

# STEPHEN KING

## Everything You Need to Know About Writing Successfully - in Ten Minutes

by Stephen King

### I. The First Introduction

THAT'S RIGHT. I know it sounds like an ad for some sleazy writers' school, but I really am going to tell you everything you need to pursue a successful and financially rewarding career writing fiction, and I really am going to do it in ten minutes, which is exactly how long it took me to learn.

It will actually take you twenty minutes or so to read this essay, however, because I have to tell you a story, and then I have to write a second introduction.

But these, I argue, should not count in the ten minutes.

### II. The Story, or, How Stephen King Learned to Write

When I was a sophomore in high school, I did a sophomoric thing which got me in a pot of fairly hot water, as sophomoric dideoes often do.

I wrote and published a small satirical newspaper called The Village Vomit. In this little paper I lampooned a number of teachers at Lisbon (Maine) High School, where I was under instruction.

These were not very gentle lampoons; they ranged from the scatological to the downright cruel.

Eventually, a copy of this little newspaper found its way into the hands of a faculty member, and since I had been unwise enough to put my name on it (a fault, some critics argue, of which I have still not been entirely cured), I was brought into the office.

The sophisticated satirist had by that time reverted to what he really was: a fourteen-year-old kid who was shaking in his boots and wondering if he was going to get a suspension ... what we called "a three-day vacation" in those dim days of 1964.

I wasn't suspended. I was forced to make a number of apologies - they were warranted, but they still tasted like dog-dirt in my mouth - and spent a week in detention hall. And the guidance counselor arranged what he no doubt thought of as a more constructive channel for my talents.

This was a job - contingent upon the editor's approval - writing sports for the Lisbon Enterprise, a twelve-page weekly of the sort with which any small-town resident will be familiar.

This editor was the man who taught me everything I know about writing in ten minutes.

His name was John Gould - not the famed New England humorist or the novelist who wrote The Greenleaf Fires, but a relative of both, I believe.

He told me he needed a sports writer and we could "try each other out" if I wanted.

I told him I knew more about advanced algebra than I did sports.

Gould nodded and said, "You'll learn."

I said I would at least try to learn. Gould gave me a huge roll of yellow paper and promised me a wage of 1/2¢ per word.

The first two pieces I wrote had to do with a high school basketball game in which a member of my school team broke the Lisbon High scoring record.

One of these pieces was straight reportage. The second was a feature article.

I brought them to Gould the day after the game, so he'd have them for the paper, which came out Fridays.

He read the straight piece, made two minor corrections, and spiked it.

Then he started in on the feature piece with a large black pen and taught me all I ever needed to know about my craft. I wish I still had the piece - it deserves to be framed, editorial corrections and all - but I can remember pretty well how it looked when he had finished with it.

Here's an example: (note: this is before the edit marks indicated on King's original copy)

Last night, in the well-loved gymnasium of Lisbon High School, partisans and Jay Hills fans alike were stunned by an athletic performance unequalled in school history: Bob Ransom, known as "Bullet" Bob for both his size and accuracy, scored thirty-seven points.

He did it with grace and speed ... and he did it with an odd courtesy as well, committing only two personal fouls in his knight-like quest for a record which has eluded Lisbon thinclads since 1953....

(and now after editing)...

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When Gould finished marking up my copy in the manner I have indicated above, he looked up and must have seen something on my face.



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I think he must have thought it was horror, but it was not: it was revelation.

"I only took out the bad parts, you know," he said. "Most of it's pretty good."

"I know," I said, meaning both things: yes, most of it was good, and yes, he had only taken out the bad parts. "I won't do it again."

"If that's true," he said, "you'll never have to work again. You can do this for a living." Then he threw back his head and laughed.

And he was right; I am doing this for a living, and as long as I can keep on, I don't expect ever to have to work again.

### III. The Second Introduction

All of what follows has been said before.

