

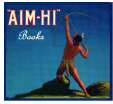
The True-badour

A LITERARY NEWSLETTER

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The True-badour

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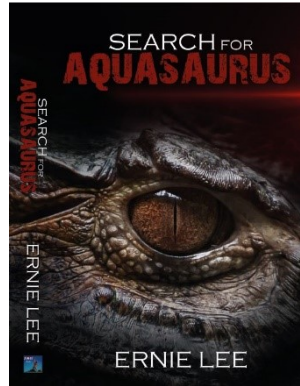
Contributing Writers:

Billy Wall – St. Augustine, FL
John Howard Hatfield – Austin, TX
John C. Payne – San Antonio, TX
Rox Burkey – Dallas, TX
Bart Ambrose – Nashville, TN
Carolyn Stovall – Kerens, 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.)

It's finally here!



At long last, Search for Aquasaurus is completed and out for sale. We had a great weekend unveiling at Ft. Sam Houston. I even sold one signed edition for \$100! Honestly!

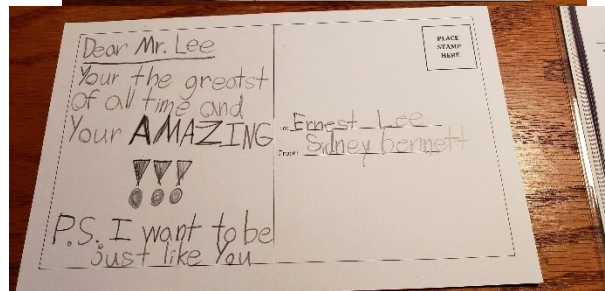
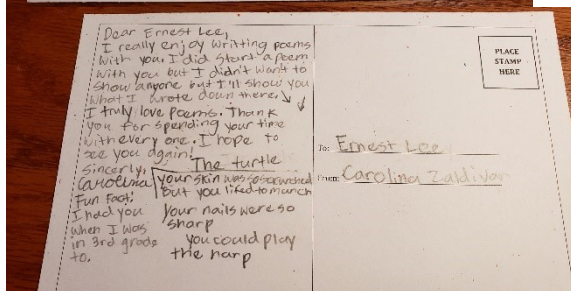
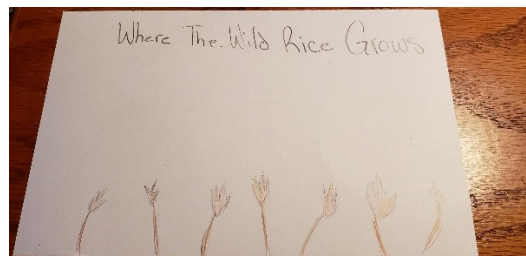
But you don't have to come to Ft. Sam Houston or pay \$100 for your own copy. Especially for readers of *The True-badour* all you

need do is go to www.Aim-HiBooks.com/shop and receive **25% off** the retail price. Use coupon code: **AIMHI2019**

That's it! I'll mail you a personalized signed copy in appreciation for your support. Insider secret: you can use that code for any product on the page.

In January, we attended the Young Writers' Conference at Baranoff Elementary in Austin, Texas. This was my 2nd year appearing for 3rd and 4th graders. Afterwards I received an envelope full of "thank you" cards written by

the students. These were some of my favorites.



I am honored beyond words.

The True-badour

On January 19th, I was invited by my good friend Magic Jack McCabe to appear on stage with Dana McBride at Patsy's Cowgirl Café. What I thought was going to be 4 or 5 songs, turned out to be a full 90 minute set with both of those wonderful people. We had a great time. My cousin Jerold Williams from Eustace, Texas drove all the way down to see me perform.



Also pictured at Dana in the center, Jack on the end. In the back were some other entertainers who performed on the break, including Simon Thomas, Christy Moore, and Patric D'Eimon. I



wanted to wear that fancy shirt Donna bought me at the Ft. Worth Stockyards. It had been awhile since I put it on, and I guess it shrank (yes!) hanging in the closet. I spent most of the night trying to keep it snapped! At least the picture didn't have my belly sticking out! Yes'n Deed!

But I did get a new guitar – signed by one of my favorite bands – The Randy Rogers Band, and his band members. You can hear a radio interview of Randy here:

<https://www.reverbnation.com/95quncut/song/11270468-randy-rogers-4-15-11>

You can hear one of his songs on Mercury Records and see a great video here on

www.youtube.com <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5t7Cl6W-Ag>

I bet you'll like it! I love that Texas fiddle! Go out and buy a CD! Support live music.

After a road trip in February to Eagle Pass where I spent four days, Del Rio (3 days) and a couple of days in Uvalde, I came back home to get the book out. February was mostly consumed with the publishing end of the writing business. It is amazing how much work goes in to producing the physical book. There are 71 distinct steps if you want to produce a paperback, trade paperback, eBook, and hard cover. Even then, I'm sure I forgot something. I have a great respect for what a publisher does after the writing, editing, and re-writing and cover design is finished. Speaking of cover design, did you notice the cover. It was the runner-up for the contest we held in 2016 for the book AQUASAURUS. Perhaps you remember voting on it. I liked it so much I picked it for the sequel. I wish there was a way to make it blink when you walked by it on the shelf. THAT would get some attention.



The middle of February was a great little show in one of my favorite cities, Corpus Christi, Texas. I see out of AQUASAURUS almost everytime I go down there. This time was no exception. We were at the Teen Bookfest by the Bay. Aquasaurus was a great success again! I think I came home with three copies. I wish I had Search for Aquasaurus there too, but it wasn't quite ready yet. You can believe I'll have it

with me in 2020. I'm looking forward to another trip to Corpus Christi this summer, when I attend the Corpus Christi ComicCon for the 3rd year in a row! Always a great time.

In March we were at the Randolph AFB Base Exchange. Since I am so fortunate to live near San Antonio, I have decided to go to Randolph AFB, Ft. Sam Houston, and Lackland AFB twice a year. I get better sales there than I do at the typical book shows, and it is a lot closer to home. I will still do certain shows like Wimberley, Giddings, Galveston, and Brazos Valley. I have surrendered my contract to sell at Kroger. It just didn't work out for me. They closed all of the Krogers around here, and I would have to go to Dallas or Houston to sell books. I'm working on a deal with the Tanger Outlet Mall, Book Warehouse, and another books store that should work better for my locaaton.

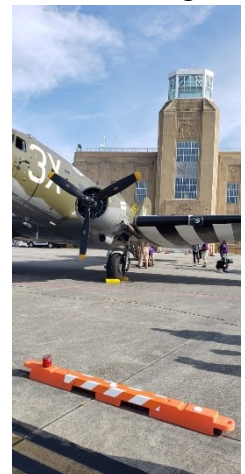
Lastly, in March I was in for another great honor. As you may know the anniversary of the D-Day invasion is coming up soon. This year will be the 75th year since that historic event. And most of you know I am a Colonel in the Commemorative Air Force, as well as retired from the regular Air Force. About 2015 a couple of men were up in Wisconsin scrounging C-47 parts. There are a lot of C-47s made. But on this one particular aircraft, they found a tail number on the air frame. When they researched that number, it turned out to be the first (lead) airplane across the English Channel over Normanday that day! She was named, "That's All Brother". You can



look her well-documented history up on the internet. The CAF bought the plane, and over the last few years spent upwards of 4-5 million dollars restoring her.

Early

this year the work was done, and That's All Brother (TAB) was assigned to our wing in San Marcos, the Central Texas Wing. The idea was to have her ready to return to England and to fly over Normandy on the 75th anniversary. I was selected to be on the Return to Normandy European Tour! Of course, everyone can't go at once, and I can't be away for 5 months, so each of us are taking turns. I was selected to fly the first leg to New Orleans on March 28th. So here we are parked in front of the historic New Orleans Lakefront Airport. Being on that historic airplane was an adventure I won't soon forget. I've written a little short story about it below. I hope you take the time to read it, and to remember the veterans who made that history possible.



