



# My Writing Portfolio



By

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M.A. in Writing

## Objective

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To present a selection of works that, combined, will show you my range and skill as a writer.

## Fiction

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### Excerpt from *Hallowed Be Thy Fall* (My Master's Thesis)

"You dropped something."

I was awakened by the shadow of a grand figure with wings. The afternoon sun shined bright against it. The contrast was harsh on my sleepy eyes. But as I began to awaken fully and my vision cleared, I realized the figure standing above me was a man. A man with wings. I had never seen such a man, but for some reason I wasn't afraid.

He was so beautiful. He had olive skin and long brown hair, and stood tall with a strong lean frame. He was naked like I was, but his presence seemed different—ethereal. And his wings! They were ivory and bigger than any I had ever seen on any land creature. I remained lying on my side, stunned. I couldn't take my eyes off of him.

I propped myself up on my elbows, finally gaining my composure. "I'm sorry, what did you say?"

"I said you dropped something, Priella."

"What? How do you know my name?"

"Oh. Right. I'm Michael. One of the angels."

"Angels? I've never heard of any angels. Where in the Garden do you live?"

"I don't live in the Garden, Dear. I live in Heaven with the divine beings. But, every now and then, we come to deliver messages. And to ensure such divine messages are received and not overlooked. Like that one over there." He pointed past me towards the ground.

"What?" My head felt fuzzy and confused, as though there were ants scattering around my brain. It took me a minute, but I finally sat up completely and looked behind me to where he was pointing. It was the cherry I had plucked earlier. It was darker than when I last saw it. It had begun to ripen. "Oh. Yeah. That's the cherry I was looking at earlier. I must have dropped it when Jonah gave me the strawberry."

"That cherry called you in some way, didn't it? Enticed you to pick it from the tree?"

"It did, actually. I saw it flashing from across the Garden. How did you know?"

"Those are Cherries of Spiritual Truth. When a human is ready to eat one of them, the cherry will become visible. Like it did to you. In which case, I then come and guide you through the process."

"Spiritual Truth?"

"Yes. See, there are times in life when things happen, things that can be hard to understand. Especially, when surrounded by such negative notions and conflicting ideas. The only solution is to make a choice and move forward. But to do that, one must become aware."

The sun glowed against his face. I smiled. "What?"

"Priella. Listen to me. You need to know that what the cherry is going to show you, will shock you. But I'm going to need you to just trust the process." He looked up at the sky and began to lift off the ground. "I have to get going now."

I shook my head. "What? Where are you going? I have so many questions!" It was too late. He had vanished into the clouds and out of sight. What just happened?

### **"Loopholes Revealed" (A Flash Fiction Piece)**

Legend says that if you make a wish on a shooting star, it's meant to come true. Well, have you ever stopped to think if it was true? What stars were made of? I'll tell you a secret, your wishes are what make them.

Kristalina glittered across the night sky, always bringing an impressive glow about her. There was no doubt she was striking. On this night, however, as she reported to her boss, Constell, her natural glow was dim.

"What seems to be the matter, my dear?" Constell asked. "You seem down. Is there something wrong with your assignment?"

"It's just so—different. I've never felt this way before about any assignment. Usually, I feel a sense of reward and happiness when I get to go down and help my wishers. But this man, Stefano. It's been a challenge trying to help him find love. I feel foolish in saying this, please pardon what I'm about to propose, but what if it's me? There's just no woman I've found that's a fit for him."

"Oh, Kristalina. You're falling into dangerous territory. You know your position. You know you don't belong down there. You were sent to guide him to his happiness, not be the object of it."

"But, Madam, I see it in his eyes. Sometimes when we're together it's just so magical. In getting to know him, I've realized that he's special. He's the kind of man I've always hoped to find. Star or not, he's perfect."

Constell sighed. She couldn't lie anymore. She had secretly and selfishly hoped this moment would never come. But it was time to tell Kristalina the secret. "Kristalina, there comes a time in every star's life where he or she is presented with a choice, a very important one. Being that you are one of the sweetest and fairest of my stars, I'd always hoped that it would never happen to you. But it's time for me to accept reality and inform you without withhold. Technically, you have the choice to stay."

