

**Bourne**  
**toWrite...**  
creative writing  
workshops

## Anyway, what about your story?

by Sue Hitchcock

“Anyway, what about your story?”

“How long have you got? You really don't want to hear it!”

The woman in front of me could have been an upmarket tart or maybe a neglected rich woman. She had long, slim legs with expensive high-heeled shoes, but her hair, tinted red showed a narrow white parting, which gave it the appearance of a wig, lifting above her head.

“I've lived my whole life dependent on men, either lovers or husbands. I'm fed up with it. I'm just like Melania Trump, dragging around behind my oaf of a husband. Anyway, he died and left me a bit. The thing is, I don't want to spend it on beauty treatments or a house in Spain. I'm not having any more of that meaningless life!”

Her eyes were fiery and she clenched her fists as she spoke.

“Well, I sympathize, but what do you want?”

“That's why I've come to you. Can't you make some suggestions?”

“Well, I can't give you a job, but you can join and any donations would be welcome.”

She sighed. It was her energy, not her money she wanted to use.

I told her “My life is full already, I work, have a wife and children and besides that I am deeply involved with this project. Look, you know how it is – we always need people to deliver leaflets, but you wouldn't get paid.

There might be other things you could get busy with, especially if you have like-minded friends.

Why don't you come to our next meeting?"

I gave her my card Sandy Toksvig  
Women's Equality Party.