Week One Day One:

A list of names:

Steven Green, Mike Meyers, Phillip Mccloud, Daniel Macinson, Olivia Richardson, Shawna Kane, David masters, Shill Drab, Congruent Virtue, Felicity Yung, Minh Ng, Conrad Versatile, Dave Hutchinson\*, Nora Phillips, Donna Barber, Bert Muller, Swan Donson, Eric Yi Tan, Chill Latisha, Zao Long, Lom Numming, Minty Love, Shawna Umbapu, Ung Drassil, Mathilda Brown, Donovan Saul, Phillip Ip, Ip Sun Ma, Fernando De La Bellatisimma, Jochen Kraus, Dave Fletcher, Hun Mola, Ulaissi Nabuto, Moran Tam, Faruk Iben Rasim, Summer Thompson, Dana White, Rochanita Felissius Montegeau De Antonios, Numenaria Illegepha, Sum Dorrow, Juanita Borrows, Nagashima An, Ann Mercury, Martin Mons, Kelly Silence, Monmart Buso, Claude Juteau, Billy Gorbachov, Felix Eisner

* Do some names suggest characters? Have a look!

Week One Day Two:

* Do your warm-up and planning – jumping right into writing is ridiculous

Words I like/dislike

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Words I like: | Words I dislike |
| Convoluted | Ex Machina |
| Enigma | Pointless |
| Fantastic | Aloof |
| Awesome | Ikea |
| Hermit | Moist |
| Board | Spoiled |
| Draconian | Glee |
| Mentality | A-Anything (Amarital, Asexual, etc.) |
| Spontaneity | Potential |
| Fabulous | Weeping |
| Bullocks | Should’ve |
| Slimy | Baby |
| Bestowed | Cry-baby |
| Developing | Prim (Prim and proper) |
| Bookworm | SUP (stand up paddling) |
| Devoid | Sublime |
| Encompassing | Empire |
| Engraved |  |
| Entombed |  |
| Yawp |  |
| Peddling (Peddler) |  |
| Feat |  |
| Beast |  |
| Space |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |

Are there any themes? Anything in common to the words?

Week One Day Three:

* Lists are a creative minds best friends
  + It’s easier to find twelve ideas to solve a problem in the story than it is to find one
  + Fill a barrel with stuff – can be good, can be bad ones, jokes, parody, deliberately shit ideas, etc.
  + Shove the cow in the bed!
  + Creativity is a rescue puppy

List of problems of a fictional character:

* Is sick and the cure is locked in a deserted hospital
* Is afraid of people but has to convince a crowd to do something
* On a spaceship and can’t get the food doo-hicky to work
* In an office, struggling with a concept they should’ve known already
* Is a dog, and cannot stop smelling things
* Is a human and cannot stop smelling things
* Too many unread books
* Someone replaced a semicolon with a Greek comma in their code
* Trying to make art but has no inspiration
* Wrestling with getting a team of employees to think for themselves
* A button which should do something but does everything but what it’s meant to do
* All screens are blank
* The box is just waaaaaaay too big
* Lost the keys to the spaceship
* Returning home to find all of their stuff are now painted pink
* Running around in circles and don’t know why
* Phones are magically losing signal around them
* Supermarket has ran out of milk
* Supermarket apparently never had milk
* The coffee is TOO STRONG and now they can’t stop jittering
* Need to tell a patient that they will not make it
* Need to tell a patient they will make it, but without X
* Trying to return a book, but the librarians won’t accept the book until it is returned?
* Please log in to log out
* The pact with the devil is expiring
* Need to explain to people that they love ducks. As a pet, you sick bastards
* Has to get super drunk by midnight or else
* Must talk to the very beautiful stranger, but the ugly friend is distracting
* Antenna stuck in butt – how do you get it out?
* Is super powerful and is bored as a result

Week One Day Four:

* One or two memorable details about a character make a scene pop much more

List physical character descriptions – everything that makes a character unique:

* Has a tattoo of five points on his hand between the thumb and index finger
* Always carries a Chess piece – rook, specifically
* Piercing through the top of their left cheek
* Poses riddles
* Auburn Hair
* Has one hand
* Heterochromia
* Slouching, making them shorter than they are
* A blue hand
* An inexpensive watch
* A ridiculous hat
* Leaf green eyebrows
* Tattoos of fangs near the corners of the mouth
* Extends their vowels
* Always wearing one green item – no more, no less
* Electrodes under skin
* Cyborg eye
* Smart earring
* Circular jaw
* Augmented skirt
* Necklace which changes colour
* Fidgeting with their fingers
* Book with gibberish
* Oversized cat-ear headphones
* A duckling foot tattoo
* Tribal markings below the neck
* Magnetic piercing in the thumb and middle finger
* Answers with a question
* An odd way of pronouncing the letter D
* Taller than you’d think
* Hair is not black
* Six fingers
* Beard colour mismatched to the rest of his hair

