

## I got nothin'!

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**By BECKY ANDREWS**

You read that right. After a very uneventful two weeks waiting for something funny, dangerous, or even inspiring to happen...nothing. I started and stopped about 30 different story ideas. This happens sometimes but this time...nothing.

I started one about training for a half-marathon. This race was different because it was on my birthday and completing it would be a birthday gift from me to me. When I started writing about hurting my calf during one training day, the story kind of went south. I came home from that run complaining to my husband. I went on about how this injury would ruin my chances of hitting my PB because intervals will be impossible.

Oh, and I might as well forget about hill repeats. Recovery was essential if I wanted to continue training. As I sat on the sofa icing my injured leg, my husband looked up and said, "Injured? Training? Seriously, it's not like you're training for the Olympics, Flo-Jo." When he finished his insensitive, yet very clever, statement I handled the little insult like an adult- by taking the batteries out of all the remote controls and hiding them for a week.

The next one I started out of spite which usually always works for me. Not this time. I had just finished reading Angel's column on shoes. So I called her and said something along the lines of, "People who live in glass houses with an attic full of brand new couches, rugs and paintings, shouldn't throw stones... Unless those stones are attached to a pair of 'previously worn' Jimmy Choo's." That turned into a, 'you had to be there' story.

Then there's the one that almost made the cut. I recently celebrated my 36th birthday. Not a big year. It's not like turning 16, 18, 21 or 40. It was just a plain, middle of the road, "you're too old to wear a halter top and too young to join AARP" type birthday. To help me celebrate this not so monumental day, my 3 running buddies took me out for a great birthday dinner, ran a ½

marathon with me and understood how important bladder control is for running and how delivering children destroys it.

That's it. I'm stuck. Stuck in a land of 1,000 stories and nothing to write about. At this very moment my children just started fighting. I've had to retreat to my bathroom to finish writing this. I'm even ignoring the loud crash followed by a hush, 2 sets of feet hurrying up the stairs and the gentle closing (and locking) of my oldest son's bedroom door. I think about ignoring it completely and letting my husband deal with whatever mess has been made then I realize this could be my shot for a quirky little story about my boys. But it's not worth it. I just don't have time for the nervous breakdown I'll deserve if they've broken another piece of my china.

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