

## Gold Muse Sugar

By Kristopher Miller

One day, I was walking about the pharmacy looking for drugs to boost up my creativity so I could better write *Cold Shadows*, a space opera with half-vampires, black magic, and space ships. Certainly no one has done that before, have they?

Then I found a little golden box marked Gold Muse Sugar. I took the box from the shelf and read the description on the back of the box, which claimed that it was the pure source of creative energy much like ginseng or marijuana:

*Experience the drug that helped Thomas Edison create his lightbulb, helped Albrecht Durer craft Melacolia and helped Ayn Rand outline Objectivism. You too can be inspired!*

Wow, a box description that lists obscure names no one has ever heard of. This drug definitely had to be for me because I believed myself to be one of the future elite writers to hold total reign over other writers. So I bought the drugs, I drove home and popped in one of those gold pills. My brain felt like it was on fire. I had a vision of my dhampir heroine, afflicted with amnesia, being trapped on a space station prison. I could see it in my head:

*And so the sojourner had a dream, while being chained with psychic chains that chained her to a wall. And she dreamed she was in a seventeenth century or so village and being stabbed by a thousand shadow people and then a mysterious man comes and he points a gun at her head all while she screams "NOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!"*

Indeed, that was the epic beginning I was thinking of. Bad news was, this is the vision that I *typed* as I was writing down my vision. I took my hands off the keyboard and deleted everything by highlighting the whole text with my mouse and right clicked to delete. I popped in another Gold Muse Sugar pill to take me away from that awful instant of writing.

For two whole hours, I dreamed that my book reached the best-seller list. It kicked the Holy Bible's overwrought ass, it dethroned that wizard brat Harry Potter, and it burned up the Cullens (And that bitch Bella Swan) in ways that sunlight never could. I only heard praise for my untitled book, for elements that I

never typed down yet. Oh yes, the imaginary praise and five star ratings and Nobel Peace Prize awards were as addicting as the Gold Muse Sugar pills themselves:

*Miller's debut novel about vampires and the meaning of life will delight readers who are looking for more than the usual vampire on vampire hunter fuckfest. – Washington Post*

*Think the new Star Wars movies are bad? Think the Cineplex is ridden with too many Matrix clones? Well, the world of literature is not falling into the same sorry shape and Miller shows with his debut novel about vampires, space fighting and the meaning of making peace with one's dark side. – New York Time*

Critics love deep, dark, unconventional works, didn't they? So I sat down again and downed some more pills, only to feel higher and higher by the moment. I believed the pills gave me good ideas, especially with how my dhampir protagonist and her succubus accomplice/lover (Yeah, screw you vampire man/human woman cliché!) confess for their love to each other on a desert planet. My fingers rattled at the keyboard as a Kalashnikov would rattle with bullet casings shooting out from the side but I felt my eyes and mouth open with horror. Oh no fucking way it was actually intended:

*The desert world was all grainy and hot. It burned at the sojourner's skin and it burned at her succubus lover's skin even more. A sunburn grew all over her face and arms and it burned her into a tan color that resembled that portrait that hung in her spaceship which ironically was colder looking with its steel plating than the cold drinks in their hands were.*

*The sojourner's succubus lover cried out loud at the world to me. "Why do you have to face the man who was your brother who gave you amnesia and imprisoned you? Why can't you forgive him and live in peace?"*

*"Because he is my brother who gave me amnesia who imprisoned me because I tried to make peace. But he makes war and peace must destroy war."*

*"But how can you remember your brother imprisoning you if you have amnesia?" my succubus lover replied.*

Fuck, another plot hole.

I pulled my hands off the keyboard. What the fuck was this abomination that I just typed? I thrust the rest of the bottle with more Gold Muse Sugar pills and everything was topsy-turvy with my vision going

into a cyclone of which I got sucked into and was stabbed with a thousand needles.

Then there was a voice. *“What the hell are you doing on the floor?”*

“I wrote a shitty story,” I replied. “Who are you?”

