

A photograph of a sandy beach meeting the ocean waves. The waves are white-capped and crashing onto the shore. The sand is light brown and textured. The water is a deep blue-green color.

moving writers'
100 DAYS
of
Summer Writing

#100DOSW18

movingwriters.org

getting started

When you see _____, you *might* write about...

A Picture	An Illustration	Data (Chart, Graph, Map, Statistic)	Words (Sentences, a Short Poem)
<ul style="list-style-type: none">- What do you see?- What do you NOT see?- What do you wonder?- What does this image make you think about?- How does the image make you feel or react?- What is the story behind the image?- What writing might come out of this picture?	<ul style="list-style-type: none">- What idea is the illustrator/ writer communicating?- What do you wonder?- What does this image make you think about?- How does the image make you feel or react?- Make your own version of the same illustration!- What writing might come out of this illustration?	<ul style="list-style-type: none">- What is this data showing?- What is this data NOT showing?- What do you wonder?- What story (or stories) is this data trying to tell?- What writing might come out of this kind of data?	<ul style="list-style-type: none">- What jumps out at you in this writing? What do you <i>notice</i>? What do you <i>like</i>?- How are the pieces of this writing put together?- What do you notice about the writer's punctuation?- What do you notice about the writer's word choice?- What can you take from this writer and put into your own version of this sentence/ poem?

OR write about
anything else that the
slides inspires in you!

How to Navigate The Slides:

Your
inspiration
for writing.



The Source

[New York Times Picture of the Week](#)

Pam Hamilton
@allpey

The teacher
who
submitted this
slide.

Click this if you want to find out more or
read a whole article!

100 days of writing inspiration



[New York Times Picture of the Week](#)

Pam Hamilton
@allpey

MEDIA I CONSUME

TYPE	PLACE	PURPOSE
PODCAST	KITCHEN	MAKES ME FEEL LIKE I'M COOKING FOR MY WITTY, POLITICALLY SAVVY FRIENDS
LIFESTYLE MAGAZINE	AIRPLANE	IMAGINARY SHOPPING FOR THE BEST DISH DRYING RACK IS A GREAT DISTRACTION FROM NERVES/GUY FLOSSING NEXT TO ME
NOVEL	ADIRONDACK CHAIR	TAKES ME ON A VACATION FROM MY PHONE
TV SHOW	MY COUCH	TO NOT FEEL LEFT OUT OF ELEVATOR/OFFICE/PARTY/RESTROOM LINE CHATTER
FASHION MAGAZINE	BATH TUB	SOMETHING TO READ THAT CAN HANDLE THE INEVITABLE PLUNGE INTO WATER
MUSIC STREAMING	PUBLIC TRANSPORTATION	TO PRETEND I'M IN A MUSIC VIDEO
NEWSPAPER	BED	A LEISURELY SUNDAY

stage one

Early Labor

*Justice will not be served until those who are unaffected
are as outraged as those who are.*

—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN



[Small Great Things](#)
By Jodi Picoult

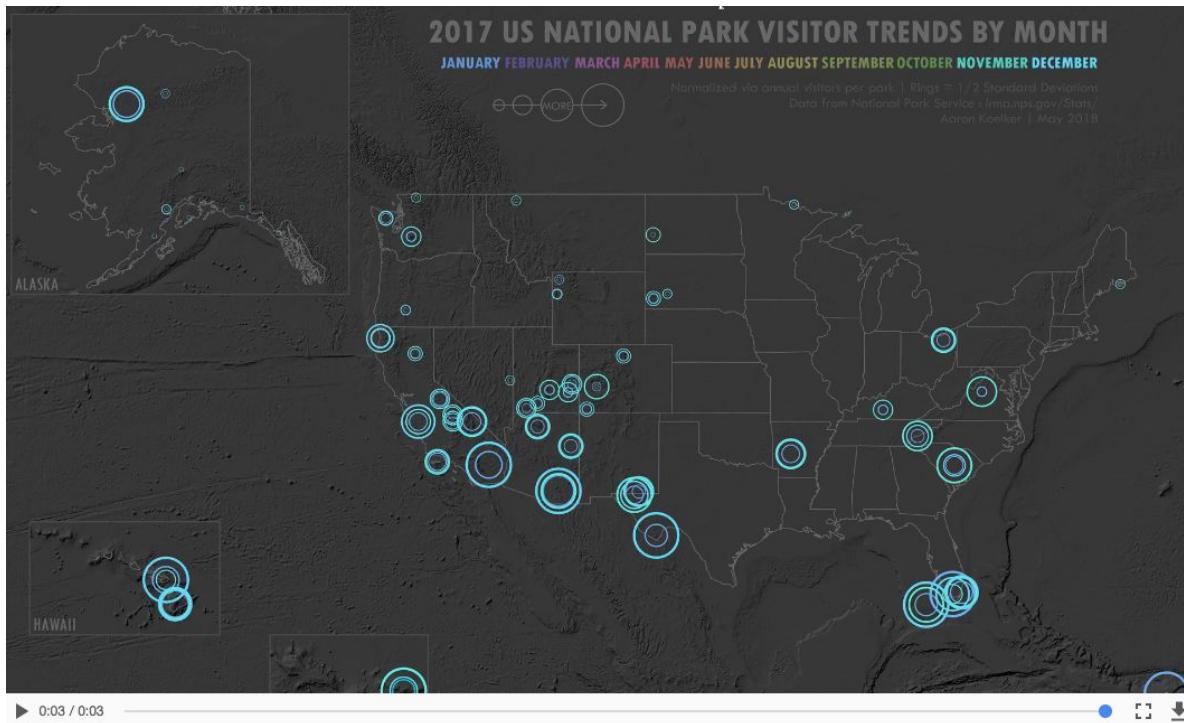
Holly Kopcha
@mskopcha

“The halls surged with a parade of beautiful strangers. They laughed too loud. Flirted. Shrieked. Raced. They kissed. Shoved. Tripped. Shouted. Posed. Chased. Flaunted. Taunted. Galloped. Sang.”



[The Impossible Knife of Memory](#)
By Laurie Halse Anderson

Rebekah O'Dell
@RebekahODell1

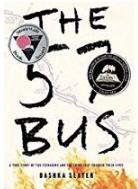


[Reddit](#)

You need to click the link and press play to watch the data change month by month!

Rebekah O'Dell
@RebekahODell1

“That was the thing about restorative justice. It allowed you to hold two things in your head at the same time--that butt-slapping was funny, and also that it wasn't. That asking permission to touch somebody was funny, but that you really didn't want to be touched by somebody who didn't ask. That the girls wanted Jeff to dial back the ass-smacking thing, but that they still liked joking around with him. That the whole thing wasn't a big deal, and that it kind of was”(239).



[The 57 Bus](#)

By Dashka Slater

Hattie Maguire
@TeacherHattie

MODERN DAY SCARLET LETTERS



ESTHER: DECAF DRINKER.



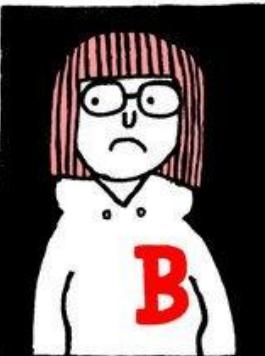
FRANCESCA: CAT HATER.



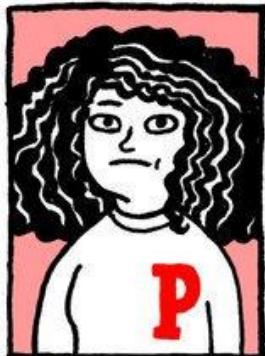
TRISHA: STILL USES HOTMAIL.



HASINA: WROTE SOMETHING GRAMMA-TICALLY INCORRECT ON THE INTERNET ONCE.



JESSICA: NOT A BIG BEYONCÉ FAN.



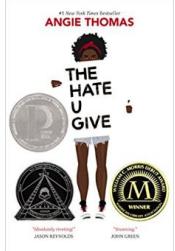
DEMETRIA: DOESN'T REALLY LIKE PIZZA.

FOUR EYES BY GEMMA CORRELL 2014

Via @gemmacorrell

Jay Nickerson
@doodlinmunkkyboy

“ Brave does not mean you’re not scared. It means you go on even though you’re scared.”



[The Hate U Give](#)
By Angie Thomas

Rebekah O'Dell
@RebekahODell1

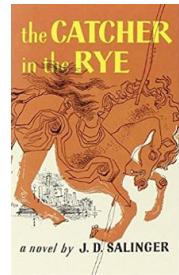
“You Are What You Eat”



Erin Palazzo
@ErinPalazzo



“Usually I like riding on trains, especially at night, with the lights on and the windows so black, and one of those guys coming up the aisle selling coffee and sandwiches and magazines.”

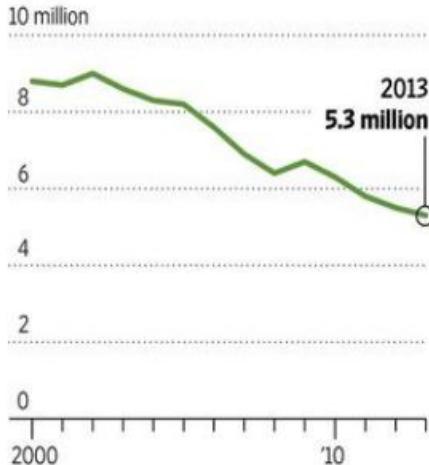


[The Catcher in the Rye](#)
By J.D. Salinger

Rebekah O'Dell
@RebekahOdell1

Losing Interest

U.S. youth baseball participation ages 7 to 17, in millions:

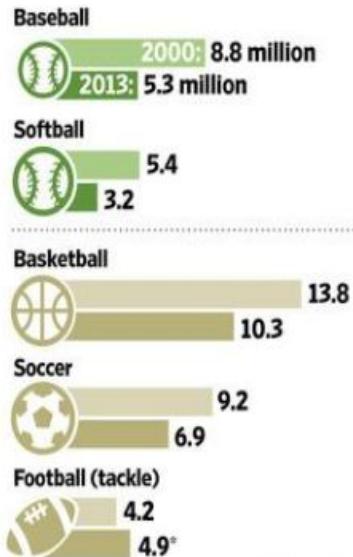


*Football participation is down from 5.4M in 2006

Note: all figures cover both male and female participation in each sport

Source: National Sporting Goods Association

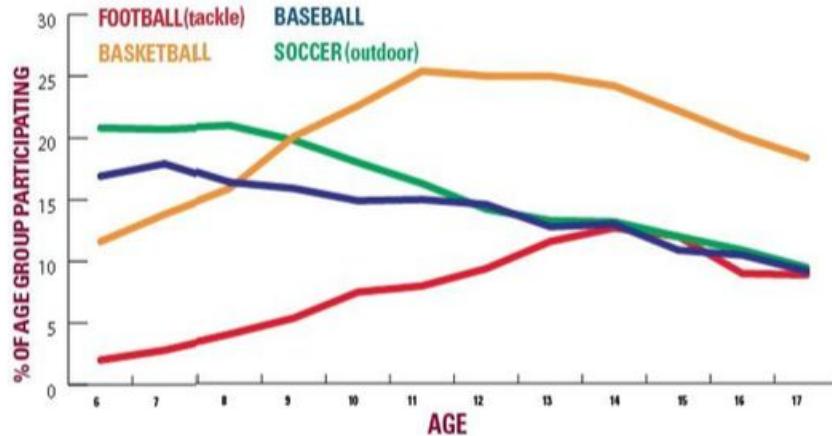
U.S. youth sport participation ages 7 to 17 change from 2000 to 2013:



