

Mmmm, jam! Oh, it's writing jam? Can I have some some word toast and descriptive peanut butter with that?

sips poe-tea

<https://www.youngwriterssociety.com/viewtopic.php?f=196&t=108294>

there was one time i laughed upside down and it rained gummy bears

.-.

(i wrote this earlier but I'm still tweaking it, let me know what you think of it :P)

---> so, this is really cute, but there are so many details I'd pick a few to focus more on, but that's just me. And I tend to get a bunch of ideas in one poem too, so eh. I like it :)Thanks :) It's just ment to be a bunch of random ideas that don't amount to anything honestly xD I have no idea where I was going with this. I think it's just ment to be silly, but I see what you mean. I mean, you honestly do have some good images here, but for fun, you're on the right track XD. :D

cloud pictures

-nope-

needs to collect more inspo lol

Blue's Spot (ignore the fact that I'm noveling, not poeting)shh it's okay who said it was only a poem jam? (this post being in the poetry jams club)oh right xD <3*closes eyes to avoid spoilers* :) Heh heh heh. I'm loving the literary spotlight right now.hehe

Edna had no idea where to begin her search. There were so many school buildings, and they all looked the same: snowy white and pillared, like smaller replicas of the White House. They weren't even labeled—at least not helpfully. Just with names. Cartwright Hall, the Henderson Building, the Carmichael Center. She had no idea what any of the dorms were called.

She tried asking a squadron drilling nearby. They weren't doing anything important. Just exercising, despite the fact that the lot of them looked far fitter than Edna ever had, especially since menopause, when she got fat. But the drill sergeant shouted at her to stop distracting the troops.

Well, then.

"Come on, Beatrice," she said. They zipped around at random for several minutes, trying to ask different Knights where the dormitories were, but each occurrence was a repeat of the first. Then the lunch bell rang.

"Maybe now we'll get somewhere," Edna said. Beatrice flipped a corner up doubtfully. They headed for the nearest recruits, all drenched with sweat. Two of them bent double and retched into the grass.

"I did not dismiss you!" their drill sergeant roared. The troops straightened, their chests heaving. Beatrice set Edna down in the grass, as if to say that if Edna wanted to walk up to an angry drill sergeant, that was her business. Edna decided she'd better wait a minute.

At long last, the sergeant dismissed the troops, who immediately staggered off in the direction of what Edna could only assume was the dining hall. Beatrice gave her a nudge.

"Yes, yes, I'm going," Edna said. "Scaredy-carpet."

Good thing the Knights were walking so slowly after their training, or she couldn't have caught up. She

came within shouting distance of the two recruits who had retched, and called out to them (even though she felt a little bad bothering them when they felt poorly). They turned around with a look on their faces that made her want to tuck them into bed and feed them chicken soup.

"Which dorm is she in?" the taller one asked after Edna had asked the way to the dormitories and explained why she wanted to know.

"Er..."

The Knights exchanged a glance. "Why don't you just call and ask?"

"Oh, well, it's," Edna said, and then brightened. "It's her birthday tomorrow, you see, and I wanted to surprise her, so I thought--"

"There's a campus map online if you just--"

"Don't tell me to look for it on my phone," Edna said severely. "I don't have a clue how."

The tall one gave a wheezy laugh and took Clem's phone. He pulled up a campus map and pointed out four buildings.

Rain's Spot ----> at least you didn't give up like me xD yeah I guess
project: contemporary thing that is Not Good but at least Something
Chapter 2

I'm excited for English because I know Claire will be in my class. When I walk in the classroom, there's a seating chart up on the projector. I'm in the back of the room (my favorite) and no where near Claire. Not many people are in the classroom yet,

-- time to write a story --

Thundahguy's 'Seriously guys, I'm allergic to poetry' club

"Again!" Gallant yelled, swinging his practice blade. He hit Aria square in the shoulder, knocking her away. She yelped as she hit the ground. He was moving faster than their previous lesson; faster than she could see. She groaned, sitting back up. "By

