

**Letter - September 1, 2003**

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My Lady,

1 Sep 2003

This morning I miss you - there is just no other way to put it. I could use some company this morning - I just feel a little like chatting. The phone keeps pulling me but I won't do that to you. You might not be so chatty if I wake you in the middle of the night. I'll just have to chat with my fingers.

For some reason I'm thinking about our apartment in the French Quarter this morning. I can see you getting up in the mornings, putting on that blue robe and shuffling off to the kitchen. I can still hear lift the lid off of the cookie jar, and see your two dogs and the rabbit waddle in after you. (Well the rabbit hopped, but he didn't put much into it.) We like our mornings slow and easy then.

It was daylight when we woke up back then! That just occurred to me - how was that? Did the sun come up earlier? Or did walking to work really make that much difference? Walking to work was nice - a 15 minute stroll each way - weeks at a time without getting into a car. That is probably where I lost interest in cars.

The old truck has 290 thousand miles on it now. Assuming that I averaged 50 miles per hour, and that my arithmetic is right, I've sat in that thing for about 8 months (24 hours a day). I wish I had those months back right now - what I could do with 8 free, already paid for, months!

I bet I could write an award winning story in 8 months, maybe even a short novel. I've been having problems with my story writing lately. I get 3 or 4 hours at a time to work on them - and most of that is used up getting back into the story and clearing away distractions. I get to write a few paragraphs, then "time's up" - I have to move on to other things. It may be good for the other things, but it's bad for the writing.

But I am not going to get the 8 months back - so I had better come to terms with what time I have. If I work at it, I can probably arrange the other things so that I have a whole day at a time to work a story. That would help, but how would I clear away the distractions - with a whole free day, how would I keep from thinking about you? The problems of writers! The rest of them must not know you.

To illustrate the problem, here it is, "time's up", I have to move on to the other things. And I'm not ready. All I've

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done is ramble on, I haven't gotten to the things I wanted to say. But that's "chatting" for you - and a million years would not be enough time for all of the things I want to talk with you about. So it's off to the "other things" now, and they had better look out - I've developed something of an attitude in the last few minutes. Definitely thinking about you girl - and I want more.

Love,  
Wayne