In this issue, we say hello and welcome back to an old friend who was featured in one of the early editions of *The True-badour*. Mr. **Doyle Fellers** joins us again with a poetic contribution. Doyle, as you may remember, is the Poet Laureate of Dripping Springs, Texas. Welcome back, Doyle, and I hope you'll continue to support *The True-badour*.

We open with a story from author **John C. Payne** who we introduced and showcased last issue. Our Texas cook, **Carolyn Stovall**, has a new book out, and shares a recipe for a delicious Strawberry Delight with us. **Billy James Wall** adds a new poem. Nashville songwriter **Bart Ambrose** is back with his music city news, as is good friend **Rox Burkey**. **John Howard Hatfield** chimes in with another great short story. **Rox Burkey** surprised me with a totally unsolicited (but very appreciated) book review that she posted on her website and blog. I hope you enjoy this edition as much as I did putting it together. Remember, if you have something you think our readers might enjoy, send it to me and let me take a peek. I'd love to see what you have written. Until next time, good luck and *Keep Writing!* Ernie

INTRODUCING

The True-badour welcomes some a new author service provider in this issue. I hope you check out his contributions and how he might be able to assist you in the future.

CLIFF MILLER



Cliff Miller is an actor, voice over artist, musician, and speech coach based in the Texas Hill Country. He holds an MFA in acting from the Meadows School of the Arts at SMU. His acting work includes performances in short and feature films and roles in major regional theaters including the Dallas Theatre Center and Hartford Stage. As a harmonica player, he has appeared on five studio albums and plays live with local musician Wake Eastman. Currently, he is narrating and producing audiobooks and other voiceover work for clients in his home studio. Cliff teaches acting, accents, and speech at

The Actor's School in association with Austin Community College.

In addition to this, Cliff is an excellent narrator, if you need one for your audio book. You can contact him at CliffVox@gmail.com. Other information is at www.cliffmiller.us. Cliff can provide studio recording and post-production of long and short form narration.

Editors note: I can attest that Cliff is a very talented person. Wake Eastman is one of my favorite songwriters. Cliff has an excellent, clear voice that would enhance any project.



Brahm the Man

John C. Payne

CHAPTER 4

BAM, BAM, BAM, THERE WAS A LOUD KNOCK ON THE DOOR. Wow, this time it was only eight at night!

“Hey guys; just thought I would stop in and get to know you two folks a little better.”

Brahmin Bounder was our next-door neighbor on the north side of the building. Before we took over the management of the property, he was sort of the “fill-in” manager. Malcolm Hume allegedly was never around so Brahmin seemed to be available to those occupants who unfortunately got locked out of their unit or were too drunk or stoned to negotiate the key lock at the front door. He was always around to sign for UPS or Fed Ex packages when the named recipients were not home. Brahmin knew most of the telephone, cable and other repairmen by their first name when they came into the building.

Brahmin was a big dude. He was originally from Mission, Texas, in the Rio Grande Valley. As a kid he hustled the “Winter Texans” who came down there in droves to escape the vicious Midwest winter weather. Whatever they wanted, he always seemed to find a way to accommodate them. He had a smooth, almost silky face which was unusual for folks who came from that area of Texas. His hands were the size of catcher’s mitts and needless to say, he was all Texan. I think Texans have their own language and unique vocabulary because we were always “yaw!” whether he was talking to one of us or both of us. He stood six-five with wavy red hair worn longer than it should be for a man of sixty-eight. At least he didn’t wear a bandana like Willie Nelson.

Brahmin migrated to San Francisco in the late forties where he landed a job as a runner for a downtown Western Union. I accused him of hitching a ride to San Francisco on a returning Wells Fargo & Co. Overland Stage. He ultimately retired as director of operations for all of the Northern California Western Union offices. Now he was recovering from open heart surgery and was having a difficult recovery at that.

We shortened his name to Brahm. He didn’t care and often mused that he resembled a Brahma bull roaming around South Texas in his earlier days. I am not sure exactly what he meant by that. In biology class I recalled that ranchers bred bulls to inseminate cows so they in turn would increase the herd. I would further explore this conversation in greater detail when Janice wasn’t around. While she certainly enjoyed sex, she didn’t care for the jokes and innuendos made by the boys after drinking a few beers.

“Jeez I’m sure glad the Frenchman hired you guys to manage this place,” he drawled.

“I was getting really tired of helping folks around here all hours of the day and night. The no-good young Brit who allegedly managed this apartment is as useless as tits on a boar pig. I know he plays house with a young heifer over on Mason Street.”

"Why have you put up with this situation for such a long time without complaining to the owner?" I asked him. "At your age and in your current medical condition why not ignore all of the inconveniences and demands placed on you?"

"Look, Rod, I was the first occupant that leased an apartment after Dupree bought the place. I actually lucked into a place that was fully furnished. My rent is so cheap, and I hate to be labeled as a complainer. Also, we have some very nice folks living here and I like to extend the true Texan hospitality we all are noted for."

I found out later that the Frenchman would stop in occasionally and have a few Lone Star "brewskis" that Brahm always seemed to have on ice. Of course, the owner never brought in anything to share with Brahm. It seemed his visits were geared to pick up any "scuttlebutt" about the occupants, especially the pretty females. In simple terms, Dupree could be labeled a taker, and not a giver.

"I understand you and the owner are going to Home Depot to pick up a few things for the apartment. He told me that you complained about a lack of tools, cleaning materials and light bulbs."

"Yeah, Janice and I are going tomorrow morning with him; do you need or want anything?"

"Do you have the time to come next door? I want you to look at my curtains. I know you are watching the San Francisco Giants on TV but thought I could impose for just a few minutes."

Janice put down her paperback and I switched off the television set. The Giants were getting toasted anyway, so I wouldn't be missing much. We followed Brahm back to his apartment.

"Well, Rod, I hate to say this, but these curtains were the originals that I inherited when I moved in here. These puppies are so doggone sheer they offer no privacy at all from that hotel next door. I daren't try to open or close them. Would you pick up some plastic blinds for me; they would do a much better job?"

Looking around his living room I thought that the first priority should be replacing his couch and lounge. However, I thought I should let sleeping dogs lay.

I inspected the curtains in both the living area and his bedroom and was appalled. It looked like a cat had run its claws from the top of the curtains to the bottom. I lightly fingered one of them and the material disintegrated in my hand. To get rid of the powdery stuff between my fingers, I clapped my hands several times. Janice coughed.

"I'll measure the windows and get you some blinds if they have your size in stock."

"Gee, thanks Rod. Here's thirty-five bucks that'll maybe cover the cost." Is this guy out of touch with the cost of window coverings?

"Keep your money, Brahm; I'm sure that the Frenchman will pay for them."

The following morning Dupree picked us up and we headed out to Home Depot. It was quite a drive from the apartment and we hadn't seen that part of the city before. We passed the VA cemetery in San Mateo County. It solemnly reminded me of two dear friends killed in Vietnam. They were ambushed by a company of Viet Cong in that stupid war we never should have been in.

"I'll drop you two off in front and pick you up in an hour. I need to go to the bank and deposit some checks. I'll then collect you at the front check-out counters." Is he trying to avoid paying again?

Dupree then sped away almost hitting a flat bed cart which a customer used to haul plants to his truck. In my considered opinion, there seems to be an unwritten commandment governing shoppers when they hit the exit door and enter the parking lot. This especially pertains to all large grocery stores and hardware

chains. "Under any set of circumstances, thou shalt not return a shopping cart to any nearby repository lest thou would be required to walk at least ten steps away from thine parked car."

Janice and I had a long list of items to buy and no money from the Frenchman and wondered if we could get everything in the trunk of his car. The brooms and mops would have to be straddled by the rear seat passenger. Fortunately, his Mercedes housed a huge capacity in the trunk.

"What are all of those light bulbs for?" he asked when we finally met at the front check-out stand.

