



## PARTS OF SPEECH

Identify the part of speech of each UNDERLINED word. Use the following shortcuts:  
(N) for noun, (PN) for pronoun, (V) for verb, (ADJ) for adjective, (ADV) for adverb, (PREP) for preposition, (CONJ) for conjunction, (INJ) for interjection.

That night after Gansey had gone to meet Blue, Ronan retrieved one of Kavinsky's green pills from his still-unwashed pair of jeans and returned to bed. Propped up in the corner, he stretched out his hand to Chainsaw, but she ignored him. She had stolen a cheese cracker and now was very busily stacking things on top of it to make sure Ronan would never take it back. Although she kept glancing back at his out-stretched hand, she pretended not to see it as she added a bottle cap, an envelope, and a sock to the pile hiding the cracker.

## USES OF NOUNS

Identify the use of each UNDERLINED noun. Use the following shortcuts:  
(S) for subject, (SC) for subject complement, (DO) for direct object, (IO) for indirect object, (OP) for object of the preposition, and (APP) for appositive.

"Chainsaw," he said, not sharply but like he meant it. Recognizing his tone, she soared to the bed. She didn't generally enjoy petting, but she turned her head left and right. Ronan softly traced the small feathers on either side of her beak. How much energy had it taken from the ley line to create her? He wondered. Was it more to take out a person? A car? Ronan's phone buzzed. He tilted it to read the incoming text: *your mom calls me after we spend the day together*.

Ronan let the phone fall back to the bedspread. Ordinarily, seeing Kavinsky's name light up his phone gave him a strange sense of urgency, but not tonight. Not after dreaming the Camaro. He needed to process all of this first.

*Ask me what my dream was first.*

Chainsaw pecked irritably at the buzzing phone. She'd learned a lot from Ronan. He rolled the green pill in his hand. He wouldn't take anything out of his dreams tonight. Not knowing what they were going to do to the ley line. But it didn't mean he still couldn't choose what to dream of.

My favorite forgery is Prokopenko.

Ronan put the pill back in his pocket. He felt warm and sleepy and just fine. For once, he felt fine. Sleep wasn't a weapon tucked inside his brain. He knew he could choose the dream of the Barns now, if he tried, but he didn't want to dream of something that existed in this world.

excerpts from: *The Dream Thieves*, Maggie Stiefvater

