

# The Crossing

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# The Crossing

The \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective duck waddled through the park. New York may be an exciting place for people, but it was scary and crowded for animals like Steven. He constantly had to dodge cars and feet and have people throw things at him. As he \_\_\_\_\_ Verb - Past Tense he tried to stay out of the way as much as possible, the \_\_\_\_\_ Noun was the best path to the pond. The only problem was the horrible, disgusting, \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective street in between him and his home. He didn't know why he couldn't just stay on one side, but \_\_\_\_\_ Noun - \_\_\_\_\_ Plural was hard to come by on that side of the park, so he had to cross if he wanted to live. But he took as big a breath as a duck could and began to toddle into onto the hot pavement. Cars zoomed past, \_\_\_\_\_ Verb - Present ends in ING \_\_\_\_\_ a couple of his feathers.

"Watch it!" He yelled, apparently the humans didn't speak duck. All he could hear when they spoke was the angry squabble of yells mixing together. He stepped back and composed himself once more. This time he refused to check both ways, he had had enough, the humans were going to wait this time if it killed him. He smoothed his \_\_\_\_\_ Noun - Plural and huffed out a breath, beginning to run full force into the traffic. He was running and \_\_\_\_\_ Verb - Present ends in ING and running harder, getting more tired by the minute, buy he carried on . It seemed to take a century of \_\_\_\_\_ Adverb shuffling through the street.

Half way, He told himself. Only half the \_\_\_\_\_ Noun left. This time he looked, a car in the distance challenged him; he thought he had enough time to make it. He gathered his breath, starting to run top speed again, but ducks don't go very fast compared to big trucks. The truck rolled down the street without a care, going as fast as ever. Steven tried to sprint, but he couldn't make it. Feathers flew into the air and he tumbled back to the

center yellow line, the \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Noun</sup> knocked out of him!

This is I, He thought. I'm going to die like this. He felt something scoop him up though, and then he felt the thing move, as if carrying him to his destination.

"Humphahamathabla," The person, or what he guessed was a person, said \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Adverb</sup>. Then he felt the

\_\_\_\_\_<sup>Adjective</sup>, hair-like fashion of the grass, and the \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Adjective - Ends in EST</sup>, \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Adjective - Ends in EST</sup>

water that reminded him of home. He peeled his eyes open and dared to look. The concerned face of a human looked down on him.

"I crossed the street!" He exclaimed, feeling undefeated as he raised a \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Noun</sup> in victory. He had made it

home, and he was barely hurt. \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Noun</sup> weren't as bad as he'd thought.