

Favorite Song

1. Noun
2. Adjective
3. Adjective
4. Adverb
5. Adverb
6. Noun
7. Proper Noun
8. Noun
9. Noun
10. Noun
11. Noun
12. Adjective
13. Adjective
14. Adjective
15. Noun Plural
16. Noun
17. Proper Noun
18. Proper Noun
19. Noun
20. Noun
21. Proper Noun
22. Proper Noun Plural
23. Proper Noun

24. Noun
25. Adverb
26. Proper Noun
27. Noun
28. Proper Noun
29. Noun
30. Proper Noun
31. Noun Plural
32. Noun Plural
33. Noun
34. Noun
35. Noun
36. Noun
37. Noun
38. Proper Noun
39. Proper Noun
40. Proper Noun
41. Proper Noun
42. Noun Plural
43. Noun
44. Proper Noun
45. Proper Noun
46. Adjective
47. Adjective
48. Noun

49. Proper Noun
50. Proper Noun
51. Adverb
52. Adverb
53. Proper Noun
54. Proper Noun
55. Proper Noun
56. Adverb
57. Adverb

Favorite Song

It's a Noun morning. I roll over on my Adjective mattress to check the time flashing at me through my alarm clock. It read 5:37. "Ughhh," I groaned as I rolled back into my Adjective position. Sleeping seemed to be getting Adverb each night and getting up was the last thing I wanted to do, but my stomach disagreed. "Fine!" I shouted as I Adverb up and out of bed. "I wonder if I have any pancake mix. Probably not." I live with my Noun, Proper Noun, in a way-too-small Noun in Noun Noun Noun. Not sure how I could afford it, I mean for so little space it sure was Adjective. I continued to have a one-way conversation with my dog as she walked with me to the kitchen. "Hmm. You must be hungry too, ain't that right girl?" I asked her. She looked up at me and sat, I Adjective petted her Adjective face. She was Noun Plural. "Alright, alright. I'm on it. But after I give you your grub, I should go out and grab some of my own." I was right. I didn't have any Noun, let alone Proper Noun Proper Noun. There was a Noun near my Noun that wasn't too bad. Before heading out, I decided to shower and change. Taking one last good look at myself in the mirror I said, "Okay... Breakfast and coffee, here I come." I'd picked out Proper Noun Proper Noun Plural Proper Noun Noun, a low cut "P!ATD" tank top, and a black and red plaid flannel. I gelled my hair to look somewhat natural, plus I was wearing my Adverb Proper Noun Noun, Proper Noun Noun, and Proper Noun Noun Plural. I wondered if my Noun Plural threw off the whole look, but honestly, they worked better with it rather than without. As I walked out the door feeling pretty confident, I passed a music store. Records, discs, albums,

instruments, they had it all. I couldn't resist the allure, I needed to go in there. Before _____
_____ started into the store window for quite some time, admiring the instruments from a safe distance.

Did I want to go inside? Yes, more than anything. Could I? No. _____ was terrified. Why? Was music something to be ashamed of? No. _____ love music, it's my favorite form of entertainment in the world.

So if that wasn't it, then what? It was the cashier. She scared me. I couldn't talk to her, couldn't approach her. We were close friends from _____ to _____, but things changed in high school. She'd hung out with different people over the summer and we grew apart, stopped talking completely.

_____. My best friend, well ex-best friend. _____ changed so much since high school, _____ cut _____ short, wore slightly different clothing, I had more piercings and tattoos too. She barely changed at all. Same long blonde hair, same clothing style, same makeup on her _____. I had no idea _____ worked here, so close to my home. What if _____ didn't want to see me? It's been years since we've _____ or seen each other. I could just look inside, if I didn't buy anything, I didn't have to make contact. I slowly approach the door, opening it _____, but that make no difference. There was a bell on the door. It dinged loudly and I ducked my head, hoping _____ didn't see _____. _____ I know she _____ over, she'd always been so _____. "Hi. Welcome to The Music Shack. I'm Chelsea, ask me any questions you may have." She was so cheery. I peeked over, she smiled and I quickly said "Hello" very awkwardly. I heard Chelsea giggle. Did she know it was me? No, she couldn't know unless I was right in front of her. She was laughing at something one of the other cashiers said.

Relief

washed over me, I needed to relax, I was really sweaty and my face was flushed. I looked for some of my favorite bands, starting with Panic! At The Disco. Every album was in stock. I wanted at least three, but that would mean I'd have to check out. The guitars were by Chelsea, plastered up on the wall. I figured talking to her couldn't be as bad as I feared, so I grabbed the albums and raced up to the register. "Ready?" She asked in anticipation. My eyes wandered from her to the guitars. "Um, actually, could you tell me how much the acoustic guitars are?" Her face lit up instantly after I said it. "Of course! I love guitars. Our cheapest acoustic would run about \$50.00, others range from \$60.00 to \$600.00." Wow. I didn't have the money for that right now. I lost my job a week ago. "Oh, alright thanks, I'll keep that in mind. Just these three for now please" I was shaking. She lightly took the albums out of my hands, then opened her mouth, like she was about to say something. "Wait, you like Panic! At The Disco? They're my favorite band. Which song's your favorite out of these?" She held them up as if she were modeling and it made me chuckle. I'd forgotten how funny she was. I pointed to Death of a Bachelor, smiled, and said "This Is Gospel." Her eyes went wide as she stared into mine. Crap. "Oh my god. Alex?!" She'd screamed it so loudly that people turned around in the store and looked at us. I nodded my head in . Before I knew it she was squeezing me from across the counter, arms flung around my neck. I hugged back. This wasn't what I was expecting, it was nice, best day I've had since ninth grade.