A Spirit Dream

1.	Proper Noun
2.	Noun - Plural
3.	Noun
4.	Verb - Past Tense
5.	Pronoun
6.	Verb - Past Tense
7.	Adverb
8.	Verb - Past Tense
9.	Noun
10.	Species
11.	Verb - Past Tense
12.	Adjective
13.	Verb - Past Participle
14.	Verb - Present Tense
15.	Noun - Plural
16.	Verb - Past Tense
17.	Noun
18.	Verb - Past Participle
19.	Adjective
20.	Determiner
21.	Species
22.	Adjective
23.	Verb - Present Tense

24.	Preposition Or Subordinating Conjunction
25.	Adjective
26.	Verb - Past Tense
27.	Proper Noun
28.	Verb
29.	Verb - Present Tense
30.	Adverb
31.	Noun
32.	Adjective
33.	Noun
34.	Preposition Or Subordinating Conjunction
35.	Piece Of A Body
36.	Piece Of A Body
37.	Species
38.	Proper Noun
39.	Noun
40.	Proper Noun
41.	Proper Noun
42.	Proper Noun
43.	Noun
44.	Proper Noun
45.	Verb - Past Participle
46.	Proper Noun
47.	Noun
48.	Proper Noun

49.	Proper Noun	
50.	Noun	
51.	Proper Noun	
52.	Noun - Plural	
53.	Emotion	
54.	Piece Of A Body	
55.	Adverb	
56.	Noun	
57.	Adverb	
58.	Verb	
59.	Noun	
60.	Preposition Or Subordinating Conjunction	
61.	Piece Of A Body	
62.	Artical Of Clothing	
63.	Artical Of Clothing	
64.	Adjective	
65.	Color	
66.	Artical Of Clothing	
67.	Emotion	
68.	Jewelry	
69.	Emotion	
70.	Artical Of Clothing	
71.	Noun	
72.	Piece Of A Body	
73.	Piece Of A Body	

Piece Of A Body	-
Action	-
Piece Of A Body	-
Artical Of Clothing	-
Artical Of Clothing	-
Adverb	-
Preposition Or Subordinating Conjunction	-
Species	-
	Action Piece Of A Body Artical Of Clothing Artical Of Clothing Adverb Preposition Or Subordinating Conjunction

A Spirit Dream

I BRACED MYSELF, EXPECTING TO see the	Proper Noun	Noun - Plural	appear again with some
last minute ?advice.? Instead I saw			
I ran across the I?d appeared	in and threw my	Pronoun	around him. He
Verb - Past Tense me back just as Adverb	and verb	- Past Tense me	e off the
ground.			
Noun Species ,? he said, once he pu	ut me down agair	n. His arms	Verb - Past Tense around
my waist. ?I?ve missed you.?			
?I?ve missed you too.? And I meant it. The last coup	ple days and their	Adjective Adjective	_ events had completely
verb - Past Participle my life, and being with			
himeven in a verb - Present Tense comforting. I	stood on my	Noun - Plural	and Verb - Past Tense
him, enjoying a small moment of and and	d peace as our		
Verb - Past Participle met.			
?Are you okay?? he asked when I broke away. ?No	one?ll tell me mu	ich about you. Y	our old man says you?re
and that the			
Alchemist would let him know if anything went wro	ong.?		
I didn?t bother telling Adrian that that probably was	n?t true, seeing a	s Abe didn?t kno	ow we?d gone
with some backwoods			

?I?m fine,? I assured Adrian. ?Mostly We?re holed up in this dive of a town. I don?t think
anyone will come verb - Present Tense for us. I don?t
think they?d want to.?
A look of preposition or subordinating conjunction spread over his face, and it occurred to me just
how he was. ?I?m glad, you can?t verb
what it?s like. They aren?t just people who might have been involved. The guardians
are making all sorts of plans to hunt
you down. There?s all this talk about
?Well, they won?t find me. I?m somewhere pretty? Very
?I wish I could have Preposition or subordinating conjunction with you.?
He still looked concerned, and I pressed a to his to his eight of a body ?No. Don?t say that.
You?re better off where you areand better not to
be associated with me any more than you already are. Have you been questioned??
?Yeah, they didn?t get anything useful out of me. Too tight an alibi. They brought me in when I went to find
Mikhail because we talked
to?
?I know. Joe.?
Adrian?s surprise was brief. ?Little, you?ve been spying.?
?It?s

