

As soon as I arrived at the party, I knew how **incredibly** awful it would be. It turned that although my friend Alex had invited us, it was actually a party for his **completely** whiny brother Max. Max's little friends were already there, sipping glasses of buttermilk. **Unbelievably** bad orchestra music wafted from an ancient gramophone. We were told by Alex's **awfully** nervous parents (who had probably never hosted a party before) that we had to be quiet and not to hold hands. We turned on Alex **angrily**, and he confessed that he hadn't wanted to face his brother's party alone.