

If you're going to write, write.

by evntho

So ya think you're a writer? First of all, shut up. No, seriously, the very first thing you need to do, this very instant, is to just shut your mouth and take a seat. There now take a deep breath. If that feels nice it's because your body has just confirmed to you that you talk way the hell too much, so from here on out you need to exercise some restraint.

You will never, ever get a word on paper if all you ever do is bla, bla, de-fucking bla your days away, okay? So just be quiet, listen to anything but yourself and take it all in as if it were a matter of life or death.

I'm gonna be straight up with you. Your talking is akin to a leaky water faucet. Yes, it's that annoying. You're as useless to me now as a panzerotti with a hole in it leaking all the goodness out onto the street below.

So where are we? With any luck at all, in a room void of your rambling, good! Now stay like that for as long as you possibly can. Gotta go to work tomorrow? I'm sorry, but no. You'll need to e-mail them and let them know that you've lost your voice. Tell them you'll be okay next month. If they insist, then let it be known that you cannot speak. Because, listen very carefully, you CANNOT speak!

Under ANY circumstance, is that understood?

Oh, look! An older gentleman is being attacked by a gang of underage Chinese gymnasts who are shouting "Old people suck!" TOO BAD! You're not going to be able to say anything in his defense BECAUSE, you got it, you cannot speak!

Hey, look! He was able to get away safely, but OH MY GOOD LORD! He's just fallen head first into a manhole. Damn city workers and there effin' Union breaks!

These are simple instructions, are you listening? Here's some paper and a pen you'd better take some notes.

Listen kid, you blew it, you think you're a writer? Sure you graduated NYU's "I can write, I can write, I can write!" program and they gave you that paper that says, you can write, but you know what? You don't write!

Know why? Don't look at me like that. You know why. And you KNOW that I know why! But if you're gonna play games then, fine, I'll play along.

You walk all over town telling every girl you can corner that you ARE a writer. But you wanna know something? HA! Wanna know something else? HA! HA!

Here's a little FYI, you're not actually a writer until you WRITE something, and even then you're just a scribbler, that's right, A SCRIBBLER! That is until you get something published and actually paid MONEY for it.

And even then, even THEN you're not shit, not until you're in Oprah's book club!

