

# A Day of Fun

1. Adjective
2. Verb
3. Verb
4. Noun
5. Adjective
6. Verb
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8. Adjective
9. Verb
10. Verb

# A Day of Fun

A storm swept through my little old town called Winston-Salem on April 12, 2012. It was a tornado to be exact, and it was powerful. There were some heavy winds that swept through the streets that picked up some \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Adjective</sup> roofs on the way. I ran to a ditch to \_\_\_\_\_<sup>verb</sup> myself, but it didn't do any justice. I was lifted into the air and couldn't believe my eyes.

Once they opened I couldn't help but \_\_\_\_\_<sup>verb</sup> in fear to the sight of being lifted into the air. I had several \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Noun</sup> because of my careless squirming against many \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Adjective</sup> roofs and other things ripped off of several homes. I saw that the storm was approaching a mountain top and formed myself into a position to \_\_\_\_\_<sup>verb</sup> myself from any other unnecessary injuries. As the storm swept by the mountains the winds kind of let up and split into different directions. I \_\_\_\_\_<sup>verb</sup> to the ground safely without any injuries. I looked around with a \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Adjective</sup> look because I had no idea where I was and what to do next. I tried to \_\_\_\_\_<sup>verb</sup> from breaking down and crying like a baby, but I couldn't hold back. I was lost in the mountains somewhere far away from my little town; at that point I needed a little \_\_\_\_\_<sup>verb</sup> to get me back on my feet to get myself home. I walked and walked until my feet felt like needles were sticking me in them. I finally saw a sign directing me towards home. At this rate I'm dragging myself down the long street that eventually leads to my house; I heard a voice that sound like my mothers. The sound got louder and louder and finally I looked up and felt a soft touch. At last, I was home.