

Welcome to the pad, we'll be doing some chillin and writin' if you want to do either, claim a spot below

Heres some music to chill to: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5qap5aO4i9A>

Or watch live footage of a train in switzerland here: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BuIVgtAXW_8

Andrew writes stuff I guess<3<3<3<3<3

But she was kind at heart, and she told both Gwen and Cormac to thank their parents for their work as Keepers over the siege. She faltered, looked at Liam, and thanked him too.

As she left they all shared a silent glance. This was something they were used to, as children of Keepers they had always had a connection. They knew that weight. They knew that everywhere they went they would be watched, and that they would be given thanks for their parents.

And suddenly, one of them had become a Keeper.

Trinity procrastinates<3<3<3<3<3

momo's musings<3<3<3<3<3

to-do:

- hang up jacket
- pratice piano

- clean room
- poetry

looseleafs land of literature<3<3<3

to do

- homework
- piano
- bananas

working on personal narrative in another window

Seirre's scribbling<3<3<3<3

stuff

> ~~NaPo~~ #4

> math 4.3 questions

> ~~english worksheet~~

it's strange how moths are so drawn to the light
even at night, when they should know better,
like asteroids being pulled in by a planet from
the vast confines of space. maybe it has to do
with needing a destination, even when that sings
ashy wing-tips until they become
real ashes. because there is nothing more paralyzing
than having no enclosure to have a flightpath
cramped within. and there is nothing more intoxicating,
more vertigo world-whirlpooling into a blackhole, than
staring at all the stars and not knowing which to flutter
like a heartbeat to. i think i could get lost in the night sky
trying to fly antennae-first into the constellations.

omg space moths i am Crying

no water though >:(okay but "world-whirlpooling" though i'll allow it ty ty

chichichichichichi <3<3<3<3<3

the problem is that someone trusted me once.
this is somewhat dangerous knowledge
to have; you see, trust is as fallible as
the heart making eye contact. hearts are blind,
and love comes from under justice
because mercy is heavy enough
to weigh us down. i thought that maybe
this was something of an apology;
something of letting us have something
for ourselves, just this once.
so you blinked it off.
so maybe i was wrong.

"because mercy is heavy enough / to weigh us down." that's some serious angst right there it's my poetry
what do you expect fair enough fair enough, i'm definitely not complaining it's very low quality angst, but
at least it's still angst oop

Lorde does things, probably. <3<3

Subterranean race history:

- Native to Africa
- Enslaved by England during that original enslavement period
- A mini Underground was built under London in order to make them not die. (Water is kind of an instant K.O. And by K.O I mean death.)

Character appearances in the POV of their partners!

She glared at the window, legs slightly parted in a power stance. Loose waves, deep red this time, covered the right side of her face and trickled down to her waist. Vitiligo dotted along her neck, covering the corner of her lips.

Violet's Garden of Procrastination <3

- Finish Sonnet
- Work on crocheting Tegan's blanket (good thing she lives far away, gives me time to procrastinate)
- ~~Read next chapter of Great Gatsby for English~~