

I sat in front of the computer screen, the harsh blank whiteness condescending and derogatory. Ideas came and went like butterflies, and in the rare case that one settled, it flitted away as soon as I put my fingers to the keyboard. I sat in silence, irritably drumming my fingers on the table. Finally, I sighed, pushed the laptop away, and took a break.

Twenty minutes later, I returned to the computer. Alas, my brain was still blank, a tabula rasa (blank slate), if you will. As I groaned in exasperation, I recalled something my old teacher once said. "Imagine you are inside the story, painting the blank canvas of your paper." I was desperate, so I gave it a shot. I closed my eyes, counted to ten, and then when I opened them, I was greeted with a boundless void of whiteness. Crabbed and spidery handwriting drifted aimlessly through the vast expanse. A brush appeared in my hand, and I slashed a line into the closest wall, leaving a broad black streak. As I watched, the ink evaporated, but the liquid-vapor took the form of words. Adjectives, verbs, nouns, prepositions. I lunged for them, but I suddenly found myself yards away as the trickle of words ended with Ha. Ha. What. A. Loser.

Fuming, I hacked and slashed, lacerated and mutilated the walls with thick strokes of ebony. As I stepped back to survey what I had drawn, I found an abstract piece, which translates to "I have no idea what I'm doing." The slashes slowly dissolved into conjunctions, interjections, determiners, adverbs. I reached for them, but my hands had no substance, merely passing through the floating diction like a gust of wind. I stared at my hands, tempted to reach up and touch my face to ascertain whether it was still solid or if I had become incorporeal and transcended into a metaphysical state. If I reached up, would I graze but a wisp of air?

Out of nowhere, a large rectangular billboard popped into place above my head. It was the Schoology dropbox for my narrative. It glared down at me pugnaciously, and I was ready to tear it down from its perch atop the welkin of my abyss and rip it to pieces. I tried to ignore it, but it was so big and brutish that it was impossible to do so. The ugly submission box added to my writer's block, fortifying it and rendering it nigh-impossible to overcome. I lay down, defeated.

When I opened my eyes, the heavens were dotted with stars, shimmering pearls on a landscape of black velvet. They brought illumination to the world, and I saw for the first time how beautiful my realm was. The ground surged with moist verdure, and the indescribable odors of enlightenment and erudition intoxicated my senses. In such a domain, time and space become trivial and unreal, and I saw that I had constructed a refuge from the miseries of life. With that knowledge came glory, a glory that lit up the world like the moon lights up the world with its pallor. I picked up the brush and painted magnificent works of art, tapestries unfurling from beneath my fingers. Humility, or perhaps profound disbelief in myself, had called to the surface magic that I may have been aware of in the first place. The tapestries and masterpieces evaporated, and this time I caught the spongy words, placing the first few in order: *I sat in front of the computer screen, the harsh blank whiteness condescending and derogatory...*