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## Fictional Nonfictional Fiction Writing

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## Patrick Kay | Prose Editor

Patrick Kay is some insane amalgamation of smart and dumb and finds influence from the back of cereal boxes just as much as he does from Walt Whitman. He enjoys much of the activities of the sedentary lifestyle, which is a huge bummer for his desire to not be dead. He hopes to graduate with a degree in creative writing and then creatively write professionally somehow. Next year, he will be taking over the position of Editor-in-Chief of *The Anthology*.

## Fictional Nonfictional Fiction Writing

“They were all written by me,” he says. “I made them up for this exercise.”

I chose the high fantasy over the twee indie story. I went for the one that sounded like a He-Man episode, the one where apostrophes are in the middle of first names. Khuz’har. X’onic. Rek’falz. What’ever. I am lacking context, and I appreciate it. I do not know the villain or his backstory, and I do not know the princess or her backstory, but I do know that all writing should be different from my own. My own is boring. It is confessional in the overwrought Dashboard Confessional sense and in the frightening Sylvia-Plath-sticking-her-head-in-the-oven sense. What do I have to write about? If I rack my brain for stories, what can I come up with? What can I relate? What would fascinate listeners when they accidentally slap the dial in their car and end up on NPR?

Okay.

So there was this one time when I had my last day of high school. The day ended early so my friends and I headed to Taco Bell for lunch. No one probably remembers it but me. Just a little feel-good celebration, nothing major or anything. I liked that last full year in Indiana of just driving around with nothing specific to do. Later on that night I had a party, and at that party I freaked out over irksome little details, nothing really worthy of my reaction. It made me feel bad later.

Whoops, that sucked and went nowhere. Better try again!

So there was this one time when I attended college but didn’t really go to any classes and had to drop out and ended up in the hospital for a bit and then later on I would attend college but not really go to classes and had to drop out and ended up in the hospital for a bit and—

Dammit, that’s not funny either. That’s not what you people

came to read! That's the Livejournal, not the novel. Not the heart-warming tale. I cannot write conclusions to my own confessions. I do not know the endings to my own stories. I have felt in flux since self-awareness kicked in. My youth leader told me and tells me that I lead while being in the pack. My brain works in quantum mechanics. I am an adult and at the beginning of my adulthood. I am making the right choices while determining which choices to make. I see myself cathartically printing out this page and tearing it up eight years from right now. I am aware of my sexual impulses, aware of the expectations I place on others, aware of Blackmon Road, and aware of Nicosia. Awareness of my greater story means I cannot wrap up my tales with neat little bows. When I am eighty I will be thinking of myself at eighty-one.

When does my heptalogy become bound in a neat box and sold on store shelves for a low price of seventy dollars? No, when does my heptalogy become available in PDF format for seven dollars? When can I stop writing about THIS? When can I beat my head against the edge of my desk to make heroes fall out? What can I secrete that inspires? When will all young adults stop calling themselves "young adults" and simply write for adults? When will I stop being told that it's good to write about black and white nude photographs, hookah, acoustic guitars, incense, and that time Travis put his foot through the drywall? When will my colleagues look at *The Graduate* as courageous honesty and not life's template?

"My Khuz'har," the father said, "When you meet the gongorad of Mount Tyr, what shall you do?"

"Father," replied the young Khuz'har, "I shall stab it in its tar-black eye with my gilded rockedge."

"Well, that's not entirely necessary," the father said. "You may as well wait until its set is done, has made all the autographs required of it, and personally sit down with it to ask for advice concerning relationship issues. Perhaps in twenty-five seasons you will consider attacking it."

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