## The Bullfighter

1.	Noun
2.	Adjective
3.	Name
4.	Noun
5.	Name
6.	Adjective
7.	Verb - Present Ends In Ing
8.	Adjective
9.	Adjective
10.	Adjective
11.	Name
12.	Adjective
13.	Country
14.	Noun
15.	Adjective
16.	Name
17.	Proper Noun
18.	Name
19.	Time
20.	Adjective
21.	Verb - Past Tense
22.	Noun
23.	Noun

24.	Verb - Past Participle
25.	Verb - Past Tense
26.	Adjective
27.	Amount
28.	Body Part

## The Bullfighter

Once upon a Noun, far far away in the country of Spain, there was a Adjective soon to be
bullfighter. He was known by the name of Seor and he lived in a small hut with
his Great Grandmother, They were a family but he dreamed of being able to
support them with his cowverb - Present ends in ING skills. The truth was that no one wanted his work so he
was soon left jobless.
One afternoon, the sap decided to travel around into nearby towns. Having to
urinate rather badly he walked into a nearby shop. Emerging out of the lavoratory,
, the store owner, burst out with a enthusiastic proposal to travel to Pamplona
the upcoming week and take part in the festivities.
Exactly 9 days later, the Seor set out on his journey, Traveling from in the south of Spain, all
the way up to the Pamplona in the north. Upon arrival he walked into the nearest shop and asked
the man to call for a cab. When the cabbie arrived he directed to 153
Proper Noun Road.
This was where he met and just as any man would, he tried his best to impress her. She was
interested in the men that took part in the festivities such as the bullfighting event. This is what left Seor to
making

a life changing decision. Within the next hours he would be a well known bullfighter.
As everyone gathered the next afternoon in the ring some power over took the moment. Seor
jumped with empowerment and to the nearest Noun Within a breaths time he
was entered into the FIGHT.
He could hear the bulls trampling through the streets and prepared himself for the worst. Ready with his
and horse he stood for the first impact. In a flash the horse was down and he lied
The next thing the crowd saw was terrifying. A of swooshes of the cape and Seor was down
again. The taste of blood and dirt on his and the wave of defeat. Men rushed from the sides to
help but it was too late. There was final crunch and that is the last memory we have him.
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