



moving writers'

# 100 DAYS

of

# Summer Writing

#100DOSW18  
[movingwriters.org](http://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"><li>- What do you see?</li><li>- What do you NOT see?</li><li>- What do you wonder?</li><li>- What does this image make you think about?</li><li>- How does the image make you feel or react?</li><li>- What is the story behind the image?</li><li>- What writing might come out of this picture?</li></ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>- What idea is the illustrator/ writer communicating?</li><li>- What do you wonder?</li><li>- What does this image make you think about?</li><li>- How does the image make you feel or react?</li><li>- Make your own version of the same illustration!</li><li>- What writing might come out of this illustration?</li></ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>- What is this data showing?</li><li>- What is this data NOT showing?</li><li>- What do you wonder?</li><li>- What story (or stories) is this data trying to tell?</li><li>- What writing might come out of this kind of data?</li></ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>- What jumps out at you in this writing? What do you <i>notice</i>? What do you <i>like</i>?</li><li>- How are the pieces of this writing put together?</li><li>- What do you notice about the writer's punctuation?</li><li>- What do you notice about the writer's word choice?</li><li>- What can you take from this writer and put into your own version of this sentence/ poem?</li></ul>

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 SAWY 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



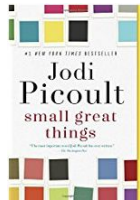
stage one  

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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

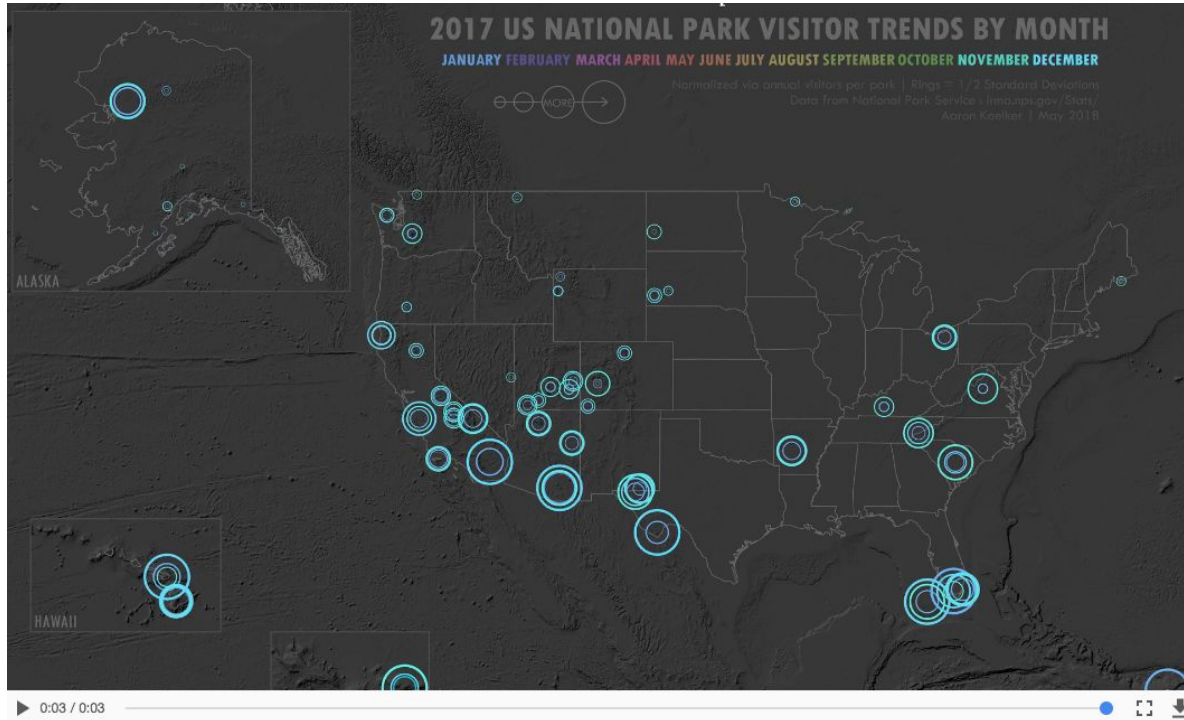
Holly Kopcha  
@mskopcha

“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

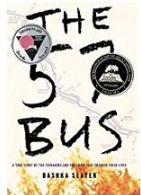


[Reddit](#)

**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.



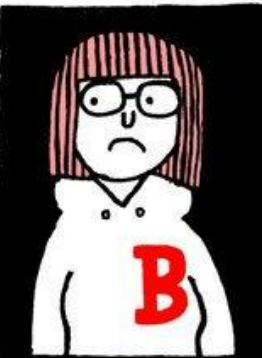
FRANCESCA: CAT HATER.



TRISHA: STILL USES  
HOTMAIL.



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



JESSICA: NOT A BIG  
BEYONCÉ FAN.



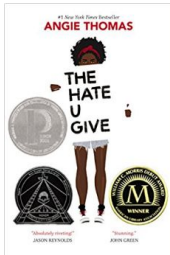
DEMETRIA: DOESN'T  
REALLY LIKE PIZZA.

Via @gemmacorrell

FOUR EYES BY GEMMA CORRELL 2014

Jay Nickerson  
@doodlinmunkyboy

“ 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”

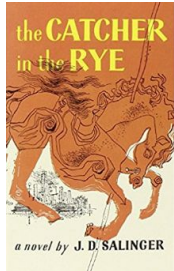


Erin Palazzo  
@ErinPalazzo





“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.”