"Mr. Dupree, half of the light bulbs are out in the lower parking garage and in most of the hallways in the apartment. I want to ensure that the residents feel safe in their own building. Good lighting throughout could prevent injury to them and possible litigation for you. A well-lit parking area can also provide a level of protection against auto theft or damage to cars in our parking garages."

"Well, okay, but I think you have at least a year's worth of supplies for The Seville. Who are those blinds for?"

"Brahm Bounder; his curtains are no longer serviceable, and it is cheaper to buy these plastic blinds than to replace the drapes and curtains. I touched his curtains yesterday and they just about fell apart in my hands. You may not remember but they were part of the original package of furnishings that came with your building when you bought it."

"Bullshit, I am not going to pay for them. If he wants new furnishings in his apartment, he can certainly afford to buy them himself!"

"If twenty-seven dollars is such a big issue to you, I'll eat the cost of them and collect the money from Brahm when we install them."

The next day I knocked on Brahm's door holding the blinds. When he opened his door and saw the blinds, he beamed like a young kid opening presents on Christmas morning. We had no trouble ripping the old material off the curtain rods and with my new screw driver and hammer, installed the blinds.

"What do I owe you, Rod?"

"Nothing, it's all taken care of."

There was no way I would take his money for materials that were the responsibility of the apartment owner. Hey, we may have to ask Brahm to cover for us sometime when we need to get away from the place for some R&R. What a cheap son-of-a-bitch we have as an owner! Is this the way for an owner to reward a resident who covered for an irresponsible manager 24/7?

I began to wonder how I was going to put up with the owner if this was an example of his *modus operandi*.

I should have been smart enough to judge the skinflint based on how he skewered me for the small administrative costs to raise the parking fees. In my past working career, I was responsible for multi-million-dollar properties and fared well. I have certainly been "pencil-whipped" by some know-it-all arrogant bosses. I have never, never been "penny whipped" by any of them!

Later, when Janice and I got back to our apartment she reminded me of our conversation with the owner when we finally vacated the efficiency apartment on the fourth floor. We were in there about a month before we finally moved down to the manager's unit. Hume had moved into an efficiency apartment near the end of the fourth floor that just became vacant. He would have to deal directly with Dupree on the rental issue. Privately he told me he had applied for several open management positions in the city. He was offered a building in the Mission District but turned it down. He wanted to be closer to his good friend.

Our conversation with Dupree quickly went south. “How do we account for the rent that I normally get for that efficiency you lived in before moving downstairs?” he asked with a sly grin.

“Excuse me, Mr. Owner, but you were supposed to provide us with the living quarters free of charge for managing your property. Remember the employment contract you wouldn’t sign; it was stipulated in there?”

“Okay, okay have it your way. I hate to lose income on any of my units. You probably don’t understand how much money it costs me to operate The Seville. You know from your own business experience that cash flow is king around here!”

Out of the corner of my eyes I could see my pretty little wife molding her long slim fingers into a big fist. Is she going to cold cock the bastard right on the spot, I thought? Janice was an accredited Tai Chi instructor and could easily make it happen. I think the Frenchman was beginning to figure that he was in a no-win situation and left the building.

“Janice, I feel a little uneasy about our relationship with Dupree. Is he going to let us do our job here? I had a hell of a lot more responsibility at age thirty than I’ve had here, you know that.”

She finally cooled off and became a little more rational. I could see it in her facial expressions. Janice was normally pretty cool about things and didn’t let too much get to her.

“Oh, Rod, I just love it here. He will come to adore us after he sees how well we take of his investment and keep the apartments at full occupancy. Word will get back to him from our residents how considerate we are of them. I mean, isn’t that why we’re here? Maybe he will offer us a small salary after six months when he realizes how much more money we are bringing in for him. Rod, you need to be a little more understanding of Mr. Dupree.”

Yah, yah, yah I said under my breath.

Contributed to *The True-badour* by John C. Payne

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ERNIE LEE

WINGS OF HISTORY

The olive drab green airplane seemed much larger and imposing up close than it was in picture. The C-47 was easily the largest plane assigned to the Central Texas Wing of the Commemorative Air Force. It dwarfed our former “queen,” the B-25 Yellow Rose.

In addition to being larger, the aircraft had a specific historic significance. This airplane, ‘That’s All Brother’ was the lead aircraft over Normandy during the historic D-Day invasion. ‘That’s All Brother’ was the lead airplane of a flight of 800 C-47s packed with paratroopers in that early pre-dawn raid which paved the way for the beach landings. Another flight of 800 C-47s were close behind.

A pair of parts scroungers found the aircraft forgotten and rusting in a bone yard in Wisconsin. Once we discovered this airplane’s unique pedigree, it became imperative to have it restored to its former glory. Three years and several million dollars later, it was sitting in our hangar with a new (old) paint job. We repainted the plane exactly as it appeared on the morning of D-Day 1944, including color, logos, and imperfect invasion stripes. The plan to return ‘That’s All Brother’ (TAB) back to Normandy for the 75th anniversary reenactment flyover was becoming a reality.

The True-badour

Now it was my turn to be lifted on the wings of history. I was selected to be one of the crewmembers on 'That's All Brother's' first leg of the 2019 European Tour. What an honor it was to be a part of that. My experiences and feelings as I sat on that historic airplane went above what I had expected. It slowly dawned on me that I was going to sit in the exact same place one of those paratroopers used during the historic flight. It was an awesome realization. But instead of jumping out over enemy territory in war-torn France, I was headed for a pleasant weekend in New Orleans.

I have been on larger planes, but they were more modern, and usually jets. I had flown on a C-47 several times in my Air Force career, but never in one equipped for paratroopers. The floor of the passenger compartment slanted back toward the rear wheel. It was a balancing act to sit on the metal paratrooper seats. Once inside, the crew chief passed out moving blankets to sit on, and I was sure glad I took it. The metal seats were like small sink basins where you put your butt. I did not realize that at the time that the moving blanket was more than just a seat cushion.

It seemed like forever before we got the engines started and began rolling. I waved to my wife and other watchers on the ground as we moved out onto the taxiway. It was loud, but not as loud as I remembered. To me, the engines seemed to be running really well, and the run-up didn't change my opinion of that. All seemed well as we taxied down the line.

When we got out to the end, and made our turn toward the flight line, we heard a grinding noise coming from the wheels. It was loud growl and obviously not right. It happened every time they applied the brakes. We took a few extra turns to check it out, and maybe knock something loose. Finally, we turned onto the strip. From the speed we were going, it was obvious we were not going to take off. We pulled off the flight line, and headed back toward the hangar. After making a couple of circles on the apron, we got off the plane while the folks in the know discussed what to do.

They pulled TAB back into the hangar. The first step on our historic journey seemed in jeopardy. The group of qualified mechanics decided that we had to pull the wheel and inspect the brakes. It was an amazing effort. Without the proper jacks, they made do with the emergency field jacks.

I don't know if you've ever gotten close to a C-47 wheel, but it's huge. It weighs more than I do, which is quite a lot. My guess is the entire assembly weighs close to 300 pounds. Five men muscled that big tire off with pry bars, wrenches, and brute strength. It took almost two hours just to get the tire removed.

Once the tire was off the crew quickly discovered the problem – a dirty brake lining. That little patch of grime was causing the brakes to slip and make that horrible noise. It took probably fifteen minutes to fix, and another hour to wrestle that massive wheel back onto the strut. It was not easy, and the temperature was rising both outside and inside the hangar. Finally, with a loud thud, the wheel settled into place, and the crew removed the jacks. Everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

After a quick burger for lunch, we got back on board and started the engines. We did the departure bit again with the families and well-wishers on the ground. I had watched that departure and take-off many times – this time I was part of the mission!

After a couple of circles on the apron, we headed toward the flight line. Everything sounded fine this time.

