

**This is just a place where really anyone can collab with me/others on stories & poetry. I'm not sure if I've got the whole thing down yet, but I hope I can continue to learn through this process! You guys can write anything here~ poetry, reviews, stories, Q&As, character analyses, & much more. I'd also love to strike up a conversation about our different OCs and maybe get to know them a bit better. Go ahead and claim a spot! Mine will probably consist of some ramblings of the mind (aka poetry) and story starters. Anxious to see what you all will contribute!**

WriterFeedPad

London's Habitat

(Always open to feedback on anything! Actually, I encourage it.)

(...pls help)

Poetry:

***Remembering the Child***

*i was told i was a child of rare beauty  
by those who could remember my years of youth.  
if only i could, perhaps i could have an opinion of my own  
regarding the loneliness of my sea-blue eyes  
forgiving my overbite and flushed cheeks.  
she said she recalled my pink-coated hands  
paint engulfing the pajamas i wore  
my hair curling at my face-and the giggle that forgave the incident.*

hiya! dyou want me to give some constructive criticism on the poem or the story?:D (either works!)

(coolio! ill read both)

"loneliness of my sea-blue eyes" is a great line. Would love clarification on who "she" is in line 6 & what the "incident" is in the last line - but I'm guessing this poem's still goin. :) (thank you! yeah, still a work in progress. i'll definitely elaborate a bit there <3

Story Starters/Prompts:

(These may be taken from the web or created by myself. Feel free to use them!)

**1. It was late at night and all the people in the village were fast asleep. Yet as I turned into an alley, I saw a lamp lighting up the path. Who could be awake at this hour?**

ooh interesting...imma use it to possibly get my Writing Brain back in order...XD (xD go right ahead!)

(you could be awake :/)

(I'm smart)

(snort)

(you can write a prompt if you'd like or just add onto this one)

(nah I suck at prompt writing lol) (no worries)

**2. The creature rose from the gruesome chaos it had wrought.**

Novel Excerpt(s):

### ***Prologue: "The Wretched's Grimoire"***

The Scepters of the Unredeemed were monarchies, whose histories were inscribed in scrolls with ancient quills. Generations passed never forgot the fineness and opulence (ooh big words 0-o) of these kingdoms, and the stories that surged through hearts and childhoods were so wonderful that such places could never be omitted from the young memories that youth hold.

Yet that decisive moment, four thousand years ago, destroyed all consciousness that the pureness of early civilization ever existed. Gloryful palaces were replaced with rocks, thought to be the first construction. All law and order crumbled beneath the lost kingdoms, all the ceremonies, and all the sovereigns that impacted mortality forever were erased from time.

Erased from time, until the plants that had wilted long ago grew once again, and the animals cold became warm. When the trees towered over meadow green, and the putrid yellow faded. The ashes from fire that flickered over land scathed fell away.

From rubble, life trickled through cracks in the stone. It poured with a sense of independence; from its keeper to the outside world. Slowly, the land's once caged inhabitants began to venture beyond the thick walls that kept them away from the world that stretched thousands of miles and back again.

Among them were witches, released from their voids of hell in which they were imprisoned for so long. Some exited with a vengeance, to kill the sorceress that cursed them. Others, with no intention other than to return to the darkness, which they had accustomed to in the years that had passed.

Crešs Li'nmae (i love that name!) (How do you pronounce that?(Cr-ehs Li-nmay)) did not want any of either. The Lost Queen intended to restore her kingdom.

Within the bars of debris, a small band of misfits worked quietly to save the remains. Her Majesty spectated carefully.

### ***Chapter One {Wip}***

"Oui, mama." Rue's little voice sifted through the thick air of the pink room. Crešs brushed through her daughter's tangled, blonde hair, the comb curling back in protest as she forced it to attack the curls.

"Good." Crešs mused absentmindedly, glancing at the mirror that sat firmly on the wall in front of her. Rue's porcelain features seemed pale in her reflection. The witch's delicate and swift hands tied Rue's hair into a tight bun, allowing a few strands to hang loose next to her face. "There, little one. You look beautiful."

Rue glowered at the end result. "I don't like getting dressed up, mama." She scrunched up her petite nose, the natural blush on her cheeks flexing as she did.

Crešs sighed, resting two bony hands on the girl's shoulders, her palms feeling the delicate fabric beneath. "I am aware, *mon amour*, yet this evening I must ask you to be cooperative and grateful. It is a special day for your sister."

Rue sighed in both protest and reluctance, a common sign for her jealousy. "It seems every day is a special day for Amara. When will it be my turn, mama?"

Crešs turned Rue around to face her, her brown, milky eyes piercing into her daughter's blue. "In time, little one." She replied softly. "In time, you will have your voice."

Rue glanced away, to say the least a bit intimidated by Crešs' powerful presence, even though she was indeed her own mother. The young D'trais girl shifted slightly. "Can I..."

