The red sunset with \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ black cloud strips like threats across it, lay on the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ horizon of the prairie. The air was \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ and cold and in it settled the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ darkness and greater cold of night. High in the air there was wind, for through the veil of the dusk, the clouds, could be seen gliding \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ south and changing shapes. A queer sensation of torment, of two-sided \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ nature, arose from the still of the upper air. Out of the sunset, through the dead \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ grass and \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ weed stalks of the prairie, crept the narrow and deeply rutted remains of the road. –Walter Van Tilbury Clark

About fifteen miles below Monterey, on the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ coast, the Torres family had their farm, a few \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ acres above a cliff that dropped to the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ reefs and to the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (2 words) waters of the ocean. Behind the farm the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ mountains stoop up against the sky. The far buildings huddled like \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ aphids on the mountain skirts, crouched low to the ground as though the wind might blow them into the sea. The \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ shack, the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (2 words) barn were gray-bitten with sea salt, beaten by the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ wind until they had taken on the color of granite hills. –John Steinbeck