

- I. The come up
- II. Thoughts while living in books
- III. You shall see them
- IV. Lower your voice
- V. Le counselor
- VI. He loves me not
- VII. You don't know me
- VIII. Jar of Hearts

I'm doing a writing theme for my blog. It will be very simple, I'm trying to style it after the layout of a book (and of some libraries) but there will be (hopefully) some animation that you cannot get in books and some fluid interactions just to make it more seamless and natural. The cover page will have an image like the cover of a book and details about the blog and the author. Then you can scroll to see the contents table (recent posts) and then archives. The post page will have the posts of course, will be continuously scrolling until you reach the end where there will be an arrow button to the next post. The title of the blog, the image (for the post) and a tiny menu navigation bar will be fixed as the user scrolls. It only supports text posts.

Arenyeka, Omayeli
Intro to Web Development I | DM 2193
Fall 2014
Johnny Benson

WIREFRAMES

v1



LALALALALA

LA

the latest

LALALALALA

the not latest

Aliquam erat volutpat. Donec placerat nisl magna, et faucibus arcu condimentum sed.



the latest

- I Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet.....
 - II Consectetur adipiscing elit.....
 - III Aliquam at porttitor sem.....
 - IV Aliquam erat volutpat.....
 - V Donec placerat nisl magna.....
 - VI Et faucibus arcu.....
 - VII Condimentum sed.....
 - VIII Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet.....
 - IX Consectetur adipiscing elit.....
 - X Aliquam at porttitor sem.....



the not latest

Text
Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet, consectetur

Text
Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet, consectetur

Consectetur

Journal of Health Politics, Policy and Law

Consectetur

Consectetur



Text
Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet, consectetur



WIREFRAMES

v2

RECENT

ARCHIVE

LALALALALA

LA

LALALALAL

LOREM IPSUM DOLOR SIT AMET, CONSECTETUR ADIPISCING ELIT. ALIQUAM AT PORTTITOR SEM. ALIQUAM ERAT VOLUTPAT. DONEC PLACERAT NISL MAGNA, ET FAUCIBUS ARCU CONDIMENTUM SED.



- I **LOREM IPSUM DOLOR SIT AMET.**
- II **Consectetur adipiscing elit.**
- III **Aliquam at porttitor sem.**
- IV **Aliquam erat volutpat.**
- V **Donec placerat nisl**
- VI **Magna**
- VII **Et faucibus**
- VIII **Arcu condimentum sed.**
- IX **LOREM IPSUM DOLOR SIT AMET**
- X **Aliquam at porttitor sem.**





LAALLALA

ARCHIVE
RECENT

laalallalala

DESIGNS

v1

RECENT

ARCHIVE

GONE GIRL

by

Omayeli Arenyeka

Sometimes I lay on my bed and I write about life and food. This blog chronicles those moments and what comes out of them.



- I The come up.
- II Thoughts while living in books.
- III Paranoia.
- IV You will see her.
- V Lower your voice.
- VI Jar of Hearts.
- VII All in black.
- VIII Le counselor.
- IX He loves me not.
- X Plucked flowers



What's my name.
In her eyes.
Dangerous

October 2014

August 2014

July 2014

June 2014

May 2014

June 2014

June 2014

June 2014

June 2014

Load more



The come up

She plopped her head back on the seat of the car and just breathed for a moment before putting the key in the ignition. She ran her weary fingers through her tiny flecks of grey hair and rested it on her lap. When she turned it over, there were tiny strands suffocating between her fingers. One strand in particular found its place right on top of the depression on her ring finger. She rubbed over it with her other hand. She sighed. It had been a long day. She had arrived at 8am that morning, a bag full of reports in one hand and a bundle of regret in the other, in the form of a planner. Each session had lasted about 30 minutes. Mrs. Kingsley had gone on and on about how smart her daughter was and how it was a shame, just a shame that it didn't reflect in her grades. "Just a shame," she repeated almost four times – each time the plea in her face becoming more and more apparent. After that she spent the next hour comforting Miss. Cecilia when the subject of her son's fascination with the underlining of an assistant teacher's skirts was brought to the table. More and more parents faded in and faded out throughout the day – their faces and voices slowly becoming just traces of memory as she drove along the wet road. "You can come in now!" she tried to shout to the next pair; politely smiling to the others that were passing by. He was looking at a collage of pictures on the board. He hadn't heard her. She stepped out of the room. "Mister, mister..." she called out. He turned to face her. She stood silent for a couple of seconds astounded by how young he looked. He stretched out his hand to meet hers. "Excuse me?" he said. She snapped out of her reverie. "Oh my! I'm sorry," she gasped, finally stretching her hand out to shake it. "It's alright," he replied, a faint smile stretching across his face. She blushed. He smiled again. "Um, is your child here? ...Actually, who is your child? ...Sorry I don't have my list with me," she said, her hands fumbling around her pockets. "Oh she's – There she is!" he said reaching his hand over to her. The young girl walked forward slowly and stood next to her father. She didn't say a word.



