My Dream

1. Conjunction

My Dream

I pushed open the great oak door. It creaked. I stopped and listened. Ther	e were no voic	ces. I slipped out and
walked straight towards the iron gates. I could hear my feet crunching	Conjunction	the gravel. Eight, nine,
ten, I was almost there. Then suddenly the ground underneath me began t	to shake and fr	rom its depths came

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