

Worksheet 7/7 A Pride of Collective Nouns

Circle all 40 collective noun phrases. The first sentence has been done for you.

Parcels of groceries were dumped by a convoy of trucks like a heap of trash on the flight of stairs leading down to the den of thieves. Planning and scheming, the hungry thieves dove into the bags of fresh food as they shared their wealth of information. They studied atlases of maps and the galaxy of stars in an effort to plan their voyage to a chain of islands that was situated over the range of mountains. Dancing and singing, the thieves were acting like a band of merry men knowing that their fleet of ships would deliver them to their desired treasure. A battery of tests would have to be executed prior to boarding the fleet of ships to ensure that the collection of objects captured would not cause suspicion amongst the crew of sailors.

A number of mathematicians were acting like a boisterous class of students at the thought of their haul. Mathematicians were required to count and classify the stolen objects.

The den of thieves were jingling their ring of keys in anticipation of the fleet of ships arrival. Rowing to the bow the thieves climbed the rope ladder to the washed deck. The crew of sailors greeted them with indifference. The sailors were like a congregation of worshippers; solemn and orderly. Sailing around the chain of islands, the thieves waited impatiently to drop anchor.

Spying litters of warthogs squealing after their parents, prides of peacocks fluttering their feathers and flights of swans over head, the thieves' heads filled with success. Cheering, "Profit!" like a troupe of performers, the thieves giggled. The crew of sailors watched like a crowd of onlookers watching a mob of vultures. Landing on white sandy beaches, the thieves set their traps and settled in for a long night of waiting for their prey to snap the traps.

Tribes of island natives talked to the animals, warning them of the dangers that lie all around. An ambush of tigers stalked the thieves behind the thicket of trees. Packs of rats scurried through the tall grass cautiously approaching the snoring thieves. Plagues of locust filled the night air. A conspiracy of ravens cawed at the glowing moon spreading the word about the enemy.

A banner of knights could not have blocked the onslaught of abuse and noise that the animals ensued upon the thieves. No bounty of treasure ever left the chain of islands.

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