

Wind

Object Write

[sight, hearing, smell, taste, touch, organic, kinesthetic]

I can hear the wind banging on my windows. Santa Ana has come down with her loud and forceful winds again. They slip through the little window in the bathroom, attempting to get past the closed bathroom door. Flexing it, trying to force it open, but it doesn't let go. It stands strong. Every now and then she gets upset, pushes harder. You can hear her scream with anger, trying to smell out if there's any fear in me. But I'm fine. I feel safe. She can't get to me here. I just woke up and my eyes are still dry like a meal accidentally left out on the kitchen table overnight that's turned all rough and crusty. They kinda hurt. Just a bit. But I'm sure once I take a shower I'll feel alive again. Ah. Showers. I love them. The drops of water touching your face, slowly making their way down your body, like a thousand little hands giving you a trickling massage. And the smells. Water does smell. People say it doesn't, but I think we're just so used to it that we assume it doesn't. But it does. And it's the combination of that prickling sensation caused by the glistening beads of water hit your skin..., the cleansing humidity that rises up like a dense fog and covers the glass with tiny pearls..., the relaxing warmth that wraps your body in a soft transparent cocoon, letting your heart slowly wake up and bring to life every cell within you..., and the humming white-noise sound that echoes through the space like a crowd cheering you on... All of this combined is what makes it such a marvelous experience. Water always makes me hungry. After a shower, after swimming, after the jacuzzi, there's always the hunger. I wonder why. Does the feeling of cleanliness trick your brain into thinking that your body has also been cleansed of food resources and you need to nourish it? I'm curious. I instantly associate swimming with the smell of grilled sandwiches my mother would make us. My mouth is watering with the flavorful memories of ham, cheese and grilled pineapple. All wrapped in two perfectly grilled pieces of white toast with black lines painted on its crispy body. Somehow my cousin Annie came to mind. I haven't thought of her in a really long time. I remember always being mesmerized by her long hair which fell to the ground like a highway from heaven. When she danced it swayed the same way coral in the ocean moves on endless repeat - back and forth under rolling waves which thunder above.

Wind

Object Write

[sight, hearing, smell, taste, touch, organic, kinesthetic]

I can hear the wind banging on my windows. Santa Ana has come down with her loud and forceful winds again. They slip through the **little window in the bathroom**, attempting to get past the **closed bathroom door**. Flexing it, trying to force it open, but it doesn't let go. It stands strong. Every now and then she gets upset, pushes harder. You can hear her scream with anger, trying to smell out if there's any fear in me. But I'm fine. I feel safe. She can't get to me here. I just woke up and my eyes are still dry like a **meal accidentally left out on the kitchen table** overnight that's turned all rough and crusty. They kinda hurt. Just a bit. But I'm sure once I take a shower I'll feel alive again. Ah. Showers. I love them. The **drops of water** touching your face, **slowly making their way down your body**, like a thousand little hands giving you a trickling massage. And the smells. Water does smell. People say it doesn't, but I think we're just so used to it that we assume it doesn't. But it does. And it's the combination of that prickling sensation caused by the **glistening beads of water** hit your skin..., the cleansing humidity that rises up like **a dense fog** and **covers the glass with tiny pearls**..., the relaxing warmth that wraps your body in a soft **transparent cocoon**, letting your heart slowly wake up and bring to life every cell within you..., and the humming white-noise sound that echoes through the space like a crowd cheering you on... All of this combined is what makes it such a marvelous experience. Water always makes me hungry. After a shower, after swimming, after the jacuzzi, there's always the hunger. I wonder why. Does the feeling of cleanliness trick your brain into thinking that your body has also been cleansed of food resources and you need to nourish it? I'm curious. I instantly associate swimming with the smell of grilled sandwiches my mother would make us. My mouth is watering with the flavorful memories of ham, cheese and grilled pineapple. All wrapped in two perfectly grilled pieces of white toast with **black lines painted on its crispy body**. Somehow my cousin Annie came to mind. I haven't thought of her in a really long time. I remember always being mesmerized by her **long hair which fell to the ground like a highway from heaven**. When she danced it swayed the same way **coral in the ocean** moves on endless repeat - back and forth under rolling waves which thunder above.

