Stacy's head was light with the ____________, her eyes gritty and burning, her ____________, ____________, ____________. thick when she crested a hill ____________ dropped down a gully where a ____________, ____________, ____________, ____________. cottonwood tree rustled in the wind. ____________ the base of the tree, water ____________, ____________, ____________, ____________. seeped filled the unsatisfied disappeared bent without a ____________. Except for the tree. The tree ____________ there because of the ____________, ____________, ____________, ____________. The western sky ____________ coloring when she woke up, startled ____________, ____________, ____________, ____________. an approaching roar. Hardly having time ____________ recollect where she was, she rolled ____________, ____________, ____________, ____________. into a ball at the base ____________, ____________, ____________, ____________. the tree and looked through the ____________, ____________, ____________, ____________. at a small plane, which passed ____________ close and then circled to ____________, ____________, ____________, ____________. again. That was Mr. Shannon’s plane. ____________ was probably out ____________, ____________, ____________, ____________. looking for her.
Shannon was a rancher. He had survived the dust bowl years of the 1930’s, the dirty thirties, people here call them, now owned one of the largest in the area; but he always seemed to Stacy to be withered and, as though he had never gotten water in all the years of prosperity. 

From: Bauer (1978) Shelter from the Wind. Dale-Chall level 5.4