

## 16 days of night

Thursday, 21 January 2010

and no end in sight.

Not even once has she managed to peek through the cloak of grey that's shrouding the city.

I'm worried about our plants and have moved every single one of them to the window, where they'll probably freeze to death. Let's be honest, winters in Berlin are dreadful. I can't remember it ever being so grey and dreary in England, the motherland of bad weather. The time leading up to Christmas was alright. The decorations, lights, the snow. But it's really enough now. It's not exactly beneficial to my current state of mind either. I still haven't got a job, I still haven't heard from that place where they offered me a post "as of April", but haven't had the budget signed off as yet. I have iron insufficiency. Our bloody heating won't stop hissing and humming. I'm having a moan. Last week, I turned 34. What a shocker! Ten year ago, 34- year-olds to me where close to expiry date. My cousin's partner says: "Well yes, you're at a difficult age now, no one will want to hire you, because they think you'll want to have a child soon." Thanks a bunch. I might just add into my CV: "infertile" or something, just to pre-empt anything (even if it's not true!). The thing is, the longer I don't have a job (at least that's what I think), the less likely am I going to get one. At least I'm still teaching English twice a week, and am writing my novel. Whether it ever gets published or not, to hell with it, but I will finish the sucker!