

# MAD LIBS™

World's Greatest Word Game

## First Impressions

The noun who sat down next to me on the bus smells like a noun. If I'd seen her from the glass, I would've imagined brand, brand, maybe a brand concealer. Now I'm looking for the ugly orange noun on her bookbag. She's clean. On the outside, me too. I smell like noun; I wear the perfume every morning. I bet she doesn't look at me and know my first bed had noun to keep animal or insect out. I bet she can't tell mom verb in her noun, drunk. A few months ago, I met a classmate in the park. "You adjective?" she asked. I'm not, but I get it. I grew up in the city, too. "We're American," my relative told me every time I asked about noun. "Gesundheit," he told me every time I sneezed. When I taught people in the city, they didn't understand my body part. "What kind of noun you is?" I didn't know how to answer. When another student finally asked me, "What kind of not-straight are you?" I looked dumb, too. adjective men tell me I'm thick for a white girl. When adjective friend noticed my dad's noun for the first time, she laughed, "Somebody in your family did something they shouldn't have!" The family jokes that he's the business name because even in his fifties with two metal knees, a metal disc in his back and a metal hip, he verb for extra cash. I first admitted I was queer to a adjective woman. She told me I twisted Jesus' words when I close-read name of book for her and barely spoke to me again. The first girl who reminded me I was adjective looked adjective, but wasn't. She told me she wouldn't verb after resting in my bed because she smelled like me. I would've given her the rest of the laundry detergent if it meant I wouldn't hear from her again. My noun weren't my scent anyway: they smelled like my ex-boyfriend who

climbed trees in \_\_\_\_\_ and told me he imagined I would be *more sultry* in his thick southern drawl.

Both the man I loved and the woman I never would were \_\_\_\_\_: half-\_\_\_\_\_.

half-\_\_\_\_\_. A \_\_\_\_\_ girl I met is in the \_\_\_\_\_ She's

\_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_. She opens the cork to a \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_. She tells

me, "I like the smell of \_\_\_\_\_. It's my scent." This doesn't surprise me at all. I expected that.