

The Night He Asked Me Out

1. Noun
2. Your Best Friend Name
3. Crush Best Friend Name
4. Crush Name
5. Crush Best Friend Name
7. Food
8. Sport
9. Sport
10. Town Name
11. Mascot
12. Boy Name
13. Boy Last Name
14. Boy Name
15. Boy Last Name
16. Boy Name
17. Boy Last Name
18. Your Best Friend Name
19. Your Name
20. Curse Word - Ends In Ing
21. Sport
22. Food
23. Crush Name
24. Crush Best Friend Name

25. Your Best Friend Name
26. Your Name
27. Crush Best Friend Name
28. Crush Name
29. Crush Best Friend Name
30. Your Best Friend Name
31. Hairstyle
32. Color
33. Adjective To Describe Pajamas
34. Color
35. Color
36. Color
37. Sport With Helmet
38. Your Brother Name
39. Sport With Helmet
40. Brother Height
41. Brother Skin Tone
42. Eye Color Of Brother
43. Adjective To Describe Pajamas
44. Your Best Friend Name
45. Type Of Bear
46. Your Best Friend Name
47. Food
48. Food
49. Body Part

50. Sour Food
51. Crush Name
52. Crush Best Friend Name
53. Your Best Friend Name
54. Religion
55. Crush Name
56. Your Best Friend Name
57. Crush Best Friend Name
58. Your Name
59. Crush Name
60. Crush Name
61. Your Best Friend Name
62. Lower Body Part
63. Crush Name
64. Your Name
65. Crush Name
66. Sport
67. Crush Name
68. Favorite Flower
69. Crush Name
70. Your Name
71. Favorite Flower
72. Crush Name
73. Your Name
74. Your Middle Name

75. Your Last Name

76. Crush Name

77. Your Best Friend Name

78. Crush Best Friend Name

79. Crush Name

The Night He Asked Me Out

We walked into the Great Hall, which had many small tables in the center, about six chairs a piece. Most were empty however, due to the fact that students were allowed to take food upstairs to their dorms, which is what Holly and I were going to do. We waited in line for some Noun. Your Best Friend Name turned to me.

"I'm assuming Crush Best Friend Name told you?"

"Told me what?" I asked, even though I knew exactly what she was talking about.

"Crush Name! He likes you! I knew it, !" She shook my shoulders and my head bobbed back and forth a little. I blushed a little.

"Yeah, yeah. Didn't ask me to the dance though. Don't shake me by the way; you're making my hair more afroish than needed."

"Oh, he will. Crush Best Friend Name said so. I'll tell you later." The cafeteria worker handed us our box of Food. We thanked her as polite people do and walked down the main corridor to the stairs.

"Oh! That reminds me, since the dance is in two days, we're going shopping for your dress. And mine. But yours is somewhat more important."

"I'm going to look ridiculous," I replied.

"You will if you go alone, which is why I'm coming."

We opened the door to our room, which had a nice coolness because we left the windows open. We were going to watch the _____Sport_____ game. Yes, our school had a _____Sport_____ team. That was the only sports team we had, making it more prestigious to be on it. The _____Town Name_____ Academy _____Mascot_____. Surprisingly, we were actually very good. I knew some kids on the team; _____Boy Name_____ _____Boy Last Name_____, _____Boy Name_____ _____Boy Last Name_____. I started to but on some jeans, but _____Your Best Friend Name_____ interrupted.

"_____Your Name_____, no need to put on jeans. Just comfy clothes, like those hideous sweatpants you always wear to bed." She laughed, and so did I.

"As much as I love those sweatpants, no way am I wearing them to a _____Curse Word - Ends in ING_____ _____Sport_____ game. Everyone is gonna see me," I replied.

"We're staying here. Our dorm is on the west side, which faces directly towards the fields. If we're careful enough, we can climb up on the roof and watch with nobody bothering us. And we can eat our Food."

"Where did you get this idea?"

"Crush Name. He and Crush Best Friend Name are coming to watch with us."

"What!" I yelled, "Why! Do you not realize how awkward this is gonna be!"

Your Best Friend Name smiled. "Oh Your Name, you're really not thinking this through are you, child. Crush Best Friend Name and I are gonna be all cozy with each other, which leaves you and Crush Name together. Crush Best Friend Name is going to tell him what you said, and he is going to probably make a move. Don't overthink it."

"Whatever. I can't look too disgusting though. Sweatpants or not?"

