

# Kung Fu Armadillo

1. Time
2. Verb
3. Noun
4. Body Part
5. Noun
6. Adverb
7. Noun
8. Number
9. Noun
10. Number
11. Gender
12. Noun
13. Noun
14. Noun
15. Body Part
16. Body Part
17. Noun
18. Female First Name
19. Verb

# Kung Fu Armadillo

One night I heard the dogs going nuts in the front yard at about \_\_\_\_\_Time\_\_\_\_\_AM. I get up, \_\_\_\_\_Verb\_\_\_\_\_half asleep to the kitchen and grab the weapon of my choice: a \_\_\_\_\_Noun\_\_\_\_\_. As I go investigate, I peek a look out the window and donâ??t see a thing, so I creep open the door and poke out my \_\_\_\_\_Body part\_\_\_\_\_for another quick look. Nothing. As I slowly survey the perimeter of my yard, there it is, something moves in the \_\_\_\_\_Noun\_\_\_\_\_. I poke it with my weapon and the bush moves \_\_\_\_\_Adverb\_\_\_\_\_.

What the heck?

All of a sudden, the biggest \_\_\_\_\_Noun\_\_\_\_\_I have ever seen charges me. This thing must have weighed \_\_\_\_\_Number\_\_\_\_\_pounds and had bionic armor. I freak out and start running around in my front yard with nothing on but my Tweety Bird boxer briefs and swinging the \_\_\_\_\_Noun\_\_\_\_\_behind me. Iâ??m screaming like a \_\_\_\_\_Number\_\_\_\_\_year old little \_\_\_\_\_Gender\_\_\_\_\_. It finally chases me up to my front porch banister and Iâ??m perched there like a \_\_\_\_\_Noun\_\_\_\_\_with my broom ready for hand to hand combat. I swing at my enemy and it jumps straight up about eye level with me doing the coolest 360 degree karate kick Iâ??ve ever seen. This is a Kung-Fu \_\_\_\_\_Noun\_\_\_\_\_.

I twirl my broom like a half naked redneck \_\_\_\_\_Noun\_\_\_\_\_and somehow manage to wack myself in the \_\_\_\_\_Body part\_\_\_\_\_. Crap! I fall off the banister and land flat on my \_\_\_\_\_Body part\_\_\_\_\_ and the \_\_\_\_\_Noun\_\_\_\_\_lands right

beside me. We must have scared each other half to death cause he went one way and I went the other.

Female first name shows up at the door in a panic wanting to know what's going on. Of course I say it was nothing and we go back to bed. The next day we Verb out of the house and it looked like I had planted a hay field in the yard. Broom straw was everywhere.

Until we meet again armadillo.