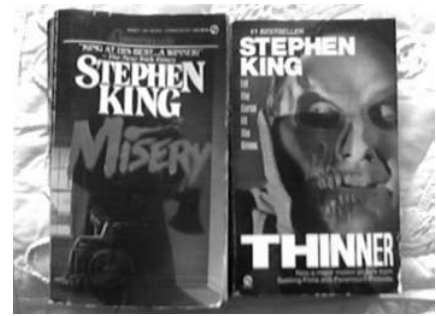
If you are interested enough in writing to be a purchaser of this magazine, you will have either heard or read all (or almost all) of it before.

Thousands of writing courses are taught across the United States each year; seminars are convened; guest lecturers talk, then answer questions, then drink as many gin and tonics as their expense-fees will allow, and it all boils down to what follows.

I am going to tell you these things again because often people will only listen - really listen - to someone who makes a lot of money doing the thing he's talking about.

This is sad but true. And I told you the story above not to make myself sound like a character out of a Horatio Alger novel but to make a point: I saw, I listened, and I learned.

Until that day in John Gould's little office, I had been writing first drafts of stories which might run 2,500 words.



The second drafts were apt to run 3,300 words. Following that day, my 2,500-word first drafts became 2,200-word second drafts.

And two years after that, I sold the first one.

So here it is, with all the bark stripped off. It'll take ten minutes to read, and you can apply it right away ... if you listen.

### IV. Everything You Need to Know About Writing Successfully

#### 1. Be talented.

**This, of course, is the killer.**

What is talent? I can hear someone shouting, and here we are, ready to get into a discussion right up there with "what is the meaning of life?" for weighty pronouncements and total uselessness.

For the purposes of the beginning writer, talent may as well be defined as eventual success - publication and money.

If you wrote something for which someone sent you a check, if you cashed the check and it didn't bounce, and if you then paid the light bill with the money, I consider you talented.

Now some of you are really hollering. Some of you are calling me one crass money-fixated creep. And some of you are calling me bad names.

Are you calling Harold Robbins talented? someone in one of the Great English Departments of America is screeching.

Or what about you, you dyslexic moron? Nonsense. Worse than nonsense, off the subject. We're not talking about good or bad here.

I'm interested in telling you how to get your stuff published, not in critical judgments of who's good or bad.

As a rule the critical judgments come after the check's been spent, anyway. I have my own opinions, but most times I keep them to myself.

People who are published steadily and are paid for what they are writing may be either saints or trollops, but they are clearly reaching a great many someone's who want what they have.

Ergo, they are communicating. Ergo, they are talented.

The biggest part of writing successfully is being talented, and in the context of marketing, the only bad writer is one who doesn't get paid. If you're not talented, you won't succeed. And if you're not succeeding, you should know when to quit.

When is that? I don't know. It's different for each writer.

Not after six rejection slips, certainly, nor after sixty. But after six hundred? Maybe. After six thousand?

My friend, after six thousand pinks, it's time you tried painting or computer programming.

Further, almost every aspiring writer knows when he is getting warmer - you start getting little jotted notes on your rejection slips, or personal letters ... maybe a commiserating phone call.

It's lonely out there in the cold, but there are encouraging voices ... unless there is nothing in your words which warrants encouragement.

I think you owe it to yourself to skip as much of the self-illusion as possible. If your eyes are open, you'll know which way to go ... or when to turn back.

Continued over...

There was a fly flying 6 inches above a lake.

A fish in the lake thinks, "If that fly dropped 6 inches I'd get it!"

A bear on land thinks, "If that fly dropped 6 inches, the fish would jump out of the water, and I'd get it!"

A hunter thinks, "If that fly dropped 6 inches, the fish would jump, the bear will go to get the fish, and I'll shoot the bear!"

A mouse thinks, "If that fly drops 6 inches, the fish would go to get the bear, the mouse will go to get the cheese, and I'll steal the cheese off his sandwich!"

A cat thinks, "If that fly drops 6 inches, the fish would jump, the bear would go to get the fish, the hunter will go to get the bear, the mouse will go to get the cheese, and I'll get that mouse!"

