

Kitty and Axel
Story Eleven
Writing

Axel: Kitty, what are you doing? It's almost noon; it's Monday. Where's our story?

Kitty: I'm trying, I'm trying. Give me a break; sometimes writing's too hard. I can't do it. There's not a thought in my head. Everything I write is drivel. I can't write ever again. That's it. Done.

A: Oh dear, do you have writer's block?

K: I'll say; it's cement and fifty feet high. I start. . . Once upon a time, long, long ago, there lived a princess . . .

A: Yes, well. How about free writing? Write and write, about anything, just let yourself go and see what happens. But, you must not let the inner critic come into it.

K: You mean the one who says that everything I write is horse manure?

A: That's the one.

K: She can go to the Scoop for ice cream while I try to write something.

A: Good idea. Now write about something you love.

K: Meat. I LOVE meat.

A: Great, go for it, Kitty.

K: Meat, the smell stirred her heart like a storm at sea a wild storm from the Arctic with icy winds whirling down the canyons unfurling the snow on the tiny village nestled below where Magda stirred the fire under the elk roasting on a spit dripping juices that sputtered giving a delicious aroma that brought the villagers out of their houses to gather and wait for their supper with their dogs noble hounds who were their best friends who were given meat first because the people depended on their sweet dogs to protect them from the wild monster tribes who threatened them constantly attacking with rocks and sticks and taking their meat.

A: How about we go to the Scoop, too.

K: Good idea.

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