

## Stuck in the 1920's

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# Stuck in the 1920's

The \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective spring of 2025 changed the life of young woman forever. Anne's life changing experience started on a \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective, but boring, spring day with one of her \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective - Superlative friends, Robbie. Since 2025 was \_\_\_\_\_ Verb - Present Tense with technology, they decided to use their resources and travel back in time to a time of fun, freewill, rebellion, and lust: the 1920's. They had only briefly heard about the 1920's in school but fell in love with all the \_\_\_\_\_ Noun and prosperity there was. Robbie started up the time machine and off they went through the space-time continuum until they landed right in the \_\_\_\_\_ Noun of New York City on April 11th, 1922.

Robbie stored the time machine in an \_\_\_\_\_ Noun lot next to the NYC police station. Anne was \_\_\_\_\_ Verb - Past Participle to see the old technology they had like noisy refrigerators, poot poot cars, and silent films. "Look at those women! They've chopped all their hair off and are running around in \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective tassel covered outfits!", Robbie was so naive to the trends of the 1920's. Anne giggled and remarked, "I think they're called flappers, silly! Oh my, don't they look like their having fun! I wonder where they're running off to?". Robbie and Anne decided to investigate; the women were headed into an unknown shop with blacked out windows.

Thinking they had nothing to lose, Robbie and Anne followed and walked down the stairs of the vacant shop to find a whole community of speakeasies and bootleggers. "Wow! Would you check this out, Anne. This is a genius idea", remarked Robbie. "What do you mean genius idea?" questioned Anne. Robbie began to explain how since the 18th amendment was passed the consumption and distribution of alcohol had been prohibited.

Anne,

\_\_\_\_\_ Verb - Past Participle by bending the rules decided she wanted to take her time here and enjoy the era for everything it had to offer.

She drank \_\_\_\_\_ Number drinks at a time all while socializing with the big investment brokers at the bar.

Unimpressed by Anne's floozy activity, Robbie decided he would go speak with the Jazz player about all this

\_\_\_\_\_ Noun rebellion. While conversing, Robbie was interrupted by a \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective, upper-class, New

Orleans voice, "Hey, you new around here boy? We like to keep track of all the men that \_\_\_\_\_ Verb - Base Form

in and out of this joint. Just to make sure we ain't got no trouble." Robbie \_\_\_\_\_ Verb - Past Tense with guilt, "My

gal and I, we just though we should stop in. Sort of... new in town I guess you could say." The man didn't buy his

excuse and wasn't so sure about receiving new guests and gestured for the two of them to leave. Anne,

intoxicated and barely paying attention \_\_\_\_\_ Verb - Past Tense at Robbie and complained that she was having too

much fun with the flappers and investors that she didn't want to leave, "But do we have to? It's not like they'll

remember us anyways. Fine! Just go start up the time machine at the police station and we'll be off." The

gangster man did not like the sound of this. The music paused, the laughs stopped, and the shot glasses stopped

clanging, "Did someone say police?".

A \_\_\_\_\_ Noun brawl fell out upon Anne and Robbie as they realized they didn't belong there. "I knew I

shouldn't have let you drink, you got sucked into the womanly freedom here and forgot your place! You told

them our secret, that we're from the future!" Robbie yelled at Anne as they tried pushing their way through the

crowds of \_\_\_\_\_ Noun - Plural. Just then, POP! POP! Two cracks of a gun shot fired and everyone screamed, "

Watch out! Not Al Capone's crew!". Anne and Robbie new they were in trouble now.

Robbie

looked to his Direction while everyone had crouched down from the gun shots, "Look, an emergency escape! Hurry, this way". They Verb - Past Tense out the exit and realized it had dumped them right across the street to where the time machine was parked. Anne grabbed the key from her satchel and swung the door open, "Hurry Robbie, get in already!" . After a Adjective clank, boom, and sizzle the two friends arrived back home safe and sound. "The 1920's was quite fun, but I think i'll stick to 2025, at least we don't have raging alcoholic gangsters!"