

# 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 \_\_\_\_\_!" he said.

He threw on a \_\_\_\_\_ and a pair of hipster \_\_\_\_\_ 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 \_\_\_\_\_ that nourished my entire upbringing," replied Ryan.

"I hate Jigar," John said absentmindedly.

As Ryan boarded the \_\_\_\_\_ 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 \_\_\_\_\_ 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

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