

Genius

by C. D. Peck

"I am a genius!" he shouted.

There was no one around to argue. He wondered momentarily if shouting aloud to no one was a sign of true genius. Perhaps not.

Everything I write is gold, he mused. My words spill onto the page like ambrosia, nectar of the gods, filling an empty vessel with immortal life.

Ooh, he thought. That's good. And jotted it down. Although it made no sense in the context of his story — a cop solving a mime's murder in Philadelphia — he figured he could use it later. Maybe in his next story. The one about the sexy Grecian goddess who fights crime in a small rural community of Mormons. Or Muslims. He wasn't yet sure which. Maybe both. But that wasn't important. He had to concentrate on *this* story first.

His fingers flew over the keyboard like the swift rush of a dove taking flight. *Chapter One*, he swiftly typed. Then spaced down and typed, *The girl*

He hesitated. The girl *what?* he wondered. Was it too early to mention her breasts? Maybe that could be his hook. Did any other author ever begin a story referring immediately to a girl's breasts? No. He would be the first. After all, he was a genius. A trendsetter.

's breasts

Hmmm... Now what? Well, what would a girl's breasts do? Jiggle? Bounce? No. Too simple. Not enough hook. They should do something special. Something that really catches the reader's attention.

He sat there for forty-five minutes, thinking. Then he masturbated. Then he went back to thinking. Except that — oddly — he didn't really care about the girl's breasts anymore. So he went to lunch instead.

