



# **55 Beliefs That Block Your Book**

**And the reminders that  
can instantly free it**

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# Overall reminder

Beliefs appear. Some simply come as thoughts, others as resistance. They don't need analysis. They don't carry meaning by themselves. They pass, like weather.

Writing becomes effort when these thoughts are turned into problems. A book becomes heavy when it's treated as something missing.

This book is already unfolding. It shows itself in conversation, in fragments, in what returns.

What follows are beliefs that often visit during the unwriting of a book.

They were never obstacles and don't ask to be worked through. Let them be. Keep writing, or pause. The book continues either way.

# The arc of orbiting a book

**That's not me -**

*Before the book feels like a possibility*



**Maybe one day -**

*On the edge of beginning*



**I'm doing it wrong -**

*Once you've started, but doubt creeps in*



**I don't want to be seen -**

*Facing visibility and sharing*



**I can't seem to finish -**

*Close to finishing, but losing steam*

# That's not me –

## Before the book feels like a possibility



I'm Yuri. My books came through  
once I stopped trying to write them.

Yours might be next. → **[steppingside.com](https://steppingside.com)**

*Before the book even feels like a possibility*

## **“I don’t care about writing a book.”**

Sometimes that’s valid to listen to.

Other times it’s a way to stay untouched.

It’s easier to dismiss the whole thing than to feel what’s already arriving. To say “I don’t care” when the alternative might open a door. And ask you to walk through it.

The book doesn’t need you to care. It doesn’t need your to commit. It doesn’t even need your attention.

It only asks for the part that’s already speaking.

Maybe it shows up in how you explain things to someone. In a sentence that lands without effort. In what you’ve said more than once.

The book might already be happening. Whether you care or not.

*Before the book even feels like a possibility*

## **“I don’t know if I’m someone who writes books.”**

You’ve never written a book.

But that was never the problem.

It might even be the reason something still feels alive in you. Exactly because it is unmapped, unproven, untouched.

You haven’t learned how to do it. But something keeps finding its way through anyway.

You speak differently when you’re not performing. You write things down without thinking why. You notice what keeps landing. What you didn’t mean to say but did. That’s enough.

You don’t need to become a writer. You don’t need to become anything. If something’s already moving through you, the rest is optional.

*Before the book even feels like a possibility*

## **“I need to feel more prepared before I start my book.”**

You feel unprepared. And still, you take a small step with a book you once thought about writing.

You open an Amazon KDP account and create a new book. There is no manuscript, no chapters, no back cover blurb. Only a title, whatever name is coming up. You don't make it public. You don't announce anything. Something shifts anyway. The book has been named. It has a location. **A shape it can begin to inhabit.**

Over time, connections form. A sentence from an old email finds an earlier article. A phrase from a conversation reappears in a post. The materials begin to draw together. They recognize each other. The snowball starts to roll. It's the way of acknowledging what is already gathering.

By placing a placeholder and allowing things to find their way home. Some aspiring authors reverse the usual order. They don't wait for clarity before committing. They see commitment isn't even necessary, since clarity is already arriving in pieces.

*Before the book even feels like a possibility*

## **“I don’t know where to start.”**

You don’t and you never will.

Because there is no start nor process.

You only notice it’s already begun. Long before you meant to begin. Long before you called it a book.

You said something once that stayed with you. You wrote something down without knowing why. You keep coming back to a few phrases without meaning to.

There’s no step one because it was never a process. There’s just the existing unfolding that’s already here, waiting to be seen.

And even that doesn’t need to happen all at once. You can land in the middle. The book will still catch you.



*Before the book even feels like a possibility*

## **“I don’t need the book.”**

Things are working fine without it. You’re doing the work. You’re getting paid. Your message lands and things constantly move.

So what’s the point of adding a book to it? Why sit down and shape what already works? That hesitation makes sense.

You’re not stuck or unclear about what you do. And with it, you aren’t convinced a book would add anything you need.

But the book isn’t there to add. It’s there to hold and continue, what spills out around the edges of your work. What doesn’t fit inside deliverables or frameworks.

I see the book less as an upgrade, more as a residue, even if it does end up adding weight to how your work is received.

*Before the book even feels like a possibility*

## **“I’m not the one to write this.”**

That thought has kept more books unwritten than a lack of time ever has. You haven’t followed the traditional path. You’re still inside what you might one day write about. And the way you speak doesn’t quite match the voices people are used to listening to.

So instead of starting, you wait or you begin shaping your words to sound more like the people who seem to belong.

In this gentle control to sound right, your book inevitably fades because the place you’re speaking from isn’t alive anymore. I meet writers here often. They’re not unsure about the message. They’re just writing from a version of themselves that can’t hold it.