Out on the end of the runway, it finally occurred to me that I was sitting in a seat that some young paratrooper had sat in on the morning of June 6, 1944. Young, away from home, this soldier sat right where I was sitting, buckled into place, and ready for takeoff. That D-Day soldier was not going to New Orleans for a pleasant weekend. In a few minutes that unknown paratrooper, who sat where I was now sitting, was going to jump behind enemy lines deep into Nazi occupied territory. By the time I would be enjoying Cajun cooking, that fellow would be fighting for his life. It was an awesome and sobering

feeling. My wife snapped a couple of pictures of That's All Brother's first step on its Return to Normandy Tour. That I am on that plane is an experience I will never forget.

Soon, those giant engines revved up, and we rolled down the airstrip. I felt the passenger compartment come level as the tail wheel came up. That was better, not we could sit up straight at least. Looking out the window, we came off the ground before we got even with the hangar.



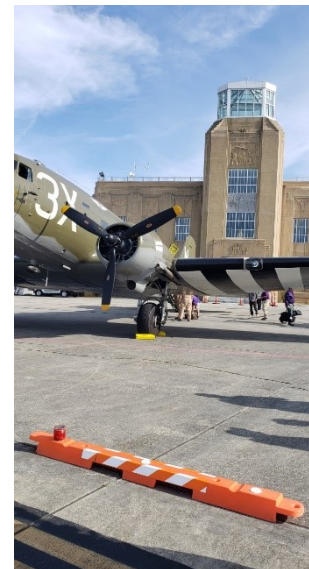
Racing down the runway, the airplane was not as loud as I expected. I came prepared and inserted my earplugs as I watched as the Texas prairie drop below our wings as we climbed out. I was amazed how quickly we passed over Lockhart. Before we knew it, we were passing between Houston and Conroe, high up in the air. That is when the true value of the moving blanket became obvious. It was getting cold. I was not a total rookie; I had carried my flight jacket, so I slipped it on and zipped up. But, I had never flown sitting on paratrooper metal pans before, and that aluminum really conducts temperature. It felt as cold as a refrigerator on those seats.

Soon we could see the waves of Lake Pontchartrain kick up below us. We landed at KNEW and taxied toward the terminal where a group of media and our Big Easy Wing brothers and sisters were waiting.



It is a beautiful airport building that received a lot of damage during Hurricane Harvey. New Orleans Lakefront Airport has been restored to its former glory, and is a great example of 1934 airport architecture.

After a grand welcoming, and photos we climbed off TAB and set up our entrance steps so our visitors could come aboard to look and take pictures.



We were greatly honored to have a special guest who drove quite a way to be there when we landed. A



ninety-nine year-old WWII veteran **Ubert Terrell** climbed up that three-step ladder like it was nothing. Ubert confirmed that he was not aboard That's All Brother that historic morning, but he did say he jumped out of a C-47 five times during the war.

It was quite a beginning for a weekend of showing off the plane, giving rides, eating Cajun food, and meeting the Big Easy Wing. They threw us a great welcoming party Friday night.

(Photo: Max Becherer, New Orleans Advocate)

On Saturday, the Crew Chief asked if I would help clean the struts and wheels on TAB. They were dirty and greasy. With cleaning rag and solvent, I crouched close to the big wheel that gave us all the trouble on Thursday. My legs and back hurt from standing on the concrete all day, but I realized how fortunate I was. I had a easy job compared to Mr. Terrell and those unknown boys who jumped out of the same airplane into the great unknown on that dark morning of the Normandy invasion. Many of them would not make it back. Many more would not see their home again for many long months.

I was going home on Sunday morning.



Notes from a Nashville Songwriter:

BART AMBROSE

THREE CHORD TRAPS

Most songwriters I know, including myself, occasionally experience being in a writing pattern where everything sounds very similar, or is written in a style that seems stale. It is a very annoying and frustrating place to be. What to do about it?

One of the main culprits which causes this is often the instrument the writer uses to write with. I call it the "Three Chord Trap". It is especially common with new writers and those who are new to playing an instrument. Writers with years of experience sometimes fall into it, too. An old maxim in country music is that all you need is "three chords and the truth" to write a good song. While there is a lot to support this idea, sometimes those three chords lead us down a path that results in very stale feeling or sounding songs.

There are many successful writers who write only lyrics and rely on someone else to add melody and arrangement. But there are far more who write with a guitar, keyboard or other instruments. Most of these folks write melodies to go with their lyrics and are the most susceptible to the Three Chord Trap.

A very successful songwriter friend of mine started his career without any ability to play an instrument. His technique is to write a lyric and then sing and record every possible melody for it he could think of. He would then pick the best, and work with a musician/arranger to fine tune it. He wrote a number of songs this way that became huge worldwide pop hits for a female artist. I

sometimes use this technique to help pull myself out of a rut (still waiting on that worldwide hit, though...).

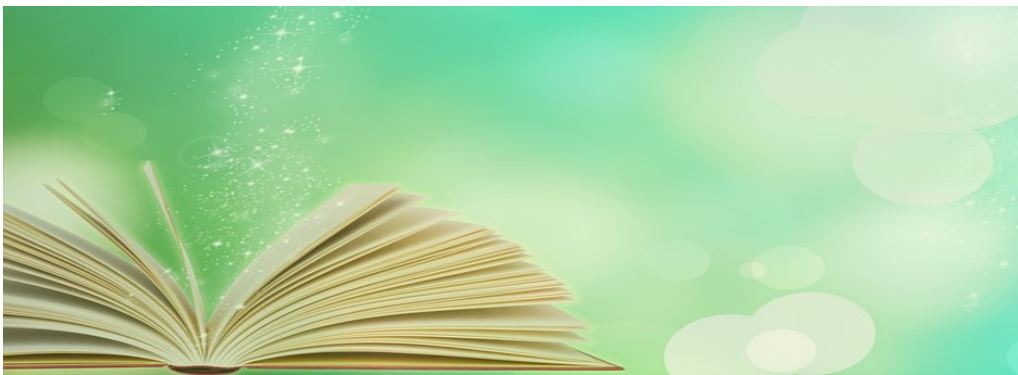
A big culprit in writer's rut is the instrument we write with. It is very easy to fall into a comfortable pattern of chords on guitar or piano, and fit lyrics into that pattern. This often causes each song to have a similar sound. Another way to get out of this, in addition to occasionally not using an instrument, is to try writing with a different instrument if you can. My main instrument is standard six string guitar, but I sometimes write with a bass guitar, a resonator slide guitar, a mandolin, banjo, or a ukulele. I've even written with a steel guitar, and a cigar box guitar. Invariably, the change of instrument will lead me to a different musical idea for a song.

One last tool to get past a rut is to write in a different genre than you are used to. If you write country songs, try writing blues. If you write pop songs, try writing country. You get the idea.

All these ideas are ways to force yourself out of your comfort zone and allow you to jump start your creativity. There are many others, indeed there are whole books that address techniques for improving creativity. A last piece of advice, if you want to improve as a writer, is to write. Write a lot. Analyze and learn from your work, and don't be afraid to step over those ruts. Bart

ROX BURKEY

Creating Raving Fans



You are a (an) _____. That's right! Fill in the blank. No matter what you placed into the blank, congratulate yourself as you took a level of ownership by adding the word. People like to have fans regardless of their stage in life. Think about how this might have worked in your favor at one time and how you might regain that advantage.

Infancy

As a baby, especially if you the first one your parents hold, you are unique and demanding in a cute way. Make no mistake though, all babies regardless of their birth order are special in the eyes of their family. You coo, giggle, and gain attention to those closest to you. In turn, these raving fans of the new addition show you off, dress you up, and shower you with love. Plans for your future are made and you start down your path toward success. Along the way you receive praise for accomplishments.

Student

Growing up and interacting with teachers and your social peers, the same types of things potentially occur. You do well on a test, produce a special art piece, write a poem, get elected to an office, or win the part in the play. For any of these accomplishments you gain some raving fans. These fans admire your accomplishments as well as talk about your abilities to others.

This broader voice, touting your wins gains additional note from people outside of the smaller circle such as parents of friends, community leaders, church families and so forth. You hit a stride which builds your confidence as well as spurs you onto to trying new things and growing your skills further. You try new things and depending on your education level you may try one or more internships in fields that might interest you professionally.