DESIGNS

v2

RECENT

ARCHIVE

GONE GIRL

by

Omayeli Areanya

Sometimes I lay on my bed and I write about life and food. This blog chronicles those moments and what comes out of them.



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What's my name.
In her eyes.
Dangerous

October 2014

August 2014

July 2014

June 2014

May 2014

April 2014

March 2014

February 2014

January 2014

[Load more](#)

GONE GIRL

— ARCHIVE
— RECENT

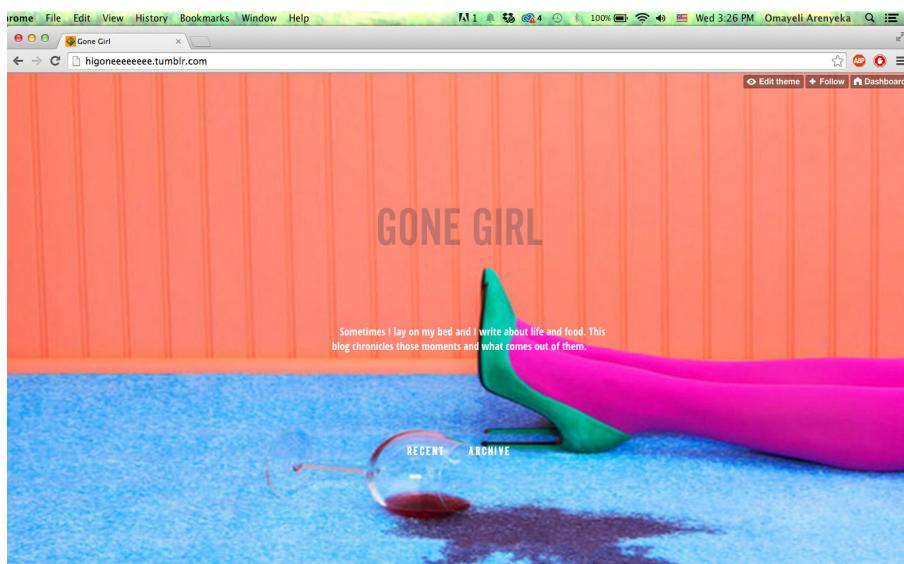
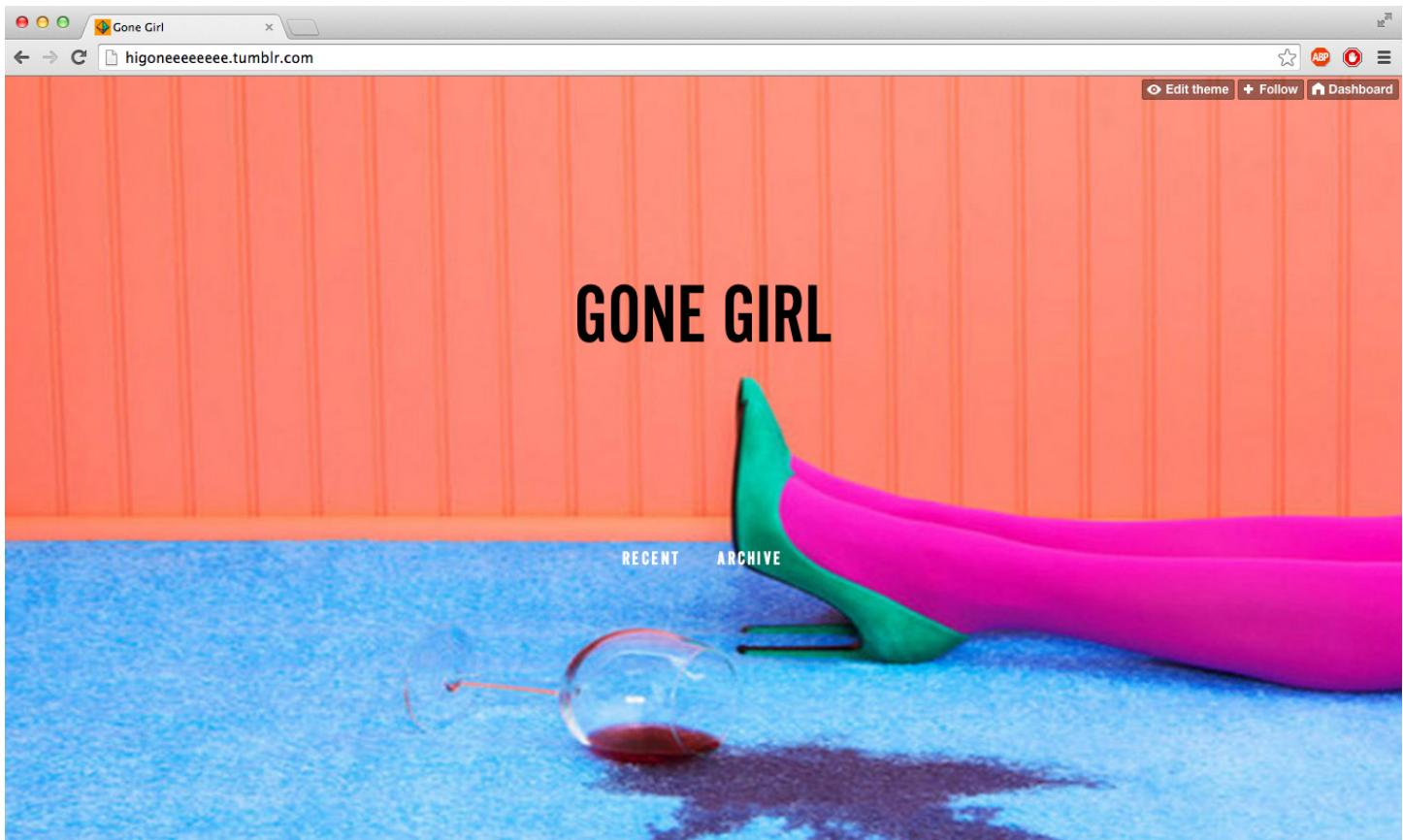