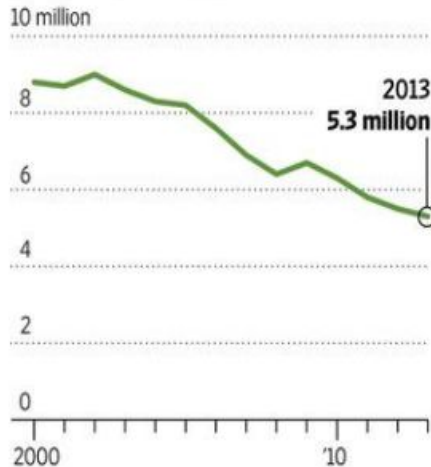


*The Catcher in the Rye*  
By J.D. Salinger

Rebekah O'Dell  
@RebekahOdell1

## Losing Interest

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

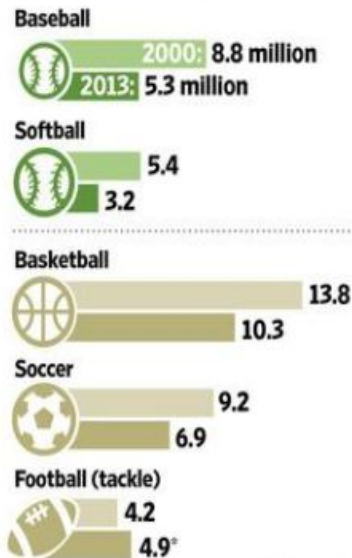


\*Football participation is down from 5.4M in 2006

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

Source: National Sporting Goods Association

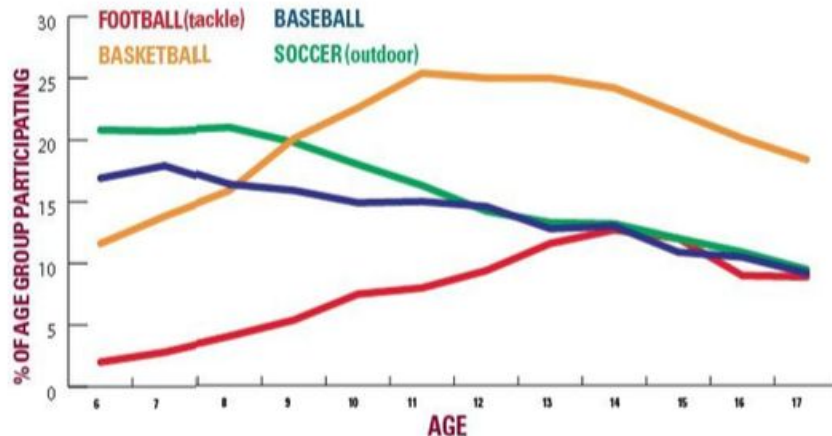
U.S. youth sport participation ages 7 to 17 change from 2000 to 2013:



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



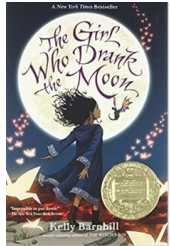
Alex, 9, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

[Where Children Sleep](#)

By James Mollison

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 sigh of his face. It wasn’t a bad life, actually.”



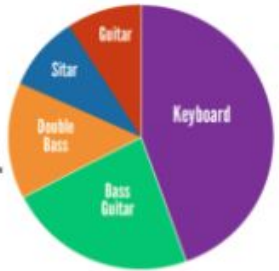
[The Girl Who Drank the Moon](#)  
By Kelly Barnhill

Rebekah O'Dell  
@RebekahOdell1

# the most popular instruments per state



top 5 instruments in the u.s.



- accordion
- acoustic guitar
- bass guitar
- cello
- clarinet
- double bass
- drums
- electric guitar
- flute
- guitar
- harmonica
- harp
- keyboard
- oboe
- piano
- recorder
- saxophone
- sitar
- trombone
- trumpet
- ukelele
- viola
- violin



GUITARLESSONS.ORG

## 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,

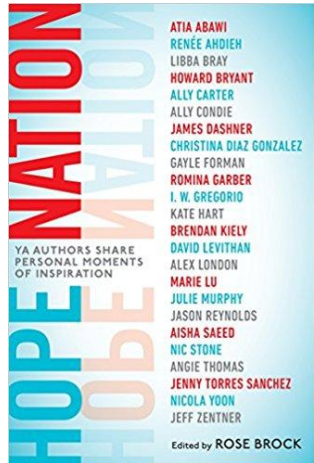
you'll know me

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.”



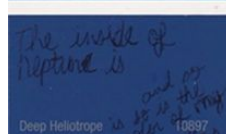
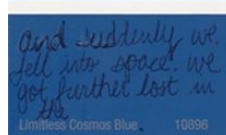
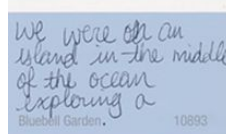
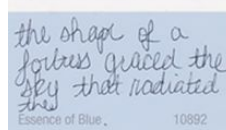
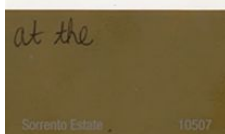
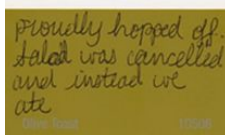
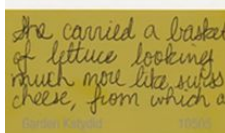
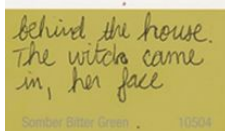
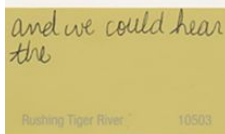
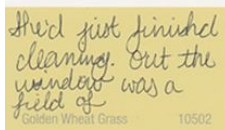
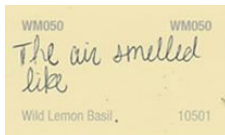
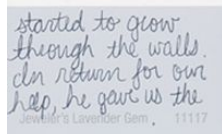
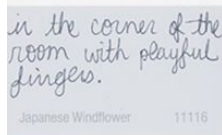
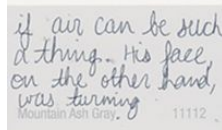
“Before and After” by Libba Bray,  
[Hope Nation](#)

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.”







## Zauberbear: Paint Chip Poetry

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

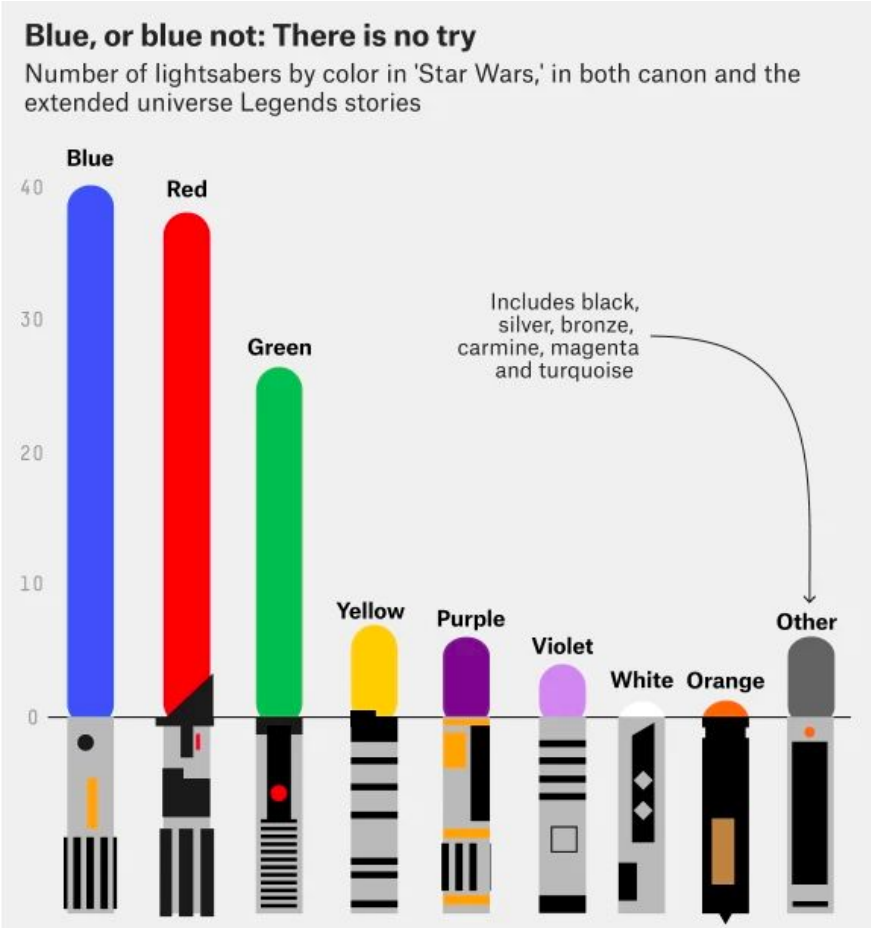
to the absurdity of not writing poems...

