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# ALEXITHYMIA

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CHAPTER I

## THE WHITE WIDOW'S WALK

Winter 2016

ALEXITHYMIA – The story of a smuggler.

My name is JD, and I smuggle creativity...

At this exact moment I go up the stairs to “The White Widow’s Walk”. I like this ritual...

I was born and live in New Bedford, in a country where creativity doesn’t pay taxes, where each and everyone is free to imagine, and to compose symphonies with mental images.

On the other hand, there are also countries where imagination already pays taxes. Where there are mechanisms able to measure your brainwaves, and each time you generate a creative idea, you have to pay the associated fee.

I’m hyper creative. Soon I discovered that any simple stimuli, arouses in me a wild riffle of images in a creative spiral. Initially I believed that this mental universe of mine was much more interesting and real than the surrounding material world.

That was why I always liked to share my images with others, and also in order to feel their reactions. Yes, to FEEL

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their reactions... the thing is that my images are so rich and diversified that they don't leave me much room to feel... And so I had to "learn" how to feel; I realised that by sharing my creativity, I arouse sensations in others that are immediately shared by me in return. Such a delight! Such pleasure!

I love to travel. And it was during one of my earliest trips with my parents that I discovered what would define me as a smuggler. I first realised that in certain countries, inhabitants weren't free to imagine outside of their professional context in a specific schedule. Later, with time, I understood how these people were longing for free creativity. I then started exchanging my images for emotions... I found out that while sharing my imaginary with someone, I would hoodwink the connection between the brainwaves and the creativity fees; and that anyone could keep the images in their mind without having to pay any taxes... and so I could feel... I could feel with such intensity the emotions that my imagination aroused in others... That moment of sharing is a way of love, love for others and self-love! It became an addiction.

One travelling after the other, I continued sharing more and more images... I already had regular clients, friends and lovers of intellect and art... first I was paid only with emotions. Later, and because one does not live only of emotions, I was also paid with goods.

And this is how I became a creativity smuggler.

ALEXITHYMIA – Inability to describe emotions verbally.

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