



# Addicted

**M**y name is Lisa, and I am a user ... of words.

I was a casual user in the beginning. All talk. Then someone pushed a No. 2 in my hand and a Big Chief tablet under my nose. I learned how to roll an A off the end of a piece of lead. Next came a B. Before I knew it, I hit Z bottom.

It was not enough. There had to be more to these 26 characters. C-A-T. D-O-G. G-O-D. Oh, God, I had to keep going. I went from being a three-letter-a-word user to 10-letters and more. The words ran into sentences, into paragraphs. Soon, I was waist-deep in stories.

In the past and present I have had mixed tenses. I've abused

contractions, and I used prepositions to end with. I even went through a period of thesaurus dependency/reliance.

Sweating and trembling, I have woken to voices in the middle of the night: "Write this, write that. Hurry! Before you forget!" Digging for my stash of paper, a pen, a pencil, a crayon, for G-O-D's sake ... what was that word? Where did it go?

I finally dumped Big Chief to shack up with a supplier who lives in a small, off-white house with his motherboard. Dell gives me the speed I need to try to keep up with the thoughts racing through my mind. I just need more space so the words quit tripping over each other on their

way out of my head. Sometimes the good ones never make it.

I thought I could quit at any time, but then I went from just using words to dealing them. That's when I really got hooked. I don't have to close every deal, just something here and there is enough to feed my habit.

Using has led to hallucinations. Like the recurring one where my name appears on a book, next to a bright, floating star that reads "#1 Best Seller." Shaking that vision loose from my head causes words to tumble helplessly therein. They want out. I want them out.

I take another hit on the keyboard, pushing back letters that jump out at my fingertips, watching them leap up in front of me, black on white. One letter changes into a word, into a sentence, into a story. Then, it's time to deal. I need that selling-my-words high. I need it bad.

The withdrawals are hell ... o, do you want some of this? Just try it one time. Go ahead. Buy my words. Support my addiction.



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