## My College Essay

1.	Adjective
2.	Noun
3.	Verb
4.	Noun
5.	Color
6.	Color
7.	Color
8.	Amount
9.	Noun - Plural
10.	Adjective
	Noun
12.	Noun
13.	Noun - Plural
14.	Verb - Base Form
15.	Noun
16.	Noun
17.	Part Of Body
18.	Adjective
19.	Units Of Time
20.	Noun
21.	Noun
22.	Verb - Past Participle
23.	Verb - Past Participle

24.	Determiner
25.	Adjective
26.	Noun
27.	Verb - Base Form
28.	Noun
29.	Noun - Plural
30.	Noun - Plural
31.	Proper Noun
32.	Verb - Base Form
33.	Verb - Base Form
34.	Proper Noun
35.	Noun - Plural
36.	Noun - Plural

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I am completely	Adjective	and live to fill the	Noun	_ it creates. I w	ant only to tou	ch upon what
I'm missing, to	Verb a p	inpoint through my	Noun Noun	, so I can see _	Color	, and
, and	Color	_, and the night sk	y, and the sun	. All I want is a	Amount	_ of vision.
Yesterday I looked	through my o	ldNoun - Plural	stashed in	aAdjective	Noun	, strewn on
the Noun 1	before me. Th	at my childhood sh	ould be reduce	ed to a bunch of	Noun - Plural	on glossy
4" x 5" paper, the o	nes I could	Verb - Base Form	_ together from	m the top of my	dustyNou	<u>,</u>
reminded me of hov	w quickly the	past slips away who	en you. I lay d	own on my	Noun and	d closed my
Part of Body	, trying to reca	all some of the	Adjective	memories in tho	se pictures. W	hen I opened my
eyes a fewunit	ts of Time la	ter, the track lighting	ng on my	Noun sudd	enly seemed to	blind me, and I
winced away in pai	n.					
But it wasn't the tra	ck lighting th	at made me blind. I	n fact, it is an	affliction that al	l people suffer	from as a
consequence of hav	ing just one o	pportunity at	Noun Lik	e blindness, it is	the condition	of missing a
very vital sense: tha	at childhood c	an be neither	Verb - Past Participle	nor	erb - Past Participle	I am blind
because I am witho	ut the ability t	o re-experience wh	at was once m	nine, and sadden	ed because thi	s makes me
realize that I am mi	ssing valuable	e colors about from	the palette of	my mind.		

<u>Determiner</u> at the notion of time passing, and leaving childhood behind, because I am a <u>Adjective</u>
my anger, my hope-into And it is frustrating for me not to have the true-to-life
Noun - Plural of childhood in my repertoire. Proper Noun makes sense of the world I live in. For
anything that matters, I $\underline{\hspace{1cm}}_{\text{Verb - Base Form}}$ , and anything I $\underline{\hspace{1cm}}_{\text{Verb - Base Form}}$ can never be lost.
Proper Noun opens up Noun - Plural that flow inward, abounding with the Noun - Plural of
my palette, which converge into a picture of myself.

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