Something entirely else becomes possible when that version no longer leads. When there’s nothing left to prove, and no one trying to manage the words. The book begins to take shape when effort and certainty completely fall away, and what’s left is an attention that doesn’t try to control what appears.

*Before the book even feels like a possibility*

**“I need to be more  
clear on my idea first.”**

You might think clarity comes before writing. Before you begin, before you share, before you commit.

But the book doesn't ask for clarity. It uses whatever state you're in. Especially the confused one.

Clarity arrives mid-sentence. You write something small. It lights something else up. Now there's a thread to follow.

The idea doesn't sharpen until it's been lived on the page a little. You see what you've been saying. You follow what keeps showing up.

And even then, you're not the one making it clear. The book handles that part.

*Before the book even feels like a possibility*

## **“Starting with my book would be another project.”**

True. As long as we see it as something separate.

But how can it be disconnected from anything, if it draws on everything?

The pieces that seemed irrelevant are now making clear what actually matters. And the “relevant” things? They’ve never been missing, just spread out.

Bring the existing pieces together, and it’s already a book.

This doesn’t require a sabbatical. It doesn’t even require serious time. Just enough space to let the book take over. To get to that turning point.

At that point, the book won’t consume you. It only asks to be seen. The rest is up to the book.

*Before the book even feels like a possibility*

## **“For whatever reason, I don’t feel ready to start writing.”**

What does ready mean, for you? More time? Less stress? A better phase of life? A finished project? A clearer mind? A sharper reason?

The book you will write ten years from now... will be different from the one asking to be written now. And you’re already carrying that one. It’s here, in fragments, voice notes, half-posts, unspoken conversations. It’s just stuck because something told you you’re not ready.

And that idea of readiness... has become the delay. You might call it procrastination, or strategy, or the wise pause. But beneath it, the focus shifts from letting the book speak... to managing how we’ll be seen for writing it.

That’s when the book disappears, when it becomes about us. The book never asked for that. It only asked for space. So instead of asking when you’ll begin, try tracing back to where you already did. You could continue from there.

*Before the book even feels like a possibility*

## **“I shouldn’t write about it while I’m still in it.”**

Sometimes the impulse is to wait. To wait until an experience is behind you, until it settles, until you can see it from a distance.

And sometimes the writing begins while you’re still in the middle of it. The rawness, the uncertainty, the half-formed questions become part of the page.

Writing while you’re in it doesn’t require publishing while you’re in it. It can be private, a way of giving shape to what is happening now. Later, you might return and see what still belongs.

Both have equal value. Writing from the middle. Writing from after. Each brings a different texture to the work, making your book much more rich.

The book offers plenty space to carry both perspectives. The fog and the clarity. The moment as it’s lived, and the way it looks afterward.

*Before the book even feels like a possibility*

## **“I don’t know who I’m writing for.”**

Who is the reader? What’s the niche? Which group is this for?

It can feel like the book needs a target before it can exist. As if the words won’t matter unless they’re lined up with the right market.

But the book isn’t asking for a profile.

**It’s already in conversation.** With you, first of all. With anyone who happens to overhear. With the people who recognize themselves in what you’ve written.

The audience shapes itself after the writing begins. Not the other way around. You notice who leans in. You notice who asks you to say more. That’s enough to keep going.

# Maybe one day –

## On the edge of beginning



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## **“I need to do more research before I can start.”**

Research feels like preparation. You collect articles, stack books, highlight passages, save links for later. It feels like movement, like progress toward the book.

And still, research has no natural end. Every page you read points to more you haven't seen yet. The deeper you go, the more unfinished it feels.

Meanwhile, the writing waits. The notes and fragments pile up. The material expands, but the book hasn't taken its first breath.

Research has its place. It deepens, enriches, opens doors. And writing has its place too. It lets what you've gathered take form.

Once the words begin to land on the page, the actual gaps show themselves. That's when the research finds its direction, called forth by the writing itself. Begin with what you already carry. Let the writing and the research walk together.

## **“I should wait until I’m allowed to write about it.”**

What does permission even mean?

A clearer message? More proof? The perfect timing? Enough distance to make it safe?

The moment one condition feels met, another one appears. It’s the same hesitation, moving its furniture around.

The book doesn’t wait for you to be granted access. It starts moving long before you feel ready. You’re already inside it. Even now.

So you try a few words. Maybe they spill quickly. Maybe they don’t. Either way, something moves.

The book is only asking you to notice where it’s already begun. Permission isn’t needed for that.

# **“I first need to develop writing tricks and inspiration techniques.”**

The less you write, the faster your book appears.

I call this unwriting: taking things away rather than adding more. As a serial author, I've found it to be the most effective way, enough that I wrote a book about it, *The Art of Unwriting*.