"I do? —"

"However. My dear one, I must warn you, you can make the choice to stay on Earth but there is only one way to become fully human: through true love. Sounds simple, but you must understand the depth of what that means. Your wisher must love you in return, he must love you wholly and true. You'll have one chance to approach and profess your love to him. At this rate, that would be tomorrow, the night your assignment is due, the night of the full moon. When he gives you his answer, know that you cannot, in any way, change or manipulate the way he feels. If you do, it won't work. You must accept his feelings, whatever they may be, as is. See, if he doesn't love you back—." Constell looked away.

"What? What'll happen if he doesn't love me back? Won't I just come back here?"

"No. See, here's the thing. You were born to grant wishes, it was a wish that brought you to life. By professing your love to a human on Earth means you'd be acting against the very laws of nature and your stellar existence. If he truly loves you back, then you'd transform into a human and live as one. And your new and beautiful life will launch. But if he doesn't accept you, there's no way for you to take back your profession. You'd then lose your job as a shooting star and wouldn't be able to grant anymore wishes. And without being able to grant wishes, you'd cease to exist."

"What do you mean I'd cease to exist? I'd die?"

"Yes, my dear. Now you understand why it is so important for you to be sure what you want to do. You may love him, but you have the choice to carry out the assignment without saying a word about your love. Then all would be as it was and you'd remain a star. You wouldn't be risking anything. You'd be safe."

Kristalina stayed in thought for a moment. Could she really risk it all? She then thought about Stefano. "I don't care. He's the one, I know it."

"But what if he isn't?"

"I at least have to try. I would never forgive myself if my assignment was over and I didn't ask the question. I need to know. I don't care if it's my undoing!"

Constell smiled. "Then it's time."

### **Excerpt from *A Dose of Reality* (Written for Fiction Writing Workshop 5030)**

As she lays her head down to sleep, Isadora's mind starts to wander. She thinks about the life she lives, the fairytale of a mindset she seems to be stuck in. Why can't she live in a world where everything makes sense? Why must she succumb to this world filled with guile and deceit, a world that forces her to behave like someone else? She prefers to defend her frame of mind, always thinking of her favorite Disney quote, "If you keep on believing, the dream that you wish will come true."

She stares up at her ceiling, her glow in the dark stars starting to fade as the night progresses. Her breaths are irregular, as she can't seem to relax.

"As long as I live in this house, I'll never feel like myself," she mutters under her breath as she finally dozes off.

She wakes up from her slumber, it's still night out. She gets up and makes her way toward her bedroom door, thirst irritating her throat. However, when she reaches the door she realizes there's something different about it. It's not her white door, but in fact purple, its knob bright blue. She hesitates, stopping in her tracks, but it calls to her, something inside of her tells her she must give in. She opens the door and goes through its portal. The door closes behind her with a loud thud, and all she can see is a screen of fog, yet her heels are stuck in dirt. As she takes a few steps forward and into the bright light of day, the fog begins to fade.

Surrounding her is a great forest filled with tall, shady trees, whose branches hang low, they lend themselves to an eerie sensation building in the pit of her stomach. Isadora turns around hoping to see the door from which she came, only to see more trees and a path leading to who-knows-where. The feeling in her stomach starts to heighten; her eyes widen, goose bumps start rising on her skin. Up ahead there's a sign on a tree with four arrows. As she runs over in the hopes of finding the path home, instead she's confronted with a choice, four as a matter of fact. Pointing every which way, the signs read: "NORTH- Path to Success", "SOUTH- Path to Happiness", "WEST- True to Self", and "EAST- Life is Like a Box of Chocolates!" That last one makes her laugh, *let's not get too crazy now.*

As she ponders and reflects on her choices, she knows what she must do. And so she treads, West is best.

