

A vintage-style writing desk with a green tufted chair in front of a large window overlooking a forest and a lake. The desk is dark wood with ornate carvings and drawers. On the desk are several books, a quill pen in an inkwell, and other writing accessories. The window is large and multi-paned, showing a view of a lush green forest and a body of water with a small dam or bridge in the distance. The lighting is warm and golden, suggesting late afternoon or early morning.

Writing Wild

Freeing the Creative Person Within

Ingrid Liberté

Forward

When writing these prompts, I wrote with each individual person in mind. Not just the writer but the creative person that is inside of each and everyone of us. This creativity is what we need to free ourselves from the hustle and bustle of the modern society of computers, social media, mobile phones and more.

When using this book all you need is a pen, your own space and a pretty book to write freely in. We use the pen as a means to improve creativity and the flow of ideas. This process involves language, thinking and the working memory of our brain, and together these aide in getting the creative juices flowing.

The pages that have pictures are to inspire creativity to write a story. The music that I have listed is for you to listen to and write freely from the emotions evoked by the music.

The only “rule” besides using the pen is to just write, no editing, no stopping and just write and let your creativity flow.

- The shattered rose bloomed in the darkness...
- Glass lay all over my heart...
- She watched them lower her coffin into the depths of...
- There are many truths that come from the fragrance of the grass...
- She wrote with her finger in the sky...
- His logic stood in the way of...
- My tears splashed red on my writing...
- The pages filled with random thoughts of darkness...
- Your tentacles cascade over the sand eaten valley where the fairies have made their home...
- I enter into the abyss of my heart...

- The dark void of grief...
- Smashed lightning surrounds me...
- Listen to “The Dance of The Sugar Plum Fairy” from Tchaikovsky's "The Nut Cracker"
- Loving you has been pruning a wild forest...
- He can't think of what to say...
- The light hit the woman in...
- I remember...
- The pink strawberries tasted...
- The light hit the mountain...
- The streets were running red...



- Death met me at the corner café...
- The wind whispered...
- The waves crashed over the dead bodies of...
- Listen to Beethoven's "5 Secrets" by The Piano Guy
- The torture of writing the depths...
- The cow climbed the stairs...
- The horse shone in the moonlight, he...
- The roots touched...
- I tried to love her...
- Memories flowed like paper on sand...

- I walked the same footsteps on the shore...
- I'm tired, can't we just...
- The silk of her dress flowed sunflowers on...
- My first thoughts flashed and then I...
- Listen to "Interstellar" (main theme piano by Gacabe & Jecabe)
- I lay floating on the autumn leaves...
- My monkey mind sabotaged...
- The restaurant where we...
- Write about the first blue object you see...
- Writing with my breath felt like...





- Writing with his breath felt like...
- The cliffs echoed under my feet...
- I went to the field today to die...
- The coffee shop showed up in my dream...
- Listen to Lamké's "Flower Duet" (Arr. Naoumoff for piano)
- The red wheelbarrow...
- It is bare now...
- The sea moved...
- The trees spoke to be...
- The rusk felt cold...

- The sun struggled...
- The voice told the stone...
- Freedom is the lilac of the sun...
- Poverty is to me...
- The rich baritone of the gong shone...
- Listen to the song “In Between” by JJ Pfeifer
- The daisy looked out...
- James, she said, please...
- Stay close to the sonnet...
- I walked in her shoes today...

- The paper lifted on the...
- The worms spoke in a melody of...
- With the strike of a brush...
- The secret key led...
- Listen to “Snow Waltz” by Lindsey Stirling
- The kaleidoscope of life...
- Too many minds flit...
- The grey breath...
- I am not the poem...
- I froze in fear, so...

