**Umbrella**

It was a cloudy night; the darkness covered the city like a thick blanket. The wind blew gusts of air smelling of car fumes through the streets; it sneaked under the cracks of doors and whispered down \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ chimneys.

Mr Bell hurried down a dark street, holding onto his bowler hat so that the harsh breeze couldn't steal it. The wind blew harder, almost blowing the short, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_man off-course. Eyes narrowed, Mr Bell tried again to walk into the path of the determined gale. A hazy drizzle of misty rain \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_down in sheets, making him shiver and cough. Cursing the cold, he drew his coat tighter around his large\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. As he made to clamp his hat to his head again, he spotted something black and \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_on the pavement. An umbrella!

His heart leapt; the umbrella would be perfect! Feeling \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_with himself, Mr Bell ran towards it and \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ it up. The handle was smooth and glossy, and the waterproof \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_was black and very large.

As Mr Bell raised it above his head, something remarkable happened. He began to feel lighter as he ran over the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_street, holding tight. Lighter and lighter. With a gasp, he realised that his leather shoes were no longer making \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_with the pavement. He was flying! The wind lifted him up like hundreds of hands, all pushing him ­­­­­­­­­­­­­\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.

With a delighted and shocked shout, Mr Bell \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_down at the sprawling city below him. The street lamps looked like beautiful, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_flowers reaching up to him. Cars reminded him of jewel-coloured beetles crawling through the concrete ­­­­­\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.

The wind led him towards the park; it was the only splash of green in a grey ocean of buildings and roads. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_the umbrella tightly, he drifted towards two bronze statues of lions guarding the park entrance. Mr Bell \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_his free hand and reached towards one. As he passed, he patted it on its cold head. The lion \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ deeply and shook its impressive mane, whilst watching the small man float past. Wide-eyed, Mr Bell swung himself away. The umbrella \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ dangerously and as he grasped the handle harder, he waited dizzily for the world to stop spinning.

Still the wind carried him on. He glanced back at the now still statues. The trees swayed in time with the umbrella as he \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_higher again. A white barn owl flew past Mr Bell like a winged \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.

As he rose, he scanned the sprawling city for his house. There. He gently \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ the umbrella down towards his street. The wind rushed down and with a bump, Mr Bell landed outside his house. He looked around to check that nobody had noticed him disembarking, before making his way up the garden path. The promise of light and warmth \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_him inside. As he stood on the front porch, he folded the umbrella up and smiled as he thought about what an exciting bedtime story his daughters would have that night.

**Gazed drifted stout maze beckoned figure ghost**

**flapping coaxed pleased snatched outstretched**

**sooty dome cobbled upwards roared**

**luminous clutching swayed contact drifted**