**Two Septembers Activity**  
by Gordon Grice *•* May 10, 2019

**Fill in the blanks with sensory details.**

**A. stammered out a red panic \_\_9\_\_ B. dangled \_\_8 6\_\_\_**

**C. leapt out \_\_3\_\_\_ D. driving through a swarm of butterflies \_\_4\_\_**

**E. brassy \_\_\_5\_\_ F. thrashing in silhouette \_\_\_7\_\_**

**G. b**lack **as a racer snake \_\_1\_\_\_ H. blast \_\_\_6\_8\_**

**I. smudged \_\_2\_\_\_**

1. Blink  
  
We forgot to drop off the gas bill until 4 am, but that was just an excuse. Really, we drove out because we wanted to be in the storm.

The usual thunderstorm things happened: rain blowing in on us, which was a refreshment at first, then a call to close the car windows; the asphalt no longer gray, but \_\_1\_\_; the sudden \_\_\_2\_\_ beauty of ordinary brake lights.

Just as we passed the Catholic cemetery, dozens of yellow leaves \_\_\_3\_\_\_. It was like\_\_\_4\_\_\_. We heard them tick hard against the windshield and the grill.

“I guess summer’s over,” my companion said.

I realized then that my friends and I had been hinting at it for days, mentioning the early dusks and the \_\_\_5\_\_\_ look of the so-called silver maples. But this was decisive, this \_**\_\_\_6\_\_\_\_**of dead leaves. The precision of it! I’d torn August off the calendar that very day.

The storm wasn’t through. We had to pass the cemetery again on our way home. A knotted strand of lightning **\_\_\_7\_\_\_** . The sky turned a pearly blue where nothing existed except that bluer thread. Maybe the thread touched the traffic signal where we were about to stop. We could only try to make sense of details too fast to follow. The bright and pearly blue vanished. Darkness then, and the memory of trees **\_\_\_8\_\_\_**.

The traffic signal had been working fine before. Now it \_\_\_9\_\_\_.