



Writersco ezine

Issue One/May 2008

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Special Thanks:

- Emily Karnes, username Nightshadow, for an absolutely beautiful cover.
- All the users who donated their work in this great collection!
- To Buddha, for he has a big belly.

Moderator Notes:

Congratulations to Pirate Witch on winning, and thanks to everyone who entered, I thought it was a wonderful first contest and look forward to seeing the new winner next month.

As you can see this is the first official Ezine. The other one I threw together in a half an hour to see how you responded, and respond you did! Thank you to everyone who wanted to contribute in some way. If you want to submit writings please leave a link on the Writersco Ezine@wiki page in the comments, we go through all of them.

At the Ezine, we are looking for article writers or possibly a story that we could split into several Ezines. If you are interested leave your info at the page listed above.

Donators List:

Annie
Petals of Reincarnation
Valient Tragedies
Dmeredith

RPG of the Month

This month's RPG is 'The White Tower of Lur' created by Firenze.
The lands of Lur calmed and rulers for the four corners were chosen to govern its people. The lands were prosperous and joyous in everyday, no war, just sheer peace, a utopia for all. But it was not meant to last as now from beneath the white tower Mordra stirs again and his evil is beginning to seep from beneath the seat of the white itself.

'The White Tower of Lur' is about an evil villain named Mordra locked away in a white tower for ten thousand years by the gods who feared his power. Now his Son is wandering, ready to take up his father's mission. This RPG is open to anyone and is always welcoming new players fighting for the side of good, evil, or neutral.

The current characters are Master Beckett; a guardian of Mordra, Ciara Lockhart; a gift to the poor from the Elven Gods, Alana; a young priestess in training, Merrisa; another guardian of Mordra, Mordra; the bad guy who is locked away, Mikaya; Mordra's love and mother to his son, Malik; son of Mordra, Halima; a priestess, and Chilleah; a young girl.

More about this RPG, such as rules and current RPGing can be found at [The White Tower of Lur@wiki]. Happy RPGing!

Ballet Slippers by Annie

I have a pair of shoes that look kind of like ballet slippers and I like to wear them and imagine I know how to dance

like I could move my feet as
fast as Fred Astaire if I tried

Ballet slippers are completely irrelevant, but then I also like to imagine that shoes can affect life in a sort of

it now exists therefore it recalculates
way, like a weighted average of life and its accessories

One of the best things about wearing shoes that look like ballet slippers is that you can jump higher, and if you really focus, you can get a flying sensation for a few seconds.

Featured Member – Bloody Kisses

*'If I am weak
You are nothing
At least I know
That I am broken...'*

*'The Taste Like
Pennies, Nice and Stale'*



Name: B. Le

Username: [\[bloody kisses\]](#)

Location: North Carolina

Occupation: High School student - I wish to be an interior designer/photographer/writer though.

Writer/Reader/Agent/Role Player: Writer

Sign: Aquarius

Tell us about yourself: I don't believe I could last without music, pen, and paper. I grew up interested in all forms of art, and am one of the few who stand for the fact that photography is in fact a form of art.

What's your favorite Music? I listen to all forms of music, anywhere from Reggae to Punk, to Swing, to Folk. But I have to prefer my Ska, Punk, and Metal. If I had to choose, my favorite singers are Brody Dalle, Otep Shamaya, and Corey Taylor.

Who are your favorite authors and literary works?

Janet Evanovich was always a big inspiration to me because she could be so hilarious in such a horrible situation - especially in her Stephenie Plum series. Also Stephen King, Dean Koontz, and anybody brave enough to publish their work for the sake of others.

Any other favorites?

Fangs...vampyres...words...butterflies...the colour black...rainbows, and people who aren't afraid to be open minded, or those who accept anyone for what they really are.

Tell us about your writings:

I generally try to write about things in life that people know but ignore, or try to understand but are impossible unless you've been through it yourself. So of course I'm not saying I have been through it, I'm just expressing my opinion on the matter. I also like writing about typically nothing - just stringing lines together - and metaphors. My first poem was Stomped.

Is there anything that helps you write?

Anything and everything, ranting, music, friends, trees, fire, chocolate, hot chocolate, hot chocolate with marshmallows, marshmallows, rainbows, rainbow flags...and even nothing.

Do you have any tips for members?

All I would have to say is never give up on writing if it is what you really feel. Never try to give this beautiful piece of you to the trash.

Would you like to promote anything? Not much, but I would like to add that I've been published in a county wide collection. I'm quite proud of myself; actually it is 'The Still Draws Nothing.'

