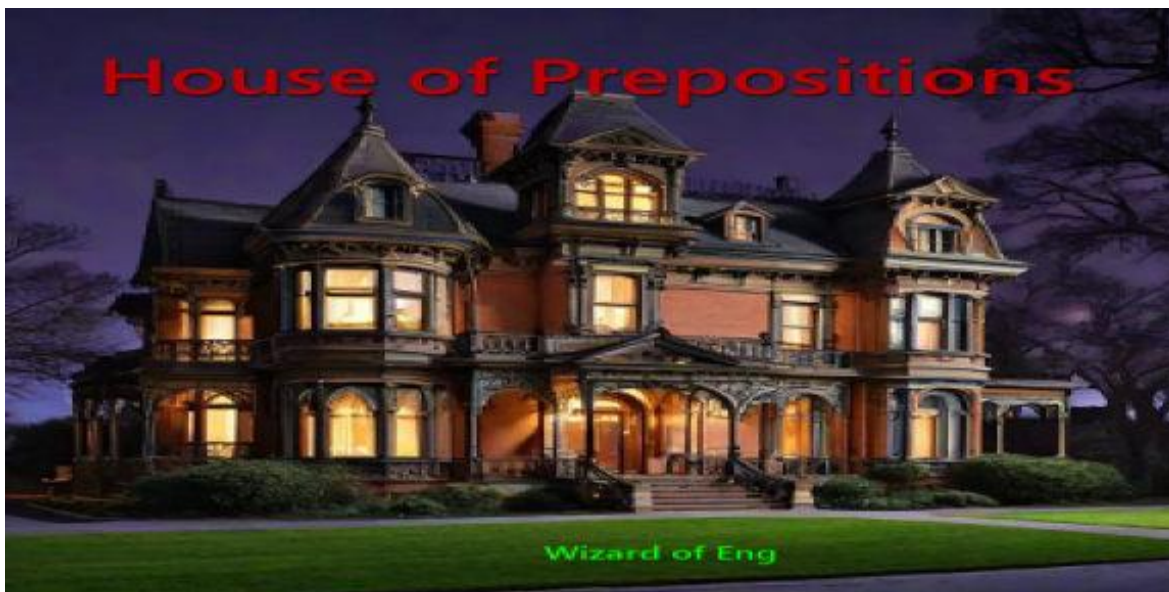


The Wizard's Homework

Prepositions of Place



Directions: Fill in the blanks with an appropriate preposition of place.



Christine Locacio loved her prepositions, *in*, *on* and *at* dearly. Night after night, she would have worrisome dreams of them for they had no place to call home. Day after day, she would weep and pray that she and her prepositions would someday live together ___ a great house of prepositions.

And so it was with great expectation and joy that she awaited the trio of Ms. Constance Inkling, Mr. Atlas Atkins and Mr. Oliver O'Neal to her *House of Prepositions*. When they arrived ___ the door to Ms. Locacio's mansion, she looked ___ amazement at them. They were the personification of her dreams. Mr. Atkins looked so handsome and impeccably dressed ___ his black suit and top hat. Young Master O'Neal, standing just behind Mr. Atkins ___ the steps, looked immaculate ___ light brown knickerbockers, dark blue cardigan, white shirt and bow tie and black stockings and shoes. Standing ___ Mr. Atkins right was the lovely Ms. Inkling. She looked the model of fashion ___ her summer dress with a lacy tucker bodice. ___ her neck, she wore a collar that matched the tucker and a cameo necklace. ___ her head, she wore a fashionable straw hat boater.

Ms. Locacio showed her guests their rooms and invited them down to the drawing room for afternoon tea. It was to be ___ the drawing room, where Ms. Locacio would learn of her so often misunderstood guests' troubled lives and how they came to know of Ms. Locacio. It was Mr. Atkins who spoke first.



As they settled into the plush chairs of the drawing room, the atmosphere was tinged with anticipation. Christine, with a gentle smile ___ her lips, poured tea for her guests, her eyes twinkling with curiosity. Mr. Atkins cleared his throat, his voice rich and smooth as he began his tale.

"My dear Ms. Locacio, you see, we prepositions have wandered the vast expanse of the English language without a place to truly belong. We are used, often misunderstood, and seldom appreciated for our true worth. In, on, at... these are not mere words; they are the essence of connection, of placement, of being."



He paused, his gaze sweeping across the room, meeting each pair of eyes with solemnity. "But we longed for a home, a place where we could exist ___ harmony, where our significance would be celebrated. And then, through the whispers of the wind and the murmurs of the pages, we heard of your dream, your vision of a House of Prepositions."

Ms. Inkling, her voice soft and melodious, picked up the thread of the narrative. "We knew then that our search was over, that fate had led us to your doorstep, dear Christine. For you, with your love for us, your dedication to our cause, you are the embodiment of what we have yearned for."

"And so," chimed ___ young Master O'Neal, his eyes shining with admiration, "we come to you not as guests, but as kindred spirits, seeking refuge ___ your House of Prepositions, where we can finally find solace and belonging."



Tears shimmered ___ Christine's eyes as she listened to their words, feeling a profound sense of fulfillment wash over her. She had dreamed of this moment for so long, but to hear it articulated by her cherished prepositions was beyond her wildest imaginings.

With a heart overflowing with gratitude, she reached out to clasp their hands ___ hers. "Welcome home, dear friends," she whispered, her voice filled with warmth. "Here, within these walls, you will always have a place to call your own. Together, we shall write the story of our lives, in, on, and ___ every turn."

And as they sat together ___ the cozy drawing room of the House of Prepositions, sipping tea and sharing tales long into the evening, Christine Locacio knew that her dreams had finally found their home.