

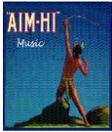
The True-badour

A LITERARY NEWSLETTER

Vol. 1 – Issue 3

SUMMER 2016

August 2016



The True-badour

1542 Lakeside Dr. West
Canyon Lake, Texas 78133

© 2016, United States of America

Publisher: **Ernie Lee**

Associate Editors:

Billy James Wall – St. Augustine, FL

Bart Ambrose – Nashville, TN

Cynthia Juniper – Wimberley, TX

John Howard Hatfield – Austin, TX

Describing and discussing the writing process through various genres, methods, and venues, for writers and readers alike.

(If you no longer wish to receive this newsletter, Unsubscribe by contacting ernie.lee@live.com.)

What a summer it has been. ***Aquasaurus*** is done very well. We did a book signing at Hastings Books and Records in New Braunfels in May. In June, Hatfield and I took a road trip back to Bryan. I became a regular writer for the Hill Country Sun. In July we were at the San Antonio Indie Book Fest, where ***Aquasaurus*** was well received. I appeared in San Marcos at the Wake the Dead Coffee Shop for a poetry reading.

Meanwhile, we finished recording the audio for the upcoming book ***Where the Wild Rice Grows***. It will be a book of my poetry, narrated by voice actor **Wes Elliott**. It will be a print book, e-book, audio book, and a set of CDs enhanced with music and sound. Subscribers will receive sneak peeks from time to time, and a discount on the book when it is released.

At the same time, my next fiction novel, ***Him***, is at the halfway point. I'm on a scheduled and hope to be finished and ready for publication in December. Those of you who are subscribers will, of course, get sneak peeks and a discount on the book.

I'm happy to introduce my friend **Cynthia Juniper** this month. She has contributed a poem for this issue. I've known Cynthia for a while, and just happened to run into her at Wake the Dead in August. If you wish to subscribe, please contact me

The True-badour at ernie.lee@live.com.



Cynthia Juniper Cynthia Juniper, a Midwest farmer's daughter, came to Texas to study sociology at the Texas Woman's University and is currently a social science researcher at the LBJ School at UT Austin. She found her home in the Hill Country where she lives and writes with her husband, daughter, two cats and a rat. She has been published in the Literati Quarterly, di-verse-city Anthology, Texas Poetry Calendar and other anthologies and newsletters. Cynthia has a hammock in her back yard in strategically placed under the open sky so she can star gaze and imagine.



The Mockingbird's Laugh

Just about dusk is the best time. That's when I like to catch him. He's one crazy dude! He's not the most colorful—just dull grey and dirty white. Nor is he very large. But, all things considered, he has the best laugh!

The Cardinals are the prettiest color. The Woodpeckers have the most distinct call—I can hear Woody-the-Woodpecker in every note—and that brings back memories of my youth. The Blue Jays cannot be mistaken for anything other than a Jay. And the Doves; what can anyone say for the mournful Doves? While all of them have their followings, I'd match my high limb tweeter to any of them when given a chance to shine.

He sits there, out at the end of a prominent limb and let's go with every song he knows—probably having picked up half of them just today. He usually starts with the Cardinal's chirping and moves on to every songbird in the neighborhood; leaving none of them out. Watching closely, you can see him rare back, open that beak and blast away. It's when he throws that head back and let's go that gets me the most. It's like he saying "Ha! I got ya! If you can do it, buddy, so can I." I think he's laughing at the rest of the songbird nation—yes, the jokes on them. That's his laugh and no other bird can match it—not one even comes close.

When he's finishes his 45 minute sonata, he hopes closer into the tree's thicket and roosts for the night.

I admire the guy so much that I often pretend to take on his persona, especially when I find myself in a crowd and even more especially when the crowd doesn't know much about me. Given the opportunity, I will tell my tales and lay it on as thick as possible—even thicker when I'm allowed to control the conversation.

