



## The Westing Game

### Student Handout

“Jake Wexler had given up his private practice (both private practices) now that he had been appointed consultant to the governor’s inquiry panel for a state lottery (thanks to \_\_\_\_\_ recommendation by Judge Ford). \_\_\_\_\_ Was proud of him, \_\_\_\_\_ his daughters were doing \_\_\_\_\_. In fact everything was \_\_\_\_\_, just fine.

Hoo’s On \_\_\_\_\_ was a great success. \_\_\_\_\_ Wexler the new owner, \_\_\_\_\_ free meals to the sports \_\_\_\_\_ who came to town, and everyone wanted to \_\_\_\_\_ where the athletes ate. \_\_\_\_\_ Restaurant’s one windowless wall \_\_\_\_\_ covered with autographed photographs \_\_\_\_\_ Brewers, Packers and Bucks. \_\_\_\_\_ Straightened the framed picture \_\_\_\_\_ a smiling champion, signed: \_\_\_\_\_ Grace W. Wexler, who \_\_\_\_\_ the number-one food in \_\_\_\_\_ - Doug Hoo. She certainly \_\_\_\_\_ a lucky woman: a \_\_\_\_\_ restaurateur, wife of a \_\_\_\_\_ official, and mother of \_\_\_\_\_ cleverest kid who ever \_\_\_\_\_. Turtle was going to \_\_\_\_\_ somebody someday.

A narrow \_\_\_\_\_ remained, and would always \_\_\_\_\_, on Angela's cheek. It \_\_\_\_\_ slightly raised, and she \_\_\_\_\_ developed a habit of \_\_\_\_\_ her fingers along it \_\_\_\_\_ she poured over books. \_\_\_\_\_ In college again, she \_\_\_\_\_ At home to save \_\_\_\_\_ for the years of \_\_\_\_\_ school ahead. She had \_\_\_\_\_ the engagement ring to \_\_\_\_\_ Deere; she had not \_\_\_\_\_ him since Crow's wedding. \_\_\_\_\_ Plum had stopped calling \_\_\_\_\_ ten refusals. Angela had \_\_\_\_\_ the time nor the \_\_\_\_\_ for a social life \_\_\_\_\_ with studying, her weekly \_\_\_\_\_ date with Sydelle, and \_\_\_\_\_ spent helping Crow and Otis in the soup kitchen.

"Study, study, study," Turtle said.

Angela saw little of her sister, who was either at school, in Flora Baumbach's apartment or at the library. "Hi Turtle, how come you're so happy today?"

"The stock market jumped twenty-five points."