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# Destiny First Page

"Why me? Why must I die like this? All I wanted was to have something \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_ happen to me in my life. Something \_\_\_\_\_ Same as first Adj \_\_\_\_\_ Proper Noun \_\_\_\_\_, why me? What did I \_\_\_\_\_ Verb \_\_\_\_\_ to deserve this? I don't want to die. I have so much more to do with my life. So much more living to do... beep."

"Anna-Maria! Wake up! Your \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_ has been beeping for the last \_\_\_\_\_ Number \_\_\_\_\_ Noun - Plural \_\_\_\_\_.

You're going to be late to school on your first day back!"

"I CAN'T DIE LIKE THIS!" I exclaimed as I shot straight up in my bed. \_\_\_\_\_ Proper Noun \_\_\_\_\_ racing, I \_\_\_\_\_ Adverb \_\_\_\_\_ scanned my \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_ desk, \_\_\_\_\_ Proper Noun \_\_\_\_\_ bed, \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_ Verb - \_\_\_\_\_ Present Tense \_\_\_\_\_ squeaky \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_, and... " \_\_\_\_\_ Proper Noun \_\_\_\_\_?"

"What?"

"Um... nothing. I'm just... not used to you \_\_\_\_\_ Verb - Present Tense \_\_\_\_\_ in my room."

"Don't worry, I figured you wouldn't be making out with \_\_\_\_\_ Noun - Plural \_\_\_\_\_ this early in the morning," she said.

In 9th grade, my \_\_\_\_\_ Noun - Plural \_\_\_\_\_ walked in on my best friend, Joseph and I making out while I already had a

\_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_. Okay, I know what you're thinking, and I know that this sounds really \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_ right

now, but bear with me. My best friend had never been in a relationship before and he wanted me, someone who

has \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_, to help him practice \_\_\_\_\_ Verb - Present Tense \_\_\_\_\_ for when he gets a boyfriend. Yes, you heard

me right, boyfriend. He's \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_. No attraction towards \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_ whatsoever and he has no

attraction towards me. Ever since then, my mom has avoided coming into my room unless it's a real

\_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_. "Now get ya ass out of bed and get ready for school, and don't forget to feed your \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_

.

I'll have breakfast on the table for you downstairs, now get moving!"

The door slammed behind her as she left the room, sending a \_\_\_\_\_ *Preposition or subordinating conjunction* through the walls that knocked \_\_\_\_\_ *Preposition or subordinating conjunction* off my wall and sent Mini scurrying into her \_\_\_\_\_ *Noun*. Mini is my pet \_\_\_\_\_ *Noun*. I know, I know. I could do better than a \_\_\_\_\_ *Noun*, but it's the only pet my parents will let me have. On the bright side, it's my Senior year in high school, so pretty soon I'll be able to get any kind of \_\_\_\_\_ *Noun* I desire.

I let out a sigh of relief as I thought about the dream I had just survived. Thank God that was just a dream. Just a dream...

I was awakened from my daydreaming when my phone \_\_\_\_\_ *verb ending in ED* on the nightstand to the right of my bed. I reached over and grabbed my \_\_\_\_\_ *Noun* and looked down at the glaring \_\_\_\_\_ *Noun*.

"Where are you?" read a text message from Joseph. I immediately moved my eyes to the top of my phone screen where it read "6:20 AM."

"Oh God, I'm going to miss my bus!" I jumped out of bed, threw on an outfit, and \_\_\_\_\_ *verb ending in ED* my teeth. "No time to \_\_\_\_\_ *Verb* now." I said as I grabbed my \_\_\_\_\_ *Noun* and sprayed buckets of \_\_\_\_\_ *fluid* on my body. I ran back into my room, grabbed my black JanSport \_\_\_\_\_ *Noun*, and threw a few pieces of \_\_\_\_\_ *Noun* in Mini's cage.

"Bye mom!" I screamed as I \_\_\_\_\_ *verb past tense* down the stairs and chugged the soggy \_\_\_\_\_ *food* she had left on the table. I was ready for \_\_\_\_\_ *Noun*, and in record time!

I grabbed the \_\_\_\_\_ *Noun* to the front door and \_\_\_\_\_ *verb past tense* it open.

"Anna!"

There he was, Joseph Uoli, standing at my front door with that adjective and adjective

Noun on his face. He always manages to beat me to it. How can I not action to someone - love hate etc

him? He has the cutest Noun, beautiful hazel Noun - Plural, and his dirty blonde wavy quiff never ceases to Verb me up, mainly because it annoys him when I Verb it up.

"Joseph! I feel like I haven't seen you in time frame - days hours weeks etc."

"That's because you didn't. It's the first second third etc day back from winter break, remember?"

"You Noun."