

Forum:[Hack Forums](#)

Thread: [Dawn - Writing Sector Recruitment.](#)

ZerFallen - April 6, 2016, 9:47 pm

[img]http://hackforumswiki.net/images/1/18/Dawn_%28Banner%29.png[/img] Dawn Writing Sector Recruitment

Welcome to the official recruitment of the Dawn writing sector! This will not be your typical English class/set of lessons. While most English classes heavily revolve around grammar and how to apply it, this sector will not. Don't get me wrong, grammar is important, and it will play a part within the course, however, I would like to focus mainly on what I deem to be the most important, and that's the narrative. Anyone can dot an I and cross some T's, but not everyone can create a world. So, hopefully after a few lessons and instruction I can help you to better create a picture with the imagination.

-=Requirements=-

Appreciation of literature.

A basic understanding of the English language.

An honest effort.

Activity.

If you're looking to become a writer, better learn the English language, or just enjoy the craft, please feel free to apply below!

The application isn't a formal one. Put simply, I would like you to write a short story, or the intro to a story and post it below. If you're uncomfortable with posting your work publicly, feel free to use the PM system and send it to me privately, but please note that any further works you produce within the sector have the potential to be shared publicly.

big dick rick - April 6, 2016, 9:52 pm

fuck I wish you had another way to apply other than a fucking short story.

Night Fury - April 7, 2016, 7:23 pm

This is the course to take if you want to work on your creative writing!

grady - April 7, 2016, 7:25 pm

I like writing erotic fan fiction.

Should I apply?

SmileyBear24 - April 7, 2016, 7:26 pm

I'm interested, although I'll be PM'ing mine when I wake up.

Finally something on HF that I'll enjoy.

53732 - April 7, 2016, 7:27 pm

I will be PMing you a story shortly, would you mind giving me a topic or prompt via PM?

Rikk?a - April 7, 2016, 10:06 pm

(Apr 7, 2016 07:25 PM)?Infamy Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) I like writing erotic fan fiction.

Should I apply?

You just gave me a idea on what to write about now...

Energy Wizard - April 7, 2016, 10:18 pm

No one has written any stories yet so let me be the first? Tear me to shreds like my teachers do.

Wading through the desert sand, peering at the ground with each step in hopes to find an oasis, Jonas spotted a sealed vile with a vivid purple substance a few yards ahead. Using his minuscule energy that was reserved, he rushed over to the object brimming with tears as he had at last found something to consume. With the bottom of the tube snug in his hand Jonas slashed the canister across his knee to shatter the top of the casing. He poured the liquid onto his parched tongue not thinking of any consequences, only the reward of hydration.

Ending it there. ?

Stashyy - April 7, 2016, 10:42 pm

There was a boy named Dave who loved his toys. He would go everywhere with his toys. One day Dave stumbled upon a magic speaking toy named Zack. Zack was a mischievous fellow indeed. He would play small pranks on Dave's parents. Dave had no idea what he got into. Dave thought Zack was a good friend who just liked to do mischievous things. Until one foggy rainy night, Zack attempted something very evil. Dave was sleeping at the time since it was past 9. Zack snuck out Dave's room and into his parents room. Once inside Zack murdered Dave's parents. There was no screeching or groaning. There was only laughter coming from the room. Dave woke up from all the laughing he heard coming from his parents room. Dave decided to check out why there was loud laughter coming from the room. He creaked the door open to take a peek. Not only did he see his mothers feet surrounded in blood. He also saw his father gasping for air as his throat had been slashed. The only thing he couldn't find while peeping was Zack. He opened the door to help his dad but that's when.....

I know it's terrible, but it's a start. I really love Horror books. Especially ones that keep my skin crawling.

Energy Wizard - April 7, 2016, 10:53 pm

(Apr 7, 2016 10:42 PM)\$tash Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) There was a boy named Dave who loved his toys. He would go everywhere with his toys. One day Dave stumbled upon a magic speaking toy named Zack. Zack was a mischievous fellow indeed. He would play small pranks on Dave's parents. Dave had no idea what he got into. Dave thought Zack was a good friend who just liked to do mischievous things. Until one foggy rainy night, Zack attempted something very evil. Dave was sleeping at the time since it was past 9. Zack snuck out Dave's room and into his parents room. Once inside Zack murdered Dave's parents. There was no screeching or groaning. There was only laughter coming from the room. Dave woke up from all the laughing he heard coming from his parents room. Dave decided to check out why there was loud laughter coming from the room. He creaked the door open to take a peek. Not only did he see his mothers feet surrounded in blood. He also saw his father gasping for air as his throat had been slashed. The only thing he couldn't find while peeping was Zack. He opened the door to help his dad but that's when.....

I know it's terrible, but it's a start. I really love Horror books. Especially ones that keep my skin crawling. The only problems I see with this is the amount of "Dave" and "Zack"s. Try adding in description to hide their name, for example: "The arm made of plastic rose into the air" could be replaced for "Zack raised his arm in the air". Good luck on making it into Dawn. :-)

Stashyy - April 7, 2016, 10:55 pm

(Apr 7, 2016 10:53 PM)Energy Wizard Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) The only problems I see with this is the amount of "Dave" and "Zack"s. Try adding in description to hide their name, for example: "The arm made of plastic rose into the air" could be replaced for "Zack raised his arm in the air". Good luck on making it into Dawn. :-)

Yeah I was just brain storming and bringing them together. I really didn't think I could type so much on my phone. But hopefully either of us make it. I liked your story. Keep it up!

Humour - April 7, 2016, 10:56 pm

This is a amazing sector to be apart of, currently a member of it and have submitted my first piece of work, and all I can say is i'm keen to do more.