Soon enough, she finds herself at a house; a topsy-turvy everything all over the place house, the house itself is lopsided. She notices that there are noises coming from the yard. Making her way to the white picket fence, she sees that this house is in fact the Mad Hatter's house, how could she not realize it before? In the yard is a long pink table with big red chairs, there's china all over it, tea and cookies. At the table, to her pleasant surprise, are Alice, the Mad Hatter, and the March Hare.

The three spot her, and from a distance she can hear their conversation, though that seems to not be a difficult task. The Mad Hatter then turns to the March Hare, eyes closed and nose in the air, and sputters, "Why, it seems we have another visitor!"

Alice, tilting her head to the side, chimes in, "How curious. I wonder who that is."

The March Hare turns to Isadora. He sees her not budging an inch, simply standing, staring. He turns back to the table, shrugs, and then replies, "I have an excellent idea, let's change the subject."

Alice, as interest peaks in her, smiles and says, "I think I'll go on and talk to her, maybe invite her over." Already knowing the logic of the hatter and the hare she adds, "It might be her unbirthday after all." Scurrying to the fence, she meets Isadora at the entrance. "Hi, I'm –"

"Alice!" Isadora blurts out.

"Why yes, I am Alice. Are you from around here too? How do you know my name?"

"Oh, sorry. Actually, I'm not from around here. But, I've heard of you. I'm Isadora." She pauses, looking down, shifting in her dazzling blue skirt. "I'm trying to find my way."

"Well, where are you going? She asked with curiosity.

"I don't really know, actually. I guess I'm just lost."

"Oh, dear." She giggles nostalgically. "Aren't we all?" She grabs for the fence and opens the gate, allowing for Isadora to come in. "Join us. And don't mind those two, as you will soon find out, everyone here is just absolutely mad!"

Making their way to the cluttered table, they take their seats and serve themselves some tea. For a minute, everyone stays quiet, staring at Isadora. Shifting her eyes to all of them, hesitating, she finally says to Alice, "I don't think I'm —"

Automatically, the March Hare interrupts, "If you don't think, then you shouldn't—."

"Oh, hush!" Alice waves at the hare. "Let's hear what she has to say."

"Like I was saying, I don't think I'm in the right place, I feel like something's wrong with me. I don't know how I got here. How do I get out of here?"

"Isadora, it sounds to me like you're having a bit of a crisis. I know what that's like. When I first got here, I didn't know what was going on, who I was. But as I made my way through Wonderland, my curiosity finally led me to the answer, the same one I believe you're looking for as well."

"Tell me, Alice, what is it? What is the answer and solution to all of this?"

"Oh, dear, as much as we are alike, the answer to your question, the journey you will go on, will inevitably be contrary-wise to mine. You must simply go on your way and accept the world around you, no matter how strange."

Isadora's breath starts to slow down, she closes her eyes, her demeanor much more relaxed. *What's in this tea?* She opens her eyes once more and takes a look around her. Her fellow characters start slowing down as well, until they're frozen in time. And suddenly, in a slow tornado of glass, the ivory and rose chipped china levitates off the table. The china twirls in the air in slow motion, changing from ivory and rose to blue and yellow, their imperfections gone. In an instant the china slams on the table, and all is set once again for the start of another tea party. The characters are back in working order, moving faster than before.

The Mad Hatter looks at Isadora and once again begins, "Why it seems we have another visitor!"

Isadora, no longer in a trance, begins to get up off her seat and run to the fence, but not before tripping over a rock on the ground, typical.

Alice runs to her side and helps her up. Once she is standing, Alice gets close to her and whispers, "I told you, everyone is mad here. It's a bit of a ride, but you must take it. Don't be scared. Let your curiosity lead the way. Head

deeper into the Enchanted Forest and you'll find your way, trust me. Now go, I must get back to the tea party before they notice I'm gone and start to wreak havoc."

"Will you be okay? Come with me Alice, please. They're insane!"

"I simply cannot leave right now, for this is part of my journey. I hope you understand. But I guarantee you will find your way, Isadora. And there, we shall meet again. Now go." She hurries her along to the fence and points to the darkest path beneath the trees. With a reassuring nod they wave good-bye, and Isadora makes her way into the shadows.

