

IT IS NOT EASY TO WRITE A STORY (When you have been off for three weeks)

The page is blank before my eyes. No bright idea encourages the pen in my hand to deflower the virgin page. No it is not easy to lay down the plot that will spur the reader to read on. Different ideas float in my head but are discarded as not worthy of my talent.

The thought comes to me, am I too old to write of my time long gone? Do the young want to know of depression years or dole queues or wars fought and lived by a generation long passed away?

It is not going to be easy to write a story to attract the younger crowd. Romance and sex, meeting the handsome stranger on the Costa Lotta, the fast cars, the unwanted baby, it is their life.

I feel I am not up to the task, so it is back to old Joe Bloggs going to the post office for his pension. But there I go, there are no more post offices for old Joe to go to.

Well what about buying a packet of Woodbines. No good you can't smoke anywhere these days.

I have it! I will write about a bloke who committed the crime of leaving his dustbin out the night before collection. What a villain.

Well, I have made a start and the page is no longer blank.

Bob Mather.