SmileyBear24 - April 7, 2016, 11:55 pm

(Apr 7, 2016 10:56 PM)Humour Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) This is a amazing sector to be apart of, currently a member of it and have submitted my first piece of work, and all I can say is i'm keen to do more.

It's honestly the only thing of all groups that's caught my interest, I really don't want to miss the opportunity.

Psychedel?c - April 8, 2016, 1:07 am

Title: The first time, again.

By: Vincent Bongiovanni a.k.a Psychedelic

My reflection looks at me as I look back at it. I lose sight of reality when I think about who really stares at who. That's crazy I've got to stop this way of thinking. Straightening my tie, I can feel the pressure of the next room emanating into my safe space. I'm content in my silent surroundings with no windows, no talking, no choices or decisions. I don't want to leave but I have to. I have to function, be normal. I'm normal. Nobody's watching me, at least, I think. "I'm safe right? I'm safe, I'm safe." I whisper to myself. I've never noticed a bathroom security camera in my life. I should be fine, no, wait. My mind races then I notice sweat. I can't sweat, not now. I skittishly dab my face with some paper towels and fix my posture. A knock on the door. I feel sick, this could go horrible. No, it won't, you've got this. Am I hearing my voice in my head or someone else's?

"Christopher? Are you okay in there? We're all waiting on you." A voice mumbling through the door.

"I'm go-" My voice cracks, embarrassing.

"Chris? The meeting is in five man, c'mon."

I have to adjust myself and say it right. "I'm good, I'll be out in a minute." I hear footsteps. Others are gathering outside the bathroom door.

"I don't know he just-" They're talking about me. I can't take this I think I'm about to explode. I burst into a stall catching my fall with a firm grasp on the rim of a toilet. I aim my face at the bowl, nothing comes out. I can't vomit. This is not happening, I need to vomit. I'm stuck. I feel sick. I grab a pen from my back pocket and stick it down my throat. The one bagel I've had this morning comes up in scattered bloated pieces. I start to cry.

"Chris?" Rapid knocking ensues. "Chris? What are you doing? Christopher!?"

I yell. "I'm fine! Just wait a goddamn minute!"

Cleansing myself with faucet water. The sound of the running water. Like a stream, relaxing, flowing, cold.

"We're coming in!" I hear them mumble to each other. Bastards! It frustrates me. This is enough, I've got to calm down. I whip some breaths of air, In and out of my lungs. It's hard to breathe. I reach for the door.

"I'm fine, I'm not crazy, I'm not crazy!" Keeps playing in my head like a record skipping at 150mph. I grasp the door handle. It's cold, freezing. Chills run throughout my body and I feel something. I quickly pull back from the handle as if burned. It's coming, what is it? I look at my hand and my eyes

catch a stain on my shirt. Blood splurges from my mouth like a faucet and I collapse. I feel pain. I focus at the floor tiles in front of me and the marble grid surrounds my vision like a perfect web. Catching me as I fall into it, the web consumes me. Everything fades. My consciousness is slipping through my fingers like a warm fluid. Comforting and peaceful yet...scary. I feel lot's of pain. I hear muffled screaming and banging. Concerned co-workers outside the bathroom, maybe? I smell pennies, why? I shimmy myself up to the door handle. What's real? What's fake? Everything is faded and keeps shifting. I feel hot. I feel like I'm on fire. The handle is on fire. I see smoke billow from under the door. I must be dreaming. Muffled voices get distant. A barrage of voices whisper chanting. I open the door. A pause. A halt in time. No feeling, just darkness, but I'm aware. The only feeling is my eyelids and their weight. I push them up with my remaining strength.

I'm staring at myself for the first time, again.

I wrote this as the idea came to me and saved it. While I'd love to leave this open to interpretation I'd like to mention that this story deals with the concept of differentiating between hell and psychosis in a scenario where you're dying. Thanks for taking the time to read. Literature/creative writing is one of my passions and I hope you'll consider me for Dawn. :D

King Cin - April 9, 2016, 7:23 am

Well, I write field reports about my pickup adventures. Let's see if I can turn one into a small story since this seems interesting.

As I'm sitting in class, enduring the last period of the day, I get lost in my thoughts. It's strange to realize that I only have 22 days left until my best friend is moving to Ibiza. We started this journey together a few months ago, and it's amazing to see how far we've come. From guys that could only fantasize about reaching tops of mountains to guys that strive for greatness every day. In my mind I start to envision the day I'm about to have and completely get lost thinking of all the countless possibilities. Who will we meet today? Russian tourists again? Friends of friends? That's why we love doing cold approach. It's so unpredictable.

I hadn't even realized class was over until my Turkish friend tapped me on the shoulder and said "Let's go to the bus stop" and so we left. I chatted with him while in the bus but my mind was completely somewhere else. I left the bus and was now starting to walk home to drop my bag off. I texted my friend, Anthony and told him to meet me at a popular square in Amsterdam. Picked up my Bluetooth speaker and left the house, this was going to be another good day. I reached my destination and he was already there, waiting for me. We greeted each other and started to walk. It's our tradition to grab a coffee and talk about what we were going to do today. We sat down and as we were discussing our plans for the day I spotted two beautiful girls. I gauged they were 19 years of age. One was exactly my type; athletic, blonde, blue eyes. The other one was a brunette. Luckily Anthony likes brunettes more. They sat down besides up and I said the first thing that came to mind. "You! I know this is random, but who the fuck are you?"

