

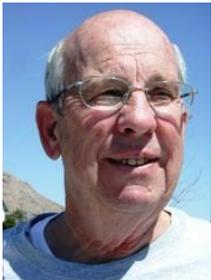


INKSLINGER

HIGH DESERT BRANCH CWC SAIL ON

APRIL 2012

The California Writer's Club (CWC) shall foster professionalism in writing, promote networking of writers with the writing community, mentor new writers, and provide the literary support for writers and the writing community as is appropriate through education and leadership



The
President's

POV
Bob Isbill

One of the best parts of having this job of HD CWC president is to be able to see the connections that go on not only with our member-to-member networking, but with "outsiders" as well.

To find out how one member helped another to edit their book, or how someone got what they needed to complete a project, or to see our members connect with a guest speaker who enables them to further their writing and marketing goals, is exciting and rewarding.

It extends beyond our meetings into the world of blogging, and extracurricular ventures such as our prison workshops where recently an inmate showed us the cover of his soon-to-be published book. He gave our Branch the credit for coming to the Federal Prison and informing him and the other inmates about Create Space through the Roberta Smith slide show on self-publishing.

The membership has taken on a life of its own, independently creating and developing helpful web sites for our writers as well as those out there on the Internet. (For example, visit www.pitchyourwork.com, or www.highdesertblogging.com which have been created by HD CWC members.)

The benefits boomerang back to the entrepreneur for doing such things because of the personal development experienced by the act of constructing such projects.

As we grow as a CWC Branch, both in numbers and quality, we expose ourselves to more and more accessible guest speakers in a collaborative fashion. In May, we will host the internationally renowned Derek Rydall, best-selling author and motivational speaker, and you can connect with him now from our Events Page on www.hdcwc.org in a free e-course.

Our continuing goal is to create a space for you to develop in your craft as much as possible!

Come on! Be a writer.

AND SPEAKING OF BEING A WRITER...

The long awaited "Literary Review", from the California Writers Club has made its appearance in our mailboxes. This inaugural issue is a delightful compilation of offerings in many genres from the 1500 members of CWC, including three of our own members, Jeannie Newcomer, Mary Thompson, and Madeline Gornell. You should have your own copy in hand, by now, so read it and enjoy.

Take the time to read the information on the inside of the back page regarding submissions, deadlines, and guidelines. Feel free to send your offerings in to the "CWC Lit. Review" following the necessary format(s).

Congratulations to our members, whose work has appeared in this inaugural issue, and we encourage our members to continue to submit their work for future issues.

KEN ROTCOP, AUTHOR OF *PERFECT PITCH*

By Frances Smith Savage

Normally when I type the words of our speakers at our monthly meeting I end up with about 800 – 1,000 words. Saturday, March 10, 2012, I had over 1800 words, and I now have to condense this article to around 700 words or I'll get in trouble with Naomi and *Inkslinger*.



So here goes. He spoke without notes and from the very beginning, he had our attention. Ken Rotcop, author of *Perfect Pitch* started his speech telling us about his very first encounter with CWC. For those who may not be familiar with that acronym, it's us, the California Writers Club.

It seems one of the CWC in Southern California contacted him and mentioned our founder Jack London. Rotcop never heard about the club and said, "No, I'm not interested in joining," and he wasn't until he heard that they elected him as president of the club. However the club did not survive, but he said, "I've heard about us people."

He asked if anyone at our meeting ever heard him speak. Only one raised her hands, and no surprise, it was Anne Fowler. He continued telling us of his many experiences, like the time he had a call from a friend involved with National Public Radio. They wanted him to write a book on pitching, and they wanted the book to be about 150 pages. He told them everything he knew about pitching would fill only one page, but he agreed to write the book. He knew many people in the movie industry and after interviewing them, he filled his book with their words.

Another time an associate of Hilton in Las Vegas approached him, and asked him to pitch the introduction film on gambling and how to play the games. He knew absolutely nothing about the gaming industry but decided that by researching the history of gambling, that would be the basis of his study.

When "old man Hilton" met with him, he asked, 'Now that I hired you, tell me why I hired you?'

Rotcop replied, 'Because I'm going to tell you the history of gambling.' Hilton knew nothing of the history, but Rotcop's pitching methods convinced him.

