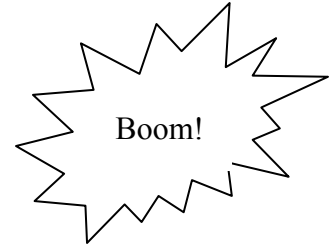




Answer Key for The Cloze Procedure  
*The Westing Game* by Ellen Raskin  
New York: Puffin, 149-150.



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 **lobby**. Slowly the door slid **open**. He stared down at **the** sparking, sputtering arsenal, yelled **and** belly-flopped to the **carpet** as rockets whizzed out **of** the elevator, inches above **his** head. Boom! Boom! A **blinding** flash of white fire **streaked** through the lobby, through **the** open entrance door, and **burst** into a chrysanthemum of **color** in the night sky. **Then** the elevator door closed.

**The** bomber had make one **mistake**. The last rocket blasted **off** when the elevator returned **to** the third floor. Boom!

**By** the time the bomb **squad** reached the scene (by **way** of the stairs), the **smoke** had cleared, but the **young** girl was still huddled **on** the hallway floor, tears **streaming** down her turtle-like **face**.

“For heaven’s sake, say **something**,” her mother said. “Tell **me** where it hurts.”

The **pain** was too great to **be** put into words. Five **inches** of Turtle’s braid were **badly** singed.

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

Unshaken **by** the mother’s anger, the **policeman** held up the sign **that** had been taped to **the** elevator wall:

### THE BOMBER STRIKES AGAIN!!!

On the reverse **side** was a handwritten composition: “**How** I Spent My Summer **Vacation**” by Turtle Wexler.

Grace **grabbed** the theme and shook **it** at her daughter, who **was** being rocked in Flora **Baumbach’s** arms. “Somebody stole this **from** you, didn’t they, Turtle? **You** couldn’t have done such **an** awful thing, not to **Angela**, not to your own **sister**, could you Turtle? Could **you**?”

“I want to see **a** lawyer,” Turtle replied.