I didn't notice what I had said before it left my mouth. Normally I never do these kind of openers, but it brought me out my comfort zone. My friend joined in and we started running our usual game. Their names were Melissa and Anne. They're from a city pretty nearby, so that's a good sign. As we progress I start to use bolder statements and start being playful. My friend proceeds to do the same. I drift off a bit while thinking about how amazing this feels. It's like spending an entire day in the hot desert and then jumping into an ice cold pool. It's uncomfortable at first, but once you get accustomed to the temperature it's amazing to swim around and relax. While we could've done an instant date right there and then, we decide to move on. It wasn't until my game had improved further months later that I would realize how stupid this decision was, but mistakes have to be made

in order to grow. We leave and embark on our real journey for the rest of the day.

Had to create an introduction for this not to be lame, and it's not one of my best interactions, but you should get the gist. I know there's a book that's made from field reports of a pickup artist called Jeff Allen. He turned the reports into stories and it's actually quite entertaining. It's called 9Ball. I tried doing something similar. It would be really interesting to write up some of my better interactions and turn them around.

Audi0 - April 9, 2016, 2:48 pm

Im bored waiting for MLB 16 to download so why not I like writing. This is an intro btw.

I stand silently looking down the hallway I couldn't move a muscle. I was paralyzed. I couldn't comprehend what had just happened. What was that. I don't remember a thing. I stand there scratching my head, still shaking. All I can remember is a shadow of a girl, she had long hair and she was short. I didn't realize that I was gonna be late for class. "RING RING" And there goes the bell. Guess that makes it five tardys in a row.

Enjoy the cliff hanger lol. Had a good idea for that story mabye ill write it later.

Oliver Sykes - April 9, 2016, 3:36 pm

struct_t - April 9, 2016, 3:47 pm

(Apr 9, 2016 03:36 PM)Oliver Sykes Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) *snip*

I can vouch. Intelligent Sin is an illiterate fuck who attained his English qualifications from a cereal box.

JOKES! Love you, bae.

I'll contribute to this if it doesn't take time away from me writing my own book.

I'll happily talk to you all about great Russian literature such as Tolstoy and Dostoevsky. Or we can get stuck into some Oscar Wilde (despite only having written one novel, it's great. His poetry is also fantastic and can influence great descriptive writing. His character and wit is also biting effective).

PS: No, I didn't Google these authors and corresponding book titles; I've actually read their books and have them all sitting next to me (not War & Peace though, that shit's way too verbose for me. I own the book but only really use it when I'm feeling particularly pseudo-intellectual on reddit or 4chan).

Seriously though, I'm up for this.

I've been looking through some the samples submitted.

They're all OK but they're not novel-proof at all. You guys use too many abrupt sentences in the past tense to illustrate the main character. If you want to give depth to your character, you don't just state things. You have to have the character evolve throughout (which is hard to do in short stories which is why most short stories tend to go for moral lessons rather than great plots). For example, Dostoevsky is often criticized for his use of puppet characters that he uses a plot device. You guys also need to learn how string relevant information into a more fluent dialogue. Stop with the abrupt statements. Don't do the generic repetitive questions. Allusions are good but don't fucking make them blatantly obvious. Subtlety is key.

EDIT: I'm not trying to come across as a cunt. However, I've read a lot of great literature and I am the epitome of /r/iamverysmart. So, you decide what to make of my criticisms.

ZerFallen - April 9, 2016, 4:09 pm

(Apr 9, 2016 03:36 PM)Oliver Sykes Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) -snip-

You post a picture with three or four actual corrections (thanks) and then proceed to act as if your suggestions maintain a standard. No some looks aren't "needed" and some style choices may not suit you, but that doesn't mean they're wrong. This is not a grammatically heavy course, and I never claimed to be perfect.

struct_t - April 9, 2016, 4:34 pm

(Apr 9, 2016 04:09 PM)Intelligent Sin Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) You post a picture with three or four actual corrections (thanks) and then proceed to act as if your suggestions maintain a standard. No some looks aren't "needed" and some style choices may not suit you, but that doesn't mean they're wrong. This is not a grammatically heavy course, and I never claimed to be perfect.

Ooze - April 9, 2016, 4:52 pm

My application is below- The only thing I used to check grammar was my own two eyes please lmk me with mistakes

John opens his laptop screen and the low dim reflects on to his face, he doesn't know what day it is nor does he care. Today wouldn't be any different for John, as his days are always the same, inside his room on his computer. His parents don't care anymore, they've never cared. He doesn't know what pushed him to this life, he always believed society pushed him away saying "We don't want you, you don't belong". Belong, John didnt belong, well not here not in this constructed place called The Universe, no, that place wasn't for John, but John was wrong he does belong, somewhere. He knows where to go to the only place that will ever understand him. When he is on his computer he isn't John the kid who no one understands, the kid who doesn't belong. Here he belongs, here he matters, and deep down thats all he ever wanted. He goes to that 10 letter url that means so much to him, where millions of others just like John go, his home, Hackforums. This is his home, when he is here is is free, all day isn't spent in his room all day is spent in an infinitive world filled with infinite knowledge. Something on his screen strikes John's eye, something new, something interesting. The user group Dawn is holding recruitment for writers, John isn't a writer but he is intrigued, he pursues. Yes, John is interested and when he wants something he is going to get it. Though John reaches a problem, what will he write about. He isn't interested or funny, no one wants to here about him, but just like before John is wrong, because John isn't like the billions of other people in the world. He is one of few apart of an elite group, what is this group you ask? Well John is apart of Dawn.

Note John isn't me just something I thought on a whim

I went for the whole Inception thing instead of all the horror stories I see.