He told how he stole *Charlotte's Web* from Disney to allow Hanna Barbera to produce it. In the Disney world, *Charlotte's Web* would be just another Disney picture, but with Hanna Barbera, it would always be E.B. White's story.

The day he attended a flea market was the day that he started an entirely new business venture. In comparing the attraction of the market, he thought, 'Wouldn't it be great if all of these **workshops were producers, and I could pitch my products**, and it would be a wonderful way for my writers to pitch their work?' The naysayers said no one ever tried that and it wouldn't be a success.

However, after the success of the very first one, people called him and asked why they were never invited. Now he schedules two each year and has held over fifty.

One black author wanted an attractive actor to pitch for him because he thought they'd turn him away because of his color. Rotcop found a very successful female to do the job, and she was black. That author is going to pitch his own scripts because Hollywood doesn't care what color, or religion, they only want a good script and to make money. There were other interesting stories, not all with happy endings.

At the question and answer period, someone asked to explain his pitch sessions and what they look like. He said, 'Up to 25 top executives, top networks, agents, and they sit at different tables, similar in a restaurant, with a plaque in front of them. 60 to 70 writers go from table to table in order to pitch their stories.'

'It's an all day affair including a privileged lunch with executives for \$170.00. They treat the writers like human beings, and don't rush them along, there's no bell or timed interviews.'

Another topic covered in the Q&A period, regarding the workshop, was: Do they want a script or a published book? He doesn't trust the movie industry, agent, self-publishers, or anyone else. He also stated, 'It's tough to sell to the TV industry because they have a staff of writers who write about three episodes each, and they're not going to buy your script.'

'You'd have a better shot at TV movies like Hallmark, OWN, etc. So many more avenues are open for writers selling on line for 99 cents, one writer sold thousands. You really need an agent when you sell to a publisher. Write about subjects you know and believe in and what would be of interest to others.'

'Thanks for inviting me, and listening.'

Oh Oh! I've gone over 800 words. See you next time.

**MOVED? CHANGED EMAILS?
NO PROBLEM**

We are pleased to announce that we will have a special guest speaker as an adjunct to the Pitch Workshop on Saturday, April 14, 2012.

Ray Malus, Webmaster and Editor for the San Fernando Valley CWC Branch, will attend to explain his recently designed Member Record Management System (MRMS) and illustrate to our members how they can go online and change their HD CWC profile to keep it current at all times.

Don't miss Ray's presentation of this great hi-tech innovation that will simplify and facilitate the CWC membership record keeping chores.

And at the rate we're going, we'll need all the help we can get to keep our records up to date. It's always exciting to welcome our new members into the High Desert Branch of CWC, however they are noted!

Membership Chairman Roberta Smith tells us:

Here are the people who joined in February and March:

Mary Gardner (Feb)
Anita Holmes (rejoined - Feb)
Jaimie Johnson (Feb)
Linda Mulhern (Feb)
Lawrence Johnson (Mar)
Tere Kidd (Mar)
Barbara Sweany (Mar)

**THANKS TO THE HD CWC PUBLISHED
AUTHORS**

Our thanks to the generous authors who donated copies of their published books to the Federal Prison's Library: Mary D. Scott, Frances Savage, Mary Ruth Hughes, Madeline Gornell, Thomas Kier, Roberta Smith, Josephine Sotomayer, Alan Flory, Anne Fowler, Winnie Ruff, Denny Stanz, and the HD CWC, which donated two copies of our anthology, *Howling at the Moon*.

"To steal ideas from one person is plagiarism. To steal from many is research."



Anne B. Fowler

"How to Write a Pitch"



Mary D. Scott

**EXCITING PROGRAM SLATED
FOR OUR APRIL 14 MEETING**

The High Desert Branch of the California Writers Club is offering a Pitch Workshop for members and guests to learn how to produce a specific pitch of their own works.

A pitch is a vital tool to help individuals sell their works.

Whether fiction, non-fiction, or a script for screen or TV, this workshop will take each individual through the basic steps necessary to develop and write his or her own pitch.

In conjunction with the workshop, attendees will learn about Mary D. Scott's exciting new website: PitchYourWork.com.

Scott is offering HD CWC members the opportunity to post one FREE Work Product Submission on the website, along with a podcast in the author's voice, describing the work.

