

A close-up photograph of a man with a beard and glasses, wearing a yellow and blue patterned Hawaiian shirt. He has a wide-eyed, open-mouthed expression of surprise or excitement. The background is a dense wall of green foliage.

The Last Words Of
**Inkster
Penrite**

by Robert Prins

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Inkster Penrite sucked the end of his ballpoint pen. His mind was blank. He stood up and paced the room, striding from his writing desk to the window and back again. How could this be so hard? He had to find the words but they would not come.

In a record three weeks, Inkster Penrite had written almost ten thousand words in his latest novel, *Shopping with Grandma*. The words had flowed like snow rushing down a mountain in an avalanche. It was hard to get them out fast enough. The story line was dramatic and exciting; the characters were full bodied and relatable; and the suspense as he led up to the final chapter was almost unbearable. But then the avalanche stopped and the words dried up.

That was four weeks ago. Four weeks of agonizing writer's block. It should have been easier to find those last few words.

His editor was already raving about the new book. It was the best he had ever read - but needed to be finished.

"Inkster, my friend," he said, "We are going to be rich. *Shopping with Grandma* will be the next *Harry Potter*. You just need to finish it. Those last words are all you need."

Inkster sat down and read the few words he had written on the last page, hoping they might give him inspiration. He put his head in his hands. Nothing. Not a whisper of an idea. His mind was entirely blank. He picked up the dictionary from the edge of his desk and idly flipped through it in the hope that some word might pop out at him with inspiration. Sterile came to his attention. Yes, that was what his mind was. The final part of *Shopping with Grandma* was still without words.

Chocolate. Chocolate could be the answer. Inkster strode to the kitchen, pulling a slab from the cupboard. Maybe the rich deliciousness of the chocolate and nuts would help. He took his time devouring it and walked slowly back into his study.

An idea flashed through his head, and then out again. It was like a shadow he couldn't quite make out. It could well have been the last great thought. Inkster Penrite tried to recall it. He picked up his pen and poised, ready to write, and the great idea evaporated like a mist in his mind.

In frustration Inkster slammed the pen down on the table, shoved his chair backwards onto the floor and marched to the window, slamming his fist on the window sill. Then it hit him. Two words were all he needed. How could he have been so blind?

Inkster rushed back to his writing desk and pulled the chair back up. Sitting down to write he picked up his pen to conclude his book with the crucial two words he had spent a month trying to find. As his pen made contact with the paper, the last words of Inkster Penrite were written with a flourish.

The End.

A wooden desk with an open book, a pen, and a birdcage in the background. The desk is cluttered with various items, including a pen, a small bowl, and a book. The background features a wooden wall and a birdcage with a green parrot.

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Inkster Penrite has written the next big novel but now he has writer's block. Will he be able to finish it and create the ending it deserves to have?

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