

# A Procrastinators Journal

By Dennis Knight

Monday - It's a short week at the office today, so I didn't schedule the day off, and I missed Writer's Group. I learned Vera gave the assignment for next week, "Diary of a fill-in-the-blank". This will be a cinch and I'll get started on it tomorrow.

Tuesday - What a nice week it is. It will be in the seventies for Thanksgiving, the day I'm driving to North Platte. It's been busy at work today and I'll make a run to Costco tonight to pick up my contribution to the feast. I've got to get on my piece. Maybe I'll do a diary of some goofball like Wrong Way Corrigan. How about George W. Bush? I will think of something in the morning.

Wednesday - Haven't come up with anything to write about yet. Diary of a male belly dancer.... No, I used that already. I'll think of something. I've got to do laundry and pack for my trip.

Thursday, Thanksgiving Day - Started the morning with a nice 90 minute walk and thought about the writing assignment the whole time except when I didn't. I drove the four-plus hours to North Platte and I had a great time listening to my tunes, but my brilliant idea is still out there in the ether. Some of the nephews and nieces arrived with their families. We visited until after eleven and I went into town and checked into the motel. I'll think about my piece when I get in bed.

Friday - That bed at the motel was sure great. I slept until 7:30, took advantage of the free breakfast, caught up on my e-mail and drove out to the farm. This is the day my sister has planned for the feast and the place is buzzing. The rest of the families arrived and my 10 year old niece asked me to go with her to the pond at the other end of the hayfield to hunt frogs. Maybe my diary can be about the frog who sang opera in the Bugs Bunny cartoons. We had a delicious dinner and visited until nearly midnight. I went back to that great bed in the motel and was sound asleep in minutes.

Saturday - We spent a few more hours visiting, and then I headed back to Denver bucking a wind that threatened to topple semis in my path. I had to stay alert and certainly didn't think much about my story, but decided I would do that and nothing else when I got back to Windsor Gardens. Just as I arrived a friend called and we went out for a light meal and I didn't get back to my apartment until about ten. I still don't have a writing inspiration, but when I do, it won't take me any time at all. I'll do it first thing in the morning.

Sunday morning - First I unpacked and then I did some errands and grocery shopping. I'll start writing at noon, but who knows what it will be? No wind today so I took a walk to think about my subject.

Sunday afternoon - It was a great Broncos game. I got on the computer at half time and stared at the screen and then returned to the game. It went into overtime and the Broncos won, so of course I had to listen to the post-game coverage on KOA. With the radio playing behind me, I stared at the screen waiting for inspiration, and listened to fanatics proclaim everlasting Tebow love. I woke up with my screensaver running and the mouse on the floor.

Now it's Monday, and I've got nothing for Writers Group. I'm sure they'll understand what a busy fellow I am if I just read them my journal for the week.