You don't need to learn how to write faster, better, or more. The book you're trying to write won't come through as long as you are standing in the way.

We get in the way the moment we believe we are “the writer.” Expanding a toolkit only feeds that identity.

But if you grow curious about erasing the writer altogether, the book may appear more quickly than you could ever plan or force.

The obstacle is the one trying to control the writing.

# **“I haven’t written enough yet for it to become a book.”**

Your book isn’t missing content. Even if you haven’t written a single word. Even if you never do.

We’re taught to see books as stacks of chapters, outlines, lessons, arguments, stories. And when those aren’t there yet, it’s easy to assume: I don’t have it.

But the book already shows itself in smaller ways. In the question that keeps returning. In the subject you circle back to. In the way you talk about it with others, or to yourself.

These fragments are the earliest form of the book. The current moving underneath, before it gathers into chapters.

The impulse that wants to speak, that’s the book. Before it explains itself. Before it binds itself to a manuscript.

Let it be that, for now. It’s already alive.

## **“I need more time before committing to my book.”**

The book doesn't run on your schedule.  
It runs on its own.

This is crucial. It's so easy to think we lack time.

A book seems to require commitment. You think it might suffer if you only give it half your attention.

You might picture things feeling clearer once life slows down. The book keeps moving through what you're already saying and doing. The thread is still there. You're already following it, even if slowly.

Time will seldom be on your side. When I choose between the book and something else, the other thing makes more sense in 99% of the cases.

The book often gets last priority. It's the project that can wait. But can it wait? Or has it waited long enough? Is it asking for your attention again? Maybe it's time to crank up its fire and see where it goes.

## **“I just need to organize my ideas a little bit more.”**

The more we try to organize our ideas, the more the book slips away. It's natural to want clarity. To gather your notes, drafts, recordings, trying to shape them into something coherent.

But have you noticed how the more you try to arrange them, the more lifeless they seem to become? Trying to impose order too soon smothers what's already alive within it.

Instead of trying to control what matters, collect everything into one chaotic, untouched mass. Transcripts, scribbles, recordings, unfinished thoughts. Especially the fragments you dismissed as irrelevant.

Put it all together and see what feels most alive to you in this moment. Because trying to decide what matters before you start is like trying to control what will speak to you. It doesn't work.

## **“I need to know what I’m writing about first.”**

Do you? At this moment, I wouldn’t know what my next book is going to be about, yet I know it’s already being written.

Many writers wait for clarity before they begin. They want the message mapped out, the structure solid, the purpose clear.

But a book doesn’t begin with clarity. It begins with movement. The book already knows what it’s about. You’re just catching up to it.

You do this through writing. Especially when you’re confused. If you follow your curiosity instead of forcing clarity, something starts to spill out anyway.

The message becomes clear while you write, not before. The confusion is the raw material the book needs. So you can just as well stop waiting to know what you’re writing about. Write to find out instead.

## **“I first should take a writing course or join a writing club.”**

It's easy to think you need more preparation before starting your book. A writing course, a book club, a writing group, something to help you get ready.

What do you imagine happens there? You're maybe given ideas to write about. You discuss them. You get some feedback, maybe a glimpse into your style.

But all of this is already available through the act of writing itself.

When you sit down and put words on the page, you begin to see what draws you, how you sound, what matters enough to return to. The writing shows you.

And while you're discovering these things, you're also moving your book forward. Courses and clubs can support you if you want them. But they aren't the gate.

You don't need to wait for outside structure or permission. The only way to find out where the writing is taking you is by writing.



## **“I should finish other things before starting my book.”**

There's always something waiting to be finished. Work that isn't done. Promises hanging. A house half-organized. A life that doesn't feel stable yet.

It's natural to think the book should wait its turn. That once things are in order, then the writing can begin.

But what if the unfinished is simply part of the conditions? What if the book belongs inside that same mess, not after it?

Getting to the place where everything is wrapped up is a fantasy. There's always more to do, more to balance.

Which means the book can't depend on completion. It depends on you listening to it anyway, in the middle of the open loops and undone tasks.

The writing doesn't ask you to clear the table to do so. Just to make enough space for a page, especially if the rest of the table (sources of inspiration) is still covered.

**“I first need to get things more stable before I start that book.”**

First things first, right? The business has to keep running.

A book feels like a separate project. Something that builds on stability. But is it?

What if the book isn't separate from your work? What if it's the missing piece that brings everything together?

The thing that clarifies what you actually do. That connects all the scattered parts of your business into something that makes sense.

I think it is. Besides, the book is already happening.

You write about your work. Things become clearer. You share insights. People respond. All of this already draws the right clients to you, before any book gets published.

The book turns into the foundation that makes everything else work better.

