Mr. Poe opened his mouth to speak, but had to cough a few times before he began.

“Yes you do. I’m dropping you _______ on my way to the bank, _______.

we need to leave as soon _______ possible. Please get out of bed _______.

get dressed,” he said briskly. The _______ “briskly” here means “Quickly, so as

_________ to said on dirt briskly house

to said on

got the Baudelaire children to leave the _______.” The Baudelaire

children left the _______. Mr. Poe’s automobile rumbled along the cobblestone

house passed monument

streets of the _______ toward the neighborhood where Count Olaf _______.

children city which lived joined bank

They passed horse-drawn carriages and _______ along Doldrum Drive.

They passed the Fickle Fountain, an _______ carved monument that occasionally

angrily elaborately streets

spat out _______ in which young children played. They _______ an enormous

coughs made water passed appeared pale

pale pile of dirt where the Royal Gardens _______ stood. Before too long, Mr. Poe drove

children daily once

_______ car down a narrow alley lined _______ houses made of pale brick

they his played as stood with

and _______ halfway down the block. “Here we _______,” Mr. Poe said,
at dressed stopped are end new

in a voice _______ meant to be cheerful. “Your new _______.”

recently undoubtedly pile brick where home

The Baudelaire children looked out and _______ the prettiest house on the

asked saw voiced

block. The _______ had been cleaned very well, and _______ the wide

bricks mouth looked better through block
and open windows one see an assortment of well-groomed plants piles on

Standing in the doorway, with her on the shiny brass doorknob, was an

woman, smartly dressed, who was smiling the children.

In one hand she a flowerpot. “Hello there!” she called.

“You must be the children Count Olaf is adopting.”
Mr. Poe opened his mouth to speak, but had to cough a few times before he began.

“Yes you do. I’m dropping you off on my way to the bank, so mouth then we need to leave as soon possible. Please get out of bed adopting as until get dressed,” he said briskly. The “briskly” here means “Quickly, so as mouth here word get the Baudelaire children to leave the house. The Baudelaire children left the house. Mr. Poe’s automobile rumbled along the cobblestone streets of the toward the neighborhood where Count Olaf lived joined bank. They passed horse-drawn carriages and beds that motorcycles along Doldrum Drive.

They passed the Fickle Fountain, an carved monument that occasionally angrily elaborately streets spat out in which young children played. They made an enormous water passed appeared pale pile of dirt where the Royal Gardens stood. Before too long, Mr. Poe drove children daily once car down a narrow alley lined houses made of pale brick they his played as stood with

and halfway down the block. “Here we,” Mr. Poe said, at dressed stopped are end new in a voice meant to be cheerful. “Your new.”

recently undoubtedly pile brick where home

The Baudelaire children looked out and the prettiest house on the asked saw voiced block. The had been cleaned very well, and the wide bricks mouth looked better through block.
and open windows one see an assortment of well-groomed plants piles on

Standing in the doorway, with her on the shiny brass doorknob, was an hand of children

woman, smartly dressed, who was smiling the children.

In one hand she a flowerpot. “Hello there!” she called.

“You must be the children Count Olaf is adopting.”