

The Freelance Assignment

by Larry Strattnr

"I read when you run out of stuff to write you just keep on writing and the fog clears. Something emerges. Something you can at least edit. Make something out of."

"How the fuck can you run out of stuff to say about a fucking sausage, Harold? It's only a Kielbasa Festival for crying out loud! A bunch of geeks and geezers eating goddamn sausages. The rent is due in two weeks. You're falling behind on your commitments."

"Jesus, Eileen."

"Don't Jesus Eileen me, you idiot. You wanted to be a writer. Now you're a writer. I waited tables for a year and six months so you could get started and now you can't think of things to say about sausages. Next it'll be about radishes, then hair conditioners and the downtown Secaucus revitalization plan. I am sooooo fucking glad you didn't start the novel first."

"Eileen."

"Your ass Harold. Just write. You want to be a writer, so write. Radishes are red. Blueberries are blue..."

"For god's sake Eileen."

"No, Harold, for *your* sake. So you can go on living. So I don't kill you here on the spot. Write something!! It's only fucking sausages!!"