## **“I need a plan before I can begin.”**

It's tempting to think the book will only take shape once the plan is laid out. Chapters sketched, themes mapped, structure clear.

But most books don't arrive that way. A plan might look solid on paper, but once the writing begins, the book starts bending it, breaking it, reshaping it.

The real shape reveals itself in the process. You don't have to see the whole path to take the first step.

Some writers draw maps before they start. Others find the map through moving forward. Both are fine. But don't mistake the absence of a plan for the absence of readiness.

A few notes, a question, even a line that pulls at you, that's enough to begin.

The plan will come. The writing is what gives it form.

## **“I need a publisher or agent first.”**

Some writers pause here. Waiting for a gate to open, a voice of authority to say, yes, this belongs.

And yet the book already has a publisher: you. The one moving it forward. The one carrying it into being. That role may change. A publisher may join later. An agent may want to represent it. Sometimes that happens after the book has already found its own way into the world.

Momentum might begin quietly. A draft passed to a friend. A piece shared online. A few readers who feel the pull. From there, the path can transform. Opportunities open, attention gathers. Sometimes publishers notice because the book is already alive.

For now, the movement seemed to be yours. Each page, each paragraph, each word. The book is not waiting for permission. It is waiting for you. And if you look closer, there may never have been a writer, an agent, or a publisher in the first place. Just the movement of a book finding form through whoever happens to be here.

**“I have to write it in order,  
from page one.”**

The thought appears before the first word: where to begin? The mind jumps to page one. The opening line, the first chapter. As if the book can't exist until its entrance is set.

But writing rarely moves in straight lines. Fragments surface. Certain scenes or passages come alive before the beginning is clear. Sometimes the last chapter arrives first, or a middle section demands to be written while everything else waits.

A book emerges like a field, scattered seeds, sprouts appearing in different corners, slowly forming a whole.

Later, order will reveal itself. The flow can be shaped once the pieces are there. But to begin, you only need the piece that's alive in this moment.

Every fragment belongs. However scattered, however out of order. Together they make the ground the book will grow from.

## **“I don’t know which language to write in.”**

Sometimes the block isn’t about the book itself, but the language it will take shape in. In your native tongue, the words come smoother. You know the shades of meaning, the subtle turns of expression, the depth of sound. Writing feels natural there.

In English, the flow might be slower. The sentences take more effort. And yet the reach is bigger, the vocabulary wider, the audience larger.

It can feel like a choice you have to get right before you begin. But the book can live in more than one language. You can write where it flows most easily, and translate later. Or you can write in English from the start, knowing your native voice is always there underneath.

I wrote my first two books in Dutch, then moved into English, and translated the earlier ones afterward. It shifted as the books did. And now, with the tools we have, translation is no longer a wall. The only “step” is to let the book speak at all, in whatever language lets it move through you now.

# I'm doing it wrong -

Once you've started,  
but doubt creeps in



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## **"I should wait for more inspiration."**

Well, should you? I found inspiration is what happens when I stop waiting for it.

As long as we're searching for more inspiration, we block ourselves from tapping into it. With our intention to get more of it, we stand in the way of letting it come through.

It stays blocked until we don't care whether we'll be inspired or not. We just start writing. Through doing so, new ideas arise. It becomes clearer. Inspiration found us.

Now we think we cracked the code. That we figured out how to get inspired on demand. So we try to repeat it. We sit down expecting the same flow. Nothing comes.

Because the moment we think we know how inspiration works, we're back to waiting for it. It shows up when we forget we need it.



*Once you've started, but doubt creeps in*

## **"I need a better structure."**

It's easy to wait for the right structure to appear. The outline that makes sense of it all. The frame that will hold the weight.

But structure is unlikely to arrive fully formed. It emerges out of the writing itself.

At first the words may look scattered. Chapters blur into each other. Ideas repeat. It feels shapeless.

That shapelessness is the material. Through writing, you start to notice patterns. Certain ideas return. A rhythm forms. Some structures rise, others fall away. Slowly, the overarching structure begins to show itself.

You discover it by being inside the words long enough for them to arrange themselves. The structure you're waiting for is waiting for you to be revealed through the writing.

*Once you've started, but doubt creeps in*

## **"I should have a book outline first."**

It can feel safer to think the outline should come before the writing. Every chapter labeled, every step clear. Like you're following a manual.

But books often don't get written that way. The outline, if it comes, usually comes after the writing has already shown you what belongs.

You might start with headings, even a few sketched chapters. But once the words are on the page, they rarely obey the outline. They wander. They surprise you. They insist on new directions.

An outline is unlikely to be the beginning.

The authentic way to find the shape of a book is to write into it. Then, later, you can step back and see the outline the book has already been forming behind your back.