In this phase your networking really begins to create raving fans who stick with you and pay attention to your progress. The more you take on and accomplish the broader your fan base. This could be in actual as well as virtual circles of your influence. There are steps you need to take to maintain these fans as well as to add to your fan base.

Think about people or things you admire. What do you do for brands you like?

Do you:

- 1- Wear them (think symbols that might identify them)
- 2- Talk about them (think your friends or in random conversations),
- 3- Post in your favorite social media (think photos and schedules for upcoming events or appearances)
- 4- Recommend them (think to others through any contact channel) and/or
- 5- Simply wait to toot the horn for the next step they take.

Grown up/Professional

Once you are grown and out in the world with your chosen profession things take on a different light. Time becomes an issue in how many of the above activities you can continue to keep up. If you married, your family is your entire focus. If you are working, regardless of the profession, then your boss and peers are keeping you on your toes. If you are doing more than one thing, you are flat out busy and need to schedule yourself to keep up with the demands.

None of this means you shouldn't keep up with your raving fans. If you received a detailed Christmas letter from someone who recanted the activities of their year in reflection, the simple story might have reminded you how much you enjoy just knowing. Don't miss these opportunities to promote and extend your raving fan base.

I'm an Author and work in technology as well as customer experience. I love people and look forward to hearing about you. Bring it.

© Rox Burke www.RoxBurkey.com



FROM THE MIND OF **JOHN HOWARD HATFIELD**

Eggs to Order

I was headed back from Dallas the other day after leaving my son's house early so I could get on the road and he could get off to work. I had stopped at a convenient McBreakfast so I could get a couple of sausage biscuits and some orange juice to wash down my morning meds—a task required by my advancing age and ailments.

I had placed my order and finally paid after they figured out their system wasn't taking debit or credit cards. I was getting my order, which had been ready far before we ever figured out the cash transaction when the two guys standing in line behind me got their chance to order.

The girl running the cash register states: "Cash only guys!"

The one guy says: "I want a coffee and an egg... (I don't remember—the reason will become immediately obvious soon!), and I want that with a round egg instead of a folded egg." The minimum wage worker behind the counter received the request and took it easily in stride. I had never heard this *egg qualifier selection* before at burger-breakfast joints—and I have some forty-five or fifty years' experience with eggs—eating, supplying, and cooking them; still this was new to me.

As I sat down with my sausage biscuits, I was giving the two guys the *look-over*. They were both in their late forties or fifties, and seemed to be of the blue collar type. I believe they knew each other for an extended amount of time as one inquired to the other's wife by name and understood the response well, and commented back with empathy. The *round egg* guy offered to buy both orders and wouldn't take no for an answer. There was no more mention of round or folded eggs after this point in time.

Now, before you start to think, "this guy's crazy or completely uninformed," let me put you straight. I know how to fold eggs into recipe ingredients and I know how to fold eggs when preparing an omelet. I just never considered that there were options of *round* or *folded* eggs in your McBreakfast sandwich order.

I should have taken time to inquire as to the difference with management but their time (and staff) was short—largely due to the system malfunction—and I was really interested in getting back home.

I did spend a great deal of time considering the options as I drove back south.

I guess you could say chicken eggs are round. But wouldn't you consider them more of an oblong than round? I could see several hens standing there in the yard or cage and looking at another cackling hen who had just stood up and began to brag about being the first hen to lay a round egg. What would the others hens be rumoring? Maybe something like: "Whoa, look at that! Wonder what Farmer Brown's gonna say when he sees that? We gotta make sure he knows who laid that. I'm not taking the blame for a disfigured egg!"

Or maybe: "This free range category is gonna do us all in. We need to get back in those square cages and gets these eggs right. Next thing you know, we'll all be required to lay eggs to order—every shape that some geometry teacher can devise. I don't think I'm gonna like the ramifications of this at all."

I'd never cogitated the level of understanding of the future aspirations of female chickens before or the level of discussion that could be taking place when McBreakfast first approached them with this idea. I wonder if the marketing campaign included any of their hopes and desires. How about their ambitions, goals and objectives? And, come to think of it; just what does free ranging chickens actually mean? Just how free are they anyway? I'll have to Wikipedia that when I get home.

Can this *round* or *folded* aspect of eggs have any impact on nuggets or a happy meal. I wonder where Popeye's and the King stands on this differentiation.

Next to thrust itself into my consciousness was the training and classification of the workforce in the kitchen population. Is there special training required for the preparation of round eggs—probably there's just a device they use on the griddle that you pour the egg (round or oblong) into. I would imagine that the guy doing the folding would be able to demand a higher wage; don't you think? He or she must possess some additional talent to accomplish the *fold*—that's gotta be difficult. I'm looking at the want ads first chance I get. I've never tried to fold an egg, but next Sunday morning I'm doing the eggs and I'll bet ya I'll be on top of this within the first dozen or so; after all, I have my own spatula and am pretty good with it.

I checked Amazon and they have every different kind of *round* egg device one can imagine and they come in almost any multiple of eggs that one might desire. In addition, you can get just about any configuration you like: from hearts, wise owls, bread slices, bunny rabbits, pigs, cows, clouds, heads and skulls, even Mickey Mouse; it goes on and on—each with their own individual handle to manage the operation. There's even a stainless steel egg shell cracker—sorta designed along the lines of a miniaturized log splitter. If you are looking for them, just Google “egg, cooking mold” and you'll find more than you ever thought appropriate.



I had to kick some facts outta my head to get my arms wrapped around this fairly new concept but right about now, I'm guessing you can get your eggs just about any way you want them in any of the first rate breakfast shops. I never did find instructions on folding the egg. Soon as I can make more brain room, I'm gonna work on that.

After I thought that I had this where I wanted it; I gave it another look. The *folded* egg still remained a mystery. I had to continue and delve a little deeper; the question rolling around my mind still hadn't been answered.

So, just what's the objection to folded eggs? This might go deeper than one might expect. So, why the guy placing his order behind me in line not want a folded egg?

Hang on! I did a little online research and found some pix of McBreakfast's folded egg products.



They all kinda look like this:

I also found a bunch of results stating just how this is done. There's even a few YouTube videos on the subject on how some of these establishments go about the task:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cnC_nQWn6gc

There are some reasons for the dislike of folded eggs that goes deeper in our psyche, especially in the generation that came of age in the 60s and 70s; especially among those that served time in

the military of that era. I remember very well, those canned egg products of the infamous B ration that was prevalent during the operations of that time. Those of you reading this that fit that description may well remember them also. They could be very, very good; but also be very, very AWFULL. It all depended on the quality of the mess personnel that prepared them.

I remember an occasion in the late 70s or very early 80s, when a cohort of mine CW4 Brenner, was teaching some Special Operations reservists how to prepare B ration eggs—powdered eggs to most of you out there. Mr. Brenner was a joker a great deal of the time. I just happened to walk up on him instructing a young reservist in the art of B ration eggs. With the reservist standing over a large kettle of powdered eggs and milk with a long handled ladle in his hand, his words went something like this: “Now if you stir them up like this” while assisting the kid’s hand in a clockwise direction, “you get scrambled eggs. But, if you stir them like this,” reversing the young soldier’s motion to a counter clockwise direction, “you get omelet eggs.” I just kept going on my rounds, all the while knowing we were gonna have some type of eggs for our breakfast sooner or later. Inspiring cooks was as tough a task in the military as anyone might want to tackle. I will say that the eggs I sampled later from the serving line; both the scrambled and the omelets were pretty good. I’m guessing the young reservist made two pots of reconstituted eggs just to validate the theory.

During my online search, I also came across some very interesting material relating to a conspiracy theory that powdered eggs are the cause of many of the world’s maladies: autism, yellow fever, scarlet fever, sleeping sickness, and the list goes on and on. The believers of these theories are staunch and find fault with the government at every turn; especially in the egg supply industry. This has a lot to do with the vaccine rebellion of late. You realize that all those vaccines are developed inside eggs. Or so we thought.