# What's the most common surname in your state?

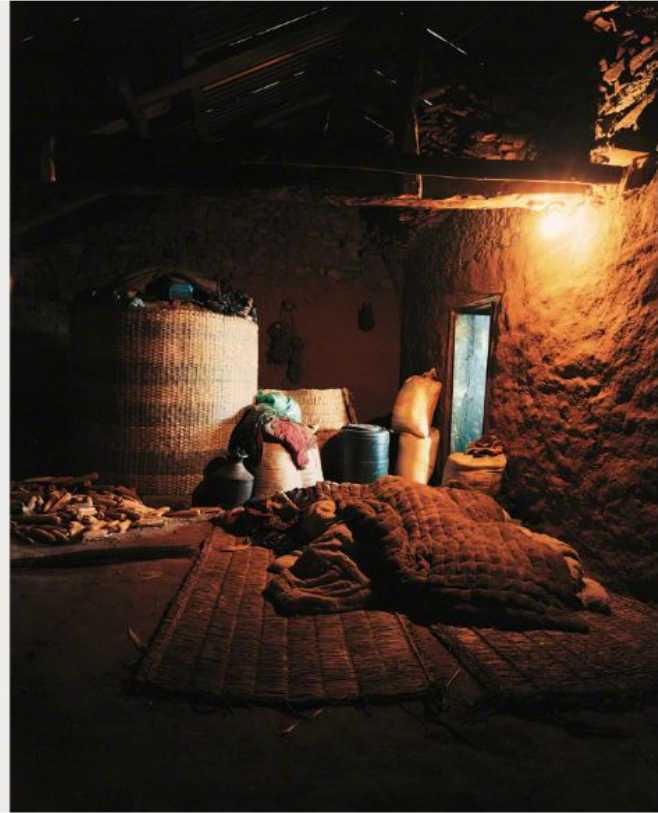


“I would love to see a one-week experiment where all parents agree not to say a word to their elementary school children about homework: not ask whether they have it, not lay out the supplies, not set aside the time, not read the instructions.”

# 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

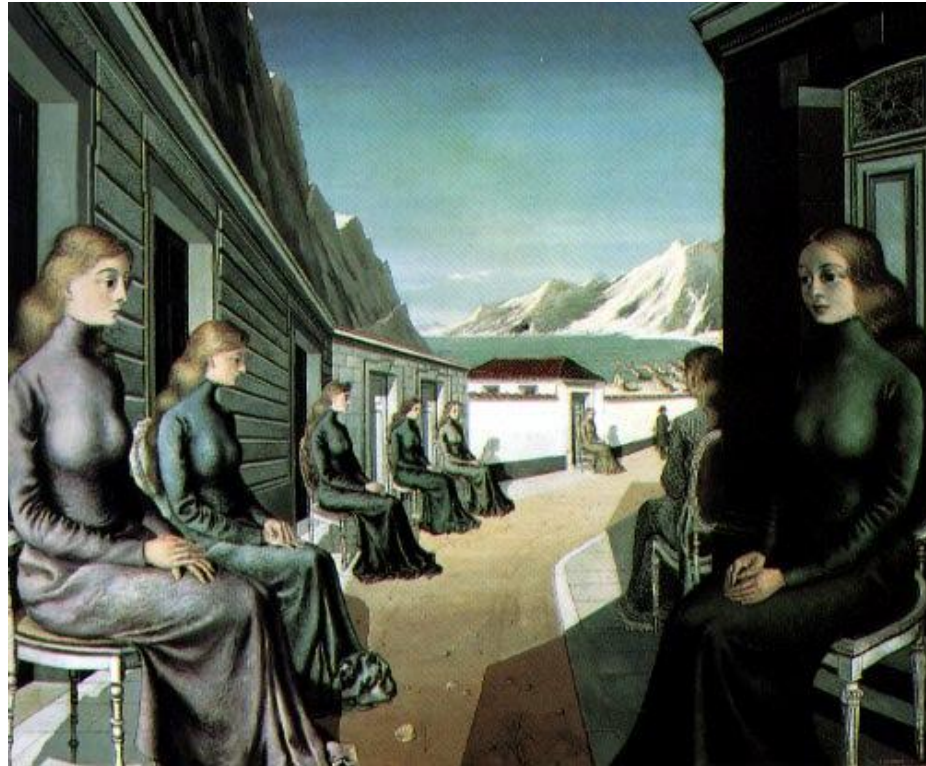
“If I’d been the author, I would’ve stopped thinking about my microbiome. I would’ve told Daisy how much I liked her idea for Mychal’s art project, and I would’ve told her that I did remember Davis Pickett, that I remembered being eleven and carrying a vague but constant fear. I would’ve told her that 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)

[The Girl Who Drank the Moon](#)

By Kelly Barnhill

Rebekah O'Dell  
@RebekahOdell1



Anonymous, 4, Rome, Italy

[Where Children Sleep](#)  
By James Mollison

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.

