Halfway down the hallway on the second floor, Jessica stopped, simply from force of habit, to listen to Brandon. If Brandon was home, he could be heard, even when he wasn’t his trumpet, as he was obviously at that moment. Jessica stood still. Brandon hadn’t been playing the trumpet for very long -- only a little over year. Jessica knew exactly how long had been because he had started a short time before the day had turned into a stinking traitor.

never forget when that had happened. In that one year Brandon had to make the trumpet blare and loud enough to disturb everybody for around. Jessica put her hands over ears, for the shout of the pierced the walls as if they tissue paper. It sounded just Brandon, she thought. He’d always done a of shouting. When she reached the , Jessica walked quickly and quietly. As passed the Posts’ apartment, she started hear a dull whine of conversation with always and she hurried faster, imagining the door and the sound swelling out like a tidal wave to engulf her.
At _____________ rear of the building, passing the _____________ to the
    doing hurried the

door rear at

apartment where Mrs. Fortune _____________ with all her cats, she stopped
    lived from things

and sniffed to see how bad _____________ cat stink was that evening.
    once she briefly disturb the shout

Then _____________ went on more quietly, because Mrs. Fortune, _____________ spite
    maybe always she in faster quickly

of her age, had incredibly _____________ ears. At least, she seemed to _____________
    lived good from incredibly ears know

everything that went on in the _____________ apartment house. But maybe, as Brandon
    entire conversation the

had once suggested, it was only the cats who had good ears, and Mrs. Fortune just her

information from them.
Halfway down the hallway on the second floor, Jessica stopped, simply from force of habit, to listen to Brandon. If Brandon was home, he could be heard, even of she usually when he wasn’t practicing his trumpet, as he was obviously doing thought weird moment. Jessica stood still. Brandon hadn’t been playing the trumpet hear stinking listening for very long -- only a little over year. Jessica knew exactly how long had been because he had started a short time only it imagining only incredibly playing before the day had turned into a stinking traitor. could never forget when that had happened enough the.

In that one year Brandon had learned to make the trumpet blare and with learned been loud enough to disturb everybody for around. Jessica put her hands over ears, for the shout of the pierced the walls as if they tissue paper. It sounded just Brandon, she thought. He’d always done a of shouting. When she reached the lot know done, Jessica walked quickly and quietly. As passed the Posts’ main floor house she of stopped apartment, she started hear a dull whine of conversation with always and she hurried faster, imagining the door and the sound swelling out like opening ran home tidal wave to engulf her.

8-17: *The Witches of Worm* by Z. Snyder (L=920)
At the rear of the building, passing the door rear at the apartment where Mrs. Fortune with all her cats, she stopped lived from things and sniffed to see how bad cat stink was that evening. once briefly disturb the shout

Then went on more quietly, because Mrs. Fortune, spite maybe always she in faster quickly of her age, had incredibly ears. At least, she seemed to lived good from incredibly ears know everything that went on in the apartment house. But maybe, as Brandon entire conversation the had once suggested, it was only the cats who had good ears, and Mrs. Fortune just her information from them.