## Travel Writing

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### **"A Whole New World" (Written About Walt Disney World for Travel Writing 5700)**

Sometimes you find yourself in a place that touches your heart and changes you forever; a place that reveals magic, wonder, and enchantment, leaving you speechless. The land of which I speak of, the one that has conjured up this spell and changed me forever, is Walt Disney World.

A few years ago I got the chance to participate as an intern for the Disney College Program at Disney World. I had always enjoyed going to Disney with my family, it was always a good time, but never had I felt the way I did once I actually started working there. It was truly an overwhelming experience. Throughout the process of "earning my ears" and actually putting to practice what Disney had taught me, it became clear to me exactly how impressive Walt Disney really was. After all, he did create "the most magical place on Earth," which first opened in Orlando, FL in 1971. Since then, his legacy of safety, courtesy, efficiency, and show, has been carried out by cast members all around the world. Thus, as a cast member myself, it was my duty to go onstage everyday with those same ideals and give our guests the most magical experience possible.

Soon I would learn that not only would it be wonderful experience for the guests, but also wonderful for me. Oftentimes, guests would leave impressions on us cast members, unknowingly rewarding us with our own magic moments. With that said, of all the days and memories I created while working, one moment in particular has resonated with me since.

It was a calm September afternoon on Main Street U.S.A., Magic Kingdom, and I was working merchandise in Uptown Jewelers. Next thing I knew, a young blonde boy, about 7 years old, came up to me asking to look at my trading pins. I crouched down to his level, as was custom, and let him take a look.

His mother interrupted, "It's his first pin trade."

With that surprising information, I smiled and asked the boy, "Is that right? And what's your name young prince?"

"Zane," he replied.

"Well Zane, just give me one of your pins and you can have any one of mine, whichever one you like."

He ended up picking a simple orange Mickey pin, one of our more common ones, handed me one of his, and went on his way. When I looked down to see which one he had given me, my heart stopped. Cinderella and her prince dancing with the phrase "'til the clock strikes midnight" engraved above them. It was one of the most beautiful pins I had ever seen; a pin I ended up trading one of mine for in order to keep. That pin would stay with me always as a memory of those magical moments I'd treasure forever.

I hadn't been back since I last finished my internship. But there I was, at the Walt Disney World resort, two years later. As opposed to going the night before, my best friend Erica and I decided to wake up, drive to Disney, and head straight to the parks. We started our adventure at Epcot World Center.

Upon walking in and seeing Spaceship Earth, famously known as "the ball," something came over me; I felt as though I had never left, but now I was seeing things through different eyes, wiser eyes. I took a look around and saw tourists upon tourists taking their picture in front of the famous icon, pretending to hold it in their hands, smiling. It's like visiting the leaning tower of Pisa in Italy where everyone takes that picture of him or her pretending to hold the tower up, and no matter how cheesy and cliché, you know you've got to do it.

We started walking to the ride, and instantly a cast member approached me. "Hi, do you have a minute to answer a few questions?"

"Sure, why not?"

He had me answer a few questions and soon sent us on our way, but not before flashing us a great white smile and uttering that imprinting phrase, "Have a magical day!"

Those words warmed my heart. Those same words I used to say to the hundreds of guests that would approach me daily were now being told to me. A phrase so simple yet central to the whole concept that is the Disney experience, something comparable to nothing other than magic.

Because there was too much to see in the too little time we had to see it, I took Erica to my favorite parts of the park. We rode Spaceship Earth, a slow moving ride through history, and then Soarin', a cliff hanging simulation through California. Both were fun, but they don't come close to my ultimate favorite ride in Disney, Test Track. Test Track is an action-packed ride meant to simulate the process of manufacturing and testing out automobiles, ending in a fast-paced zooming race around the track. Excited, I ran toward the ride. Unfortunately, it was closed for the day. To be honest, this put a little damper on my day, that was definitely not part of the plan, but I had no choice but to move on. As I strolled past all the rides located at the front of the park, I started looking at the multiple flowers grown paired together in the shape of Mickey Mouse, the hidden Mickeys on the fences, and the tons of guests wearing Mickey ears. Oh,

that darn mouse. I was still a bit down until I looked up and found myself in front of the World Showcase.

