



## Astonishing Creativity and Such Thinking

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Putting aside the most creative feat we know – the creation of the universe; if you believe in that – we come to lesser feats of creative prowess.

What kind of creative things have we done that raise us above and sets us apart?

- We build bridges – but beavers build dams.
- We build homes – and birds build nests.
- We grow our own food but all other living creatures eat what's already been grown and prepared for them.
- We've learned how to conquer and kill – nothing new there in either the human or the animal world.
- We verbalize; but so do other species and often more elegantly than we; and they do so in ways we cannot eavesdrop. And it seems as though other species do not care enough about us to listen to our often stupid, silly and worthless conversations.

We write! Yes, that's it. We write; whether it be in pictures or words, we communicate by creating lasting images; information that can be transferred to others over time.

We take nothing and make something from it, be it originally a thought or notion or concept; and put it on a canvas, a cave wall or piece of paper.

We write and thereby can take our creative abilities and magnify them, expand them and combine them in ways no one has ever before done. We can take you from here to there in a matter of a few sentences; make you cry, laugh or hate; cause you to applaud, yell or enthusiastically march off to war by the use of merely words someone has written.

Words can make you dedicate your entire life and being – the only one life and existence you know – to something about which you know nothing and have no real proof and know only by faith, instilled in you by someone else's words.

And you repeatedly are given the challenge to transform the world by using words; to remove boundaries by using words; to blast and rent asunder the very walls that keep you confined by stringing together sounds and capturing them on paper as no one before you has ever done.

With such a simple tool as a pen, you can travel to new worlds, create monsters, destroy civilizations and summon the very God upon which you dare not look – why? . . . because someone wrote that you shouldn't.

Cowardice is not the weapon of the writer; daring is. Hiding is not the tactic of the writer; flamboyance and spectacle are. Quiet is not the way of the writer except as a contrast to the deafening.

The writer is not to be a whisper in the din of genius but the lever and the catapult and the mover of the unmovable.

The writer is not the teller of the story but the creator of the story.

Behold the writer! for the Bible – none of them – would exist without us.

Bow to the writer! for the writer is the reason we believe what we believe.

Extol the writer! for only the writer knows where we are going and tells where we have been.

Pray for the writer! for his mind cannot be confined and threatens to cross the deepest reaches of existence while dancing with the limitless demons of extravagance and lunacy.

Commend the writer! for only the writer has the courage to travel beyond the beyond and return to entice you with tales of adventure you dare not conceive of yourself.

Sit with the writer and some of the specialness may rub off on you and then beware because once true writing has begun, such writing cannot be stopped. Once the mind has been so engaged and has witnessed the boundless; felt the power; known and used the transforming tentacles; and played the role of Pied Piper, return is forever never considered.

Be the writer you have been given the wherewithal to become and revel in your acceptance of the gift.

Shun the writer and you risk becoming immortalized as a negative now and forever.

Try to control the writer and you will find yourself fighting the power of the gods themselves; the chants of the monks; the curses of the witches and the imagination of a mind that can conjure the darkness of Hades and the sharpness of tongues that can split you from your bones; disembowel you while you remain alive; pluck out your eyes with fiery knives; tear out your fingers as you are made to watch; and deliver tortures and wretchedness from which there is no respite.

Appease the writer and you can delight in the joys of the endorphin sublime; rest among the aromatics; be tended to by the individualized whimsies of the fantasies; and recline among the soft and sweet.

We control the angels because we made the angels.

We have power over the Devil because the Devil is our creation – as is the God we made.

The dreams that have come true and the depths of despair . . . we made them all and told the world they exist and the world believed us and lives it.

You can't deny that we invented death – at least what you know about it. From where else did you get your information about death? Nowhere else. Only from us, the writers.

We bring the good to life and drop the bad on you. We entangle you in intrigue and dangle you off cliffs. We get into your mind and mess it up or organize it and then mess it up. We are playful, vicious and quite dangerous; more so than the muscled and the greedy and the violent because we move nations while they are simple, one-at-a-time folk.

*I'll be back.*

*Call me Ishmael*

*Bond. James Bond.*

*The plane! The plane!*

From where and from whom do you think you got that? From us because we control the horizontal and we control the vertical and we control your life. Not you. You! If you didn't have us to guide you, your life would be a shambles and some of you have made it a shambles anyway. Why? Because you didn't listen to us – or listened to the wrong ones of us. We aren't all good people. Do you think The Satanic Bible was written by a good guy? Please! A remarkable writer – you'd follow him to Hell – but not a good person.

Be creative but remember that you are going to listen to somebody who's a writer and you will paraphrase and adopt and adapt what you read or heard (which is what someone wrote).

Likely, not one of the people you know has an original idea or thought. They all have minds molded by writers and some of us writers have great original thoughts. (Thank you.)

Just as the nerds and geeks have inherited the helm, so have the writers inherited the navigation system; except the writers have not yet realized their power to create a world.

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