

Writer's Brain Gush—The hazards of too many words coming too fast

Writer's Brain Gush. Yeah, I know it sounds disgusting, but to a writer with a looming deadline, it's actually a *very* good thing (though embarrassing and potentially dangerous).

Brain Gush happens when my muse has finally decided to get off her duff, quit futzing around, and help me get some work done. As a result, ideas strike anywhere and everywhere. This is good. Mostly.

Now to the embarrassing and dangerous part. Since I was up early on a recent Saturday (my muse's fault again), I decided to go to one of the two grocery stores we go to by myself and let my hubby sleep in. I did good on the drive there, and actually managed to get out of the store without incident (major miracle). But when it came time to put my cart back in the "cart corral," I had two problems. One, I couldn't figure out how to re-attach my cart's chain to the line of carts already in the corral. (We shop at Aldi, and you have to use a quarter to unlock a cart to use. When you finish shopping, you re-attach your cart's chain/lock thingie to the one in front of it and you get your quarter back. Cool.) Now these things aren't rocket science. Yet there I stood, completely unable to figure out where to insert the other end of the chain to get my quarter back. I actually had to study the line of carts in front of mine to figure it out. Then came the embarrassing part. For some reason I couldn't get the chain to reach my cart, so I pushed on the cart, and then and only then did I see what the problem was.

All of my groceries were *still in the cart*.

Fortunately, no one saw my moron moment. I took my groceries to my Jeep, loaded them, returned my cart — and successfully attached the chain and got my quarter back. Let's hear it for writer ingenuity!

I took the first load of groceries home and told Derek that in light of my present state of mind, it might be best if he drove to the next store. As a result, we got there without incident—until the soap aisle. Our favorite soap was on sale (woot!), so I bent over to get one and rammed my head into a huge display that a normal person would have noticed. Again, I don't think anyone saw me. Derek kissed me on the head to make it better and gave me a hug right there in the soap aisle. As he held me against his chest, I could feel him laughing. Yep, I'm a source of constant amusement to my husband.

So, a word of warning: while brain gush is great for a book, it can leave a writer with only two brain cells to rub together for basic human functioning.

Your absent-minded, Mr. Magoo-impersonating author,
Lisa