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Mr. Clodfelter goes to Washington

1. Noun _____
2. Noun _____
3. Noun - Plural _____
4. Noun _____
5. Adjective _____
6. Adjective _____
7. Adjective _____
8. Job Title _____
9. Adjective _____
10. Adjective _____
11. Any Us President _____
12. Adjective _____
13. Adjective _____
14. Adjective _____
15. Verb - Base Form _____

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Ryan decided one day that he was tired of living in Indiana. "This place is like a giant _____Noun_____!" he said. He threw on a _____Noun_____ and a pair of hipster _____Noun - Plural_____ and booked a flight to Rhode Island. "Aw man, I have a layover in Washington DC?" he exclaimed to his best friend and loyal Hoosier, John.

"I hate Washington DC," said John. "It is a symbol of crony capitalism."

"Maybe I will fall in love with it like I abruptly fell in love with the thought of leaving the _____Noun_____ that nourished my entire upbringing," replied Ryan.

"I hate Jigar," John said absentmindedly.

As Ryan boarded the _____Adjective_____ plane, he was reminded of travels in his earlier days of adulthood. He had been to the far reaches of Spain, and he never let anyone hear the end of it. He was very proud of how once, he broke his arm in Spain and still managed to survive. It was a commendable achievement.

The plane took off and Ryan decided to order a _____Adjective_____ drink. "One bloody mary please!" Ryan chirped excitedly to the flight attendant. He added, "You know, this isn't my first flight. I've been to Spain." The flight attendant feigned interest and asked him if he had liked Spain. "I broke my arm in Spain," he replied unhelpfully

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The booze began to affect him a short while later, and Ryan began making _____Adjective_____ conversation with the man next to him, who was none other than basketball team _____job title_____ and billionaire Mark Cuban.

Ryan offered, "My drivers license says Indiana, but I'm really a Rhode Islander at heart."

His new friend replied, "That's a very _____Adjective_____ opinion."

"Want to hear a joke?" Ryan asked. "What do you call a tourist in Indianapolis?"

"I don't know, what?" said the companion.

"You don't call them anything, because they don't exist!" Ryan practically shouted. He was drunk with wanderlust, or possibly vodka. Ryan thought he might provide a little irony by asking the flight attendant for a lime with which to squirt acid into the metaphorical wound he had created by stabbing Indiana in the back--but the flight, to his disappointment, was coming to a _____Adjective_____ end.

A few hours later, Ryan walked up to the _____Any US President_____ Monument and thought to himself, "Wow, what a

_____Adjective_____ monument."

A few days later, Ryan walked up to the Capitol and thought to himself, "Wow, what a _____Adjective_____ reminder of the sanctity of our American institutions, which has thusly been soiled by the GOP."

A few months later, Ryan walked up to the White House and thought to himself, "Wow, what a _____Adjective_____ place for Donald Trump to _____Verb - Base Form_____."

A few years later, Ryan walked up to Jigar on K Street and thought to himself, "Wow, I hate Jigar."

The End

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