

### Chapter 3 *Things Fall Apart* Vocabulary

#### "How Mr. Lewis Found Happiness"

Mr. Lewis would never say that he was the luckiest man around. In fact, all his life he felt that misfortune \_\_\_\_\_ his every step. He \_\_\_\_\_ felt that he had been cursed since the day he was born. He was never the tallest one in his family or at school. He wore glasses and for some reason, children made fun of him for that. He was a little bit round in the center, and was always picked last for any pickup game after school if he were picked at all. When he used to try to dance, everyone laughed and said that he was \_\_\_\_\_ with two left feet. He stopped trying to learn. The only thing that brought him happiness was growing things in his parents' backyard. He grew everything: flowers such as roses, hydrangeas, sunflowers, and azalea bushes; \_\_\_\_\_ such as sweet potatoes, yams, and white potatoes; as well as fruits like strawberries, blueberries, and watermelon. Growing a garden was his favorite thing, but Mr. Lewis could no longer do that in the big apartment building that he lived in in the city. There wasn't any green space to plant anything.

Now in his late 30's, Mr. Lewis only went to a job he hated and then went home. He never went out. He only worked, worked, and worked more. He hated it. He wanted something more in life, but he didn't know what. When he woke up one morning, he had a feeling that today was going to be worse than any other day before. He wasn't sure why, but he just knew. As \_\_\_\_\_ as he was to get up and face the day, he slowly got out of bed and looked out the window. Violent \_\_\_\_\_ hit his window, and he could see water rushing down the street and creating puddles on the sidewalk. With a sigh, Mr. Lewis began to get ready for work. He got dressed and made his morning smoothie. After he swallowed the last \_\_\_\_\_ of the fruit, he contemplated one more time if he should just stay home. With another sigh, he left with his briefcase in hand.

With all the rain, Mr. Lewis was very late for work. There were many accidents on the expressway causing Mr. Lewis to get the furthest and worst parking spot. He had to hustle for five minutes just to get to his building, which left him soaking wet and in a very bad mood. His umbrella was blown inside out from all the fierce winds. He had water in his shoes causing him to squeak when he walked. When he finally arrived, his \_\_\_\_\_ boss was waiting for him at his cubicle. Without even saying, "Good morning," he boss began to yell at him regarding a report that he had done. His boss yelled, "You call this quality work?! I call this an \_\_\_\_\_!" and threw the report on the floor. The whole office could hear the commotion. Only Mr. Lewis felt the spit hit his face while being yelled at. Mr. Lewis wiped the spit off of his face, bent down, picked up the offending report, and looked at it. He cleared his throat and said, "First of all, the name on the report says, 'Mr. Louis.' I am Mr. Lewis." His boss's face began to get even redder since he did not like to be embarrassed. Before the boss could speak, Mr. Lewis raised his hand to silence the boss. Lowering his hand, he very calmly said,

“Secondly, but the name isn’t important. You know why?” He paused for dramatic effect. “Because I quit.” He turned and left the office without saying a word. He left everything at his desk seeing as he had nothing personal there.

Mr. Lewis began walking to his car in the torrent without a care. He got in his car and began driving. He continued to drive without thinking. He drove out of the city. He drove past the suburbs. He drove to where the highway only had one lane going each way. He just kept driving with no thought of where he was going. Finally, a sign that read “Farm for Sale” caught his eye. Mr. Lewis quickly pulled into the driveway. He drove down the long dirt road until he reached a little farm house. He got out of his car and looked around. The sky was a clear, bright blue now. He noticed a \_\_\_\_\_soaring in the sky and it made him smile. He looked at the farm house and saw \_\_\_\_\_climbing up the side of the walls. The \_\_\_\_\_green leaves shone brightly after the heavy rain. Mr. Lewis knew that running a farm was no\_\_\_\_\_task, but he knew that this was the place for him. He could feel the happiness growing. He smiled.