*Once you've started, but doubt creeps in*

## **“I need the perfect writing setup.”**

Soon after publishing my first book, I found this is completely unnecessary.

You might have the fairy tale in mind. Sitting at your desk, undisturbed, with the right materials, feeling peaceful and inspired.

Maybe you feel the same about reading books. That someday you'll have more peace and time. There's too little headspace right now.

Both are fantasies. I wrote one book fully on my phone. Another through voice memos. The whole essence of a book could be written on a napkin.

Life's messy anyway. Let our writing be messy too. The book might not ask to be organized and structured. Working with what you have, limited time and resources, might shape it in a more creative way.

*Once you've started, but doubt creeps in*

## **“My writing is all over the place.”**

You write a poem one day. Nothing the next. A quick note. Then an article. Or you find yourself talking about everything. Most of it seemingly unrelated.

People tell me they're working on two books at once. Usually before finishing their first.

But what if scattered is exactly how books begin?

You can pour any stretch of time into book form. The key is connecting things that don't obviously belong together. Stories that seemed unrelated. Concepts people wouldn't normally link.

The book is everything that feels alive while you're writing it. As you write, you notice what keeps coming back. That becomes your main thread. Everything else connects to it.

Books need to be scattered first. Otherwise they'd be boring. It's the curiosity that makes them alive.

*Once you've started, but doubt creeps in*

## **"I need to find my writer's style."**

First that online course, that discovery program, that book. Then I might be ready.

You might think you need to sit down and figure out your voice. Right now it sounds too generic, boring, mechanical. It has to be more unique and authentic.

It's like wanting to find your painting style before you've made enough pieces. You study other artists, take courses, analyze techniques. But your style only emerges through painting.

Your voice was just buried under trying to find it. Writing exposes it. That's the only effective way I've found. Other approaches are speculation.

Sticking to conclusions about your style gives you a forced tone anyway. So let it be revealed. Let it become clear through writing.

*Once you've started, but doubt creeps in*

## **"I just need to try harder."**

The more we try to make something of our words, the more they seem to resist.

Trying to turn them into a book can keep us from having any book at all. But when we stop needing the words to lead somewhere, when we stop turning ourselves into someone who is writing a book, something else begins to move.

For a moment, we stopped interfering. Even "letting the writing happen" can become a strategy. Another form of control in softer clothing.

The mind sneaks in the back door. Turns openness into a technique. Turns flow into a task. And suddenly, it's you again, performing presence.

There's nothing to get right. And no one to get it right. The words just need you to forget you were holding on rather than to loosen your grip.

*Once you've started, but doubt creeps in*

## **"I need to be more original."**

It's easy to worry that everything you want to say has already been said. That your book will just repeat what others have written.

But repetition is how truth circulates.

We're always echoing each other, which are different versions of yourself anyway. Sometimes with new words, sometimes with the same ones, sometimes with a voice that makes it land differently.

Chasing originality is a bit of an ego trip. Wanting to stand apart, to be untouchable. But that distance can cut you off from the very thing that makes the writing valuable, the shared human ground.

Your book doesn't ask for originality, it moves through you, not as a possession. And if what you write has been written before? Perfect. That means it belongs to the conversation already alive.

*Once you've started, but doubt creeps in*

## **"I lost the flow I once felt."**

You're writing. But it's not always flowing. Each sentence takes too long. You reread the same paragraph. You wonder if you're cut out for this.

And without saying it out loud, you think: 'If writing feels this hard, maybe I'm doing it wrong.'

But what if the difficulty is the evidence of something coming together? Something that didn't exist until now. Because this is the gathering of what was scattered and unclear.

On the surface, you see words appearing slowly. But underneath: you're clarifying, collapsing contradictions, letting go of the clever version, thinking about what you actually want to say. Something is being assembled.

So yes, it might feel hard, sometimes. If it hadn't been difficult, maybe writing wasn't needed.



*Once you've started, but doubt creeps in*

## **"I need a stronger voice."**

First that online course, that discovery program, that book. Then I might be ready.

It's easy to think you need to sit down and figure out your voice first. Right now it feels too generic, too mechanical, not yet authentic.

But voice isn't something you find by searching. It's something that shows itself while you write.

It's like painting. You don't discover your style by studying techniques or analyzing other artists. You discover it through making enough pieces that your hand becomes visible in the work.

Writing works the same way. Every page uncovers a little more of the voice you thought you didn't have.

When you try to decide your style in advance, it often ends up forced. But when you write, the tone takes shape naturally. Your voice is just waiting to be revealed through use.

*Once you've started, but doubt creeps in*

## **“I need to be more consistent.”**

No, we don't. We never had to. And we never will.

How funny would it be if you could just decide, 'From now on, I will be consistent!'

