

LibreOffice,

my writing app of choice.

The place where my ideas are made permanent.

I take a glance at its icon in my apps list.

I could write a story.

But my cursor treats it like the plague,

it goes as far away from the office apps as possible

landing on something else entirely.

Suddenly, I'm there,

transported into my new reality.

I'll be spending an hour or two here,

but why?

Because, I have a world I need to save

and a happy ending to write.

There's a mad inventor commanding an army of robotic fiends.

Fiends.

they must be stopped.

My controller's plugged in,

this is my pen.

Rushing through the levels, grabbing what I can, defeating weaponized machines,

I've played this scenario before.

But this time I'll change my errors, fix what was wrong, or didn't work,

all in a strive for perfection (or as close as I can reasonably get to perfection).

Every frame of animation writes a new paragraph,

in this character's story.

I need to prove I can do this, I need to prove it to myself.

I can pick up the tool that I use to control my character's fate.

I can write that happy ending, again and again and again,

eventually, one of these endings, and the journey to get there will be satisfactory to me.

I don't need a pen

or paper.

All I need right now is to press the right keys,

I can't mess up

If I do, I'll have to go back

and I'll have to rewrite my hero's fate.

Again.

Eventually I make it to the climax for what feels like the hundredth time.

This time, it'll be flawlessly executed, not a beat missed.

I will overcome my final challenge,

no more changes needed.

Before I know it, I've made it to the end,

I'm satisfied with the way my hero made it to the end of his journey,

I've made a story I'm thoroughly proud of.

Back to my desktop,

then my apps list.

My cursor hesitantly hovers over my writing app,

I could write a story.

Although, in a way

I think I just did.