I'll tell stories like "the Great Ping Pong Drop" or "Tommy's Moose" or "Two Shorts and a Long out of Nenana." Maybe even the one about the crash landing of an Air Force C-141 cargo plane that I was riding—that one always amazes and gets them asking (sometime begging) for more. The quirky characters I detail gives them a chuckle asking if that guys real or did that really happened—it did and there's plenty more that haven't been told yet. In fact, one I just told recently details a sort of practical joke that involved over a thousand players-along without them ever knowing they were drawn in.

Sometimes, when the congregation is somewhat younger and particularly inexperienced, I will embellish the facts, just enough to approach the outstanding and keep them on the edge, never knowing where the twists and turns will lead.

When I realize they are on the very edge of their seat, having waited until the exact right time, I'll add: "I just made that up." Now they wonder; what was true and what wasn't.

I stop then. There's no use in proceeding any further. The tide is set. The laughs have happened. Wait until the next gathering is always best and wham, right when they least expect it: "Didja hear the one bout..." or "Let me tell ya bout..." or maybe even "You aint' gonna believe this s%&t, but..." I've just Mockingbird Laughed 'em and I'm King—at least for the time being.

John Howard Hatfield

WordShop

The Narrative Arc

I read recently an article by professors Ron Layne and Rick Lewis of Sandhills Community College. I thought it was pretty interesting, so I wanted to tell you my take on the subject. The original article can be seen at the link provided below. Please take the time to read it.

The principle involved is, that just as you and I – living persons – look at things that happen to us in our lives and try to find meaning from them, so should our fiction characters. It is not enough that the action simply happens to our characters. We must try to show that our characters were impacted or motivated in some way by the action. How our characters respond to these events, especially if it is a conflict of some sort, creates a sense of realism in them that parallels life.

The writer's believed that plot was more than just what happened in the story. If you think of the totality of your story in a curve, which begins at the introduction of the characters, then rises through the action to the peak, or climax of the story, then falls again to the conclusions and resolution of the conflict, you begin to get an idea of the narrative arc.

Did you ever wonder why plays were generally written in three acts? Handed down from Greek dramatic traditions, the play format naturally accommodates the narrative arc. So it should be with our stories

Exposition → Rising Action → Resolution.

Short-change any part, and you have a lopsided narrative arc, that even if the reader does not understand why, will be unfulfilled and unsatisfied.

The exposition introduces the characters, the setting, and the mood. Somewhere there must be an unsatisfied conflict, otherwise what are you writing about? The emotions, passions, and feelings of your characters should model real life emotions, passions, and feelings. How else will the reader understand and relate? Conflicts must be realistic, problematic, and universal.

The exposition must gradually merge into the rising action, which must demonstrate the humanity of the characters. In this section complications emerge which form a barrier that prevents or bars the easy solution. What the character does to overcome these barriers is the meat of the story – the action. The action must be consistent with the character introduced. This is not to say that characters cannot change – I believe they must in the end. But it does say that the changes must be consistent with how a real character might respond to the same events.

Finally, the rising action climaxes and morphs into the resolution. Problems described in the exposition, and created or encountered in the rising action, beg for a conclusion. Think of the great novels you have read, or the memorable television shows or movies. Can you identify the narrative arc? Try to construct a curve that charts the progress of each part. What does the arc for that story look like? Compare that arc to the arcs of some stories you did not like. Is there a difference? Is there a pattern?

What does your arc look like?

Ernie Lee

<http://www.sandhills.edu/academic-departments/english/film/narrativearc.html>



Co-Writing Trainwrecks and How To Avoid Them

By: Bart Ambrose

In today's music world, especially country music, most songs that are successful have two or more writers...some as many as 5 or 6. Disagreements can come up over ideas, lyrics, money, pitching, money, who's in charge, money...did I mention money? One writer acting on his/her own can sour a relationship in a hurry.

More than one well intentioned writing partnership has found itself on the rocks because there wasn't a clear understanding between the writers before the song was written. Some great songs have never seen the light of day because the writers didn't agree on the basics.

