

Closing Remarks

We stab at the paper with our pens, letting the ink form sporadic blotches across the destroyed page. We sit facing our writing workshop professor, and take our hands back above our heads and then push, with great force, the pen tip deep into the sheets of paper. Our professor says that we must physically strengthen our dominant arms in order to write properly, and he says these physical exercises are just one of the many ways we can improve our writing skills over time and they must be done with much repetition. We sweat and toil as he yells.

“Faster! Faster! Dig deep, ladies. This isn’t wimp-shop it’s workshop!”

We all wore large diamond wedding rings, and clearly used this workshop as an excuse to get out of the house for the day. Leaving the kids with babysitters, and little spurts of gossip made for an extravagance unknown to us unemployed mothers. We stabbed and stabbed until he screamed out for us to stop. He took a sip from a red plastic cup and winced in pain as he swallowed, making us think he might have something more than simply water inside.

He wore a disgusting woolen checkered blazer with a red velvety interior that revealed itself when he touched our waists and bended over our shoulders to “review our progress”. His breath smelled of bourbon and Nicorette gum, and he was an idiot. We all knew he was an idiot, but we kept returning, summer after summer. The physical exercises were ridiculous, as he forced us to stretch about the room. He would stand behind you as your bent over, reiterating that these stretches needed to be done to

perfection in order to fully immerse yourself in the creative world and summon your creative angels and demons.

“My methods are unconventional, but as my returning students know, they work!”

He sputtered out with great enthusiasm.

They didn't fucking work. Our writing was just as bad as it always had been, and we all recently had gotten together and tried to work on a collaborative book. A fiction piece, inspired by our lives together; however, we had barely moved past the first page when we realized we had no grasp on sentence structure and certainly had no clue how to embark on a creative fictional masterpiece.

It was the first day of our third class, and we all sat in annoyance, for we knew what segment came next. Creative thought processing.

He blurted out, “Time for creative thought processing! We remember a time when we felt intense passion; a time when we felt good about ourselves. Remember a romantic time in your life in which you were pleased or pleasing somebody else, and please share it with the class, in a creative manner of course”

This was the moment in which the professor's thoughts became perverted. He wanted to hear about our sexual encounters, and wanted to hear about our youthful escapades as he sat behind his desk with a disgusting smirk. Oh how we hated him, but we allowed him to pull our strings, because we couldn't stand our domineering male figures at home either.

This seemed like the next best option, and here the summer began.