My College Essay

1.	Adjective
2.	Noun
3.	Verb
4.	Noun
5.	Color
6.	Color
7.	Color
8.	Amount
9.	Noun - Plural
10.	Adjective
	Noun
12.	Noun
13.	Noun - Plural
14.	Verb - Base Form
15.	Noun
16.	Noun
17.	Part Of Body
18.	Adjective
19.	Units Of Time
20.	Noun
21.	Noun
22.	Verb - Past Participle
23.	Verb - Past Participle

24.	Determiner
25.	Adjective
26.	Noun
27.	Verb - Base Form
28.	Noun
29.	Noun - Plural
30.	Noun - Plural
31.	Proper Noun
32.	Verb - Base Form
33.	Verb - Base Form
34.	Proper Noun
35.	Noun - Plural
36.	Noun - Plural

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I am completely	Adjective	_ and live to fill the _	Noun	_ it creates. I wan	nt only to tou	ich upon what
I'm missing, to	Verb a	pinpoint through my	Noun	_, so I can see	Color	, and
, and	Color	, and the night sky	, and the sun	. All I want is a _	Amount	of vision.
Yesterday I looked	through my	oldNoun - Plural	stashed in	aAdjective	Noun	, strewn on
the Noun 1	before me. T	nat my childhood sho	uld be reduce	ed to a bunch of _	Noun - Plura	on glossy
4" x 5" paper, the o	nes I could _	Verb - Base Form	together from	n the top of my d	usty <u>No</u>	un ,
reminded me of ho	w quickly the	past slips away when	n you. I lay d	own on my	Noun an	d closed my
Part of Body	, trying to rec	call some of the	Adjective	memories in those	e pictures. W	hen I opened my
eyes a few	ts of Time	ater, the track lighting	g on my	Noun sudde	nly seemed t	o blind me, and I
winced away in pai	n.					
But it wasn't the tra	ck lighting th	nat made me blind. In	fact, it is an	affliction that all	people suffe	r from as a
consequence of hav	ving just one	opportunity atN	oun Lik	e blindness, it is t	he condition	of missing a
very vital sense: tha	at childhood	can be neither	erb - Past Participle	nor ver	b - Past Participle	I am blind
because I am witho	ut the ability	to re-experience wha	t was once m	ine, and saddened	d because the	is makes me
realize that I am mi	ssing valuab	e colors about from t	he palette of	my mind.		

at the notion of time passing, and leaving childhood behind, because I am a Adjective							
my anger, my hope-into And it is frustrating for me not to have the true-to-life							
Noun - Plural of childhood in my repertoire. Proper Noun makes sense of the world I live in. For							
anything that matters, I $\underline{\hspace{1cm}}$ $\underline{\hspace{1cm}}$ $\underline{\hspace{1cm}}$ $\underline{\hspace{1cm}}$ $\underline{\hspace{1cm}}$ $\underline{\hspace{1cm}}$ and anything I $\underline{\hspace{1cm}}$ $\underline{\hspace{1cm}}$ $\underline{\hspace{1cm}}$ $\underline{\hspace{1cm}}$ can never be lost.							
Proper Noun opens up Noun - Plural that flow inward, abounding with the Noun - Plural of							
my palette, which converge into a picture of myself.							

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