The importance of a clear understanding before beginning a writing project can't be over emphasized. Here are a few tips to help avoid the train wrecks that can occur without clear communications:

- It seems simple, but there needs to be clear understanding about each writer's ownership of the song. The generally accepted rule, at least in Nashville, is that each writer shares equally in the song(s)' ownership. But not everyone understands this, and it needs to be clearly agreed upon at the beginning. If for some reason there is to be a (heaven forbid) unequal ownership arrangement, it should be formalized in writing to avoid future disputes

- The flip side of the ownership issue is how much each writer contributes to the song. The true value of co-writing is bringing together skills, perspectives, and connections to write better songs. Again, the general rule is the share is the same regardless of the individual writer's contribution. A writer may only contribute the song's hook, or one line in the song, but he/she is entitled to an equal share unless otherwise agreed and specified at the beginning

- Shared contributions applies to monetary considerations as well. If the writers are working independently of a publisher, there needs to be a clear understanding about sharing costs for demos and any other expenses. Again, anything other than equal sharing should be put in writing to avoid later confusion.

- Operating guidelines: It needs to be clear how the writers will work through the process. Questions such as when is the song complete, should it be demoed, how it should be demoed, how much to spend on a demo, where to have it done, who will have the lead, and where the song should be pitched are extremely important. These things need to be decided and agreed upon by all the song's co-writers. If the writers are signed to a publisher(s), the publisher(s) will have a large say (maybe the final say!) about these things.

- Remember, it's a business. Most of us would like to focus only on the creative aspects of writing songs. But in the end, it is a business if there are any aspirations of the song going anywhere other than a file drawer. You must consider the business side of things to be successful. Co-writing is a business arrangement as well as a creative endeavor. It is a partnership with the goal of producing a specific product. As in any business, communications among the partners is essential to make it work well.

Bottom line: Get all the details out of the way first, then you can enjoy the train ride without fear of a sudden derailment!

Bart Ambrose

Ernie's I-POD



You can hear Bart Ambrose music on ReverbNation at <https://www.reverbnation.com/bartambrose> . My all-time favorite song from Bart is "Two Time Tomorrow".

This issue, I am proud to introduce you to the **Downhill Bluegrass Band**. I challenge you to listen to "Reckless Wind", "East of the Mountain", and "The Duke" then tell me where you think they live. You'll be surprised. You can hear their music at:

<https://www.reverbnation.com/downhillbluegrassband/songs>

While you are at it, take a listen to my very good friend **Jon Wolfe**! He is a world class entertainer from the dance halls and honkytonks across Texas and Oklahoma. Listen to my favorite, "The Only Time You Call", or "It All Happened in a Honkytonk." I think, like me, you will recognize the musical talents of this wonderful singer/songwriter!

<https://www.reverbnation.com/jonwolfecountry>

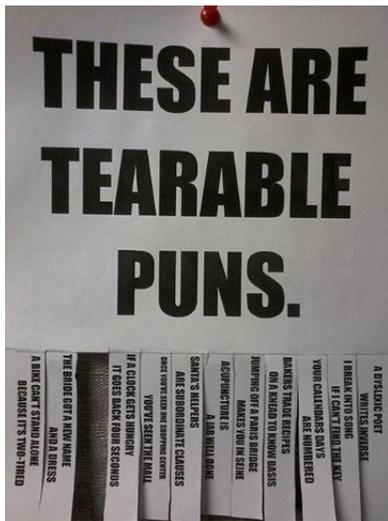
Kenny Lee is another good friend of mine, who can sing up a storm! Listen to "I Know What It's Like", or "On Nights Like These" which he co-wrote with James Floyd Richardson. Good listening. Kenny and I are not related, but I sure wish I could sing like that!!!

Ernie Lee can be heard at

https://www.reverbnation.com/aimhimusic?profile_view_source=header_icon_nav

And on MTV Artists page at: <http://www.mtv.com/artists/ernie-lee/>





Honestly, everyone should just leave writing poetry to the prose!

You were reading and then you saw a bird? Cool story, Poe!