Ugly God - April 9, 2016, 10:57 pm

The disciple of Yeezy Lil Yachty uid number 3063611 was simply browsing the sections of hack forums. Then it happened aroused he got as his brown beautiful gargantuan eyes laid upon a thread title advertising a recruitment for a group called Dawn only gods were accepted into. Lil Yachty was pondering staring deep into his shitty laptop he bought with money working at Mcdonalds that he saved up for. Thinking and thinking if he was good enough to even be considered to join such a fun group which had open movie nights. Fear tried to keep him from applying telling him things such as "You're a bitch you won't be accepted into such a high-quality group as Dawn your rep is barely triple digits skiddo" Lil Yachty didn't want to know what would happen to a raisin in the sun so he rushed typed up the best darn application to ever bee seen. Did Lil Yachty get in? Now it is your decision on how this story ends sorry to leave you off with such a cliff hanger.

prada ? - April 10, 2016, 5:01 am

well fuck is this creative writing cus u know ya boy a young monster

(Apr 8, 2016 01:07 AM)Psychedel?c Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) Title: The first time, again.

By: Vincent Bongiovanni a.k.a Psychedelic

My reflection looks at me as I look back at it. I lose sight of reality when I think about who really stares at who. That's crazy I've got to stop this way of thinking. Straightening my tie, I can feel the pressure of the next room emanating into my safe space. I'm content in my silent surroundings with no windows, no talking, no choices or decisions. I don't want to leave but I have to. I have to function, be normal. I'm normal. Nobody's watching me, at least, I think. "I'm safe right? I'm safe, I'm safe." I whisper to myself. I've never noticed a bathroom security camera in my life. I should be fine, no, wait. My mind races then I notice sweat. I can't sweat, not now. I skittishly dab my face with some paper towels and fix my posture. A knock on the door. I feel sick, this could go horrible. No, it won't, you've got this. Am I hearing my voice in my head or someone else's?

"Christopher? Are you okay in there? We're all waiting on you." A voice mumbling through the door.

"I'm go-" My voice cracks, embarrassing.

"Chris? The meeting is in five man, c'mon."

I have to adjust myself and say it right. "I'm good, I'll be out in a minute." I hear footsteps. Others are gathering outside the bathroom door.

"I don't know he just-" They're talking about me. I can't take this I think I'm about to explode. I burst into a stall catching my fall with a firm grasp on the rim of a toilet. I aim my face at the bowl, nothing comes out. I can't vomit. This is not happening, I need to vomit. I'm stuck. I feel sick. I grab a pen from my back pocket and stick it down my throat. The one bagel I've had this morning comes up in scattered bloated pieces. I start to cry.

"Chris?" Rapid knocking ensues. "Chris? What are you doing? Christopher!?"

I yell. "I'm fine! Just wait a goddamn minute!"

Cleansing myself with faucet water. The sound of the running water. Like a stream, relaxing, flowing, cold.

"We're coming in!" I hear them mumble to each other. Bastards! It frustrates me. This is enough, I've got to calm down. I whip some breaths of air, In and out of my lungs. It's hard to breathe. I reach for the door.

"I'm fine, I'm not crazy, I'm not crazy!" Keeps playing in my head like a record skipping at 150mph. I grasp the door handle. It's cold, freezing. Chills run throughout my body and I feel something. I quickly pull back from the handle as if burned. It's coming, what is it? I look at my hand and my eyes catch a stain on my shirt. Blood splurges from my mouth like a faucet and I collapse. I feel pain. I focus at the floor tiles in front of me and the marble grid surrounds my vision like a perfect web. Catching me as I fall into it, the web consumes me. Everything fades. My consciousness is slipping through my fingers like a warm fluid. Comforting and peaceful yet...scary. I feel lot's of pain. I hear muffled screaming and banging. Concerned co-workers outside the bathroom, maybe? I smell pennies, why? I shimmy myself up to the door handle. What's real? What's fake? Everything is faded and keeps shifting. I feel hot. I feel like I'm on fire. The handle is on fire. I see smoke billow from under the door. I must be dreaming. Muffled voices get distant. A barrage of voices whisper chanting. I open the door. A pause. A halt in time. No feeling, just darkness, but I'm aware. The only feeling is my eyelids and their weight. I push them up with my remaining strength.

I'm staring at myself for the first time, again.

I wrote this as the idea came to me and saved it. While I'd love to leave this open to interpretation I'd like to mention that this story deals with the concept of differentiating between hell and psychosis

in a scenario where you're dying. Thanks for taking the time to read. Literature/creative writing is one of my passions and I hope you'll consider me for Dawn. :D
Damn that was a good read!

wander is a multi dwc - April 10, 2016, 8:02 am

(Apr 10, 2016 05:01 AM)Prada????????? Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) well fuck is this creative writing cus u know ya boy a young monster

Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for you are with me; your rod and your staff, they comfort me. Said one man. His name was,

Prada.

To his front was the great sea, his earthed brethren. To his back was his supporters, who know nothing except hustle, royalty and respect.

To unearth the sea, Prada said these following words.

'yo lo so flo lo mo'

The end.

Rivalry - April 10, 2016, 8:50 am

(Apr 9, 2016 03:36 PM)Oliver Sykes Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) snip
Who pissed in your cereal? Let me correct your 'corrections'.

Spoiler [\(Click to View\)](#)

Anyway~

I do English Literature at university. I wrote a love sonnet. Here it is.

I breathe your name. With half-closed eyes I reach
A hand to feel your form, my fingers fumbling,
My joints awak'ning, slowly. I beseech
A taste — not yet? Forgive me please my bumbling.
You'd think that endless string of cock'rel's cries,
At which I start awake and look for you,
Would soon compel my mind to realise
I can't insist your company is due;
But O! how wretched time wears on before
My first sweet-bitter sip of you. Revived,
My heart beats faster, thoughts race ever more
Dynamically — through you I have survived.

