

LANGUAGE ARTS: HANDOUT A3

Cloze Key for *The Magical Monkey King: Mischief in Heaven* retold by Ji-Li Jiang

The first word written in ***bold italics*** is the one in the book. The rest are appropriate choices.

Year after year, Magnificent Monkey King and his monkey clan enjoyed carefree lives in the Cave of the Water Curtain. They spent their days in perfect happiness, ***swinging***, *swaying, dangling, hanging, lurching, reeling* from vines and trees, eating fruits, and playing all sorts of monkey games. It now seemed that they would be ***happy***, *content, cheerful, blissful, joyful* forever in their new home.

But one day, something ***changed***, *deviated*. It was during a birthday party for the king. All the monkeys had brought him ***beautiful***, *pretty, attractive, lovely* flowers and ***delicious***, *tasty, savory, luscious* fruits—especially ***peaches***, his favorite. Sitting on his ***jeweled***, *ornate* throne, surrounded by his beloved monkeys, Monkey should have had the happiest day of his life. ***Instead***, in the middle of the celebration, he burst into ***tears***.

The monkeys were ***shocked***, *startled, horrified, appalled, frightened*. They had never seen their king ***sad***, *unhappy, depressed, downcast, discouraged, gloomy, somber, glum, miserable, forlorn, blue, sorrowful* before. And now he was crying!

It was the ***curious***, *inquisitive* monkey who stood up and said, “What is wrong?”

Monkey wiped away his ***tears***. “Dear monkeys, we are happy today, but with each birthday we grow older and older. I just ***realized***, *conceived, comprehended* that one day we shall all die, and our ***joy***, *happiness, bliss* shall end.” He cried even harder.

The monkeys thought about what he had said. They ***hung***, *drooped* their heads and started to cry, too.

Grandmother Monkey stood up. “Magnificent King,” she said, “if that is what is making you ***sad***, *unhappy, depressed, downcast, discouraged, gloomy, somber, glum, miserable, forlorn, blue, sorrowful*, I have an idea. I learned from my grandmother, who learned from her ***grandmother***, that there are three types of beings who never die. Why don’t you go and learn ***their*** secrets?”

Monkey jumped up on his throne. “Who are these three types of ***beings***?”

“First are the ***sages***. They are the wise teachers. They study the secret of life and learn to stay young forever. Second are the ***immortals***, like Jade Emperor, who know the secret of life and so can live forever. Finally there are the Buddhas, such as the great Buddha and Goddess Guanyin. Since they have achieved complete ***enlightenment***, they *live* the secret of life.”

Monkey was so excited that he did a *somersault* in the air. “What a brilliant idea, Grandmother,” he said. “I will seek out a *sage* and learn the secret of living forever. Then I’ll come back and *teach, instruct, show* it to all of you so we can enjoy our lives together *forever*.”

Monkey was so enthusiastic that he said his goodbyes *immediately, instantly, promptly, quickly, directly*. Before an hour had passed, he started off in search of a sage who could teach him the secret of *eternal* life.

Monkey traveled hundreds of leagues to countless far-off lands. He met with people of all sorts. He even learned to dress and speak like them, but in all of his travels he *discovered, learned, noticed, observed, saw* that most people were more interested in money and fame than in the *secret, mystery* of life. Even after nine years of searching, not a single worthy *sage* did he find. He was beginning to think he would never find one.

Then, one day, he was walking in a deep, dark forest far from the Mountain of Flowers and Fruits. Here the leaves were so *thick, dense, numerous, crowded* that no sunlight came through. A peaceful silence filled the air.

In the middle of this forest he heard a man singing:

I chase no glory, I pursue no coin.
Fame and wealth are passing clouds to me.
A simple life prolongs my days.
And those I meet upon my way
Are sages one and all,
Are sages one and all.

“At last!” cried Monkey. “I have found a *sage!*” He ran toward the sound of the voice.

A man was cutting branches from the *trees*.

“Reverend sage,” Monkey cried, bowing deeply. “Consider me your student.”

At these words the woodcutter looked up, *astonished, surprised, astounded, amazed*, and dropped his axe. “But I am not a *sage*, sir,” he said. “I’m just a humble woodcutter. You mustn’t bow to me. “If you are not a sage, why did you sing that song?” *demanded* Monkey.

The *woodcutter* looked alarmed. “I – I didn’t intend to mislead anyone,” he *stammered, stuttered, faltered*. “That song was taught to me by a great sage who lives over the hills from here.”

“What is his name?”

“Master Subhodi.”

Monkey *grinned, smiled, beamed*. “Well, well. Then you must show me where this sage lives.”

The woodcutter, who was a little frightened of Monkey, led the way along a path in the woods. It

grew darker and darker. When it grew too dark to see, the **woodcutter** stopped. "I can go no **farther**," he said. "Follow this path over nine hills and nine streams, and you will come to Master Subhodi's cave."

The forest was **pitch**-black, but Monkey was **untroubled**, *calm, unconcerned*. His bright eyes lit the way for him. Monkey followed the path up the hills and across the streams, just as the woodcutter told him. After a day of **walking**, *hiking*, the forest grew a little less dark, and by the second day it was lighter still. At last Monkey came to a cave with huge stone doors. He tried them, but they were **locked**, *sealed, latched*.

As Monkey King stood there, a **prickling**, *sharp, stinging, tingly* sensation came over him. He felt that something **strange**, *unusual, peculiar, odd, unfamiliar, curious* was about to happen. Nervously, he jumped into a tree. The whole world grew still. The only sound Monkey heard was the beating of his own **heart**.

Then he heard a **noise**, *sound*. Crreeeeaaak! Slowly, very **slowly**, the great stone **doors** began to swing open.

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