

Alive In Wonderland... but just barely

I have a bit of news, I've been offered my own column on OCRegister.com, the online version of The Orange County Register.

How did I manage that? Well, I have completely fooled Keith Sharon of The Morning Read into thinking I am clever and can actually string words together into something remotely interesting—kindly, has offered me a spot on his page.

It's called "Alive in Wonderland" and it will be all about me (who else, really?) and my life in ~~Wonderland~~ Orange County. Kind of like Carrie Bradshaw's column, but without all the sex talk, or the \$600 shoes, or the insipid friends, or the backdrop of a glamorous city...okay, nothing like her column actually. Forget that.

It will be made up of stuff like, exactly like, this and this, and little moments like this.

Since the day Keith called me to tell me "You got it," I have been rendered completely unable to write a single thing. I am bound up with fear that I will never write anything good—ever again. I have this dread every time I finish writing something, I think, "Well, that's it! That's the last of it. It's been fun. But, it's all over."

Now, it feels true. You see my muse is prone to long fits of self-doubt that she masks with precocious chatter and flightiness. Her faulty ignition can be wildly unresponsive to my pleas to come and visit.

☒ It's all about what works for her.

Just to keep myself busy until her return, I have found just

about everything to do at my computer BUT write. See my nifty "Dig This" and "Save to del.icio.us" buttons below? See my new "Flickr!" widget to the right? I have updated my profile on over ten sites, commented on new blogs and have badgered Chris at Dharma Bum at work with mindless emails. I even organized a drawer in my desk...everything but write.

(Oh, wait, I'm writing, I'm writing about not writing...I've found a secret portal...okay, don't call any attention to yourself...just keep typing, real casual-like.)

Here are some tag lines I have thought of for "Alive in Wonderland."

An amusing look at life in Orange County through the (something here) eyes of one Wonderland dweller.

Life can get pretty absurd here...once I saw someone actually walking to Target.

You don't have to wear the dress, but you have to live the nonsense.

Welcome to Wonderland, can you please remove your Ugg Boots, show me your Fast Pass and one form of unease?

Orange County: Enchanting? No. Funny? Yes!

Through the rabbit hole of the 55 Freeway.

The first one is the real one (which still needs an adjective), the others were just to give Keith reason to doubt his decision.

I am going to sneak off now and write something else before a particular someone realizes what is happening and runs away again...

(The image of what I think my muse looks like was lifted from the impossibly talented Emily at The Black Apple on Etsy.

(Where else?)