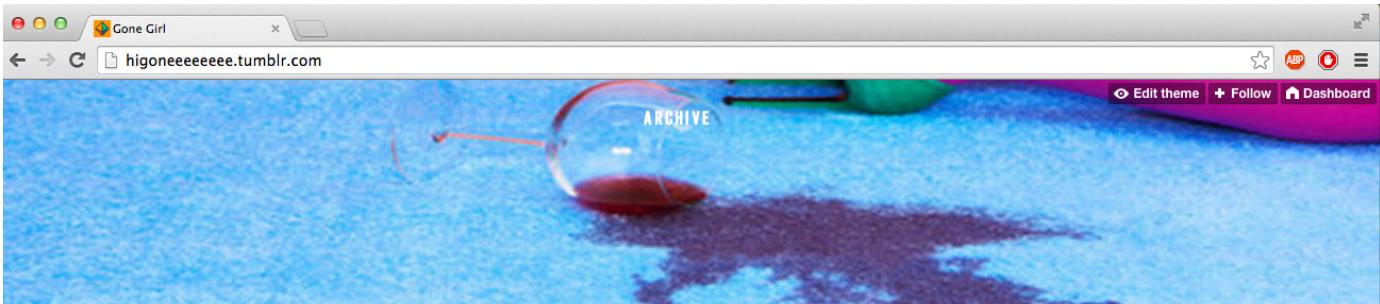
The come up

She plopped her head back on the seat of the car and just breathed for a moment before putting the key in the ignition. She ran her weary fingers through her tiny flecks of grey hair and rested it on her lap. When she turned it over, there were tiny strands suffocating between her fingers. One strand in particular found its place right on top of the depression on her ring finger. She rubbed over it with her other hand. She sighed. It had been a long day. She had arrived at 8am that morning, a bag full of reports in one hand and a bundle of regret in the other, in the form of a planner. Each session had lasted about 30 minutes. Mrs. Kingsley had gone on and on about how smart her daughter was and how it was a shame, just a shame that it didn't reflect in her grades. "Just a shame," she repeated almost four times – each time the plea in her face becoming more and more apparent. After that she spent the next hour comforting Miss. Cecilia when the subject of her son's fascination with the underlining of an assistant teacher's skirts was brought to the table. More and more parents faded in and faded out throughout the day – their faces and voices slowly becoming just traces of memory as she drove along the wet road. "You can come in now!" she tried to shout to the next pair; politely smiling to the others that were passing by. He was looking at a collage of pictures on the board. He hadn't heard her. She stepped out of the room. "Mister, mister..." she called out. He turned to face her. She stood silent for a couple of seconds astounded by how young he looked. He stretched out his hand to meet hers. "Excuse me?" he said. She snapped out of her reverie. "Oh my! I'm sorry," she gasped, finally stretching her hand out to shake it. "It's alright," he replied, a faint smile stretching across his face. She blushed. He smiled again. "Um, is your child here? ...Actually, who is your child? ...Sorry I don't have my list with me," she said, her hands fumbling around her pockets. "Oh she's – There she is!" he said reaching his hand over to her. The young girl walked forward slowly and stood next to her father. She didn't say a word. "Oh, oh... Um, this, this is your daughter sir?" "Yes, I'm Sadie's dad" he replied. Sadie stood silently. "I thought you said mom was coming Sadie," The teacher remarked softly. Sadie didn't reply. She just looked at the floor as if she hadn't heard the question. "Hope there's no problem. Her mom had to pick up an extra shift at work today, so she told me to come. "Anyway I'd love to see how my dear Sadie is holding up," he said, lifting his eyes to hers to reveal a wide grin. She blushed again. "Yes, I mean no, of course not. Come in," she said, holding the door open. "Sadie can stay in the waiting room with all the other kids." He planted a kiss on Sadie's cheek and then whispered, his fingers clutching her shoulders, "I love you, honey."

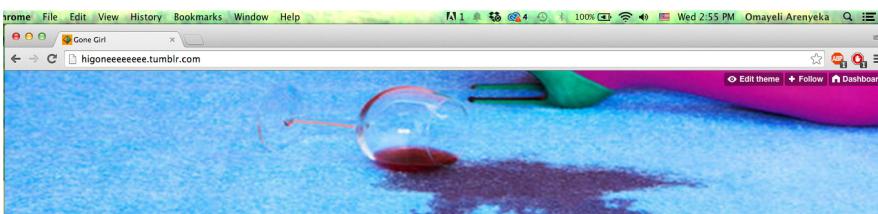
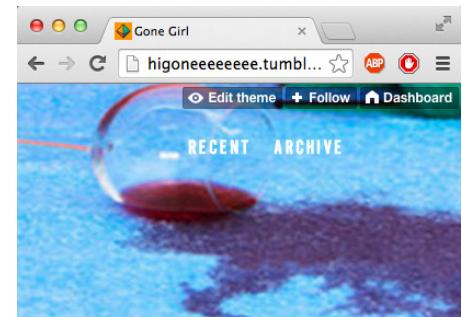
You know I love you, honey. I won't do anything." He wiped a handkerchief over his brow. He was sweating profusely. She was sitting at the back of the car, her hands folded across her chest. She didn't say anything. "I just need to know if you told anyone?" he repeated.

