

### ✨ Writing sample #1 (Most recent sample, commissioned):

“Kagaya stared into the demon’s fiery eyes as he slowly inhaled and exhaled, preparing himself for battle. Kagaya and the demon in his path were standing in an open green field, a forest to his right. Kagaya needed to ensure that the demon would not escape into the forest by murdering the demon himself. The demon stared into Kagaya’s eyes before gazing up and down his lean, muscular body.

Kagaya was rather beautiful, even to the demon. His smooth black hair reached just above his shoulders and his violet eyes shined magnificently, even in the dim moonlight. The pink and red burn scars on his chest and arms were covered by his paper-white haori, yet the scars on his hands were bare. His airy black-and-white uniform signaled his place in the demon slayer corps, agitating the demon. Kagaya’s brows furrowed in concentration; The demon knew that Kagaya was crafting a plan to take him down. The demon decided to attack Kagaya by surprise.

The demon lunged at Kagaya, who was quick to dodge the attack. Kagaya swiftly moved to his left before the demon could strike him. Suddenly, Kagaya got down on all fours before sweeping his right leg across the ground, causing the demon to stumble and step backwards. Before the demon could even steady himself, Kagaya threw three small black spheres towards the demon. The spheres burst into red and orange sparks as they flew through the air, blinding the demon. He covered his eyes from the bright lights. The sparks sizzled against the demon’s skin, angering him as he turned his head in search of Kagaya. As the explosions faded and the light died down, Kagaya decided to take the demon by surprise.

At that moment, Kagaya pulled his silver sword out of his scabbard and lunged toward the demon. As he sprung through the air, Kagaya drove his sword through the demon’s neck. The demon’s decapitated head and body hit the ground as Kagaya landed on one knee in the grass. The demon’s flesh and bone slowly turned into ash and floated with the wind. Kagaya watched as the demon he had just fought and killed vanished into thin air. The breeze blew through Kagaya’s straight black locks as he bowed his head. He turned away from where the demon had passed and walked toward the forest.”

## ✨ Writing sample #2 (Short story excerpt):

"The mountains were covered in thick, white sheets of snow. As the snowflakes continued to fall to the ground, the white snowy ground glistened from the morning sunlight. It was as if the ground was covered in tiny, shining diamonds the color of pearls.

She continued to lie in bed on her side, staring out the window of the cabin. Her eyes traveled around the once green landscape, taking in the snow and sunlight over and over. It was as if she was trying to memorize the view before her. Before the winter passed and the flowers bloomed once again.

Suddenly, she heard a sharp inhale coming from her right. She turned her head and stared at the figure next to her. She stared at their closed eyes, messy bed hair, and slightly parted lips. She smiled as she saw how peaceful they looked in their sleep, like there wasn't a thing wrong in the world. She wished their life could stay like that forever: Calm, peaceful, relaxed, free from pain.

She stared at them with a smile before slowly bringing her hand up to their face. She swept their hair out of their face and touched their cheek. She giggled when they scrunched their nose in reply. She felt so relaxed as she lay next to them. As if their peacefulness had slowly transferred to her as well.

With a yawn, she slowly sat up in the bed. She stared at their peaceful, sleeping face for a moment before gently shaking their shoulder. As their eyelids fluttered open, she looked down at them with a peaceful smile and soft eyes. She slowly whispered the very words she always dreaded hearing or saying in the mornings.

‘Come on. It's time to get up.’”

(Full short story “Waking up Together in a Cabin during the Wintertime” is available on my Tumblr writing blog @lunaxmar)

### ✨ Writing sample #3 (Story excerpt):

“I stopped moving my legs as I got close to the waterfall. For a few moments, I simply enjoyed the view that was in front of me. The shiny silver rocks, the clear blue water, the moss that had formed into dark green zig-zags on top of the rocks. There were a few tiny pink and orange flowers that had formed in the moss. They were the colors of a soft sunset.

“Beautiful.”, I whispered awkwardly.

Finally, I took another step toward the waterfall. I couldn’t wait any longer to feel the moss beneath my fingertips, pick a flower and hold it against my palm, and, best of all, dip my feet into the water!

“Before you step in there, could you help set up for the picnic while I go get the others? I’m sure they’re more than ready by now.”, spoke a slightly high-pitched voice with a thick accent.

My head turned instinctively toward the source of the voice. I stared with wide eyes and an open mouth when I saw the one who spoke for the first time. The stranger had light ginger hair, grey eyes, tan skin, and freckles. The stranger wasn’t beautiful or handsome. The stranger was gorgeous. The stranger had a heart shaped face with a button nose and small, yet full lips. The stranger wore a long sleeved red flannel button-up shirt with a black leather jacket on top of it, dark-wash denim jeans, and black combat boots. They were holding a brown braided basket with a pastel yellow towel draped over the top. The basket seemed strange in the stranger’s bronze hand. The delicate braids and the innocence of the yellow towel seemed out of place with the black and the leather.

I stared at the stranger for another moment, sure that I was dreaming. Then, I took a step back and nearly fell when I stumbled into a rock. As I began to stand straight and steady myself, I saw the stranger walk towards me. For some odd reason, I froze. A part of me wanted to move away from this stranger, and a part of me wanted to see what the stranger would do. To my surprise, the stranger simply wrapped a hand around my right arm and gently pulled me up. I suddenly realized that one of my feet had landed in the pond. I looked down, feeling embarrassed and stupid.

