

Ryan O'Callaghan: A Visionary or a Lunatic? Your Choice.
Ryan O'Callaghan
(A Brief "About Me")

As a writer, I have always thought I was good. In fact, I usually thought I was better than everyone else. (Note: This was before Cortland, my Community College days) I've slowly grown but this semester has taught me a few things.

I have a niche! I have always loved the odd and quirky, but I recently realized that I can use that in nonfiction/memoir. Reading and analyzing Sedaris opened that up and produced my imitation. I feel I have a Sedarisian/Burroughian quality of writing. Like Sedaris and Burroughs, I like to make light of bad situations, and I'm ~~allegedly~~ funny. Today, I will officially drop the allegedly from that statement. I write funny pieces about being tormented as a child or about a 40-something-year-old making a pass at me. These things *have* happened, and making light of them is what helps me get through them.

I can now see why I'm funny. I'm blunt. I say what I see and what I *really* think of something. Personally, I have always found humor in the truth. Too many people try to be proper and ignore the fact that there are like minded people out there. If I write about my Aunt's stuffing at Thanksgiving, I won't say it was amazing incase she reads. I say, "Wow. That stuffing was horrible. How was it possible to get crunch-less celery and crunchy breadcrumbs? Of course, I told *her* I loved it while a jagged piece of stale bread entered my enlarging cavity."

I make bizarre extended metaphors and lists. There has always been a soft spot in my heart for quirky and outlandish subject matter. So even when I'm talking about a normal situation, I'll make a comparison to something out of the ordinary. To quote myself talking about toddlers doing a three legged race: "I saw more face plants in that race than I would in a Chia Pet store." I'm sure I'm an acquired taste, but I love that.

Just yesterday I made a list while writing about blacking out. "Why bother dealing with something in the moment when I can clear it all out, leaving room to fill my memory with the thought of puppies, used car dealerships, Canadian bacon, foam insoles, Cup-a-Soup powder, the box of Crayola crayons with the crayon sharpener in the back, Clue on DVD, the smell of a library book, how lemon Pez candy tastes the way lemon Pledge smells, the misuse of Ugg boots by legging wearing girls¹, Apples to Apples card combos, laizze-faire, and jars of blueberry preserves." Yes, it's long and kind of stupid, but these are things that I tend to think about. I feel as if I am making a personal connection with reader. He/she

¹ Ugg boots are made in Australia and were originally intended to be worn directly after surfing.

may think I'm out of my fucking mind, but that is his/her claim to make. And again, it's out of the ordinary.

I now know I'm *really* not the best writer in every class. But I'll argue to hell that I'm the best at what I do. I'm me, and that can be a pretty fucking² amazing thing.

² I won't apologize. (Note: if my cursing has caused any offense I will retract the previous statement and say, "Sorry for the cursing.")