The Twilight (of My Cold)

November 21, 2008 By Shawn Decker

Whatever I had is finally leaving my body. With the time change, and the late nights of Nyquil-induced slumber, I went *three* days without seeing sunlight.

But now, I'm ready to re-emerge among the living, and the bright flashes of sunlight that greeted me today in the cold, brisk, air only made it apparent that I'd missed my deadline for my 2nd book.

To have my next book- a vampire book- completed and sent to my high falootin' NYC agent by the time Twilight hit theatres was a great plan, the hope being to have my book published before the second Twilight movie sucks the genre dry. But my 10-long ailment precluded me from doing some final writing and editing, and early attempts to do so in a sickened haze proved unfruitful.

I felt defeated, as I played online poker in the darkness, the glow of the laptop making my face look paler than usual. Coughing quietly to myself, I drank my nectar of lemon and water, wondering if I'd be missing out on a chance to ride the vampire craze to much-deserved riches.

Then I remembered an article a friend sent me, just as my transformation to coughing fiend began early last week. It suggested a I had a much longer window of opportunity to slide through... a four year window.

The article suggests that vampires as entertainment thrive during Democratic administrations, while zombies rule the Earth during Republican's glory days. No, this doesn't mean I'll wait until the end of Obama's first term, but it does mean that I shouldn't beat myself up for getting sick.

Still, as Gwenn and I were catching up on our *E.R.* episodes the other night, there was an obvious sign that I shouldn't let my vampire book- which has a character who is HIV positive- sleep in the coffin for too much longer. In the scene, a mother asks Abbie if she can have the "talk" with her two young sons, because she is too embarrassed. It quickly becomes apparent the boys are too young, and have other things on their minds.

“Can vampires get AIDS?” One of the brothers asks.

It was like someone slapped me in the face, and asked what else do I need to finish this damn book.

Positively Yours,

Shawn

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