

the short life and death of **my** **little brother** (10) selfish wishes

Now _____ I once again live in Cornwall, with my wife and two young daughters, I am free to go to King Arthur's Castle and visit the place where my father's and brother's ashes were scattered. In fact, I go there _____ but instead, when I am in a reflective mood, I prefer to sit alone four miles _____ along the north Cornish coast at Trebarwith Strand where, at the age of nine, I used to look out to sea and long for Guy to be alive again.

Sometimes now as I sit on the slate rock, feeling the spray on my face from the waves crashing beneath me, I _____ wish I still had a brother. I visualise Guy as he _____ have been today, at 39, around six feet tall, with a mop of fair hair, perhaps broader and stronger than he could ever have been.

But _____ I remember him as he was: an alert, engaging boy with a gentle, kind smile. At the age of seven, he needed to think of nothing more than fairs, castles, toy soldiers, Red Indians, Ladybird books, Winnie-the-Pooh, I Spy, three goals and in, and twigs of a size and shape to race faster than mine when we _____ them in a river to _____ to the nearest bridge.

I remember Guy puffed and dejected when he had to _____ out of physical games; calm and methodical when reading, drawing or playing chess; over-excited and breathless when sword-fighting, _____ a goal between jumpers or mustering his limited _____ to hit a cricket ball back over my father's head. More than 30 years on, I feel neither anger nor forgiveness _____ those responsible for Guy's death. But, for their _____, I hope that they have been able to forget him as easily as I can remember him.

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sakes » scoring » selfishly » strength » that » towards**