Suddenly it all happened. The fly dropped 6 inches, the fish got the fly, the bear got the fish, the hunter got the bear, the mouse got the hunter's cheese, but the cat missed the mouse and fell in the water!

The Moral Of This Story Is ...

Every time a fly drops 6 inches, a pussy gets wet.

A guy came into a bar one day and said to the barman "Give me six double vodkas."

The barman says, "Wow! you must have had one hell of a day."

"Yes, I've just found out my older brother is gay."

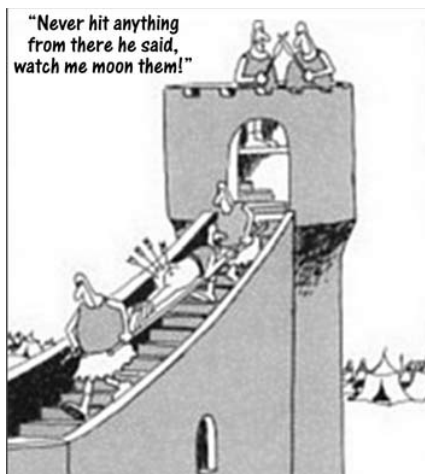
The next day the same guy came into the bar and asked for the same drinks. When the bartender asked what the problem was today, the answer came back.

"I've just found out that my younger brother is gay too!"

On the third day the guy came into the bar and ordered six double vodkas.

The bartender said, "Jesus! Doesn't anybody in your family like women?"

"Yeah, My wife!"



A Captain in the foreign legion was transferred to a desert outpost.

On his orientation tour he noticed a very old, seedy looking camel tied out back of the enlisted men's barracks.

He asked the Sergeant leading the tour, "What's the camel for?"

The Sergeant replied, "Well sir, it's a long way from anywhere, and the men have natural sexual urges, so when they do, we have the camel."

The Captain said, "Well, if it's good for morale, then I guess it's all right with me."

After he had been at the fort for about 6 months, the Captain could not stand it anymore, so he told his Sergeant, "BRING IN THE CAMEL!"

The Sergeant shrugged his shoulders and led

the camel into the Captain's quarters.

The Captain got a footstool and proceeded to have vigorous sex with the camel.

As he stepped, satisfied, down from the stool and was buttoning his pants he asked the Sergeant, "Is that how the enlisted men do it?"

The Sergeant replied, "Well sir, they usually just use it to ride into town."

**One day a twelve year old walks into a warehouse dragging a dead frog on a string behind him, slaps a hundred-dollar bill on the counter and says, "I want one of your women."**

The madam looks at him and says "Don't you think you're a bit young for that?"

He slaps another hundred on the counter and says, "I want one of your women."

The madam says, "OK, have a seat, she'll be down in about twenty minutes."

He slaps another hundred on the counter and says "She has to have active herpes."

The madam starts to sputter and ask why, but he slaps another hundred on the counter and says, "Active herpes!"

She responds, "OK, OK. Have a seat, it'll be about ten minutes."

Ten minutes later, a woman comes out, they go upstairs (with the boy dragging this dead frog) and take care of business.

As the boy is leaving, the madam asks him, "I've got to know, why did you want someone with active herpes?"

The boy replies, "When I get home, I'm going to f\*ck the babysitter, and when mom and dad get home, dad will take the babysitter home and f\*ck her on the way."

"And when he gets back, he and mom are going to go upstairs and f\*ck."

"Tomorrow morning after dad goes to work, the milkman will come in and mom will f\*ck him, and he's the b\*stard that ran over my frog."

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## On Writing

Continued from previous page.

### 2. Be neat

- Type.
- Double-space.
- Use a nice heavy white paper, never that erasable onion-skin stuff.
- If you've marked up your manuscript a lot, do another draft.

### 3. Be self-critical

If you haven't marked up your manuscript a lot, you did a lazy job. Only God gets things right the first time. Don't be a slob.

