

# Favorite Song

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24. Noun
25. Adverb
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27. Noun
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35. Noun
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38. Proper Noun
39. Proper Noun
40. Proper Noun
41. Proper Noun
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43. Noun
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46. Adjective
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- 49. Proper Noun
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- 51. Adverb
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- 54. Proper Noun
- 55. Proper Noun
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- 57. Adverb

# Favorite Song

It's a \_\_\_\_\_ morning. I roll over on my \_\_\_\_\_ mattress to check the time flashing at me through my alarm clock. It read 5:37. "Ughhh," I groaned as I rolled back into my \_\_\_\_\_ position. Sleeping seemed to be getting \_\_\_\_\_ each night and getting up was the last thing I wanted to do, but my stomach disagreed. "Fine!" I shouted as I \_\_\_\_\_ up and out of bed. "I wonder if I have any pancake mix. Probably not." I live with my \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, in a way-too-small \_\_\_\_\_ in \_\_\_\_\_ Not sure how I could afford it, I mean for so little space it sure was \_\_\_\_\_. I continued to have a one-way conversation with my dog as she walked with me to the kitchen. "Hmm. You must be hungry too, ain't that right girl?" I asked her. She looked up at me and sat, I \_\_\_\_\_ petted her \_\_\_\_\_ face. She was \_\_\_\_\_. "Alright, alright. I'm on it. But after I give you your grub, I should go out and grab some of my own." I was right. I didn't have any \_\_\_\_\_, let alone \_\_\_\_\_. There was a \_\_\_\_\_ near my \_\_\_\_\_ that wasn't too bad. Before heading out, I decided to shower and change. Taking one last good look at myself in the mirror I said, "Okay... Breakfast and coffee, here I come." I'd picked out \_\_\_\_\_, a low cut "P!ATD" tank top, and a black and red plaid flannel. I gelled my hair to look somewhat natural, plus I was wearing my \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, and \_\_\_\_\_. I wondered if my \_\_\_\_\_ threw off the whole look, but honestly, they worked better with it rather than without. As I walked out the door feeling pretty confident, I passed a music store. Records, discs, albums,

instruments, they had it all. I couldn't resist the allure, I needed to go in there. Before \_\_\_\_\_ Noun went inside, \_\_\_\_\_ Noun stared into the store window for quite some time, admiring the instruments from a safe distance.

Did I want to go inside? Yes, more than anything. Could I? No. \_\_\_\_\_ Noun was terrified. Why? Was music something to be ashamed of? No. \_\_\_\_\_ Noun love music, it's my favorite form of entertainment in the world.

So if that wasn't it, then what? It was the cashier. She scared me. I couldn't talk to her, couldn't approach her. We were close friends from \_\_\_\_\_ Noun to \_\_\_\_\_ Proper Noun \_\_\_\_\_ Proper Noun, but things changed in high school. She'd hung out with different people over the summer and we grew apart, stopped talking completely.

\_\_\_\_\_ Proper Noun \_\_\_\_\_ Proper Noun. My best friend, well ex-best friend. \_\_\_\_\_ Noun Plural changed so much since high school, \_\_\_\_\_ Noun cut \_\_\_\_\_ Proper Noun \_\_\_\_\_ Proper Noun short, wore slightly different clothing, I had more piercings and tattoos too. She barely changed at all. Same long blonde hair, same clothing style, same makeup on her \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_ Noun. I had no idea \_\_\_\_\_ Proper Noun worked here, so close to my home. What if \_\_\_\_\_ Proper Noun didn't want to see me? It's been years since we've \_\_\_\_\_ Adverb or seen each other. I could just look inside, if I didn't buy anything, I didn't have to make contact . I slowly approach the door, opening it \_\_\_\_\_ Adverb, but that make no difference. There was a bell on the door. It dinged loudly and I ducked my head, hoping \_\_\_\_\_ Proper Noun didn't see \_\_\_\_\_ Proper Noun \_\_\_\_\_ Proper Noun. I know she \_\_\_\_\_ Adverb over, she'd always been so \_\_\_\_\_ Adverb. "Hi. Welcome to The Music Shack. I'm Chelsea, ask me any questions you may have." She was so cheery. I peeked over, she smiled and I quickly said "Hello" very awkwardly. I heard Chelsea giggle. Did she know it was me? No, she couldn't know unless I was right in front of her. She was laughing at something one of the other cashiers said.

Relief

washed over me, I needed to relax, I was really sweaty and my face was flushed. I looked for some of my favorite bands, starting with Panic! At The Disco. Ever album was in stock. I wanted at least three, but that would mean I'd have to check out. The guitars were by Chelsea, plastered up on the wall. I figured talking to her couldn't be as bad as I feared, so I grabbed the albums and raced up to the register. "Ready?" She asked in anticipation. My eyes wandered from her to the guitars. "Um, actually, could you tell me how much the acoustic guitars are?" Her face lit up instantly after I said it. "Of course! I love guitars. Our cheapest acoustic would run about \$50.00, others range from \$60.00 to \$600.00." Wow. I didn't have the money for that right now. I lost my job a week ago. "Oh, alright thanks, I'll keep that in mind. Just these three for now please" I was shaking. She lightly the albums out of my hands, then opened her mouth, like she was about to say something. "Wait, you like Panic! At The Disco? They're my favorite band. Which song's your favorite out of these?" She held them up as if she were modeling and it made me chuckle. I'd forgotten how funny she was. I pointed to Death of a Bachelor, smiled, and said "This Is Gospel." Her eyes went wide as she starred into mine. Crap. "Oh my god. Alex?!" She'd screamed it so loudly that people turned around in the store and looked at us. I nodded my head in . Before I knew it she was squeezing me from across the counter, arms flung around my neck. I hugged back. This wasn't what I was expecting, it was nice, best day I've had since ninth grade.