

# The Killer Angels

1. Noun
2. Adjective
3. Noun
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5. Adverb
6. Noun
7. Verb - Past Tense
8. Noun
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10. Adjective
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# The Killer Angels

This is the story of a young, obstinate braggart named Jason. Did he stay that way? Only his story will tell. Jason a stubborn, haughty lad, was just informed that he had won the Colorado State Lottery. He could not control his \_\_\_\_\_  
Noun. He walked around town with a \_\_\_\_\_  
Adjective attitude; bragging to everyone he saw. The poor fellow had no self-control and could not exercise any \_\_\_\_\_  
Noun whatsoever. Now his first check was delivered to him by \_\_\_\_\_  
Noun as the lottery folks did not want to take any chances with snail mail and wanted it all to be a bit, "showy." Unfortunately, for Jason, he \_\_\_\_\_  
Adverb spouted about when and where said check would be delivered to all who would listen. Now a certain militant pair (along with just about everyone else in town) had heard that the check was to be delivered at 6 pm on Friday in front of the \_\_\_\_\_  
Noun. They \_\_\_\_\_  
Verb - Past Tense and found that there were several thick bushes covered in a \_\_\_\_\_  
Noun of cobwebs behind which they could hide. This would allow them to grab that check and make off with the money without being seen. Finally the day came. Jason, being in his usual \_\_\_\_\_  
Adjective, blustery mood, continued to boast about the check and that everyone should come and see it being handed over. Everyone was so sick and tired of hearing his grandstanding that essentially no one turned out for the ceremony. Thus as the \_\_\_\_\_  
Adjective check was passed from courier to Jason, newspaper camera flash creating a moment in time, It was just the 3 of them there when an \_\_\_\_\_  
Noun of gunfire poured from the cobweb laden bushes. The \_\_\_\_\_  
Noun from the barrage was deafening as several of the rounds \_\_\_\_\_  
Verb - Past Tense off of the surrounding buildings. Before anyone even had a chance to take cover, the \_\_\_\_\_  
Noun ripped off his brogues and threw one at the gunman's head. He whirled and hit the second sniper with the other. "Lucky for you

was trained to take out IRA assassins!" he remarked to Jason. Suddenly, a huge group came rushing around the corner wondering what was happening. Jason, who had completely frozen at the onslaught of the assault, finally began to show some \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Noun</sup>\_\_\_\_\_ of life. With shaking hands, he grasped the \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Noun</sup>\_\_\_\_\_ by the shoulders and said, "Brave \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Noun</sup>\_\_\_\_\_, thank you for saving my life. I have been \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Adjective</sup>\_\_\_\_\_. I have been obstinate. Although I can never repay you for saving my life, I can change my ways. From this day forward, I will be kind and giving. I will serve the Lord. And..." With this he took a deep breath and exhaled quickly. He spat out the next words so as if not to change his own mind. "I will share my lottery winnings with this town, donating to all of the schools, the library, and other enterprises which keep our community safe." He inhaled deeply and briskly and sat down. His eyes popped open and his mouth formed an O of surprise as he realized everything that had just happened. The crowd erupted into applause and officers apprehended the dazed criminals from the bushes. Jason was true to his word, and as in honor of his generosity and the \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Noun</sup>\_\_\_\_\_ heroism, the \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Noun - Plural</sup>\_\_\_\_\_ were bronzed and sit as a memorial in front of the library to this day.