The FREE podcast is a limited time offering to HD CWC members only. So take advantage of this new opportunity to get your work read by the maximum number of potential buyers in the shortest amount of time. Attend the HD CWC meeting on April 14th, 10:00 a.m. at the Apple Valley Public Library.

If you want to write a pitch, come prepared. Please bring a pad of paper, writing implement, and know your book, screenplay, and/or TV Series genre, theme, and story.

Get more details at www.HDCWC.org or by visiting the Pitch Your Work website at: pitchyourwork.com and go to the "Submission Requirements" page. Please make sure you read the "Note to Visitors" section on the "Home" page.

NINA AMIR WEEKEND WORKSHOP

Prior to press deadline, there are still some reservations available for the Nina Amir weekend workshop scheduled in Apple Valley for Saturday and Sunday April 29 & 30, 2012.

For full details, go to the Events Page of www.hdcwc.org.

\$35 for one day and just \$55 for both days is a tremendous bargain and an educational experience of a lifetime. PayPal payments accepted online, but don't wait.

HD CWC GETS GRANT MONEY FROM POETS & WRITERS INC.

HD CWC President Bob Isbill recently completed a sixty-hour grant writing class with the High Desert Resource Network Fundraising Academy.

In response to his grant request, Poets & Writers Inc. is co-sponsoring a workshop to be given by Nina Amir at the Federal Prison on April 30, 2012.

The California Office & Readings/Workshops has agreed to match the funds of the HD CWC in sponsoring Nina Amir's three-hour workshop designed to teach the inmates how to pull their life experiences out and tell stories worth telling.

This event is supported by Poets & Writers, Inc. through a grant it has received from the James Irvine Foundation.

The HD CWC is appreciative of the cooperation and generosity provided by Poets & Writers, Inc., and looks forward to an enriching program for our outreach prison program.

HOW TO WRITE A GOOD SHORT BOOK FAST

From Nina Amir

Often writers and bloggers have an abundance of ideas. They may run into writer's block when it comes to actually producing a book, however, because they think writing and publishing a 150-250 page book seems like a big project. In fact, this stops many an aspiring writer in his or her tracks.

If you fit into this category, no worries. Instead, consider writing a short book – a booklet, tip book, small-sized short book or ebook. These can be anywhere from 16 to 100 pages in length. They are fast and much less intimidating to produce. I know, I've produced ten of them.

To get started, here are five tips:

1. **Write a good outline or table of contents.** This will help you get going.
2. **Have a model whose structure you can imitate.** Looking at published short books, booklets, eBooks, and booklets will help you visualize what your book might look like and you can even copy the format to a great extent.
3. **Don't edit while you create.** You can do this later. Editing slows down your content production considerably. Just get the book written!
4. **Don't be a perfectionist—**have a version 1.0 attitude. These short books are cheaper to produce and often easier to revise. Don't worry so much about small mistakes.
5. **Have a deadline that forces you to complete the project.** Deadlines work. Stick to yours.

When writing a short book, don't write your magnum opus. Keep in mind that this is a short book you will write fast. The content should be great, but it doesn't have to be your best work or your best content. Save that for your full-length book – the one that will be over 150 pages in length. Therefore, when you write a short book fast, you will want to do the following things:

- Decide on a topic or idea that **isn't** your "favorite" or the book "you've always wanted to write."
- Write something **short and easy** you know you can accomplish without much trouble (something less than 100 pages).
- Consider:

- a tip book—10-56 tips, one per page—the fastest possible book
- a "step" book—10-20 steps on how to do something
- a book of recycled previously-written work (blog posts, short articles, sample chapters, one chapter, ezine articles, recipes, etc.)
- a booklet—a short version of a longer book you plan to write, a short book on a topic related to a longer book you plan to write, or simply a short book.
- something you want to test market in a short form

About the Author

Nina Amir, Inspiration-to-Creation Coach, inspires writers to create



the results they desire--publishable and published products and careers as writers and authors. She is a nonfiction editor, proposal consultant, blogger, and book and author coach with more than 33 years of experience in the publishing field as well as the founder of Write Nonfiction in November.