I cannot overpraise this saviour mine,
For without coffee I would stay supine.

wander is a multi dwc - April 10, 2016, 9:36 am

(Apr 10, 2016 08:50 AM)Rivalry Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) I do English Literature at university. I wrote a love sonnet. Here it is.

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fuckboy writing a 13th century rap song

Rivalry - April 10, 2016, 9:59 am

(Apr 10, 2016 09:36 AM)reve4 neeuQ Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) fuckboy writing a 13th century rap song
Or are rappers just weak fuckboys writing 21st century poetry?

Either way, I feel confident that Shakespeare wouldn't have got half as much pussy/coffee if he spewed Fetty Wap bars instead of writing tear-jerkingly beautiful sonnets

wander is a multi dwc - April 10, 2016, 10:10 am

(Apr 10, 2016 09:59 AM)Rivalry Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) Or are rappers just weak fuckboys writing 21st century poetry?

Either way, I feel confident that Shakespeare wouldn't have got half as much pussy/coffee if he spewed Fetty Wap bars instead of writing tear-jerkingly beautiful sonnets
why do you have to beat a dead horse just to prove the point

O m'lady, the sun shall not forgiveth your beauty.

Rivalry - April 10, 2016, 10:16 am

(Apr 10, 2016 10:10 AM)reve4 neeuQ Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) why do you have to beat a dead horse just to prove the point
You don't read many books, do you

fuckboiiiiiii

wander is a multi dwc - April 10, 2016, 10:19 am

(Apr 10, 2016 10:16 AM)Rivalry Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) You don't read many books, do you

fuckboiiiiiii

I did, long ago. I still have a collection of Shakespeare's collections, can't remember where I put it. I guess you could say that I know my fair share of things ?

Obli - April 10, 2016, 10:21 am

<http://ikazuchikai.deviantart.com/>

There are some prompts of mine. This is my application.

wander is a multi dwc - April 10, 2016, 10:26 am

(Apr 10, 2016 10:21 AM)Obli Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) <http://ikazuchikai.deviantart.com/>

There are some prompts of mine. This is my application.

Denied (jk), I don't see any Queen related prompts.

Obli - April 10, 2016, 10:28 am

(Apr 10, 2016 10:26 AM)reve4 neeuQ Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) Denied (jk), I don't see any Queen related prompts.

My Queen related prompts are not suited for youngsters which is why I don't put them on dA or anywhere else. ???

prada ? - April 10, 2016, 10:32 am

I believe rivalry challenged me to a rap battle

wander is a multi dwc - April 10, 2016, 10:34 am

(Apr 10, 2016 10:28 AM)Obli Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) My Queen related prompts are not suited for youngsters which is why I don't put them on dA or anywhere else. ???

ooo PM me with those prompts ?

Rivalry - April 10, 2016, 11:40 am

(Apr 10, 2016 10:32 AM)Prada??????????? Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) I believe rivalry challenged me to a rap battle

Lord of the Mics 2k16? I'd own you

jk I can only rap in iambic pentameter :x

prada ? - April 10, 2016, 11:41 am

(Apr 10, 2016 11:40 AM)Rivalry Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) Lord of the Mics 2k16? I'd own you

jk I can only rap in iambic pentameter :x

Yep ur gettin dissed

King Cin - April 10, 2016, 1:19 pm

Prada preparing to drop a new diss track on his Soundcloud.

King of Hearts - April 10, 2016, 1:28 pm

Okay guys, let's stay on topic here now.

Ooze - April 10, 2016, 1:30 pm

I haven't received feedback on my application

IM guessing its perfect?

Circle Pay - April 10, 2016, 1:41 pm

Entry,

Ghost stories. Brilliant; aren't they? Well, the story i'm about to tell you is far from fictional and unfortunately for two young souls, riddled with the truth.

7 P.M on October 31'st is where this story takes place. Halloween; for some, cliché. For others, 24 hours balancing on the thin line that separates the truth and lies.

"Charlie!", a sweet voice called from the kitchen of number 6 castle street. "your brother can't take him self trick or treating!". With a long face and frustrated eyes charlie appears from his bedroom. With every step down the long twisting stairs of the 3 story house he lives in with just his mum and brother, charlie looks more frustrated.

(Don't really know where I was going with this, just wanted a quick entry before real work)

ZerFallen - April 10, 2016, 3:12 pm

(Apr 10, 2016 01:30 PM)The JOker Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) I haven't received feedback on my application IM guessing its perfect?
I haven't yet made a decision or looked over all applications.

Audi0 - April 10, 2016, 8:30 pm

(Apr 10, 2016 01:30 PM)The JOker Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) I haven't received feedback on my application IM guessing its perfect?
Yea im guessing mine is perfect aswell

grady - April 10, 2016, 8:31 pm

(Apr 10, 2016 03:12 PM)Intelligent Sin Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) I haven't yet made a decision or looked over all applications.
That's BS Intelli.
You said you wouldn't like my erotic blabber in your section.
:({

Allison Argent - April 10, 2016, 10:07 pm

Here's My Attempt:

The night had started and I was invited to a house party, "Never had I been before." Said Tom. The music was pleasant the people were drinking and socializing, life seemed like it was finally changing for me, no one knew me here so I could portrair myself as anyone I wanted to be & without a second thought I grab myself a Beer from within the cooler.. Cold and refreshing It was, as I opened the bottle to take a gulp my throat felt the soothing backdrop of the alcohol as it grasped my taste-buds with such a unique taste.