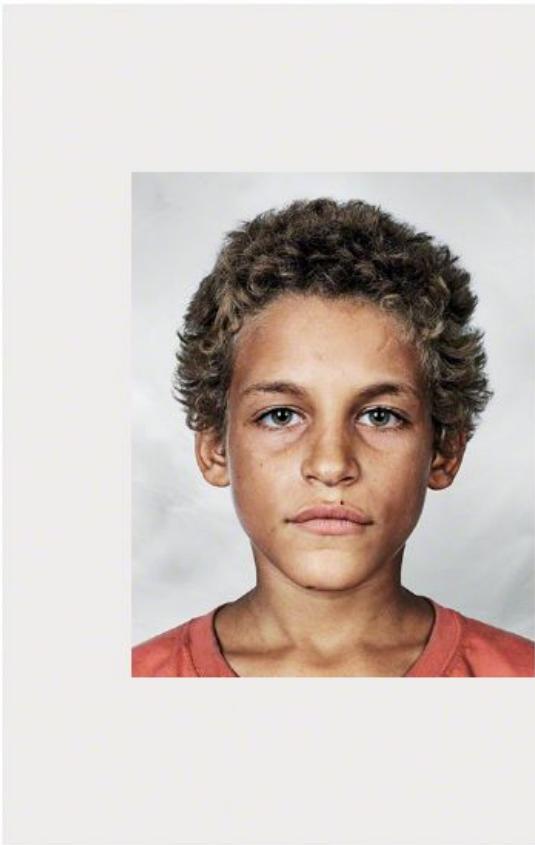
THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.

► Sports participation rates by youths (ages 6-17)

Many youth start playing soccer at an earlier age when compared to other sports, but participation levels fall off quickly in future years. Nearly 21% of 6-year-olds play soccer in some form, compared with 14% of all 12-year-olds and about 9% of 17-year-olds.



Source: Sports & Fitness Industry Association, 2013 Participation Study



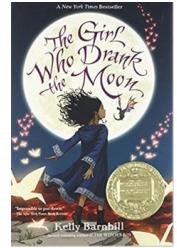
[Where Children Sleep](#)
By James Mollison

Alex, 9, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil



Rebekah O'Dell
@RebekahOdell1

“And in this way, the years passed: a lonely workshop; solid, beautiful things; customers who praised his work but winced at the sight of his face. It wasn’t a bad life, actually.”



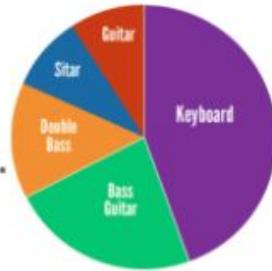
[The Girl Who Drank the Moon](#)
By Kelly Barnhill

Rebekah O'Dell
@RebekahOdell1

the most popular instruments per state



top 5 instruments in the u.s.



GUITARLESSONS.ORG

GuitarLessons.org

Rebekah O'Dell
@RebekahODell11

MY NAME IS

Will.

William.

William Holloman.

But to my friends
and people
who know me
know me,

just Will.

So call me Will,
because after I tell you
what I'm about to tell you

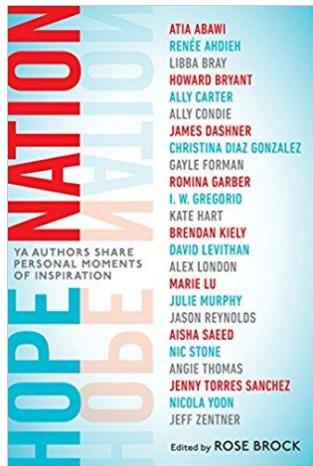
you'll either
want to be my friend
or not
want to be my friend
at all.

Either way,
you'll know me
know me.

From [Long Way Down](#) by Jason Reynolds

Erin Palazzo
@ErinPalazzo

“It’s a scowling June morning, and the threat of rain weights my skin and sits on the back of my tongue with a metallic tang. I have plans to go to the Holiday Inn pool with my best friend, EJ, later in the day, and I’m hoping the rain will move through quickly, like it often does on summer days across the plains of North Texas. My precollege summer stretches out before me in mental, sun-drenched Polaroids of joyful freedom. I am eighteen. Nothing lingers. Nothing is permanent.”



“Before and After” by Libba Bray,
[Hope Nation](#)

Megan Kortlandt
[@megankortlandt](#)

“The library was my only blessing. Every time I climbed the stairs, my heart lifted. All day, I looked forward to the happy hours I spent in that beautiful room. My guilt over appa's fate was too heavy to carry up there, and I learned to leave it below, somewhere on the ground floor. I left the house far behind as I walked on the path paved by the books, and every evening, baby Mangalam slept soundly on the bed I made for her on the window seat.”

-Padma Venkatraman, [Climbing the Stairs](#)



Morgan Pesek
@mepesek

Zauberbear: Paint Chip Poetry

WM111 The air was Quiet White, 11111	WM111 The air smelled like Wild Lemon Basil, 10501	WM089 An enormous Cloud Formation 10891
if air can be such a thing. His face, on the other hand, was turning Mountain Ash Gray, 11112	herd just finished cleaning. Out the window was a field of Golden Wheat Grass, 10502	the shape of a fortress graced the sky that radiated Essence of Blue, 10892
We handed him a Pocket Full of White, 11113	and we could hear the Rushing Tiger River, 10503	We were on an island in the middle of the ocean Exploring a Bluebill Garden, 10893
and he mixed it with Cut Crystal, 11114	behind the house. The witch came in, her face Somber Bitter Green, 10504	We'd gotten Lost at Sea, 10894
Someone played a Silver Celesta, 11115	she carried a basket of lettuce looking much more like swiss cheese, from which a Garden Radish, 10505	searching for the Cheerful Blue Diamond, 10895
in the corner of the room with playful fingers. Japanese Windflower, 11116	Proudly hopped off. Salad was cancelled and instead we ate Milk Radish, 10506	and suddenly we fell into space. we got further lost in the Limitless Cosmos Blue, 10896
started to grow through the walls. In return for our help, he gave us the Jewel & Lavender Gem, 11117	at the Sorrento Estate, 10507	The inside of Neptune is Deep Heliotrope in the sun of 10897

Melissa Wood-Glusac
@meliG43

from the poem “Possibilities” by Wislawa Szymborska

(click on the link below for full text of the poem)

I prefer movies.

I prefer cats.

I prefer the oaks along the Warta.

I prefer Dickens to Dostoyevsky.

I prefer myself liking people

to myself loving mankind.

I prefer keeping a needle and thread on hand, just in case

I prefer the color green.

I prefer not to maintain

that reason is to blame for everything.

I prefer exceptions.

I prefer to leave early.

I prefer talking to doctors about something else.

I prefer the old fine-lined illustrations.

I prefer the absurdity of writing poems

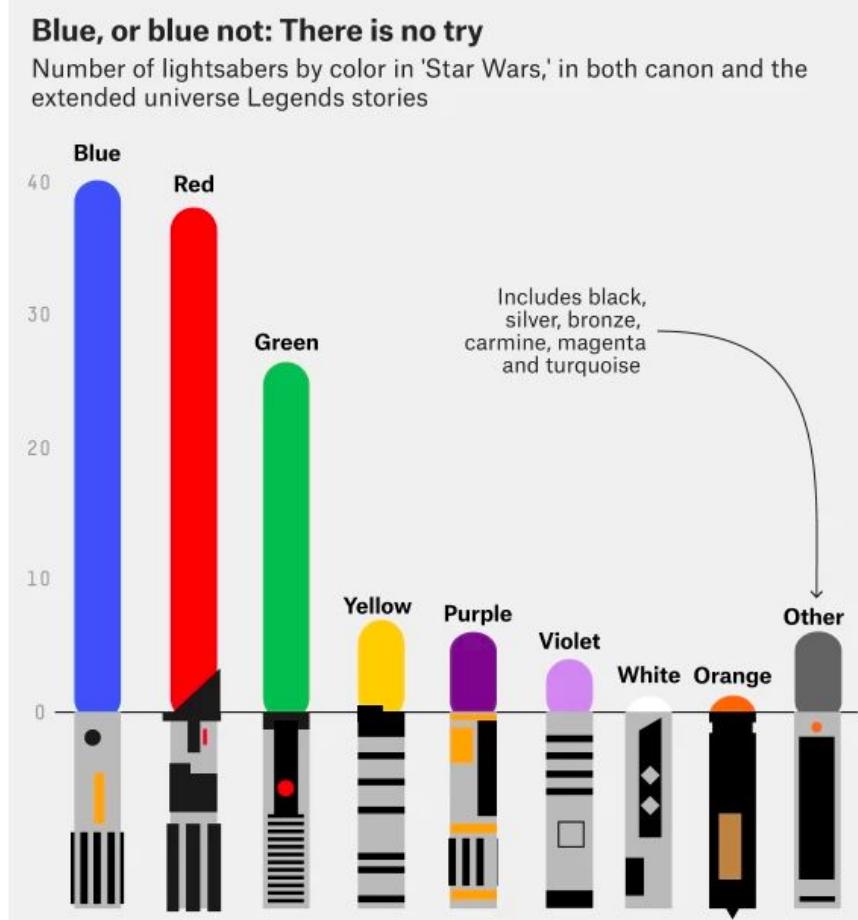
to the absurdity of not writing poems...

What's the most common surname in your state?



“I would love to see a one-week experiment where all parents agree not to say a word to their elementary school children about homework: not ask whether they have it, not lay out the supplies, not set aside the time, not read the instructions.”

Every Color of Every Lightsaber in Star Wars



“Beyonce is to millennials what Christianity was to our grandparents; there’s a societal expectation that you’ll be involved and occasionally perform conspicuous acts of piety...”



