Slav wanted to write but couldn’t think of anything to write. He rubbed the back of his neck. He ached to write something but nothing came to mind. He wanted to be a writer, to rock people’s emotions but when he sat down to the blank page nothing came to mind. He turned on some music but he just became even more distracted. He started to journal it was the only thing he could think about to do. He thought about a joke he had recently that aliens were scared to invade earth because we were their ghetto in the galaxy, we live in. It’s true we’re not smart enough for someone who could come from another solar system let alone another galaxy. The open void was magnificent and intricate mesh of stars and planets, all swirling around each other. He ached to write but had no fight. He didn’t know what to put on the page so he wrote, ‘hi my name is’. He just started typing after a while to see what would come of it. He decided he would start a blog because it was easy, he could just write down random stuff and hope it came to some fruition and he could fulfill what he was missing. Nothing but white filled his mind with fear and he was aching to overcome it. He typed something anything to get rid of the white when he was done, he found out that he had typed garbage it was all garbage. He just wanted to start and get something on the page. He had to stop erasing his work and starting over. He was supposed to edit it not completely trash it. He turned his watch three times. This wasn’t going well, he wanted a story not a journal entry. What to put down thought Slav He ached to take a character and push them off the empire state building and see what happened as they fell. There would be a lot of screaming and flailing about but when the character he had given them a parachute the story would take a turn. Some characters never realized they had a parachute but the smart ones did. They survived for another trip and with each falling became accustomed to the jump. Once two helicopters saved a character in a book; he read. In another book, they fell into the propellers. In a third book the character landed on a dragon. He gave his characters parachutes so when they were saved another way, they laughed at the fact that they had panicked.

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Writing was hard thought Slav, you had to draw from everything you knew and researched. It was easy to start sometimes but hard to finish. Once you got going you could run until you made it ten blocks but when that train came to block you path. You had to wait until it completely traveled out of the way. He loved pushing his characters off the building but once they learned they had a parachute they usually landed in a tree. Then they hung there until Slav could figure out how to get them out. The parachute after landing in a tree stuck to the character and the tree like gum in hair. That was the tough part about getting the character free. The character became stuck and each character was different. Some parachutes stuck to planes or helicopters. Then the plane or helicopter went out of control. Mayday screamed the character but it was not heard. The propellers or engine was much louder.

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