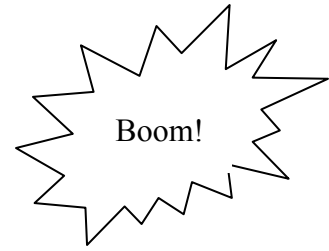


Cloze Procedure  
for *The Westing Game* by Ellen Raskin



Directions:

Read the entire passage. Then attempt to fill each blank with a word that you think the author might have used. This is not a timed time, but rather a way to determine your background knowledge of the topic. Take as much time as you need,

Theo, upset over his Skid Row snooping, took out his anger on the UP button, poking it, jabbing it, until the elevator finally made its way down to the \_\_\_\_\_. Slowly the door slid \_\_\_\_\_. He stared down at \_\_\_\_\_ sparking, sputtering arsenal, yelled \_\_\_\_\_ belly-flopped to the \_\_\_\_\_ as rockets whizzed out \_\_\_\_\_ the elevator, inches above \_\_\_\_\_ head. Boom! Boom! A \_\_\_\_\_ flash of white fire \_\_\_\_\_ through the lobby, through \_\_\_\_\_ open entrance door, and \_\_\_\_\_ into a chrysanthemum of \_\_\_\_\_ in the night sky. \_\_\_\_\_ the elevator door closed. \_\_\_\_\_ bomber had make one \_\_\_\_\_. The last rocket blasted \_\_\_\_\_ when the elevator returned \_\_\_\_\_ the third floor. Boom! \_\_\_\_\_ the time the bomb \_\_\_\_\_ reached the scene (by \_\_\_\_\_ of the stairs), the \_\_\_\_\_ had cleared, but the \_\_\_\_\_ girl was still huddled \_\_\_\_\_ the hallway floor, tears \_\_\_\_\_ down her turtle-like \_\_\_\_\_.  
“For heaven’s sake, say \_\_\_\_\_,” her mother said. “Tell \_\_\_\_\_ where it hurts.”

The \_\_\_\_\_ was too great to \_\_\_\_\_ put into words. Five \_\_\_\_\_ of Turtle’s braid were \_\_\_\_\_ singed.

Grace Wexler attacked \_\_\_\_\_ policeman. “Nothing but a \_\_\_\_\_ prank, you said. Some \_\_\_\_\_ prank; both my children \_\_\_\_\_ injured, almost killed. Maybe \_\_\_\_\_ you’ll do something, now \_\_\_\_\_ it’s too late.”

Unshaken \_\_\_\_\_ the mother’s anger, the \_\_\_\_\_ held up the sign \_\_\_\_\_ had been taped to \_\_\_\_\_ elevator wall:

THE BOMBER \_\_\_\_\_ AGAIN!!!

On the reverse \_\_\_\_\_ was a handwritten composition: “\_\_\_\_\_ I Spent My Summer \_\_\_\_\_” by Turtle Wexler.

Grace \_\_\_\_\_ the theme and shook \_\_\_\_\_ at her daughter, who \_\_\_\_\_ being rocked in Flora \_\_\_\_\_ arms. “Somebody stole this \_\_\_\_\_ you, didn’t they, Turtle? \_\_\_\_\_ couldn’t have done such \_\_\_\_\_ awful thing, not to \_\_\_\_\_, not to your own \_\_\_\_\_, could you Turtle? Could \_\_\_\_\_?”

“I want to see \_\_\_\_\_ lawyer,” Turtle replied.

