

1. What jobs had the old man done in the past?
2. Where did the old man spend countless hours?
3. What was rather like the ocean?
4. Was the old man bitter about growing old?
5. What did the sun cast across the porch?

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The old man was _____ frail he could _____ lift his teacup. His hands, once strong and capable, were now _____ wrinkled and spotted. He'd _____ lived a full life, though. He'd been a sailor, a soldier, a husband, a father. Now, he was _____ just a watcher.

He'd spent countless hours on the porch, watching the world go by. Children laughed; dogs barked; cars zoomed past. It was a _____ peaceful chaos. He was _____ content with this simple rhythm. He could _____ feel the daily rhythm in his bones.

Life, he often thought, was _____ like the ocean. It could be calm and inviting one moment, and then, suddenly, _____ rough. You could be _____ on top of the world, or _____ lost at sea.

He was _____ old now, and his memories were _____ foggy. But he could still recall the sharp tang of salt air, the feel of a deck beneath his bare feet, the terrifying beauty of a storm. Those days were _____ like a dream now.

Still, he was _____ bitter about growing old. In fact, he was _____ grateful for the time he had. Each day was a gift, a precious, fragile thing. He was lucky to have lived _____ long, to have loved _____ deeply, to have experienced _____ much.

As the sun began its descent, casting _____ long shadows across the porch, the old man smiled. He was tired, _____ achy, but profoundly at peace. Tomorrow was another day, and he was ready for it, whatever it might bring.

The old man was so frail he could barely lift his teacup. His hands, once strong and capable, were now rather wrinkled and spotted. He'd certainly lived a full life, though. He'd been a sailor, a soldier, a husband, a father. Now, he was kind of just a watcher.

He'd spent countless hours on the porch, watching the world go by. Children laughed; dogs barked; cars zoomed past. It was a sort of peaceful chaos. He was absolutely content with this simple rhythm. He could practically feel the daily rhythm in his bones.

Life, he often thought, was rather like the ocean. It could be calm and inviting one moment, and then, suddenly, extremely rough. You could be totally on top of the world, or completely lost at sea.

He was quite old now, and his memories were somewhat foggy. But he could still recall the sharp tang of salt air, the feel of a deck beneath his bare feet, the terrifying beauty of a storm. Those days were almost like a dream now.

Still, he was hardly bitter about growing old. In fact, he was very grateful for the time he had. Each day was a gift, a precious, fragile thing. He was lucky to have lived so long, to have loved so deeply, to have experienced so much.

As the sun began its descent, casting really long shadows across the porch, the old man smiled. He was tired, slightly achy, but profoundly at peace. Tomorrow was another day, and he was ready for it, whatever it might bring.

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stronger	weaker

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absolutely, so, very, really extremely, certainly, quite, rather, completely, totally	slightly, barely, hardly, somewhat, kind of, sort of, almost

absolutely, almost, barely, certainly, completely, extremely, hardly, kind of, practically, quite, rather, really, slightly, so, somewhat, sort of, totally, very

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