And suddenly you'd write more often. Spend more time on your project.

Obviously, it doesn't work that way. Not even with all the motivation in the world. I think working on a book shouldn't feel like work at all.

Yet consistency can happen because something feels alive. When you follow that aliveness, it might return the next day. And the day after that.

Following aliveness can look consistent, but that's not why you're doing it. This way, the aliveness might look consistent, though you never tried to be.

Besides, some books need daily attention. Others don't. Either way, it's not up to you. So let's just skip the battle.

*Once you've started, but doubt creeps in*

## **“The book should fit into the gaps of my day.”**

Life fills itself quickly. Work, family, messages, endless lists of small obligations. What's left over often feels like scraps of time, too little to hold something as large as a book.

So the thought comes: maybe I'll squeeze it in when I can. A few minutes at night. A stolen hour on the weekend. Voice memos spoken on a walk. A ghostwriter shaping your material. Even some help from AI. All of these are ways to let it move.

It's just a matter of letting the book belong somewhere in the rhythm of your days.

Sometimes that place is small, sometimes larger. Sometimes structured, sometimes improvised.

However it comes, the book gathers weight by being given space, alongside it all. The book doesn't ask for spare time. It asks to live in the present moment.

*Once you've started, but doubt creeps in*

## **"I need to overcome my limiting beliefs."**

It can feel like the real work is inside. First clear the blocks, do the shadow work, process the fears. Then the writing will be free.

Beliefs don't magically vanish through thinking about them. They shift because you're already in motion.

When you write, the doubts still come, and you write anyway. Over time, they soften. They simply lose their grip and don't have to disappear all at once.

The book doesn't need a close-to-perfect version of yourself. It's interested in you to sit down, as you are, with the beliefs still muttering in the background.

Shadow work can be part of writing. Every page is already a conversation with what holds you back.

The way through the beliefs is inside the book.

*Once you've started, but doubt creeps in*

## **“I’m not good at writing.”**

The words come out heavy, awkward. Reading them back, they sound even flatter than they felt in your head. It's easy to stop there and stamp the conclusion: I'm not good at this. Writing isn't my type of medium.

I don't consider myself having writing talent. The book honestly doesn't care. You don't need to have studied writing, love reading, write daily, or have started young.

The book asks you to write it, with or without credentials. You find a way. Maybe you hire a ghostwriter. Rely more on AI. Transcribe voice memos. Work with illustrations.

You'll find your way. The book makes sure of that. As long as you listen. I'm dyslexic. I was not amazing at languages. I never considered myself a writer.

Yet here we are. Your book will make you a better writer by writing it. Some days the words stumble. Some days they flow. Over time, a voice gathers and stuff gets written either way.

*Once you've started, but doubt creeps in*

## **“My writing is too messy to count as a book.”**

Drafts wander, ideas repeat, whole pages collapse halfway through. Reading them back, it feels chaotic, unfinished, scattered.

And that is also what makes them alive. Mess carries the energy of beginnings. Fragments hold sparks that can expand. Repetition shows what matters enough to return to.

A book arrives in fragments, in the noise of trying, in pieces that don't yet know where they belong.

The mess is the perfect early form of the book.

When you stay with it, patterns begin to surface. Certain lines carry more weight. Some pages fall away. What felt scattered begins to gather.

The writing may look messy now, which is likely to be proof of being the early material of a book.

*Once you've started, but doubt creeps in*

## **“What matters most can't be put into words.”**

Nondual standpoints slips through explanation. It says everything and nothing. Too open, too vague, impossible to pin down. Every attempt feels like distortion. And yet, it's already present in every form of writing as the ground underneath the concepts.

You could approach it philosophically or theologically. You could argue and define. But that may not get you where you're going. If you even know where that is. Still, something feels missing without it. Even in a business book, a leadership book. Without that depth, the words feel thin, too mental, too tight.

So you write to watch rather than to explain. To sit with it in deep curiosity. To let yourself disappear into something that doesn't need you to be anyone. And somewhere in the writing, expression arrives as a way the ineffable shows itself in form.

If a nondual undertone seems to matter to your writing, whatever that means, write. You'll see why halfway through, if you don't already.

*Once you've started, but doubt creeps in*

## **“What if I’m wrong and have to change my mind later?”**

Every book “risks” this. That you’ll look back and see things differently. That what once felt clear no longer fits.

And yet maybe that’s the point. The book had to be written for you to see beyond it. A step in your own unfolding. Without it, the next step might not appear at all.

Some readers may still be in that same phase, hearing the words as true in the way you once did. What feels limited to you now may be exactly what opens something for them.

A book can even act as an accelerator. It speeds up an inner shift. It carries you out of the view you thought you had to hold forever.