Week One Day Five

* Battle Pagoda, Floor one, room five!
* Nonfiction for content, fiction for style
* Read books which could be like your own. Either It’ll be a relief cause it’s different than yours, or it’s a warning cause you’ve both gone for clichés

Books I always wanted to read and never read:

* Otherlands series
* Ringworld Series
* Barsoom Series
* Asimov’s Nightfall
* The grapes of Wrath
* For whom the bells toll
* Scott Pilgrim Vs the World series
* V for Vendetta
* H. P. Lovecraft books (the real ones, not the shit homages)
* Four Hour Series
* Zero to One
* Meditations by Marcus Aurelius
* Machiavelli’s The Prince
* Shakespeare! At least the big five!
* Batman the Killing Joke
* Gone with the wind
* Pride Prejudice and Zombies
* The aliens are coming!
* The sirens of Titan
* Slaughter house 5
* Cat’s Cradle
* Nudge
* Decisive
* Curious
* The pillars of happiness (Dalai Lama, Desmond Tutu)
* ALL THE PRATCHET NOVELS!
* Asimov’s less known stuff
* The Gernsback continuum
* Red Mars Blue Mars Green Mars
* A song of ice and fire (game of thrones stuff)
* Uncle Tom’s tent
* Frankenstein
* Dracula
* Atlas Shrugged
* The great Gatsby
* Guns Germs and Steel (!)
* Nassim Taleb’s books (Black Swan, Anti-Fragile, etc.)

Week One Day Six

* What self delusion would drive you to write a novel? WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?
  + Most people would never feel this since they would NEVER EVEN TRY doing it
  + I have every right to try and tell stories, and try and fuck things up and learn
* Lists are useful! Do them! (If they are really useful)

Interesting objects in the protagonist’s bag:

* Assorted hardware components and broken printed boards
* An old well-read cooking book stained in various colors
* A micro verse, filled with shining stars and swirling nebulas
* A rubber ducky, dressed like a British cop
* A voodoo doll with red hair, several holes, and LUKE cut into its chest
* A faded red wrench with a twisted head
* A small colored mirror with ridiculously sharp protrusions shaped like cat ears
* A set of teeth, some white, some yellow, other in various different colors
* Magic components – herbs, powders in sacks, bats wings, etc.
* A knife, rusting at the hilt and in generally poor condition, with the emblem of a koi on it
* A folded scarf with a dragon imprint, rugged and full of holes
* A well maintained wooden staircase leading down into darkness
* A brass knuckle, adorned with the teeth and jaw of a serial killer
* A blue fountain pen, adorned with actual gold
* A burnt half of a picture, of the protagonist next to what seems like another person
* A drawing of a lake in black and white, unsigned
* A car battery hooked by various wires to different parts of the bag
* An envelope, torn on the side, marked by a lipstick kiss and stained with a dark substance
* Several border collie puppies, playing with miniature sheep
* The ocean, vast and swirling, it’s depths as unrevealing as the depths of space

Week Two Day One

* Write about whatever you like….. (dear god)
  + If you’re slowing down, it’s not because you’re running out of stuff – it’s because you’re filtering
  + Risk something today – experiment! Let the puppy ruuuuuuuun
  + Try not to take refuge in Parody

Third person narrator I guess. That’s the thing I’ll use for this story. I hope it’ll make sense in the end. You’ll see. Until then, I was sitting in my room – or, more likely, the similie of my room – and enjoying the view. Life is good – I was powerful, known, influential even, and all this inside this little haven I carved with blood (mostly others) and sweat (mostly cold) and tears (entirely virtual ones). IT was my throne, my grand palace, this tiny, tiny room in the center of the Metropolis. Its name is long gone to the archives of who gives a fuck, but it is all that the world is today. At least, all that matters of the world today. It is the shining, glistening heart of the entire virtual world known as Otherworld 1. Otherworld 1 was the first virtual world created – ran entirely on the cloud, for seamless integration into your life – with the explicit purpose of being the last haven of humanity. Let’s face it, dear reader, even if you’re not living in this world, yours is probably shit. I mean, when was the lasts time you did something great? Dangerous? EXPLOSIVE? When was the last time your heart was beating not due to the adrenaline rush that is brought by stress, but because you’ve done something truly fantastic? When was the last time you’ve given your tired comrades a rousing speech, to try and lift their spirits for one last charge into enemy fire? When was the last time you’ve led an entire country into victory? Have closed a deal or played political games or even perhaps killed somebody? I bet never. Yet I did. This is how I got to the center of Metropolis – by being the very best. OR, at least, so I lie to myself often. In fact, I’m somewhat average – just lucky. Lucky to be at the right place at the right time.