She also is the author of *How to Blog a Book, Write, Publish and Promote Your Work One Post at a Time* (Writer's Digest Books, April 2012).

INVITATION FROM THE HD CWC BOARD

For anyone interested in a position on the HD CWC Board, you are invited to attend our meeting on Tuesday, April 10, 2012 at 10:00 a.m. at McDonald's boardroom corner of Apple Valley & Bear Valley Roads.

All elected positions of president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer will be on the ballot at our June 9, 2012 meeting. If you are interested in serving, or think you could be interested, you are welcome to see what we are all about and what it's like to be on the Board.

An announcement will be made regarding a nominating committee shortly, and you can also make known to that committee your desire to run for office.

REQUEST FOR ANTHOLOGY READERS FOR PUERTA VALLARTA WRITERS' CLUB

The High Desert Branch of the California Writers Club has been contacted by a writers' club in Puerto Vallarta, requesting our assistance in judging submitted works for an upcoming anthology.

The submissions would consist of flash-fiction, memoirs, and poetry.

If you would be interested in serving in such a capacity as a reader/judge, please contact Mary Langer Thompson for details at mh_thompson@hotmail.com.

We have not yet made a commitment, and any such commitment will depend on the number of respondents to this announcement.

They wrote as follows:

"Our group is all English speakers. Mostly Canadians and U.S. expats with only a couple of

Spanish speakers. We produced our first anthology with stories from our members, published it with a Mexican printer for our local members, then had it published in Amazon.

The Puerto Vallarta Writers Group work with our local library, the Biblioteca Los Mangos, which is supported totally by donations. Any proceeds from the anthology at Amazon go to the Library.

The group of members that live there year round, number about 30. The rest of our 274 membership are writers that visit in the winter. We have about seven published authors living full-time in Puerto Vallarta.

Last year we started accepting stories in June and ended it Sept 1. All submissions went out 'blind' with only a number so no one knew who the author was. I had a total of 27 readers, some from outsiders, some of them members, others included authors and editors.

This year we want to include flash fiction, memoirs, and poetry. We do have three or four poets in our group but would prefer to have the work judged by writers from other groups.

You can visit our webpage at www.PVWG.com to see some of the work we have produced. We are totally non-profit with any additional funds going to the library.

MUSINGS FROM OUR OWN LEO DULAC

Gardening goes with writing. You rest your mind in the garden. If you haven't spaded your garden, sprinkle it. The ground is too dry for spading. Plant anything you want to plant the 20th of April. Plant everything in a ditch not on the hump when you make a ditch. All gardeners who write tell you to plant on the hump, high ground. In the desert, you plant in the ditch you dig; only the plants in the ditch get sufficient water. Plant some melons, two feet apart. Plant some cantaloupes, two feet apart. Plant some string beans, one foot apart. Plant some radishes, sprinkle them in the ditch, pull the big ones and allow the little ones to grow. Plant some lettuce; it will not grow when the weather turns hot. Plant what you want to plant. Plant some corn. Every silk produces a kernel of corn. With only a few stalks you have to pollinate the corn. Take some pollen from the tassel and rub it on the silk every morning for several days. If you have a big field, then corn is self-pollinated. This will keep you busy until next month.

THE LONE OAK

By Ingrid Claus

An oak is standing in the middle of a big green meadow. She enjoys the view of a majestic mountain range in the distance. The sun peeks through between the mountain peaks and brings out colors of gold from her rays, reflecting on the side of the mountain. Later in the day, the colors change into earth tones to announce the coming of the evening. That is the time the wildlife gathers in the meadow to graze and enjoy a quiet, undisturbed meal. Hawks circle above looking for ground squirrels and other rodents. Crows settle down on the branches of the oak watching for any intruder. A river flows along the edge of the mountain range. Bushes grow along the river's bank.

The Lone Oak is standing strong, thinking of her past and future. A man and a woman are drawn to the oak as many weekends as time permits. They had been coming for years with their blanket and picnic basket to enjoy the peace and quiet under their beloved oak tree. She always listens to their conversation and feels good being part of their solutions in life. A father and his son also enjoy the serenity around the old tree after fishing in the river all day. They would take a rest or a nap. Sometimes they would talk over their daily problems and somehow they would always solve them in the presence of the wise oak.

