

# The Polar Express

1. Holiday
2. Noun

# The Polar Express

On \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Holiday</sup>\_\_\_\_\_, many years ago, I lay quietly in my \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Noun</sup>\_\_\_\_\_. I did not rustle

the sheets. I was listening for a sound--a sound \_\_\_\_\_ had told me I'd never

hear--the ringing bells of \_\_\_\_\_'s sleigh.

"There is no \_\_\_\_\_," my friend had insisted, but I knew he was wrong.

Late that night I did hear sounds, though not of ringing bells. From outside

came the sounds of \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_. I looked through my window and

saw a \_\_\_\_\_ standing perfectly still in front of my house.

It was wrapped in an apron of steam. Snowflakes fell lightly around it. A

\_\_\_\_\_ stood at the open door of one of the cars. He took a \_\_\_\_\_

pocket watch from his vest, then looked up at my window. I put on slippers and a

robe. I tiptoed downstairs and out the door.

"All aboard," the conductor cried out. I ran up to him.

"Well," he said, "are you coming?"

"Where?" I asked.

"Why, to \_\_\_\_\_ of course," was his answer. "This is the \_\_\_\_\_

Express." I took his outstretched hand and he pulled me aboard.