And if the time ever comes when you no longer want those words in the world, you can take them down. But ask yourself: would that be for the book, or for you?

Books live in the moment they’re written. That moment passes, but the book remains, doing its work where it’s still needed. It might no longer be yours anyway.



# I don't want to be seen -

## Facing visibility and sharing



I'm Youri. My books came through  
once I stopped trying to write them.

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## **“If others read my work, they’ll see I’m not a real writer.”**

Well, the writer was never real anyway, so there’s that.

I don’t mean this as an insult to the profession, but as a relief. The book isn’t written by the person who thinks they’re writing it. It works the other way around. A fictive self gets chosen by the book. You just follow.

Something wants to be written through you.

So if you’re worried about being exposed as fake, good news: there’s nothing real to expose. Only someone willing to step aside.

The book needs writing, not a writer. You may still feel nervous. Like you’re pretending. Like any moment someone will call you out. That heaviness is simply a sign you’re still holding yourself too tightly.

The words just come through. Or they don’t.

**“If my book concept matters,  
it will spread on its own.”**

That's what I believed, fully, with my first book.

Halfheartedly, with the second. And no longer, with the third.

Yes, a book spreads on its own. But not apart from you. It spreads through you. You were part of the writing. You are also part of the sharing.

This isn't the usual kind of effort. And it isn't passive surrender either. It's about seeing that even the so-called “organic spread” moves through something.

Through someone. You, for instance.

You aren't the orchestrator. And still, you're never separate from what unfolds. The book didn't write itself without you. And it won't share itself without you either.

It lives, yes. But it lives by moving through you.

## **“Once I publish the book, I can finally use it as a marketing tool.”**

Yes, the finished book can help. It builds trust. It takes form, travels, and finds its way into conversations.

But we often overlook that the unfolding itself does more for your work than the final product ever could.

The moment you start sharing what's unfolding, fragments, questions, excerpts that aren't yet sure of themselves, you're inviting.

You're allowing the book to exist in others before it exists in print. So if you've been waiting until it's done to begin, you're holding the moment that allows others in: the making.

Start there. The link is already alive. The book is already at work. You're just letting people catch up to it, including yourself.

**“I’ll release it once it’s closer to what I imagine it should be.”**

I’ll release it once it feels safe enough.

You’re writing something, and you’re not sharing it. That’s how it fades.

You tell yourself you’re refining and making it better. And still the drafts pile up. The folders grow heavier. The spark that once felt electric begins to dim. Been there, done that.

The waiting stretches on. You imagine the day it will be clearer, more certain, closer to what you meant to say. Yet clarity often comes in the act of being seen.

Books don’t only take shape in silence. They also take shape by leaking out in fragments, still unfinished, unproven, unsure.

A book begins to exist in those first exposures, while it still makes you nervous. While it still carries the risk of being seen too soon.

## **“I don’t want the attention a book might bring.”**

It’s easy to imagine a book shining a spotlight on you. That people will look closer, ask more, expect more. That the attention will fall on the one who wrote it.

But the attention is drawn to the book, not to you. If you want, you can even publish anonymously, or share it with a co-writer who carries the visibility more easily. You can keep it small. You can say no to requests.

And in reality, most books don’t draw that kind of attention anyway. Even when they’re published, even when they circulate.

It might be a matter of noticing where the weight is placed. When you imagine all eyes on you, the “you” becomes the focus. The book is left in the background.

When you shift the center back to the book, the attention changes shape. It may still come, but it passes through you rather than sticking to you. The book receives it. You don’t have to.

**“If I share while writing,  
it will lose the magic.”**

I've heard this more than once. Recently again. As if the words only arrive in private. As if showing the unfolding would dilute their power. Sharing too soon might ruin the book.

But sharing doesn't scatter the magic.  
It strongly amplifies it.

The rawness, the not-yet-sure-of-itself quality, that's what lets others feel close. They meet the words not as witnesses to something forming.

To share along the way is to let readers feel the moment of beginning. The shaky, electric stage when language first takes shape.

And somehow, that deepens the writing too. What felt private becomes more lived, more shared, and sincere.

## **“The book won’t matter without a following.”**

You might picture the book landing in empty hands. No one to read it. No one to care. It’s kind of like a post without likes, or a message without response.

So you wait and build first. Or try to. But **the writing holds the magnetism**, not the other way around.

Books “begin” with something that wants to be said. The writer speaks it before they’re known for saying it. The words move through their own channels. And eventually, they land.

A book builds its own momentum. It shapes how people see you. It reaches people your other content never could.

The writing speaks for you, before anyone knows your name. The book makes its own connections, ones you couldn’t plan for. And it often builds the following along the way.



## **“If I share too much, I’ll give away my business.”**

The thought is common: if I put this into a book, what will be left?

