

Afterword - Occult Express

I have been asked how I can find the time to write, and I have to agree that it can be quite a challenge fitting it in around the “day job”, as well as my numerous personal and family commitments. The short answer is that I prefer not to watch the television – in fact, I find it impossible to ignore and therefore impossible to do anything else other than watch the box when I am in the same room.

In the evenings, after dinner, I like to find a quiet spot in the house, far away from the clatter of the TV – the conservatory is a particular favourite – and type away for an hour or so. I do not always write very much – sometimes I just fool around with words I have already written – but I almost always write *something*.

This is the first story I have written in the voice of a member of the opposite sex. I certainly found this quite an interesting challenge, although I have had another attempt in *Windmills of New Amsterdam* . As for the inspiration, I was sitting in the car in a traffic jam outside one of those mini-supermarkets with names like, yes, *Tesco Express*, and wondering where a Wiccan would do his or her shopping.

Perhaps I should just add that I know next to nothing about witches and Wicca, so any or all of the details I have included may well be completely inaccurate. So, for any Wiccans out there, please accept my apologies for my ignorance.