Bikram, 9, Melamchi, Nepal



[Where Children Sleep](#)
By James Mollison

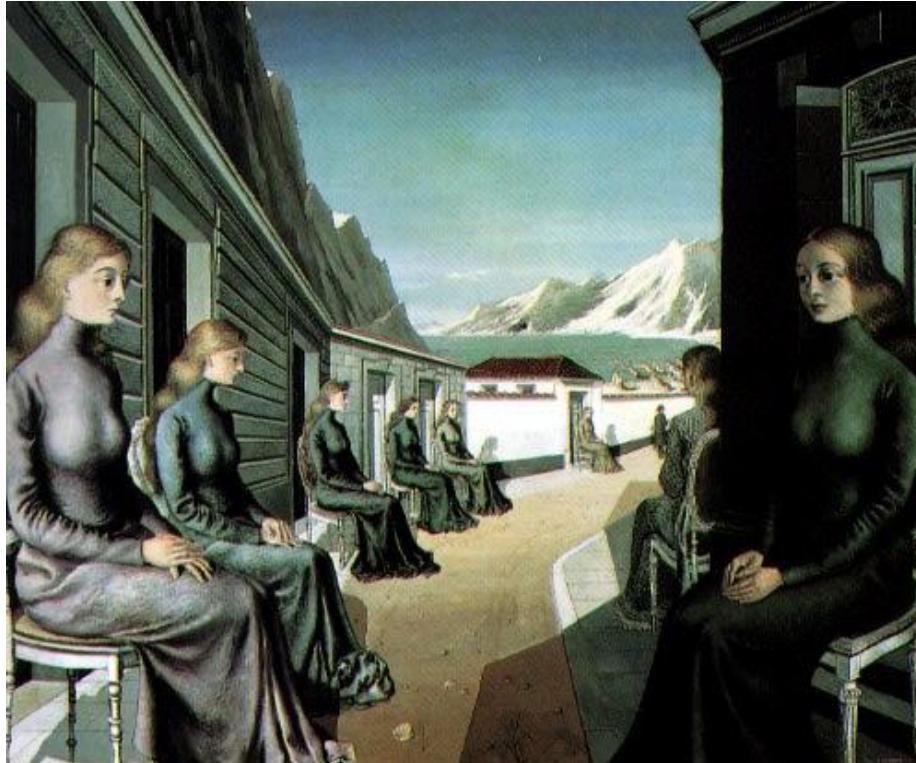
Rebekah O'Dell
@RebekahOdell1

“If I’d been the author, I would’ve stopped thinking about my microbiome. I would’ve told Daisy how much I liked her idea for Mychal’s art project, and I would’ve told her that I did remember Davis Pickett, that I remembered being eleven and carrying a vague but constant fear. I would’ve told her that I remembered once at camp lying next to Davis on the edge of a dock, our legs dangling over, our backs against the rough-hewn planks of wood, staring together up at a cloudless summer sky. I would’ve told her that Davis and I never talked much, or even looked at each other, but it didn’t matter, because we were looking at the same sky together, which is maybe more intimate than eye contact anyway. Anybody can look at you. It’s quite rare to find someone who sees the same world you see.” (Chapter 1, Page 8)

“Paul Delvaux: The Village of the Mermaids” by Lisel Mueller

Inspired by the author/painting for which the poem was named

Who is that man in black, walking
away from us into the distance?
The painter, they say, took a long time
finding his vision of the world.
The mermaids, if that is what they are
under their full-length skirts,
sit facing each other
all down the street, more of an alley,
in front of their gray row houses.
They all look the same, like a fair-haired
order of nuns, or like prostitutes
with chaste, identical faces.
How calm they are, with their vacant eyes,
their hands in laps that betray nothing.
Only one has scales on her dusky dress.
It is 1942; it is Europe,
and nothing fits. The one familiar figure
is the man in black approaching the sea,
and he is small and walking away from us.



Taken from Plate 8 of *Western Wind: An Introduction to Poetry*, 4th ed. Eds. Nims & Mason

Erin Palazzo
@ErinPalazzo

“A swallow in flight is graceful, agile, and precise. It hooks, swoops, dives, twists, and beats. It is a dancer, a musician, an arrow.

Usually.

This swallow stumbled from tree to tree. No arabesques. No gathering speed. Its spotted breast lost feathers by the fistful. Its eyes were dull. It hit the trunk of an alder tree and tumbled into the arms of a pine...” (p.255)



[Where Children Sleep](#)
By James Mollison



Anonymous, 4, Rome, Italy

Rebekah O'Dell
@rebekahodell1

Instructions

Gather your mistakes,
rinse them with honesty
and self-reflection,

let dry until you
can see every choice
and the regret
becomes brittle,

cover the
entire surface
in forgiveness,

remind yourself
that you are human

and this too
is a gift.

RUDY FRANCISCO
"HELIUM"

[Rudy Francisco](#)

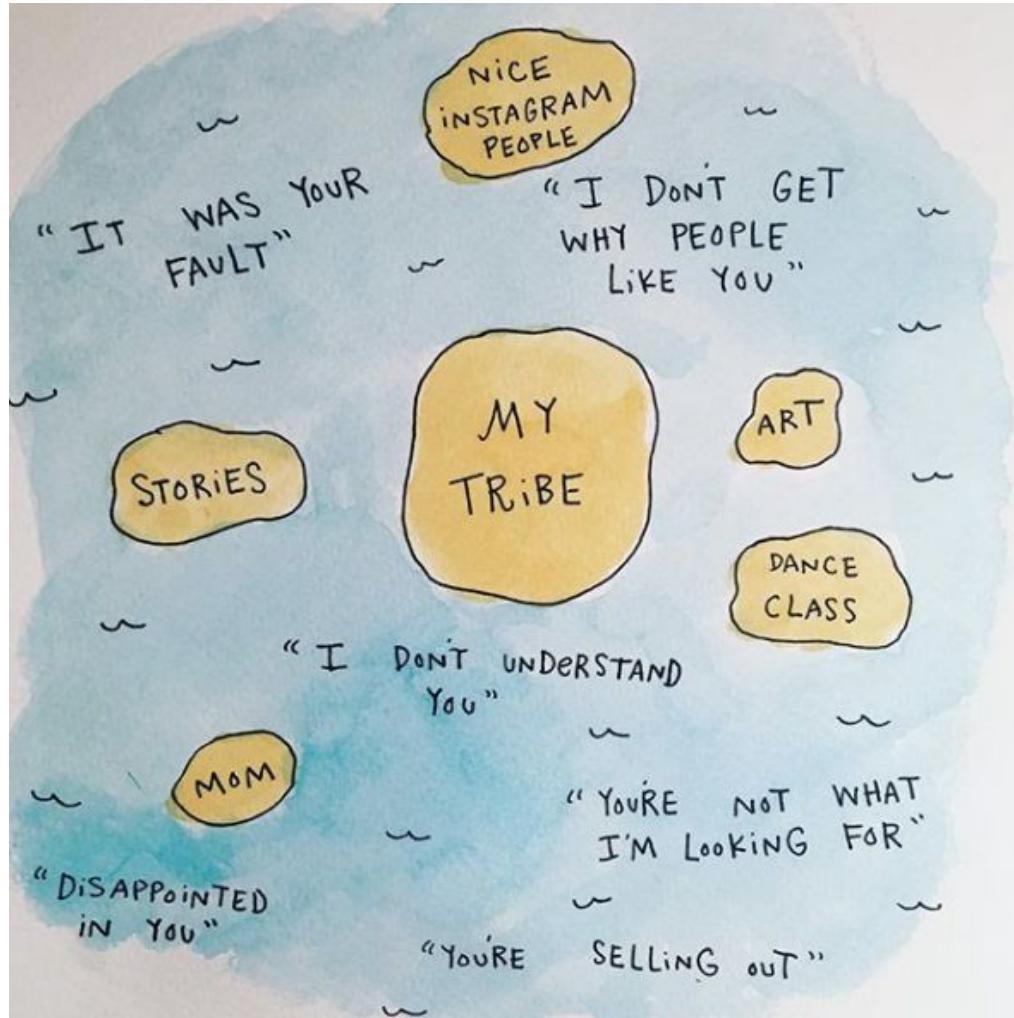
Rebekah O'Dell
@rebekahodell1

Portion of Americans who have eaten a pint of ice cream in one sitting : 1/2

Portion of those who felt guilty afterward : 2/5

Who felt ill : 1/10

Safe Islands



Estimated number of Britons over 65 who have not spoken with friends or family in more than a month : 200,000

Date on which the UK appointed a minister for loneliness :
1/17/2018

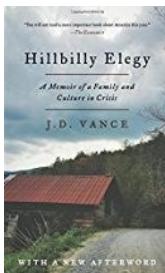


[The New York Times](#)

Rebekah O'Dell
@RebekahODell1

“You see, I grew up poor, in the Rust Belt, in an Ohio steel town that has been hemorrhaging jobs and hope for as long as I can remember....The statistics tell you that kids like me face a grim future--that if they’re lucky, they’ll manage to avoid welfare; and if they’re unlucky, they’ll die of a heroin overdose, as happened to dozens in my small hometown just last year.”

(Vance 1-2)



[From “Introduction” to *Hillbilly Elegy*](#)
By [J.D. Vance](#)

Erin Palazzo
[@ErinPalazzo](#)

“I don’t care that we are not at my house like we planned, and I don’t care that you still use a sippy cup at night, even though we are almost in second grade. I don’t care that you sometimes cry because you miss your daddy, who you don’t even remember. I don’t care that you write you Ns backward and that you sometimes read nap instead of pan, which means you have to go to summer school this year. I don’t care that your cheeks and your neck and your ears flush bright pink when you are asked to read out loud in class, or that you sometimes have trouble coming up with ideas for a story. I have plenty of ideas for both of us.”

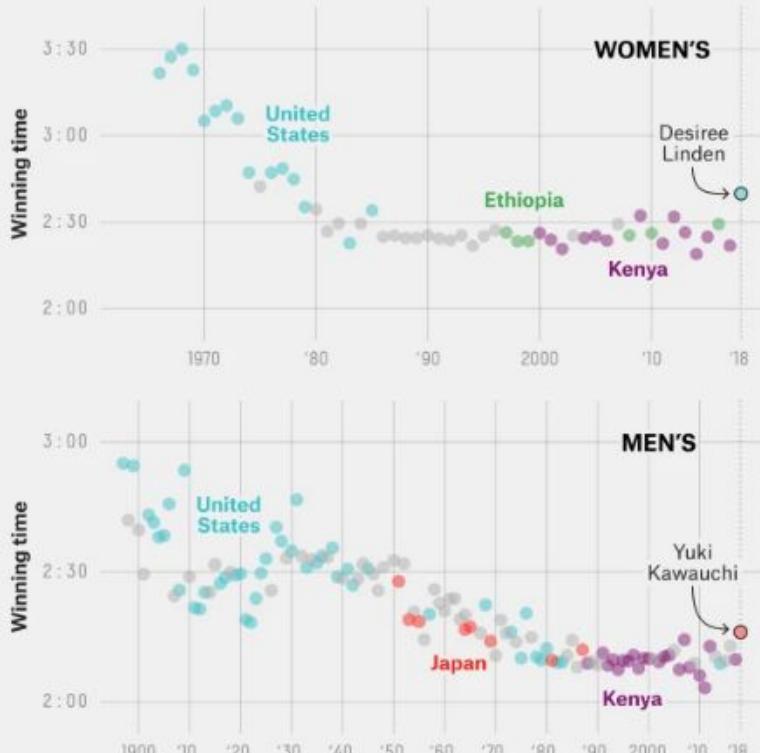


[*The Thing About Jellyfish*](#)
By Ali Benjamin

Rebekah O'Dell
@RebekahOdell1

A slower field at this year's Boston Marathon

Finish time for winners of the Boston Marathon, by country

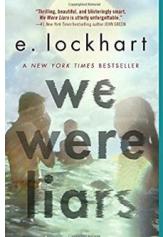


Using unofficial times for 2018 winners,

SOURCE-BOSTON ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

“It doesn’t matter if divorce shreds the muscles of our hearts so that they hardly beat without a struggle. It doesn’t matter if trust-fund money is running out; if credit card bills go unpaid on the kitchen counter. It doesn’t matter if there’s a cluster of pill bottles on the bedside table.