It is spring time and the grass in the meadow is lush and green. The old oak is remembering when her big branches were full of beautiful green leaves. Her big, strong roots, anchored into the earth, spread out like an octopus.

Over the years the weather has taken its toll on some of the oak's branches. Lightning struck her twice and destroyed her big branches on one side. Two of them are laying in the grass below her. Other branches do not have any leaves on them but are being supported by the sturdy trunk.

The tree is enjoying its beautiful surrounding every day. She stands upright and wants Mother Nature to admire her. What a proud time it is for her in spring when a couple of her branches are growing buds, watching them open into green leaves with life running through their big veins.

At times, she is upset that thunder and lightning destroyed some of her branches. Looking down on

the ground and seeing them lay there lifeless is hard on her. But she does not give up. Knowing that the couple and the fishermen are enjoying her company gives her strength.

The Lone Oak is wondering every day how long she will be able to withstand the fury of Mother Nature. However, she is wise enough to know that there must be a reason why she is still standing.

CLOUDS

By Suzanne C. Holbrook-Brumbaugh

They sat and watched the clouds go by, just like it was any other day.

"How fast do you think they're going?" he asked.

"Pretty fast," she answered. "Probably fifty miles an hour."

"Yeah," he sighed, "Just like my life. One minute you're there, the next – you're just a memory. And then, who knows . . . probably forgotten all together."

"Oh, come on. Lighten up. Nothing can be bad as all that. Besides, who could ever forget you?"

"Marsha, for one."

"Marsha, who?"

"Marsha, *who*? The love of my life. The one who makes life worth living. *My Marsha*."

"Oh. *That* Marsha. See? I've forgotten her already. But *you*— You are an unforgettable character – handsome, charming, witty. A great all-around guy."

"Don't try to make me feel better. It won't work."

"Sheesh . . . There's a lot more to life than Marsha. For instance . . . look at that cloud up there. What do you see?"

"I see . . . Marsha, riding her bike on the way to school."

"Wrong! That's a hippo on a motor scooter. What about that one over there?"

"Marsha," he sighed once again, "getting ready to spike a volleyball over a net."

"Wrong again. It's a sea lion, trying to balance a ball on her nose," she laughed. "See? It's all a matter of perspective. By the way, what did *Mar-sha* do to get you so down?"

"She decided to go to the prom with somebody else."

"Instead of you—Mr. Wonderful? She must have rocks in her head. What exactly did she say when you asked her?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? How rude!"

"Not really. I hadn't had the time to ask her yet."

"You're kidding. Even so, since she's your girl, she had no business agreeing to go with someone else without at least breaking up with you first."

"Well," he shifted nervously. "She isn't exactly what you'd call *my* girl. In fact, she probably doesn't even know I exist."

"Of all the—"

"I know. I know. Just leave me alone, and let me die in peace."

"I can't believe you put yourself through all this. So what if she's going with someone else? You can still ask someone, too."

"It's too late. The dance is tomorrow. Everybody's already going that *is* going."

"Ha-hum," she cleared her throat.

He turned to stare at his best friend, "You wanna go?"

"I thought you'd never ask." She sprang to her feet. "Gotta go. Pick me up tomorrow ... at ... 8:00, and don't be late."

"Well, I'll be," he grinned. "Who would have thought? Just wait 'till Marsha see us . . . Marsha? Marsha, who?"

AND ON THE LIGHTER SIDE....

PARAPROSDOKIANS (Winston Churchill loved them) are figures of speech in which the latter part of a sentence or phrase is surprising or unexpected; frequently humorous.

- 1. Where there's a will, I want to be in it.**
- 2. The last thing I want to do is hurt you. But it's still on my list.**
- 3. Since light travels faster than sound, some people appear bright until you hear them speak.**
- 4. If I agreed with you, we'd both be wrong.**
- 5. We never really grow up, we only learn how to act in public.**

6. War does not determine who is right – only *who is left*..

7. Knowledge is knowing a tomato is a fruit. Wisdom is not putting it in a fruit salad.

8. They begin the evening news with 'Good Evening,' then proceed to tell you why it isn't.

9. To steal ideas from one person is plagiarism. To steal from many is research.

10. Buses stop in bus stations. Trains stop in train stations. On my desk is a work station.

11. I thought I wanted a career. Turns out, I just wanted paychecks.

12. In filling out an application, where it says, 'In case of emergency, notify:' I put 'DOCTOR.'

13. I didn't say it was your fault, I said I was blaming you.

14. Women will never be equal to men until they can walk down the street with a bald head and a beer gut, and still think they are sexy.

