

# The Great Steal

1. Adjective - Superlative
2. Verb - Present Tense
3. Adverb
4. Adjective
5. Noun
6. Noun
7. Preposition Or Subordinating Conjunction

# The Great Steal

I woke up 2 mornings before it happened. I was going to the market for food, i hadn't had a job in a while. And that's when it all started, when i saw HIM, my employer. He only ever came to me for the jobs that no one else would take, no one else could handle, but as i had proved before, i could "handle" \_\_\_\_\_  
Adjective - Superlative  
anything.

The job was something, a feat, no one had ever accomplished before...to literally break into the White House and steal some "family jewels" for a family, which, in my opinion, had way too much money to spend. I didn't work cheap. But i also hadnt been \_\_\_\_\_  
Verb - Present Tense  
this. And so there i was, 2 nights \_\_\_\_\_  
Adverb  
, outside the White House in the middle of the night, still debating on how i was going to do this. And so i took the direct approach. The most obvious thing i could think of at the time...a lost tourist. Luckily i had taken German in high school, so it was a \_\_\_\_\_  
Adjective  
task. And can i tell you, the guards had most DEFINITELY not been expecting what happened next. And as simple as that, i walked through the door of the White House. I had always had a \_\_\_\_\_  
Noun  
of blending into shadows, a skill i used in times like these. It helped me all the way through the building to the opposite end, where the vault was located. It was guarded by a 6-inch thick, solid steel door, but luckily i had a good \_\_\_\_\_  
Noun  
. I keyed in the code, and i was in. It was pitch black dark in the room, which for some reason reminded me of a scary movie i had seen once...and thats when i got that feeling, the bad one i always get when jobs go wrong. I had known that something was wrong...and it hit me. I sprinted as fast as i could towards the door, but it wasnt fast enough. The spotlights came on, the guards out of the

shadows, and the next thing i could remember, i was on the ground with my pistol gone, thinking...someone had set me \_\_\_\_\_.

And here i sit, in this jail cell, telling you this story. But...i will come back one day, and i will find out who did this to me.