THE FANTASTIC FLYING BOOKS OF MR MORRIS LESSMORE

Words have flown from the fantastic flying books of Mr Morris lessmore. Can you put them back?

His life was a _____ of his own writing, one orderly page after another.He would open it every morning and _____ of his joys and sorrows, of all that he knew and everything that he hoped for.

Then a happy bit of happenstance came his way. Rather than looking down,as had become his_____ Morris Lessmore looked up. Drifting through the sky above him, Morris saw a _____ lady. She was being pulled along a festive squadron of flying books.

Morris slowly walked inside and discovered the most _____ and inviting room he had ever seen. It was filled with the fluttering of countless pages and Morris could hear the faint chatter of a thousand different stories, as if each book was whispering an invitation to _____.

The books were _____ but they understood. Morris put on his hat and took his cane.As he went to the door he turned and smile, then waved goodbye. "I'll carry you all in here" he said and pointed to his _____.

Morris tried to keep the books in some sort of order but they always _____ themselves up.The tragedies needed cheering up and would visit with the comedies.The _____ weary of facts would relax with the comic books and fictions.

LIVEWORKSHEETS