Which of your writings would you recommend to a fellow member?

I would recommend [558.So Called Life \(suicide entries\)](#). The Still Draws Nothing because it explains one of the many cycles of life.

*“...and in the deep
in the dark
in the sight
of the night
there is an alley
in a city
overthrown with chaos
and hate
and in the alley
there stands a man
clad all in black
and in a mask...”*

Valient Tragedies: I know BK didn't mention this, but I thought she would like it put up here. She has a wonderful contest called **Loveless Affairs** that you should check out.

The Disciple's Prayer by Dmeredith

Sniffing the scent of burning wood, the creature couldn't have been more pleased...

It lit. Thank Inari, it lit! The sweet, sweet smell of its burning filled her utterly, blocking out all of her other sensibilities as she blew and coaxed the tiny spark into a healthy blaze. It was not simply smoke in general that she enjoyed and there was a great deal of difference in the smell among things that could burn, particularly to *her* sensitive nostrils. There was the acrid stink of seared flesh for example, the rotten stench of smoldering sulfur, or even the choking reek of flaming pitch. But this... There was just something clean and good, almost purifying about the smoke of wood. And this was not just any smoke mind you! There on the gilded alter before her lay a sizeable pile of the pinkish, sacred cedar wood that Lord Inari preferred, all that she could gather in her haste.

She raised her seemingly red velvet sheathed arms high above her head as she chanted the words of the *Kitsuneinori* Sutra passionately. Her ample breast heaved with the fervor of her entreatment, bushy red tail swishing almost frantically behind her as she knelt naked in the mighty god's holy presence. White-tufted, red ears flicked reflexively as the sweetly smoldering cedar smoke wreathed her pretty, auburn head and tickled her all too human-looking nose.

She was torn between ecstasy and agony as she spoke the sacred words. Fat, bitter tears leaked from the corners of her piercingly yellow eyes even though, as always, she was made positively giddy by the Great Lord of the Fields' shining presence here in his own inner sanctum. Despite her zealot's joy however, and almost blasphemously she was sure, her mortal heart was being rent in two by the clearly audible cacophony outside that was the all too obvious death throws of the only home she had ever known, the only people she had ever loved.

But her faith was not lessened! No, no, not in the least. Her will was as iron. She was one of the faithful! Surely the god would hear her impassioned prayers. Surely he would see her devotion to the sutras. Surely he would come to her aid in this last, dark hour!

She could hear them now in the corridors beyond. They were coming for her, killing, raping, murdering, and burning on their violent way. The bitter smoke of the destruction that they wrought threatened to overwhelm the sweet scent of the sacred cedar even in this sealed cloister of the temple.

The creature faltered in her chanting as she sobbed once, but caught herself. She would not, *could* not doubt. Her faith must be unbending, unshakeable, absolute, now more than ever. Inari *would* come. He *would* save them. She believed it with all of her being. She yearned for it like a parched man might long for water or a drowning man air.

With a deep, shuddering breath she drew the sacred, golden dagger from the center of the burning pile of wood, once delicately pink, but now glowing fiercely red. The soft metal of the blade shone crimson as well. Its withering heat seared the flesh of her palms and fingers as she held it, but she did not cry out. She did not slacken her vicious grip in the slightest as she raised the glittering blade high over her head in both hands, eyes following it intently to its triumphant zenith. Inari would *come!*

The door to the chamber shuddered suddenly under the force of a monstrous blow and she heard the grunts of the invaders at their grim labors in the hall beyond. They were here. She was out of time.

"Inari-sama!" She cried wrenchingly, willing the deity to hear her, to see her, to save them all. "Answer our fervent plea! Accept this, your supplicant's willing sacrifice!"

The fox girl's tearful eyes widened to near owl-like proportions as she used all of her strength to thrust the long, burning blade home...

Night Love by Petals of Reincarnation

A satire of hope
A melodious envisage of words
That slip from thy lips
Straight into the night
Awash with moonlight
I owe it all to you
To make the lies suddenly ring true
All I ever knew, to be buried,
And forgot
And so, here I lie
Laying under the moon
Grass for a pillow
And stars to warm me

Waiting for you
The night
To drape me in folds of ecstasy
Skin upon skin
Warm in the cool night
Candlelight dancing
Creating delicious shapes upon naked flesh
To no longer be who I thought I was
Along to belong to the night
Just a member of the murmurs that is the wind
We are all, and nothing, and all that is in between
Like the fairie
If you look close enough, we are little more
Than a stolen breath under the sea
And then you come
Dancing upon the wind
Singing a deadly siren's song
To warn others that you are mine
And he came to me
Wearing red and black silk
The love for another man
The bells peal for eternity
For a love like this

An Exert from Jack Frost by Valient Tragedies

Jack Frost looked at the angel which had formed in front of him of ice. Inside the marvelous work was Elizabeth she was gone, yet somewhat alive. He stopped to finally look around at what had become of the village where only summer had ever come, it was snowed in. Jack did not know how this happened, yet it was true.

