

Forty Books

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This is part of my
Broken Stories Unfinished Dreams
Series

But this one is actually fairly well done.
Complete with end line poetry and everything..

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Don't you just hate it at the end of articles, books, and crap (and they're all crap) when the powers that be feel the need to summarize the author's accomplishments. Did you know he wrote forty other books? Wow! Really! Are they all just as bad? Because you know, that's why I started writing in the first place. I figure if a moron like this can retread the same sorry subject forty times, I should be a shoe in to get published. But then, they always want to know what I've gotten published so far, which would be nothing.

I've personally written over ten books, though. All just as crappy as the one I just read. Hundreds of humor columns... if you want to call this humor, instead of what it really is, pointless griping. And as to the emails, business letters, and personal correspondence. I figure they must number in the tens of thousands by now. I've sent over 10,000 messages on my Twitter account alone. I was the first one. They had to add an extra digit to the indicator just for me. Of course, that's just a lie. All of this is.

Except for the books, I've written them. That's true. Just not published, mind you. And along with them are countless journal entries and the articles that never went anywhere. "Unsolicited material will not be returned, acknowledged, or opened." I guess they treat it like hazardous waste and call in a bomb squad.

On the upside, my blog had fifteen unique visitors last week: a 50% increase from the week before. And Oprah, I've been on her show a time or two... in my head. She's always asking me for advice. Just in case you're wondering, it's almost exactly like talking to God... neither of them really listen, only looking to fill time, till the next commercial break.

The point is, I don't care what other authors have been up to. Don't rub it in my face. Forty books! How did he find the time? Or more importantly, would anyone have even looked at the 39th if he hadn't already published 38 others?

Hey! But on the bright side. With this little number my writing career is finally taking off. You just know I'll be mentioning this publishing credit on everything I send out from now... until the very end of time.

And as for all you other writers out there, who are busy saying to themselves, "It was a stupid idea, an obvious conceit. Poorly executed."

Well, doesn't that bring us back to the start and why all of us started writing in the first place. In the end, even I know, "I could do better."

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Forty books from the author's quill
Along with two hundred shorts. What a will.
Countless leaflets, lectures, and letters,
Up coming talent seeking correspondence with their betters.

With any luck, forty books I, too, shall write,
But at that rate, it will all be fairly trite.

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Forty books the author wrote
Along with countless letters, leaflets, and lectures.

When did he find to read them?
Revise them? Edit them? Condense them?
Sour grapes?
No doubt forty books this author, too, shall write,
But will any of them be insightful?
Or to the one, mere literary blight?