*“I am the drug that you are ingesting,”* the voice replied. *“And you are wasting your potential.”*

I burst into tears. “How? How did I waste my potential? By writing a shitty book?”

*“Yes!”* Gold Muse Sugar boomed. *“You’re squandering a gift that The Writer’s Underworld gave you! Why the fuck are you typing up stories of caterpillars fucking cockroaches and old millionaires playing hockey with Playgirl models? Stop dicking around you asshole!”*

I remember waking up with a super headache which split my skull sideways. Oh wait, that was the position that I laid on: sideways.

And from that position, I realized that I had wasted my potential writing shitty books. I had wasted my potential thinking of kooky, fucked up ideas that I believed was my passion and inspiration for the human condition. I had wasted my potential picking up Gold Muse Sugar pills and tripping while bashing the keyboard with sucky dialogue about dhampir brothers and amnesia and plots of lesbian dhampirs screwing lesbian succubi.

I realized I wanted to be a critic.

Why try to please critics when I can be one?

So I posted up a blog called One Smart Bastard and Several Trashy Books. The first book that I tore apart was some emo vampire romance called *My Fangs’ Desire*. In it, I wrote how the protagonist, Delia Dunn falls for a vampire simply named Gus. Gus. This makes my dhampir character less of an asshole in comparison:

*Simply put, My Fangs’ Desire really desires a stake through its heart because it reeks with bad prose. Case in point, take a look at this excerpt below:*

***I stood in front of Gus and his sculpted, gleaming, polished chest that looked like it was stolen away from an artist’s David and set back together in a beautiful way. He was as lovely as a poolboy who just happened to emerge out of a gothic rock band with his radiant dark features such as his eyes, his hair, and his jawline. I knew I wanted him right on the spot but when I came closer, he backed away from me.***

***“What’s wrong?” I asked.***

***“You,” he said. “You’re just too good to eat my sweet, naïve lamb! I would die a thousand days in***

***the sun than have to watch you wither into nothing but sinew and bone!"***

***"Then make me into a vampire!" I protested.***

***"I can't," Gus said. "I need to see you like this in this state. All beautiful flowers need to go sometime."***

*Honestly, why do we need so many fucking adjectives in one paragraph? And why is the dialogue just a huge loop around of "I love you but I want your blood!" "Make me into a vampire!" "I prefer you to watch your boobs sag instead!"*

The comment posts on One Smart Bastard and Several Trashy Books outnumbered the Jews murdered in the Holocaust. I received many, many good comments about my review:

*Your review sucked me in! This book definitely sucks!*

*What the hell is My Fangs' Desire?*

So I continued to pick on more authors, all while popping the Gold Muse Sugar pills as I believed they gave me immense strength to slice and dice at authors' inane prose, idiotic dialogue, absurd plot development and atrocious book covers. How dare they actually try to write a story? How dare they sit down in front of their computers and hammer out whatever horseshit they think is a credible storyline? How dare that publishers actually think this drivel is awesome and pollute it on the marketplace and ***give the authors an actual book signing where many of their pimpled, overweight, and socially inept fans actually wait in lines to wait for a fucking scrawl across the inside of the cover page?***

So I continued to hammer out post after post on One Smart Bastard and Several Trashy Books because I believed I was one smart bastard surrounded by several trashy books! I made fun of books like *If Republicans and Democrats Were Smart, They Would Be Communists*, treasured classics like *Trinket Island*, Japanese-to-English translations like *War School Club*, and even those idiotic self-help books like *Tomato Soup for the Dependent Soul*. I used excerpts-lots and lots of excerpts-to show the public that like *My Fangs' Desire*, some book covers should be judged by their cover and their cover alone. Hell, even the King James Version of the *Holy Bible* does not have a cover, which earned in a zero which is what I gave all the books I reviewed anyway.

