



Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine

Volume 4 *Perspectives*

Article 37

5-1-1997

Much Ado About ... Nothing

Kathryn Allen
NSU University School

Follow this and additional works at: http://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Allen, Kathryn (1997) "Much Ado About ... Nothing," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 4, Article 37.
Available at: http://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol4/iss1/37

This Short Story is brought to you for free and open access by the University School at NSUWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine by an authorized administrator of NSUWorks. For more information, please contact nsuworks@nova.edu.

Much Ado About... Nothing

Kathryn Allen

I bit my lip and looked around the room. *Why is this suddenly so hard for me?* I tapped my pen nervously on the desk and stared blankly at the front wall. *Nice wall. Focus!!* The pen tapped, tapped, tapped, *think, think, think... it doesn't help when my mind is as blank as the page in front of me.*

I need to get my thoughts together. Okay, what has happened to me that's mildly interesting? Nothing. Great, there's a start—I'll write a paper about absolutely nothing. But that's too easy—lots of students do that. Though I could probably write creatively about nothing... I've certainly been successful so far!

Okay, seriously now, let's get some main ideas down. I could write about... the aforementioned wall. Let's see. It's white and flat... um, and it has some posters on it—IT SYMBOLIZES THE DEPRAVITY OF MAN!! Um, or NOT... no, I don't have quite enough to write about the wall. I looked around at the people busily writing and snickered. I could write about them. They're SLIGHTLY more interesting than the wall. I laughed and then admonished myself. No, that's not very nice—besides, this is supposed to be about a personal experience. And anyway, who am I to be making fun of them? THEY have something to write about.

A five paragraph essay on a novel I can do. A dissertation on the greenhouse effect... no problem! But ask me to write about my life, and I have nothing to write! I'm not a sports star, an artist, or a world traveler, my family and friends are (for all intents and purposes) fairly normal, and I've never been abducted by aliens. What's wrong with me?? I banged my head furiously on the desk and looked up at my teacher, who gave me an encouraging smile. I smiled back, wondering if he had any idea how empty my thoughts were.

I sighed. *Here I am with my muddled thoughts and stubbornly blank paper getting less than nothing accomplished. This is SO frustrating!* I put my head in my hands and pouted. *Everyone else is working busily, and I haven't been able to articulate a single thought! All of a sudden writing this paper is a huge, unbearable task that has overwhelmed me, and I'm drowning in a terrible void, consumed by my own lack of creativity... grasping frantically for an idea to save me!* And then... I saw it. *Wait... what is this? Could this be... an idea?* It was scarcely recognizable as such, which is why I hadn't noticed it earlier. But there it was, right in front of me, and I sheepishly realized that it had been there the whole time. With ten minutes left of class, I began to write: "I bit my lip and looked around the room..."