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*Destruction from easy road.*

*10.05.2018*

*Few days ago I named my work hobby, most scary words in my creative life. It was a lot of not pleasant factors which bring me to this conclusion. It was probably lowest point in my depression and I say it aloud. There are two ways from that – first it's shut up and convince creative suicide and second is change everything. I didn't believe in fire rain which destroy people and events which put me at such deep.*

*If I wrote this it's not goodbye note, my appologies for future dissapointment who waited for that.*

*I wrote that searched for draft for possible future project. When I read story I almost cried that it was work done for me. It's interesting, complicated and it's different level universe of mystery, comparing with my results in English. After publishing only stories which were possible for my level of English I started to believe that's all what I can do. I received not finished drafts and broken projects.*

*I used to receive results on easy road. My stories for children are perfect example for it. I could create with illustrations them weekly. It will give me feeling of accomplishment and quantity of finished texts.*

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*When I first time used English reference in my creative work it was Dickens and it was in times of Orange Revolution. Still I believe that was cool. When I came to English it was Hamlet and damn it, it's still cool. But what I received after that was painful, I could feel this scars about that I didn't deserve place for my work.*

*Honestly I wasn't ready for such welcoming. I couldn't return to my native languages, this bridges still on fire. I decided to stay, and stay away from dangerous themes which will gave new scars on me. I thought that I think about that properly.*

*I read articles and books of how to write. They rarery were written by genius writers and I learned how to write lighter, sweeter. Vocabulary should be for level of undergraduated reader and not offensive for housewife with religious feelings. I did everything. I wrote easy to stage stories with understandable characters and motives for rare visitor for theatre. It didn't help in my career.*

*Why write one more play if previous wasn't staged? Why write short stories if you had such enormous experience in plays writing? Which new genre to choose? How to find character to which you will be tied for few stories?*

*I write in foreign language, it's attempt to make border from my life. It's some kind of escaping from unsolvable problems.*

*And in that escaping, hell knows why, I lost myself in believing that could use the same rules that should be for native English writers. I tried to be equal for some time and started to struggle.*

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*I never was afraid of competition and always was person who answers first at exams, I believed it was stupid to wait and listen experience of others – every fight is unique.*

*I had everything – published texts, successful contests and all that in the past, forgotten in the dust. And what I have in English is life of four-years child. I started to write in English in 2014 year, in few weeks will be four years since that. I write stories and add there images with dolls. It's normal kid's behaviour. It has nothing common with my experience as adult writer in native languages.*

*As result I became absolute proper – I wrote story such sweet and light that I want to scream. My mystery short story is just, I don't know – I want more in action and everything. I didn't manage to show normal relationships and I ask myself how I put this two characters together. They do not work.*

*What I thought as one and only possible solution became pain and border, endless discomfort. Some kind of work which you start to hate sometimes and it marked by periods of writing quietness. Later return ideas about responsibilities and possibilities and everything begins anew.*

*Definitely also present impostor syndrome. I know that no one waited for me in English or endlessly happy of my existance. Usually I don't care about that, I am here – without choise to forget about this. I hate simple solutions – like shut up and go away, because now I had moment of tiredness.*

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*Post is endless, I know. I just wanted to make everything clear. I tried very hard and lived by rules which created writers which made beautiful stories which are perfect for tea and bring pleasant smile in garden with lot of blossoming flowers. Of course for me is easy to became like them, not search for something and I don't want to refuse cuteness. I just can't pretend that this everything what I could do. It won't be easy return to what I know I could give. This is like with gym, if you don't use muscles, you will feel pain next day. We could say that I forget road to real writing and I need time at first to remember what I could and later learn to be better.*

*It's against of my idea of quiet time with writing cozy stories. Just I remembered that before wrote better name as thrillers and action packed stories, not to mention complication in my fantasies.*

*With language – I also need to work out, using rare words was part of my previous style. It still left in vocabulary tests, I just felt ashamed to use them if made such stupid grammar errors.*

*For now I won't publish new texts. I have no idea how to create workout plan which return me in shape of real writing. But I will make notes about my results. Yes, I run away from movie making also because didn't want to be reason for jokes, because didn't prepared enough before tell about that aloud – my other fault.*

*In life there is always time to learn something and I think I am ready to this process.*