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## Just Press Send

by Sandra Banks

It was a pleasant room, looking out over the garden, glowing in the October sunlight; the two ladies seemed unaware of anything but the laptop they were staring at. Maisie looked up at Jane, standing beside her and scanning the computer. They were old friends and dressed as such, smart clothes and careful hairstyles were long gone. Nonetheless they both had aspirations to do something with their lives and at this moment it was Maisie's aspirations, which were being encouraged by Jane. On another day, it might well be that Jane's hopes would be promoted by Maisie.

The small brown and white spaniel, sitting beside the patio door, had been looking longingly at the birds checking for worms on the wet lawn and she now turned to look at them. She sensed the tension and moved closer to them as if she might have to intervene.

"Do you know the story about the two goldfish in a tank? One asks the other, 'How do we drive this thing?'"

"Maisie, this is no time for a joke, you only have to press the send button."

"You think that is easy, but who knows what will happen after I press that button?"

"Stupid, if you do not press the button nothing will happen and I know how long you have worked on this. What is the point of keeping it all to yourself?" Jane snorted, she always thought she knew best and Maisie always argued with her.

"I rather like the idea of doing nothing and leaving it to my children when I die."

"That is really stupid; they will just put it out with the other rubbish, what are you thinking of?"

Maisie tried to gather her thoughts. What did she really want? It was dear to her heart and various people had told her it was good but would never make any waves. It was like sending your youngest child to school, to a place beyond your control and your ability to save him. Some dreadful things happen in primary schools.

“I really feel like two people, one who wants to press the button and one who doesn’t, don’t you understand?” said Maisie.

“No, I do not,” was Jane’s response as she leant over and pressed the send button, “let’s see what the publisher thinks of your book.”