Wind

Object Write

[sight, **hearing**, smell, taste, touch, organic, kinesthetic]

I can **hear the wind** banging on my windows. Santa Ana has come down with her **loud and forceful winds** again. They slip through the little window in the bathroom, attempting to get past the closed bathroom door. Flexing it, trying to force it open, but it doesn't let go. It stands strong. Every now and then she gets upset, pushes harder. You can **hear her scream** with anger, trying to smell out if there's any fear in me. But I'm fine. I feel safe. She can't get to me here. I just woke up and my eyes are still dry like a meal accidentally left out on the kitchen table overnight that's turned all rough and crusty. They kinda hurt. Just a bit. But I'm sure once I take a shower I'll feel alive again. Ah. Showers. I love them. The drops of water touching your face, slowly making their way down your body, like a thousand little hands giving you a trickling massage. And the smells. Water does smell. People say it doesn't, but I think we're just so used to it that we assume it doesn't. But it does. And it's the combination of that prickling sensation caused by the glistening beads of water hit your skin..., the cleansing humidity that rises up like a dense fog and covers the glass with tiny pearls..., the relaxing warmth that wraps your body in a soft transparent cocoon, letting your heart slowly wake up and bring to life every cell within you..., and **the humming white-noise sound that echoes through the space like a crowd cheering you on**... All of this combined is what makes it such a marvelous experience. Water always makes me hungry. After a shower, after swimming, after the jacuzzi, there's always the hunger. I wonder why. Does the feeling of cleanliness trick your brain into thinking that your body has also been cleansed of food resources and you need to nourish it? I'm curious. I instantly associate swimming with the smell of grilled sandwiches my mother would make us. My mouth is watering with the flavorful memories of ham, cheese and grilled pineapple. All wrapped in two perfectly grilled pieces of white toast with black lines painted on its crispy body. Somehow my cousin Annie came to mind. I haven't thought of her in a really long time. I remember always being mesmerized by her long hair which fell to the ground like a highway from heaven. When she danced it swayed the same way coral in the ocean moves on endless repeat - back and forth under rolling waves which **thunder** above.

Wind

Object Write

[sight, hearing, **smell**, taste, touch, organic, kinesthetic]

I can hear the wind banging on my windows. Santa Ana has come down with her loud and forceful winds again. They slip through the little window in the bathroom, attempting to get past the closed bathroom door. Flexing it, trying to force it open, but it doesn't let go. It stands strong. Every now and then she gets upset, pushes harder. You can hear her scream with anger, trying to **smell out if there's any fear in me**. But I'm fine. I feel safe. She can't get to me here. I just woke up and my eyes are still dry like a meal accidentally left out on the kitchen table overnight that's turned all rough and crusty. They kinda hurt. Just a bit. But I'm sure once I take a shower I'll feel alive again. Ah. Showers. I love them. The drops of water touching your face, slowly making their way down your body, like a thousand little hands giving you a trickling massage. And the smells. **Water does smell**. People say it doesn't, but I think we're just so used to it that we assume it doesn't. But it does. And it's the combination of that prickling sensation caused by the glistening beads of water hit your skin..., the cleansing humidity that rises up like a dense fog and covers the glass with tiny pearls..., the relaxing warmth that wraps your body in a soft transparent cocoon, letting your heart slowly wake up and bring to life every cell within you..., and the humming white-noise sound that echoes through the space like a crowd cheering you on... All of this combined is what makes it such a marvelous experience. Water always makes me hungry. After a shower, after swimming, after the jacuzzi, there's always the hunger. I wonder why. Does the feeling of cleanliness trick your brain into thinking that your body has also been cleansed of food resources and you need to nourish it? I'm curious. I instantly associate swimming with the **smell of grilled sandwiches** my mother would make us. My mouth is watering with the flavorful memories of ham, cheese and grilled pineapple. All wrapped in two perfectly grilled pieces of white toast with black lines painted on its crispy body. Somehow my cousin Annie came to mind. I haven't thought of her in a really long time. I remember always being mesmerized by her long hair which fell to the ground like a highway from heaven. When she danced it swayed the same way coral in the ocean moves on endless repeat - back and forth under rolling waves which thunder above.

