

Writing: A Warning

Writing can seem like a very dangerous profession to the writer's rightfully concerned friends and family. They will spend long hours alone battling white screens or paper, talk to themselves, make strange faces at random, stop, and then do it again but better. They will act out precise motions and consult the open air, or sleeping cats for encouragement or opinions. They will, at times, seem no better off than a mad-man, trapped in their dreams; the only difference is that a writer still knows the roads back from her own or his own world. Because a writer is the mapmaker, the explorer, the guest, the god, and the translator all in one. And they need to be brave, because sometimes the roads do not lead to safe places, or upon returning from their worlds with stories and lessons to tell they find that things are not quite as they left them and they have work to do in this world, things to set right or in motion, before they can be allowed with any moral soundness to return to their beloved, uncharted plains. But like all explorers their task is necessary, and they will go back, and they will return until one day (hopefully many years ahead) they don't.