

# Missing Words Game

by *Jess H. Brewer*

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## **“The Second Coming” – W.B. Yeats**

Turning and turning in the widening gyre  
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;  
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;  
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,  
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere  
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;  
The best lack all conviction, while the worst  
Are full of passionate intensity.

Surely some revelation is at hand;  
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.  
The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out  
When a vast image out of Spiritus Mundi  
Troubles my sight: somewhere in sands of the desert  
A shape with lion body and the head of a man,  
A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,  
Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it  
Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.  
The darkness drops again; but now I know  
That twenty centuries of stony sleep  
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,  
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,  
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

## Nouns & Verbs Blanked

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The the  
apart; the  
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## Verbs Blanked

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Things          apart; the centre  
Mere anarchy          upon the world,  
The blood-dimmed tide          and everywhere  
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The best          all conviction, while the worst  
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The darkness          again; but now I  
That twenty centuries of stony sleep  
Were          to nightmare by a          cradle,  
And what rough beast, its hour          round at last,  
          towards Bethlehem to          born?

## Nouns Blanked

Turning and turning in the widening  
The            cannot hear the  
          fall apart; the            cannot hold;  
Mere            is loosed upon the  
The blood-dimmed            is loosed, and  
The            of            is drowned;  
The            lack all            while the  
Are full of passionate

Surely some            is at  
Surely the Second            is at hand.  
The Second            Hardly are those            out  
When a vast            out of            Mundi  
Troubles my            in            of the  
A            with            and the            of a  
A            blank and pitiless as the  
Is moving its slow            while all about  
Reel            of the indignant  
The            drops again; but now            know  
That twenty            of stony  
Were vexed to            by a rocking  
And what rough            its            come round at  
Slouches towards            to be born?

## Nouns, Scrambled:

gyre	falcon	falconer	Things	centre	anarchy
world	tide	everywhere	ceremony	innocence	best
conviction	worst	intensity	revelation	hand	Coming
Coming	words	image	Spiritus	sight	somewhere
sands	desert	shape	lion	body	head
man	gaze	sun	thighs	it	shadows
desert	birds	darkness	I	centuries	sleep
nightmare	cradle	beast	hour	last	Bethlehem

## Verbs, Scrambled:

Turning	turning	widening	cannot	hear	fall
cannot	hold	is	loosed	is	loosed
is	drowned	lack	Are	is	is
are	Troubles	moving	Reel	drops	know
vexed	rocking	come	Slouches	be	