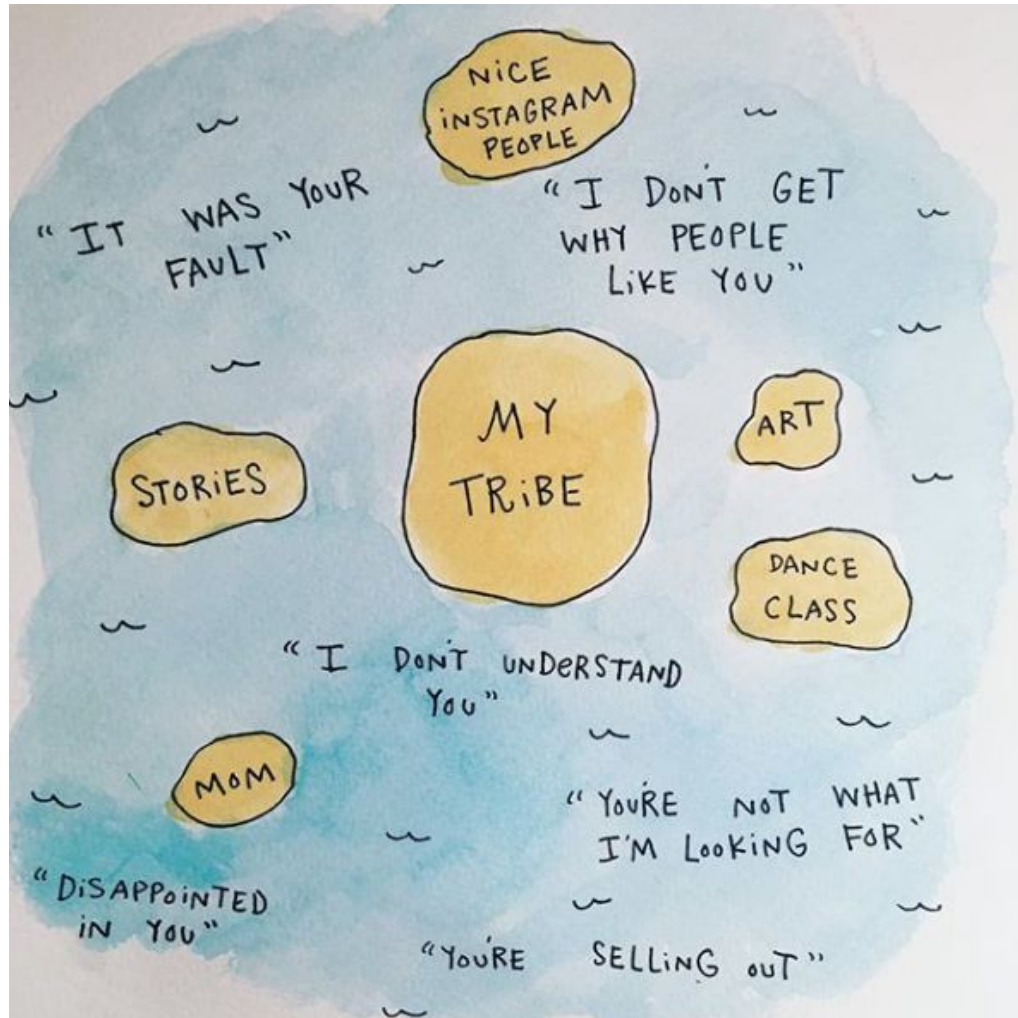
RUDY FRANCISCO  
"HELIUM"

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

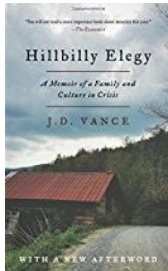


[The New York Times](#)

Rebekah O'Dell  
@RebekahODell1



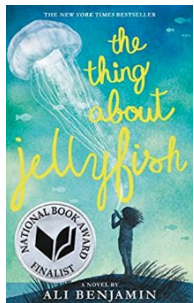
“You see, I grew up poor, in the Rust Belt, in an Ohio steel town that has been hemorrhaging jobs and hope for as long as I can remember....The statistics tell you that kids like me face a grim future--that if they’re lucky, they’ll manage to avoid welfare; and if they’re unlucky, they’ll die of a heroin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



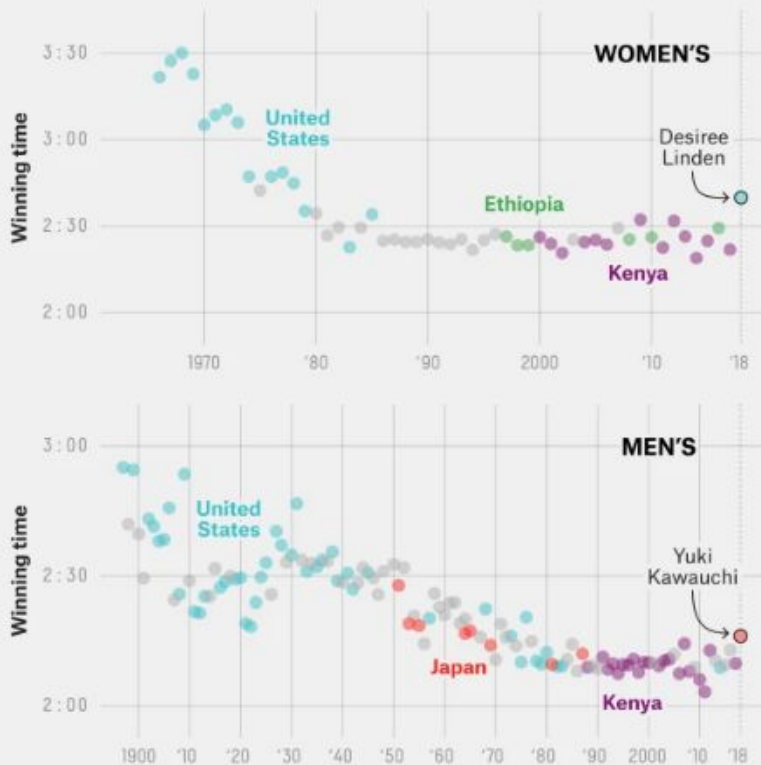
*The Thing About Jellyfish*

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



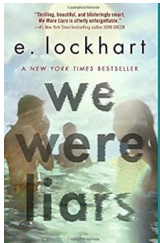
Using unofficial times for 2018 winners.

FiveThirtyEight.

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

CAN YOU SPOT THE DIFFERENCE?

ASPIRING  
WRITER

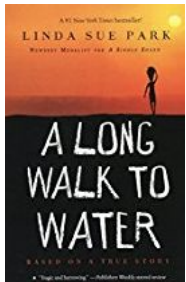


WRITER



GRANT SNIDER

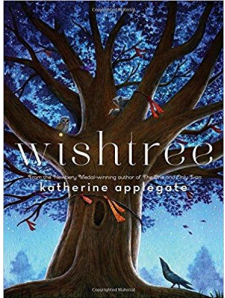
“There was always so much life around the pond: other people, mostly women and girls, who had come to fill their own containers; many kinds of birds, all flap and twitter and caw; herds of cattle that had been brought to the good grazing by the young boys who looked after them.”



[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)

