

S.E. GORDON

An author
Can only take
So much.

*"A unique and
wacky solution for
dealing with
writer's block."*

-Wenona Hulseley,
Author of
Burden of Blood



LITERARY DYNAMITE

A Humorous Short Story

Literary Dynamite

A Humorous Short Story

(Preview)

By S.E. Gordon

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E-book formatting and design by S.E. Gordon.

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Second Edition (v1.1)
Published on November 13, 2011
Updated May 24, 2012

ISBN-10: 0983648913
ISBN-13: 978-0-9836489-1-8

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Author's Note

Short stories. What should we do with them?

Write one, they're a blast! Don't waste your time, there's no market for them. Back and forth, day after day, it seems like no one can agree whether or not they're a viable medium.

But what about the reader? You know, the one who actually buys the work. What do they think? Should we just tell them, "Sorry buddy, there isn't a market yet for short fiction. Check back in a couple years." And what about those occasional stories that naturally fit into a smaller space? Should we discard the notion before putting them down because someone told us that novels are the way to go?

It sounds like a bunch of B.S. to me.

If you have a story worth telling, tell it. And that's exactly how I feel about Literary Dynamite, an amusing tale that many of us can relate to. It's light-hearted, and to a degree, inspirational, serving as a microcosm for what's happening in the publishing industry today.

In addition to this short, I've also included a few articles to help writers get through difficult times. Regardless of the genre, book length or subject matter, I write for you the reader, and you can be sure that I give my best every time.

Without you I'm just another rambling author, flapping his gums into eternity. (Perhaps this e-book can help you become one too. ;)

Thanks again for taking a chance on me. Though it may seem like a token amount, your small contribution puts me one step closer to becoming a full time author. With a little luck and a lot of hard work, I'll get there. Or die trying.

So sit back, grab some popcorn (am I sensing an inside joke here?), and enjoy the show.

S.E. Gordon

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LITERARY DYNAMITE

A Humorous Short Story

*To my mother
Who showed me
That I can.*

Literary Dynamite

Megan Ita stared at the keyboard, wondering if her story had just disappeared in the cracks between the keys. It was a feeling that she knew all too well: the muscles in her throat contracting and making it difficult to breathe, the wheels of her imagination slowing to a crawl. "Must break through!" She banged her head on the keyboard. "It's just one sentence. I can handle one stupid sentence, can't I?" she sniffled, and then cried.

"What's wrong with me? Haven't I done this a thousand times before?" Megan polished off a warm can of Red Bull and wiped the tears from her eyes, hoping to lift the imaginary burden. She shrugged it off, sat up straight in her ragged chair, and cut out the offending line. After reading the narrative again, she slipped it back in and grumbled. "I will defeat you!" she vowed.

After exhausting her arsenal of profanities, Megan took a break, certain that she would outfox the wily sentence. She turned on the oven, and baked herself a batch of chocolate chip cookies, a ritual that surfaced every time she pondered a difficult bit of text. "Not thinking about you right now," she tried to convince herself, but indeed she could not. The pitiful prose hung over her like a cloud, blinding her from the rest of the manuscript. All she needed to do was get her hero out of the tent. "This is ridiculous." She stripped off her bifocals, and rubbed her throbbing head.

And it happened far too often...

**Thank you for reading this preview of
Literary Dynamite!**

The adventure continues at:
segordon.com

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