

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

**by Tami Brothers**

Lynn pushed open the double doors leading into the conference room and let out a relieved sigh. The hour and a half drive always put her nerves on edge. Atlanta traffic was not something she had to deal with in her small town life, but her desire to become a published author had her facing this fear head on. Today, she'd won the battle.

A feeling of triumph coursed through her body. Then the doors slammed shut behind her with an echoing thud. When the three hotel employees who were scattered around the room setting the tables looked up, Lynn felt her fears slam back at her like a tidal wave. Her stomach twisted into a knot and her brain screamed at her to run back home where it was safe. But the thought of her completed manuscript back home on the kitchen table kept her rooted in place.

A quick glance at her watch told her she had 45 minutes before the meeting would start; plenty of time to work up her nerve before the room filled with strangers. With her back straight and her head high, she made her way through the sea of empty tables and sat down at the one farthest from the door. Pulling her notepad out of her bag, she did what she always did to take her mind off her fears. She grabbed her pen and started to write, letting her mind pull her into a world where she was comfortable.

Quite a bit later, a sharp noise jerked her out of Adam and Carrie's story and back to the present. Lynn looked up from her notebook into the familiar face of the woman dropping into the seat next to her. "Hi, Annette."

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The older woman gave a dramatic eye roll as she slumped heavily into the seat. “Can you believe this traffic today? You’d think it was a holiday or something.”

Lynn felt the rest of her tension finally melt away. She wasn’t completely alone like she’d been at the last meeting. Traffic had kept her from arriving early at the Smyrna Community Center in December. Although she’d been an RWA member for more than a year and a GRW member for several months; that had been her first trip, her first meeting, and she’d gotten completely lost. She’d slipped into the room with everyone already seated with their plates of food. The table she chose had only five other women seated and she’d slipped in as quietly as she could. Of course, Annette hadn’t let that stop her from introducing herself.

For someone who was a complete loner, Lynn had felt instantly welcomed by this small group of strangers. They stayed long after the meeting was officially over, admiring the treasure of books they’d each chosen from under the two Christmas trees. Lynn had been afraid the camaraderie wouldn’t last past that day, but she’d received several e-mails from all five of the women throughout the past month. Even though Annette and Carol had both said they were going to meet her here for the January meeting, she had tried to keep her hopes from getting too high.

“Oh great. Here’s Carol and Julie. Hey girls!” Annette cried out her greeting with her usual exuberant personality.

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Lynn looked up as the two women slid chairs out from around the table. Annette suddenly stood up beside her and started waving her arms in the air. Glancing towards the other side of the room, she saw Stephanie standing in the doorway looking around the room.

When she made it to the table, she tossed her black leather jacket on the empty seat next to the one she’d chosen for herself. “Debbie just called me and said she was about ten minutes out. So we need to save her a seat, too.”

As everyone sat down and started talking, Lynn felt a sense of excitement bubble up inside of herself. For so many years, she’d been unable to make her friends and family understand how the writing bug had taken hold of her. She couldn’t explain the feeling of panic when she couldn’t get the words down on paper. But here, the room was full of other women and men who understood where she was coming from. Most of these people dealt with the same issues in their writing as she did. They could relate.

With a sense of finally belonging, she turned to Carol and smiled. “So, how’s the job hunt going?” And from there, it all began.