Wind

Object Write

[sight, hearing, smell, **taste**, touch, organic, kinesthetic]

I can hear the wind banging on my windows. Santa Ana has come down with her loud and forceful winds again. They slip through the little window in the bathroom, attempting to get past the closed bathroom door. Flexing it, trying to force it open, but it doesn't let go. It stands strong. Every now and then she gets upset, pushes harder. You can hear her scream with anger, trying to smell out if there's any fear in me. But I'm fine. I feel safe. She can't get to me here. I just woke up and my eyes are still dry like a meal accidentally left out on the kitchen table overnight that's turned all rough and crusty. They kinda hurt. Just a bit. But I'm sure once I take a shower I'll feel alive again. Ah. Showers. I love them. The drops of water touching your face, slowly making their way down your body, like a thousand little hands giving you a trickling massage. And the smells. Water does smell. People say it doesn't, but I think we're just so used to it that we assume it doesn't. But it does. And it's the combination of that prickling sensation caused by the glistening beads of water hit your skin..., the cleansing humidity that rises up like a dense fog and covers the glass with tiny pearls..., the relaxing warmth that wraps your body in a soft transparent cocoon, letting your heart slowly wake up and bring to life every cell within you..., and the humming white-noise sound that echoes through the space like a crowd cheering you on... All of this combined is what makes it such a marvelous experience. Water always makes me hungry. After a shower, after swimming, after the jacuzzi, there's always the hunger. I wonder why. Does the feeling of cleanliness trick your brain into thinking that your body has also been cleansed of food resources and you need to nourish it? I'm curious. I instantly associate swimming with the smell of grilled sandwiches my mother would make us. My mouth is watering with the **flavorful** memories of **ham, cheese and grilled pineapple**. **All wrapped in two perfectly grilled pieces of white toast** with black lines painted on its crispy body. Somehow my cousin Annie came to mind. I haven't thought of her in a really long time. I remember always being mesmerized by her long hair which fell to the ground like a highway from heaven. When she danced it swayed the same way coral in the ocean moves on endless repeat - back and forth under rolling waves which thunder above.

Wind

Object Write

[sight, hearing, smell, taste, **touch**, organic, kinesthetic]

I can hear the wind banging on my windows. Santa Ana has come down with her loud and forceful winds again. They slip through the little window in the bathroom, attempting to get past the closed bathroom door. Flexing it, trying to force it open, but it doesn't let go. It stands strong. Every now and then she gets upset, pushes harder. You can hear her scream with anger, trying to smell out if there's any fear in me. But I'm fine. I feel safe. **She can't get to me here.** I just woke up and my eyes are still dry like a meal accidentally left out on the kitchen table overnight that's turned all **rough and crusty**. They kinda hurt. Just a bit. But I'm sure once I take a shower I'll feel alive again. Ah. Showers. I love them. The drops of water **touching your face**, slowly making their way down your body, **like a thousand little hands giving you a trickling massage**. And the smells. Water does smell. People say it doesn't, but I think we're just so used to it that we assume it doesn't. But it does. And it's the combination of that prickling sensation caused by the glistening beads of water **hit your skin**..., the cleansing humidity that rises up like a dense fog and covers the glass with tiny pearls..., the relaxing warmth that wraps your body in a **soft transparent cocoon**, letting your heart slowly wake up and bring to life every cell within you..., and the humming white-noise sound that echoes through the space like a crowd cheering you on... All of this combined is what makes it such a marvelous experience. Water always makes me hungry. After a shower, after swimming, after the jacuzzi, there's always the hunger. I wonder why. Does the feeling of cleanliness trick your brain into thinking that your body has also been cleansed of food resources and you need to nourish it? I'm curious. I instantly associate swimming with the smell of grilled sandwiches my mother would make us. My mouth is watering with the flavorful memories of ham, cheese and grilled pineapple. All wrapped in two perfectly grilled pieces of white toast with black lines painted on its **crispy** body. Somehow my cousin Annie came to mind. I haven't thought of her in a really long time. I remember always being mesmerized by her long hair which fell to the ground like a highway from heaven. When she danced it swayed the same way coral in the ocean moves on endless repeat - back and forth under rolling waves which thunder above.