"Hmm," Your Best Friend Name said as if she were in deep thought, "Yeah, those are fine, just put your hair up so you don't look like a homeless man - which is impossible, because you always look homeless."

got ready. I put my hair up in a _____ Hairstyle _____ with a thick, _____ Color _____ headband. I had on a

_____ Adjective to Describe Pajamas _____ Color _____ pullover sweatshirt with of course, my infamous _____ Color _____

sweatpants with a _____ Color _____ Sport With Helmet _____ helmet on the thigh. They were my brother's;

_____ Your Brother Name _____. He was a great _____ Sport With Helmet _____ player. He was the splitting image of my dad;

_____ Brother Height _____, _____ Brother Skin Tone _____, with a structured nose and small glassy _____ Eye Color of Brother _____

eyes. I wonder how he would think of his baby sister dating a kid hotter - almost hotter than him as he would say

. I threw on some _____ Adjective to Describe Pajamas _____ socks, so I wouldn't have to worry about stepping on anything

on the roof. God knows what's up there. _____ Your Best Friend Name _____ got in a _____ Type of Bear _____ bear onesie,

which I thought was ridiculous. Bad enough we might plummet to our death, but she would check out in a onesie

. I guess it was her choice though, so whatever.

"Maybe we should set everything up outside?" I asked _____ Your Best Friend Name _____.

"Yeah."

I climbed out the window onto the roof with the _____ Food _____ in one hand and blankets tucked under another;

great to know Holly was helping. Not. Good thing it was flat. I spread out the blankets, two on the ground and

three to tuck ourselves into. While setting out the _____ Food _____, I heard the door open. The boys were here. I

scrambled back inside, banging my _____ Body Part _____ into the heater in the process. I kept my pain on the down

low,

but I couldn't help but wonder if my face was all scrunched up like I just ate a Sour Food.

"Crush Name! Crush Best Friend Name! Where were you? The game starts in five minutes!"

"Chill babe, just trying to finish up some homework."

"We didn't have homework, dumbo," replied Your Best Friend Name. They were like an old Religion couple.

Crush Name looked at me. I blushed for no good reason, and so did he. Your Best Friend Name and Crush Best Friend Name were watching.

"Your Name," Crush Name said with a small smile.

"Crush Name," I said with the same attitude.

We all turned to go to the roof. The boys went first. Right when I was about to go through, Your Best Friend Name whispered, "Don't be so shy!" I kicked her in the Lower Body Part.

After

the national anthem, the real fun started. There was fireworks and music. I was enjoying myself. Crush

Name and I sat on the same blanket. He leaned back so his arms were behind him and his weight was supported by his wrists. So much for that third blanket.

"So Your Name," Blake said with his raspy voice. I loved his voice, "Nice to talk to you without being pushed into you."

I smiled. "Yeah, it is." God, why did I sound like such an idiot?

He was about to say something, but I guess our team scored, and everyone was celebrating. I wasn't really paying attention.

"Yeah! Lets go!" The boys were hyped.

When all the excitement died down, Crush Name asked me a question. "Do you even like Sport?"

"Yeah, but here you don't exactly feel all of the same excitement. Harder to pay attention when fireworks are going off too." I shivered. Crush Name seemed to notice.

"Are you cold?" He asked taking off his jacket. It was a Nike windbreaker. Kid had style.

"No, Blake, really, you don't have to," I said modestly.

"I want to." He blushed. How cute.

When putting the jacket over my shoulders, I felt his hands slide down my arms. I looked behind me. His warm smile was smiling back at mine. I felt butterflies in my stomach. He was adorable.

"You know, I have something else for you," he said. He reached behind him and pulled out a bouquet of blood red Favorite Flower. I gasped.

"Crush Name," I started.

"This might sound crazy, but I love you, Your Name. I've been shy around you since day one, but I always knew you were the girl. Your laugh, your constant need to curse, and of course the side of you that you don't show anyone. Not even me," he held out the bouquet to me, "I will not stop loving you until the last Favorite Flower dies."

I

felt my voice quiver. I felt all soft and gooey inside; like a brownie or something. " _____ Crush Name _____, I don't know what to say."

"Then just answer this question. _____ Your Name _____ Your Middle Name _____ Your Last Name _____, will you go to the ball with me?"

I felt like I was going to cry. I couldn't believe I was going to let myself get all emotional in front of him. Well, more like consider it. No way was my gooey-ness going to be unveiled right now.

"Yes. Of course I'll go with you, _____ Crush Name _____."

"Ooh!" _____ Your Best Friend Name _____ cooed.

"That's my boy!" _____ Crush Best Friend Name _____ said as he slapped Blake's back.

_____ Crush Name _____ and I stared into each other's eyes. Slowly, he leaned towards my ear. I closed my eyes, when he pecked a soft kiss on my cheek. He backed out and wiped the lone tear from my face. Dammit. No more emotions.

"You're beautiful, and I love you. Remember that."