

The Writer
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Writing by hand is always described as flowing. Flowing script. Sophie always wondered if people used this somewhat clichéd phrase to describe the writing itself, or merely the ink. Her ink flowed. Her words did not.

She often thought that she should stop calling herself a writer. She often told herself that if she just got a laptop she would be fine. She said the pen was too slow (despite the steady supply of ink), and the typewriter was too laborious. She often made excuses.

The problem was not necessarily a lack of inspiration. She wrote all the time, just in the silence of her head. Of course, for all the thoughts in the world, a blank page does not a writer make. She composed all the time. That was it. Phrases of poetry, lines of prose, even full streams poured uncontrollably from her consciousness throughout her day. She composed while walking down the street, while taking a shower, even while holding a conversation. She just rarely held onto these gems long enough to lay them to paper. They came too much at random. They came at inappropriate times. Forgettable times.

She often made excuses.

The problem was not necessarily a lack of talent, or skill, depending on which school of thought you come from. There was the added issue of confidence. Her husband, too, was a writer. And it was not so much that his writing was better than hers, which it may well have been, but that it was more fertile. A traditionalist, he carried a notebook with him wherever he went, filling pages, even with nonsense. Even his handwriting was pleasant to look at, the way each word curved clearly into the next, as if it couldn't wait to find out where it was going. Yes, she thought, a bitter twinge guiding this particular thought. His script flowed magnificently.

But then what was she? A writer must write, after all, must have tangible proof of having written. She couldn't think of herself as anything else, nor imagine ever being anything else. It was a great lie. The truth was idleness. She was nothing.

But she did make a decision, firmer than any promise she ever made to herself to actually pick up the pen. The next time someone said to her, "Oh, you write?" she resigned,

"Only in theory."