Wind

Object Write

[sight, hearing, smell, taste, touch, **organic**, kinesthetic]

I can hear the wind banging on my windows. Santa Ana has come down with her loud and forceful winds again. They slip through the little window in the bathroom, attempting to get past the closed bathroom door. **Flexing** it, **trying to force it open**, but it doesn't let go. **It stands strong**. Every now and then she gets upset, **pushes harder**. You can hear her scream with **anger**, trying to smell out if there's any **fear** in me. But I'm fine. I feel safe. She can't get to me here. I just woke up and my eyes are still dry like a meal accidentally left out on the kitchen table overnight that's turned all rough and crusty. **They kinda hurt**. Just a bit. But I'm sure once I take a shower I'll feel alive again. Ah. Showers. I love them. The drops of water **touching** your face, slowly making their way down your body, like a thousand little hands giving you a trickling massage. And the smells. Water does smell. People say it doesn't, but I think we're just so used to it that we assume it doesn't. But it does. And it's the combination of that prickling sensation caused by the glistening beads of water **hit your skin**..., the cleansing humidity that rises up like a dense fog and covers the glass with tiny pearls..., the relaxing warmth that **wraps your body** in a soft transparent cocoon, **letting your heart slowly wake up and bring to life every cell within you**..., and the humming white-noise sound that echoes through the space like a crowd **cheering** you on... All of this combined is what makes it such a marvelous experience. Water always **makes me hungry**. After a shower, after swimming, after the jacuzzi, there's always the **hunger**. **I wonder** why. Does the feeling of cleanliness trick your brain into **thinking** that your body has also been cleansed of food resources and you need to nourish it? I'm curious. I instantly associate swimming with the smell of grilled sandwiches my mother would make us. My mouth is **watering** with the flavorful memories of ham, cheese and grilled pineapple. All **wrapped** in two perfectly grilled pieces of white toast with black lines painted on its crispy body. Somehow my cousin Annie came to mind. I haven't thought of her in a really long time. I remember always being mesmerized by her long hair which fell to the ground like a highway from heaven. When she danced it swayed the same way coral in the ocean moves on endless repeat - back and forth under rolling waves which thunder above.

Wind

Object Write

[sight, hearing, smell, taste, touch, organic, **kinesthetic**]

I can hear the wind **banging** on my windows. Santa Ana **has come down** with her loud and forceful winds again. They **slip** through the little window in the bathroom, attempting to get past the closed bathroom door. Flexing it, trying to force it open, but it doesn't let go. It stands strong. Every now and then she gets upset, pushes harder. You can hear her scream with anger, trying to smell out if there's any fear in me. But **I'm fine. I feel safe**. She can't get to me here. I just woke up and my eyes are still dry like a meal accidentally left out on the kitchen table overnight that's turned all rough and crusty. They kinda hurt. Just a bit. But I'm sure once I take a shower **I'll feel alive again**. Ah. Showers. I love them. The drops of water touching your face, slowly **making their way down** your body, like a thousand little hands giving you a trickling massage. And the smells. Water does smell. People say it doesn't, but I think we're just so used to it that we assume it doesn't. But it does. And it's the combination of that prickling sensation caused by the glistening beads of water hit your skin..., the cleansing humidity that **rises up** like a dense fog and covers the glass with tiny pearls..., the relaxing warmth that **wraps** your body in a soft transparent cocoon, letting your heart slowly wake up and bring to life every cell within you..., and the humming white-noise sound that echoes through the space like a crowd cheering you on... All of this combined is what makes it such a marvelous experience. Water always makes me hungry. After a shower, after swimming, after the jacuzzi, there's always the hunger. I wonder why. Does the **feeling of cleanliness** trick your brain into thinking that your body has also been cleansed of food resources and you need to nourish it? I'm curious. I instantly associate **swimming** with the smell of grilled sandwiches my mother would make us. My mouth is watering with the flavorful memories of ham, cheese and grilled pineapple. All wrapped in two perfectly grilled pieces of white toast with black lines painted on its crispy body. Somehow my cousin Annie came to mind. I haven't thought of her in a really long time. I remember always being mesmerized by her long hair which **fell to the ground** like a highway from heaven. When she **danced** it **swayed** the same way coral in the ocean **moves** on **endless repeat - back and forth** under **rolling waves** which thunder **above**.