The World Showcase is the part of Epcot that contains all the countries of the World that our fellow Disney characters hail from, along with some others. For instance, there's Mexico, Morocco, Germany, France, Italy, Japan, China, The U.S.A. and more. We started at the beginning with Mexico, and had Erica take a picture with Donald Duck. We got in line and were almost next until the character's assistant announced that, "Donald went to go check on his nephews, he'll be back in two minutes." I smirked, I knew what that was code for. As a current or former cast member, for such secrets never truly fade from our memory, we know what it means to be playing a part in Walt Disney's grand show and how important it is to always stay in character; we may know how our many tricks are performed, but our methods shall never be revealed.

Another interesting fact about Epcot is the cast members themselves. Within each country, you'll be pleasantly surprised to find that each cast member there is from the actual country they are representing. It's a small detail giving guests the opportunity to really enjoy each particular country individually. Having already known this fact from before, I wanted to make sure this rule was still being put into place. I was happily proven right. We headed to Tutto Italia Ristorante at the Italian Pavilion for lunch. Our server Stefano, one of the many Stefano's from Italy we would come across that day, gave us a real taste of Italy. He only knew a few words in English, but understood what we wanted, and soon we were being served the finest red wine, risotto, and some spaghetti with meatballs. Some *signorinas*, *grazie*, and *preggos* later and we were in Italy. It was foreign, and it was perfect.

But not as perfect as Main Street U.S.A., Magic Kingdom. A monorail ride later and I was home. We walked through the entrance and made our way to Main Street. Surrounding me was everything I once knew to be true, beautiful, and special to me. There was the Chapeau, where I used to make Mickey ears, the Confectionery, our delectable candy store, Uptown Jewelers, the Art Gallery, the Emporium, and finally, Cinderella's castle. The castle appeared to be miles away, floating on a cloud, it was painted that way don't you know? It was shining, looking radiant as ever. Its shimmering blue hues burning bright against the night sky. My heart smiled. As though Cinderella's castle were truly the castle of our king, I used to look at that castle everyday with admiration, and so I still did.

We had made it just in time for Wishes, the fireworks spectacular. Every single night I worked, I would sneak away from my post, even just for a minute, to catch those astonishing explosives bursting in the sky. That loud boom that would follow each rocket, causing my heart to skip a beat, was the most mesmerizing moment in the world and it was a treasure I got to experience every night. As the wishes theme song played and those fireworks went off before my eyes, I remembered exactly how I used to feel those years ago. The

fireworks show was exactly as it was, not a thing changed, as was that feeling in my heart.

As the last massive explosion of fireworks went off, concluding the show, I knew that this feeling would last beyond the final curtain. The magic I once spread with the world as a cast member of Walt Disney's epic show had, unbeknownst to me, radiated back onto me and never left.

## Poetry

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### "One and the Same"

In life, there are always two sides to every story,  
A yin and yang, an allegory.  
A pure, yet tainted heart,  
All displayed as a work of art.

Tall and long, with flowing dark hair,  
A voluptuous body, do you dare?  
An enticing seductress not afraid to be first,  
This is the woman who will quench your thirst.  
She's a lady of the night there is no doubt of that,  
She is caught wearing black, ready for her attack.  
She takes you on a journey the moment you look in her eyes,  
Once she has you, there is no demise.  
But when the night is over and the sun starts to rise,  
What happens next, may come as a surprise.

Oh creature, my how she flies!  
Galloping through the bright morning sky.  
Her beautiful white mane flows with the wind,  
Of which her wings thrive from within.  
Her protruding horn with twists of delight,  
A mesmerizing unicorn plain in sight.  
A mystifying being with a kindly demeanor,  
She's the sweetest thing whose ways bring you nearer.  
She can do no wrong, cause any harm,  
This might come as a great alarm.  
Strong and bold, with a powerful stride,  
You simply can't help but stay by her side.  
She'll never let you down, by no means break your heart,  
You may not know this right from the start.

