

# Mr. Bailey Goes to the Store

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'Ah, jeez, what a \_\_\_\_\_parking job this guy has done,' said Mr. Bailey from behind the \_\_\_\_\_  
of his big \_\_\_\_\_truck. 'I cannot even imagine...how he did that,' he added.

He pulled into a \_\_\_\_\_near the door of Wiseway and turned off his truck. He opened the door slowly  
and \_\_\_\_\_his body out of the truck. 'I am getting too \_\_\_\_\_for this, you guys,' he said  
to no one in particular.

When he got in the store, he was amazed at the number of \_\_\_\_\_on the ceiling. 'You guys sure like...  
electricity!' he joked to a confused bagger. 'Your favorite song must be, Ohm Ohm on the Range.' The bagger  
did not think it was funny, but Mr. Bailey \_\_\_\_\_anyway. 'Now where can I find some...Ho-Ho's?  
That's what I came here to get!'

The bagger told him to try aisle 5, near the \_\_\_\_\_.

'Now

\_\_\_\_\_ Same food I never cared much for, guy. I don't want 'em! Too much...fat!' Mr. Bailey waddled past the bagger and into the line of \_\_\_\_\_ Plural noun. 'Uh, ma'am, I can see that I will not fit through this...alley. You mean to say I gotta walk all the way around the store!?!' he exclaimed to the \_\_\_\_\_ Noun.

The cashier said, 'I'm sorry, sir. Just walk around the deli counter and past the \_\_\_\_\_ Noun.'

'You \_\_\_\_\_ Plural noun are all the same! Some of you like to...tempt me with your salamis, and your cheeses, and your \_\_\_\_\_ Plural noun and they all come together to make a complete...sandwich...which is good to eat, you see! But I cannot afford that, you guys,' concluded Mr. Bailey, with a pat of his \_\_\_\_\_ Body part.

He turned around and waddled around the \_\_\_\_\_ Noun. 'Ho-Ho's is what I want,' he thought to himself. He stopped at the deli counter and looked at the \_\_\_\_\_ Meat.

'Can I help you?' asked the \_\_\_\_\_ Noun behind the counter.

'No, I am just salivating, you see. This meat looks...tasty! But I want Ho-Ho's,' he said, \_\_\_\_\_ Verb ending in ing \_\_\_\_\_ to aisle 5.

'Ah, here I am. The big numero five-oh. Now, where are the Ho-Ho's?' he asked out loud, even though no one was there.

At the end of the aisle he saw them. The big white \_\_\_\_\_ Plural noun \_\_\_\_\_ with the delicious brown treat inside.

'Heaven! This is pure...heaven,' he thought to himself.

Mr. Bailey walked over to the cashier and plopped down the box of Ho-Ho's.

'That'll be \$3.60,' said the cashier, after ringing up the purchase.

'It isn't, either! It said two and a half bucks!' yelled a surprised and angered Mr. Bailey. 'Some of you guys...I dunno.'

Your pricing schemes are so...whatever. I cannot even afford to buy any Ho-Ho's anymore. Now either give 'em to me for two and a half bucks or I'll take 'em right outta here!

The horrified cashier \_\_\_\_\_ Past tense verb \_\_\_\_\_ and changed Mr. Bailey's three dollar bills. Mr. Bailey was still a little \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_ but \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_ that he got his Ho-Ho's. He walked out to his truck and put them on the seat so that he could utilize his entire body to hoist himself up into the truck.

Squish.

'Ah, rats. I have sat on my Ho-Ho's. What a day, you guys. What a day!.'