Blogging’s difficult when you’re so easily distracted—ooh, bunnies!

KELSEY TANASIUK

E ven so often, I’ll sit back and think about how clever I am. However, at times I find myself frustrated by the fact that so few people acknowledge my genius. You see, the problem is that most of my brilliance comes in short bursts. They’re often too much too compact to be stretched into a full-sized Gateway article—just small, perfect gems of unfiltered intelligence. And, every so often, it is yet to me that it’s time I join my signals on the web’s relay platform for my clever thoughts—the Internet.

And so the cycle begins. I blow the dust off my computer’s power button and it makes that clicking sound of a severely haunted piece of machinery starting up. Then I blear the secret stash of Fergie on my iPhone and grab a copy of —you see, proper preparation is crucial for the successful blogger. This is the most important part of the process before choosing the blog’s name.

Countless hours are spent sitting in front of the computer screen attempting to do just that, because it has to be perfect, too, it just has to be. Clever, funny, and ever so slightly superior to the one that I set up last time. Something that will not only attract people to my personal musings but also capture the hearts of a generation, if possible.

Time passes, Wikipedia articles are read at random, Facebook is checked compulsively, and eventually, as Fergie starts to repeat herself, I get fed up. I pull a dictionary out from under a pile of papers on my desk and flip to random words. Combining the first two that sound okay together, I fill in the required fields, hit enter, and watch as my new blog is born.

Enthralled from my blog-writing efforts, I’ll generally retire to my couch and TV after this taxing process. The first post is a project that shouldn’t be attempted on the same night because, naturally, it has to be perfect, and perfection takes time.

The next time I sit down to blog, it can’t be scheduled, because genius strikes at random. It may be the next day or it might be as much as a week after the blog’s conception until I actually write anything—though it’s always worth the wait.

As my brilliance comes to me, I fill my blog with various thoughts, like Harry Potter endings I would have preferred, or the universal truth that, when used properly, side boob can solve any problem. And though most posts are in-depth and well-planned, some smaller gems also dot the landscape. Things like quirky website critiques and made-up book titles I’d like to use, such as Star-spangled shi-teckers.

Eventually it will dawn on me that I haven’t received a comment on my blog since its inception—a realization that hits me like an oppressive wave of depression to the forehead—and I’ll spend the next week or so surfing the web and visiting popular blogs in an effort to answer the one question that burns in my mind: “Why use me?” I try to pinpoint what makes these other bloggers successful, though if I manage to figure it out, I immediately back off because I don’t want to be a copycat. Eventually I hope, post a goodbye message filled with sincere poetry, and leave the blogosphere swearing that this time it’s for good.

However, it’s only a matter of time before I get the itch again—because once Fergie has been buried under my playlist’s history in favour of a Modest Mouse one, I’ll decide that a new blog would be a really good idea. It’s a vicious cycle, one that I tried to break here and now. All I really need to do is shift my thinking: I’m no longer a failed blogger, but rather an experienced Gateway writer—or at least my mother thinks so. And by publishing myself to this paper I am, in essence, forcing you all to be my readerships.

Circulation numbers for the paper will be due to my readership three days. Now if only someone would just write me a letter, everything would be perfect.

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