## Long but funny

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2.	Noun
3.	Event
4.	Article
5.	Article
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	Verb Ending In Ing
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	Your Name
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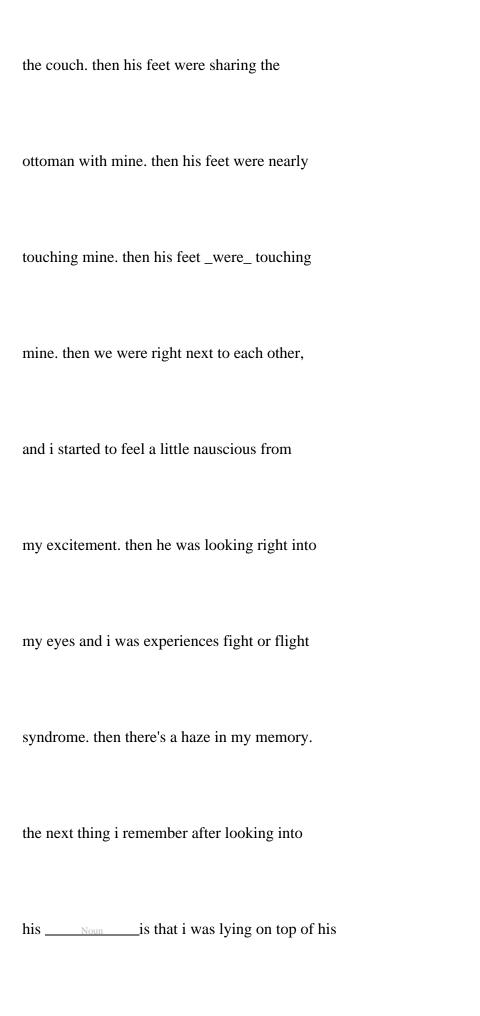
## Long but funny

i remember my frustration in Noun	Noun	_as i
strived to keep my sexual orientation represse	ed,	
and i was very successful. i would masturbate	2	
thinking about the school jocks, and i would		
peek almost gleefully duringEvent	and i had a	
small stash of gay male porno, including i		
don't know how many boxes of fashion	Article	
depicting some sports star in his underwear,		
but it just didn't quite click in my conscious		

mind

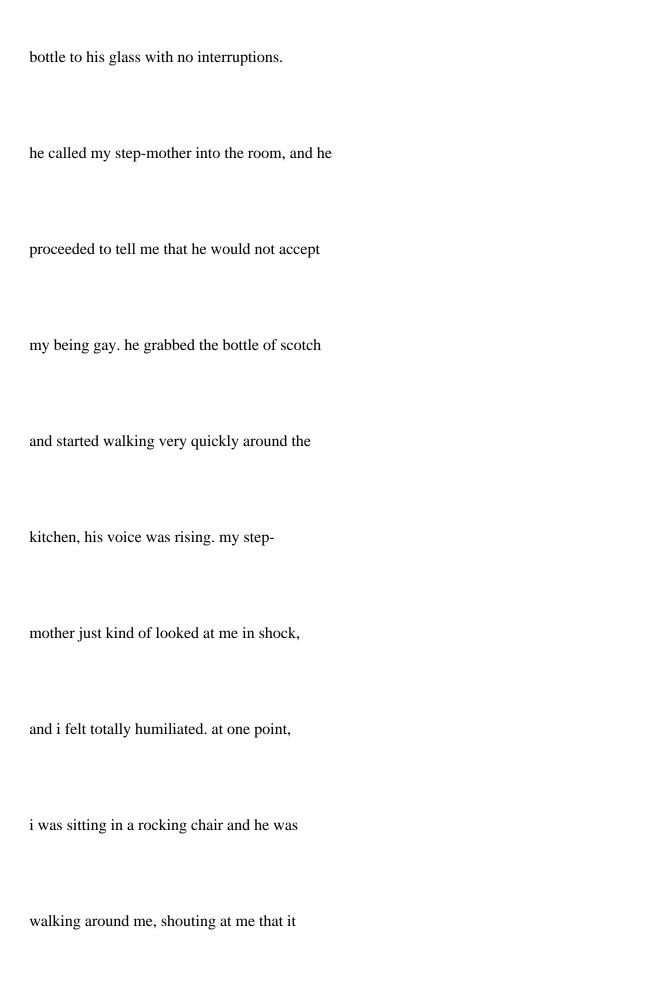
that i was gay. i don't even think that	
the word gay was in my vocabulary, but i knew	
that i didn't want to date girls.	
over summer break, while i was in college, i	
came home to act in the	
director was my drama teacher in high school	
(we didn't have a notably gay presence in our	
drama club, either,) and we were very close	
friends. while we were working on the set,	

told me that she had some juicy
about my 'co-star' shawn. she had heard that
he was gay, and she was dying to know whether
it was true (i guess shawn was straight-
acting.) i was too.
shawn and i startedverb ending in ingout together to
memorize lines, and one night, we were
at his house running lines, and i noticed that
he was inching his way toward me, ever so slowly