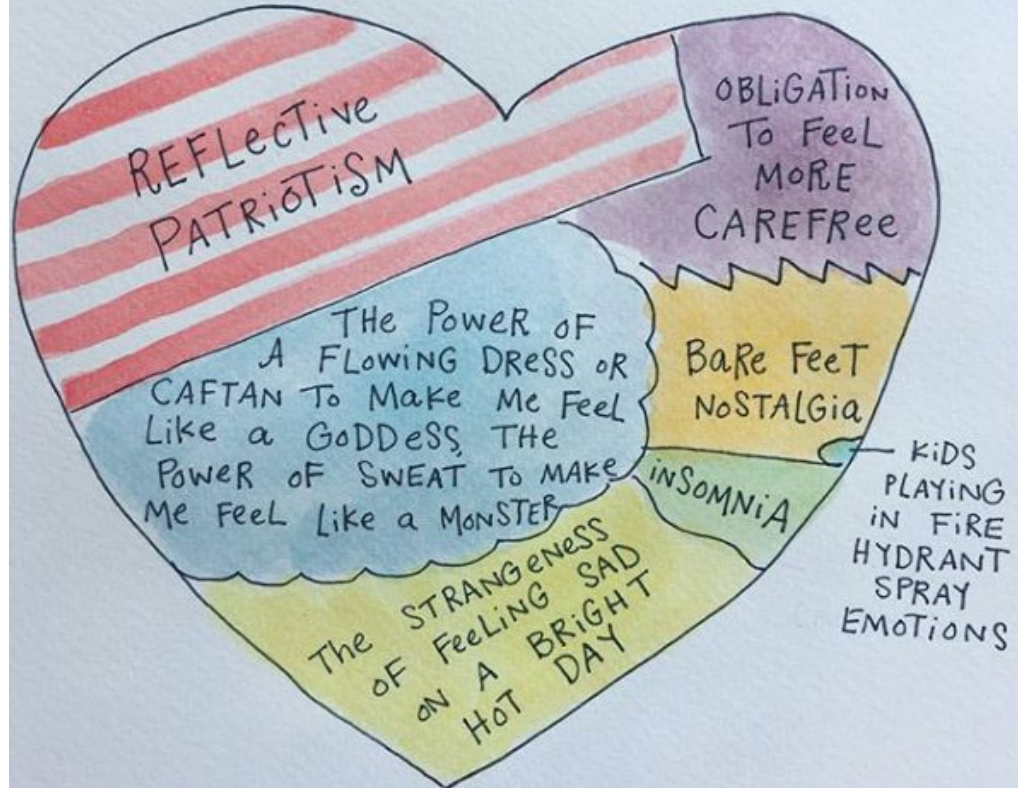


[Wishtree](#)  
Katherine Applegate

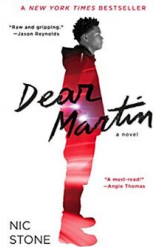
Megan Kortlandt  
[@megankortlandt](#)



# 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



Gmorning.  
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](https://www.washingtonpost.com)

[Washington Post](https://www.washingtonpost.com)

Hattie Maguire  
@TeacherHattie

# Americans Who Say They Use...

● Facebook ● Snapchat ● Instagram

Age:

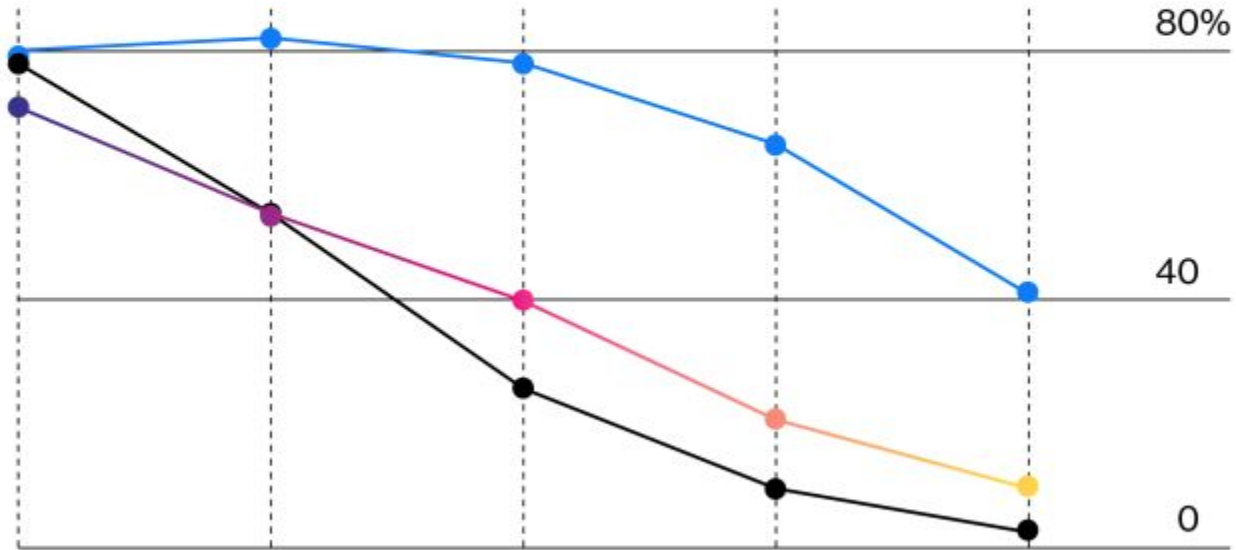
18-24

25-29

30-49

50-64

65+

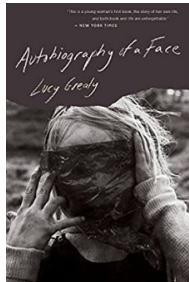


DATA: PEW RESEARCH

“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)

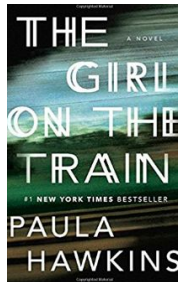


[Autobiography of a Face](#)  
By Lucy Greal

Allison Marchetti  
@allisonmarchett

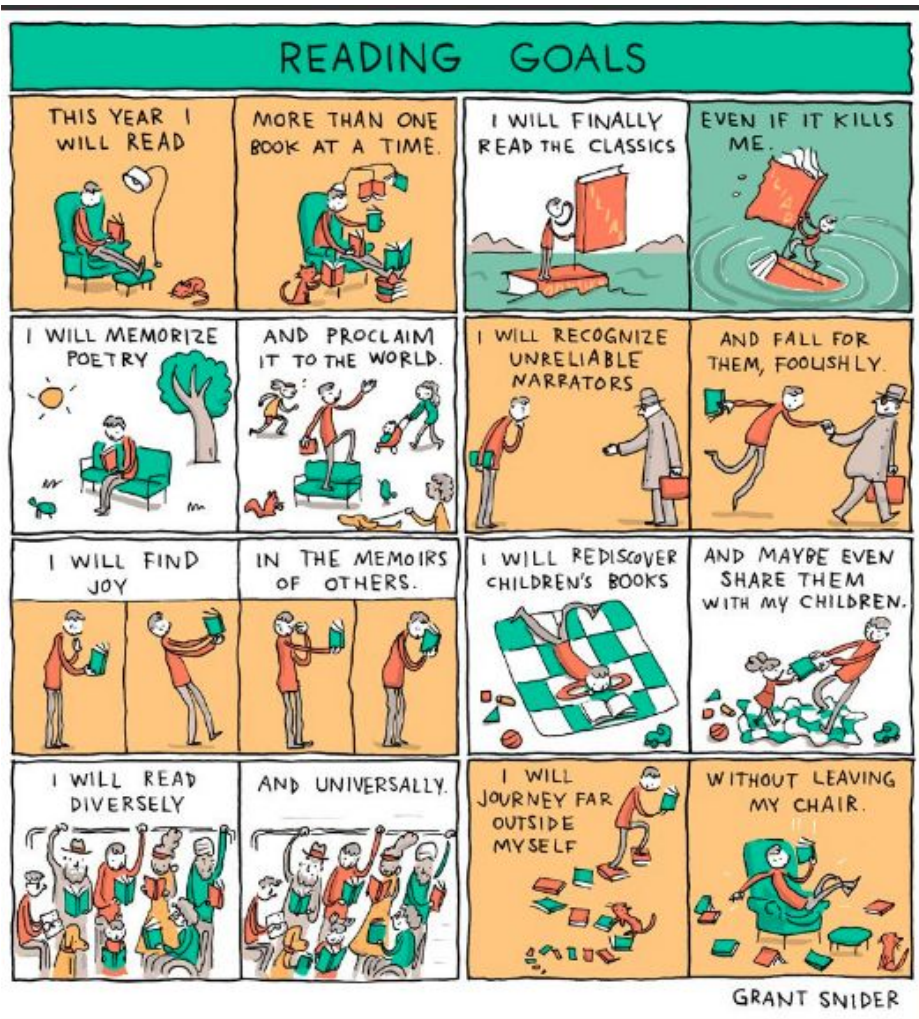


“I know this house by heart. I know every brick, I know the colour of the curtains in the upstairs bedroom (beige, with a dark-blue print), I know that the paint is peeling off the bathroom window frame and that there are four tiles missing from a section of the roof on the right-hand side.”



