

## Formidable: José F Nodar

In my dimly lit room of my cramped apartment, I sat hunched over my cluttered desk, staring blankly at the blinking cursor on the darn computer screen. The soft glow of the monitor illuminated my face, highlighting the bags under my eyes and the dishevelled mop of hair on my head. I am feeling the weight of my writing inadequacy pressing down like a lead blanket.

I always fancied myself a writer—a wordsmith capable of crafting eloquent prose that would captivate readers and leave them spellbound. I dreamed of penning novels that would stand the test of time, earning me a place among the literary greats. You know, Hemingway, Angelou, and the rest. Yet in reality, I am little more than a bumbling fool with a penchant for misplaced modifiers and run-on sentences.

My fingers poised over the keyboard, but the words refused to come.

Every sentence I typed felt clumsy and forced, lacking the poetic grace I so desperately sought to achieve. It felt as if a sack of potatoes had replaced my brain, with each thought clumsily tumbling over the next in a jumbled mess of nonsensical gibberish.

In a fit of frustration, I slammed my fists furiously down on the keyboard, sending a cascade of letters and punctuation marks flying across the screen in a chaotic whirlwind.

I look at the screen and there, in front of my eyes, is a short story completely written.

The story followed the journey of a curious young girl named Emily, who stumbled upon the secret world of these extraordinary cats while exploring the hidden corners of her grandmother's attic. There, amidst forgotten trinkets and dusty relics, Emily discovered an old journal filled with tales of the enigmatic felines.

*'Hot darn, I hit the jackpot! I am going to be famous for this story. I can see a contract coming my way. Even a movie deal. Hollywood, here I come.'* Is all I am screaming aloud.

*'Is this all I need to do in the future?' I think to myself. 'Just get the keyboard in front of me and give it a good whack? Is it that simple? Has it always been this simple?'* as my thoughts flood my mind.

If this is the way all the old masters of literature did it, no wonder it has worked for so many.

*'Formidable,'* I say aloud. *'That is what I call pounding the keys.'*

José F Nodar © 2024