hard not to.?
?You know, as much as I like the idea of having someone always know when you?re in, I?m
still kind of glad I don?t have
anyone bound to me. Not sure I?d want them looking in my head.?
?I don?t think anyone would want to look in your head either. One living Proper Noun
Proper Noun life is hard enough.? Proper Noun
flickered in his eyes, but it faded when I switched back to business. ?Anyway, yeah. I overheard Lissa?s um,
Noun of Joe.
That?s serious stuff. What did say? If Joe lied, that clears half the evidence against me.? It
also theoretically verb - Past Participle Proper Noun alibi.
?Well, not quite half. It would have been better if Joe said you were in your room during the murder instead of
admitting he?s a
who doesn?t remember anything. It also would have been better if he hadn?t said all this under
Noun compulsion. Proper Noun can?t report
that.?
I sighed. Hanging out with users, I?d started to take compulsion for granted. It was easy to forget
that among Moroi, it was
taboo, the kind of thing you?d get in serious trouble for. In fact, Proper Noun wouldn?t just get in trouble
for illicitly using it. She could also be
accused

of simply making Joe say whatever she wanted. Anything he said in my favor would be suspect. No one would
pelieve it.
?Also,? added Adrian, looking dismayed, ?if what Joe said gets out, the world would learn about my mother?s
Noun - Plural acts of emotion.
?
?I?m sorry,? I said, putting my piece of a body around him. He complained about his parents all the time
out really did care about his mother.
Finding out about her bribery had to be tough for him, and I knew Tatiana?s still pained him. It
seemed I was around a lot of men
in anguish lately. ?Although, I really am glad she cleared you of any connection.?
?It was stupid of her. If anyone finds out, she?ll be in serious trouble.?
?What?s then??
?He?s going to find and question him privately. Go from there. For now, there?s not much more
we can do with the info. It?s useful
for us but not for the legal?
?Yeah,? I said, trying not to feel disheartened. ?I guess it?s better than nothing.?
Adrian nodded and then brushed away his dark Preposition or subordinating conjunction in that easy way of his. Still
keeping his around me, he pulled back
slightly, smiling as he looked down at me. ?Nice, by the way.?

The

topic change caught me by surprise, though I should have been used to it with him by now. Following his gaze, I
noticed I was
wearing an oldartical of clothing of mine, theAdjective color artical of clothing I?d
had on when Victor had unleashed a on Dimitri and me. Since
Adrian hadn?t dressed me for the dream, my subconscious had dictated my appearance. I was kind of astonished
it had chosen this.
?Oh? I suddenly felt but didn?t know why. ?My own are kind of
up. I guess I wanted something to
counteract that.?
?Well, it looks good on you.? Adrian?s slid along the strap. ?Really good.?
Even in a dream, the touch of his made my tingle. ?Watch it,
Ivashkov. We?ve got no time for this.?
?We?re asleep. What else are we going to do??
My protests were muffled in a I sank into it. One of his hands slid down the side of my
piece of a body, near the artical of clothing edge, and it took
a lot of mental energy to convince myself that him pulling the up was probably not going
to clear my name. I moved
back.
?We?re going to figure out who killed Tatiana,? I said, trying to catch my breath.
?There?s

no we,?? he said, echoing the line I?d just used on Victor. ?There?s me. And Lissa. And Christian. And the rest
of our misfit
friends.? He stroked my hair and then drew me close again, brushing a Preposition or subordinating conjunction
against my cheek. ?Don?t worry, little You take
care of yourself. Just stay where you are.?
?I can?t,? I said. ?Don?t you get it? I can?t just do nothing.? The words were out of my mouth before I could
stop them. It was one thing
to protest my inactivity with Dimitri, but with Adrian, I needed to make him and everyone else at Court think I
was doing the ?right thing.
?
?You have to. We?ll take care of you.? He didn?t get it, I realized. He didn?t understand how badly I needed to
do something to help. To
his credit, his intentions were good. He thought taking care of me was a big deal. He wanted to keep me safe.
But he didn?t truly get
how agonizing inaction was for me. ?We?ll find this person and stop them from doing whatever it is they
want to do. It might take a
long time, but we?ll fix it.?
?Time? I murmured against his chest, letting the argument go. I?d get nowhere convincing him I needed to
help my friends, and
anyway,

I had my own quest now. So much to do, so little time. I stared off into the landscape he?d created. I?d noticed trees and

flowers earlier but only now realized we were in the Church?s courtyardthe way it had been before Abe?s assault . The statue of

Queen Alexandra stood intact, her long hair and kind eyes immortalized in stone. The murder investigation really was in my friends?

hands for now, but Adrian had been right: it might take a while. I sighed. ?Time. We need more time.?

Adrian pulled away slightly. ?Hmm? What?d you say??

I stared up at him, biting my lower lip as a million thoughts spun through my mind. I looked again at Alexandra and made my

decision, wondering if I was about to set new records in foolishness. I turned back to Adrian and squeezed his hand.

?I said we need more time. And I know how we can get it . . . but . . . well, there?s something you have to do for me. And you, uh,

probably shouldn?t mention it to Lissa yet . . .?

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