This party wasn't at all bad, I decided to keep drinking and met an abundance of new guys and girls (even exchanged numbers with a few) I felt like I was fitting in with the crowd and everyone enjoyed my humor and conversation, it was until later when I caught eyes with this girl.... It was an extraordinary red dress in which wondered into the room and as I looked she swayed her hair from the side as if she was above everyone had fallen into a crater and was dusting herself off...

Who Is this girl I wonder? No way a guy would leave a girl like that all alone... surely am I right? "Tom Questioned". Time passed and I finally decided It was time for me to finish my night here.. as I was leaving I felt a slight hand breeze against my shoulder as if to keep me in, I slowly turn to see it's her... the girl in the red dress... (End)

Obli - April 11, 2016, 4:35 am

Why did I get removed, if I may ask??

ZerFallen - April 11, 2016, 9:38 am

(Apr 11, 2016 04:35 AM)Obli Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) Why did I get removed, if I may ask??
You were never accepted, and you inserted yourself into the lesson. Apply if you would like, but you were never a part of the sector.

Obli - April 11, 2016, 11:18 am

(Apr 11, 2016 09:38 AM)Intelligent Sin Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) You were never accepted, and you inserted yourself into the lesson. Apply if you would like, but you were never a part of the sector. I was literally added to the group after I posted an application for the Writing section.

I submitted my application here:

<https://hackforums.net/showthread.php?tid=5229315&pid=50511577#pid50511577>

Shortly later on, I was accepted in the group since I literally posted IN THE GROUP SF AND COMPLETED A TASK I HAD TO COMPLETE BASED ON WHAT I SUBMITTED AND GOT ACCEPTED FOR, supposedly, that only made sense.

Ooze - April 11, 2016, 11:40 am

(Apr 11, 2016 11:18 AM)Obli Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) I was literally added to the group after I posted an application for the Writing section.

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<https://hackforums.net/showthread.php?tid=5229315&pid=50511577#pid50511577>

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So some people have been accepted?

I thought OP said he hasn't looked them over, cause Im still waiting on some corrections

ZerFallen - April 11, 2016, 1:46 pm

(Apr 11, 2016 11:18 AM)Obli Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) I was literally added to the group after I posted an application for the Writing section.

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I never accepted you to the writing sector. You must have been added for another reason. Sorry, but you're not a part of this process.

Audi0 - April 11, 2016, 1:49 pm

I made an app for this group but im not really the best with puncuation just wondering if puncuation is a big thing needed to get into this group.

ZerFallen - April 11, 2016, 1:58 pm

(Apr 11, 2016 01:49 PM)Audi0 Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) I made an app for this group but im not really the best with puncuation just wondering if puncuation is a big thing needed to get into this group.

You need a basic understanding of English grammar. It doesn't have to be perfect.

Audi0 - April 11, 2016, 2:09 pm

(Apr 11, 2016 01:58 PM)Intelligent Sin Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) You need a basic understanding of English grammar. It doesn't have to be perfect.

My grammar is good just my punctuation is not that great

Ooze - April 11, 2016, 2:29 pm

(Apr 11, 2016 01:58 PM)Intelligent Sin Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) You need a basic understanding of English grammar. It doesn't have to be perfect.

I guess I have that, since I am living in Spain I have to take a mandatory English Class. Never knew what phrases verbs were until then.

wander is a multi dwc - April 12, 2016, 12:48 am

Hey, I thought I posted my test in this thread? Why did I get kicked out? ?

Obli - April 12, 2016, 4:12 am

(Apr 11, 2016 01:46 PM)Intelligent Sin Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) I never accepted you to the writing sector. You must have been added for another reason. Sorry, but you're not a part of this process.

But you're not an actual leader of the group, you're a sector leader, Icarus.

If I'm added by a leader after I post an app for the Writing Sector it only makes sense for me to participate in there.

Way to go on the level of management if you guys just remove people out of the blue after adding them for more than obvious reasons.

Ooze - April 12, 2016, 5:06 am

I should mention that I am a published author maybe that will help my chances

ZerFallen - April 12, 2016, 10:57 am

(Apr 12, 2016 12:48 AM)reve4 neeuQ Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) Hey, I thought I posted my test in this thread? Why did I get kicked out? ?

You left Dawn and I came to the realization that it would be impossible to run this course solely through a Skype group. Sorry pal. ?

SIM-2848947 - April 12, 2016, 2:47 pm

(Apr 11, 2016 02:09 PM)Audi0 Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) My grammar is good just my punctuation is not that great

My eyes just began to bleed...

Happeh - April 12, 2016, 3:33 pm

Great idea to have and nice to see different things happening on HF rather than your usual "gaming group". Might past something in the future but otherwise much respect given either way.

Incognito - April 12, 2016, 3:53 pm

I didn't see any join date requirements on the original post so I thought I'd ask. I was referred today by another member of this forum and was told groups were the best way to meet other people. Would I be eligible to apply despite my account being only 1 day old? I'm an active member of other forums, just never joined HF until now.

ZerFallen - April 12, 2016, 6:55 pm

(Apr 12, 2016 03:53 PM)Incognito Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) I didn't see any join date requirements on the original post so I thought I'd ask. I was referred today by another member of this forum and was told groups were the best way to meet other people. Would I be eligible to apply despite my account being only 1 day old? I'm an active member of other forums, just never joined HF until now.

There is no account age requirement. ?

Audi0 - April 12, 2016, 6:57 pm

(Apr 12, 2016 06:55 PM)Intelligent Sin Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) There is no account age requirement. ?
When will u start accepting people?

Lithe - April 12, 2016, 7:17 pm

I only write limericks.

There once was a boy named Intelligent Sin
An alcoholic, he was, and quite fond of gin
He met a young lass
Missing both teeth and an ass
and now suffers from sores on his skin.

