

7:40 PM





Home

Welcome back! Here are the new stories that have been posted since you were gone.

The three little pigs.

This is an excerpt of the three little pigs. And the Wolf huffed, and puffed, and blew their house in! The pigs were terribly...[read more]

by Winston Churchill

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Profile



Winston Churchill

Writes: Fiction, Poetry

Major:

Philosophy, minor creative writing

Recent activity:

Wrote "The Three Little Pigs"

Commented on "Jordan"

Joined The Writing Community





"Jordan"

The blue of his eyes must be fueled by the constant wild synapses in his mind, making connections from one idea to another in ways only eccentric, misunderstood artists can. His left eye has one brown freckle like a speck of brown paint leftover before his eyes decided to be brighter.

Sometimes when there's quiet you can hear the little *hmm hmm* he makes when he's thinking, accompanied by the slight bouncing of his knee. He asks you often what you're thinking about, trying to overlap your thou put his so when you're sitting together the quiet feels more like concurrent imagining. Once you had a burst of inspiration while you were with him, and he smiled ever wider as you babbled on with just enough nonsense for him to understand exactly what you meant.

COMMENTS

"His left eye has one brown freckle like...decided to be brighter."

It's a little strange to compare someone's eyes to paint, don't you think? -Yohana Dierolf