Q. What do you say to comfort an English major?

A. Their, they're, there

Hyperbole is without a doubt the greatest thing in the universe!

Editor's note: These examples were provided by **Kandra Parrott** a junior at Texas State University from her blog. The following are from The Condescending Literary Pun Dog from

<http://www.quickmeme.com/Condescending-Literary-Pun-Dog/>

The Three Musketeers is one of my favorite books. But you probably don't read, Dumas.

Santa's Helpers: Subordinate Clauses



When Breath Becomes Air

Dr. Paul Kalanithi amazed his family, friends and colleagues with how he poured himself into his life and his death. A brilliant student, he rose to the top of his class in the study of literature and philosophy, and was a stellar neurosurgical resident. His 40-year plans after finishing his residency: 20 years as a neurosurgeon and neuroscientist and 20 years as a writer. All that was not to be.

At 37, soon after completing his residency, Paul died of stage IV lung cancer, 22 months after diagnosis. He never smoked.

Ironically, Paul put off learning how to live while he tried to learn about death: How to stop it for his patients or at least postpone it. He also was searching for life's meaning, something his new illness made even more urgent.

Paul writes clearly and honestly about how this disease took a huge and ever-expanding toll on his body and mind. At first he wrestles with whether he should go back to neurosurgery after his oncologist gives him the green light. He does, but it takes a massive toll on him as the grueling hours and physical exhaustion mount.

First half of the book graphically shows Paul's amazing commitment to his hoped-for career as a neurosurgeon. He walks us through residency and the reader feels the sheer will power it takes mentally and physically to perfect his art.

Next part of the book takes the reader through the heartbreaking coaster ride of aggressively treating his disease.

My bet is after reading "Breath" the reader will not be the same.

Paul dies before he finishes this autobiography, but the reader feels no literary loss. It stands as a classic description of a marvelous man's fight to preserve life and then living life to the fullest. His book, his first writing endeavor, stands as testament to his ability to fight through the mysteries of how to live and how to die.

I rate it five stars *****

Billy James Wall

The True-badour

Poetry

Plains Bitterweed

By: Cynthia Juniper

On a cool day

in late November,
sitting on a rock ledge,
I see a delightful surprise
at my side.

The idea of you

took root in a
slight crack
in this rock.

Now you move

in the wind
on your slender
six inch stock.

Your bright,

yellow face
cheers me.

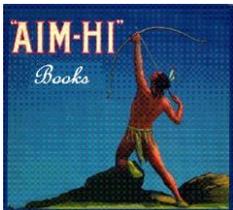
I want to be

like you: firmly planted and in full
bloom.

Have you a poem you would like to share

in the *True-badour*?

Send it to Ernie at bardoftheblanco@hotmail.com



™ Aim-Hi Publishing LLC
1542 Lakeside Dr. West
Canyon Lake, Texas 78133



Each issue of *True-badour* will feature a randomly selected winner. This issue we salute: **Donna Dickson of Chattanooga, Tennessee!**

Congratulations, Donna! Many thanks for subscribing to *True-badour*!

Donna will be receiving a \$15 gift card to Amazon.

Life's Meaning: Go Fly a Kite

by: Billy James Wall

OK. Here's my take
You must be conscious to care
One whit about life's meaning
Conscious or unconscious
Meaning is perhaps something of a guess
I've watched people breathe
Their last breath many times
In my hospice nursing days
In that deathbed lies a life
Perhaps once vibrant and loving
Maybe once filled with something less
Now their body is closed into one room
Full of tubes and morphine
And, it is hoped, close family
Of course, sometimes death
Comes swiftly in an accident
Or crime or war or terrorism
Was there meaning to those lives?
I say, "What's it all about?"
These days of highs and lows
With death seemingly the ultimate transition
Death: when our hearts cease beating
When consciousness recedes
When earthly forms disappear
I won't debate psychological death
When a person's spirit is permanently broken
At physical death, I think
The departed's love changes form
It reconstitutes mysteriously into air
That once was a life-giving breath
In the now lifeless lungs
I say that love in the atmosphere
Lifts kites and souls for all time
I believe in souls as much as kites
As kites glide and slide
I think souls float and fly