Also, for anyone looking to improve their grammar or literacy skills, I'd like to recommend Grammarly.

<https://Grammarly.com/>

Can either be used stand-alone, with Microsoft word or as a plugin for your browser. It helps spot common mistakes and can be upgraded with a monthly fee to further improve your writing (However I use the free version)

Incognito - April 12, 2016, 7:33 pm

(Apr 12, 2016 06:55 PM)Intelligent Sin Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) There is no account age requirement. ?
Good deal, thanks! I've sent in my application via private message.

Rivalry - April 13, 2016, 1:55 pm

(Apr 12, 2016 06:57 PM)Audi0 Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) When will u start accepting people?
When u step up ur game and get accepted boyo

Frosty The Snowman - April 13, 2016, 1:56 pm

Your grammer better be good. Because my mommy hates bad grammer?

Audi0 - April 13, 2016, 1:57 pm

(Apr 13, 2016 01:55 PM)Rivalry Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) When u step up ur game and get accepted boyo
Mk ty for ur input

Allison Argent - April 14, 2016, 11:02 am

I want to know personally what most of the writers within here prefer for a hook on a story?

- Life
- Horror
- Thriller
- Love

Then the motive?

Oliver Sykes - May 7, 2016, 9:36 am

(Apr 10, 2016 08:50 AM)Rivalry Wrote: [\[CITE\]](#) Who pissed in your cereal? Let me correct your 'corrections'.

Spoiler [\(Click to View\)](#)

Anyway~

I do English Literature at university. I wrote a love sonnet. Here it is.

I breathe your name. With half-closed eyes I reach
A hand to feel your form, my fingers fumbling,
My joints awak'ning, slowly. I beseech
A taste — not yet? Forgive me please my bumbling.
You'd think that endless string of cock'rel's cries,
At which I start awake and look for you,
Would soon compel my mind to realise
I can't insist your company is due;
But O! how wretched time wears on before
My first sweet-bitter sip of you. Revived,
My heart beats faster, thoughts race ever more
Dynamically — through you I have survived.

I cannot overpraise this saviour mine,
For without coffee I would stay supine.

Oops. Meant to post the pic with the name of the creator. But alas, it's lost. Anyway, you can credit Odis for it.

Juan The Young Chef Don - May 7, 2016, 10:53 am

It was a boring winter evening and I was reading an old boring History book, we were learning about the French Revolution. I thought to myself "I'm so thrilled to read about something that happened in the past that has no relevance to me as a Canadian". I was sitting down at my desk with a nice hot cup of tea 3 cream and 1 tsp. of sugar just the way I liked it. After reading for a solid hour on how the French Revolution had a major impact on today's Europe I slowly felt my eyes getting heavier and heavier and I was slowly dozing off. I gained consciousness in the dream world and all I saw as big dark silhouette with a booming voice asking me "I see you're finally awake let's take a walk" I started to wonder if I was dreaming or not and at this point I came to a conclusion either I was lucid dreaming and would start freaking out because of how cool it would be or I somehow maintained to go to the matrix, either way it was better than reading that dreadful history book. So I followed the black silhouette stranger and he led me to France 1789 as I walked towards the streets filled with revolutionists yelling and chanting while they take a stand against its suppressor. Before the Silhouette left he asked what three items do you want before I leave? I want a French to English dictionary, My phone so I can share some fire beats with these frenchies and take a few photos as well as some Vaseline my lips get chapped quite quickly I replied. It looked at me quite puzzled and said "Are you sure?" to which I replied "You have any other options?" he said "Nope by all means have fun". I looked at him with a smile and said "Bon Voyage" while he kept walking. Soon I was in 1789 France where things were brewing. I thought to myself this looks awfully like the beginning of the storming of Bastille. I thought to myself "Shit" and I sprinted to get away as far before the blood bathe happens. As I was aimlessly wondering the streets I met a boy roughly my age named Rafael and asked me something in French. I simply replied to him "je ne parle francais" he then said to me in broken English "What is going on?" I had to pause for a second because I didn't even know people back then spoke a hint of English or even knew what it was. He asked me where my parents were. I told him oh I'm not from here I am from another country and I traveled by myself. I asked him where his parents were he then said "I am an orphan". I felt terrible so I told him he could tag along if he wanted to while I figure out how to get back to my own realm. While we were walking he kept

asking me questions about my clothes and everything about me that was unusual and I simply told him that I was from somewhere far away. We climbed up on a roof and watched the storming of Bastille from a far. Might I say it isn't anything like the books described it. It was a lot worse; there was so much blood and it was a bloody massacre at one point I saw some guys head on a spike being paraded around the city. It was so gruesome and spine chilling, I thought to myself how people could do this out of a cause. Later on I and Rafael were talking and he was telling me all about the city and how tensions were rising between the resistance and the Government.

SIM-2273342 - May 13, 2016, 10:30 pm

The ominous background illuminated the mans eyes like that of a flashlight at the usual DUI checkpoints. Tonight felt different. My mother didn't check on me, and my father hadn't screamed at me for the volume of my music. Honestly, the lack of scolding felt eerie; I didn't enjoy it in the slightest bit. Eventually, the silence faded off as the phone began ringing. The caller ID popped up, our local police departments name lay sprawled across the phone.

Identifying the call, I immediately recognized the issue. My parents hadn't been home, as they were with friends tonight. Little did I know, the previous time I spoke to them would become my last.

Night Fury - May 16, 2016, 9:09 pm

If writing is your passion, think about applying for Sin's course.

SIM-2273342 - May 16, 2016, 9:30 pm

I was accepted, then subsequently kicked a minute later.