It doesn’t matter if one of us is desperately, desperately in love.” (p.2)



We Were Liars
By E. Lockhart

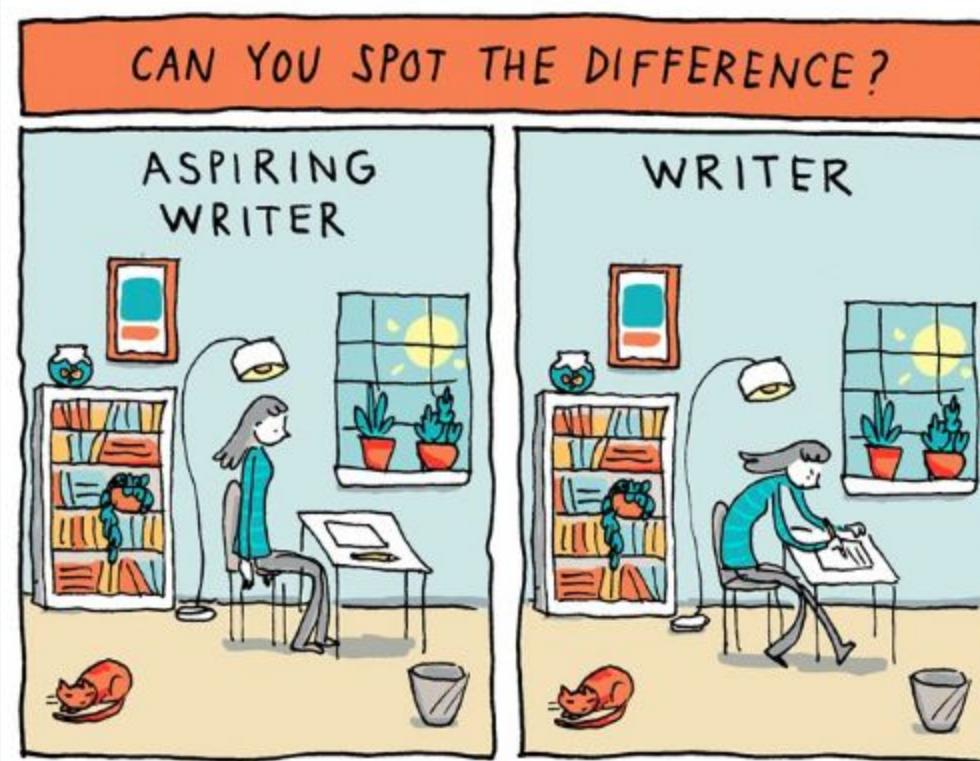
Rebekah O'Dell
@RebekahODell1

“Then I see him. He’s tall, lean, and wearing all black: black T-shirt, black jeans, black sneakers, and a black knit cap that covers his hair completely. He’s white with a pale honey tan and his face is starkly angular. He jumps down from his perch at the back of the truck and glides across the driveway, moving as if gravity affects him differently than it does the rest of us.”

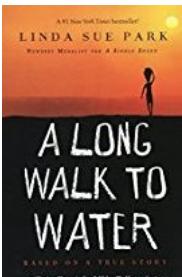


[Everything, Everything](#)
By Nicola Yoon

Katie Stuart
[@katiestuart10](#)



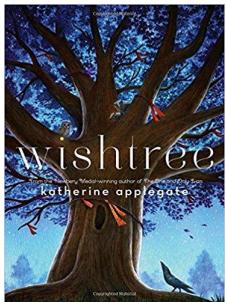
“There was always so much life around the pond: other people, mostly women and girls, who had come to fill their own containers; many kinds of birds, all flap and twitter and caw; herds of cattle that had been brought to the good grazing by the young boys who looked after them.”



[A Long Walk to Water](#)
By Linda Sue Park

Rebekah O'Dell
@RebekahODell1

“But sometimes things happen that aren’t so good. When they occur, I’ve learned that there’s not much you can do except stand tall and reach deep.” (p. 34)

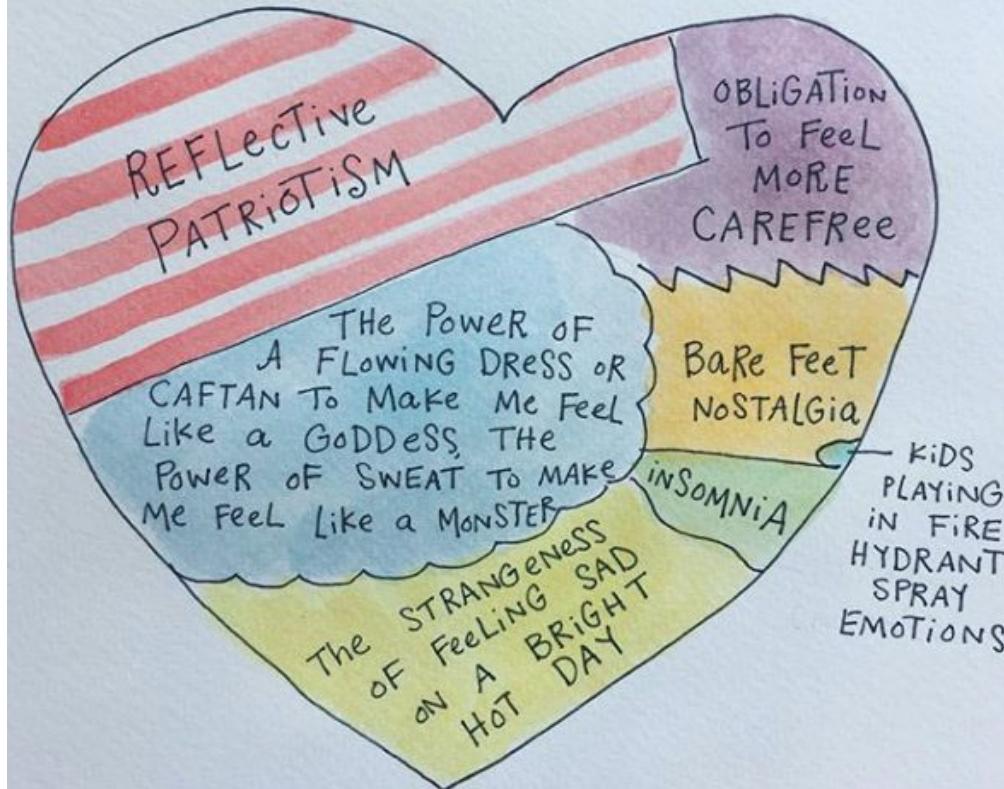


[Wishtree](#)

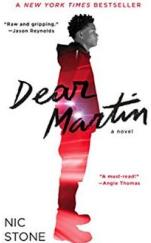
Katherine Applegate

Megan Kortlandt
@megankortlandt

July HEART



“You can’t change how other people think and act, but you’re in full control of you. When it comes down to it, the only question that matters is this: If nothing in the world ever changes, what type of man are you gonna be?”



[Dear Martin](#)
By Nic Stone

Rebekah O'Dell
@RebekahODell1



Lin-Manuel Miranda

@Lin_Manuel

Following



Gmoring.
Give me all the words
in all the languages from all the alphabets
And three lifetimes
I'll need all three to find the right words
to describe
how good it is to see you again
Go get em today

8:56 AM - 10 May 2018

1,980 Retweets 11,104 Likes



168

2.0K

11K



Hattie Maguire
@TeacherHattie

More People Live Inside This Circle Than Outside Of It



Image credits: washingtonpost.com

[Washington Post](http://WashingtonPost.com)

Hattie Maguire
@TeacherHattie

Americans Who Say They Use...

- Facebook
- Snapchat
- Instagram

Age:

