

When she couldn't think of what to say

Contributed by Chelsea Christensen
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When you're graced by the presence (or rather, virtual presence) of one who actually thinks your a good writer and funny, it is almost guaranteed that you will run out of inspiration of what to write.Â

With so many different opportunities, what with your treasured blog that you try to update on a regular basis, the financial research papers you write during your day job, and the astounding importance of your university assignments, you somehow get to the point where all three or perhaps one or two, writings begin to merge with one another. I must say, it's not flattering to find your boss reading your research paper that begins 'In 2007 the European leveraged loan market was met with oh dear lord is that a fucking spider running across the keyboard?!' without you first checking the draft for any say, misdemeanors.

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Hence, I was thinking what would be interesting and funny to write about, that didn't involve topics I had already put the pen to. Therefore here, you will not find stories about spiders (well, not until the summer anyway), finance, economics or business. You can now breathe a sigh of relief.

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But what to write about? The current presidential race in America? No, not really. I mean face it, we're all just aching for Jack Bauer to be president anyway, what with all the terrorist ass kicking, the constant motivation and efficiency he holds (I mean seriously, the guy learned the Chinese torture methods so quickly), plus he has no time for a love life so its not like you'll find an intern under his desk anytime soon.

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I thought maybe I should write about a couple of my own experiences. Say, the first college party I attended when I moved to London. That one ended with foot prints on the ceiling, naughty writing on the walls and a couple of girls asleep in the bathtub which I know hadn't been cleaned for months, at least. This idea however was not an option because you know, I tend to ramble, and trust me, you'd be through a whole box of pop tarts before I was finished informing you of all the shenanigans that took place. I am so against the forced consumption of sugar.

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So I decided in the end to provide you with a small tidbit of information that you may find useful in the future:

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A minivan will surely not fit through a bridge that must be crossed in the middle of Devon, England. The bridge may look wide enough, but surely enough my friend, it isn't.

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