**When is enough enough?**

I have pondered this question on and off over the years and still have not come to any reasonable answer.

About a decade ago, I self-published a novel. Through the process, I found out how much I **didn’t** know. So, I set about finding out what I didn’t know. For five years I scoured the Internet, attended workshops, writing festivals, and conferences, undertook online writing courses, signed up for other authors’ email newsletters and scoured their blogs. I was very much aware of how much I didn’t know, and I lost sight of the goal line.

I go to writers' talks and sit there listening to them, eager to learn something new. By the end of their talk, I often realise they know less than I do.

The problem? I may know more than they do, but I often have difficulty putting said knowledge into action. I have never been encouraged to 'get out there and do things'. That is probably the impact of my innate nature and personality.

This does not mean I will stop going to workshops and talks, no matter what form they take. The day I stop learning will be the day I’m dead. I believe in supporting other writers, and I do so with the optimistic hope when my time comes to shine, they will return the gesture. I fear it may be a forlorn hope, but I can always dream.

I am a member of a few grass-root writing groups, and I am always ready and willing to share any snippet of my knowledge with them, but do I know enough to stop learning? Have I learnt enough to stop undertaking online courses?

Exactly when is enough, enough?