

### 'Anon' from Canadian *Good Housekeeping*

I always wanted to write. Not just writing for the sake of writing. I wanted to see my work in print. But I had been brought up to not be proud, to not boast so when I decided to send the poem to *Good Housekeeping* I decided to send it as 'Anon'.

I wrote the poem out in my best copper plate handwriting. I put a first class stamp on it and dropped it in the mailbox.

For the next few months I scanned *Good Housekeeping* as soon as I had bought it at the grocery store. I was starting to get despondent. But then six months later there it was, my poem in black and white. I was overjoyed when I heard my friends this was one of the best poems they had seen in print for a very long time.

I decided to write to *Good Housekeeping* to inform them I was the author and to explain why I had signed myself 'Anon'.

I heard nothing for a few weeks but finally a buff coloured envelope arrived in the mailbox. It was not from *Good Housekeeping* but from a firm of lawyers in Toronto. I tore open the envelope and there inside was a short formal letter telling me that if I ever tried to impersonate anyone I would be taken to court. They told me I was one of several 'Anon's who had tried to take ownership of the published poem. The letter said that a specialist had analysed my handwriting analysed along with all the other frauds and could prove I was not the author. There followed some legalese but by then my eyes were filled with tears.

I took the letter outside to the lake. There sat on the bench Dirk had made for us to enjoy the view I ripped the letter into a thousand pieces and threw them to the wind. I watched as the tiny scraps disappeared amongst the bubble of expectant fish.