“A little over board Jack Frost, but nice sculpture.”

“Tomb... It’s Elizabeth’s tomb.” He turned to Cassandra and saw her start to walk around the angel, “Marylin, is she?”

“She will be fine Jack Frost.” Cassandra picked up a little bit of snow in her hand and rolled it in her fingers. “So Jack Frost, how do you think of your work, do you despise it or love it, personally... I hate snow, Autumn is my thing, Witch of the Woods. Well, fair travels king of Winter, I am homeward going.” Cassandra summoned up some

roots the made a chair. The roots came out of the ground and carried her like a queen back to wherever she came.

Jack had not yet gotten over the loss of Elizabeth and yet he felt a disturbance, like the feeling before a war, something was wrong. Robet the squirrel came bounding over the fresh piles of snow and attached himself to the head of Jack Frost. Robet was crying.

“What ails you Robet, can be worse than love lost.” He fidgeted around and stuck his head in view of Jack’s eyes. “Mistress! My Mistress Shyna has died! She was so sad when she died! She died alone. My Mistress is... is... GONE! Oh, Jack, what will I do?” The hyper squirrel said in his distress.

“Leave me alone you crazy creature, Shyna died because she was ready, she had lived six lives, I think I would go happily after that.” Robet crawled into Jack’s lap and continued to bawl his head off. Jack tried to pick the squirrel off but Robet would budge. “Fine, since you won’t leave me alone, you can stay with me.”

At dusk Rupert had found Jack’s handy-work, the angel was perfect, and you could clearly see Elizabeth’s body preserved perfectly. His sister’s body frozen so almost made him want to cry. Some other men from the village came about and saw the same thing he did.

“Who did this?” A man yelled from the back.

“It was the witch!” Another cried.

“No,” yelled a fury little squirrel, “mistress is dead. Mistress is dead.” The squirrel started crying furiously and the men stepped back away from the creature. “Mistress died of sickness, mistress died, mistress died!”

Rupert stepped forwards and Robet stepped back, “hold there squirrel, I mean you no harm. What do you know of Shyna?”

“What do you know of Shyna?” Robet replied eyeing him.

Rupert kneeled down next to him, “I know her name and she can do things like that.” He said pointing to the statue.

“Shyna not do it, she has been dead for over a day, this is work of the king of Winter.”

“King of Winter?” A man said in the back alarmed, “is he a witch also?”

“No, he is dead, but alive. He is Jack Frost, great man, saved his daughter by bring the witch of the Woods. He did this so he can save Elizabeth.”

“Save? Save!” Rupert yelled. “He entombed my sister in a block of ice, he froze our crops and than your going to tell me how great he is?” Rupert grabbed the squirrel and pulled out his skinning knife. Robet thrashed violently and than he stopped and screamed. A giant bloody patch lay on the snow.

Games

RIDDLE:

How many times can you subtract the number 5 from 25?

When can you add two to eleven and get one as the correct answer?

FUNNY QUOTES FROM AROUND WRITERSCO

Found on Dominique a's house:

Member type: Writer

Description: I don't claim to be a writer...

Found on Gandalf's page of Murphy's Technology Laws:

Logic is a systematic method of coming to the wrong conclusion with confidence.

Found on Hiaruh's house:

In an insane world insanity is a perfectly sane alternative.

Found on Nightshadow's house:

Purr like kitten, sting like a...um...bigger kitten!

Sudoku

	5	3						
	9			6				
8	6		7					
1		6	9			2		
5			8		7			3
		8			5	4		1
					2		8	4
				4			1	
						5	9	

Last Thoughts

As you can see, we still managed to churn this out, though it would be nice if we could get some more volunteered work so I don't have to go looking for it each month. Anyway, I think it's great that we even have this and I highly encourage you to read this, and if you want, you can buy ad space for your website on here with a picture and everything. Just message me and I'll find out what we need to do. Thank you much and have a lovely month. Valient Tragedies