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Philip Prowse
Excerpt
More information

Chapter 1 *"Every Morning"*

'I'm leaving now,' Teresa said.

I looked up from the newspaper. I was in the kitchen, at the table.

'I'm leaving,' Teresa, my wife, said again. She stood at the kitchen table and looked down at me. I looked at my watch. It was eight o'clock in the morning. Time for Teresa, my wife, to go to work. She was a lawyer, a very good lawyer. And she was beautiful.

'What are you going to do today?' Teresa asked. 'Don't go back to bed! Why don't you go out and look for a job?'

'Oh no,' I thought. 'Eight o'clock in the morning, and she's telling me to get a job.'



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'But I've got a job,' I said, for about the thousandth time. 'I'm a writer.'

'But you never finish your books! You begin lots of books, but you never finish them.'

She was right. I write by hand in small notebooks – I've got lots of notebooks under the bed – but I don't finish the books.

And sometimes I don't work. Sometimes I sit all day with a white piece of paper and a pen and write nothing. Sometimes I sleep all morning and then I get up and watch television all afternoon.

'You need a real job,' Teresa said. 'We must have more money!'

'Why?' I asked. 'Why must we have more money?'

'We need money to buy things,' she said. 'You need new clothes. Look at your old clothes!' I had an old pullover and jeans on. She had expensive black clothes on.

'There's nothing wrong with my clothes,' I answered. 'My jeans are a little dirty, but I can wash them.'

'You do need new clothes!' Teresa said. 'And I want a nice car. And we need a new television!'

I closed my eyes. Why was Teresa like this in the mornings?

'Open your eyes! Don't go to sleep,' Teresa said. 'I'm talking to you.'

'Look,' I answered. 'I'm not sleeping. I'm thinking. Anyway, you don't read my books,' I said.

'I read the first half of "Every Morning",' Teresa said. 'I liked it.'

Oh, yes, I thought. That was two years ago. Teresa read the first half of one of my books called "Every Morning".

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It was about a young man in London. She sent the book to all the big London and Hollywood film makers. The film makers didn't answer. And I didn't finish the book.

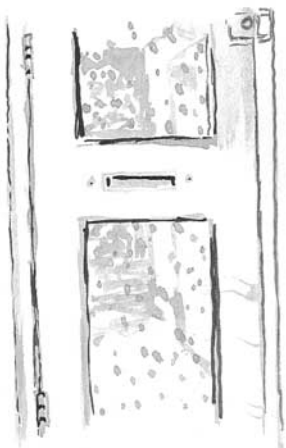
'Good,' I answered.

'I think I'm going to be home late this evening,' she said. 'There's a lot to do at work.'

'Goodbye,' I answered. 'Have a nice day.'

Teresa closed the door. She didn't say goodbye.

I stood up. Then I saw something black on the floor. It was Teresa's laptop computer. I opened the door but





Teresa wasn't there. I went and sat in a chair in front of the television. I thought about Teresa. She was thirty years old. I was thirty years old. She had dark hair and eyes. I had dark hair and eyes. She was one metre eighty. I was one metre eighty. But Teresa liked to work with computers and I didn't like computers. I liked to write with an old pen. She made a lot of money in her job and I made nothing. And now she was angry with me – again.

I closed my eyes and went to sleep.

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