

Directions: Mark all the adverbs.

When he was nearly thirteen, my brother Jem got his arm badly broken at the elbow.

He remembered her clearly, and sometimes in the middle of a game he would sigh at length, then go off and play by himself behind the car-house.

This was enough to make Jem march to the corner, where he stopped and leaned against the light-pole, watching the gate hanging crazily on its homemade hinge.

The class murmured apprehensively, should she prove to harbor her share of the peculiarities indigenous to that region.

I returned to school and hated Calpurnia steadily until a sudden shriek shattered my resentments.

The boy laughed rudely.

One of the elderly members of the class answered her.

Occasionally, we heard Miss Stephanie Crawford laugh.

We spat ourselves dry, and Jem opened the gate slowly, lifting it aside and resting in on a fence.