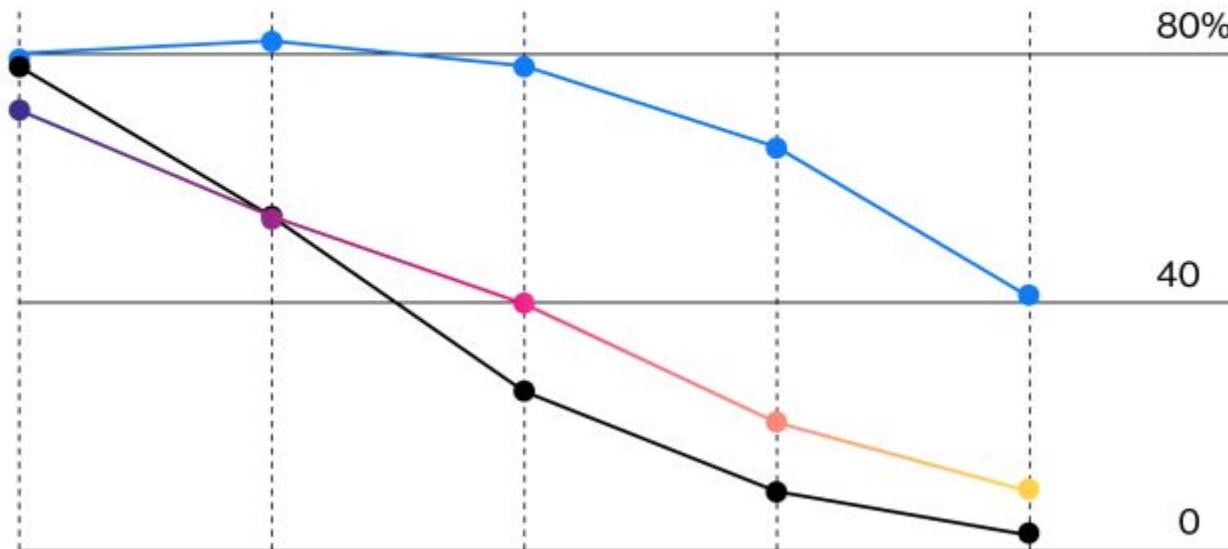
18-24

25-29

30-49

50-64

65+

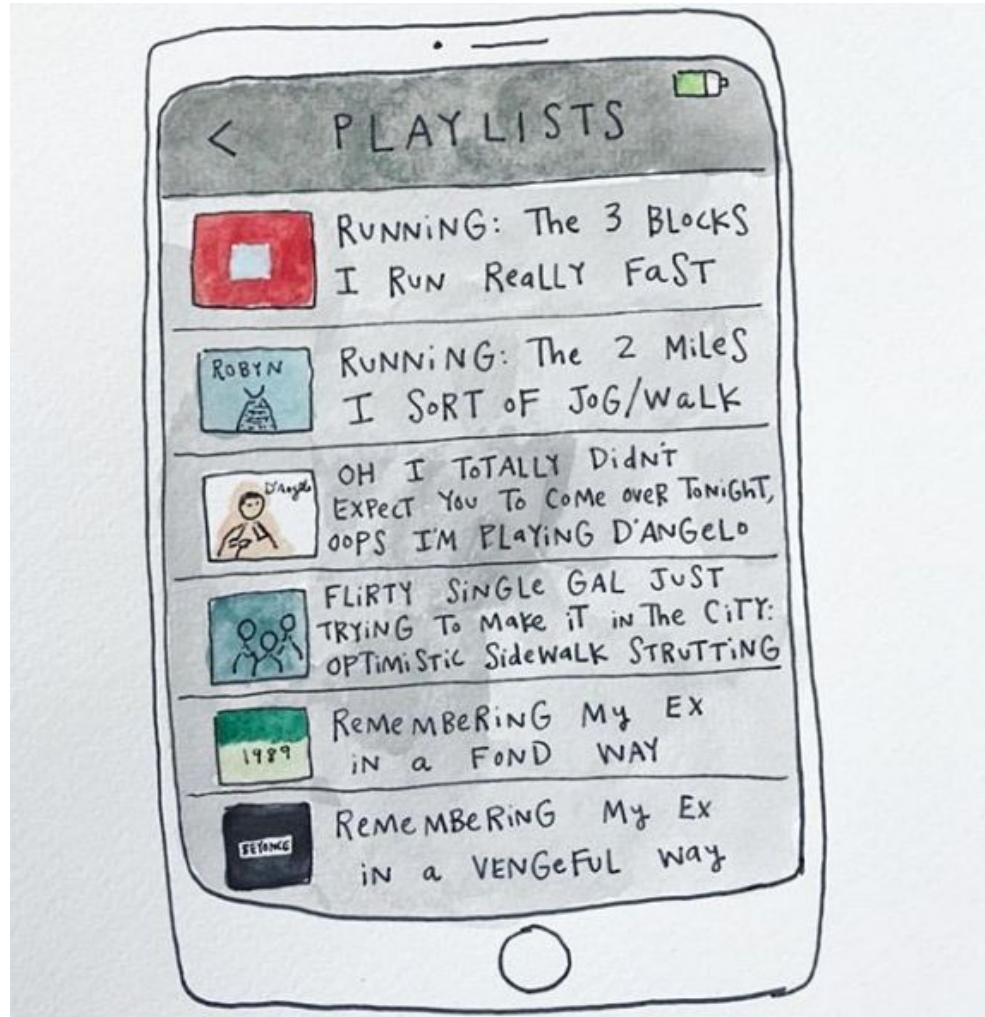


DATA: PEW RESEARCH

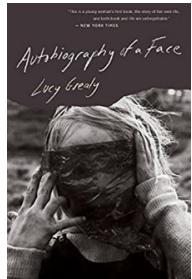
[Bloomberg](#)

Rebekah O'Dell
@rebekahodell1

“Here he was, jumping off a boat into the Maine waters; here he was, as a child, larkily peeing from a cabin window with two young cousins; here he was, living in Italy and learning Italian by flirting; here he was, telling a great joke; here he was, an ebullient friend, laughing and filling the room with his presence.”



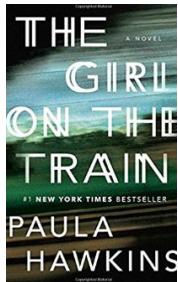
“We got into the car in our suburb, drove for just under an hour through the relative countryside of the Palisades Parkway, propelled ourselves across the Hudson via the George Washington Bridge, and found ourselves deposited smack in the middle of another world. Billboards advertised the good life in Spanish, ancient cobblestones emerged in patches from the tar, which shivered and smelled in summer and shone black and cruel in winter. Grotesque figures loomed everywhere, but they didn’t frighten me, nor did the filthy and the slobbering insane, the homeless and the drunk.” (70)



[Autobiography of a Face](#)
By Lucy Grealy

Allison Marchetti
@allisonmarchett

“I know this house by heart. I know every brick, I know the colour of the curtains in the upstairs bedroom (beige, with a dark-blue print), I know that the paint is peeling off the bathroom window frame and that there are four tiles missing from a section of the roof on the right-hand side.”



[The Girl on the Train](#)
Paula Hawkins

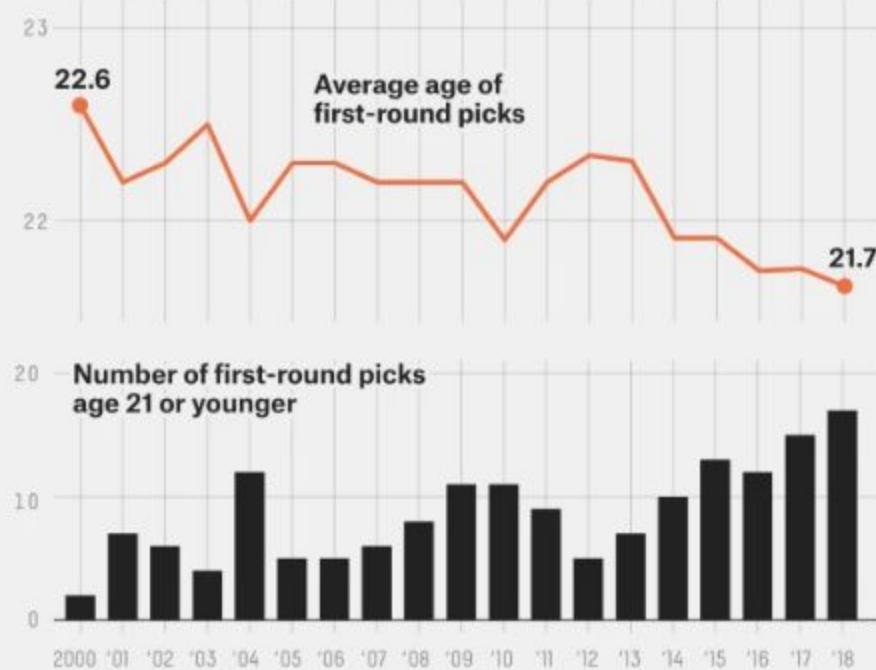
Allison Marchetti
@AllisonMarchett

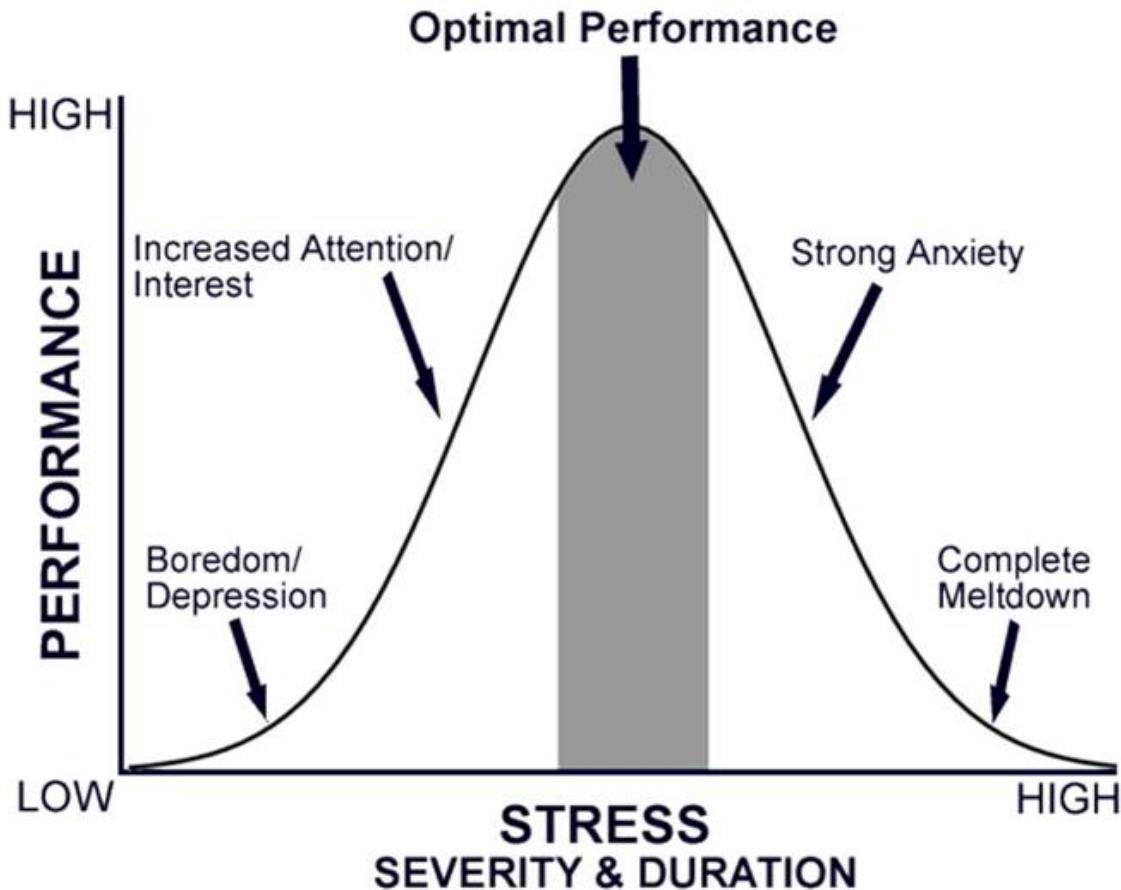


“Every year about this time I get the urge to buy a copybook. And some of those little rectangular pink erasers that look good enough to eat. And a whole lot of those round reinforcements, which were supposed to be pasted around the holes in your loose-leaf paper but were more often made into designs on the inside cover of your loose leaf binder.”

