

All of that for a Hot dog!

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3. Adjective
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All of that for a Hot dog!

Last winter, I went on a date with my girlfriend to Restaraunt. I heard it was really fancy, so I told my girlfriend to dress up in something nice. When I went to pick her up the night of the date, her dress was Adjective! NOT WHAT I EXPECTED! I threw up on her dress. She threw up on my tuxedo. We went out anyway. On the drive there, there was this Adjective guy in a pickup truck who kept sticking his Body part out the window. I whipped out my own Same body part and squirted Type of liquid all over him. He screamed like a/an Adjective girl, and the pickup truck crashed right into our car. We were driving on a mountain, so the car fell over the side, and we were falling down the cliffs. Then, I guessed there was some sort of avalanche, and number tons of snow were falling down on us. We managed to escape, but then this Adjective old man came from the middle of nowhere and told me I was "Adjective, ooh, soo, Same adjective." He then told me he thought I was Adjective, and good enough to eat. I told him to insult OFF and then, another avalanche rained down, crushing the man. We climbed up the avalanche and we were on the side of the highway. We tried hitchhiking for Plural time: Ex: Hours, but no one picked us up.

I held my girlfriend's Body part. She was screaming like a Noun. Suddenly, I saw another pickup truck drive by, and I took the chance. Still holding my girlfriend's Same body part, I leaped into the bed of the truck. Turns out, the bed of the truck had Animal poop in it. There was also a rabid Animal. It scratched my Body part, real bad. It tore off my shoes. My girlfriend licked the blood off, though. She is so Adjective. Anyway, the truck driver swerved around a corner, and we fell out of the

the

truck. But it's okay, cause' we landed on a ski lift. I landed on the ski lift on my butt, so I was safe, but my girlfriend was dangling. I was still holding her Same body part, so the only thing that was between her and death was my hand.

Suddenly I became very hungry, and I looked in my jacket pocket to get a Flavor bar. I then heard screaming, and then I realized I had let go of my girlfriend. I looked down, and I saw that she was falling, falling, Sound: Example: CRASH. She had died.

Once I got off the ski lift, I went into the main ski center, where everyone of all ages were putting on or taking off their ski boots, trying out their ski's, snowboards, or looking through their ski goggles. I could still see my breath, even in here.

I went into the cafeteria. There were wooden picnic benches everywhere. I saw a field-trip of maybe, Place: Ex first second third graders eating at one of them. I felt self-conscious walking through the crowd because I was scratched, thrown-up on, pooped on, bloody, shoeless, bruised, frostbitten, and emotionally scarred. The ground beneath my feet was freezing. A few minutes later, it was my turn to order at the cafeteria.

The lunch lady said without looking up, "Hi would you like our special today of Type of food?"

Well, NO. I REALLY, really, really, HATE Same food!

Here's what I said.

"No, insult. I want a hot dog."

THE

END.