“Jeez, if you want to tell me no, just say no! Don’t try to avoid me by falling in a pond!”

*Is this someone...ditz? This stranger thinks I nearly fell into the pond on purpose because I didn't want to help set up for some picnic?! Wow, and I'm usually the slow one!*

Suddenly, the stranger laughed as they continued to pull me out of the water.

*Wait...was this person making a joke? How could I not see it? Maybe I am still the slow one.*

“Sarcasm?”, I blurted out awkwardly.

*Fuck. My first word this stranger hears me say, and it's something so awkward! Should I run away? The stranger probably thinks I'm so awkward and dumb, which maybe I am. The stranger probably wants nothing to do with me.*

“There you go! Now you’re getting it!” The stranger laughed slightly as he let go of my arm and handed me the basket.

I slowly lifted my arms and grabbed the brown handles with both of my hands, feeling the slightly ragged texture of the basket handles. It was so different from the softness of everything else around me. I stared at the basket, as if it would tell me what I was supposed to do next.

“Come on! I’ll help you start to set up, and then I’ll get the others while you finish up!”, the stranger said in a smooth and chipper voice.”

#### ✦✦ Writing sample #4 (Story excerpt):

“After he realized that he was daydreaming and gawking at a stranger, he lowered his gaze down to the table. For a moment, he stared at the graded papers and empty mug before shifting his gaze back onto the window. His eyes widened and his breath hitched in his throat as he saw the woman had stopped on the sidewalk, looking back at him.

Although he could barely see any of her, he thought she looked pretty. She wore thick black sunglasses that hid her eyes completely. Her nose and mouth were covered by the collar of her coat. He could only see her pale skin and dark, thick brows. Even though he couldn't see her eyes, he felt as if she was staring back at him through that same window. Without thinking, he smiled and raised his hand toward the window as if to say 'Hello'. He felt a pang of embarrassment, wondering if he would scare her away. Wondering why he cares what a stranger thinks of him anyway.

Throughout his time as a professor, he had become much less of an introverted social-recluse. He began speaking loud and confidently because he needed to in order to get through to his students. Yet, when he felt her gaze on him, it was as if he had reverted back to the quiet boy he had been for so many years before he became a professor. To his great surprise, she tilted her head ever-so-slightly and waved at him. Then, she disappeared around the corner of the street across from him.

He blinked repeatedly as he processed that tiny interaction. He then realized that he was still smiling, his smile having grown bigger. He quickly turned away, feeling as if he was a sheepish, crushing schoolboy all over again. As he looked around the cafe, he realized that the rest of the guests were gathering their laptops and bags as they stood up and walked out of the tiny cafe. He looked down at his navy-blue watch, his eyes widening as he realized it was 5:58 P.M.: Only two minutes before closing time. He always tried to leave at least five minutes before closing time so as not to be a bother to the people working their closing shifts there.

He quickly shoved the stack of papers into his black cross-body. Then, he pulled out a shiny black case and carefully placed his navy-blue pen into the indent of the black cushion. He closed the case, savoring the satisfying sound of it shutting, and slid it into his cross-body. As he packed his things to leave the cafe, he was reminded of his days as a highschool student. A lot of things reminded him of that time of his life. Even though he was miserable in high school, he did love the routine and stability that came with being a student at the time. He nearly missed those days. He picked up his mug before standing up and walking towards the front of the cafe. He placed the mug on top of the counter before he made his way out of the cafe.

“Goodbye, Laurie! Have a goodnight!”

“Bye, Delmar! You, too! Get home safe!”

He smiled at Laurie, the brunette barista with freckles and tattoos for days, before leaving the cafe. He pushed the door with one hand, savoring the cute chiming of the bell above him, while shoving the other one into his warm pocket. While he loved the fall, and even the winter in some ways, it was getting to be a bit too cold for his liking. As he made his way towards the parking lot at the end of the street, he noticed the sky was a slightly deeper shade of blue than it was when he was staring out the window. He began to ponder who that woman was, where she was going, and what she looked like underneath those thick sunglasses. He always wanted to know everything about everyone he met. Partly due to curiosity, partly due to his paranoia.

As he walked home, he watched as the clouds in the sky shifted ever so slowly to the right. He loved how slowly and steadily the sky changed overtime. It was peaceful. He often dreamed of being a part of nature. Not an animal that hunts or is hunted, but a part that simply exists and moves with the flow of time. Like a cloud or a flower petal. As he stared at the sky and walked on the grey sidewalks toward his home, he began to think about how his life had almost always been busy or filled up in one way or another. With studying, homework, grading, chores, all the awful things that happened, or simply the memories of those awful times. He wondered how it would feel to not experience any of that and to simply exist within the Earth.”

## ✨ Writing sample #5 (Poem):

### Wilted Love

“I could still feel your arms around me  
and feel your fingers wiping away my tears.  
I could still hear your gentle voice  
As you comforted my broken heart  
And told me sweet nothings.  
I felt almost as if you alone  
Could’ve healed all of my open wounds.  
Feeling your affection,  
Laughing and talking with you for hours,  
Gave me the type of joy I had nearly forgotten the existence of.  
I suppose I will have to find that joy somewhere else now.  
Although I must admit  
I still hope for you to find the type of joy you gave to me.”