

# My College Essay

1. Adjective
2. Noun
3. Verb
4. Noun
5. Color
6. Color
7. Color
8. Amount
9. Noun - Plural
10. Adjective
11. 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 want only to touch upon what I'm missing, to \_\_\_\_\_ Verb a pinpoint through my \_\_\_\_\_ Noun, so I can see \_\_\_\_\_ Color, and \_\_\_\_\_ Color, and \_\_\_\_\_ Color, and the night sky, and the sun. All I want is a \_\_\_\_\_ Amount of vision.

Yesterday I looked through my old \_\_\_\_\_ Noun - Plural stashed in a \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_ Noun, strewn on the \_\_\_\_\_ Noun before me. That my childhood should be reduced to a bunch of \_\_\_\_\_ Noun - Plural on glossy 4" x 5" paper, the ones I could \_\_\_\_\_ Verb - Base Form together from the top of my dusty \_\_\_\_\_ Noun, reminded me of how quickly the past slips away when you. I lay down on my \_\_\_\_\_ Noun and closed my \_\_\_\_\_ Part of Body, trying to recall some of the \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective memories in those pictures. When I opened my eyes a few \_\_\_\_\_ Units of Time later, the track lighting on my \_\_\_\_\_ Noun suddenly seemed to blind me, and I winced away in pain.

But it wasn't the track lighting that made me blind. In fact, it is an affliction that all people suffer from as a consequence of having just one opportunity at \_\_\_\_\_ Noun. Like blindness, it is the condition of missing a very vital sense: that childhood can be neither \_\_\_\_\_ Verb - Past Participle nor \_\_\_\_\_ Verb - Past Participle. I am blind because I am without the ability to re-experience what was once mine, and saddened because this makes me realize that I am missing valuable colors about from the palette of my mind.

\_\_\_\_\_ Determiner at the notion of time passing, and leaving childhood behind, because I am a \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective  
\_\_\_\_\_ Noun, because I \_\_\_\_\_ Verb - Base Form my \_\_\_\_\_ Noun, along with my deepest feelings-my love,  
my anger, my hope-into \_\_\_\_\_ Noun - Plural. 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 \_\_\_\_\_ Verb - Base Form, and anything I \_\_\_\_\_ 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.