

The Writer By Kodi Sawtell

"That was the last straw.." I had finally run dry.
I had reached the most daunting chapter of my life. A blank page.
Some may think it's your first job, or being in an accident. But, no. I can profess, the most daunting thing in life is to have nothing on a page.
Empty.

You have no idea how to fill it. And if you do start to write, it's like you have tainted what's clean and it's not easy to sterilise again.
I sit uncomfortably staring at the blank page in front of me. My spine digging into the pocketed plastic of my chair and I feel my skin itch like a million centipedes doing the Hokey Pokey. Sweat leaks through my blouse and no amount of tugging will get the hem to sit quite right. None of this has anything to do with my blank page though, but the annoyance of having nothing on that bloody page is starting to fiddle with my OCD.
My wrists, riddled with eczema, hurt like hell as my hands rest awkwardly on my keyboard, my fingers tapping lightly against the keys as if that would encourage a burst of creativity. The fact that still nothing was on the damn page was really getting to me now. My fingers were twitchy and my eyes felt like I had been roasting marshmallows over an open fire all afternoon.

I stood abruptly and stalked over to the fridge. I rested my head against the cool metal and took a steady breath. My blouse felt soaked in sweat and this bloody skirt was itchy as, rubbing uncomfortably against my thighs. I opened the fridge and just stuck my head in a little into the cool air.
It smelt a bit like last night's pizza leftovers. I just needed a bit of a kick start to get my ideas flowing.
Hmm... but that pizza is smelling pretty good. Pizza is always better the next day.
Convinced this is what I need, I snatch up the pizza box and eagerly grab a slice. It is a little cardboardy but still alright. I wander into the living room chewing loudly and fall back onto the couch over the arm rest. Feet flopping up in the air and shirt riding up on my stomach. I devour the pizza.

Staring up at my cracking ceiling, I absently chew. Tilting my head slightly, I listen carefully to
a muffled noise in the apartments above.
... Thump... Thump... Thump...
Is that... Oh please no. No!
Disgustedly I get up from the couch and hurry back into my bedroom. I abandon the pizza, no longer hungry and collapse back into my desk chair.
My skin feels like crawling off my body and cowering in the shower. Yuk.
I roll my head from side to side and glance back down at the still blank page on my laptop.
Groaning I randomly type, "The".
The what...
Argh this is so hard!
I lay my head on the keyboard and gave a mumbled growl. Why now...

For half a dozen years I have lived the life of a writer. I have caught readers tears on my pages as they cried at the stories I told, I have travelled with them far and wide without leaving any shores, I have guided them patiently with my words all these years but now I am a sterile clean screen.
I try to anticipate the emotion I will show them as they read my words and it is one of the most euphoric feelings I know, but I fear the dam has been drained.

I have written about love and finding true love, but obviously as only ink and paper, I have never felt such feelings before. I have caused fear and terror but still they come back to read my words, I have taught them about worlds they have not experienced, and my words have stayed up late into the night with them, but now I fear I have no adventures left.

All I want to do is once more use my words to create the good and the hope.

Blank page.

Maybe my journey is up. Maybe it is time for others to put ink to paper and tell their story, so they can tell their children, and their children, till one day they too can share this blank page paralysing terror.

I type again

"The"

Then sigh and finish with.

"End"