They keep getting younger

First-round draft picks as of Sept. 1 of the draft year





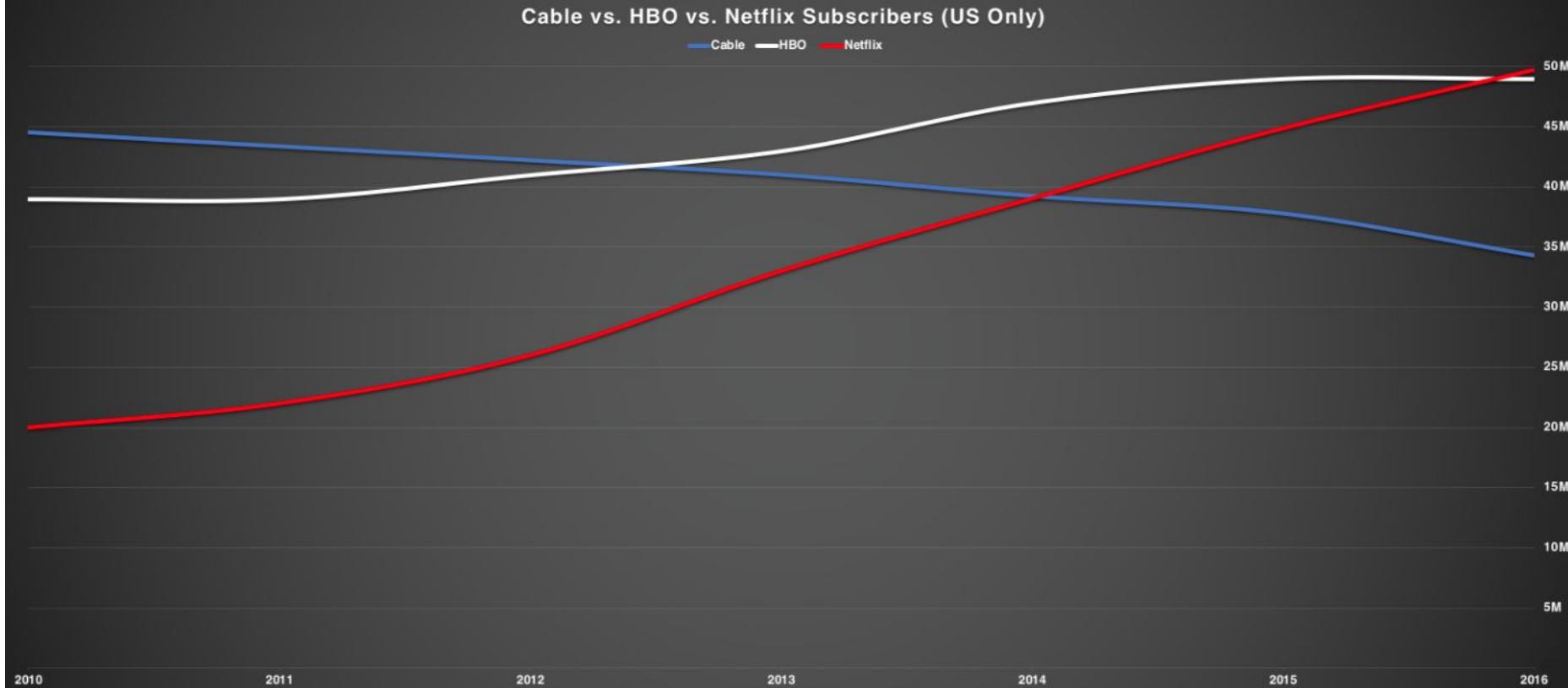
Sea

I am just a sea
trying to make peace
with all the wreckage
inside of its stomach.

Hoping someone
will accept me,
broken ships
and all.

Cable vs. HBO vs. Netflix Subscribers (US Only)

Cable HBO Netflix



“ A rust-stained pipe
Where a house once stood, which I
Take each time I pass it for an owl.”

from “The Angels”
By Tracy K. Smith

Rebekah O'Dell
@Rebekah ODell1

MOST EMBARRASSING THINGS I DO REGULARLY



LISTEN TO SONGS
ABOUT NEW YORK
WHILE WALKING
AROUND NEW YORK



SPEAK TO
INANIMATE
OBJECTS



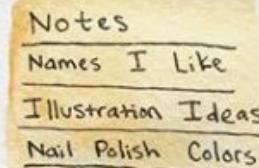
"PUT MYSELF
OUT THERE"



SPEND MONEY TO
WATCH REALITY TV



PRETEND I'M IN
A JAUNTY COMMERCIAL
WHILE ORDERING
COFFEE

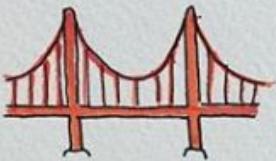


CONTRIBUTE TO
"NAMES I LIKE"
ON MY PHONE

Too Many Cooks Spoil the Broth

Too many needles spoil the cloth.
Too many parrots spoil the talk.
Too many chapped lips spoil the gloss.
Too many teasel burs spoil the paw.
Too many bubbles spoil the froth.
Too many doorbells spoil the knock.
Too many seeds spoil the floss.
Too many feathers spoil the claw.
Too many lightbulbs spoil the moth.
Too many holes spoil the sock.
Too many sunbeams spoil the moss.
Too many kisses spoil the jaw.
Too many wolves spoil the flock.
Too many necks spoil the block.

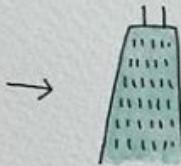
AUTO BiOGRAPHY



SAN FRANCISCO:
I GREW A BODY



SEATTLE:
I GREW a CURIOSITY



CHICAGO:
I GREW a MIND



SANTIAGO, CHILE:
I GREW A SPIRiT



BALTIMORE:
I GREW A HUNGER



WASHINGTON, D.C.:
I GREW A FAMILY



Julie Jee
@mrsjjee

Following



It's ok to take a break and treat yourself. You can't be all things to everyone if you're falling apart inside.

Sleep in.

Chat with a friend.

Buy something cool.

Go for a walk.

Cut your losses.

Start something new.

Read a book for fun for once.

Less stress.

More joy.

8:39 PM - 13 May 2018

Rebekah O'Dell
@RebekahODell1

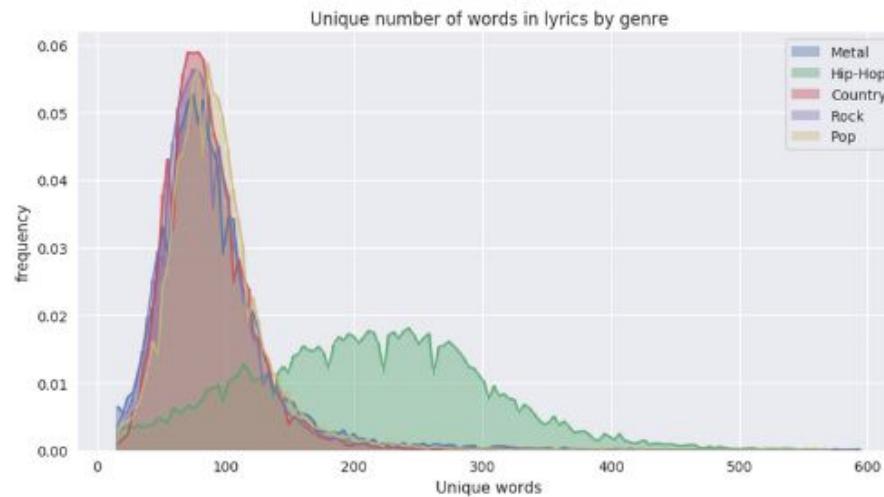
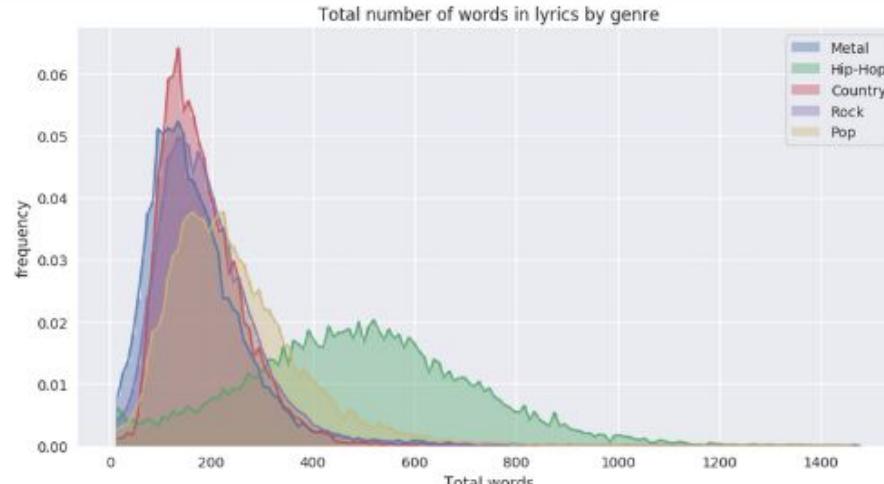
Sometimes,

By Mark Irwin

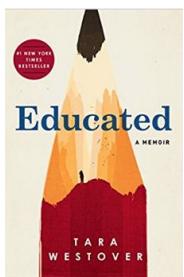
I'll crumple the paper before beginning to write / on it, or sometimes I'll spray my notebook with water, / then sit in the sun, jabbing at the muggy pages with / a pencil. Each does what he can to make this process / more difficult, and why not? The white paper's selfish, / wanting only more space and silence, inviting words / as one might houses to an Alaskan glacier, or inviting / emotions as one might guests to a wedding, each of them / blindfolded, feeling their way into the chapel to listen, / then toward the buffet to eat. And sometimes I'll write on black / paper — the letters glinting, barely detectable, deterring my desire / to change things — then tilt the paper at noon to read it. / And sometimes I'll toss the empty pages into the fire / at dusk and speak to them as one would to a child, or / a ghost ruining the sky, then only what I wake to / in the old morning will I remember.

New York is so	Supporting Evidence
Noisy	SINGING, LAUGHTER, SPARROWS CHIRPING, ELECTRIC GUITAR, POURING WINE, PIANO PRACTICE, CHURCH BELLS, SIRENS SIGNIFYING THE MOST DESPERATE MOMENT OF A PERSON'S LIFE, CLATTER OF COINS, CRYING
DIRTY	PROOF THAT LIFE WAS LIVED: PIZZA BOXES, BEER BOTTLES, ONE STRAY SHOE, A WALLET FULL OF LOYALTY CARDS WITH SO MUCH POTENTIAL, SPILLED PAINT
OVERWHELMING	LOTS OF TREES AND BUILDINGS ALL IN ONE PLACE: WHERE TO LOOK FIRST?
TOUGH TO DATE IN	AS IN ANY CITY, IT'S HARD TO MAINTAIN VULNERABILITY AND COMPASSION WHILE PROTECTING YOUR HEART AND HEALING FROM WOUNDS

When we read dystopia, we root for these people to break free because we are these people, hoping and fighting against things that are bigger than ourselves.



“The hill is paved with wild wheat. If the conifers and sagebrush are soloists, the wheat field is a corps de ballet, each stem following all the rest in bursts of movement, a million ballerinas bending, one after the other, as great gales dent their golden heads” (2).



