

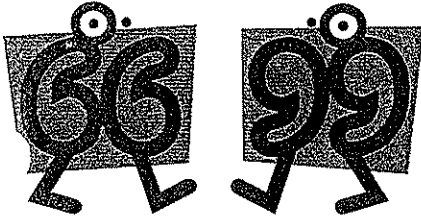
Nouns Review Additional Practice

Circle the nouns in the following paragraphs. Want to check your answers? Ask for an answer key!

As he turned to go, he spat speculatively. There was a sharp, explosive crackle that startled him. He spat again. And again, in the air before it could fall to the snow, the spittle crackled. He knew that at fifty below spittle crackled on the snow, but this spittle had crackled in the air. Undoubtedly it was colder than fifty below—how much colder he did not know. But the temperature did not matter. He would be in to camp by six o'clock; a bit after dark, it was true, but the boys would be there, a fire would be going, and a hot supper would be ready. As for lunch, he pressed his hand against the protruding bundle under his jacket. It was also under his shirt, wrapped up in a handkerchief and lying against the naked skin. It was the only way to keep the biscuits from freezing. He smiled agreeably to himself as he thought of those biscuits, each cut open and sopped in bacon grease, and each enclosing a generous slice of fried bacon.

He plunged in among the big spruce trees. The trail was faint. A foot of snow had fallen since the last sled had passed over, and he was glad he was without a sled, travelling light. In fact, he carried nothing but the lunch wrapped in the handkerchief. He was surprised, however, at the cold. It certainly was cold, he concluded, as he rubbed his numb nose and cheekbones with his mittened hand. He was a warm-whiskered man, but the hair on his face did not protect the high cheekbones and the eager nose that thrust itself aggressively into the frosty air.

Source: The above text is an edited excerpt from "To Build A Fire," a short story written in 1908 by Jack London.



Verbs and Verb Phrases Review Additional Practice

Circle the verbs or verb phrases in each quote. Want to check your answers? Ask for an answer key!

I'm a 4-wheel-drive pickup type of guy. So is my wife.

Mike Greenwell, baseball player

Twenty-three is old. It's almost twenty-five, which is like almost mid-twenties.

Jessica Simpson, singer

Wal-mart . . . do they, like, make walls there?

Paris Hilton, heiress

I get to go to lots of overseas places, like Canada.

Britney Spears, singer

It is wonderful to be here in the great state of Chicago.

Dan Quayle, former VP of the United States

I have opinions of my own—strong opinions—but I don't always agree with them.

George Bush, former President of the United States

I cannot tell you how grateful I am—I am filled with humility.

Gib Lewis, speaker of the Texas House

I don't want to ever, ever do something in life that isn't fun. Ever.

Jennifer Love Hewitt, actress

We're going to move left and right at the same time.

Jerry Brown, former Governor of California

Pitching is 80% of the game. The other half is hitting and fielding.

Mickey Rivers, baseball player

We're just physically not physical enough.

Denny Crum, basketball coach

The doctors X-rayed my head and found nothing.

Dizzy Dean, baseball player

We're going to turn this team around 360 degrees.

Jason Kidd, basketball player

I feel safe in white because, deep down inside, I'm an angel.

P-Diddy, musician

Source: www.goodquotes.com (10/2/2006)



Adjectives Review Additional Practice

Circle the adjectives in the following passage. Do NOT include the articles. Draw an arrow from the adjective to the noun or pronoun it modifies (describes). Want to check your answers? Ask for an answer key!

When I came to again, I was sitting under an oak tree, on the grass, with a whole beautiful and broad country landscape all to myself—nearly. Not entirely; for there was a fellow on a horse, looking down at me—a fellow fresh out of a picture book. He was in old-time iron armor from head to heel, with a helmet on his head the shape of a nail-keg with slits in it; and he had a shield, and a sword, and a prodigious spear; and his horse had armor on, too, and a steel horn projecting from his forehead, and gorgeous red and green silk trappings that hung down all around him like a bedquilt, nearly to the ground.

"Fair sir, will ye joust?" said this fellow.

"Will I which?"

"Will ye try a passage of arms for land or lady or for—"

"What are you giving me?" I said. "Get along back to your circus, or I'll report you."

Now what does this man do but fall back a couple of hundred yards and then come rushing at me as hard as he could tear, with his nail-keg bent down nearly to his horse's neck and his long spear pointed straight ahead. I saw he meant business, so I was up the tree when he arrived.

He allowed that I was his property, the captive of his spear. There was argument on his side—and the bulk of the advantage—so I judged it best to humor him. We fixed up an agreement whereby I was to go with him and he was not to hurt me. I came down, and we started away, I walking by the side of his horse. We marched comfortably along, through glades and over brooks, which I could not remember to have seen before—which puzzled me and made me wonder—and yet we did not come to any circus or sign of a circus. So I gave up the idea of a circus, and concluded he was from an asylum. But we never came to an asylum—so I was up a stump, as you may say. I asked him how far we were from Hartford. He said he had never heard of the place; which I took to be a lie, but allowed it to go at that. At the end of an hour we saw a far-away town sleeping in a valley by a winding river; and beyond it on a hill, a vast gray fortress, with towers and turrets, the first I had ever seen out of a picture.

"Bridgeport?" said I, pointing.

"Camelot," said he.

Source: The above text is an edited excerpt from *A Connecticut Yankee In King Arthur's Court*, a novel written in 1889 by Mark Twain.



Adverbs Review Additional Practice

Circle the adverbs in the passage below. Draw an arrow from the adverb to the verb, adjective, or adverb it modifies. Want to check your answers? Ask for an answer key!

Just as we were about to depart, Herr Delbruck (the maitre d'hotel of the Quatre Saisons, where I was staying) came down bareheaded to the carriage and, after wishing me a pleasant drive, said to the coachman, "Remember you are back by nightfall for you know what night it is."

Johann answered with an emphatic, "Ja, mein Herr," and, touching his hat, drove off quickly. When we had cleared the town, I said, after signalling to him to stop:

"Tell me, Johann, what is tonight?"

He crossed himself, as he answered laconically: "Walpurgis nacht." Then he took out his watch, a great, old-fashioned German silver thing as big as a turnip and looked at it, with his eyebrows gathered together and a little impatient shrug of his shoulders.

The road was pretty bleak, for we were traversing a sort of high windswept plateau. As we drove, I saw a road that looked but little used and which seemed to dip through a little winding valley. It looked so inviting that, even at the risk of offending him, I called Johann to stop. I told him I would like to drive down that road. He made all sorts of excuses. This somewhat piqued my curiosity, so I asked him various questions. He answered fencingly and repeatedly looked at his watch in protest.

Finally I said, "Well, Johann, I want to go down this road. I shall not ask you to come unless you like; but tell me why you do not like to go, that is all I ask." For answer he stretched out his hands appealingly to me and implored me not to go. There was just enough of English mixed with the German for me to understand the drift of his talk. He seemed always just about to tell me something—the very idea of which evidently frightened him; but each time he pulled himself up saying,

"Walpurgis nacht!"

Source: The above text is an edited excerpt from "Dracula's Guest," a short story - written in 1914 by Bram Stoker.