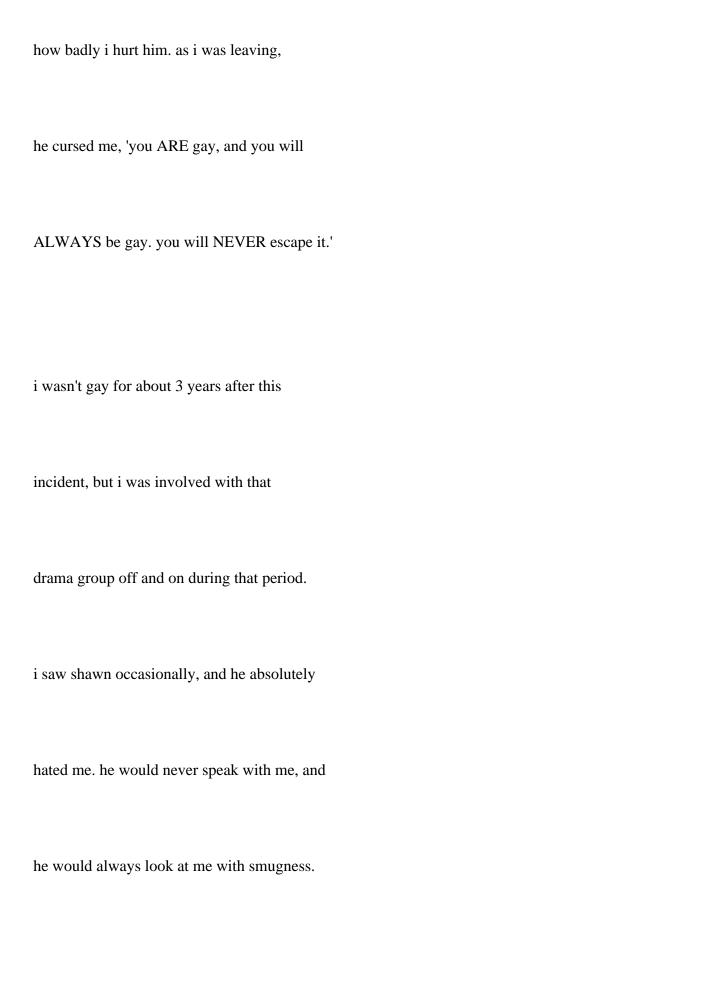


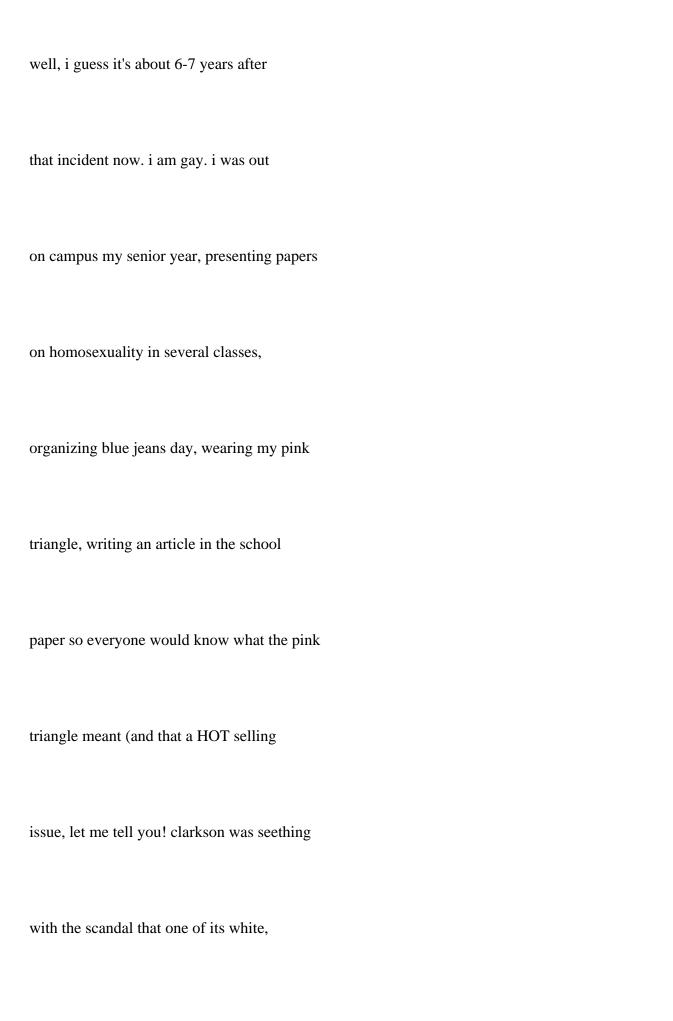
chest. we were fully clothed, but we had
both had orgasms, and i was astounded at how
'right' this felt.
Your name and i dated for the run of the play.
we started talking about how we were going to a house together and aand how rosey
our life together was going to be. ozzie and
harriet; jake and of course, everyone
must have known from our behavior toward each
other. my relationship with my father was at