[Educated](#)
by Tara Westover

Rebekah O'Dell
@RebekahODell1

HOW TO BE HAPPY



"Saeed's father then summoned Nadia into his room and spoke to her without Saeed and said that he was entrusting her with his son's life, and she, whom he called daughter, must, like a daughter, not fail him, whom she called father, and she must see Saeed through to safety, and he hoped she would one day marry his own son and be called mother by his grandchildren, but this was up to them to decide, and all he asked was that she remain by Saeed's side until Saeed was out of danger, and he asked her to promise this to him, and she said she would promise only if Saeed's father came with them, and he said again that he could not, but that they must go, he said it softly, like a prayer, and she sat there with him in silence and the minutes passed, and in the end she promised, and it was an easy promise to make because she had at that time no thoughts of leaving Saeed, but it was also a difficult one because in making it she felt she was abandoning the old man, and even if he did have his siblings and his cousins, and might now go live with them or have them come live with him, they could not protect him as Saeed and Nadia could, and so by making the promise he demanded she make she was in a sense, killing him, but that is the way of things, for when we migrate, we murder from our lives those we leave behind."



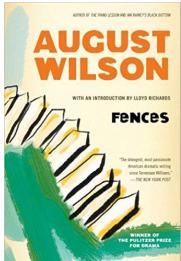
[Exit West](#)

by Mohsin Hamid

Stefanie Jochman
@MsJochman

*When the sins of our fathers visit us
We do not have to play host.
We can banish them with forgiveness
As God, in His largeness and Laws.*

--August Wilson



Fences
by August Wilson

Stefanie Jochman
@MsJochman

PROCRASTINATION: THE VIDEO GAME



THE MONSTER
WITH THE 15
BROWSER TABS OPEN



DANGER
THE PILE OF OLD
NEW YORKERS THAT
AREN'T GOING TO
READ THEMSELVES



FOREST OF
"NEW ARRIVALS FOR
SPRING!"
EMAILS

INSTAGRAM
QUICK SAND



THOUGHTS OF:

- Do I HAVE WINE AT HOME?
- SHOULD I CUT OFF
MY HAIR?
- REMEMBER THE TIME?



TEXTING TRAP

DeLIBERATE

FOCUS



COMPLETION!



[22 Photos of Famous Authors and Their Moms](#)

From LitHub (such a fun collection!)

Tennessee Williams, and his mother, Edwina Williams

Stefanie Jochman
@MsJochman

ATTENTION WE INTERRUPT THIS POST TO COIN
THE TERM OF ART BY WHICH THIS FILM'S
ENDING MUST AND SHOULD BE EXCLUSIVELY
KNOWN FOREVERMORE, THROUGHOUT THE
KNOWN AND UNKNOWN UNIVERSE, IN
PERPETUITY:

....

(wait for it)

...

(it's so good you guys you have no idea)

...

(are you ready)

...

(I don't think you're ready)

...

(here it comes)

....

THE SNAPTURE

Coin a new portmanteau to describe a moment in a favorite movie or TV show (or just to describe a situation that doesn't yet have its own word).

["Let's Talk About the End of Avengers: Infinity War"](#)
by Glen Weldon

Stefanie Jochman
@MsJochman

Michigan squirrel decides to stuff man's engine with 50 pounds of pine cones

By Ken Haddad

Posted: 7:48 AM, May 15, 2018

Updated: 7:48 AM, May 15, 2018



Share Your Opinion

Share

285



via
clickondetroit.com

Megan Kortlandt
 @megankortlandt

I am not the kind of person who becomes so invested in a book or movie or television show that my interest becomes a hobby or intense obsession, one where I start to declare allegiances, or otherwise demonstrate a serious level of commitment to something fictional I had no hand in creating.

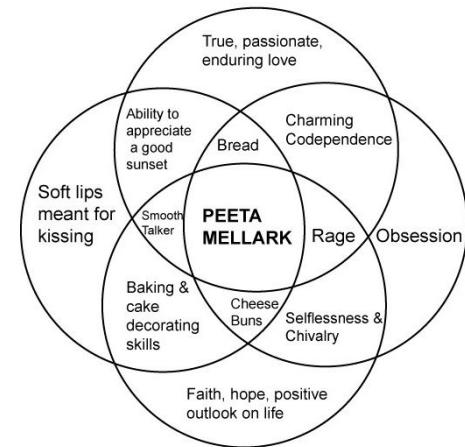
Or, I wasn't that kind of person.

Let me be clear: Team Peeta. I cannot even fathom how one could be on any other team. Gale? I can barely acknowledge him. Peeta, on the other hand, is everything. He frosts things and bakes bread and is unconditional and unwavering in his love and also he is very, very strong. He can throw a sack of flour, is what I am saying. Peeta is a place of solace and hope and he is a good kisser. My devotion to Peeta is so strong, so serious, I have made a Venn diagram detailing his best qualities, which are many.

In December 2011, I didn't really know much about *The Hunger Games*. Given my abiding interest in pop culture, I'm not sure how I missed the books.

I do most of my leisure reading at the gym. I hate exercise. Yes, it's good for you and weight loss and whatever, but normally, I work out and want to die. I really do. I knew I was in love with *The Hunger Games* when I did not want to get off the treadmill. The book captivated me from the first page. I wanted to keep walking so I could stay in the world Collins created. More than that, *The Hunger Games* moved me. There was so much at stake, so much drama and it was all so intriguing, so hypnotizing, so intense and dark. I particularly appreciated what the books got right about strength and endurance, suffering and survival. I found myself gasping and hissing and even bursting into tears, more than once. I looked insane but I did not care. I was completely without shame.

TEAM PEETA



Tricia Ebarvia
@triciaebarvia

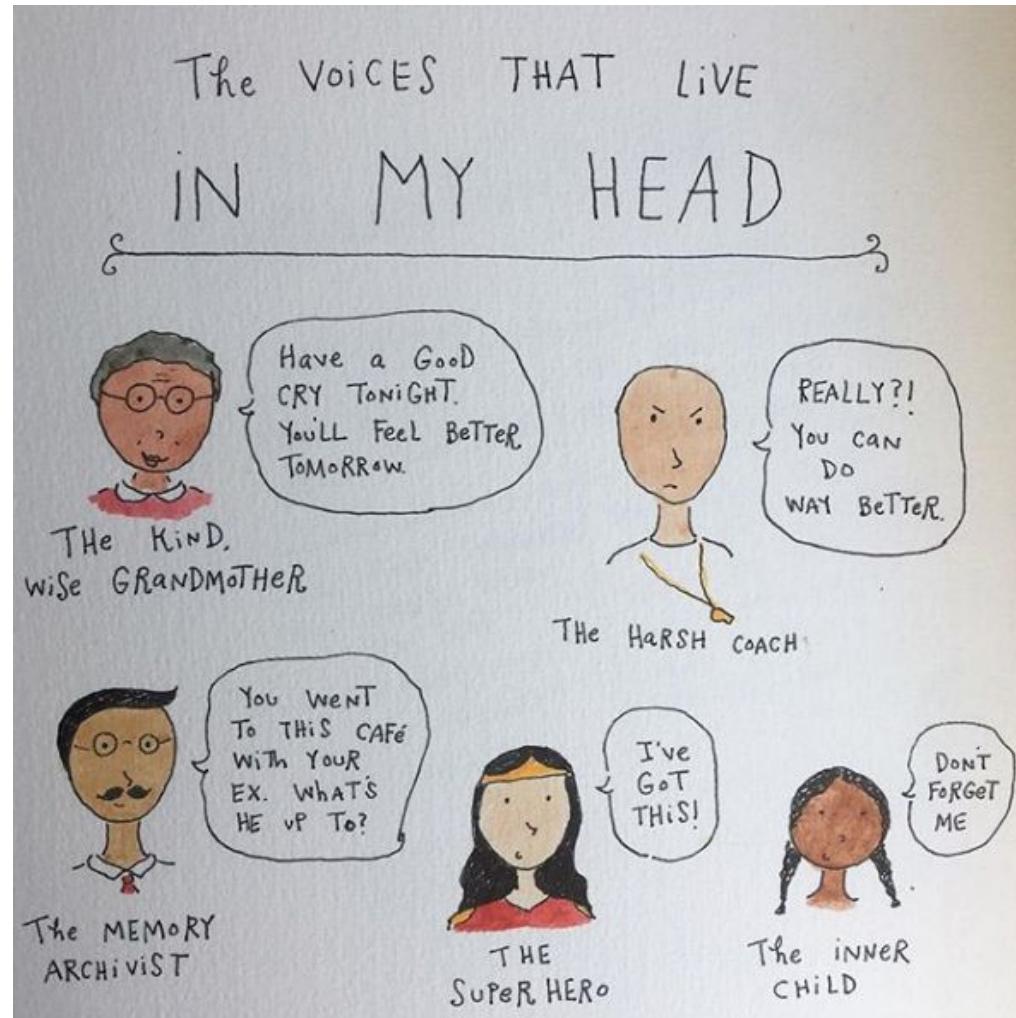


Where Children Sleep
By James Mollison

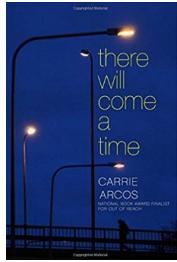


Kaya, 4, Tokyo, Japan

Rebekah O'Dell
@RebekahOdell1



“They say grief is an ocean measured in waves and currents, rocking and tossing you about like a boat stranded in the middle of the deep. But this is not true. Grief is a dull blade against the skin of your soul. It takes its time doing its work. Grief will slowly drive you crazy, until you try to sever yourself like some kind of wounded animal caught in a trap. You’d rather maim yourself and be free.”



[There Will Come a Time](#)

By Carrie Arcos

Rebekah O'Dell
@RebekahOdell1

Glass Slippers

Despite the hard luck
of the ugly stepsisters,
most people's feet will fit
into glass slippers.
The arch rises, the heel
tapers, the toes align
in descending order
and the whole thing slides
without talcum powder
into the test slipper.
We *can* shape to the
dreams of another; we are
eager to yield. It is a
mutual pleasure to the holder
of the slipper and to the

foot held. It is a singular
moment—tender, improbable,
and as yet unclouded by the
problems that
hobble the pair
when they discover that
the matching slipper
isn't anywhere, nor does
the bare foot even share
the shape of the other.
When they compare,
the slippared foot makes
the other odder: it looks
like a hoof. So many miracles
don't start far back enough.

“Glass Slippers”
by [Kay Ryan](#)

Stefanie Jochman
@MsJochman



Via @AlanaMassey

Jay Nickerson
@doodlinmunkyboy

Colostrum

We are not born
with tears. Your

first dozen cries
are dry.

