

Jack Whitt- Mad Lib

1. Noun
2. Noun

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One day I woke up being the short guy I am; I jumped on the bed. My overwhelming leg muscles made me jump so high I hit my head on the ceiling and passed out. "Jack Whitt star of the Washington Wizards slam dunks it because he is so tall". Wow I said I had a great game. The press walks in "how do you feel about being the tallest guy in the _____ Noun _____?" "Hey _____ Noun _____, how does it feel about scoring 60 points a game?" "It's uh, great, uh and I love being tall." He then drove off in his Cadillac. This is an awesome car I said. Then I went to the highway and stopped by the mall. As I was eating my Chinese food I felt something on my throat so I drank it down with some yellow Gatorade, my favorite. With my jersey still on me think about life and what I am while eating the food. Do I really like being tall? I then jumped up and grabbed my jacket and left the shop. With Gatorade still in hand I chuck it and make it into the trash can and it makes it. I jump into my car, I had forgotten my phone. Driving back to the stadium at full speed I hit a car. Then I woke up.