

"All this hopping around in time is exhausting," said Emma. "Can we go somewhere a little more modern?"

"How modern?" said The Professor.

"Not too modern," she said. "We are in a time machine, after all. Maybe...Victorian London?"

"Ah! An excellent choice," said The Professor, and off they went.

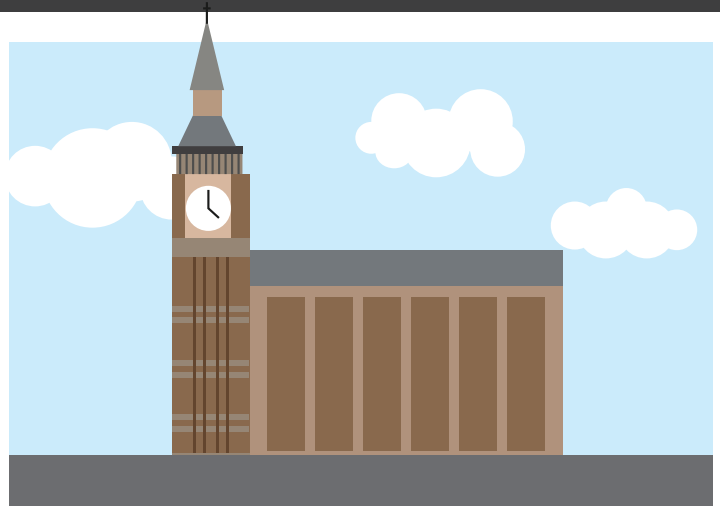
When they arrived, a man clutching an envelope rushed by and bumped into Emma. He didn't even say sorry. "Hey!" shouted Emma, upset by the stranger's rudeness. She tapped him on the shoulder and he turned around. He looked terribly worried.

"Whoa. What's eating you?" she said.

"Oh, I am beside myself with worry!" he moaned. "You're a child. You could never understand."

"Well, maybe I can help."

"It's Miss Prentice. I do love her so, and I've written this letter to tell her how I feel," he said, pressing



the letter into Emma's hand. "The only problem is that she's terribly concerned with grammar. If this letter isn't perfect, she may marry that clod Percival," he said, becoming audibly vexed as he approached the name of his rival.

***Since there was no e-mail or texting in Victorian England, Emma must help Sir Brunton edit his letter. Read his letter below and cross out any punctuation that doesn't belong. Add any punctuation that is missing.***

My love

It is with great! urgency that I write this letter I must insist that you that you do not marry Percival Chilton that insufferable dolt? Though he is from a wealthy family and possesses a stellar education he is a teribble bore. Hes dull, he hardly ever laughs, and he snores quite loudly (dont ask me how I know.

Remember all the fun, we have had together? We picnicked in hyde park we played Music in your fathers parlor we strolled across london bridge at dusk. My darling, I may not have much but I love you ten times as much as he—you know this to be true. Please let me know your reply in two weeks' time.

yours truly

*Niall Brunton, Esq.*