Blacks and whites, nights and days,  
Do you understand her complex ways?  
A one of a kind, a rare special breed,  
Not just simply a plain and tamed steed.  
She the unicorn, what a wonderful mystery!  
Your leading lady, here forever to make history.

\*The above poem was written as part of a creative writing assignment I was assigned as an undergraduate student at Florida International University. The inspiration came from the painting above (title and artist unknown), a painting I saw one afternoon hung on the wall of a building in Brickell, FL.

## **Blog Entries**

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### **“A Trippy Way Of Thinking, Call Me Gifted”**

Taking a moment to sit back and think about things can be a way to reflect, but can also open a portal to another dimension of consciousness. I speak from experience when I say, the mind has powers far more superior to what the body can expend. There are all sorts of movies and books that speak of this “oneness” with the world and I can actually say that on my own I've felt such a splendor. When I look at myself in the mirror and take an extra second to look directly into the eyes of my own reflection, I know it's me yet I feel disconnected at the same time as if my mind and body, for that moment, were in fact separate beings. Then there's the time paradox. The statement, “You've only one life to live” is constantly spoken by many just like, “life is short.” Is it really? Is this being we call our lives really all there is? I think about these things sometimes and I'll be honest, it really brings certain thoughts and questions into

perspective. What's it all really about? Am I happy? Will I be able to look back one day, or even right now, and say I've lived a full life? It's a concept that keeps me going. I wonder if the way I perceive the world, everything around me, is universal. Does everyone else see what I see? I will never possess the power to look through the eyes of another person, but I can and will share my vision. I feel as though my mind is a powerful being almost too much for the body it is kept in, and so, I will continue to disburse my knowledge and wisdom as my contribution to this world and leave it as my legacy.

### **“Part of Your World”**

Today I sat back and took the time to really let the world in. Sometimes I tend to take my surroundings for granted, but today I was aware. I started seeing things more beautifully, more colorful. That tends to happen to me when I go to the beach. Being by the ocean gives me one of the most relaxing feelings. I usually don't share this with anyone, but sometimes when I'm in the water I drift off by myself for a little while. When I do, I feel like a mermaid in a world parallel to the one I know. Maybe no one can understand what I'm feeling, or maybe they feel it in another way, but the way I feel connected to the world sometimes is absolutely fascinating. This world really is wonderful. Not only did going to the beach relax me a bit, but also I think there's something bigger going that has me feeling this way. I've also opened my eyes and my mind to many people recently. I've been listening to all sorts of stories lately, instead of saying all of them like usual, and have learned a lot about others. More specifically, I've opened up my heart to someone. He's just like me, but at the same time completely the opposite. It's hard to explain, sometimes I don't even understand it myself, but this feeling is one that I won't soon give up. It's that feeling when you finally feel that someone is giving themselves to you and is making that effort to be in your life, that it's not just you imagining things, it's for real. All of these feelings taken into account, I feel as though I have world-viewing contact lenses that have allowed me to see the world in this magnificent new way. Life feels great.

### **“To Fly or Not To Fly?”**

Sometimes life presents you with a choice. But who's to say whether or not the decision you make is right? We often seek advice from others when it comes to hard choices. I don't think that it's because we truly have no idea what to do, but in fact such seeking for words of others actually arises from our fear of making the wrong choice. But sometimes we just have to forget everyone else and go with our instincts, trust our intuition. When it comes down to it, it really is true that no one truly knows what's best for us; only inside ourselves do we know the truth. It is said that sometimes, when in certain situations, we may be “blind” to certain things, but at the end of the day we're really not that blind at all. We

all possess the power and mind to know exactly what's going on around us, and what we feel inside. So as hard as some decisions may be, just listen to your heart, and in the end whatever you choose, it'll all work out for the best.

