

# My Dream

## 1. Conjunction

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I pushed open the great oak door. It creaked. I stopped and listened. There were no voices. I slipped out and walked straight towards the iron gates. I could hear my feet crunching \_\_\_\_\_ *Conjunction* \_\_\_\_\_ the gravel. Eight, nine, ten, I was almost there. Then suddenly the ground underneath me began to shake and from its depths came..