

The Formidable Writers Block: Lyn Jones

They're at it again. That strange army of veritable vigilantes who inhabit my world. Nagging me to finish my novel.

My wild-haired Woodpecker Paperweight is sitting on my desk. An inquisitive little fellow, he arches a quizzical eyebrow & trills - a staccato scale.

"So what's holding you up, what's the problem?"

"You wouldn't understand" I say & he slides down his pecking pole shaking with laughter.

I try again to write without success. Then I'm nearly bowled out of my chair by a powerful voice. The voice of my Wonder Woman Action Figure.

"You'll never finish your novel" she booms. "You procrastinate too much.

Be a woman of action, I am."

"But" I tell her, angling for a little sympathy. "It's not easy."

"Did you think it would be?" she demands loudly.

"No, just easier," & the Old Procrastinator blinks this Warrior Queen back into - inaction.

Still no words come to mind. Suddenly my pink Papier-Mache Pig flutters her angelic wings. The porcine cutie-pie I rescued from a Council Clean-up.

"You're safe now Sugar," I had assured her as we raced home in my getaway vehicle.

"Get your novel done & dusted" she squeaks, "because you know you can".

"Oh sure" I answer - defensive pedal pushed down hard - "and pigs can fly can't they? Maybe this too is impossible".

"Just because you haven't seen one of us fly, doesn't mean it isn't possible" she responds, then shuts her eyes, ending our brief exchange.

The formidable blank pages however, remain lifeless & waiting.

Taped to the shelf in front of me, the cardboard cut-out of a comical looking Cartoon Dog ruffles his shaggy coat.

"I don't mean to interrupt" he barks politely, " but is something blocking you?"

I consider his words of wisdom. Centuries of understanding pass between us.

"I'm afraid you see" I confess, " that no-one will like my novel when it's finished"

My comforting Canine Confidante looks knowingly into my eyes.

"Just remember that old sage saying" he murmurs. "That you can't please all of the people, all of the time," adding -

"I have faith in you!" beaming his wide wonderful toothy smile.

"Thank you old friend" I say fondly & blow him a kiss.

Then without any warning, some deep inner spark ignites a roaring flame & words start to tumble out & over themselves, in their rush to be first on the pages in front of me.

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