

Correct the Errors

It was a cold dark morning in the woods. Annie and John walked faster and faster as the snow crunched beneath their feet. The faster they walked the faster it worked behind them. Was it following them? Was it an animal or was it human? They were about to find out.

Annie gasped. "I can't walk anymore, my feet are tired." "You must cry," John said. "We must get to the cabin."

They continued to walk briskly down the snowy path. Their lives depended on it.