

Read Me

by Larry Strattner

No one reads my shit. No one. How can I live? I'm obsessed by writing shit down and no one reads it. I've tried everything. Romance, necromancy, decadence, prurience, obeisance. Nothing. I can't work at some other job and write at the same time. I can't even eat and write at the same time. I won't be eating much anyway if someone doesn't start reading me. I've got to get a hook so people will be drawn to my work. I've got a few concepts I'd like to share with you. See what you think.

My first thought was, "Living the Pseudo Erotic Life." It would be a novel about a novelist who writes pornographic material because he has to, just so someone will read him. There will be salaciously dirty parts and then penetrating philosophical examinations of how this descent into depravity came to pass. Kind of a Yin Yang Bing Bang thing. What do you think? Nah. Been done.

How about, "Seducing Yourself on Facebook." A narration written in mindless posts so convoluted the author becomes enamored of himself and is arrested when he shows up at his own house expecting a session of underage sex. It's current.

Or maybe, "Love in a Sixty Five Chevy." This novel will appeal to the backseat lover which a large number of people may have been at one time or another. I am choosing a Sixty Five Chevy because even though I am partial to Fifty Fives anyone who got it on in a Fifty Five is on the Viagra mailing list these days and probably can't see well enough to read anyway.

I tried to get inspired by taking a free writing course down at the Public Library but it turned out to be a bunch of romance writers. Romance. My fourth wife just left me and I'm running out of the money she gave me to get lost. Romance sells but I haven't got any left.

I wish I could convince people to read my stuff. I'm writing it down. I'm sending it out.

I'm getting back "Unfortunately none of these is suitable" and "This isn't right for us" and "Although this material does not meet our needs" *we are sure if you roll it up into a tight enough tube and put some butter on it you can stick it up your butt where it belongs.*

But I digress. (I actually began sweating and gnashing my teeth.)

Maybe, "Robert Pattinson Bites Nora Roberts at the Romance Writers of America Convention While Hundreds Gasp in Horror"

Nah. Title's too long and it's more a short story or a tabloid article. Wait a minute. I've got it! I'm thinking it's more toward non-fiction but I think you'll want to read it.

I'm calling it, "Is the Truth Really Necessary If You Only Want to Get Laid?" What do you think?

