

# **A Day in the Life of an Un-Published Writer Annette's Story**

**by Tami Brothers**

Annette plopped her tall, Cinnamon Dolce Latte down on the table and slumped into a seat. The fact that the five other women in her group were already seated left her a little miffed. She prided herself on her promptness and tendency to be early. But, she'd had to print five copies of her completed chapters so her partners could take them home to critique. She was pleased with how that part of their relationship was going and wanted to make sure it continued to progress.

“So girls, everyone bring their lists?” Annette looked around the table as four of the five women reached into their bags. They'd agreed in December to meet before each meeting and compare notes on what they had accomplished over the previous month. After hearing Patricia Sprinkle speak about “Why We Do What We Do,” they had talked after the January meeting and started a goal sheet for their 2007 writing career.

With a quick glance around the table, Annette saw Stephanie look down at the empty place in front of her. She was doing a fine job of ignoring the activity around her and was twisting the white gold and diamond ring on her finger. *She didn't do it*, Annette thought to herself. As a 52 year old high school math teacher, she knew the signs all too well. Annette reached down and dug her own list out of her bag. After having been a dedicated mother of three grown men, involved grandmother to two beautiful little girls, and wife extraordinaire to a very active bulldogs fan; she had a lot of “me” time to catch up on. If an adult woman didn't finish her assignment, then that was her own problem.

## A Day in the Life – Annette’s Story (page 2)

Annette had been surprised last month when she was able to relate to Patricia Sprinkle’s comments about how the obsession to write could consume a person. Over the past thirty years, while she took care of everyone else, she’d let herself and her desire to write simmer on the back burner. As honorable as that was, it had left her feeling incomplete. There had always been this nagging desire to do something. Anything. She just didn’t know what that was until two years ago when she sat down to work on a book she began three decades earlier. It took a year, but she finished it; and for the first time, she’d felt like she’d accomplished something for herself. It was enlightening.

“Before we get started, I want to pass out my three chapters to y’all.” Debbie stood up and began distributing her stacks of papers.

Annette frowned as she looked at the title. “I thought you were working on a chick lit story?”

Debbie just waived her hand in the air. “Oh that. I really don’t know if I’ll finish that one with the way the market’s going. So I thought I’d try a paranormal. I hear their doing really well.”

“Are you going to keep working on the ‘ShopGirl’ series?” It was Carol who voiced the question on everyone’s mind.

“I don’t know. Maybe. I’m just really into this one right now. I’d like to know what y’all think.”

## A Day in the Life – Annette’s Story (page 3)

Annette put the chapters in her bag. They were on their third set from Debbie, and had yet to read anything past Chapter Three. This really sucked, since they all had genuinely liked the first two stories.

“Okay. Did anyone set aside a certain time during the day or week to write?” Annette looked around the group as four hands went up in the air. Stephanie continued to play with her ring. “Great. I’ll go first since I brought up this hair-brained idea. With school in session and football season behind me, I put down two hours a day. Because I work much better at night, I added nine to eleven p.m. as my writing time. That should give me at least ten pages per week, working Monday through Friday. Anything on the weekends, I’ll consider a bonus.”

“Ugh. I don’t think I could do that. I’d miss CSI and American Idol. After getting my boys to bed, I need an hour or so of mindless TV in order to wind down.” Carol made an ugly face at the idea of missing her favorite shows.

Annette turned to Carol with a wry smile. She’d heard this too from many of her students. “What did you put as your goal?”

“I said I wanted to write eight pages a week. But I didn’t set a certain time. Since I’m still looking for a job, I don’t want to put something down and then have to change it.” They all knew that Carol was recently divorced after seventeen years of marriage and still trying to find her footing. With two teenage boys and one preteen girl, she had the most chaos in her life out of the six.

“Okay. Anyone else want to share?”

## **A Day in the Life – Annette’s Story (page 4)**

They went around the table revealing their goals. Annette was surprised to learn that the five of them who had made a list had been able to meet their weekly page count for the past month. It felt good that they’d made a significant start on their career plans. When the meeting hall began to fill, they put their papers away and began to prepare for the Question and Answer Session with our president.

After taking a sip of her heavenly coffee, Annette snuck a concerned look at Stephanie. As controlled as she looked, Annette had to wonder what was going on with the girl. Hopefully, the progress they made today would be motivating enough that Stephanie might participate in their next assignment. Only time would tell.