### **“To Fly...”**

Sometimes there comes a point in our lives where we have to learn to fly. But before you get ready to spread your wings and take off, take a look in the mirror. Take a nice long look at yourself. What do you see? Everyone has different opinions of themselves; some are in love with themselves, some the complete opposite. For those who don't love themselves or have doubts, I'm going to say this: there is no one in this world that compares to you. You are one and only. You were born with a gift, or rather born as a gift to share with this life, and that is what makes you unique, that alone makes you beautiful. This was a concept that I had to remind myself of, for sometimes I forget, but I know inside of me there is a light, an array of colors that shine right through me. With this vision I will fly. With that, I tell you all to find your light, spread your wings, and fly.

### **“Just When You Thought No One Was Listening...”**

Life surprises you. Sometimes I get lost in my head, lost in my thoughts, and I think no one is listening. That's when I'm heard. Sometimes we want something so bad, and we think about it, dream about it, it's all we wrap our minds around. But what we don't realize is that our biggest blessings often come in disguise. We beg for things to be perfect, and in that thought things become more and more complicated right before our eyes. Instead of stressing the “perfect” we should appreciate the BEAUTIFUL. That's been probably the hardest lesson I've had to learn, but I know now that as I've opened myself up, I've realized that there is true beauty in this world even in the most unexpected places. So I'll leave you all tonight with this one simple thought: next time you're feeling down, open your eyes and see the colors, hear the sounds, feel the energy. There's beauty out there I promise, you just have to let it in.

## **Writing Prompts**

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As someone who is the true product of transformation through the arts, I'm now trying my hand at creating writing prompts in the hopes of inspiring others and encouraging meaningful thought, and featuring them on my website <http://kristysmeriglio.com>. Here are a few of my favorites:

### **“Writing Prompt No.5”**

For this week's #ThemeThursday, I wanted to pick a theme that runs through everything I do: connection. I live for the connections I create and maintain with

friends and loved ones. Even the creation of “Kristy’s Daily Hashtags” was to encourage deeper bonds and connections with you, and to have a platform for us to share ideas. So what better theme to start with than that?

In today’s day and age, connections, both creating new and growing current ones, are a part of our everyday lives be they digital or physical. In fact, one can say that making connections has been at the core of life’s purpose since the dawn of time. Thus, I believe that the connections we’ve created with others, the world, and ourselves are the key to our future. And if we take a moment to think about the connections in our lives, and attempt to understand a little more about them, we can come to understand something about ourselves that can enhance our lives and deepen this meaningful existence.

That being said, I now ask you this:

Of all of the mediums and platforms currently at our disposal, what is your favorite way to connect with someone? Does your choice vary depending of who you are trying to connect with? If so, why do you think that is?

Is there a way of connecting that isn’t used anymore but should be? If so, what do you want to make popular again? Or is there a way you wish to connect with someone that doesn’t exist yet? Make a wish and let’s make it happen!

And finally, do you ever find it hard to connect with others? Do you have a specific group of people or a person in your life that you have a hard time connecting with? Why do you think that is? What would help? If you don’t know, maybe we can all discuss and discover how to permeate those boundaries! Anything you want to happen CAN happen!

Take it further: Share a story.

Write about a time, a moment, where you felt a deep and true connection to someone. Allow us to share that moment with you as you relive it. And spare no details, my friends, there’s beauty in them.

I really do love connecting with all of you! I look forward to learning more about the way you all like to connect and how current connections can be enhanced.

Thank you for participating!

#### **“Writing Prompt No.4”**

What is your favorite quote of all time? What impact did those words have on your life?

Take it further: Share the story.

Put us in the moment when you read those words and were changed as a person, or a time the quote helped you with a situation you were going through. Describe the internal and external shift you felt upon reading, absorbing, and applying those words.

### **“Writing Prompt No.3”**

One of the beauties of art is that someone can look at a piece and completely identify with it. Some even find themselves within it as they immerse in the piece, unlocking hidden parts of themselves they didn't even know were there.

If you had to pick one work of art that depicted your life and who you are, which one would it be and why? (Include an image of it in your response!)