And, while they're at it
Air-condition that air with palpable affection
Through days of giving love
And receiving it with joy
I find meaning through that sweet,
Unequaled tug of love in myself
My wife and family and friends
At times, my brain battles my soul
And I feel my kite-like ride falter
Until medication sends me correctly aloft
But not too far up high that I fly
Into thunderclouds
That strike me like lightning bolts
As I zoom into the upper air of manic mayhem
So, I see sanity in the middle
Where the air is calm
And my trailing kite tail seldom touches earth
Or reaches the stratosphere
Meaning, for me, is finding love
In my waking moments
Now, who holds the string to my kite?
Most times, it is God helping me ride the wind
I pray I turn back over the line
When I wrestle it from Him
As faith flees my wandering mind
Yes, love and kites:
Life on strings
Tethering beings
Among the mystery of things
Like the feel of love
And the sight of kites as soaring souls
That's how I see it from here:
Floating above St. Augustine Beach
My soul soaked with love and sunscreen
This feels meaningful, you know

Billy James Wall/July 2016

Between the Sky and the Deep Blue Sea

by: Ernie Lee

Between the sky
And the deep blue sea,
I stood and pledged
My troth to thee.
And though the years have passed,
I can't forget.
I loved you then
And I love you yet.



You ask me if I still love you.
I'll tell you now, and tell you true.
Until all time should reach an end,
And even if you ask me then,
In that last moment, I'll swear I do!



And I know that you will be loving me
Between the sky and the deep blue sea.

WRITING IS GIVING

Writing+Is+Giving means that the simple act of writing is an act of giving. When we write something, we give information to someone, even if it is a question.

I have decided to **GIVE AWAY 2,016** copies of my book **AQUASAURUS** to Cancer Fighters; those who are fighting cancer now and who have survived a cancer fight in the past. **It is totally free.** All you have to do is follow these steps:

Go to WWW.Aim-HiBooks.com

Subscribe in the orange box on the web site.

Press the "Contact" button on top.

Send me a message with your name and e-mail address

Nominate someone (or yourself). I need their name, e-mail address, type of cancer and year (for my records only) and the format they need (mobi and pdf are the two methods available)

Hit send. They will receive a complete copy of my book in their in-box totally free.

As a cancer survivor myself, I want to reach out to those whose lives have been impacted by cancer.

Please help me accomplish this by nominating someone today. Maybe together we can brighten someone's day.

By: Ernie Lee

The True-badour

Books for Sale

A spot for shameless self-promotion

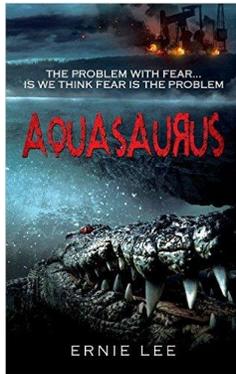
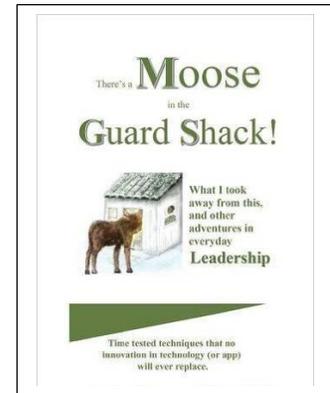
Title: There's a Moose in the Guard Shack! Author: John Howard Hatfield

Genre: Business & Economics / Leadership

ISBN: 978-1-4958-0825-8

Publisher: Infinity Publishing

http://www.amazon.com/Theres-Moose-Guard-Howard-Hatfield/dp/1495808254/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1462068844&sr=8-1&keywords=There%27s+a+moose+in+the+guard+shack



Title: *Aquasaurus*

Genre: Thriller / Adventure

ISBN: 978-09971284-2-0

Available on Amazon or at

www.Aim-HiBooks.com