

DAY BY DAY

Writing allows even a stupid person to seem halfway intelligent, if only that person will write the same thought over and over again, improving it just a little bit each time. It is a lot like inflating a blimp with a bicycle pump. Anybody can do it. All it takes is time.

--Kurt Vonnegut

I should be feeling pretty ... intelligent ... with all this writing; day after day after day, *writing*! You would've laughed at me this past weekend, as I wrote--Jim-Carey-movie-23-style--in some frantic literary rant. A spilling of over *fifty* pages. One set of them, being two chapters of a book I haven't even been planning to write--but it will fit into my *Gothenburg* series, quite nicely.

It's a weird experience, my "cellie" (prison slang for another prisoner in your cell, that you are forced to share your ... concrete abode) thinking undoubtedly I'd had some break down, as he witnessed me scribble at an insane pace to get the story out of my head and onto paper.

These books of--I believe--and hope--will lead to good things; but in truth, I'm enjoying them. Creating the worlds, the characters, the plots all twined up together.... It's a great way to pass the time, that also has very healthy *therapeutic* benefits:

The good thing about writing fiction is that you can get back at people. I've gotten back at lawyers, prosecutors, judges, law professors, and politicians. I just line 'em up and shoot 'em.

--John Grisham

Bang! Bang ... bang!

Well, it's not quite that crude; but I must admit to the taunt of making it that way. Many people will seep into my pages--that's unavoidable--and many will find themselves in, odd situations. But I'm going to keep from simply *lining them up*: Instead, I'll treat them with the humanity, and empathy they lacked upon facing me. I'll show things in a literary, intelligent light--perhaps making life lessons of their (and my) folly.

If someone doesn't; then is it not all in vain?

Our lives, not my work.

I *hope* not my work.

Then again, maybe I *am* just working a bicycle pump--*squeak-squish ... squeak-squish*--pumping away to my own demented pleasures, passing time. All I have *is* time.