More stories at WordBlanks.com

Mr. Sticky

1. Adjective _____

Mr. Sticky

No one knew how Mr. Sticky got in the fish tank.

"He's very _____Adjective_____," Mum said as she peered at the tiny water snail. "Just a black dot."

"He'll grow," said Abby and pulled her pyjama bottoms up again before she got into bed. They were always falling down.

In the morning Abby jumped out of bed and switched on the light in her fish tank.

Gerry, the fat orange goldfish, was dozing inside the stone archway. Jaws was already awake, swimming along the front of the tank with his white tail floating and twitching. It took Abby a while to find Mr. Sticky because he was clinging to the glass near the bottom, right next to the gravel.

At school that day she wrote about the mysterious Mr. Sticky who was so small you could mistake him for a piece of gravel. Some of the girls in her class said he seemed an ideal pet for her and kept giggling about it.

That

night Abby turned on the light to find Mr. Sticky clinging to the very tiniest, waviest tip of the pond weed. It was near the water filter so he was bobbing about in the air bubbles.

"That looks fun," Abby said. She tried to imagine what it must be like to have to hang on to things all day and decided it was probably very tiring. She fed the fish then lay on her bed and watched them chase each other round and round the archway. When they stopped Gerry began nibbling at the pond weed with his big pouty lips. He sucked Mr. Sticky into his mouth then blew him back out again in a stream of water. The snail floated down to the bottom of the tank among the coloured gravel.

"I think he's grown a bit," Abby told her Mum at breakfast the next day.

©2026 WordBlanks.com · All Rights Reserved.