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In the order they appear in the text, have a think of what the missing words could be that the author has used. Once you have predicted all 20 and filled in the table next to the text you can then look at the real words the author used and compare them. Was your word or the author's more powerful? Why do you think the author chose the word he did?

Tom was left gaping; and, meanwhile, his senses began to insist upon telling him of experiences even [redacted] than this encounter. His one [redacted] foot was on cold flagstone, he knew; yet there was a contradictory softness and warmth to this flagstone. He looked down and saw that he was standing on a rug—a [redacted] rug. There were other rugs down the hall. His eyes now took in the whole of the hall—a hall that was [redacted]. No laundry box, no milk bottles, no travel posters on the walls. The walls were decorated with a [redacted] variety of other [redacted] instead: a tall Gothic barometer, a fan of peacock feathers, a [redacted] engraving of a battle (hussars and horses and shot-riddled banners) and many other pictures. There was a [redacted] dinner gong, with its wash-leathered gong-stick hanging beside it. There was a [redacted] umbrella stand holding umbrellas and walking-sticks and a parasol and an air-gun and what looked like the parts of a fishing-rod. Along the wall projected a series of bracket-shelves, each table-high. They were of oak, except for one towards the middle of the hall, by the grandfather clock. That was of white marble, and it was piled high with glass cases of stuffed birds and animals. Enacted on its chilly surface were scenes of hot bloodshed: an owl clutched a mouse in its claws; a ferret looked up from the killing of its rabbit; in a case in the middle a red fox slunk along with a gamefowl hanging from its jaws.

In all that [redacted] hall, the only object that Tom recognized was the grandfather clock. He moved towards it, not to read its face, but simply to touch it—to reassure himself that this at least was as he knew it.

His hand was nearly upon it, when he heard a little

breath behind him that was the maid passing back the way she had come. For some reason, she did not seem to make as much sound as before. He heard her call only [redacted] 'I've lit the fire in the parlour.'

She was making for the door through which she had first come, and, as Tom followed her with his eyes, he received a [redacted] impression: she reached the door, her hand was upon the knob, and then she seemed to go. That was it exactly: she went, but not through the door. She simply thinned out, and went.

Even as he stared at where she had been, Tom became aware of something going on [redacted] and [redacted] about him. He looked round [redacted] and caught the hall in the act of emptying itself of furniture and rugs and pictures. They were not positively going, perhaps, but rather [redacted] to fail to be there. The Gothic barometer, for instance, was there, before he turned to look at the red fox; when he turned back, the barometer was still there, but it had the appearance of something only [redacted] against the wall, and the wall was visible through it; meanwhile the fox had slunk into [redacted], and all the other creatures were going with him; and, turning back again [redacted] to the barometer, Tom found that gone already.

In a matter of seconds the whole hall was as he had seen it on his first arrival. He stood [redacted]. He was roused from his stupefaction by the chill of a draught at his back: it reminded him that the garden door was left open. Whatever else had happened, he had really opened that door; and he must shut it. He must go back to bed.

He closed the door after a long look: 'I shall come