

Oh, The Joy Of Freelance Writing!

By Henia

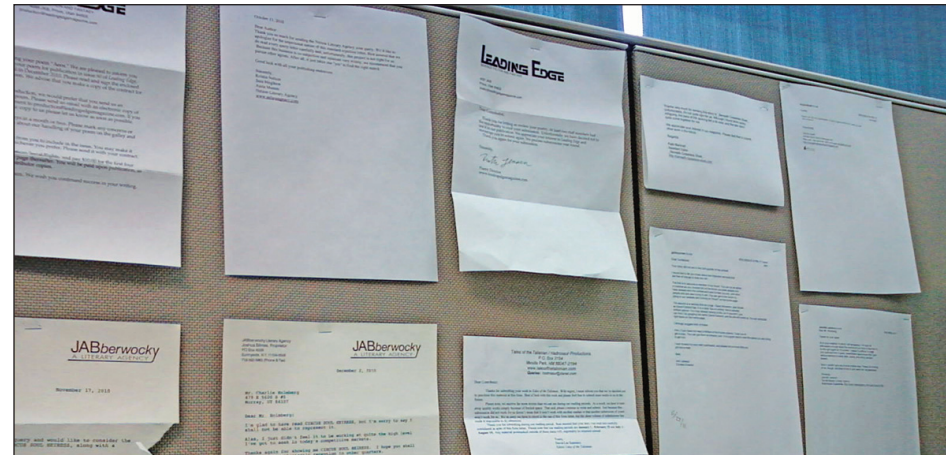
Someone asked me if I would consider getting myself a real job. Now why would I do *that* when there are so many benefits to freelance writing? So what if money isn't one of them?

One of the biggest advantages to being a writer is it's the easiest and most economical way to get into the wallpaper business. Whenever I get a rejection letter, I stick it on the wall. I've been marvelously successful. Every week, more and more editors work for my wallpaper factory without pay. What could be easier and more economical than that? Last week, I submitted my brilliant wallpaper business idea to the editors of an entrepreneur magazine. Now they work for my wallpaper company.

The other day I was at the library reading a book about writing. The book said writers are sick and tired of people asking them where they get their ideas. I was quite surprised to read this, as coming up with ideas has always been one of the hardest things for me. Imagine my astonishment when I read that some writers who are sick of this question, like to tell people they get their ideas from the Idea Center in Schenectady! So THAT'S where writers get

their ideas! Why didn't anybody tell me??

I slammed the book shut, dashed out the library, and raced all the way home to call that center.



Just my luck, the lady at Information said she couldn't find that listing. Talking to the manager was no help either. When I tried to explain to him that this is a famous place where writers get their ideas, he refused to give me the phone number! All he would do is keep telling me I don't need any

idea center because I would do great as a humor columnist.

So now I know how all those writers get their articles published, when all I get is

wallpaper contributions. It's because THEY sit with their feet up, getting their articles from that place in Schenectady! Is it fair that I should have to work so hard just because of those incompetent bozos at Information?

My office isn't very fancy. It's about six and a half by two and a half feet. Okay, so

it's our living room couch. The office (read "couch") has three sections. I mean pillows. One section (read "pillow") is where I sit, with a torn hard cover from a book as my writing surface, on my lap, scribbling my drafts. The other two sections (read "pillows") are piled high to the ceiling stack of article drafts in various stages. Yesterday, a lady dropped by and I could see how she was looking at that couch (read "office") scornfully. I guess some people don't know a genius at work when they see one. Poor thing. She didn't even ask for my autograph. This freelance writing is really something. No money and no respect!

The reading public probably thinks this is a humor article. I know my fellow freelance writers are wondering what's so funny. I'll see you guys at the next writer's support-group meeting.

Hey, anybody care to buy some wallpaper?

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