

# 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 \_\_\_\_\_ Noun went inside, \_\_\_\_\_ Noun stared 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. \_\_\_\_\_ Noun was terrified. Why? Was music something to be ashamed of? No. \_\_\_\_\_ Noun 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 \_\_\_\_\_ Noun to \_\_\_\_\_ Proper Noun \_\_\_\_\_ Proper Noun, but things changed in high school. She'd hung out with different people over the summer and we grew apart, stopped talking completely.

\_\_\_\_\_ Proper Noun \_\_\_\_\_ Proper Noun. My best friend, well ex-best friend. \_\_\_\_\_ Noun Plural changed so much since high school, \_\_\_\_\_ Noun cut \_\_\_\_\_ Proper Noun \_\_\_\_\_ Proper Noun 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 \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_ Noun. I had no idea \_\_\_\_\_ Proper Noun worked here, so close to my home. What if \_\_\_\_\_ Proper Noun didn't want to see me? It's been years since we've \_\_\_\_\_ Adverb 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 \_\_\_\_\_ Adverb, but that make no difference. There was a bell on the door. It dinged loudly and I ducked my head, hoping \_\_\_\_\_ Proper Noun didn't see \_\_\_\_\_ Proper Noun.

\_\_\_\_\_ Proper Noun. I know she \_\_\_\_\_ Adverb over, she'd always been so \_\_\_\_\_ Adverb. "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.