A sad Story

1.	Noun
2.	Verb - Past Tense
3.	Verb - Present Tense
4.	Noun
5.	Number
6.	Adjective
7.	Noun
8.	Particle
9.	Adjective
10.	Verb - Past Tense
11.	Noun - Plural
12.	To
13.	Verb

A sad Story

I was crying so hard my eyes really hurt. I was crying all the way there. I said "HURRY UP!" I had broke my
finger that day. How? Thats where my story begins.
I was at my uncles snow without my gloves on. Then i had realized my hands were freezing. So, I
asked my mum "can I go get my gloves?" she said "yes." I went to go get my gloves, then I got to the car. I
my gloves. Then I looked down at my gloves and only one glove was there.I reached in
the car as the door was, and then I got my glove and WHAM! I shut the car door on my
finger. "AHHH!" I screamed! My was hurting so bad it was like a needles
driving into my finger. My parents ran over to me they said, " Are you ok?!" I screamed "NO!!! I slammed my
finger in the car door!" I was crying so hard I got a headache. My mom said, "Ok lets go get
you to the room"
When we got the emergency room I was still crying but settled a little bit. I had to wait 10 minutes in the
emergency room. I was scared I was going to get my finger cut off. My mom said "You're not going to get your
finger cut" My dad said, "Honey you're going to be" Finally, the doctor came
and took me to the X-ray room. I was so scared that my finger was going to be broken that I went to my happy
place. I was still scared. The doctor said "Just relax." In my head I
think so, but I did anyway. I stopped crying by then. I would get the Xrays in a few hours. I said to my dad, "
What if my finger is broken?" He said "Well, we'll just have to take extra good care of it." Finally the doctor
came out in 10 minutes. He said "You have" The doctor got called to the X-ray room so we waited five more
Noun - Plural .

Finally he came out and said "Izzy you have a broken finger." I was like awwww! So they took me to the doctors
office and put a little cast on my finger.
It was really to do stuff like write, eat, and pick up stuff. Finally, after 20 weeks of struggling to eat,
write, and picking up stuff I got my cast off. My finger was still a little sore but I could eat, write, and pick up
stuff more easily. When it healed all the way I had a really good story to tell all my friends about. My friends
also helped me up stuff like my water bottle, papers, headphones, and my binder. I was very
happy when I could bend my finger again.

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