

Dr. Tweetlove, Or: How I Learned To Stop Worrying and Love Twitter

Description

Do you get the title reference? Of course you do!

So, yes, I finally relented on Friday and joined Twitter.

Why you ask? Well, I was bored at work (as per usual), and I know that most of my J-school friends are on it, and I never really gave it a chance. So, I decided I would check it out.

It's interesting, and I have a better feeling of why so many people are so addicted to it. And, it's good to see what all my great J-school friends are up to (since we don't have regular school contact until September).

If you are on Twitter, feel free to follow me. My name on Twitter is VERY tricky. Are you ready? It's: davidmanly

Now, for what I promised on Twitter, and have told some people about.

Because I am so bored at work, I have decided to start writing a bit of a novel. Yes, a novel. I haven't been working on it for long, and I just have the first two chapters done along with a rough plot outline.

However, I decided to put the Prelude on my blog, and see what people think. Feel free to post your comments, or email me what you think. It is by no means finished, as it is only a rough draft, and feedback is appreciated.

Enjoy!

Prelude

It was a dark and stormy night laid typed on the laptop.

Wow, how unoriginal, the man at the keyboard thought in a small hotel room.

The room was your standard cheap hotel room just off the highway. Nothing fancy, besides a desk with a lamp that seemingly resembled a tortoise shell, a bed with a beige comforter and a small desk and chair.

Seriously man, he thought. A thousand monkeys typing at a hundred typewriters can write Hamlet and you cannot even write a decent opening line!

Fed up with himself, the man deleted the sentence with a quick flick of his wrist.

Another productive night of doing nothing. An excellent waste of time of just waiting for that singular moment which will define you. That which will show everyone who you really are.

Angrily, the man stood up and walked to the window next to his desk. Without any hesitation, he flew open the yellow time-tinted blinds.

A full moon emerged from behind the dark clouds, and as the moonlight swept over him, he felt oddly nervous. Well, not nervous. More anxious. Anxious for what was to come tomorrow.

It's finally time, he thought.

All those years, all the meticulous planning. Our plan will finally come to fruition. My brother and sister will be pleased.

Now, what you must know about this man, is that he is not evil. Not by any sense of the word. He simply takes the path of least resistance, which often takes him into dark and dangerous situations that others would simply run away from in fear.

He was not one of those men.

In fact, you would be hard pressed to find someone who was less human than this man.

Whilst staring at the moon, the man began to look forward to tomorrow. Because tomorrow, tomorrow, would be his beginning. And yet, for many others, it would be their end.

And then, he smiled.

Category

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