

Early in the morning on the 26<sup>th</sup> of March 1930 a \_\_\_\_\_ storm hit the west coast of Scotland. The \_\_\_\_\_ seas had crashed up the cliffs reaching to the very top where it had swallowed a \_\_\_\_\_ house.

The house \_\_\_\_\_ in the wind and the roof almost \_\_\_\_\_ off the house. This made Kirsty feel \_\_\_\_\_. Kirsty thought that Angus must be feeling \_\_\_\_\_. She \_\_\_\_\_ to her little brothers' room to check he was okay. Her mom was already at his door and they both saw Angus sleeping like a \_\_\_\_\_. Outside the thunder \_\_\_\_\_ and the lightening \_\_\_\_\_. Angus was still snoring.