

## She's lives another day

1. Noun
2. Noun
3. Noun
4. Adjective
5. Adjective
6. Noun
7. Noun
8. Noun
9. Verb Base Form
10. Noun
11. Noun
12. Noun
13. Noun
14. Noun
15. Adjective
16. Noun

# She's lives another day

The young elf warrior, Stefana, lay bleeding on the battlefield, a deep gash in her thigh severing her

\_\_\_\_\_ Noun and \_\_\_\_\_ Noun. Bright crimson blood, rich with \_\_\_\_\_ Noun, pulsed from the wound, staining the grass a gruesome red. Her heart pounded, a desperate rhythm of \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective and \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective pressures, but the perfusion to her leg was rapidly diminishing. Elara's vision blurred as \_\_\_\_\_ Noun set in, the lack of oxygen making her head spin. She knew she was facing \_\_\_\_\_ Noun, a life-threatening loss of blood.

Her companion, a wise human healer named Caely, rushed to her side. With practiced hands, he applied pressure to the wound, his fingers expertly locating the \_\_\_\_\_ Noun to \_\_\_\_\_ Verb Base Form the blood flow. He muttered incantations, weaving magic to aid in \_\_\_\_\_ Noun and \_\_\_\_\_ Noun. He visualized the intricate network of \_\_\_\_\_ Noun, \_\_\_\_\_ Noun, and \_\_\_\_\_ Noun, their venous valves struggling to maintain blood pressure. Caely knew Elara's blood vessels were damaged, and he focused his energy on repairing the delicate \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective lining. He worried about the possibility of a \_\_\_\_\_ Noun forming, but he pushed the fear aside and continued his work. Finally, the bleeding slowed, and Elara's pulse steadied. Caely sighed in relief, knowing she would live to fight another day.