15. Behind every successful man is his woman. Behind the fall of a successful man is usually another woman.

16. A clear conscience is the sign of a fuzzy memory.

17. You do not need a parachute to skydive. You only need a parachute to skydive twice.

18. Money can't buy happiness, but it sure makes misery easier to live with.

19. There's a fine line between cuddling and

holding someone down so they can't get away.

20. I used to be indecisive. Now I'm not so sure.

21. You're never too old to learn something stupid.

22. To be sure of hitting the target, shoot first and call whatever you hit the target.

23. Nostalgia isn't what it used to be.

24. Change is inevitable, except from a vending machine.

25. Going to church doesn't make you a Christian any more than standing in a garage makes you a car.

26. Where there's a will, there are relatives.

© ARTISTS

A poem by Josephine Irena Sotomayer

Imitation of life their hearts desire,
To capture on canvas that spark of fire.
Brushing, rubbing, a dab or two;
Stiff and fatigued, not an easy thing to do.

A tribute to Monet for Impressionism,
And let's not forget Hopper's Realism.
But what can we make of Picasso's Cubism,
And Botticelli's enchantment with mythologies?

Mothers with babes was Cassatt's delight,
While Goya was fascinated with Spanish bullfights.
With Mona Lisa, Da Vinci's humor astounds,
As well as amuses and to some, confounds.

And Western Art, Rembrandt's forte,
Brilliant techniques and versatile ways.
In spite of his stature and ultimate rise,
Ostentatious living became his demise.

There were casualties as well as luxuries,
Goya's deafness and Van Gogh's adversities.
Some enjoyed recognition and lived prosperously,
While others received fame posthumously.

Their legacy, magnificent treasures on exhibition,
In galleries, museums, and art institutions.
All over the world we can gaze and appreciate,
Their works of art that intriguingly fascinates.

ANITA INTO THE BREACH



Anita Holmes, our appointed interim Branch Treasurer, has valiantly stepped up to the plate to temporarily replace our Jenny Margotta during Jenny's recovery from her recent serious illness. Anita is a returning member with a great attitude of involvement and

volunteerism. Welcome, Anita, and our sincere thanks to you!

Jenny wants to pass along how grateful she is to all the friends at the HD CWC for their expressions of sympathy and encouragement during her bout with pneumonia. Our best wishes to both Jenny and John Margotta for their complete and hasty recoveries as John also had his turn in the hospital and they

are now on the mend.



DISCLAIMER:

All items in this newsletter are the opinions of the author(s) and do not in any way reflect the views or official position of CWC

GENE AND HIS SCI-FI EXPERIENCE-

By George Gracyk

Gene sat at the breakfast table mulling over his situation. How did he get into this mess? Here he was, a semi-famous, well-read author and totally unhappy with his life. He had tried the normal way to attain his life's goal by writing the "Great American Novel." It was a complete and total flop. What he had succeeded in doing was writing in the wildly successful claptrap genre known as Science Fiction. It started with a silly short story based on the most improbable nonsense he could imagine.

His story of this goofy theory regarding atomic activity within the atom proved to be a terrific factual breakthrough in the actual scientific field of atomic research a few months later. This makes for instant recognition, fame and wealth, but not happiness. His following two novels were well received. With notable plot and character development and less emphases on rocket ships and ray guns, his other-worlders developed character. His alien people's lives were rich and complex. You got to know and care about them. He was having some problems with the final book of the trilogy. The plot was thin and it is hard to keep making up those weird names for characters, places and such.

"How do you want your eggs?" asked his wife as she slithered into the kitchen emitting a smelly trail of yucky lime colored slime. Each of her dozen flashing neon eyes was blinking and every quivering antenna fully extended. "Dammit, zXq@ttxq, you know how I like them," he replied. Mental telepathy being what is, she answered, "Of course I do, just thought I'd ask."

