

Chapter One

To write. And that's how it is for me. Always. Always. I can find no peace of mind. I feel that I'm devouring my own life. That in exchange for the honey I'm giving to others who I've never even met, I'm taking the pollen to make it from my own flowers, and tearing up those flowers of mine, and trampling on their roots.

(Anton Chekhov, *The Seagull*, p. 42)