**Creative Challenges with Parallel Structure Name \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**Fear less, hope more; Life would be better if**

**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ less, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ more; \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ had mute buttons,**

**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ less, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ more; \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ had edit buttons,**

**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ less, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ more; \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ had fast forward**

**Hate less, love more; buttons, and**

**and all good things will be yours. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ had pause buttons.**

**~ Swedish proverb**

**7 Things to Give Up**

**5 Simple Rules for a Happy Life 1. Negative Thinking**

**1. Don’t be \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ 2. People Pleasing**

**2. Don’t ever \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ 3. Comfort Eating**

**3. Don’t make \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ 4.**

**4. Don’t take \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ 5.**

**5. Don’t be \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ 6.**

**7.**

**I have three sides: When Did This Happen?**

**The \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ side When did we stop wearing light up**

**The \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ side, and sneakers?**

**The side you \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. When did we forget \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_?**

**When did we start \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**Great minds discuss \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_?**

**average minds discuss \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, When did we lose \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**and small minds discuss \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_?**

**-Eleanor Roosevelt**

**Success is not \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, Success is \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ yourself,**

**failure is not \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ what you do,**

**it is the courage to \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ how you do it.**

**counts. ~Maya Angelou**

**~Winston Churchill**

**With SUCCESS,**

**People see this: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ What really happens is this: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**Accept your past without \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_,**

**Handle your present without \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, and**

**Face your future without \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.**

**Successful People vs. Unsuccessful People**

**Read every day \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ every day**

**Compliment \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**Embrace change \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ change**

**Talk about ideas Talk about \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**Possess a sense of Possess a sense of**

**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**Accept responsibility \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**For their failures for their failures**

I Want To Be 6 Again

I want to go to \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ and think it’s the best place in the world to eat.

I want to sail sticks across a fresh mud puddle and make waves with rocks.

I want to think \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ are better than \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ - because you can eat them.

I want to play kickball during recess and stay up on Christmas Eve waiting to hear Santa and Rudolph on the roof.

I want to go to school and have snack time, recess, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.

I long for the days when life was simple. When all you knew were your colors, the addition tables and simple nursery rhymes, but it didn’t bother you, because you didn’t know what you didn’t know and you didn’t care.

I want to be happy - because I don’t know what should make me upset.

I want to \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ for fun, not something used for escape from the things I should be doing.

I want to think that everyone, including myself, will live forever, because I don’t know the concept of death.

I want to be oblivious to the complexity of life and be overly excited by the little things again.

I want to think the world is fair and everyone in it is \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.

Sometime, while I was maturing, I learned too much. I learned of weapons, prejudice, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, lies, divorce, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, pain, and mortality.

I want to live knowing the little things that I find exciting will always make me as happy as when I first learned them.

I want to be naive enough to think that if I’m happy, so is everyone else.

I want to walk down the beach and think only of the sand beneath my feet and the possibility of finding that blue piece of sea glass I’m looking for.

I want to spend my afternoons climbing trees and riding my bike, letting the grownups worry about deadlines, traffic, bills, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, the dentist, and how to find the money to fix the old car.

I want to wonder what I’ll do when I grow up and what I’ll be, who I’ll be and not worry about what I’ll do if this doesn’t work out.

I want that time back. I want to use it now as an escape, so that when my computer crashes, or I have a mountain of paperwork, or two depressed friends, or a fight with my spouse, or bittersweet memories of times gone by, or second thoughts about so many things, I can travel back and build a snowman, without thinking about anything except whether the snow sticks together and what I can possibly use for the snowman’s mouth.

I want to believe that \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.

I want to be six again.

I Want To Be Six Again

I want to go to McDonald’s and think it’s the best place in the world to eat.

I want to sail sticks across a fresh mud puddle and make waves with rocks.

I want to think M&Ms are better than money - because you can eat them.

I want to play kickball during recess and stay up on Christmas Eve waiting to hear Santa and Rudolph on the roof.

I want to go to school and have snack time, recess, gym and field trips.

I long for the days when life was simple. When all you knew were your colors, the addition tables and simple nursery rhymes, but it didn’t bother you, because you didn’t know what you didn’t know and you didn’t care.

I want to be happy - because I don’t know what should make me upset.

I want to watch television for fun, not something used for escape from the things I should be doing.

I want to think that everyone, including myself, will live forever, because I don’t know the concept of death.

I want to be oblivious to the complexity of life and be overly excited by the little things again.

I want to think the world is fair and everyone in it is honest and good.

Sometime, while I was maturing, I learned too much. I learned of weapons, prejudice, hunger, lies, divorce, illness, pain, and mortality.

I want to live knowing the little things that I find exciting will always make me as happy as when I first learned them.

I want to be naive enough to think that if I’m happy, so is everyone else.

I want to walk down the beach and think only of the sand beneath my feet and the possibility of finding that blue piece of sea glass I’m looking for.

I want to spend my afternoons climbing trees and riding my bike, letting the grownups worry about deadlines, traffic, bills, leaks, dishes, laundry, the dentist, and how to find the money to fix the old car.

I want to wonder what I’ll do when I grow up and what I’ll be, who I’ll be and not worry about what I’ll do if this doesn’t work out.

I want that time back. I want to use it now as an escape, so that when my computer crashes, or I have a mountain of paperwork, or two depressed friends, or a fight with my spouse, or bittersweet memories of times gone by, or second thoughts about so many things, I can travel back and build a snowman, without thinking about anything except whether the snow sticks together and what I can possibly use for the snowman’s mouth.

I want to believe that anything is possible.

I want to be six again.

**Fear less, hope more;**

**Eat less, chew more;**

**Whine less, breathe more;**

**Talk less, say more;**

**Hate less, love more,**

**and all good things will be yours.**

**~ Swedish proverb**

**Life would be better if**

**girls had mute buttons,**

**boys had edit buttons,**

**bad times had fast forward buttons, and**

**good times had pause buttons.**