## A Grim Chance

1. Adjective
2. Verb
3. Adjective
4. Adjective
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7. Noun
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10. Adjective
11. Adjective
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14. Hard
15. Adjective

## A Grim Chance

The $\qquad$ bleed across the $\qquad$ path as a man cloaked in a
$\qquad$ hood creaked along. He kept an eye over his shoulder, glancing backwards with
peeks, though he knew that if it came, he would not hear. Even on the $\qquad$ of days
in the widest of plains, the entrance of the monster would come invisible and silent, a wind on him. He gripped his $\qquad$ tightly and continued to move, hoping that perhaps mere location would save him from the chase.

But the $\qquad$ blew colder, and he hugged his cape to him, and even despite aching his neck with a constant turn, the beast was soon upon him. All he saw was the $\qquad$ .

The man whirled. With clap and a $\qquad$ light, his fists lit up the $\qquad$ banshee's face. It screeched, contorted, a $\qquad$ bottomless mouth under black, $\qquad$ eyes. She smacked him to the ground. He fell to the dirt. Dust flew up as he smacked against the $\qquad$ road. Victimized, flailing on the ground, he gripped the golden chain about his neck and held out the cross.

The woman stopped and blinked at it. She smiled. Reaching out, she grabbed the $\qquad$ trinket. With a snap, the banshee ripped it from his neck. He yelp in fear. She bowed to him, pocketed it, and said, "I be needin'; three more, eff'n you'd like to tell yer fellow Catholics to come a by. My sisters have to get something from the Protestants, but I am winnin'; as they don't have the symbols that ye folks do.";

And she left him there, sitting, shivering in the night.

He frowned, upset. That had been his mother's.

