

# The Best Day of My Life

1. Famous Rapper
2. Something Spreadable
3. Delicious Beverage
4. Adjective
5. Animal
6. Number
7. Noun - Plural
8. Ludicrously Specific Noun
9. Noun
10. Long Ago Year
11. Number
12. Adjective
13. Number
14. Band
15. Song
16. Fast Food Restaurant
17. The Most Boring Sounding Thing You Can Think Of
18. Female Pop Star
19. Classic Rock Band
20. Body Part
21. Enraged Racist Tirade
22. Inspirational Remark

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Today had finally come.

I woke up in the morning and couldn't help but feel like \_\_\_\_\_ Famous Rapper. With a grin on my face, I strolled over to the bathroom. I put down the toilet seat, and proceeded to spread \_\_\_\_\_ Something Spreadable all around the rim, as I do every day. I walked over to the sink and turned on my special \_\_\_\_\_ Delicious Beverage tap, washing my hands in the delicious liquid and then wiping them off on my rare \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_ Animal .

I went back into my room and stared at my \_\_\_\_\_ Number foot tall wall of \_\_\_\_\_ Noun - Plural . Using my jetpack to fly up to the correct section, I grabbed all 7 with the special deluxe edition Doggystyle artwork printed on them . Landing back on the ground, I slid down my fire station pole into my kitchen. I was ready for a snack, and as always my snack of choice was \_\_\_\_\_ Ludicrously Specific Noun . F\*\*\*in A.

Smashing through the kitchen wall with my giant inflatable \_\_\_\_\_ Noun with YOLO written on the side, I could now enter my garage. Hopping in my \_\_\_\_\_ Long Ago Year Mercedes Benz, I smashed right through the garage door and ran over a crowd of about \_\_\_\_\_ Number \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective children.

After about \_\_\_\_\_ Number minutes, I arrived at my destination. I had been jocking \_\_\_\_\_ Band pretty hard on the way there and sat in my car for a minute while I let \_\_\_\_\_ Song finish up. I snatched up my Doggystyle s\*\*\*

and got over to the line pouring out of the front door of the \_\_\_\_\_ Fast Food Restaurant \_\_\_\_\_. It felt like an eternity that I was waiting because there were these two hispanic gentlemen in front of me who wouldn't stop talking about \_\_\_\_\_ The Most Boring Sounding Thing You Can Think Of \_\_\_\_\_. When I finally got a glimpse of her I nearly peed myself.

There, standing in front of me, was \_\_\_\_\_ Female Pop Star \_\_\_\_\_. She had always been my favorite member of \_\_\_\_\_ Classic Rock Band \_\_\_\_\_, and I was super f\*\*\*ing excited to meet her. When I reached the table she sat behind, I dropped all 7 of my items to be signed, began drooling and mumbling profusely, and reached my hand out to touch her \_\_\_\_\_ Body Part \_\_\_\_\_. She seemed to take it very well, and politely asked me to refrain from touching her by saying, " \_\_\_\_\_ Enraged Racist Tirade \_\_\_\_\_. " It turned out there was only a 5 item limit on autographs, but she was so nice, she signed all eight things I'd asked for!

After all of the excitement I went back home and put all seven newly signed items back on the shelf. I then lifted up my shirt, and giggled like a schoolgirl as I read what she had written on my left breast: " \_\_\_\_\_ Inspirational \_\_\_\_\_ Remark \_\_\_\_\_. "

The day was just as great as I could have ever hoped.