

# Does Soaring Make You Sore?

## (or vice versa)

By Jim Gold

When Tom suffered from writing sores, red marks appeared on his back. Soon they spread to his hands, arms, and legs. One morning, they appeared on his face! Unsightly.

“I can’t stand looking at you,” his girlfriend, Irene, complained. “You’ve become ugly. What will my friends say? My mother will never accept you. Neither will my father or the rest of the family. How can we get married? You’ve been getting worse for a long time. You’re a disgrace. I’ve tolerated these imperfections for months only because they were invisible to others. But now that your writing sores are appearing in public, I can’t stand it any longer. I’m leaving you, and I won’t come back until you fix your problem!”

This abandonment mortified Tom. But the writing sores, especially the blotches peppering his face, bothered him even more.

He needed a medical appointment, and he needed it fast.

Who can cure writing sores? he asked himself. What kind of doctor treats writing patients?

A Google search turned up nothing. In total frustration, he decided to ask his wise neighbor, Dr. Iyam Wiesekorper.

On Sunday, Tom knocked on his door. The good doctor appeared.

“Good morning, Iyam,” Tom said. “I need your help. I’m suffering from writing sores.”

“Ah, I can see that,” said the good doctor. “Come in. Sit down on the living room sofa.” Wiesekorper pulled up a chair, sat opposite his neighbor, surveyed his face, and looked wisely into his eyes.

“I see blots of frustration and ignorance on your face. But most important, Tom, I see the hidden panic of Muse abandonment.” Wiesekorper paused a moment. “Tom,

your blemishes are large. However, I have good news for you: You only have a spelling problem! You have misspelled the word 'sore.' Change your spelling from 'sore' to 'soar,' and your face will clear up. Your mind will be free. Your sores will disappear."

"Wow! Is it really that simple?"

"Yes."

Tom sat there, stunned.

"Words affect your vitals," said Weiskorper. "They influence your well-being. I know writing is difficult, frustrating, even painful, and it can therefore make you sore. But you listen to me—change the spelling, and you'll be okay."

"Simple as that?"

"Simple as that."

In deep appreciation, Tom shook his hand and kissed the floor beneath the doctor's feet.

He went home, sat down in front of his keyboard, and cried, "Abandon sores!" Soon, a few words sputtered out. Then, hour after hour, he sat in front of the screen as words poured through his fingers. When each appeared, a red sore vanished from his face. He let his imagination fly through space and time, creating whole paragraphs as more sores vanished.

After hours of soaring at his keyboard, he had had enough. And his sores were gone!

Simple as that?

Simple as that.

And when Tom got up, only his backside felt sore.

from Carlos the Cloud

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