

The Day the Passion Died...

And so, there I sat, in front of a blank monitor and my hands resting on the keyboard, awaiting instructions of what to type from my mind. That was when it struck me like a lightning bolt from the skies above, I had nothing. Call it writers block, deep down I knew what it was, lack of imagination, passion, deep depression was settling in. Being a writer can feel lonely, secluded in your office, wanting not to be disturbed when the ideas are flowing from your mind through your body out of your fingertips, clicking away of the keys, conjuring words to sentences, to paragraphs and eventually, into a fascinating story.

But this story was different; there wasn't a spark that initiated like previous ones. It didn't start with an idea; I just felt an urge to sit down, not work on any current projects, but to start off fresh with nothing in mind. There was no brainstorming phase, no research needed, I felt nothing inside, no creativity brewing, just an empty abyss that needed to be filled, but with what I was still in the midst of figuring out.

I began to concentrate, but the more I thought about it, the less it came to be. Slowly diminishing was my imagination, something a writer fears and prays will never happen...

After several basic writing tips and solutions such as laying a notepad down in front of you, and a pen in hand, just begin writing anything. It doesn't need to be coherent, just doodle something. I presumed after twenty minutes I'd have my answer. Well, staring blankly down at nothing before me, no ink markings on the lined paper I knew what I was seeking was going to be harder to find than I initially thought.

With an arsenal of words and previous stories written out, what was once easy to start has now become, I feel but rather not admit, impossible to do. With every ticking moment that surpassed me, not only did my creativity fade, so did the will and passion to keep trying. Quitting seemed like the only solution to the problem at hand. Getting up from the computer, closing the word document, forgetting this had ever happened, was becoming easier to give in to.

Have I written all my ideas down, is it time to move on? Was now the question being asked over and over in my mind, clouding over anything else trying to dimly shine through? The more I struggled to ignore this new negative matter, the more prominent it became. And with it came more unwanted questions, such as: am I all washed up, nothing left to write, am I good enough to power through, or should I give up? Do I have what it takes to find what I've lost?

It's surprising how the negative seems to have more of an affect than the positive. No matter the abundance of positive one will receive; it only takes a drop of negative to negate the rest. One thing everyone needs to understand in life, not just writers, you will receive ample amounts of comments, both good as well as bad, it's what you take from each single one and use it to your advantage that matters most. Now that is what is important. You're not going to please everyone, that's just life.

And the biggest critic of all, isn't someone else, it's all inside you. That is something I am seeing quite clearly now, my new nemesis, I am dubbing, self-doubt. If you do not possess faith in yourself, how can you project this outward and expect others to jump aboard?

Now that I've figure out the antagonist here, I can construct a plot to foil any devious scheme they are trying to execute. A mighty malicious ploy is in the works, even now it's unraveling and beyond my control. The effects slowly seeping into my thoughts and soul, siphoning any residual creative thought I still unaware I possess. But what is this evil being going to do with it? What is the bigger picture, the more I try to understand the worse, the more he is getting from me, and at this point, I just haven't quite noticed how much...

And it was that simple, once I really got into thinking about it, all this was coming out to be a terrific little anecdote and the weight on my shoulders had been lifted. I was once again back; where I

was I do not want to know. I fear if I learn how to get there, I might accidentally return, but then again if we don't learn where we've been and how to defeat it, we're doom to repeat it.

There was a fog, in the back of my mind, where I store my pass I wish not to recall, that was where I was being held and I managed to feel my way through. I have the confidence in me now that if I should ever stumble upon this fog once more, I will not get caught in the centre of it. I will prevail and not be left confused or lost, but will know right away how I escaped...

THE END