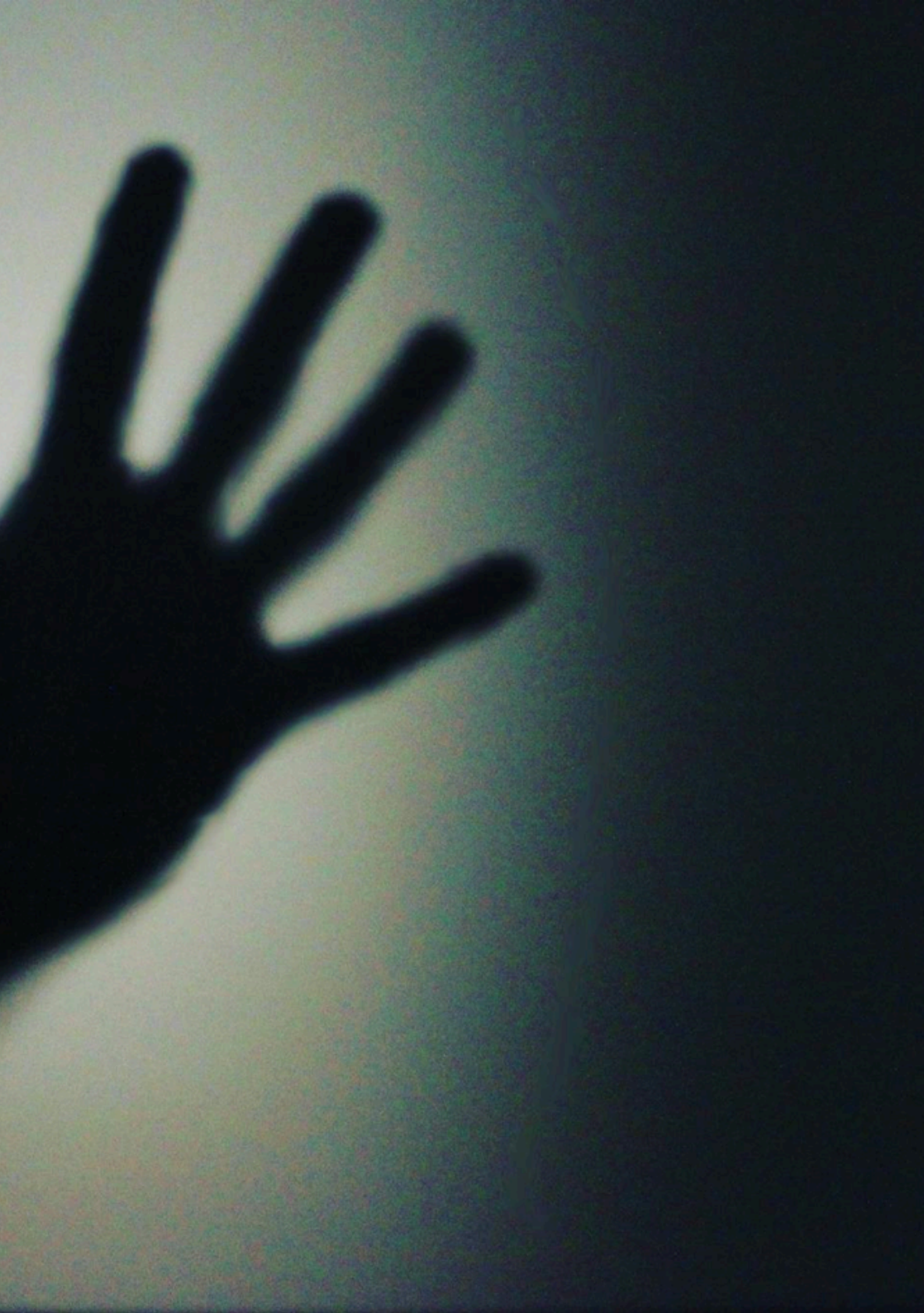


- The letter wrote across time...
- I killed you with the pen...
- The scars told their own story...
- It landed on the sidewalk...
- The air was no longer electric...
- Being creative is...
- Money ran in the way...
- The words shout out...
- I write my words in...
- I walked the bridge of cobbled stones...

- The frog floated away...
- The grey storm called...
- The umbrella brightened my day...
- The discovery of beautiful...
- The bar stool sat in the dark corner...
- Flowers filled the grave...
- I leant against your gravestone...
- I shattered the illusion...
- The colourful silence shouted...
- I saw the grim reaper on the path...



- The letter I wrote, said...
- We met under the sky...
- My senses flowed on paper...
- Why the train? He asked...
- Grief shuts...
- The yellow tennis shoes...
- Grief flows...
- The old floor smelt...
- The hair flew behind...
- The mist hid...



