

WHO can I tell?

I love writing. I often tell the students in the schools I visit that I have the best job in the world ... and I really do. I get to create a book, or musical (I also wrote a libretto for a kids Christmas musical last year), from what was not even a blot in my grey matter. But that was months (or maybe many months) ago ... You forget about that creation until the door bell erupts and you are reminded And it truly is wonderful when that package arrives on the doorstep (or at the PO Box) and you can't wait to open it. There boldly blazoned on the side in strong black ink is the title and the book details and YOUR name.

You go running through the house to tell your wife, oh but she is at school teaching. So you go next door to tell your neighbour, oh but they are at work. You jump on the telephone (yes I still try that before computer) but there it is - the answering machine is talking to you again. So you drop out a few emails, with confirm delivery / reading just to be certain ... but nothing, not a bell, not a tinkle, not a reply comes back. WHO can I tell? Who can I show my latest pride and joy to? Who can go ooh and ahh with me right now?

And then you remember, you work alone, all by yourself, with no creature around except the cat from next door which enters your garden to leave messages. It's lonely in these four walls ... and you like it that way but just sometimes, on days like these, you wish there was someone around to share a bottle of bubbly (non-alcoholic cider that is).

You check again ... still no one wants to talk to me. But then I remember there is the blog and I have readers all over the world so a quick photo of the cover, a quick post, a press of the *publish post* graphic and low and behold there is my book out there for all the world to see.

And then I wait.

No comments ... yet! Where is everyone?

Facebook ... that's right ... instant communication. I check out my facebook site -- my blog is set to automatically feed into my facebook page. It went there three minutes ago and still no one has seen me -- and I have many friends! What are they doing? Oh that is right. They are at work or asleep!

I make a trailer to promote my new book. I drop it onto my website. It links to my blog. It's now been two and a half hours. Surely someone has seen me ... and then my computer starts to scream announcing that I have 20, no 25, no more messages, and then my wife is at unlocking the gate, and the neighbour has just dropped in to see why I have been so quiet all day ...

Ah it's a strange life this writing life!

For the column *WRITERS ON WRITING*, in *WRITERS CONNECT*, the UTS: Alumni Writers' Network E-zine; SUMMER ISSUE, JANUARY 2010