The Center of Metropolis has the most expensive real-estate in the world (hehe) – If I work a very – VERY – good job anywhere, and save all of my money every month, I could use all the money saved that month to buy one meter. One. Square. Meter. In center Metropolis. Even not really a good meter. A shitty meter, on the outskirts, really borderline neighborhoods near the suburbs (Ew). This place, this tiny shelter which cost more than most castles and some countries in Africa was given to me by Grandfather. Not my actual grandfather, he died before I was born, I mean The Grandfather – the Emperor, the ruler, the master of the Thousand planet imperium of Otherworld 1. He though I was spunky and funny. I was smart, and kniving, and he knew – so, when

Week Two Day Two

* Go for little walks – it’s useful for writers
  + Be in an environment you’re not usually in

Free write – Keep going, try not to stop. If you’re stuck switch voices, scenes, fall back on lists, work on the muscle – train the puppy.

As the leaves fall down all around, the squirrels running up and down the trees all around the autumnal cemetery, carrying nuts, seeds of spring, and the souls of the dead, you notice one particularly large squirrel – a golden chestnut squirrel, with shiny eyes and a large, fluffy tail – beconing to you.

You look around to see if you’re alone and see no-one – not a soul, in fact. You approach the odd squirrel, and it rushes ahead, down the path, and stops. Looking back at you, seemingly calling out to you to follow it. As you begin to follow it you notice a glint of green in one of its rather large ears, and are surprised to see that it is an earring – a silver earing with a jade stone embedded in its midst. The squirrel ducks into a small hole near one of the tombstones at the cemetery, and you come to a halt – the hole is obviously too small for you, and odd as it might be to have a ridiculously beautiful squirrel run ahead of you and wear an earring, you cannot fit in the tiny hole through which it just ran. Or can you? You go down on all four, peering around to make sure no one sees you in this moment of silliness, and try to fit a hand into the hold. Your hand fits a little past the wrist, yet no more. No, you cannot fit in there. What were you thinking? As you stand up a soft chuckle makes you turn around, only to see the squirrel standing on top of one of the other tombstones, looking around innocently and pretending not to have noticed you sticking your hand into a grave.

The squirrel beacons and you follow – this time towards a large, basalt mausoleum with giant columns and towering arches. It is far bigger than necessary, and you are certain you’ve never seen it before. You’ve been visiting the cemetery pretty regularly since your parents have died, but have never noticed this freakishly large structure, apparently in the middle of the cemetery. Yet as you look around, you can find no other graves, just a path leading back through the trees – a forest, now? – and the squirrel, it’s tail held high, its earring glinting in the soft light of the setting sun, standing near the door to the mausoleum. You approach hesitantly, concerned the mysterious squirrel is messing with you again, yet this time you notice it is different – the door to the giant pitch black basalt structure is opened just a crack, and surprisingly warm air is flowing out of it.

* The squirrel is turning into a man, the squirrels are Psychopomps (New word! Woohoo!), guides to the dead, is the reader dead? Etc.

Week Two Day Three

Another free write..... yaaaay

* The Muse?
  + Exists if it helps you that it exists

POV of a lamp in a hotel. Cause why the fuck not.

Few ever consider the stuff which surrounds them. We live in boxes, wether rooms or offices or gyms or cars, we’re trapping ourselves willingly in a box for most of our lives without care for anything else. Yet we share these boxes with people, animals, and so called stuff, without giving it a second thought. I am one of those.... “stuff”.

I sit on a table on a desk in one of those boxes, and I glow when asked. More like, commanded, but to us it makes little difference. I was here before you, and when you will be gone I will probably still be in this box. Many people come and go through this box of mine. Sometimes alone, sometimes in pairs, sometimes with smaller people, and rarely they start alone and then someone joins them. These occasions are the most exciting, because the change in the composition of the room changes everything for me. The pattern shifts in an unexpected way, life takes a sudden twist. It’s nice to see them, usually happy.

I remember distinctly group of people. They were two tall ones, and two small ones, and they brought a glow of their own – one like me. It was small and colorful, not as large and majestic as I, yet in its own way it was adorable and unique. Its glow was softer than mine, lower, smaller, as if meant for a child. Indeed, the little people seem to like it a lot. Are they children? Are people children born smaller? People seem to change, since I see some of the people who visit my box visiting again, looking a little different each time, but I don’t think that the change is so dramatic. I’ve never seen a group of people coming and going, with one of them stretching or contracting. It’s odd, but so are people. The small glow was very kind – it said it is with these people all the time, in their box. Specifically with the small people. It glows for them, and they are happy. Sounds like a calm life, but so monotonous – it would drive me up the wall, which I hope would be kind enough not to be too weird about it.

We talked a lot, the little glow and I. Apparently he’s seen many such boxes, in many different times, but always with the same people. Our difference was stark – the little glow seeing many boxes with the same people, and I many people with the same box. How could the little glow stand it?