- The steak sauteed on the open fire...
- They just started at...
- The world ended that day...
- I saw you leave...
- The white cabbage...
- The piano hid...
- The house of balloons...
- The wolf watched in silence...
- When the old nag in you...
- The alarm woke me from...

- The baby floated in the sunshine...
- I wrote in blood across...
- She planted her roots as she...
- Listen to “The Lord of The Rings” by the Piano Guys
- The fox whispered into the night...
- The rock of time caught...
- The house creaked as...
- There were lights at the end of the road but...
- The waterfall danced...
- He reached out of the painting...



- I found the old forged...
- The bridge sawed...
- The wolf stood by me...
- She is haunted...
- The glittering eyes...
- With fists of pain...
- The armour hung...
- The writing desk filled...
- Chocolate ran...
- The book opened me...





- I saw your old picture...
- I'll give you a war...
- The lighthouse ghosted...
- He came for me that night...
- Even the trees leaned...
- Flowers on my scars...
- The feather in the sunset...
- The book smelt...
- They took photos...
- The train tracks ended in the...

- I sewed my heart together...
- The book reached out to him and the page...
- The old tricycle was found...
- The clanging of soldiers...
- The church bells floated...
- The typewriter keys...
- The book in the meadow...
- The chords stopped...
- His guitar lay there...
- The meal was...



- I saw your old picture...
- The book in the fog...
- Old letters rode...
- The asylum closed...
- Trapped in the room, sheer...
- The wheat sang as...
- The picture was vibrant grey...
- The fly painted...
- The cliffs edge beckoned...
- Listen to Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart's
"Hello/Lacrimosa" by the Piano Guys



- His wings opened...
- The violin flew...
- The moon flew through the window...
- The rusted rail...
- The knife was cold...
- Her white eyelashes...
- The bow tie...
- The fairies in the moss...
- The stone throne beckoned...
- The morning dew threw...

- I shouted while my face smiled...
- The dragon raged...
- They thought they had him beat...
- This striate sky...
- The river saved...
- Listen to “The Sky Full of Stars” by Coldplay and the piano guys
- The seed, though small...
- I looked at the two black doors...
- Indecision has become my confidant...
- Guns in both hands she...



- I shouted while my face smiled...
- The dragon raged...
- The tornado helped...
- The violence of the song...
- The beaver turned and...
- The empty classroom...
- I remembered the feeling...
- Do not ask why...
- The ant is a bird...
- Spew it out on the paper of your mind...

