

A Week in the Life of a Wanabe Writer

Day 1

I want to write.

I switch on my computer and open up Microsoft Word to a new document. I load my laserwriter with clean, crisp, bright white paper. I wipe the dust from my desk lamp. By my left hand sits a chilled glass of Bawls Gaurana Energy Drink, a sprig of mint floating among the ice cubes. The latest Enya CD plays softly in the background.

I sit in front of my computer, a fresh blank screen before me. My fingers, itching to move, are poised above the keyboard. My ears listen for the click, click of the keys as each word is carefully crafted in my mind. My eyes look to the monitor, and— wait a minute. Where are the words? Did my brain forget to give the command to my fingers to start typing? Do I have writer's block already?

Continuing to sit and stare at this fresh blank screen, I realize that it is too fresh, too blank and I'm scared of it. Why would I ever think that I have something to say that somebody is interested in reading?

I shut down the computer and turn off my desk lamp. I've failed.

Day 5

I'm back. My computer is turned on; a new word document is opened before me. My laserwriter holds the same sheets of paper from four days ago, the edges curled slightly. The desk lamp needs dusting again. On a beer coaster sits a large mug of strong Colombian coffee, black. Michael Stipes from R.E.M. is crooning the lyrics to Everybody Hurts. My fingers are splayed above the keyboard, caressing the keys. My mind is willing them to move. They do. I look to the monitor. My name appears— and then the date. The screen is no longer blank. I say a prayer of thanks and take a swig of cold coffee. It was a good day.

Day 7

A lined yellow memo pad and a blue Bic ballpoint pen have replaced the keyboard. The light on the laserwriter that is usually green, is now a murky gray. The monitor gapes at me with its darkened face. Sunlight is pouring into the silent room. A bottle of Poland Springs water is nearby. My hand is moving, gliding over the smooth finish of the paper. If I had looked up and glanced at the monitor, I would have seen the reflection of a grin forming on my lips. But I'm busy. I am writing.