### 4. Remove every extraneous word

You want to get up on a soapbox and preach? Fine. Get one and try your local park. You want to write for money? Get to the point. And if you remove all the excess garbage and discover you can't find the point, tear up what you wrote and start all over again ... or try something new.

### 5. Never look at a reference book while doing a first draft

You want to write a story? Fine. Put away your dictionary, your encyclopaedias, your World Almanac, and your thesaurus.

Better yet, throw your thesaurus into the wastebasket.

The only things creepier than a thesaurus are those little paperbacks college students too lazy to read the assigned novels buy around exam time.

Any word you have to hunt for in a thesaurus is the wrong word.

### There are no exceptions to this rule.

You think you might have misspelled a word?

O.K., so here is your choice: either look it up in the dictionary, thereby making sure you have it right - and breaking your train of thought and the writer's trance in the bargain - or just spell it phonetically and correct it later.

Why not? Did you think it was going to go somewhere?

And if you need to know the largest city in Brazil and you find you don't have it in your head, why not write in Miami, or Cleveland? You can check it ... but later.

When you sit down to write, write. Don't do anything else except go to the bathroom, and only do that if it absolutely cannot be put off.

### 6. Know the markets

Only a dimwit would send a story about giant vampire bats surrounding a high school to an educational publisher.

Only a dimwit would send a tender story about a mother and daughter making up their differences on Christmas Eve to Playboy ... but people do it all the time.

I'm not exaggerating; I have seen such stories in the slush piles of the actual magazines.

If you write a good story, why send it out in an ignorant fashion?

Would you send your kid out in a snowstorm dressed in Bermuda shorts and a tank top?

If you like science fiction, read the magazines.

If you want to write confession stories, read the magazines. And so on.

It isn't just a matter of knowing what's right for the present story; you can begin to catch on, after awhile, to overall rhythms, editorial likes and dislikes, a magazine's entire slant.

Sometimes your reading can influence the next story, and create a sale.

### 7. Write to entertain

Does this mean you can't write "serious fiction"? It does not.

Somewhere along the line pernicious critics have invested the American reading and writing public with the idea that entertaining fiction and serious ideas do not overlap.

This would have surprised Charles Dickens, not to mention Jane Austen, John Steinbeck, William Faulkner, Bernard Malamud, and hundreds of others.

But your serious ideas must always serve your story, not the other way around. I repeat: if you want to preach, get a soapbox.

### 8. Ask yourself frequently, "Am I having fun?"

The answer needn't always be yes. But if it's always no, it's time for a new project or a

new career.

### 9. How to evaluate criticism

Show your piece to a number of people - ten, let us say.

Listen carefully to what they tell you. Smile and nod a lot.

### Then review what was said very carefully.

If your critics are all telling you the same thing about some facet of your story - a plot twist that doesn't work, a character who rings false, stilted narrative, or half a dozen other possibles - change that facet.

It doesn't matter if you really liked that twist of that character; if a lot of people are telling you something is wrong with your piece, it is.

If seven or eight of them are hitting on that same thing, I'd still suggest changing it.

But if everyone - or even most everyone - is criticizing something different, you can safely disregard what all of them say.

### 10. Observe all rules for proper submission

Return postage, self-addressed envelope, all of that.

### 11. An agent? Forget it. For now

Agents get 10% of monies earned by their clients. 10% of nothing is nothing.

Agents also have to pay the rent. Beginning writers do not contribute to that or any other necessity of life.

### Flog your stories around yourself.

If you've done a novel, send around query letters to publishers, one by one, and follow up with sample chapters and/or the manuscript complete.

And remember Stephen King's First Rule of Writers and Agents, learned by bitter personal experience: You don't need one until you're making enough for someone to steal ... and if you're making that much, you'll be able to take your pick of good agents.

### 12. If it's bad, kill it

When it comes to people, mercy killing is against the law. When it comes to fiction, it is the law.

That's everything you need to know. And if you listened, you can write everything and anything you want.

### Now I believe I will wish you a pleasant day and sign off. My ten minutes are up.

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