The woman's eyebrow quirked, sensing that Rue was uncomfortable. She held out her hand, the veins in her palm vaguely visible. Violet crept through the queen's blood, and those who feared her knew it.

"Come with me, Rueanya." She told her daughter quietly.

Rue placed her small hand in Crešs'. The woman smiled in satisfaction, leading her out.

(it's not quite done yet)

okey heres a lil uh review thingy i guess? lol XD

first things first: you r g ra mm a r is so goo d omg (lmfao thank u). i love the words you use for imagery and description n stuff. its awesome. and second is: lmao the queen scares me.(good, she's supposed to xD) XD i like her character so far, and i think the story really does draw you in. and as a fellow author i just like reading stuff thats really good...if that makes sense lol idk.(it does!) i just liked it overall. and thats all ive got for the story thingie.

for the poem: again, your grammar is GREAT. (not surprisingly lol.) there really isnt anything BAD to say about it. i do have suggestions tho. (please ellaborate!) will do! XD the line *if only i could, perhaps i could have an opinion of my own*

confused me a bit at first because of the i could perhaps i could part. it just didnt make much sense, so maybe phrase it differently so you dont have two i coulds. (that was confusing oops.)(no, i get it! thank you!) no prob! come to think of it, thats really all. /le shrug/ i liked the topic bc it really makes you think about what its truly about. so good job!

well darnity darn i gotta go do homework. ill definitely come on later and start writing some stuff of my own! :D (awesome! see you later!)see ya!

Possible Plots against Brenner:

(Collaboration with @GodHatesShane--You can write anything here, Shane yEET)

Shane's Rock

Poems

Character/ OC ideas

More Plots Against Brenner with @Londone (Let's destroy this mofo)i just realized i haven't written anything here yet. Ill come up with something ...

Lake's Spot! (Are you open to suggestions/edits?)\*whispers\* yes fren(Wonderful!)XD

Story idea; chapter one

Hope. We look for it everywhere. But in the end, are we really finding it? There's the lucky few that go down into the deep descent of Depression and find a way out by holding onto this string called hope. But there's the rest of us, like me, that go down that deep dark hole of sadness and never come out.

In the end, we're all hopeless when it comes to hope.(interesting)XDgood or bad?(not sure yet, still analyzing it)XD take your time frendo!(lmfao thank you, i'll say the same if you ever decide to go over my work.)XD cools!

Being named after hope is a burden. It gives us a false sense of security. Being named after a famous cartographer makes it a living nightmare. Living up to expectations. Staying fit, getting a good job in a few years. I wouldn't be able to do that.

As I sat on my window sill, I realized with a dawning that my Dad would be home soon. My Mom and I both knew what would happen if his lunch wasn't fixed.

I heard my name being called at that.

"Hope Analise Moretti! Come down here! Dad will be home soon!" My mother called. I got up reluctantly, knowing that I wouldn't be able to avoid it unless I wanted to be beaten again. (oh my goodness)

I walked through my room and to my door, opening it slowly. The creak sent shivers down my spine.

((sorry, i might come on tomorrow, i have to go to karate. sorry London! i like calling you London, i have to go, i might be back on later, but i swear to you i will definitely be back on tomorrow! bye!))  
(alright! see ya!)

\*\*spot has been taken by lemonthedorkypanda (put yo name here son)\*\* (are you open to edits/suggestions?)

:I f\*ck spellingwatch yo profanity

yerp

i chose a horrible time to join i gotta go i'll be back in an hour(about) i promise (alright!)

i is back (awesome! feel free to write anything now <3)

## SPACES CORNER OF WRITING AND NONSENSE :D

A Random Prompt To Get My Writing Inspiration Back Up Again :,) (also courtesy to Londone for thinking of it lol)(the internet helped)(okay courtesy to Londone AND the internet. XD)(alrighty here goes nothing):

The night is cold.(the suspense is killing me)(lmfao XD i havent done anything bc i got caught up...ooops.)(no worries, i'm still just doing hw xD)(XD)

(a lil conversation with londone lololol~

heyyy this spot has been reserved by your friendly neighborhood adrian thanksss (you may want to put your username)

oh lmao i am spacesnickerdoodle recently changed to stuckonearth(love your new user btw!)(thanks! :D)  
(so you can really add anything here-- writing, poetry of any kind, even some notes that you just want to write down.)

sounds cool! ill definitely use it, cuz ive been thinking about writing blogs and poems and short stories and such so this is helpful lmao.(awesome! that's just what it's for <3) great!<3

(hey, while you're here--i'd love some constructive criticism on my work--it's up at the top. if you can't, that's fine, but just to give you something to do if you're bored!)ooh i definitely will!)

Onii-Chan's meme pile

this is where I write crap

Papa's Pessimistic Prose (RavenLord)yeah that kid

K so I wrote some stuff then backspaced it because you know what Stanford Pines says: ***TRUST NO ONE***. However I will be posting random analyses of characters as I see fit. darnitSorry lassy.no worries!