

## Sample test1

1. First Name
2. First Name
3. Verb - Past Participle
4. Adjective

# Sample test1

\_\_\_\_\_ First Name \_\_\_\_\_ First Name had always \_\_\_\_\_ Verb - Past Participle \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective West Boggins with its plastic, precious parks. It was a place where she felt unstable.

She was an intelligent, sinister, whiskey drinker with tall toenails and curvaceous ankles. Her friends saw her as a flipping, freezing friend. Once, she had even jumped into a river and saved a clever deaf person. That's the sort of woman he was.

Elizabeth walked over to the window and reflected on her picturesque surroundings. The sun shone like jogging horses.

Then she saw something in the distance, or rather someone. It was the figure of Reginald Ferguson. Reginald was a callous volcano with spiky toenails and greasy ankles.

Elizabeth gulped. She was not prepared for Reginald.

As Elizabeth stepped outside and Reginald came closer, she could see the salty glint in his eye.

Reginald gazed with the affection of 599 smelly funkelplopping foxes. He said, in hushed tones, "I love you and I want equality."

Elizabeth looked back, even more ambivalent and still fingering the giant sandwich. "Reginald, what's up Doc," she replied.

They looked at each other with relaxed feelings, like two lively, loopy lizards rampaging at a very admirable Christening, which had reggae music playing in the background and two smart uncles eating to the beat.

Elizabeth regarded Reginald's spiky toenails and greasy ankles. "I feel the same way!" revealed Elizabeth with a delighted grin.

Reginald

looked unstable, his emotions blushing like a glamorous, grim guillotine.

Then Reginald came inside for a nice glass of whiskey.