



Dear Creative One,

This may surprise you, but I have a complaint. You see, I think you've been toying with me, and to be quite honest, I'm tired of it.

I don't mean to seem ungrateful. I really do appreciate the effort you put forth in finding me, the hours and hours of thinking and digging and exploring you had to endure just to catch a glimpse of me.

And I'd be lying if I told you I'm not flattered by all the time you've spent daydreaming about me ever since we met. Yes, I know all about that.

But having said that, I need to tell you it's no longer enough. I'm no longer satisfied with being your plaything. I'm ready for a commitment.

For one thing, I find it confusing that you talk about me all the time to a handful of people and keep me a secret from everyone else. And every day, I grow more and more frustrated with the way you summon me, look at me, fawn over me, then send me away. I'm not just a pretty thing to look at.

You told me I was your dream. You told me how wonderful it would be if you and I could be together for all the world to see. Now, I want proof that it wasn't all talk.

If you can't provide that, then set me free. If you're not serious about us, you could at least introduce me to someone who will appreciate me, someone who will give me the support I need to fully develop, someone who will put in the time and effort too make this thing real.

The sad thing is I'm not even asking for all that much. All I want is a little bit of your time each day. I'd even settle for each week. You, however, treat me as if I'm asking you to sacrifice everything.

That's crazy. What good would I be to you or you to me if I asked you to burn yourself out for me? No good at all, that's what.

But, nevertheless, you have to give me something. I can't go on this way. It's killing me, and I thought you should know.

Sincerely,

Your Big Idea

(written by Ken in 2010)

<http://www.mildlycreative.com/2010/04/an-angry-letter-from-your-big-idea/>