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

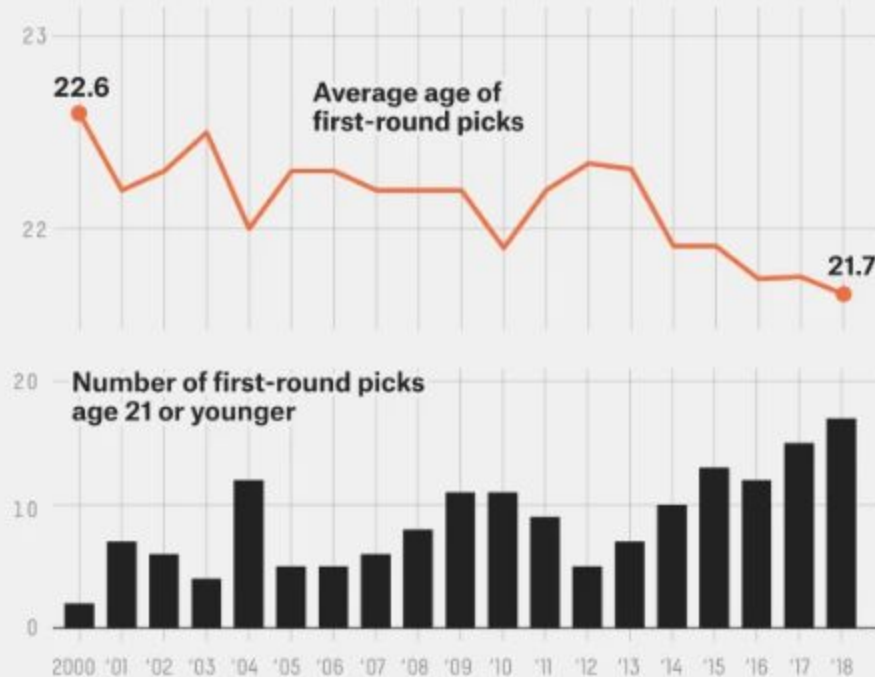
Allison Marchetti  
[@AllisonMarchett](#)



“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.”