As I typed, I saw the computer light up with fire like it was a twirling portal to hell. Demonic laughter filled my head as I saw little stick people minions come out of the portal and close it. These little demonic Muses hopped on the text and told me what nasty comments I needed to make and what other critics' comments to steal. Oh yes, I will be honest I steal a lot of critics' comments about one book and apply it as my own. Here's one critic actually *liking* one book titled *The Meth Chemist's Daughter*:

*"Vivid, brutal, and honest in its prose about a daughter who takes after her father who manufactures meth for a drug cartel, The Meth Chemist's Daughter is a book that needs to be read by everyone."*

When I reviewed *The Meth Chemist's Daughter* for *One Smart Bastard and Several Trashy Books*, I ripped off the line and this was the improved version:

*"Vivid, brutal, and honest in its shitty, I'm-going-to-be-trapped-in-a-crack-shack angst-ridden dialogue from a daughter who takes after her father who manufactures meth for a drug cartel, The Meth Chemist's Daughter is a book that will be read by actual meth addicts because they are too busy snorting bathroom cleaning chemicals to appreciate anything else."*

What was "anything else?" I could not say novels, short stories, books of poetry, and other lines of text because Gold Muse Sugar convinced me that all over sources of literature, save for my awesome reviews, were composed by uninspired hacks who lived in their parents' basement trying to write a crappy magnum opus.

Yet that was me at that time. I felt hypocritical but Gold Muse Sugar and its muses told me I was doing a wonderful job so I kept chipping away at more books. I took glee in answering my fan e-mail when I found one that stood out from the rest:

*To the Owner of One Smart Bastard and Several Trashy Books,*

*You are receiving this e-mail because this is a cease and desist from the Avant-Garde Writer regarding to plagiarizing R. Robert Redwall's review of The Meth Chemist's Daughter. Failure to comply will result in a lawsuit of \$50,000.*

*Susan Gillroy,  
Editor of Avant-Garde Writer*

I deleted the message. According to Gold Muse Sugar, I was immune to cease-and-desist orders because they only applied to film makers and music pirates. No one would bother a book critic like yours truly. I heard the imps laugh at the e-mail message before I unceremoniously deleted it.

But then I received another e-mail message:

*To the Owner of One Smart Bastard and Several Trashy Books,*

*You are receiving a cease and desist order from Dark Rose Publications concerning the unauthorized use of excerpts of The Fangs' Desire. Failure to do so will result in a lawsuit of \$70,000.*

*James Suzaki,  
Editor of Dark Rose*

I deleted this message too, but more followed. I received a cease-and-desist from Mike Roy, the editor of the company for the book of *If Republicans and Democrats Were Smart, They Would Be Communists*:

*This message is intended as a warning by the Communist Party of America to remove your review of the book lest you expect severe consequences.*

I consider it the only unique message out of the bunch because who would expect communists to be taken seriously anymore? Sure, there's a political party in the United States. What's next, a fucking TV talk show? I expect it to be named *The Iron Curtain Hour* to be exact.

The e-mails kept flooding in. As I was high on the Muse, I saw the imps that edited my work were reassembling the text. They were working at full speed as they assembled at full speed a giant head made up of all the text in the e-mails. Then the imps sculpted two horns and the head roared with its teeth filled with explanation marks from the more angrier e-mailers. The imps cackled as the word devil took my head and backed it against the keyboard. My head felt like it was smashed by a tomato as the keys cracked out

of their slots.

“Why?” I demanded as I tried getting up. “I had a gift? Why are you kicking my ass for it?” Then the word devil pushed me away from the chair and my back was smashed against the basement door.

*“You did everything I told you to for your fame,”* the word devil said. *“Now I will take your soul! Ha ha ha!”*

More imps flooded from out of the screen. I reached in my pocket for more of the Gold Muse Sugar but when I took out the box, there were no more pills left. The Muse was not going to save me this time.

Now, the authorities will say that members of the Communist Party of America was responsible for leaving my body sprawled, broken in a million places, and pulpy on the floor or some may say it was that crazy crime writer whose character was a serial murderer who killed criminals. I think his name was Hexter? Guess art imitates life sometimes.

But no. I am currently stuck in review hell and forced to review books in a *good* way, less I get a staff rammed up my ass by the imps that continue to edit my work. And my Gold Muse Sugar is nowhere to be found.

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