



## New Writers Advice

by Miriam Silver

The publishers wanted some additions which I thought I'd do while having a coffee. Determined to write something meaningful with their retainer in mind I buried my face in my screen and tried to ignore the person who was placing herself and her belongings on what was a vacant seat.

"No one sitting here?" she asked taking her coat off, "nothing good in the news?" settling herself comfortably in spite of my efforts to look as if I was expecting someone to join me by vaguely keeping an eye on the door.

"All those poor folk, lost their pension, did what he wanted, made a fortune, he can do what he likes, says so right here," drawing out a copy of the popular press which encouraged me even further to tap away at my screen, hoping she would see I was busy, perhaps encourage her to actually read her paper.

I am a caring person and recognised that my table companion had needs and tried to divert her attention to our coffee whilst moving slightly away indicating I was busy.

"Wish I could do all that stuff," coming closer to peer as I moved my computer in an effort to distract her. All it did was to make her even more interested in my screen.

"Lovely coffee they do here, I often come, such kind girls, not too expensive either," she added while sipping, calling the waitress and getting her money out all at the same time.

“Thanks love, I really fancy one of those crackly thingys, what are they called?” directing her question at me.

“Croissant,” I helped, hoping that would stop her talking.

“You look busy, wish I’d learnt,” she went on as the waitress spoke to her. She was a dab hand at multi-tasking.

“Those awful people who used the workers money should be shot, look what it says here,” pushing her paper in front of my key board, she pointed to a picture in her paper.

Feeling helpless I made one last attempt to deter her by turning the whole screen in the other direction, which only succeeded in further comments as she read her paper.

“Don’t know what the world is coming to, look at her, she wants to be him, look here.”

She obviously wanted to me to join her, gossip about her findings, reluctantly I pulled the lid down, drank some coffee, accepted it was simple to give advice to new writers, especially those who seek solitude in coffee shops.