Small clusters of pale green needles emerged from the old weathered pine tree in our front yard. The high mounds of snow in the_________ of our yard had begun to
pinning water corner
_________, the water flowing gently into the_________ of dark earth
gunfire melt crash creature furrow stood

Grandfather had_________ around the base of the_________ like a moat.
copied word dug tree snow follow

Grandfather's tree stood_________ in the far corner of the yard, its
played alone oppressive was unusual dark
green-needled branches emanating harmoniously from the_________, reaching out like
voice exit trunk

a large_________. It was a magic tree, holding_________ the shade of its
already father umbrella still me in
branches the_________ and harmony Grandfather so often talked_________.
peace reluctantly class that about heard

Despite the warmth of the sun, the_________ in Kirimi, Pyongyang was dark
air added hill
and_________, filled with the sound of_________ and with the menacing glint
place wandering heavy gunfire yard letting
of_________ swords. For the people in Kirimi,_________ day was no different
rightful thick drawn this these wink
from the_________ gray days of winter. The warmth_________ the spring sun
bitter siding greasy home because of
and the_________ of the icy snow brought no_________ from the
clapping thawing old hope into respite

oppressiveness that engulfed us.

Grandfather,_________ the Korean people might experience the
hoping third tending
_________ and beauty of spring again, had_________ sure my mother included
that gray exhilaration took afraid made

the_________ chun or spring, in the names of_________ of my brothers. My
moving owner word none each soldiers

7-14: Year of Impossible Goodbyes by S. N Choi (L=804)
oldest brother's was Hanchun, meaning "Korean spring"; my
name mothered sofa

brother, Jaechun, was called "spring again"; third
second almost the your my years

brother, Hyunchun, the "wise spring"; and youngest brother, Inchun, the
outside their my

"benevolent." Inchun was now almost seven, and a

spring still had not come our village.

to around falling

I saw Grandfather peer out at the yard from his room, and look at the delicate branches of
the pine tree playing against the hazy, pale blue sky.
Small clusters of pale green needles emerged from the old weathered pine tree in our front yard. The high mounds of snow in the corner of our yard had begun to pinning water corner

the water flowing gently into the furrow of dark earth creature furrow stood

gunfire melt crash

Grandfather had copied word dug around the base of the tree snow follow

green-needled branches emanating harmoniously from the trunk, reaching out like a moat.

Grandfather's tree stood alone in the far corner of the yard, its

dark

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guns

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cabbage harmonious spring

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