

Final Constant Drill

The spasm in my limb made me suffer.

Did I mention the bulb in the kennel?

He took a shovel to the river to thwart the flood.

Should I risk it, throw caution to the wind, and belch at the film?

The final journal about social and racial trouble should have a spiral back.

She will muffle or stifle the global issue of verbal fights.

It is a cycle that people can do little about.

Her legal struggle in that local court is not on the schedule.

She was chucking when he toppled that.

He giggled at her titles because he was tickled.

The session will often be in motion.

My vision of our station should be viewed with caution.

The cabin had a kitchen where women would happen to be.

Did you listen to that siren sound a dozen times?

It gladdens my heart to be wakened by the robins.

The driver was clever and safer as he held the lever.

It was a pleasure to have my teacher honor me in that manner.

There are fewer players for supper at my daughter's home.

There were prowlers and snipers lowering their swaggering bodies around the lockers.

The static made me panic as the bailiff checked my baggage and package after the wreckage.

The gossip about the famous girl was righteous but made me nauseous.

He left his wallet when he fixed the faucet.

I relish the spinach.

The chemist was honest and pleasant, but modest.

The spinach will vanish once she puts the ketchup on it.

I am jealous of her stylish closet.

The drunkard was a hazard in his effort to be a nuisance.

I was livid when I saw the horrid, rigid man.

I am humble as I tremble, fumble, and stumble.

He was capable of being sociable, but he was not bearable or even likable.