

# The Big Day

1. First Name
2. First Name
3. Age
4. Noun
5. Location
6. Event
7. Event
8. Event
9. Event
10. Noun
11. Noun
12. Noun
13. Year
14. Noun
15. First Name
16. First Name

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under way last summer, \_\_\_\_\_<sup>First name</sup>\_\_\_\_\_<sup>First name</sup>\_\_\_\_\_ to a painful period: cramps, back pain, achy all over.

Miserable, she was ready to stay right where she was until her discomfort passed. But lying in bed, staring at the ceiling, wasn't helping. In fact, her back felt a little worse like that. Her side, maybe? No luck. She sighed. So much for vacation.

Jada, \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Age</sup>\_\_\_\_\_ and her husband, Aquiol, of \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Noun</sup>\_\_\_\_\_<sup>Location</sup>\_\_\_\_\_, were staying in a confo in

Los Angeles with two friends, Jailyn and Jaquan. Aquiol's parents were just down the hill in another cabin.

They'd planned a low-key long weekend for the \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Event</sup>\_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Event</sup>\_\_\_\_\_ but on the morning of

\_\_\_\_\_<sup>Event</sup>\_\_\_\_\_<sup>Event</sup>\_\_\_\_\_ the thought of just watching fireworks made Jada cringe. She couldn't get

\_\_\_\_\_<sup>Noun</sup>\_\_\_\_\_ no matter what. She walked in circles around the condo, and up and down the steps that

connected them

By \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Noun</sup>\_\_\_\_\_ she was so exhausted that she begged off mini-golf. "Come on, you'll be fine,"; Jailyn, her

best friend since childhood, urged. But Jada knew she wasn't up to it.

"I'm going to try to nap,"; she said. "I'm sure I'll feel better by the time you all get back."; She managed to nap, fitfully, for an hour or so, but \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Noun</sup>\_\_\_\_\_up panicked. Could the pain actually be worse? Five years before, a fibroid tumor had caused a similar sensation in her abdomen. Then there was the ruptured ovarian cyst she'd experienced in \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Year</sup>\_\_\_\_\_ which had also hurt like terrible cramps -- and had started with a backache. She couldn't bear the thought of dealing with either again.

So while she was relieved when Dan and her friends returned, what they saw took them aback. Pale and unhappy, West was \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Noun</sup>\_\_\_\_\_involuntarily every few minutes. "This isn't like you,"; Dan said. "I think we should go to the hospital."; "No, no,"; she protested. "I'll be fine."; Whimper. If she didn't go, she thought to herself, then nothing could really be wrong.

But

\_\_\_\_\_ First name \_\_\_\_\_ could tell that something was wrong. His wife was not one to moan and groan. She'd stoically made it through ulcers, the fibroid tumor, the cyst. For her to be near tears was bad -- and the fact that they were so secluded was making him nervous. \_\_\_\_\_ First name \_\_\_\_\_; he said, "we're going."; And they went.