

# The Crystal

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\_\_\_\_\_ Proper Noun \_\_\_\_\_ Brooks turned \_\_\_\_\_ Adverb \_\_\_\_\_ for what seemed the fiftieth time. Again to look at his wife's hair tumbling down over the \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_ and flowing invitingly on to the sheet that lay between them. He looked with great longing and sadness at her \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_ shoulders and upper back, silvery in the moonlit room, but dared not touch her. Twice already she had brushed away his hand from her shoulder, the last time, he was convinced, even while she was still asleep.

He felt like the \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_ man on the planet, and as was usual at such moments, he looked for someone to blame. "That blasted kid. I'm \_\_\_\_\_ Verb - Past Tense \_\_\_\_\_ he was put on this Earth to torment me."

His wife stirred, and he realised he had spoken out loud. Rather than face Joan's wrath, he slid out of bed, grabbed his \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_ gown and quietly went downstairs. He poured himself a generous glass

\_\_\_\_\_ Preposition or subordinating conjunction \_\_\_\_\_ milk and made his way into the sitting room. He flicked on the light as he entered the room and sat down on the settee. The bloody thing was there in front of him, on the \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_ coffee table.

He sipped the milk and looked at it. He remembered Joan's words as he'd taken it out of the shabby cardboard box the boy had delivered it in.

"My God! That is beautiful! Where did you get it?"

He'd told her. Form 4 had submitted their personal end-of-term physics projects to him that afternoon, and for a reason that had entirely escaped him, he'd picked 'that' boy's object and brought it home \_\_\_\_\_ Preposition or \_\_\_\_\_ subordinating conjunction \_\_\_\_\_ him.

He'd been dismissive "It was submitted by one of the boys - can't see the point of it really."

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