

## A Little Color (Part I)

1. Adjective
2. Day Of The Week
3. Plural Noun
4. Adjective
5. Plural Noun
6. Plural Noun
7. Noun
8. Noun
9. Noun
10. Noun
11. Noun
12. Noun
13. Book
14. Song
15. Noun
16. Noun
17. Sound
18. Adjective
19. Noun
20. Noun
21. First Name
22. Sound
23. Sound

24. Noun

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25. Sound

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# A Little Color (Part I)

I remember the day well.

The weather was as \_\_\_\_\_Adjective\_\_\_\_\_and cold as it could possibly get on a \_\_\_\_\_Day of the week\_\_\_\_\_afternoon. The sky was covered with dark, angry \_\_\_\_\_Plural noun\_\_\_\_\_that warned us of rain. It was mid-December, and I was just getting excited for Christmas. My room was \_\_\_\_\_Adjective\_\_\_\_\_messy. There were a couple \_\_\_\_\_Plural noun\_\_\_\_\_in front of my closet. A few \_\_\_\_\_Plural noun\_\_\_\_\_lied in my \_\_\_\_\_Noun\_\_\_\_\_. My \_\_\_\_\_Noun\_\_\_\_\_hung from the foot of my \_\_\_\_\_Noun\_\_\_\_\_ and my \_\_\_\_\_Noun\_\_\_\_\_book was out on my \_\_\_\_\_Noun\_\_\_\_\_. My room was just messy enough to be considered a \_\_\_\_\_Noun\_\_\_\_\_ and just clean enough to be "Mother Approved". Yes, it was a normal teenager's room.

Ironically, I was about to find out I was not a normal teenager.

Anyways, I was sitting in my comfortable futon, reading my favorite novel, \_\_\_\_\_Book\_\_\_\_\_ and listening to my favorite song, \_\_\_\_\_Song\_\_\_\_\_ when all of a sudden, my \_\_\_\_\_Noun\_\_\_\_\_exploded, and a withered \_\_\_\_\_Noun\_\_\_\_\_ filled the air beside me. Its horrible \_\_\_\_\_Sound\_\_\_\_\_alone sent chills up my spine. I jumped, but did not scream (It was not the strangest thing that had happened to me; just an hour earlier, a \_\_\_\_\_Adjective\_\_\_\_\_ Noun\_\_\_\_\_ ate my

\_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ First name \_\_\_\_\_ intruder \_\_\_\_\_ Sound \_\_\_\_\_ "Your time has come!";

"What do you want with me?"; I demanded.

"Just your will,"; It \_\_\_\_\_ Sound \_\_\_\_\_ "Your very will and soul!";

With that, even though we were inside, wind whipped all around me. My porcelain dolls flew off the shelf. The broken remains of my \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_ cut into my flesh. The intruder \_\_\_\_\_ Sound \_\_\_\_\_ once more. Then there was silence.

Followed by total darkness.