

A student sent this paragraph to helium.com, a Web site for writing, sharing information, contributing to organizations, writing contests, and much more.

Scars are stories written on a person's skin and sometimes on his heart. My scar is not very big or very visible. It is only about three inches long and an inch wide. It is on my knee, so it is usually \_\_\_\_\_ (cover), unseen. It puckers the skin around it, and the texture of the scar itself \_\_\_\_\_ (be) smoother than my real skin. It \_\_\_\_\_ (flesh-color), almost like a raggedy bandage. The story on my skin \_\_\_\_\_ (be) a small one. The story on my heart, though, \_\_\_\_\_ (be) much deeper. It \_\_\_\_\_ (be) night, very cold, my breath pluming into the frigid air. I took deep breaths that \_\_\_\_\_ (smell) like winter, \_\_\_\_\_ (pierce) through my nasal passages and into my lungs as I \_\_\_\_\_ (walk) to my car. I \_\_\_\_\_ (see) a couple \_\_\_\_\_ (make out) against the wall of a building I \_\_\_\_\_ (near). I \_\_\_\_\_ (smile) and \_\_\_\_\_ (think) about them making their own heat. I thought I saw steam coming from them, but maybe I imagined that. As I got near, I heard a familiar giggle: my girlfriend's. Then I saw her scarlet scarf, one I \_\_\_\_\_ (give) her, along with soft red leather gloves. I turned and ran, before they \_\_\_\_\_ (can) see me. There \_\_\_\_\_ (loud pound) in my ears, from the inside, sounding and feeling as if my brain \_\_\_\_\_ (just become) the loudest bass I \_\_\_\_\_ (ever hear). My head \_\_\_\_\_ (throb), and \_\_\_\_\_ (slip) on some ice, I \_\_\_\_\_ (crash) to the ground, landing on my hands and knees, ripping my pants. I \_\_\_\_\_ (know) my knee \_\_\_\_\_ (bleed), even in the dark. I didn't care: That scar \_\_\_\_\_ (heal). The other one \_\_\_\_\_ (take) a lot longer.