



The Weekly Man

The Real behind the Unreal

It took almost 10 years to write **The Weekly Man**. It was an off and on thing with the usual writer's angst and interruptions from this thing called *life*. The angst was that bottoming out feeling that has you asking questions like: *What the hell am I doing? Who's ever going to read this drivel?* You know, the stuff that drives writers crazy and makes them seem strange to others. I also took off a few years to study photograph and have a few beers. But I kept coming back to the novel.

Working out the logistics was a bitch; it took over a year. It started with the question: *How do seven people live in the same body for 30 years and not now about the others in their body?* That's where Natalie/Mona came in with the children's early training in being special and shrugging off all those discrepancies like: *How did I get this cut? I don't remember this cut.* Because one of the others cut him or herself.

At first, I thought the shrugging off and blank acceptance were a bit too far out there to be acceptable, but then I looked around at things like climate change denial and how voters listen to broken promises from politicians (who've already broken promises) and still believe them...over and over. It occurred to me that the characters in **The Weekly Man** don't live so much in our world as we live in their world.

I had to bring in Manzer Doyle to work out some of the legal stuff like government identification and birth certificates. Being a retired, but well connected, ex-civil servant, he was in a position to call in favors and contact the right people.

And yes, there were moments of confusion when I wondered, *OK, which one woke up to the smell of perfume?* I had to go back more than once and re-write sections where I had the wrong character doing or thinking the wrong thing. And yes, I had a list of the characters and a brief summary of the secondary characters who came into their lives. There's a link somewhere here to a PDF character list that you can print out so that you don't get lost.

Incidentally, the entire novel was written in a coffee shop.