

Home of the Brave

By Jster

Rowan stared at the burger.

"They got my order wrong." He muttered, "I didn't ask for pickles."

"Send it back then," Fenya said, "They'll probably refund you."

"It's fine, I don't really care." He took a bite, grimacing.

Fenya watched him, her own food untouched. It was awful, seeing him this way.

"This sucks." She said, "All I want is to spend one more night before you're gone, make one last happy memory, and I can't stop thinking about what's going to happen to you after tomorrow."

"At least you'll be safe. Just pretend I'm off in college or something."

"That's not much better. Then I'd have to worry about all the other girls over there."

Rowan frowned, "Actually, I've been meaning to tell you this but, I'm gay"

Fenya was shocked and her heart fell.

They ate in silence for a while, Rowan a lot slower than usual. For a while they listened to chatter around them. Rowan savored the sound of clinking forks and chewing; one last precious moment of normalcy.

"Look," He started. Fenya stopped him by raising her hand and telling him to wait. "I am homophobic so I'm leaving. Don't talk to me ever again!" She said crying. She then walked off. Rowan never saw her again.

The END!

Land of Liberty

To do:

- ~~SRE2 quiz: done that was so easy~~
- BQE1
 - ~~quiz 26~~
 - ~~quiz 27~~
 - ~~quiz 28~~
 - ~~quiz 29 -- wait i already did this~~
 - ~~maybe quiz 30 if it's out yet -- and this was out a while ago -- already did this~~
 - ~~quiz 31 -- already done~~
 - quiz 32
 - quiz 33
- maybe work on fanfic
- maybe challenge myself into doing hireath's writing prompt

i'll be popping in and out

Vento:

- Mechanical Systems homework ~~counting pipes~~
- Studio work: plans
- Gal Paladins
- Apartment Tour this evening
- A review???
-

"Talk over me one more time and I'll never speak to either of you again," Lily threatens, but she speaks without heat. She's not sure what high people sound like, but she thinks she's somewhere on that spectrum.

"We can't have that," Elizabeth says. And then, because she's finally revealing her true, dastardly colors, she leans down to put her face at Lily's eye level. "Is this better?"

It is not. It is the worst thing. Lily tries her best to glare, but the sun is so lovely, and Elizabeth is pretty lovely too, and all the emotions cancel out and leave Lily with a blank, stupified face. She is so stupid.

"Oh!" Theo says, both ruining and rescuing the moment. "There's my car. Follow me, ladies."

They meander across the steaming asphalt, just fast enough to beat the wave of other students behind them. As they sidestep into the tiny gap between the red sedan and its neighbors, Lily follows Theo to the driver's side, and Elizabeth shoots her a confused look.

"You don't want the passenger seat?" she asks, shifting on her feet nervously. More than likely, Elizabeth is trying to suss out where she stands in this new trio. She adjusts her backpack with one hand and absently pats at her hip with the other.

Shrugging, Lily pulls open the backseat door and offers the other girl a relaxed smile. Or as much of a smile as she can muster, because her face muscles don't seem very cooperative today. "You're halfway between our houses, so I assume I'm getting off first," Lily explains. "Just take shotgun."

"Finally," Theo breaks in, "someone who won't get me pulled over for having a child in the front." He shoots Lily a wink and slides into the car, his long limbs

hiraeth's writing prompt: In the 15th century, Death asked you out. You rejected him. Furious and humiliated, he swore to never return for you. Six centuries later, you're still alive.

To have lived for six centuries, you still feel like you have not learned that much about the world. Yes, you traveled to so many countries you cannot name all of them, but you are not allowed to look a day over twenty, and so you are still carded at bars. Thank goodness for the invention of fake IDs because you would have been in a world of hurt for quite a long while.

Life is both simpler and more complicated than those peaceful years in Europe, starting in England, than drifting over to France to see Joan of Arc executed. Instead of being jailed like one may be nowadays, back then, people who crossed powerful figures often ended up dead. Or not dead, in your aggravating case.

LZ's Land of Liberty

To Do

- Essay
- Literature Notes and Triple Chunk
- Get prepped to review
- Bananas

corvid's corner

to do

- comp systems essay
- art history notes
- adult psych notes
- dishes