

## The Homework Assignment

Claudia sat on her bed, lost in thought. Mr. Costa had given the class a writing assignment for the next day. He asked everyone to write an idea for a story telling what they wanted to be doing in twenty years. Claudia put her pen to the paper.

I am on a \_\_\_\_\_<sup>1</sup> ski slope in Austria. The hill must be at least a 45-<sup>2</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ angle. The snow on the hill is covered with a thin sheet of ice because there was a hard \_\_\_\_\_<sup>3</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ last night. I know the slope is dangerous, but I'm not afraid. I can \_\_\_\_\_<sup>4</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ better than anyone I know. I take a deep breath, forcing myself to \_\_\_\_\_<sup>5</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ slowly and evenly. I concentrate on the \_\_\_\_\_<sup>6</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ and quiet here on the mountain. I count down very slowly and push off. The ice \_\_\_\_\_<sup>7</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ my skis feels slippery. I push off and fly down the hill faster, faster, faster.

Claudia's stomach growled. She thought about the \_\_\_\_\_<sup>8</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ she would eat with Mattie this evening. She knew she had to finish her homework before she went to Mattie's house. She wrinkled her brow and kept writing.

As I enter the crowded auditorium, the Prime Minister smiles and stands up to \_\_\_\_\_<sup>9</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ me. I begin to give my \_\_\_\_\_<sup>10</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Several people in the back of the hall begin to boo because they disagree with my opinions. I see that I will have to give them a good \_\_\_\_\_<sup>11</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ to vote for me, or else my opponent will \_\_\_\_\_<sup>12</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ me in this important election.



"Maybe I'll just sneak into the kitchen for a slice of Mom's whole-<sup>13</sup> bread," Claudia said to herself. "All this homework sure makes me hungry!" Then she thought of something else she would like to be doing in twenty years.

I am sitting at a concert grand.<sup>14</sup> I have just finished playing Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." The crowd is going wild. I take one bow, two bows, three bows. They are still clapping wildly. Finally I<sup>15</sup> to play one more piece. The crowd is silent as I raise my hands to begin.



Just then, Claudia remembered the dream she had the night before while she was<sup>16</sup>. She got out another sheet of paper.

I am in the operating room. The patient is covered with a heavy cotton<sup>17</sup>. He was very<sup>18</sup> when they brought him in, and he is getting weaker every minute. The nurse put a bandage on his arm so that his wound wouldn't bleed. There is only one way to<sup>19</sup> his chances of getting well. I ask the nurse for the<sup>20</sup> and give him a shot. I am the best doctor in the country. If anyone can save him, I can.

When the doorbell rang, Claudia looked at the clock. "Wow! It's been an hour, and I don't have one idea for a story—I have four!" She smiled and ran downstairs to meet Mattie.



greet  
pizza  
weak  
breathe  
freeze  
piano  
speech  
asleep  
increase  
peace  
ski  
defeat  
reason  
needle  
steep  
sheet  
wheat  
agree  
degree  
beneath