

Poetry prompts if you need 'em:<3<3

- If you could freeze one moment in your life, what would it be? Write a poem in honor of that memory.
- Write about a time that your illusions of someone or something were shattered.
- Choose one of your five senses. Write a poem that focuses on your chosen sense.
- Create a gallery of your heart. Take readers on a guided tour of what they might see there.
- Write a poem from the perspective of your favorite pet. (If you don't have a pet, then your favorite animal.)

There's more here if none of these catch your interest: <https://www.readpoetry.com/22-poetry-prompts-to-help-you-write-your-next-great-poem/> =)

The Owlery~ <3<3<3<3

let's continue planning out the new novel idea hehe

Whatchamacallit's whimsical words <3 <3<3

to do

- ~~-art photos~~
- ~~-science slideshow/notes~~
- music history (Eine Kleine N~~m~~, Carmen)
- french
- geography

fraey's spot <3<3 <3

songs for this pairing:

how far we've come by Matchbook Twenty
the real thing / the feeling by CIVILIAN
cigarette daydreams by Cage the Elephant

also:

- do requested review
- daily napo entry
- start this fic idea (cause you're going nowhere with camp nano, and that's ok lol)

idea:

Ever's Universe <3<3 <3

To Do List

- Complete and post latest Storybook
- Napow, Napow, NaPow!!!
- Work on and complete novel

I

LZs Land of Literature <3<3

To Do

- Essay Paragraph #2/3
- ~~-Read Outsiders Ch. 3 and Do Questions~~
- Another Haiku (b/c they are easy)
- Bananas

Outsiders Time!

Ethan's Canvas <3<3<3

Reflections(A Sonnet)

Shattered mirrors cover the burning ground
 In a quicksilver sheen, like ancient ice
 Sharded reflections of my voice resound
 Echoing, distorted, to paradise

Refracted sunsets taste like blood in here
 This flaming cavern filled with breaking souls
 What is the color of mirror-spun fear?
 It's somewhere between tears and marigolds.

It's amusing that hell's made of mirrors
Reflections my torment 'til some new dawn
And yet tomorrow never draws nearer,
Not until these sanguine fragments are gone

I could be free if I'd courage to try
To look my own reflection in the eye

alliyah - -

The Biscuit Tin
Camp NaNo day 13 typing up

They stepped into the marketplace. There were fairly few people drifting around, evening approaching by now, so they had relative freedom as they walked around. Though that didn't stop both of them from shuffling stiffly around and trying not to bump into each other. Dracula's insides were screaming at him to do something, but he had no idea what. All he could think was getting to a stall so they'd have something to talk about. He spotted one with some rattan armchairs - that would work just fine.

"What do you think, sir?" asked a small elderly man with screwed up eyes looking up at them. Dracula got a flutter of excitement at the 'sir' before he realised the man was looking at Friedrich.

"Uh - yes - it's..." Friedrich said, but then either his anxiety got too much for him for his Romanian escaped him.

"I like it," Dracula said, patting the cushion of an armchair. "But I was wondering if you had any big sets - even if I have to sacrifice quality somewhat. I have... several rooms to deck out."

"Oh, nice for some!" cried a higher pitched voice from behind them.

Dracula frowned and swivelled around on the balls of his feet. He was faced with a kid about the height of his chest with dry straws of hair and a floppy brown beret. Their arms were folded and their chin jutted out.

"Um, hello," Dracula said.

"Hi!" the person shouted, much louder than was necessary. "You know, if you have all these rooms to give a little shine to, you might consider a decoration or three!"

They unfolded the flap of their long brown jacket, and from the inside sprang string after string of decorations. Some were little paper flowers, some seemed to be metal puzzle toys on sticks, and several were balls of string with fancy patterns woven in. It seemed more like a toy shop than a spread of decorations, but perhaps that was just marketing.

"I'm sure I could use some of those too, couldn't I, Friedrich? Uh, Friedrich?" When Dracula looked to his left he realised Friedrich was gripping his heavy coat and staring at the kid.

"Okay..." Dracula said, figuring that he was going to have to handle this one. "I tell you what, kid, why don't I buy some furniture and then come buy whatever suits what I've picked up?"

"No!" the kid screamed, stamping their foot.

Friedrich squeezed Dracula even tighter and he could feel it through the thick fabric of his coat. He glanced over his shoulder at the armchair vendor.

"Don't worry about it," the old man said with a wave of his hand. "This happens all the time."

There was a tug on his cloak but when he turned around it wasn't Friedrich, as he had assumed. The kid was trying to drag him away towards the centre of the market square.

"Okay, okay. I'm coming," Dracula muttered. The soles of his pointy black shoes clicked and clacked on the paving stones. It felt more than loud enough to draw everyone's attention, but a grand total of nobody seemed to take an interest. Maybe this really did happen all the time.

Once they were standing in the middle of the square - a particularly big slab with smaller slabs circled around it - the kid cleared their throat and whipped their coat off from around their shoulders. This they then flashed in the air, calling out in a sing-song voice for everybody to listen up. Still, nobody did.

"Well now, I am very glad to have two brand new customers to the Wicked Wares Style Emporium!" they cried.

Dracula could just tell this was going to be a whole thing. He would have rathered not dealt with him, but Friedrich was still tightly gripping his arm as if he were about to fall through the ground. He reached across with his other arm to give him a quick pat on the shoulder, then turned back to the kid.

"Please, if you would be so kind as to make your first selection?" They flapped the coat around in the evening breeze.

"Um... that one," Dracula said, as soon as he spotted something green. He liked green.

It turned out to be a little cloth flower that you could put in your hair.

"Perhaps not..." he said. Part of him thought it was pretty, but most of him was allergic to being called pretty.

"Ah-ha! That is exactly what we require! A customer who just cannot choose between my wares," the kid said, spinning around in a circle.

Dracula groaned but if they heard it they didn't acknowledge him. The act developed into an elaborate switching game where you chose at lightning speed between two items at a time, then the winners were paired off against each other. After a while it was so dizzying that Dracula's thoughts couldn't keep up.

John's Lonesome Roadhouse<3<3 <3

01/01 - St. Giuseppe Maria Tommasi

01/02 - St. Artaxus

01/03 - St. Genevieve

01/04

01/05

01/06

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Stella's Space <3

august

in a chaos-dream, the restless republic turned over,
and found, under your comforting hand

the birth of an empire
peace, stretching ever further across a continent
the birth, death, and rebirth of a god
the true miracle of old age

all of it is cast in amber, whispering fields
that dance in the syrup of lazy afternoon sunshine,
the trees telling each other the time might just be coming to turn
the world you built is forever golden,
we survived darkness, and darkness will come again