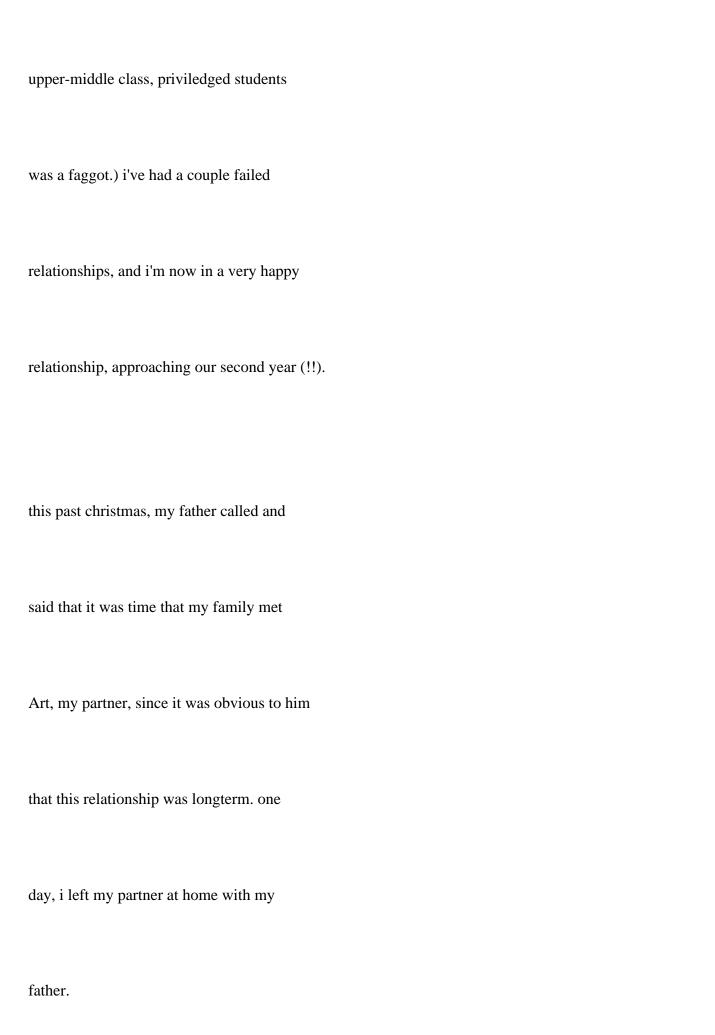
all time low, and he suspected that i was
involved with one night, in a heated
argument, he asked me directly, and i told him
that i was gay. the argument stopped, like we
had both been hit by a truck.
things were pretty smooth between us for a
couple of days, but about four days after the
incident, he called me into the kitchen. he
had drunk about half a bottle of scotch, from













christmas went without a hitch; my family
adores Art. but i am still bothered by that
damn curse.
jake
**i MUST remember to bring my dictionary to work.
i keep procrastinating because i have it in my
head that i am committed to this job the minute

my

dictionary graces my bookshelves at work.
while it collects dust at home on top of a box
full of my technical books and journals, i hold
on to the hope that i'm going to find a job which
is much, much more fun. in the meantime, i feel
like an arm has been cut off because i am a
horrible speller.
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