
STRANGE CONVERSATIONS

However, I did have another strange experience sending my story out into the big wide world. I kept getting weird messages left on my phone and texts asking me to contact an unknown woman on an unknown number about a book. I thought they were crank calls or that I had forgotten to return a library book. Checking out the library and being found not guilty, I ignored them as they were from America and I lived in England. As they still kept happening but were also arriving by email to. I junked the latter and ignored the former looking forward to a bit of peace from them. Then things got a bit more serious, when one day a caller got through and caught me off guard by politely asking me if I was A.P.Bazeley?"Yes, I am.

"Did I enter a writing competition?" Yes, I had I replied. My mother had always told me that "Honesty is the best policy".

"How long did it take you to write that story?" She asked me next. Ten days. I gave back.

"Do you think that you have another book in you?" She fired off next. I suppose so. I gingerly answered her. Silence.

Then came, what was to be the fateful question "Can you please write me the outline of the plot and the first ten pages or two chapters? I suppose I could was my somewhat surly reply.

To which the voice at the end of the line instead of firing another seemingly senseless question at me, instead issued an instruction.

"Send the completed assignment to this email address." Followed by a hasty, "Please>" I said, OK.

"Bye." End of conversation. I didn't even know her name.

Somewhat dazed, I put the receiver down on the dead line and wandered into the kitchen. My husband asked me what my rapid fire conversation was about. His response was, "Well you'd better get a move on as we're off on holiday in a week."

I wrote, I emailed and she phoned back ten days later. This conversation was only a little more verbose than its predecessor.

"Thank you. I received your email today." She started. To which I said. Good, I'm glad I got the right email address right.

She carried on with. "How long did it take you to write the first story?" About ten days, I uttered.

She said, "Good. Send me the first ten chapters of this new one in two weeks, please?" I said, "OK." Then it was Bye once more.

At least she was a bit less brusque, my only thought. Little did I realise that my life as an author had begun.