

SUNBELLY

By:
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Part 1:

Somebody

Draft Title

Break-in at The Wellman's Bank

required word count: 100

Breaking: A

man was recently arrested for an armed robbery on 124th Baker Street. He reportedly walked into the bank at approximately 10:32 this morning, where he waved his weapon in front of several bank employees and told them to give him all the money they had. When asked how the assailant got past Bank Security, Leo Yak Rickoff

stated, "we take security very serious" and refuses to answer any more questions. Witnesses to the incident recall how hesitant and nervous he looked as he got the money from the teller.

* We conducted an interview with the man, Henry Cavone, and when asked why he wanted rob Wellman's Bank, he stated he needed the money for his children. Henry would go on to talk about how he had recently been fired from his job as the security manager of that bank, and thus, knew the security in and out.

~~He claims he was a victim of retribution, and was fired after criticizing the CEO's unwillingness to clearly answer a question.~~

* Over word count

Obviously, A Read-again Story with no end.

Johnson had an uneasy feeling about the dinner. He had planned the banquet, the new decorations had just arrived, it was all the tradition mantras. His feeling was worse in his wife, who had not fallen in love with the dinner tradition. Bridget was her name, a blond woman with a long flowing black dress, and as per, would play the role of the wife in the coming murder mystery game. As murder was central to the dinner, Johnson had a bad feeling, and wished the other guests were him, so he could just disappear and not host the dinner. But he made sure he meant his words, so the other guests began to arrive. Luke, Jessie, Luke the 2nd, and Rachel. At last, he looked around and figured it was time to start the game. Getting everyone's attention, Johnson moved to turn off the lights. But then, a knife appeared in his chest and he fell to the ground. At first, those closest were the suspects, but upon further inspection, it was found that the knife was thrown.

Now, it is your job to figure out who killed Johnson and why. Quickly, read this story again, but in a different way. Read the title of the story and words, but only the first word of each line. Suspects include Bridget. Up town mansion was the setting of the crime, the police were on stand by. On Johnsons heart is where the knife is lodged. The police had the suspects stopped right beside the mansion, and found no weapons on any of them. Though, one of them was Ajithing with a belief, that the owners of buildings must be killed, preferably with a knife.

Boxes and plants

Jack claimed that his plants could do anything, and that anything they could do. He sold the world a story, that all of their problems could be solved by his plants. He said that all you needed to do was look at the plants. Not to criticize the plant's stem, or poke at its leaves, but to simply enjoy its company.

The world accepted his word, but Jack was not done. Jack told the world a tragedy, of when his plant died, but he didn't replace it, and just simply stared at it once more. Jack could say no more.

Prespectives

I met them since we shared a lot of classes, and started dating a few months after. Though, after two weeks of not hearing back from them, it was clear that we were over.

I was dating them for a bit, but they never responded much on their phone. I told them that if this was going to work, they needed to improve their communication, and they never did.

I knew them, cute but dumb as a boulder. They would sometimes think they had responded to a text when they hadn't, but I remember them being especially glued to their phone in those two weeks, especially during a class.

Have I heard of them? They told me I was their soulmate, and made me feel so loved in just a few weeks. I feel so bad, I'm not a great communicator.

Part 2:
Anybody

~~Censored~~ Story

For some, looking within yourself is one of the hardest things you can do. For others, it's a task they do every day. Because, for every day, there have always been a few ~~CENSORED~~ thoughts. Ideas ranging from ~~SHAKABLE~~ to ~~IMPOSSIBLE~~ and everything in between. These are thoughts that once you have, you quickly ~~MOVE PAST~~. But, it is in that space between the two extremes, that a question is ~~RAISED~~. Maybe, for just a ~~BRIEF SECOND~~, you think about how you would ~~ACT~~ on that thought. It is only after you truly ~~CONSIDER~~ jumping ~~OFF~~ a cliff of ~~UNCERTAINTY~~ that you learn why you should never ~~DO IT~~. ~~BUT WHAT IF YOU DID?~~

W E L C O M E

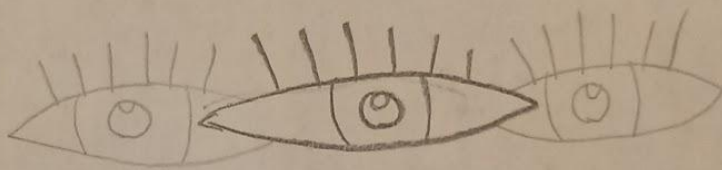
Take one. Do one. Don't even really think about it. At least that's what you want to believe. But it wasn't nothing to you, it was exciting and dangerous. Now, it's relaxing and easy. Funny how those polar opposites can become each other in such a short amount of time, isn't it? The truth is, you are practically engineered to wait more, and to seek it out. At the start,, you may find your justifying it, and explaining it to yourself. But,, slowly that will fade,, and the justifications,, will become more of a,, formality. You don't even,, really realize,, it sneaking up,, on you,,, taking over your life,,,,, until it already is,,,,,

And,,,, you,, wonder,,,,, how,,,,, this,,,,, was,,,,, ever,,,,, dangerous,,,,,

DOUBLE VISION

When do you refer to yourself, winning? When does one yell "Enough!", then doesn't pursue their serendipity no more? Do you need to win everything? Do you need everything to win? Does the person who never won first prize live better, when weighted to the person who won everything? Supposedly. But, you shouldn't need a photo shoot to live well, or luxury vehicles. You don't need those things. You might desire them, but don't trick yourself into believing they will guide you to living well. You'd be surprised the things life doesn't truly require.

To be honest, writing doesn't even require everything you might think it does. The letter "A" is not used in this story.



Spiral

Everyday, one wakes up in the same bed, and eat the same breakfast, and work the same way, and go to the same job, and eat the same food. A life of conformity is the life we live in today. And yet, for some, this rhythmical life is nearly impossible to live in. Doing the same thing every day, every hour, every minute, makes one a zombie, this is no environment for creativity. Everyday, one wakes up and goes to the same building, and talks to the same people, and lives on the same job, and eats the same food. A life of normality is the life we live in today. And yet, for some, this rhythmical life is nearly impossible to live in. Doing the same thing every day, every hour, every minute, makes one into a robot. This is no environment for rebellion. Everyday, one opens up their computer to the same program, and clicks the same buttons, and scrolls the same pages, and eats the same food. A life of normality is the life we live in today. And yet, for some, this rhythmical life is nearly impossible to live in. Doing the same thing every day, every hour, every minute, makes one into a zombie. This is no environment for creativity. Everyday, one wakes up and goes to the same building, and talks to the same people, and lives on the same job, and eats the same food. A life of normality is the life we live in today. And yet, for some, this rhythmical life is nearly impossible to live in. Doing the same thing every day, every hour, every minute, makes one into a robot. This is no environment for rebellion. Everyday, one opens up their computer to the same program, and clicks the same buttons, and scrolls the same pages, and eats the same food. A life of normality is the life we live in today. And yet, for some, this rhythmical life is nearly impossible to live in. Doing the same thing every day, every hour, every minute, makes one into a zombie. This is no environment for creativity.

no environment for life.

life.

no environment for life.

life.

no environment for life.

life.

Part 3:
Nobody

Am I Even

SOME

Body