I came across a very informative website that backs up, with minute details, all the information these guys believe in. Their organization: CAFE – Citizens Against Folded Eggs www.cafe-foldedeggs.com supports these facts 100%. Give it a look!

Order up!

PS: Don’t try that URL above. I made it up to go with the chain of consciousness that I was having while I was documenting the round versus folded egg controversy.

John Howard



The Hill Country is My Country

Want to own a picturesque corner of heaven;
a place of your own where thirsty brush
competes with prickly pear and cat claw vine?
You’re gonna love the dusty dry landscape.

Want to own a classy piece of dirt covered
with water-sucking-scrub-cedar breaks?
How ‘bout an acre or two of rocky hillside?
You’re gonna love the limestone rubble and cliché?

Do you dream of having a world all your own?
How ‘bout a place where the live oaks stay green

all year to shield you from the sizzling sun?
You're gonna love these shaded, sunlit hilltops.

Like to hear windmills squeaking in stale dead air?
Do you like listening to the chorus of song-birds
singing in rhythm with evenings whistling breeze?
You're gonna love this heavenly chorus.

How 'bout a place where wild flowers pace their
blooms so there's a little color almost year 'round?
There's almost always a bright spot along the road.
You're gonna love the colorful blooming backroads.

Want to dip your toes in a pool of a dry creek bed?
Want to skinny dip in a cold clear spring?
Want to feel the drying warmth of Texas sunshine?
You're gonna love these cedar covered hillsides.

Do you like the smell and taste of misty rain?
Do rainbows spark a sense of magic in your mind?
Does the thought of a cool breeze warm your heart?
You're gonna love these rolling rocky hills.

They say, there's a little bit of everything in Texas,
but there's nowhere, or no place like the Hill Country.
It's a place to live in the surround of nature's scenic bliss;
a place where living life is more like living in a dream.

-- DOYLE MORGAN FELLERS --

Poet Laureate of Dripping Springs, Texas

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That power

© BILLY JAMES WALL

Who knows the power
Displayed hour by hour
As time runs on,
Celestial power is shown
To grow and grow
Beyond what we know
To an eternal height
Even beyond sight
Let this abundant power
enfold even the flower
As it is held in hand
And stirs the land

To become ever so strong
All the days long

Despite facing great odds
As a crowd applauds
This strength from above
That is for sure enough
Remember this power
As we live hour by hour
And work hand in glove
With that power: the power of love

Billy James Wall

Have you a poem you would like to share in the *True-badour*?

Send it to Ernie at bardoftheblanco@hotmail.com. We would love to help you share it with our readers.



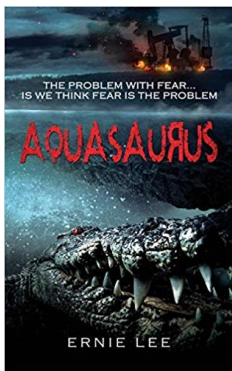
A book review

by **ROX BURKEY**

“AQUASAURUS”

By Ernie Lee

<https://amzn.to/2IxTvTI>



Aquasaurus takes place across parts of Texas that are beautiful, rich in history, endearing, and often dangerous. When the drive to strike it rich, an oil driller using an illegal fracking method which sets off a chain reaction that devastates San Antonio and traps some young spelunkers in an extensive cave system in Central Texas. A monster crocodile 40-feet long and up to 8-tons is thought to be a descendent of the extinct Carnufex known as “The Butcher” is freed from his underground prison in the cavernous caves with disaster survivors available to stalk and kill. Jesse and Jake are trapped but college friends, Katie and Rita, commit to find and rescue them after the earthquake. The search for them is seriously scary, and so believable, you’ll

look up the last earthquake in San Antonio, I promise. This Action Thriller Fiction will grab you for the entire ride, just to find out the fate of everyone and everything.

What was very impressive in this story were the pictures that Author, Ernie Lee painted with his words. All of my senses became engrossed in this story, right from the start. For example, you get the first glimpse of the monster from this passage. *“Exploding from the murky water, the predator’s crocodilian maw, gaping wide, engulfs the cloud of surprised bats. The jaws snare a huge segment of the moving cloud, fifteen feet wide, which disappears inside the creature’s massive mouth. Splashing back into the water the massive animal twists and turns, and churns the water, devouring hundreds of bats in huge snaps and chomps. The sounds of water roiling, wings flapping, and bones crunching fill the cavern.”* The descriptions of the locations like Enchanted Rock, the Texas Hill Country, and the Texas oil business pulls you in, keeps you reading.

I loved the characters, Katie and Rita, who are strong females forced to overcome their deep-seated fears to locate their friends, Jake and Jesse. The strength of these young folk causes them to grow up fast as well as realize the value of team work and friendships as they search for solutions. Katie’s father, Clint Marshall, is so desperate to reach the oil that he uses a faster but far more dangerous method to attempt to crack the granite dome blocking him from success. His actions and the results did not disappoint me.

Ernie Lee clearly knows the history, charm, and geology of Texas. He takes that knowledge and undoubtedly hours of research weaving a story that captivated my imagination. The character development is exceptionally good. He models very different characters with varied

backgrounds, fears, and dispositions which allows for some interesting interactions. In placing them into difficult situations, he tests the best and worst in each of them. I look forward to reading about these characters in the next adventure. I hope I never have to face these kinds of challenges. A must read if you like being on the edge of your seat.

About the Author (<https://www.aim-hibooks.com/>)

The Bard of the Blanco, Ernie Lee, is a Texas award-winning author, poet, songwriter, often referred to as the Bard of Blanco. Ernie writes a continuing column in the Hill Country Sun magazine. His True-Badour literary newsletter is filled with insights. (Charles Breakfield wants to know where is his hat?)

He writes on a variety of subjects through Aim-Hi Publishing. He is a retired career US Air Force veteran, a consultant for state and local governments, and an educator. His books are infused with adventure, excitement, suspense, and the pure joy of life. Ernie is married and lives in Canyon Lake, Texas with his lovely wife Donna.



Editors Note: This review was totally unexpected. I cannot thank Rox and Charles enough for their support of my writing career over the past years. I also recently found out that their newest Enigma book, Enigma Source features a character Ernie Lee. I'm so pleased and honored. The character is not me or similar to me, but seeing your name in a novel is quite a thrill nevertheless. Thanks to both of these fine authors. Please visit Rox's website and read her blog at: www.roxburkey.com

CAROLYN STOVALL



Strawberry Delight

This Strawberry Delight is so pretty for a holiday dessert, or any special occasion. This dessert is so wonderful. Your family and guests will love it.

- 2- 8 oz. Cool Whip, thawed
- 1 large purchased angel food cake
- 1 can Eagle Brand sweetened condensed milk
- 1 c. strawberry preserves
- 1 large box of instant vanilla pudding
- ¼ c. milk
- 4 c. fresh sliced strawberries
- Additional strawberries to decorate the top

Cut the angel food cake into ¾ inch cake cubes. Whisk the sweetened condensed milk with the milk in a large bowl. Add the pudding mix. Whisk until well blended.

