

Still Unacclaimed

My efforts in the field of writing were not always in vain. However, there came a time in my life when I was assigned with the task to write a short story, and my efforts seemed to only lead me down the roads less authored. My pen constantly drew out my thoughts, but finding them lacking and scantily covering the true depth of my feelings, I scratched them away. While rows of crossed out words consumed my page, I began to wonder if I would ever finish my assignment.

Turning to my good friend, I asked him plainly, “Well, what should I write about?”

“Man,” he said with a scoff, “I don’t even know what *I’m* going to write about!” Thusly, we began offering each other various ideas. The topics ranged through a multitude of subjects and a plethora of notions. Then, somehow, our conversation led to the topic of working in an office.

I curiously pondered aloud, “Do you ever wonder about life in the office?” Without waiting for a reply, my mind drifted off in thought...

I fancied myself seated behind a desk in a room painted with a myriad of off-whites; I had never imagined so many shades of off-white could exist. The sound of ringing phones, beeping fax machines, and dull murmuring sounded around me, creating a symphony of dead-end cubicle life. With a disapproving frown, I placed a mug full of lukewarm coffee to my lips. The taste was revolting, and the smell was not any more pleasant, but I needed the caffeinated pick-me-up. Placing my cup down, I glanced at the over-used slogan on it, which showed my distaste for mornings. Then, I stared at the blank word processor, grumbling under my breath.

I could hear the sound of a higher authority nasally ask me, “When’s the report going to be finished?”

“Soon, Mr. Fritters,” I replied hastily as I snapped to my keyboard—

—My friend’s voice then boldly disrupted my thoughts, “Who’s Mr. Fritters?”

“Hmm?” I mumbled inquisitively. Sighing, he rolled his eyes in wearied exasperation, simply refusing to inquire further about my eccentrics. Feeling inspired by my diminutive phantasmagoria, I began drafting new work at home. Slowly, I began to write down a number of ideas. The words still only formulated half-hearted, ineffectual ideas. Letting my pen pause from its futile assault on my page, I closed my eyes and inwardly contemplated for quite some time...

That is precisely how *it* came to me. I cannot, to this day, remember what *it* was, but I know that *it* held the key to success. Instantly, my hand fled to my pen. A masterpiece of literature was created by my own hand and mind. Self-satisfied and pleased, I read over my work repeatedly; it was a story that could put any other to shame, and I knew it.

Checking my watch, I realized that I was running late. I carefully piled my papers together and headed out the door. As I hurried down the sidewalk that led to school, a dog dashed by me, causing me to play victim to gravity’s hegemony. My face met the concrete with bitter contortion. Groaning, I pulled myself upright as I spotted the catastrophe my papers had spilled out to create. I heard the sound of a man’s voice chuckling.

“Lovely,” I mumbled with sarcastic dejection.

“Excuse me, miss,” said the man. “Pardon me, but I have to ask: Did you write this?”

I replied with a perk of the brow, “Yes, why?”

“It’s fantastic!” he declared excitedly.

“Uh, what?” I uttered dumbly.

Holding out his hand, he introduced himself, “Well, I’m Stephen King.”

“Oh,” said I, now fully embarrassed. Taking his hand I replied, “It’s nice to meet you, sir. I appreciate that you like my writing.”

“I haven’t even seen it all!” he said. “I’ll talk to my manager about you. He’ll be interested in your work, I’m sure.”

“What? Seriously?” I asked with cautious optimism.

“Of course,” Stephen King replied happily. He handed me a few of my papers. Smiling, I received them and placed the papers in my binder quickly. As we parted, he promised to speak with me again. How Stephen King came to be in my town I hadn’t the faintest about, but all I knew is that I was going to be heading somewhere good.

Meeting him after school was only the beginning of a series of good things to come. All my hard work and determination had finally paid off. Within the month, my story had been edited, laid out, and published. I received calls from Stephen King’s manager several times a week about plans on this or that. Finally, the striking news arrived, revealing that my book had not only earned the bestseller’s rating in America but in select foreign countries as well.

Filled with excitement, I called Stephen King to share with him the good news and to thank him for his help, for my book would never have been published if it weren’t

for him. Though he was glad for my success, he sounded slightly put out. I asked him about it, and he revealed to me that his new book hadn't sold very well. It was most unfortunate seeing as he had spent a great deal of both time and capital on the project. I offered my sympathies and ended the conversation at that; it was unbeknownst to me that it would be my last conversation with him.

In the months following, only more failure seemed to plague Stephen King. His books were pulled off the shelves and rejected continuously. Sadly, he stopped writing and turned to strictly moviemaking. However, that too ended disastrously as his cast became diagnosed with tuberculosis. Depressed and miserable, Stephen King seemed to disappear from the media period. Even his old books were little known in libraries, and all the while, my writing spread like wildfire throughout the literate world...

Suddenly, my eyes opened to an unknown time. I slowly straightened my aching back, stretching and yawning insouciantly. I shoved aside Everything's Eventual and Cell. Then, as my eyes drifted downwards, I spotted the blank page. It was an image similar to those in horror films. Panic washed over me as I realized that my assignment was still unfinished. It was the morn of the paper's assigned completion day, and I still hadn't any topic to write on...or did I?