More stories at WordBlanks.com

Life in the Iron Mills

1. Adjective _____
2. Noun _____
3. Verb - Base Form _____
4. Adjective _____
5. Adjective _____
6. Adjective _____

Life in the Iron Mills

A _____Adjective_____ day: do you know what that is in a town of _____Noun_____? The sky _____Verb - Base Form_____ down before dawn, _____Adjective_____, _____Adjective_____, _____Adjective_____. The air is thick, clammy with the breath of crowded human beings. It stifles me. I open the window, and looking out, can scarcely see through the rain the grocer's shop opposite, where a crowd of drunken Irishmen are puffing Lynchburg tobacco in their pipes . I can detect the scent through all the foul smells ranging loose in the air.

The idiosyncrasy of this town is smoke. It rolls sullenly in slow folds from the great chimneys of the iron-foundries, and settles down in black, slimy pools on the muddy streets. Smoke on the wharves, smoke on the dingy boats, on the yellow river,--clinging in a coating of greasy soot to the house-front, the two faded poplars, the faces of the passer-by. The long train of mules, dragging masses of pig-iron through the narrow street, have a foul vapor hanging to their reeking sides. Here, inside, is a little broken figure of an angel pointing upward from the mantel-shelf; but even its wings are covered with smoke, clotted and black. Smoke everywhere! A dirty canary chirps desolately in a cage beside me. Its dream of green fields and sunshine is a very old dream,--almost worn out, I think.

©2026 WordBlanks.com · All Rights Reserved.