BUILD





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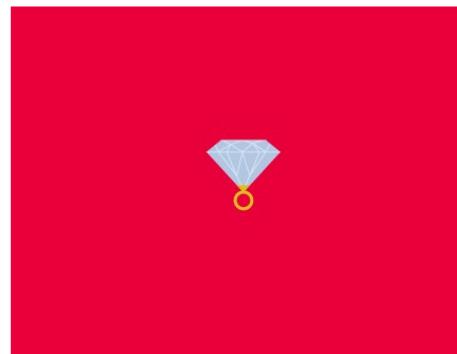


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GONE GIRL

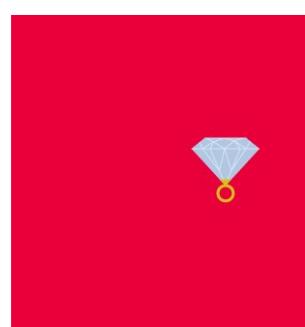
The come-up



She plopped her head back on the seat of the car and just breathed for a moment before putting the key in the ignition. She ran her weary fingers through her tiny flecks of grey hair and rested it on her lap. When she turned it over, there were tiny strands suffocating between her fingers. One strand in particular found its place right on top of the depression on her ring finger. She rubbed over it with her other hand. She sighed. It had been a long day. She had arrived at 8am that morning, a bag full of reports in one hand and a bundle of regret in the other, in the form of a planner. Each session had lasted about 30 minutes. Mrs. Kingsley had gone on and on about how smart her daughter was and how it was a shame, just a shame that it didn't reflect in her grades. *Just a shame,* she repeated almost four times at each time the plea in her face becoming more and more apparent. After that she spent the next hour comforting Miss. Cecilia when the subject of her son's fascination with the underlining of *an accented letter's* *clues were brought to the table.* More and more events faded in and faded out.

Gone Girl	
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<p>Shefitch me! "Sorry sorry," she gasped, finally stretching her hand out to shake it. "What?" "Aight, he replied, a faint smile stretching across his face. She blushed. He moved again. "Ain't you a pretty child?" "I actually, who's your child?" "Sorry don't." She had my wife with me, like that. She said, her hands fumbling around her pocket. "Shefitch me!" "Aint she? This sista she said I was reaching his hand over to her. The young girl walked toward Sissy and stood next to her brother. She snatched my word a boy, this is your daughter or not?"</p> <p>"Sister, I am!" "Sister!" Sissy cried. Sissy stood steadily. "Aint thought you my son was coming Sis." The teacher remarked softly. Sissy didn't reply. She just looked at the floor as if she had just heard the question. "Aint thought her?" "My mom had to pick up an extra shift at work, so she told me to come." "Ain't keyway?" "I done to see how my dear Sister is holding up." He said, lifting his eyes to hers to reveal a wide grin. She blushed again.</p> <p>"Mister, I mean no, of course not. Come a sit, holding the door open. Aint Sis can sit in the waiting room with all the other kids. He then planted a kiss on Sis's cheek and then whispered, his fingers clutching her shoulders, "After you, love, honey."</p> <p>You know I love you, honey, I would do anything for you. He wiped a handkerchief over his face. He was sweating profusely. She was sitting at the back of the car, her hands folded across her chest. She didn't say anything. She just stared at him. "I would do anything for you, too, Mr. Sis. I would do anything for you, Mr. Sis." Sis said, this time more firmly. "Then when I need to be paid, you pay me. Then you pay me. You know he unbuttoned his pants and turned toward her. "I need Sis, I need you. I was sick. He took my hands through his short brown hair. "I need Sis, I just need you to tell me if you told anyone." He didn't respond. "I'm Sis, your mom isn't going to be very happy if she finds out. You don't want that do you?" "I'm Sis, he took the key of the option and then moved to the back of the car. He took the seat next to her and watched as the tears formed along her cheek. She still remained silent. Aint Sis turned Sis's tell me he shouted, throwing his head back. Then suddenly reached forward and punched the window of his car.</p> <p>"Sis, how do these things work? Is it asked making himself comfortable. "Aint well, what?" go over her reports and then talk about how to make sure Sis gets the most out of being here." He replied, taking a seat in front of her. She reached for her bag of reports at the side of her chair and he caught her hand mid-sway. She jumped. "Aint really appreciate what you're doing for my daughter?" he said, looking into her eyes. She responded, "I do it in the car as she turns to her mother. "Aint?" "Not exactly, but she did it and finished her report. "I do it in the car as she turns to her mother. That's what I do. I do it in the car. She told him that Sis was considerably the highest scores in her exercises. "Although, as she did, she wouldn't be supposed to take a series of competition among parents, she remembered the principal saying. He responded by smiling.</p>	
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The come-up



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The come-up
