

The Pencil Writer

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There was once a pencil. He was a lovely, long, shiny, Chinese yellow pencil. And new, he was brand new. He wanted to be a writer. He sat on the store shelf praying to be a writer.

Finally he was bought by a writer. Oh, bliss!

The writer took him home, sat at his desk and took out his writing pad. He sharpened the pencil. For the first time the pencil was sharpened. It hurt, but that was the price of art.

The pencil was poised, waiting to fulfill his destiny. Moments passed; an eternity.

The writer sharpened him again. He tapped him on his writer's nose and teeth. He drummed the desk and dented him.

"Ouch," said the pencil.

That's when the writer first bit him. He bit down hard and crunched him. Then he banged him on the desk again, and broke his lead. The writer sharpened him. He rubbed the lead sideways on paper until it was shiny and smooth and pointed like a needle.

Finally the writer used him and began to write. Half way through 'Once', on the down-stroke of the 'n', the tip of the lead broke. The writer sharpened him again. He scrubbed out the 'O' and the 'n'. He scrubbed them hard. The tip broke again.

All day the pencil was sharpened, bitten, chewed, and pounded. He was flipped, dropped, used to pry dust from nooks and crannies of the desk, twirl paperclips and thrown at the cat.

Finally, it was supper time and the pencil was worn down to a mere stub. The writer sighed and tossed him into the trash.

The pencil was not displeased. Being a writer is not all it's made out to be.