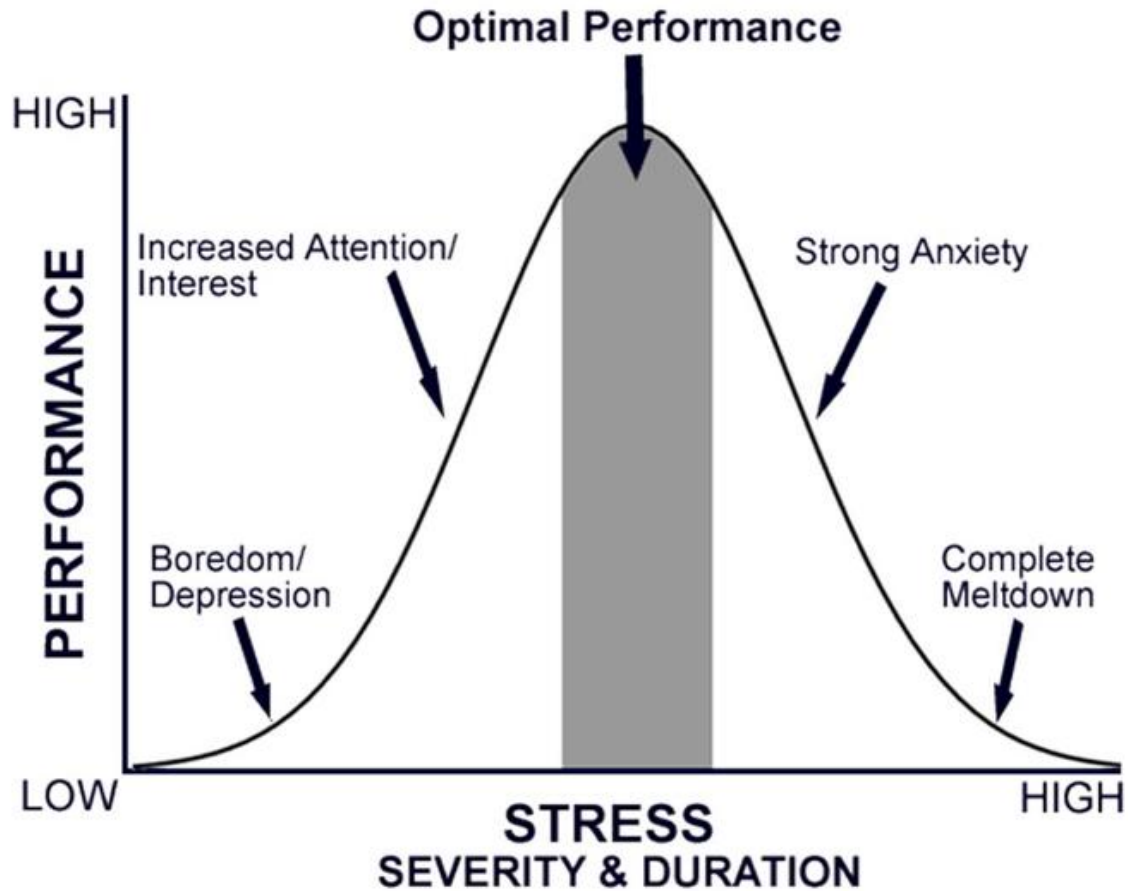
## They keep getting younger

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



FiveThirtyEight

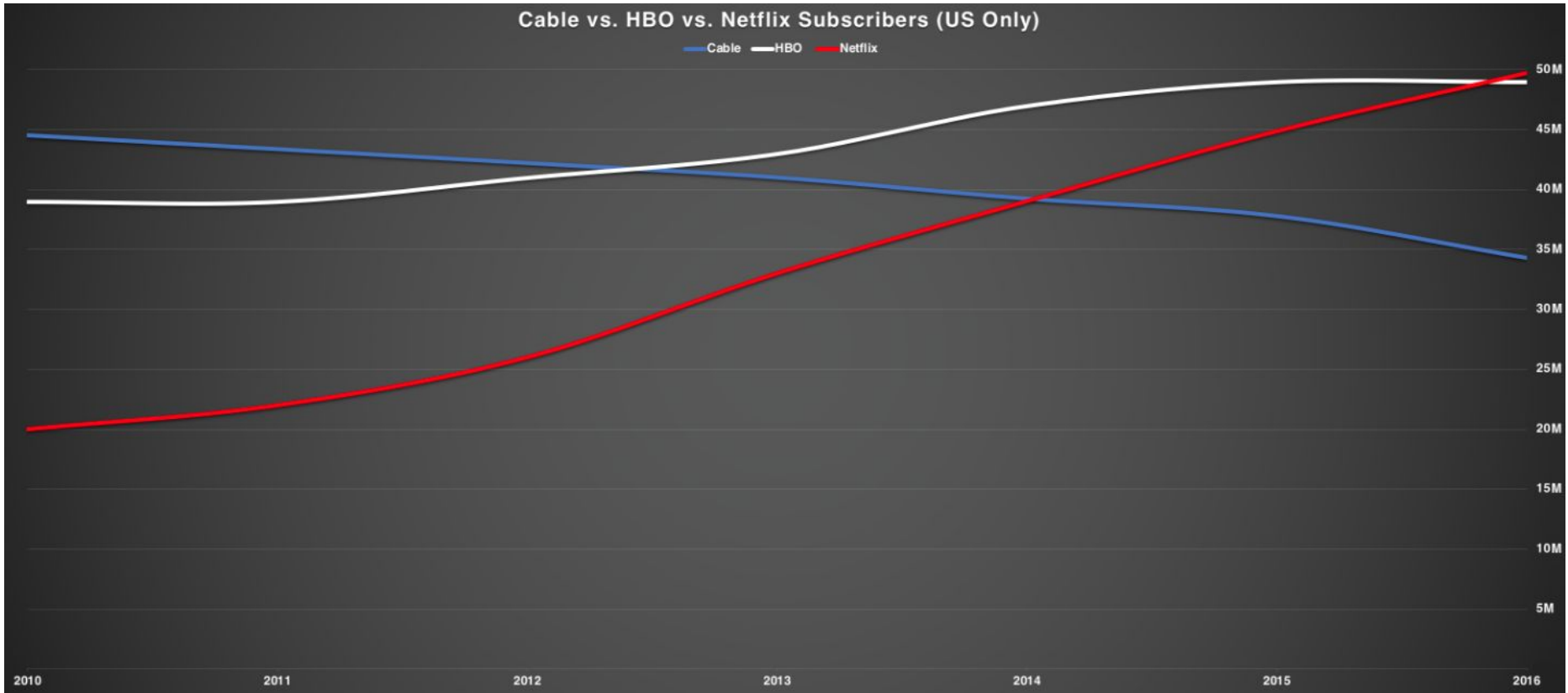
SOURCE: PRO-FOOTBALL-REFERENCE.COM



*Sea*

*Today,  
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.*



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



# 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 IM 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.

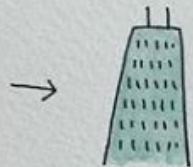
# AUTO BIOGRAPHY



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**  
@mrsjee

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

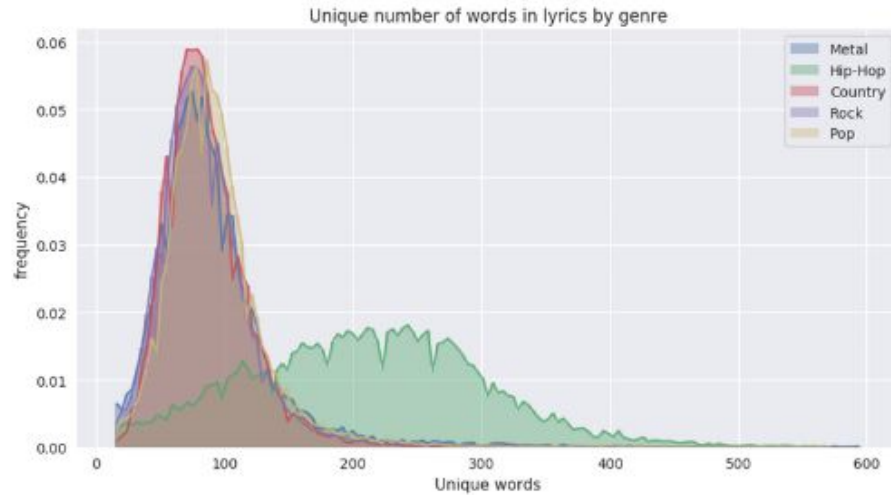
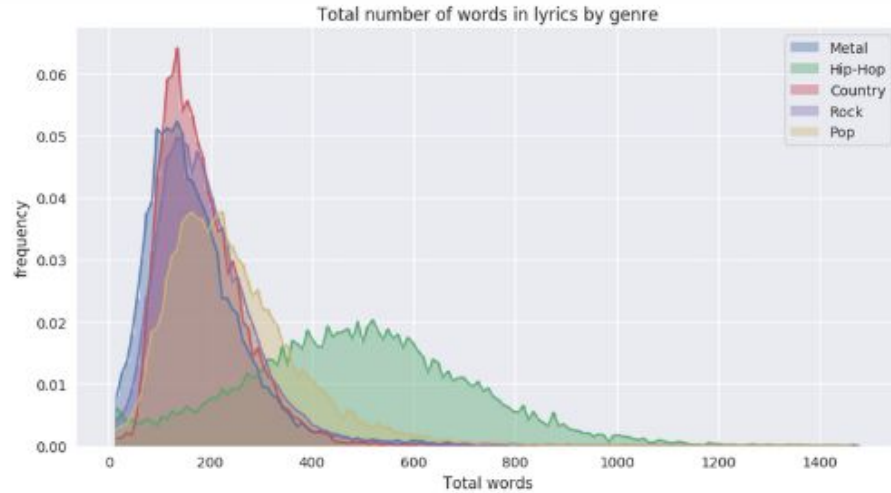
## Sometimes,

*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.

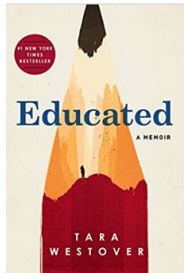
New York is so	SUPPORTING Evidence
Noisy	SINGING, LAUGHTER, SPARROWS CHIRPING, ELECTRIC GUITAR, POURING WINE, PIANO PRACTICE, CHURCH BELLS, SIRENS SIGNIFYING THE MOST DESPERATE MOMENT OF A PERSON'S LIFE, CLATTER OF COINS, CRYING
DIRTY	PROOF THAT LIFE WAS LIVED: PIZZA BOXES, BEER BOTTLES, ONE STRAY SHOE, 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

STICK YOUR HEAD IN A DISHWASHER



RELAX UNDER A TREE



CHASE A BIRD



LEARN PIANO



GO BAREFOOT (AVOID BEES)



SMIFF A BOOK



TOUCH A PAINTING



LET YOUR YARD GROW TALL WITH WEEDS



SLEEP BENEATH THE STARS



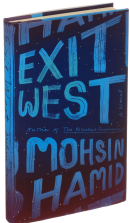
ACCEPT THAT HAPPINESS IS FLEETING



SIGN YOUR NAME IN WET CONCRETE



“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.”