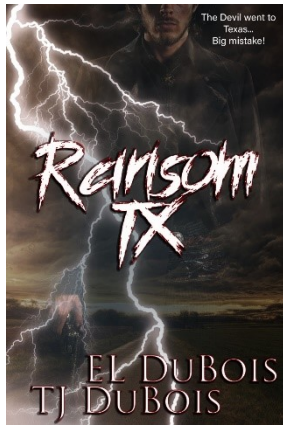
Refrigerate for 5 minutes. Fold in 1 carton of the cool Whip. In another bowl, stir in the sliced strawberries with the strawberry preserves. Spoon 2 c. pudding mix in the bottom of a 4 qt. trifle bowl, or large glass clear bowl. Top with half of the cake cubes, half of the strawberries, and half of the pudding mix. Continue layering. End with the pudding mix. Put the other carton of Cool Whip on top. Decorate with the fresh strawberries. Chill for 30 minutes before serving. © 2019 Carolyn Stovall

Editor's note: Read more of her tasty meals in her new book: Granny Ozarks' Treats (see cover below)

Books for Sale

A spot for shameless self-promotion

E.L. DuBOISE & T.J. DuBOISE



Ransom TX

E.L. DuBlois & T.J. DuBois

ISBN: 978-1623441500

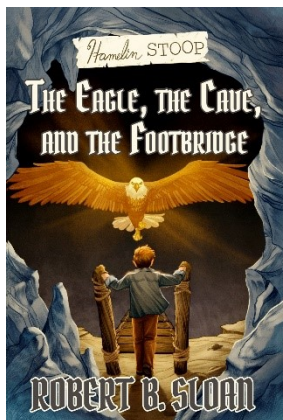
Available: Amazon

Barnes & Noble

<http://www.eldubois.com/p/l.html>

The devil went down to Texas. Big mistake! Yesterday, James “Cowboy” Stone was Ransom’s golden boy, a football god. Today, he’s their savior, a warrior in a destiny he never expected. The devil got hold of Cowboy’s small West Texas town, and all hell’s broken loose. His friends have become enemies, and the love of his life...gone. Death surrounds him, but what must be will be. He’s already lost everything, so now, he’ll do anything necessary to stop the evil. Cowboy has a job to do or the entire world will pay. He has one night to save humanity. One night to derail the devil’s plans. In this battle of good vs. evil, will the hero prevail or will he pay the ultimate price while the world burns around him? Whatever happens...in life or in death, there will be hell to pay.

ROBERT B. SLONE



The Eagle, The Cave,
And the Footbridge

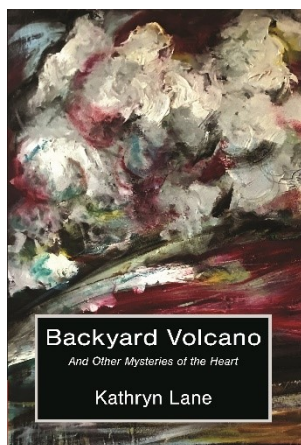
ISBN: 978-1-4956-1973-1

Age level: 5th – 12th grade

Available all major book retailers
and www.HamelinStoop.com

A family on the run, Johnnie and Simon devise a plan that lands their child Hamelin in a nearby orphanage. After their inevitable capture, Hamelin’s parents are imprisoned in a nearby world under the control of the ruthless Ren’dal, all the while remembering the son they have abandoned. As Hamelin grows, he learns to deal with some of life’s biggest challenges: making friends, dealing with bullies, and understanding why the people he cares about the most always have to leave him. Hamelin decides to run away. Guided by the Great Eagle through a mysterious cave, Hamelin is immediately put to a dangerous test of courage. He soon discovers that the answers to his personal issues of identity, parents, and home are tied up with otherworldly battles between kingdoms of good and evil, powerful rulers, and a journey across the Tunnel of Times to the Atrium of the Worlds. Hamelin comes to discover the true weight of fear and courage as he realizes he is called to embark on an amazing adventure that is bigger than himself.

KATHERINE LANE



Backyard Volcano

Alamo Bay Press

ISBN: 978-1943306046

Available: Amazon

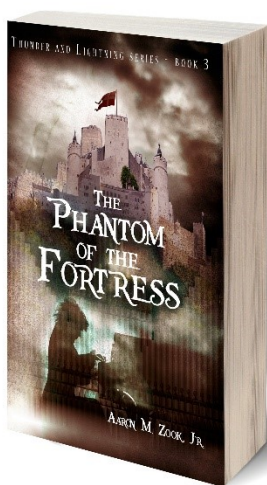
www.Kathryn-Lane.com

In this collection of short stories, author Kathryn Lane often fulfills the promise of mysteries of the heart while also surprising you with mysteries of life. Some of the stories are fun and humorous while others are ghost stories, romance gone wrong, or a world where fantasy and reality are fused.

The main story, Backyard Volcano, covers the life of a young girl, Patricia, who inspired by her grandmother's stories on volcanos, becomes a volcanologist and travels to Mexico to study the Trans-Mexican Volcanic Belt. Patricia visits her grandmother's hometown only to uncover her grandmother's shocking secrets.

The stories contain secrets you 'll want to discover.

AARON ZOOK

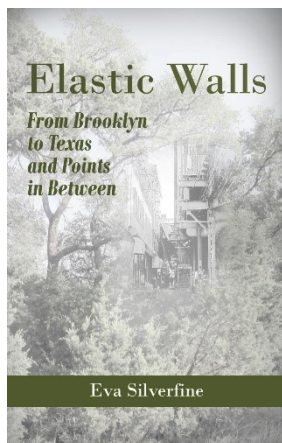


Phantom of the
Fortress

ISBN is 978-0-9978514-2-7

A psychologically disturbed Austrian who believes he is the reincarnation of Mozart, will hold all of Salzburg, Austria under his spell unless Gabe, Alex, and Thunder and Lightning can unravel the clues, solve the mystery, and capture the master of deception. Thunder and Lightning, along with a team of the boy's friends, work to save the town, but a surprise twist puts the fate of Salzburg on the shoulders of Gabe. Will he crumple under the weight? Will he overcome the madman's menace?

EVA SILVERFINE

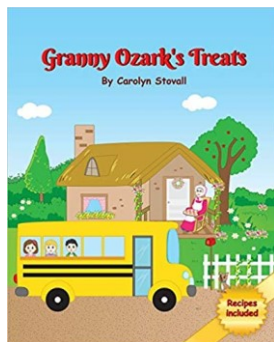


Elastic Walls: From
Brooklyn to Texas and
Points in Between

ASIN 1980517177
paperback

"Seemingly fixed, the walls of a house are really elastic, accommodating all sorts of things inside." This collection of personal narratives, a memoir-in-vignettes, travels across time and place, reflecting on homes, family, relationships, pursuits, religion, and loss. From a childhood living above her parents' hardware store in the Bushwick section of Brooklyn in the 1960s; to an adolescence in the beach community of Rockaway; to a young adulthood studying science until she remembered earlier aspirations of being a writer; to a parenthood raising two sons one mile down a gravel road in the Hill Country of Central Texas, Eva Silverfine explores that which is enduring among life's impermanent experiences.

CAROLYN STOVAL



Granny Ozark's Treats

ISBN: 978-0692119921

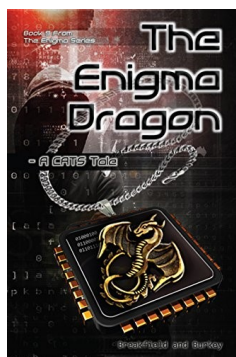
Available: Amazon, and

Granny Ozark's Treats is a neat children's book, that children love.

Granny Ozark's Treats is about a Granny that lives in a cottage in the woods by a bus stop where the neighbor children get off the bus. Granny and her dog, Suzy, meet the children each day with homemade treats. They do many fun things at Granny's house. They ride ponies, go fishing in the pond, have picnics, and snowboard in the winter. They Make decorated cookies with Granny at Christmas.

♥Recipes Included in the back of the book.

ROXANNE BURKEY & CHARLES BREAKFIELD



Title: The Enigma Dragon

A Cat's Tale

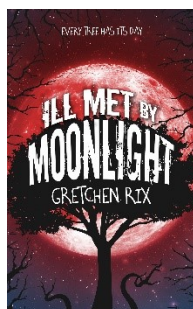
ISBN 978-1946858245

Available: Amazon

<http://enigmabookseries.com/book-ten-the-enigma-source/>

Juan and Julie Rodriguez, heads of the Cyber Assassin Technology Services (CATS) group, are trying to figure out who is running an illegal operation, but they can't track them digitally. The technology that is supposed to help people has become a means of targeting them instead. North Korea somehow has missiles, but no one is sure how they got them. Everyone, no matter how seemingly friendly, could be a terrorist. The CATS team splits up to try and resolve the unrest going on in the world by tracking down the Analog Information Mules or AIMS. Bigger problems loom on the horizon, however, and the CATS team members must decide who they can really trust and whether they can even trust each other?

