

Inspiration

It doesn't matter how deep I dig into my head, or how much online research I do. I just can't find the inspiration. The urge to write something itches my skin constantly, but the problem is that it can only be perfect. My work has a reputation for being incredible, and it is my intention to keep it that way. But I can't find a story anywhere. I've meditated and explored the world and shadowed jobs but I cannot find a thing. My head is empty.

That was the case until an impulse idea suddenly comes to me. It would be an experience for me, and I think it would be just enough to get the creative juices flowing, you know what I mean? I start to consider it when I'm only walking down the street. That's when it strikes the most: when you're doing something so simple and don't expect it at all. I see her smile at me as the two of us pass, and I wonder. I wonder what if something happens to her.

Does she get in a car accident? No, that's too basic. Would she get sick? More sad than disturbing. I rest on a townhouse staircase as she is nearby sitting on a bench, her nose against her phone. She's alone there, and soon it would get dark, and she would be alone in the dark, making everything all the more helpless. She can't just sit there. What if someone goes up to her and-

That's it. There's nothing more terrifying than a stranger you can't trust. Murder is the only option. My character would be killed.

So I wait. I wait until it's dark a while later and I see the girl get off the bench, walking in the same direction she was originally going in. I get up too, making sure to avoid the direct light of the streetlamps, huddling against the buildings closer to the dark. I am so close. So close to getting that story I've been waiting for.

The both of us jump when a window smashes in between us, the shards darting forward onto the sidewalk. The girl yells something and sticks up her middle finger. It's like this story was meant to happen. Everything is falling into place. I pick up a shard of glass.

She's beginning to turn. No, nononono she can't do that. That can't happen. How will our antagonist win? The resolution just wouldn't be right. So, I charge. She must hear the footsteps because she turns and screams. I grab ahold of her before she can run, making sure my arms are wrapped around hers, locking them in place so she can't fight back. She tries to scream help as I drag her to the side and throw her down a small staircase leading to the basement of a building. I tell her if she screams, then the story is ruined. I can't let a good story go awry.

My legs are holding her down by her chest, one arm against her mouth, another carrying the shard. It comes so easy, sliding against her throat. The blood spewing up into the air and down her neck leaves fantastic imagery. I look around and the streetlamps at this level are just dim enough for a great setting, and our protagonist is trying so hard to scream, but it only makes her blood escape faster. Her arms become limp after scratching against my back and her last breath against my hand is a hot life escaping her and into my glorious work.

I can't wait soon enough. I go home. I run home. I *sprint* home. And the computer is open before I can set it down on my desk. And I write. My fingers become the best kind of sore, and my eyes are the most fulfilling kind of tired, but neither of them pull away from the story I have going. It worked. I have the inspiration for my perfect story, and it is *so good*.