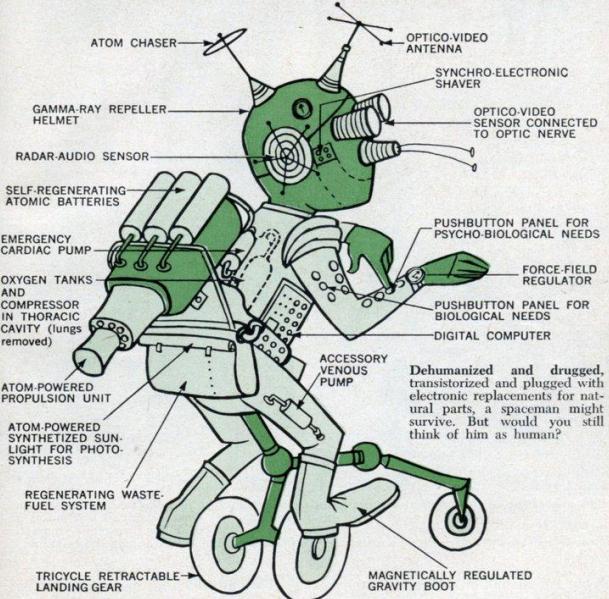
It takes some time
for the world to arrive

and salt the eyes.

By Kevin Young

Jay Nickerson
@doodlinmunkyboy

Must Tomorrow's Man Look Like This?



Dehumanized and drugged, transistorized and plugged with electronic replacements for natural parts, a spaceman might survive. But would you still think of him as human?

By Toby Freedman, M.D., and Gerald S. Lindner, M.D.

No electronic plug-ins needed, say these two doctors. Man's own capacity for adaptation, with help from science, can fit him for new ways of life

THE design of vehicles is one of the oldest and noblest arts of mankind. Look at a model of a prehistoric Polynesian canoe. It's as hydrodynamically elegant and functionally beautiful as the X-15. The wheel, the ski, the kayak, the sports car—pure

From a speech at annual meeting of American Rocket Society. The authors are researchers with North American Aviation.

11

Via @PulpLibrarian

Jay Nickerson
@doodlinmunkkyboy

BOYS

CAN
BE:

SENSITIVE



CARING



QUIET



GENTLE



ARTSY



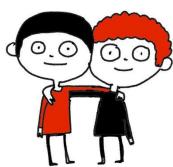
DREAMERS



SCARED



AFFECTIONATE



PRETTY



AND DON'T LET ANYONE TELL YOU OTHERWISE.

@elisegravel

GIRLS

CAN
BE:

LOUD



CRANKY



GROSS



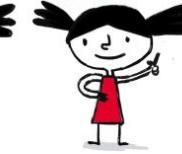
SILLY



STRONG



LEADERS



ANGRY



DIRTY



AND FUNNY



AND DON'T LET ANYONE TELL YOU OTHERWISE.

@elisegravel

Via @elisegravel

Jay Nickerson
@doodlinmunkkyboy



Simar @sahluwal · 23h

- You don't have to be gay to call out homophobia.
- You don't have to be black to call out racism.
- You don't have to be a Muslim to call out Islamophobia.
- You don't have to be a woman to call out misogyny & sexism.
- You don't have to be an immigrant to call out xenophobia.



159



8.1K



18K



Via @sahluwal

Jay Nickerson
@doodlinmunkkyboy



**This wedding cake topper,
(tweeted by @iampencer)
implies that each person is a
song.**

What song are you, and why?

The beauty of dystopia is that it lets us vicariously experience future worlds - but we still have the power to change our own.

I HAVE A PROBLEM.

A DANGEROUS, UNSAVORY
ADDICTION HAS CONSUMED
MY LIFE. CAN YOU GUESS
WHAT IT IS?

THAT'S RIGHT: BOOKS.
UNFORTUNATELY, TEMPTATION
HAS SET UP SHOP ON EVERY
CORNER.



WHEN I PASS ONE OF THESE PLACES, A DESPERATE VOICE GOES OFF INSIDE MY HEAD



Via Grant Snider
@gratdraws

Jay Nickerson
@doodlinmunkyboy

In October of 1947, Mohandas Gandhi gave a piece of paper to his visiting grandson, Arun Gandhi, upon which was written the following list — a list he said contained "the seven blunders that human society commits, and that cause all the violence." The next day, Arun returned home to South Africa, never to see his grandfather again. Gandhi was assassinated three months later.

The Blunders:

Wealth without work.

Pleasure without conscience.

Knowledge without character.

Commerce without morality.

Science without humanity.

Worship without sacrifice.

Politics without principles.



A [REDACTED] ► Haute Homes Resale - ...
Birmingham, Bloomfield & Beyond
Yesterday at 8:13 PM •

Banana dog

\$25



📍 Franklin, MI

We are parting with Mr. Banana dog. He's been a great conversation piece and is in perfect condition. His measurements are: 16" Lx6" Wx7.5H... [See More](#)



Megan Kortlandt
@megankortlandt

A Florida prep school prom. A live tiger. What could go wrong?

By **Avi Selk** May 14 at 1:51 PM  Email the author

Via [The Washington Post](#)

Megan Kortlandt
@megankortlandt

Sestina: Like

BY A. E. STALLINGS

With a nod to Jonah Winter

Now we're all "friends," there is no love but Like,
A semi-demi goddess, something like
A reality-TV star look-alike,
Named Simile or Me Two. So we like
In order to be liked. It isn't like
There's Love or Hate now. Even plain "dislike"

Is frowned on: there's no button for it. Like
Is something you can quantify: each "like"
You gather's almost something money-like,
Token of virtual support. "Please like
This page to stamp out hunger." And you'd like
To end hunger and climate change alike,

But it's unlikely Like does diddly. Like
Just twiddles its unopposing thumbs-ups, like-
Wise props up scarecrow silences. "I'm like,
So OVER him," I overhear. "But, like,
He doesn't get it. Like, you know? He's like
It's all OK. Like I don't even LIKE

Him anymore. Whatever. I'm all like ... "
Take "like" out of our chat, we'd all alike
Flounder, agape, gesticulating like
A foreign film sans subtitles, fall like
Dumb phones to mooted desuetude. Unlike
With other crutches, um, when we use "like,"

We're not just buying time on credit: Like
Displaces other words; crowds, cuckoo-like,
Endangered hatchlings from the nest. (Click "like"
If you're against extinction!) Like is like
Invasive zebra mussels, or it's like
Those nutria-things, or kudzu, or belike

Redundant fast food franchises, each like
(More like) the next. Those poets who dislike
Inversions, archaisms, who just like
Plain English as she's spoke — why isn't "like"
Their (literally) every other word? I'd like
Us just to admit that's what real speech is like.

But as you like, my friend. Yes, we're alike,
How we pronounce, say, lichen, and dislike
Cancer and war. So like this page. Click Like.

My Three Solaces

For Dave Knox

the solace
of leaving a party

the solace
of a warm place
with a storm
raging

the solace
of the couch
sunk
with your weight

-Erin Fornoff

Tricia Ebarvia
@triciaebarvia

The past has not passed away but is eternally preserved somewhere or other and continues to be real and really influential... everybody and everything is so closely interwoven that separation is only approximate...

- Pavel Florensky

Tricia Ebarvia
@triciaebarvia

PRICE \$7.99

THE NEW YORKER

JULY 7 & 14, 2014



Tricia Ebarvia
@triciaebarvia

For Mohammed Zeid of Gaza, Age 15

By Naomi Shihab Nye

There is no stray bullet, sirs.
No bullet like a worried cat
crouching under a bush,
no half-hairless puppy bullet
dodging midnight streets.
The bullet could not be a pecan
plunking the tin roof,
not hardly, no fluff of pollen
on October's breath,
no humble pebble at our feet.

So don't gentle it, please.

We live among stray thoughts,
tasks abandoned midstream.
Our fickle hearts are fat
with stray devotions, we feel at home
among bits and pieces,
all the wandering ways of words.

But this bullet had no innocence, did not
wish anyone well, you can't tell us otherwise
by naming it mildly, this bullet was never the friend
of life, should not be granted immunity
by soft saying—friendly fire, straying death-eye,
why have we given the wrong weight to what we do?

Mohammed, Mohammed, deserves the truth.
This bullet had no secret happy hopes,
it was not singing to itself with eyes closed
under the bridge.

Tricia Ebarvia
@triciaebarvia

MY BOOKSHELF

THE BOOK I
COULDN'T PUT
DOWN



THE BOOK I
COULDN'T
PICK UP



THE BOOK YOU
GAVE ME



THE BOOK I
BROUGHT TO
THE BEACH



(I HAVEN'T READ
IT YET - SORRY!)

THE BOOK I
TRIED SO HARD
TO LIKE



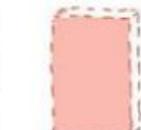
THE BOOK I
SOMEHOW OWN
THREE COPIES OF



THE BOOK THAT
SAVED MY LIFE



THE BOOK I
LENT YOU



(CAN I HAVE
IT BACK?)

THE BOOK I
FALL ASLEEP TO
EVERY NIGHT



THE BOOK I
MISTOOK FOR
A HAT



THE BOOK I'M
DESPERATELY
TRYING TO WRITE



ALL THE BOOKS
THAT CHANGED
MY LIFE



For You

By Sharon Olds

In the morning, when I'm pouring the hot milk
into the coffee, I put the side of my
face near the convex pitcher to watch
the last, round drop from the spout,
and it feels like being cheek to cheek
with a baby. Sometimes the orb pops back up,
a ball of cream balanced on a whale's
watery exhale. Then I gather my tools,
the cherry sounding-board tray that will rest on my
lap, the phone, the bird book to look up
the purple martin. I repeat them as I seek them,
so as not to forget—tray, cell phone,
purple martin; tray, phone,
martin, Trayvon Martin, song was
invented for you, art was made
for you, painting, writing, was yours,
our youngest, our most precious, to remind us
to shield you—all was yours, all that is
left on earth, with your body, was for you.

[The New Yorker \(May 14, 2018\)](#)

Tricia Ebarvia
@triciaebarvia



Tricia Ebarvia
@triciaebarvia



Sister Helen Prejean

@helenprejean

Following



Being kind in an unjust system is not enough.

8:30 AM - 3 Sep 2017

9,307 Retweets 22,530 Likes



124

9.3K



23K

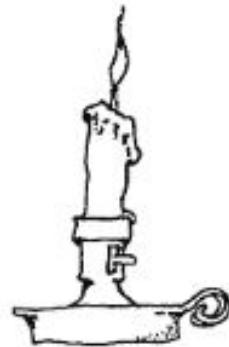


Tricia Ebarvia
@triciaebarvia

[Twitter](#)

INVITATION

If you are a dreamer, come in,
If you are a dreamer, a wisher, a liar,
A hope-er, a pray-er, a magic bean buyer...
If you're a pretender, come sit by my fire
For we have some flax-golden tales to spin.
Come in!
Come in!





Jacob Wyatt, Adrian
Alphona (via
@wizardworld)

Mike Ziegler
@ZigThinks



This Badass Hawk Just Sparked The Most Intense Photoshop Battle Ever



This Badass Hawk Just Sparked The Most Intense Photoshop Battle Ever

It was an epic story from start to finish. Animal enthusiast Clint Ralph, 53, was visiting Giant's Castle in Kwa Zulu Natal, South Africa, with his son.

themindcircle.com

Clint Ralph
(photographer)

4:30 AM - 16 May 2018

Mike Ziegler
@ZigThinks