



MAD LIBS® LOVE LETTER

My FANTASTIC
ADJECTIVE darling,
I love you more than SUITCASE
NOUN itself. Each minute away from
you is a/an FEDORA
NOUN, each hour a/an WHIMSICAL
ADJECTIVE eternity.
Without you, life is dull, boring, and PROLIFIC
ADJECTIVE. I feel like a
baby without my DRESSER
NOUN, a toddler without my teddy
WINDOW
NOUN, a dog without its STOKE
NOUN. I can't get you out
of my ELBOW
PART OF THE BODY. I can't stop thinking about the color of your
SEATBELT
NOUN, the way you wear your CARGO SHORTS
NOUN, the way you
toss your LAPTOP
NOUN, your DISASTROUS
ADJECTIVE laugh, the way you
TASTE
VERB a joke. This morning, when the mail DOG
NOUN
brought your special delivery SLIPPERS
PLURAL NOUN, my CANKLES
PART OF THE BODY
skipped a beat, my PINKY TOE
PART OF THE BODY was in my throat, and my
ELECTRICAL
OUTLET
NOUN trembled so much, I could hardly PONTIFICATE
VERB your
PIROUETTE
NOUN. What you said set my SANDAL
NOUN on fire. Do write
again. Until then, I love you from the bottom of my PATELLA
PART OF THE BODY.

I will AMELIORATE
VERB you always,
PETER PAN
PERSON IN ROOM