GRETCHEN RIX



Title: Ill Met by Moonlight

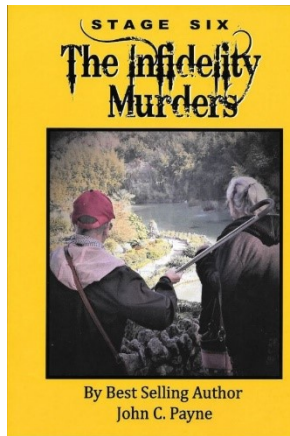
ISBN: 978-15403791-2-2

Available on Amazon or at

<http://rixcafetexican.com>

Trees don't walk. But here they do. In *ILL MET BY MOONLIGHT* they walk, they kill, they eat people, and then they— Nope. Telling you more would spoil the fun. Welcome to this horror collection about the walking macadamia nut trees of Hawaii. Believe it or not, you're going to laugh. A new addition to the humorous horror genre. Enjoy.

JOHN C. PAYNE



ISBN 781985649521

www.Amazon.com

www.johncpayne.com

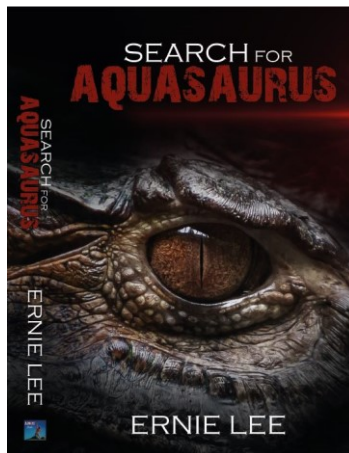
The biblical marriage pact has remained consistent in its interpretation since the beginning of mankind. That is to say "**What therefore God hath joined together let not man put asunder.**" **Mark 10-9.** The separation component has often become commonplace, human nature being what it is. Lust, cupidity or even insatiability tend to be the foremost character traits in reaching outside of one's marital vows—consequences be damned!

A redheaded **Irene Finnerty** is a nationally known and respected police psychologist with the Chicago PD. A drastic event happens that changes her life while on a trip to New Orleans. She's influenced by the elusive **Reni Breaux**, a young hired gun. Extreme violence and the obsession to murder man or woman become Irene's quest.

Simian, a former teenage vicious killer is released from prison in Columbia and scrambles to head World Funds, LTD. The organization headquartered in Quebec is the clearinghouse for worldwide contracted assassinations. Reni Breaux facilitates the introduction of Finnerty to Simian. Former navy SEAL **Denis Sweeny** and his cohort **Sam Semanski** get involved with far-reaching outcomes.

Irene agrees to rework her physical identity to propel her new profession. Now the renamed, brownish-blond **Erin Boyle** engages in killing under contract. Her specialty is terminating the lives of unsuspecting, unfaithful spouses.

ERNIE LEE



Search for Aquasaurus
ISBN: 978-1-7321131-2-1

Available at:
www.Aim-HiBooks.com

use promo code: AimHI2019
for 25% discount

Also on Amazon, B&N,
Texas Authors, and elsewhere

In this sequel to the award-winning novel Aquasaurus, Katie Marshall and her friends Jake, Rita, Jesse, and Hootie track the giant crocodile to the Gulf of Mexico. Professor Tom Morrison, and his student assistant, Mark, race to capture and study the prehistoric crocodile before it can be destroyed. When the dangerous crocodile is cornered in a remote Mexican lagoon, both teams get more than they bargained for.

AIM-HI BOOKS CALENDAR: Here is the list of places I'm supposed to appear this fall. If you are in the area, please stop by and say hi! I'd love to see you, sign a card or a book for you, and get to know you better, or catch up on old times.

APRIL	12-13	Ft. Sam Houston Post Exchange	San Antonio, Tx
MAY	3-4	Lackland AFB	San Antonio, Texas
JUNE	8	Wimberley Bookfest	Wimberley, Texas
	15-16	Greater Austin ComicCon	Austin, Texas
	18	DEAR Texas Interview	
	29-39	Corpus Christi ComicCon	Corpus Christi, Texas

Submission Instructions for *The True-badour*

If you are submitting for **inclusion** in *The True-badour*, I am happy to review your work. We will consider your book cover at any time. We would like to print your book cover or showcase you as an author, or both. The showcase will include your picture & bio. Schedule your request to advertise new book releases or important career milestones. We want to hear your success stories. Short articles on the writing process, poetry, fiction, and non-fiction are always welcome.

Here is what to send if you are submitting for **book cover** space in *The True-badour*,

1. Send an e-mail to Ernie Lee at ernie.lee@live.com
2. Put your book cover in a separate .jpg document attached to your e-mail – not in the body of your message.
3. Include everything I need to know about your book: Title, ISBN, where it can be purchased, and a short synopsis of the story. **Please use Times New Roman 12pt.**
4. We will run your cover as often as space permits, but you must resubmit for each upcoming issue.

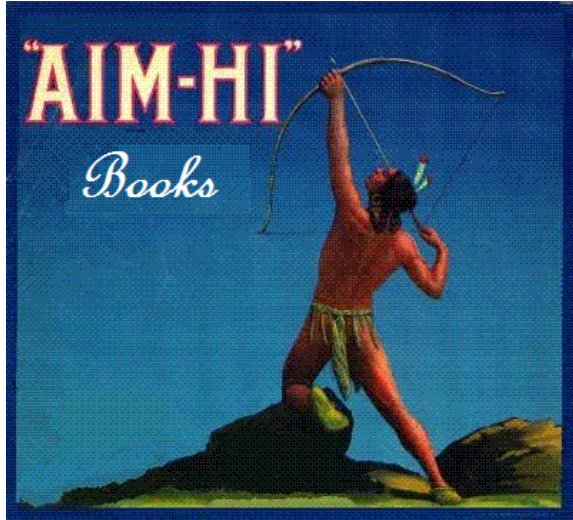
Every issue we love to **Showcase** an author. Here is what we need if you are submitting for **Showcase** in *The True-badour*. Even if we showcased you earlier, we will do it again if you have a new book, earned an award, or have a new article we can use. Your name will also appear on the headline banner as a contributing writer for that issue.

1. Send an e-mail to Ernie Lee at ernie.lee@live.com
2. Put your story, article, poem in a separate word document attached to your e-mail – not in the body of your message. **Please use Times New Roman 12pt.**
3. If you want a showcase position, I will need a picture of you – head and shoulders shot so your face is recognizable. I may only use it for a showcase, but having it on hand will save a lot of time later.
4. A short bio of you, in a word document –Format it in Times New Roman at 12 pts. Include everything you want the reader to know about you, especially where you reside.
5. You must submit something I can print. It must be family friendly. Please keep it short – 3,000 words is about the maximum (but I will consider if it is slightly over)
6. Always run spell checker, and edit your article for punctuation and grammar. Make it as you want it to appear.
7. We give priority to those who share short stories, poems, or articles on writing. We'll also include information on your blog if you have one.

There are **no fees or charges** or other obligation for inclusion in *The True-badour*. It is our way of saying thank you for reading, sharing, and being part of the writing community. Writers helping writers is the way we all succeed. If you have a blog, newsletter, or book group, and want to

mention us or recommend a book, then the cycle is complete. I am always happy to appear at your group to speak about writing, poetry, or one of my books.

Finally, the most important part of all: Subscribe to *The True-badour* yourself. Please try to get your friends, family, readers, and list-members to sign up for *The True-badour*. It's free and easy. Just send me their e-mail or ask them to sign up on www.Aim-HiBooks.com. Doing so will grow our distribution, give us all a wider audience, and will make *The True-badour* a better publication.



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