

Twisting Destiny

by Khaver Siddiqi

If I start writing this, something, somewhere, somehow will go horribly wrong. The demons of my writer's block will make sure of that. Their wicked machinations know no end. They twist and claw at my destiny with no remorse. And so, many ideas and stories and wonders crash onto the shores of my conscience and I can't do a thing about it. I fear my conscience will soon be a graveyard; a graveyard for my own grave too. At least I shall be buried with my own stories. They shall keep me warm in the hells of my afterlife. And so I have written. And so I hear them come. And so I hear them twist. And so I die.

