

Ancestors' Words

I knew I would write a book someday though I never thought it would happen so soon. There I was, sitting at one of Melbourne's many hipster cafés, sipping on a soy chai latte, and pouring my heart out. Pathetic yet vital. I couldn't hold in these words anymore. Like the wild and colourful birds I imagined them to be, they should have never been caged. Now that the door was open, they had no choice but to flee. And so they did, messily, majestically, miraculously.

'Cause uptown funk gon' give it to you'. The loud ringtone made me jump and interrupted my flow. Damn it Mum! Half listening, half typing was a challenge but I'd always believed multi-tasking was one of my few innate talents.

"Bla Bla Bla... This... Bla Bla Bla... That... So your great-aunt told me that one of your ancestors wrote books when he lived in Australia."

"Wait, WHAT?! What's his name? Where did he live? What did he write?"

And so the quest for my great-uncle Paul Wenz began. Perhaps writing a book wasn't completely out of the realm of possibilities after all. If he had done it then why couldn't I do it too?

200 WORDS