

The Writer's Block

Knock. Knock. Knock. Otis opened the door, surprised that anyone would want to see them on Christmas morning. His family had just finished opening all their Christmas presents. His favorite was a new leather-bound notebook. Although, strangely enough, it had an odd pinkish tint.

He opened the door. To his surprise, he found a small red box, on which there was a gift tag that read: **for: Otis Walter London, Happy Writing!** Otis closed the door, carrying the box with him into his room. Carefully, he lifted the lid, and peeled away the tissue paper. Inside was a small velvet pouch. He eagerly opened the pouch and dumped its contents onto his bed. Out tumbled a small glass cube - a very strange little block. It appeared to have beautiful colors floating around in it. He shook it. Suddenly, a message appeared on the top of the cube. It read: **Otis, do you promise to keep this block from the view and knowledge of anyone and everyone?** It was the same plain neat handwriting that had been on the gift tag. "Yes?" Otis said, uncertainly. **Then think away!** Read the block. "Okay?" Otis said, unsure of what to do. He gently dropped the cube into his pocket and went downstairs to join his family.

In school, after winter break, Otis sat in English class free time, wracking his brain for something to write about. *Hmmm.* He thought. *Maybe a girl who you can't see, as long as she can't see you, and then she gets in an odd accident and goes blind. No. . . maybe a boy that likes to play pranks based off books he's read, and it's all fun and games until his best friend gets seriously hurt and it's all his fault. No. . .*

Otis was on his bed, pencil in hand trying desperately to think of an idea for a story. He knew he was going to have to try harder than that if he was going to be a writer when he grew up. *Maybe I could write a story with an animal as the main character. Maybe a dog.* He'd always wanted a dog. *I know!* Otis thought, *a cute little corgi puppy, who whenever a human said the word 'Lilliputian', grew 100 times its normal size, and whenever someone said 'ginormous' it went back to normal.* Otis took the cube out of his pocket and put it on the bed, admiring its beauty. Then, suddenly, it had a message; **Otis, would you like to see your ideas for today?** "Yes?" said Otis, unsure of what was happening next. On the top of the cube it read; **a girl who you can't see as long as she can't see you. Then she gets in an odd accident and goes blind.** Then, as quick as it had come, the words switched to; **there is a group of three kids, all of which have glasses, and then for some odd reason, they can only see out of each other glasses, and when they do they literally switch appearances.** The next that came was; **a boy who likes to play pranks based off books he's read, and it's all fun and games until his best friend gets seriously hurt and it's all his fault.** Lastly came; **a cute little corgi puppy, who whenever a human said the word 'Lilliputian', grew 100 times its normal size, and whenever someone said 'ginormous' it went back to normal.**

Upon learning all this information, darkness swallowed up Otis's surroundings.

Otis awoke with an icepack on his head. *Oh no.* Otis thought. If his mom had been in his room, she would have seen the block. Otis was propped up on pillows, alone in his room. Luckily, the block was next to him on the bed, right where he'd left it. He sighed with relief, but worry creased his brow as soon as he picked up the cube. The whole thing was black, and on the top, were the words: **Otis, this block has been seen, now all your ideas will be put on paper**

to burn. It is the only way to destroy all evidence of the Writer's Block. It only exists because of ideas, and without them, it becomes nothing. With that, all the blackness flew out of the cube and onto the pages of his new notebook. As soon as all the black was out of the cube, it turned clear, then shrunk into nothing. Otis turned toward the notebook, surprised to see the pinkish tint getting pinker and pinker until the whole notebook was enveloped in pink flames. Instead of the book burning immediately, it was very, very slowly burning. Then, from out of nowhere there was a girl. Her mop of curly white hair, and piercing blue eyes were exactly as he'd imagined them. Then, her pale eyelids closed, and she was gone. For the second time that day, Otis's world disappeared.

When he woke up, the first thing he saw was an exploding head. Oh, wait, the head wasn't exploding, it was just a girl with red hair. Wait. Why was a girl with red hair in his room? Otis looked around, discovering that there was also a girl with blonde hair and blue eyes (the red head had brown eyes) and a girl with black hair and green eyes. They all had glasses the same color as their eyes. Now Otis knew which idea they were from. He quickly told them to play a card game, and put them in his closet. Again, out of nowhere came a dark-haired boy with a mischievous grin. Otis tried to stop him, but Matthew, as Otis had named him, bolted out the door. Now there was only one more character. Ida had come, she was the invisible girl, so had Annie, the blonde girl, Carlie, the redhead, and Esmerelda, the raven head, and of course, Matthew.

Otis rested his eyes for a moment, and when he opened them, he saw an adorable corgi. Otis laughed with delight. "Sito, over here!" he said, leaping off the bed and onto the floor. He scooped up the little dog, and ran to the backyard. "LILLIPUTION" he yelled. And

Sito became the size of an elephant. He lay down, so Otis hopped on Sito's back. Sito eagerly trotted around. Otis hopped off and yelled, "GINORMOUS" Sito went back to normal size, then Otis took him back upstairs. He loved Sito, but he knew that the others couldn't stay. Especially Ida. But the question was, how could he get rid of them before the book burned. Otis gasped. He knew what he had to do. He had to finish their stories.

Otis got out a paper and pencil, scribbling furiously. After thirty minutes he set down his pencil, Ida's story done. In the next hour, the book was almost gone, only a few scraps of paper from being ashes. He had finished Matthew and the girls' stories. He opened the closet door. The girls were still there. He didn't understand. He had finished all the stories. Except one. With tears filling his eyes, Otis wrote down a very happy ending for Sito. Otis turned around to say goodbye, but Sito was already gone. Otis wiped his eyes and opened the closet door. The girls were gone. Who knew what kind of trouble Ida and Matthew had caused the city, but it would get fixed. Otis was sad about Sito, but he knew that he would be happy in a nice big family that loved and understood him.

The end.