation, Shakespeare's, extinguished), the four realized it was time (wet, air, for) their meeting in the grotto to (best, come, play) to an end. With much discussion (among, behind, natural) them, the meeting of the Dead (Writer's, English, phlegm) Society agreed to meet again in (old, dog, two) weeks. They held their
Answer Key

candles aloft (are, and, map) in single-file fashion, headed back (we, at, to) their respective vehicles and drove off (cane, into, tall) the dark, stormy night.
On a dark and stormy night, four shadowy figures made their way through the thick trees that shielded their ghostly torches from the wind gusting around them. Ever so slowly, the foursome traveled (to, be, as) their hidden grotto for another meeting (am, of, so) the Dead Writer's Society.

After they (inspire, arrived, between), Sam slammed a gavel made of (block, leave, solid) oak onto an old, dead tree (guard, walls, stump) and called the meeting to order. (Secretary, Invigorate, Sculpture) Sam opened the meeting in his (story, catch, usual) manner.

"We now begin yet another (concrete, tiresome, visitors) meeting of the minds. I call (iron, upon, that) anyone who wishes to chit-chat (leave, after, about) books, philosophy, free thought, or sports (of, to, in) speak freely. This is an open (works, color, forum) and members may speak about anything (relevant, explain, learning) that comes to mind." Sam draped (for, low, his) garments around himself and sat upon (how, the, buy) lower limb of a leafless elm.

(Will, Many, Judd), the society's keeper of times, rose (from, with, came) the moon looming behind him. Judd (had, dog, saw) chosen his seat specifically for this (tapestry, painting, purpose). The October moon occasionally broke through (was, the, new) pale clouds that covered the night (are, all, sky) and created a chillingly silhouetted effect.

(Rise, Judd, Reel) cleared the phlegm from his throat (and, can, too) hoarsely proclaimed, "I bring up the (galleries, display, question) of Shakespeare and whether the society (proclaim, ceramic, affirms) or denies that he is the (walk, best, pale) writer ever. It behooves the society (by, to, is) determine a stance in said matter."

(The, Far, May) society members felt strongly about this (dragon, subject, against), having spent many evenings debating the (behind, merits, carve) of the English playwright. Sam hooted (like, once, fang) an owl and proclaimed, "I feel (year, that, worn) Shakespeare is certainly one of the (than, best, more) writers ever."

In a regal manner, (touring, strongly, another) member named Rob stated, "Clearly this (ladies, effect, writer) is one of the best, along (with, also, much) Jack London, Edgar Allen Poe, and (many, robe, Mark) Twain."

"I agree," Judd said. "But (no, he, us) is sometimes difficult to understand."

After (continue, ancient, several) hours of conversation while the wind (copper, whipped, believe) at their campfire until it was (explanation, Shakespeare's, extinguished), the four realized it was time (wet, air, for) their meeting in the grotto to (best, come, play) to an end. With much discussion (among, behind, natural) them, the meeting of the Dead (Writer's, English, phlegm) Society agreed to meet again in (old, dog, two)
weeks. They held their candles aloft (are, and, map) in single-file fashion, headed back (we, at, to) their respective vehicles and drove off (cane, into, tall) the dark, stormy night.