

Writers' block

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My mind began to enter the "zone." *A point in my life where the pencil point had become dull. It was as dull as the eraser shavings that blanketed my desk. The paper was filled with scribbles of ideas, some wonderful and some horrific.* The paper itself was crinkled and crumbled. I threw it in the garbage can. It was not the only paper which called the garbage can home. There were other lost ideas there. Ideas which never made it through.

I WALKED OVER TO THE COMPUTER, WHICH WAS MY CONNECTION TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD. I REACHED OVER TO THE 'ON' BUTTON OF THE COMPUTER. Beeping sounds came out as if the computer was trying to tell me something. My brain was short circuiting and wasn't listening. I ignored it with a sleepy, stubborn mood. My eyes scanned the room while I waited. Ideas screamed in my ear, floating around in the drab, shady room. *Paper, crinkled on the floor, never got up. The pencil twisted like my brain.* BEEEEPPPP! I didn't know what happened, but I had a feeling, it wasn't good. The computer crashed! All I wanted to do was to make a post, but that thought was deleted from my half-functioning brain. Thinking about it, my brain crashed with a blood flow that took on a furious motion. I trudged over to my desk in a furious way. *I took hold of my pencil with one hand by the point and the other at the eraser. It mocked me. It always sought attention. Whenever I wrote, I had that pencil. Not anymore!* I gripped the end of the pencil with one hand and the point with the other. With pressure building up in the palms of my hands, gravity pulled down on my hands with extra pull. **SNAP!** That was the end of my writer's block.