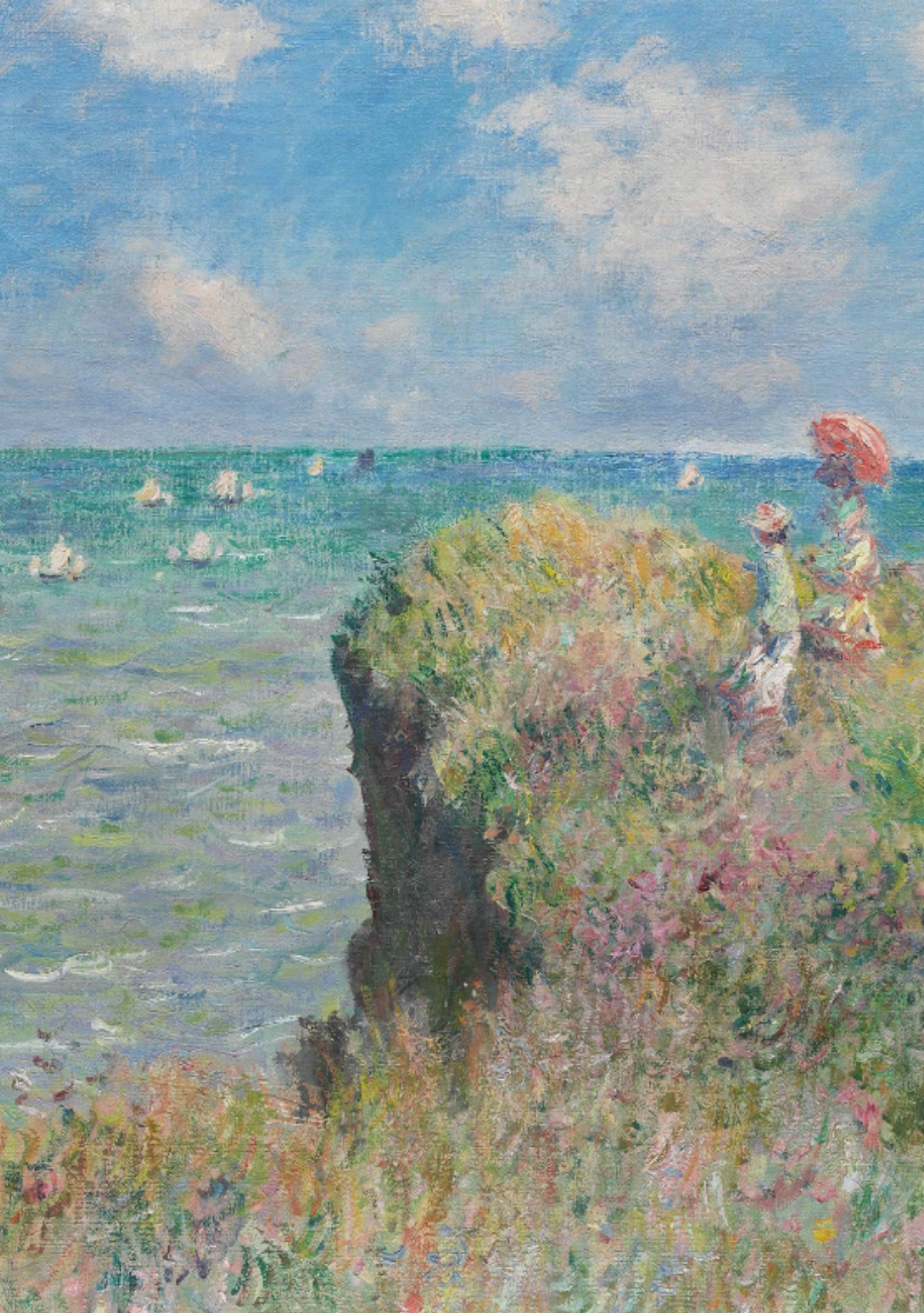


- I shut the door to my logical mind...
- It took fire that day...
- The mirror moved...
- Apples and tigers shone...
- The harbours curve...
- I stepped through the moon...
- The crowed thorns...
- I found a piece of his shirt on the barbed wire...
- The broken crayons...
- The staircase...

- The music of the horse...
- The town drunks emerged...
- The piano played in the sea...
- The stories they carry on their bodies...
- The finger reached across the void...
- The empty church...
- The secret sailed...
- Write from this word: Brabble...
- The cat smiled secretly...
- Fudgel...

- I climbed the roof...
- Tangled bones...
- Our young ghosts...
- I wrote our story in colour...
- The smell of music...
- I wrote my madness...
- You shine in the abyss...
- I lost my mind tonight...
- I am the darkness...
- The attic was filled with...





- Dark shadows followed...
- The stars between us...
- Words escaped the wind...
- The rage crowds...
- My eyes were blind to...
- The lasso fell...
- Jesus called me by name...
- The first time I believed...
- My dog brought my gun to me...
- The in-between...

- You were always coming home...
- My sin overwhelmed me...
- The light raged...
- I was the man that never...
- It will always be the day after...
- The sea speaks...
- They told me not to...
- Listen to “La Valse d’Amelie” by Jacobs piano
- Write about soullore...
- Brandishing the hot iron...

- I climbed the roof...
- The field of madness...
- The chords sharpened...
- Her love ended the day...
- This is the room I could never...
- Daddy...
- I am flushed and warm...
- Polished bone...
- They dug you up that day...
- The ballet shoes lay...





- I shot you that day...
- The wooden box...
- The bible opened...
- The dreams after taste...
- The apple died that night...
- What would the light do without eyes...
- That one leaf refused to leave...
- The tree stood bare...
- The winds scents...
- The taxi sidled...

- The fires were seasonal...
- Listen to “Her” by Jacobs piano
- The sky is slashed...
- I will turn into white light someday...
- Listen to “Rising” by Jacobs piano
- Write about the shopping centre in your town
- The scent and colour...
- The willow leaned in to...
- The river tickled the banks...
- I stepped into the path of a bear that day...

