

Why I Write

By
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“This is it. You are the one that murdered my brother and now you must pay.”

“What do you mean? I could never do something like this.”

“Do not lie to me. I know that you are guilty and now I am going to make you pay.”

“I swear this is not true.”

“I know that it is.”

“I couldn’t have murdered your brother. I am your brother”No no no no. I can’t just blatantly rip off Star Wars. Come on, there’s got to be a better way to end this story. Or a better story for that matter. I’ve got to turn something into my editor in 12 hours, but all I’ve got is a clichéd revenge story. Everyone’s read those. Maybe if I set it in the future.

“You’re the humanoid that ended the programming on my fraternal relations cyborg and now you must pay.” That won’t work. What about the Old West?

“Hey there cowboy. You’re the hombre that shot my brother, and now I’m gonna shoot you.” Perhaps Napoleonic Europe?

“On guard you scoundrel, you’re the sniveling lowbreed that plunged a sabre into the heart of my brother and so I will mete out judicious revenge upon your excuse for a soul.” That’s not bad, but now it sounds exactly like the Count of Monte Cristo. I’m getting nowhere with this. Maybe I should take a walk. That probably won’t help but it’ll put my mind onto something else. Now where are my hoodie and iPod?

Brr, it’s cold outside. Why am I going for a walk? Walks never help me come up with ideas. It’s almost as if I’m just taking a walk because it’s a cliché thing to do to come up with ideas. Instead, I think I’ll run back inside where it’s warm and heat up some food that will leave visible grease stains on paper towels. Now back to writing, but only after spending 20 minutes on Wikipedia. You can learn so much surfing that sight. OK, now back to writing, but maybe I should check my e-mail. Nothing new, but now I need to check all the websites with news I visit. Nothing worth noting. Now back to writing. But I should see how my team is doing. Oh right, they weren’t playing tonight. But another team is, and they’re in double overtime right now. Maybe ESPN has the game on. They do, I have to see how it ends. After that I’ll go back to writing. Dallas ends up winning. Boo, they suck. Now back to writing. But Sportscenter just said a football player from the University of Miami was shot and killed. I have to know more. The details still aren’t in. Dang, it’s 11 o’ clock now. At this rate I’ll never finish my story. Wait, now I’m getting an idea. I’ll stay with the revenge storyline, in the present even. At the end, instead of a not-so-shocking plot twist, the main character just gets distracted by a basketball game on TV and lets the guilty party escape. It’ll confuse people, and smarter people will herald it as genius. Officer Krupky you’ve done it again.