

Elephant house

October, 12th 1996.

Edinburgh.

I was sitting here, in that little place. My typing machine in front of me, and I didn't have any inspiration. The café was warm and cozy. People were talking while drinking a tea, a coffee or a beer for the older ones. I was sitting on that wooden chair; it was comfortable, even after all this time. The decoration had a little something; it felt like it was familiar, maybe of the many pictures fixed on the walls. It smelt coffee and vanilla. I tried to concentrate on my work. I tried hard, but I felt like it was impossible.

Everything was distracting me. I looked by my side and saw my little baby. She was sleeping like a log. She was so cute.

I felt proud, but I turned my eyes again in the direction of my typing machine, and saw a white page. That feeling disappeared quickly and a feeling of anxiety took place.

I saw the waiter coming to my table. I was already on my fourth, or maybe fifth coffee. He stopped next to my table:

"Another coffee maybe?"

"Yes, please"

"Is she your daughter?"

"Yes, her name is Jessica"

"She is so calm!"

I smiled to him. He turned his look again, but he looked at my typing machine this time.

"What are you working on?"

"On a book. Well, I'm trying to write a book."

The waiter left and he came back with 2 coffees:

"Why do you bring 2 cups of coffee?"

"I have finished my service. Can I sit with you?"

"Nice! Of course, with pleasure."

He sat with her and they talked for a while. The conversation drifted onto her book, and the discussion gave her inspiration. The waiter was called Harry and he was wearing round glasses. She started typing on the typewriter and the waiter left. She decided to integrate him in her book: Harry became the main character. He was a wizard learning magic in a school, Hogwarts. But she was thinking that there were not enough characters, so she decided to integrate other people present in the café: a red-haired boy was drinking a tea with twins who were also red-haired; she thought that the three boys were brothers. The younger one was a little bit crazy, he spoke out loud and laughed all time, and the twins were laughing while fighting together. Then, Joanne noticed a waitress, she looked so intelligent and she was so pretty. The director called her to speak to her so the writer heard her name: Hermione. Joanne thought that it was a beautiful name. All of them, the red-haired boys, Harry and Hermione, became the main characters of her story. They were all students in the Hogwarts School. She stood on her chair for a moment, writing her book, she finally had the inspiration she was searching for. After many hours spent writing her book, Jessica woke up and Joanne decided to go home.

THE MYSTERY

Joanne Kathleen Rowling aka J. K. Rowling was born on July 31st, 1965 in south England. J. K. Rowling is from a modest family. She started writing when she was only 6. She attended Exeter University and the Sorbonne in Paris: she's graduated of French literature and philology. After a first job, she taught French.

On a train from Manchester to London, she imagined the story of a young boy discovering his talents of wizard and going to a special school...

Then, in 1992, J.K.Rowling got married with a Portuguese, they had a daughter: Jessica. She divorced in 1995 and came back living in Edinburg, where she lives difficultly from social allowances. Then she got married again with an anesthesiologist: Neil Murray, they'll have two children, David and Mackenzie.

She wrote her famous books in a café.

But did she really take inspiration from the people she met there?