I look up at the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ castle. The moon/sun \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ down on the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ walls leaving \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ shadows of the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ loom like \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. The air feels \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. Looking up, I see \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ windows \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.

A \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ road runs straight ahead, over a \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ bridge lit with \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, to the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ door. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ smells \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ from \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ and I can hear the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ sound of \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ from \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.