*Things Fall Apart* Vocabulary Practice

Chose from the following list to complete the passage below.

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| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| Amiss | Astir | Audacity | Benevolent | Callow |
| Clambered | Contemptible | Copiously | Cunning | Deity |
| Esoteric | Feign | Guttural | Implore | Improvident |
| Malevolent | Orator | Pandemonium | Valediction | Valor |

“The ancient Mesopotamian **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_,** Tiamat, was a fickle god, with various contradictory rites and practices he demanded.” Professor Atticus Drago droned as he made his way through the musty temple. “Only the most **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** of Priests were clever enough to keep him happy. In fact, of the three different schools of thought on the matter—“

“Right mate,” John Constantine smirked as he lit another cigarette with his golden lighter and put it the right pocket of his trench coat. “Much as I’ appreciate the **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** details of a long forgotten chap, I brought you along for the tour, not the bloody Encyclopedia.” Taking two puffs, he moved past the shocked professor. “At the risk of sounding \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, what can you tell me about these ruins? I have been in ruins before, but these are new to me.”

Professor Drago sputtered as he adjusted the glasses on his nose. “Well, I never! You-ridiculous-looking, **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** little man! I’ve spent years examining these ruins! What right do you have to treat me as some rent-a-guide!”

“Right then.” John drew long on the cigarette, **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** sucking in the cancer stick before dropping it and stomping it out. He bent down to the ground and picked a handful of dust. The professor realized that something was **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**. The radical change in behavior seemed odd, and could not mean good things. John Constantine had impressed him at the bar with knowledge of dozens of myths and religions. As a self-professed “Exorcists, Demonologist and Dabbler in the dark arts”, John had **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** to see the site after hours. He seems a good enough chap though, and there was something **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** in his eyes.

But he also was wearing a trench coat in eighty five degree heat.

“Look, master **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**, if you wanna drone on about Tiamat, that’s fine, just tell me about the bloody temple.” John said. He then held his dust covered hand out and spoke in a deep, **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** voice: *Zode Ah ree fah bull hoc est clarium****.*** With a wave, the dust flew up into a cloud, and started to swirl about in a circle. After a moment, it began to coalesce into a wheel with eight spokes.

“See here, **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**forces at work, some real dark magic. People will get hurt in this dusty little deathtrap.” In a smooth motion, he pulled another smoke and lit it. “Or would ya rather I **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** giving a crap about research when people start dying.”

The indignant professor march past him and moved to the opening of the next passageway.

“I’m astounded by your **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**, Mr. Contstantine. Do you treat all your acquaintances so harshly?”

“Only the stuffy ones, mate. Onward and up.”

The professor motioned to a small opening, recently cleared from the rock face. “It’s a tight squeeze, young man, and a dark one at that. Does your **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** match your bravado? Or are you all talk?

Professor Drago didn’t let him respond, instead bending down on his hands and knees to cross the narrow passage. As he grunted and huffed, a small bit of satisfaction played on his lips. After coming through, the professor sprang up across the room, and Constantine **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**behind him.

John moved across the threshold and **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** broke out. A ring of bright orange fire leapt in a semi circle, then full circle around him, trapping him in the space no bigger than a broom closed. John looked up to see the professor smiling, and realized something:

Tiamat wasn’t a fickle God, but a fickle Godd*ess*. He’d been played, by the very magician he been sent to find. Someone who had killed the real professor and replaced him.

“That was very **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** of you to insult me, wasn’t it Mr. Constantine? Especially when I’m the only one with the spell to break you out. Time to say farewell. ”

“Don’t worry about me, you two bit hack.” John moved his hands outward, his fingers dancing in slow precise movements. He chanted words unheard by human ears since before Christ was born. The flames died down to embers, and John walked confidently to the professor.

Just as the professor opened his mouth to call on ancient powers of his own, John grabbed the lapel of the aging warlock, and then with a right hook, knocked him clean out.

Handcuffing the man, and gagging him, John pronounced, “No **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** for you. There’s no way I’ll let you get the last, or any more, words in.”

As he smiled, he heard the skittering of claws in the dark, and he knew something was **\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.** Something old, something that hadn’t tasted meat in centuries. Something that hungered.

Pulling out his lighter, he reached in his cigarette pack, only to realize it was empty.

“Bollocks. Well then, you right tossers! It’s your unlucky day then.” John steadied himself for the coming onslaught, and smiled.