- It is the time to haggle...
- The Samurai slept...
- He played with his sword...
- The last ship...
- The unbearable lightness...
- The sounds of poisons...
- Write about redamancy
- Beautiful thinking...
- They tore his wings...
- The cloud walker...



- My own imagination failed me...
- In their surroundings...
- Words can light fires...
- Sunlight spoke to the leaves...
- Why didn't you bloom in the top of the trees?...
- The wanderlust filled...
- Listen to "The Arena" by Lindsey Stirling
- What a slyboots...
- The medicine they gave me...
- I forgave you that day in the woods...





- The armies of clouds...
- Stepping from this skin...
- Carry me home on your back...
- The beavers beating wings...
- Stained words flow over me...
- The sea-dead have risen...
- Sea and stone collided...
- Deep in the cave of fear...
- Desire becomes sorrow...
- Warm rain ran down the...



- The sun took fire...
- Mommy...
- The day ended...
- Like milk in water...
- The cow stared at me from the misty field...
- I threw the punch at the wall...
- I placed the cloth on his hot forehead...
- He spoke to the people in his deep voice that...
- The forest closed in on me that day...
- The car broke down on the road...

- His journal stayed on my lap, burning my hands...
- She ran in the lavender field, away from...
- I saw him in the distance, hand raised...
- The silk felt like fire against my skin...
- The book opened and beckoned me in...
- I pulled over at the gentle stream...
- I stood at their coffin, feeling...
- The dark stone steps led me...
- The dead tree spoke to me in a rasping voice...
- Winter melted the leaves off the branches...





- The fire stood like a wall between...
- I walked the streets, vindicated...
- I was sitting in front of the warm fire, with hot chocolate...
- She screamed my name from the misty...
- We loved each other, why did you murder me...
- I lay on the piece of the broken ship...
- I was flying over the ocean, my wings open to their fullest, warm against the sun...
- The cave was warm, and I could see...
- I sunk deeper and deeper into the abyss of...
- I lay under the stormy sea, the...

- The clock struck the wind...
- The wayfarer entered the saloon...
- The blue blanket settled on her shoulders...
- As she turned the light on, she saw him lying there...
- The door creaked...
- The cat lay by his side as he...
- The first smelt like...
- She looked behind her and...
- The downpour was so heavy that she...
- They hid behind the waterfall...



- The dust tickled her nose as she desperately...
- The explosion rocked the nation...
- She left me that day, walking off into the night...
- The sun sparkled off the...
- They jumped from roof to roof...
- The skateboard sailed on the...
- The waves were beautiful as I swam...
- I gripped the seats as I flew in the plane...
- I watched my gran knitting...
- My father taught me woodwork and...

- The storm was vicious as the twister formed...
- The light sparkles though the leaves...
- The spiders web was full of dew...
- The rooster crowed...
- I walked through the gentle river...
- The dogs played in the dam...
- I saw her from the corner of my eye...
- I waited on the roof top for the shot...
- Jury duty for the trial was...
- She threw my suitcase out the window...



- I watched them dancing to Swan Lake...
- The pain I felt losing Joey, my beautiful dog...
- The basement was dark and...
- The cat purred in my ear...
- I never knew she could ride a motorbike like that...
- I watched the Mustangs from a distance...
- He walked the dry river bed...
- I screamed as we went down another rapid...
- The light shone in the window, a beacon...
- The dogs paw struck...
- The wind howls through the rafters...

- The ghostwalker looked straight at me...
- I heard them laughing...
- She aimed the gun...
- It was hot in the forge...
- The blue ostrich ran...
- I lay dead still in the grass...
- Listen to “Sierra” by Steven Gunheinz
- The gate slammed closed behind him and he spun around and...
- The grass sang to her as she stepped out...
- The bulb exploded overhead...



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From the Author

Writing has always been a personal outlet for me, a way to express emotions. Inspired by the images and words that pop into my head, I created this book of prompts. I hope it inspires your own creative journey.

About the Author

Ingrid is passionate about writing and she believes that creativity is what we need to free ourselves from the hustle and bustle of the modern society of computers, social media, mobile phones and more.

Ingrid is also a qualified Level 2 Animal Aromatherapy Specialist in South Africa and one of the first qualified in the world. She loves using her training and experience to help animals physically, mentally, spiritually, and emotionally – the whole animal.