



Warm.

Hot chocolate was in the big mug, open notebook with toned separate pages was opened at unfinished sentence, fountain pen was closed to save the ink from dryness. Mandy looked at the window of coffee shop, yellow and red leaves slowly dropped on the pavement.

- Writer's block? - With some kind of understanding asked man from table next to Mandy.

- Not exactly. - Smiled back Mandy, she had no idea that this is also favourite spot for aspiring writers.

- You know, it's nothing like that. I mean, it's nothing to be ashamed for. - Man smiled and his smile was lost in scruffy beard. - It's part of all writer's life.

- Yes. And then they gain power and finish manuscript. - Thoughtfully added Mandy and sip one more time warm enough chocolate to drink.

- It's more important and it will come to you also. I know it. - Mandy looked at him, his big scarf and coat which was on the chair next to him, one finished manuscript, not received answer from agent or already waits letter from publisher. - Today's three coffee's writing session I already made. Good day to you.

- Thank you, you are very kind. - Nodded Mandy.

Warm chocolate, cosy sweater, she adored her job.

-Handwritten, it should be personal. - Mumbled she words of her boss.

Mandy opened fountain pen and quickly start to write end of the sentence: "we are really sorry, but your manuscript it's not suitable for our publishing house. With warm wishes, Mandy."

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