But what is possession, when it comes to knowledge? Information is already everywhere. Any fact, any method, any teaching can be found in a few clicks. AI can already tell most of it back to us.

Keeping it behind a wall doesn’t protect it. It only makes it smaller. Unused, it grows tentative. What doesn’t circulate can’t possibly evolve.

Fear says: hold the best part back. Keep the most valuable insights hidden, reserved, behind the paywall.

But what you share is what breathes. The book doesn’t take anything from you. It lets something move, expand, meet others. What feels like giving away is often the first time the work becomes fully alive.

# I can't seem seem to finish -

## Close to finishing, but losing steam



I'm Yuri. My books came through  
once I stopped trying to write them.

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## **“I can’t seem to finish my book project.”**

I know writers who stay stuck here forever. They know it too. The book feels like it’s missing something. Or could be improved. Or the last chapters won’t flow like they used to.

So you wait, and wait. The waiting kills the project. It feels less alive. You see things differently. You’d rewrite the existing chapters if you continued.

A book is a time stamp. It feels right at one moment. Later, it feels outdated, less alive.

The refusal to finish could very well be fear. Fear of letting it go, of putting it into the world where you can’t keep adjusting it.

But a book isn’t meant to live forever in draft. Its life is to carry that moment, in its incompleteness, out into the world.

If you keep trying to finish something that’s already complete, you’re just postponing the inevitable.

*Close to finishing, but losing steam*

## **“Everything has already been said before.”**

You hear yourself think it. It might even feel like a fact. Every angle seems covered. Every insight already taken. What's left to add?

And so the book stays in your head. Waiting for a perspective no one's ever had. A sentence never written. A message never shared.

But that's never really the point. And if it becomes one, it only circles back to you, turning the focus inward, and pulling the book further out of reach.

The value of your book is in seeing again rather than adding something new. Pausing on what others rushed through. Staying with what they only touched. Giving another shape to something others felt, but couldn't name.

Sure, it's all been said before.

But not like this, through you, at this moment.

## **“It might not be worth writing.”**

Sometimes the doubt takes the shape of indifference: I don't care about writing a book. Other times it takes the shape of pressure: What if nobody cares about this? What if it doesn't matter enough?

**The book, in return, couldn't care less.**

When we care too little, the book risks being dismissed. When we care too much, the book gets buried under the weight of expectation.

Either way, the one asking these questions (and a thousand more) is the same one blocking the book from surfacing.

The book never asked you to care first. It only asked for a kind of openness and curiosity. Enough space to let the possibility of a book move through you.

Not caring or overcaring both miss the point. Writing is what happens either way. See yourself writing, and before long, it may already have become a book.

## **“I can’t serve two masters, my other projects need me first.”**

The book arrives while other projects are still alive. Work is unfinished. Commitments already made. Ideas midstream.

It feels like turning toward the book would mean turning away from them. That to give the book space is to betray what you’ve already begun.

But projects don’t cancel each other out. Attention can move between them. One deepens the other. The energy you bring to the book may even return to what you thought you were setting aside.

The fear is that finishing the book will mean abandoning the rest. What often happens instead is that the book clarifies what matters among the rest.

Your other projects may still need you. And the book may need you too. Both can be true and co-exist. They might even rely on each other to stay alive.

## **“It requires more polishing.”**

Editing doesn't begin after the writing is done. It begins the moment you start writing at all.

Every word you choose is already a kind of editing. It's fully intertwined. Even the ones you delete before finishing the sentence.

This is why so many writers feel stuck near the end. I wouldn't say that's because the writing is broken, but because the editing never stopped trying to fix what wasn't asking to be fixed.

You return to the draft. You polish, refine, rephrase. And the more you do, the less alive it feels. The rhythm tightens and the voice flattens. What once moved freely now sounds like it's trying to make sense.

Editing rarely brings you closer to the book. More often, it pulls you further away. It's not the editing that's the problem. It's the effort behind it, the need to fix what was already speaking.

*Close to finishing, but losing steam*

## **“A clear sign to release my book hasn’t arrived yet.”**

Some writers believe they’ll know when it’s time.

That there will be a moment when most things click, the title feels right, the structure holds, the message is clear enough, safe enough to be seen.

To get there, they wait, edit, and hesitate.

However, my books weren’t published when they were finished. They were published when I, the writer, no longer needed to protect them.

There’s a difference between publishing and releasing. Publishing is an act you perform. Releasing is a shift in relationship: from holding the book to letting it live on its own.

If you’ve been waiting for the moment to feel right, it might not come. But something else might. A sense that the book is no longer yours to hold.



# Explore What Your Book Might Need

I'm Yuri Hermes. My four books came through when the writer wasn't in the way.

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