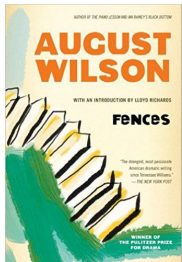
[Exit West](#)

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





[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



Pine cones in car. (Gabe Awrey)

via  
[clickondetroit.com](http://clickondetroit.com)

Megan Kortlandt  
[@megankortlandt](https://twitter.com/megankortlandt)



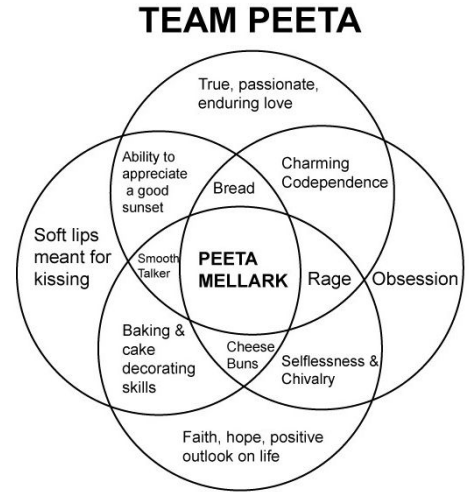
I am not the kind of person who becomes so invested in a book or movie or television show that my interest becomes a hobby or intense obsession, one where I start to declare allegiances, or otherwise demonstrate a serious level of commitment to something fictional I had no hand in creating.

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.



Tricia Ebarvia  
@triciaebarvia



Kaya, 4, Tokyo, Japan

# The VOICES THAT LIVE IN MY HEAD



Have a Good  
CRY TONIGHT.  
You'll Feel Better  
TOMORROW.

THE KIND,  
Wise GRANDMOTHER



REALLY?!  
You CAN  
DO  
WAY BETTER.

THE HARSH COACH



You WENT  
To THIS CAFÉ  
With Your  
EX. WHAT'S  
HE UP To?

THE MEMORY  
ARCHIVIST



I've  
Got  
THIS!

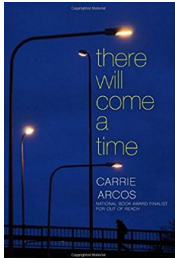
THE  
SUPER HERO



DON'T  
FORGET  
ME

THE INNER  
CHILD

“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 slippered 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.

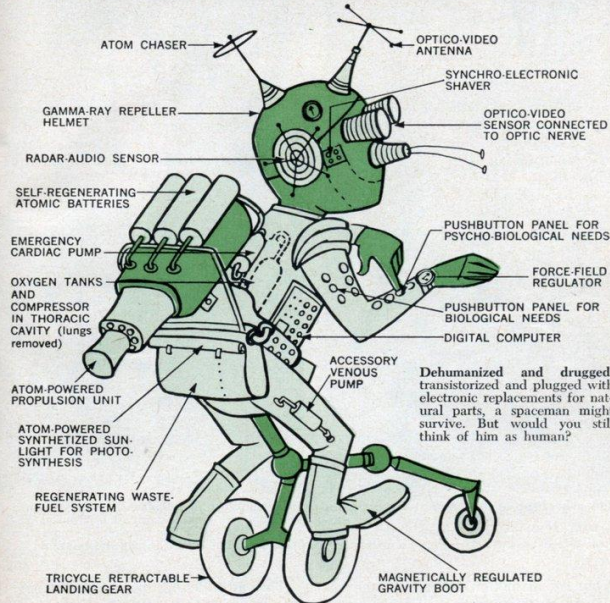
It takes some time  
for the world to arrive

and salt the eyes.

By Kevin Young

Jay Nickerson  
@doodlinmunkyboy

# Must Tomorrow's Man Look Like This?



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

**T**HE 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



# BOYS CAN BE:

SENSITIVE



CARING



QUIET



GENTLE



ARTSY



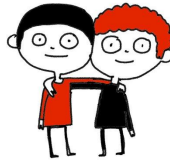
DREAMERS



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



**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  
@doodlinmunkyboy



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

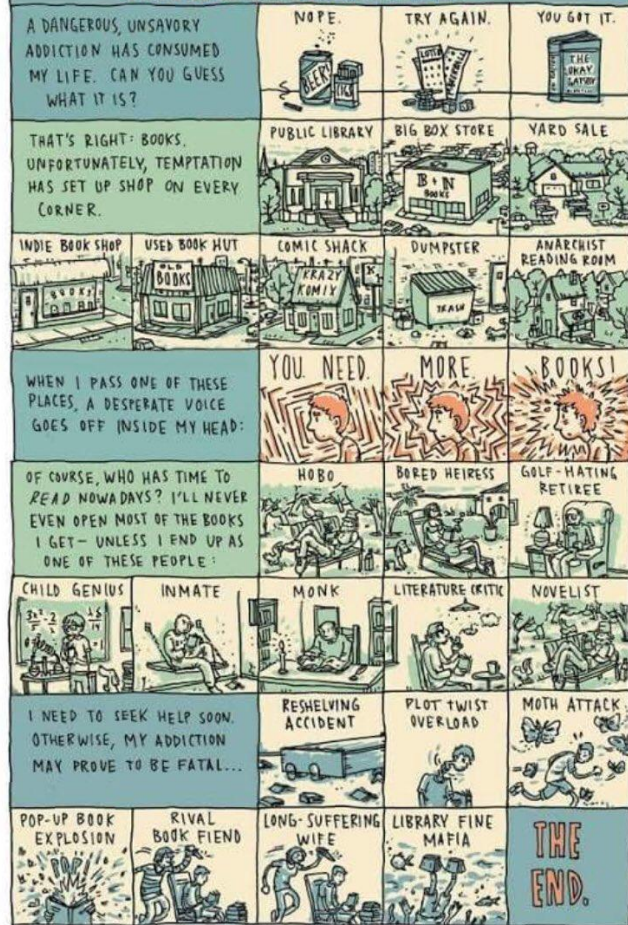
**What song are you, and why?**

Image via  
@iampencer

Jay Nickerson  
@doodlinmunkyboy

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.



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.

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

Animalia

# 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

JULY 7 & 14, 2014

# THE NEW YORKER



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.

# MY BOOKSHELF



GRANT SNIDER

## 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



CHRIS BUCK FOR © THE O'REAH MAGAZINE





**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

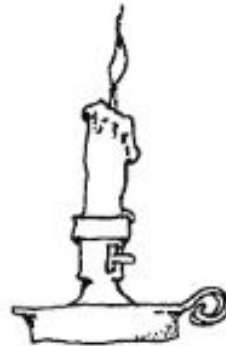


23K



### 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



**Animal Life**

@MeetAnimals

Following



## 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](http://themindcircle.com)

4:30 AM - 16 May 2018

Clint Ralph  
(photographer)

Mike Ziegler  
@ZigThinks