

# The Great Steal

1. Noun - Plural
2. Proper Noun
3. Noun
4. Number
5. Adjective
6. Verb

# The Great Steal

My fathers name was Damion. My grandfathers name was Damion. And so is mine. But im...not the most friendly. I earn my money the hard way. Stealing valuables from rich \_\_\_\_\_Noun - Plural\_\_\_\_\_, Benjamins from any one not paying attention, and i am most proud of this story, my break-in to the White House...

I woke up a random morning, expecting to go to the local market, not the grocery store, i hadn't had a job in a while.

I was on my way there when i saw him, my employer. He gives me all the dangerous jobs, the ones no one else will do. But i wasnt expecting the \_\_\_\_\_Proper Noun\_\_\_\_\_ House to be in the job \_\_\_\_\_Noun\_\_\_\_\_. I was supposed to break in, literally straight past the most important person in the United States at the time, and grab a famous JEWEL. A family jewel from a family that, in my opinion, has to much money to spend. And so there i was, \_\_\_\_\_Number\_\_\_\_\_ nights later, standing outside the gate to the White House, thinking how am i going to do this.

And so i took the direct approach...a confused and very lost tourist. Luckily i had become \_\_\_\_\_Adjective\_\_\_\_\_ in German in High School. I must say, the guards went down with QUITE the surprised look on their faces. And as easy as that, i was in, sneaking past the best in the buissness, making my way slowly to that ever-so-important room...when the man himself walks down the hallway, and i have to \_\_\_\_\_Verb\_\_\_\_\_ into the shadows. When they said i had to go past the President, i did not think that they meant this. I moved on, down the hallway, into the shadows, moving down the hallway, and there it was. The 6-inch thick, solid steel vault door that held the " family jewel." Luckily, i wasnt just the best in the buissness, but my employer was also the best in the buissness.

And

in went the code. I walked into the room, it being the natural pitch black dark that all horror movies are...wait, why am i thinking this? It was too easy...suddenly i got a bad feeling...i ran as fast as i could towards the door, but i had closed it behind me. And thats when the spotlights came on, the men walked out of the shadows with automatic guns, and it was all over, my pistol was on the floor, i was laying on the ground, thinking...i had been set up.....