Ventures - May 22, 2016, 12:29 pm

Papers were strewn across the floor, voices were shouting profanities, fluorescent lights were flickering. Yet it wasn't anything special, it happened every day. Kenny breathed a sigh of relief as he closed his office doors and monotonously said, "Good night," to his coworkers as he passed by. A man, presumably an executive, stood outside the building smoking a filtered cigarette. A couple was holding hands while walking past him into the buzzing city lights. They disappeared into the shimmering abyss of what people called home. Looking both ways, Kenny dashed between two incoming cars to the parking garage. Another sigh escaped his mouth as he recalled his car was on the third floor. Anxiously tapping his foot, he clicked the third floor button in the elevator and hummed to the familiar tune. No one else was with him. It wasn't anything special, it happened every day. He jogged to his car, unlocking it with his remote keys before he was even halfway there. A smile danced on his lips as he slipped in and shut the door. Using the mirrors, he brushed his hair and sprayed a little cologne on himself before starting the car. Tonight was going to be special. He knew it was going to be different.

Jennifer sat idly on the couch, staring blankly into a computer screen. Her eyes dropped to her phone every now and then, expecting that same familiar text from her husband. She felt a little vibration on her lap; it wasn't him. She looked up at the ceiling and let her emotions take over. It would be so difficult to tell him. Her hands wrung around each other as she silently cried out for help from somebody, anybody. She waited a bit longer before getting up to clear her mind. Tonight was going to be different. She knew it was going to be different.

Kenny fumbled with his keys before he managed to unlock the door. With a failed attempt to stay quiet, he tripped on the doorstep and fell in, roses flying out of his hands. He muttered a hushed cuss before he picked himself up and gathered the ruined flowers. At least he still had the present. He peeked in the living room, wondering if she was still there waiting for him. He'd been a little late; he hoped she was still up.

She looked up when she heard something drop to the floor. He came home. Her nose crinkled a

little as she sniffled. A few tissues flew in the direction of the trash can. Her eyes were a little red.

He noticed her eyes first. He knew something was different. He sat down next to her, arm around her shoulders. Without words, he let her know that he'd throw away his plans for tonight to cheer her up instead.

She flinched a little when he put his arms around her.

He pulled away, looking for a response in her eyes.

She looked the other direction.

Six years ago, they met at a cafe when he spilled coffee on her dress.

Five years ago, he blew his entire paycheck on what he imagined to be a "perfect day" with her, except it rained.

Four years ago, he asked her father for his blessing.

Three years ago, he took her to four countries in Europe for their honeymoon: France, Switzerland, England, and Spain.

Two years ago, they had their first big fight and made up in a few hours because they couldn't bear to be away from each other... it was a fight about where they were going for dinner.

One year ago, they bought a house and made plans to raise a family.

Tonight, one perfect story was broken into a million pieces, pieces that would never find their way back again.

Bluntmeh - May 22, 2016, 5:59 pm

I'm going to give a small snippet of a creative writing piece I did a year ago after writing this piece I was told to read it in front of my class of 125 kids. So, for the assignment I decided to write about how I was feeling deep down inside and performing the piece to the class.

I woke up one foggy early morning listening to the birds chirp as I hear my name being called to the front of class. I pull my self up out of bed as my eyes begin to feel dizzy. My stomach screams out that it's hungry, but there's no time to feed the beast. My conscious speaks to me telling me I'm going to make a fool out of myself and so I wonder ... I get all of these thoughts that escape my mind on what it's going to be like to stand in front of my class with multiple students staring at me.

There's stares are so powerful it's like flash burning a hole through my forehead with heat vision. My body melts like molten core and I really don't know what to do because now I'm in front of the class. Just like that before I can even think about the drive to school, I'm standing there ... shivering.

I forgot was it "Hi Class?" or "Hey - cla.." or "My mind is fuckin- ... flipping out class" or was it "Class I'm presenting to you my spee-" and right there in front of everyone my voice froze. Like iceman shooting an ice bolt into the ocean seas. They flush me away and I begin to melt because my core temperature is rising through the roof past one hundred degrees Fahrenheit and at this point ... I feel dead.

See daddy always said, " When you grow up, fear wont be fear, but fear will be fearful of you." See as a young lad I always thought the man was crazy. I've always thought the guy was a nut ball so at

the age of thirteen I ran away from home. Searching for pieces of the puzzle to put my life together. I searched in ally ways, abandoned houses, bounced from house to house washing cars and finally I came upon this young man.

This young man looked like John F. Kennedy and frankly I figured I'd trust him. I trusted him so much that we ended up becoming really close friends and even shared a place together. By the time I turned 25 in my head he was gone... and I don't mean that good kind of gone when he leaves for work and doesn't show up for five hours. I mean the kind of gone when he goes to sleep and doesn't take another breathe the next morning. They call that heartbreak when you lose someone you love, but it's also the hardest thing to hide.

See tears dribbled there way down my face like Michael Jordan does before he lands a three point shot. The only difference this time was there was no prize at the f***n' end. Another rule of thumb that I was told to always live by was merely don't let the past pull you down because you'll end up with missing teeth and your lips on the end of a crack pipe. So I listened to that advice and shot my self up from the ground.

---- STORY GOES ON AND ON --- going to cut here.

Dr. Gonzo - July 7, 2016, 12:30 am

I consider myself a decent writer. I can put out a complete thought without making it sound convoluted.

I, like the rest of you, rely heavily on spell check to get me through the day.

But I understand what constitutes an Idea, and more importantly, I understand what makes people interested in an Idea.

Hopefully you see the value in this and are willing to add me to Dawn.

Good day.

wander is a multi dwc - July 7, 2016, 12:57 am

am i blacklisted from this group sir?