That's another thing about being married to an alien, even as sensitive and caring as she was. In addition, that "she" was a question in itself! Pretty good cook and a decent housekeeper too, except for that goopy, smelly slime that trailed after her as she moved about the house. Their sex life was satisfactory although rather unconventional in many respects and a trifle hard to explain without some visual three-dimensional graphics, and in living color. Children were another thing. She claimed they had some, seven to be exact, including a set of twins. There was a sort of random number of sexual orientations among her species. All of the children were in various stages of incubation and doing well. It was hard to explain to Gene regarding their status as beings because many of the terms used to gauge their progress don't apply to our earth's rules of physical science. He had tried to understand but it was better left to her "trust me, wait and see" advice.

How did this situation come about, you may well ask? Was he taken aboard a UFO flying saucer, perhaps a space ship, or did he somehow stumble into an alternative existence? No, nothing that exotic. He picked her up in a shabby, low class bar, a couple of drinks and a pizza found them back at his place. Of course, at the time, she was a dynamite looking blond bimbo on the prowl and an easy mark. The sex was sensational as well as the

small talk. She was smart and funny. In a day or two, Gene was smitten with her.

The first few weeks were idyllic, then she gradually began to change physically. She tried to keep this from him but it was hard to hide the fact that the red, white and blue scales budding down her back was more than a case of patriotic psoriasis or shingles. The sudden, prolific abundance of bright orange pubic hair was another clue that things were going to be different. Other physical changes occurred. Some evolved gradually, like the six other fingers on her left hand, which itself was evolving into more of a flipper-like appendage. They burst on the scene as did the four multi-nippled extra breasts erupted on her chest. The extra breasts rearranged themselves every twenty-three and three-quarter minutes, this being a standard time period to her kind. She managed to keep some evolving private but Gene couldn't help but notice the knobby lumps down her arms, or the string of odd shaped orifices down the back of her legs. Asparagus-like stalks sprouted in unlikely and undoubtedly uncomfortable areas. Unlike the usual asparagus green, they were a startling purple- and white-checked pattern.

If necessary, she could re-emote back to the original human form but with each new physical change, it took a little longer. She resented being asked to re-emote, she wanted to be loved for what she was, not what she looked like! This was a noble idea but proving unrealistic for normal everyday living in suburban Cleveland.

A PET PEEVE AIRED

Do you find it as discouraging as I do to pick up our local paper and find the English language so badly abused? Actually, it isn't just our paper – all of the media must accept some responsibility for turning the offspring of homo sapiens into the genus Capra – you know, the nimble little creatures with cloven hooves called "kids". When my daughter and sons were born, we checked them carefully to be sure they had fingers and toes, not hooves. We didn't expect anything else. They were called "children". Imagine the chagrin of the archeologist from the far distant future trying to piece together the bones versus the ancient language known as "English". It's going to be a strange character that they reconstruct.

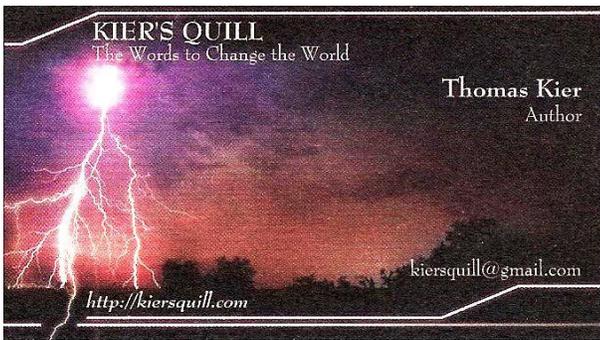
N.C. Ward, (Soon-to-be-ex-editor)

Books

Paranormal, Mystery, Suspense, Romance.



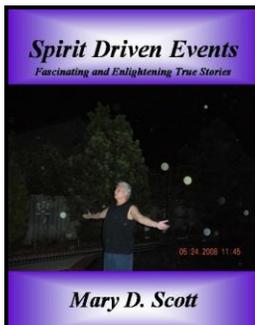
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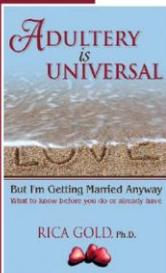
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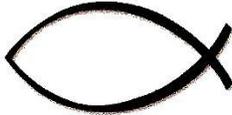
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