

A Day in the Mind of a Twenty-Something Writer

Being a writer, or I guess trying to be a writer, fills other people with the idea that you contain some magical mine full of ideas for stories, an unlimited and ever-expanding thesaurus, dictionary, encyclopaedia and vocabulary, and you've been published everywhere.

Not only that.

"Oh how glamorous, you're a writer,' whittle some folk, eyes glazing into the daydream land that is their mind, painting pictures of Carrie Bradshaw dressed in some ridiculous, never-to-be-worn-outside-your-house outfit, pen in hand, or, more fittingly, fingers at the keyboard, frantically scribbling, or typing, some drivel that's apparently and somehow magically going to become the next big hit, while 'Sisters are doin' it for themselves' screams incessantly in the background.

Somewhere inside the pondering mind of a twenty-something writer, well, me anyway, there's a cynical banshee waiting to explode at the slightest provocation. The adverts on the TV have had it. In fact, they get it several times a day.

There seems to be some kind of time switch inside our heads, inside most twenty-somethings' heads I imagine, that flicks to cynical mode when we hit our twenties.

Or maybe it's just me...

You start to look at the world around you more closely.

'Why's that happening?'

'What started that?'

'Why is the world in such a mess?'

And then, more often than not...

'What's the meaning of all this?'

Alongside that cynical switch in our minds is the philosophical switch. And the twenties trigger that one too. You begin, only begin, to start looking for meaning, the bigger picture. And even though you know you're not yet old enough to refer to the lived part as 'life', you begin to scrutinize it anyway.

'What have I achieved?'

'What have I done to progress through life?'

'What have I done?'

It's easy to immerse yourself in thoughts like these and become depressed by the fact that you have seemingly done nothing with your life. But it takes an eyes-wide-open individual to realize and accept that our life has only just begun.

While considering writing a story for this book, I pondered. There's a veritable schizophrenic episode of verbal diarrhoea in my diary to prove it. Too expensively filled for this book, I hasten to add.

'What have I got to tell?' I contemplated. That I never wanted to be a mother, it was never in my plans, but here I am today with a beautiful two-year-old daughter who is now the love of my life? Twenty-somethings don't want to hear about that, I told my diary-residing alter ego. My cynical side often argues with itself.

Maybe I could write about the fact that I've never kept a diary in my life, stupid things, until I was 25, which I started because...well I'm still not sure why. I might publish it one day but, hey, we're drifting off tangent. Again.

So I decided to write about all this. The things that float through my mind on a daily basis. I hope at least one other twenty-something can relate to all this or else I think there may be a trip to see the men in white coats scheduled.

There's things that an individual contemplates throughout their twenties. Things that will undoubtedly develop as we progress into later years. As for the meaning of life? Well I'll let you know. Just as soon as I figure out how to contact the dead...

In the meantime, I guess I'll just keep working on that 'next big hit'. I'm sure there's a reason for such cynicism and philosophizing and maybe one day we will figure it out. I'll be damned if I'm going to waste valuable brain power thinking about stuff for no reason.

So I suppose I'll embrace this emotional merry-go-round that is the mind of a twenty-something, or me at least. Man, I thought my teens were bad enough. We can't have all the answers at once. Maybe Carrie Bradshaw can but I ain't wearing no pink tutu for no-one!