

The True-badour

A LITERARY NEWSLETTER

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The True-badour

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Billy James Wall – St. Augustine, FL

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E.L. DuBois – Hearne, TX

Janice Murphy – Boerne, TX

Breakfield & Burkey – Dallas, TX

Bart Ambrose – Nashville, TN

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

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This old country boy has been ropin' and ridin' all fall. It's been a busy roundup season. It started off with a bang in September with a visit to the amazing 4th graders at Ms. Hill's class at **Immanuel Lutheran School** in Giddings Texas. The festival was September 13-15, 2018.



Afterwards I stayed for 3 additional days at the **Word Wranglers Festival** with the outstanding folks at the Giddings Public Library. This is a great festival, and we had lots of fun. On the 20th I made another visit with the **Doc Moore**

Storytelling Guild in Spring Branch, Texas, where I sang a couple of songs, and Miss Donna told a story. She re-enacted her performance piece on the Headless Horseman scene. On the 25th we met for the **New Braunfels Creative Writers Group** in New Braunfels.

October brought a homecoming visit back to old Hearne, Texas where I was born. We were hosted by the fine folks at **The Crossroads Bookshop** on Magnolia in downtown Hearne. I met some outstanding people, including E.L. DuBois who wrote an excellent book called Ransom, Tx with her husband T.J. ("The devil came down to Texas .. Big Mistake!") Turns out Erica is a Hearne girl! We compared notes. She has moved back to Hearne full time. More about her later in this issue.



The True-badour



After the book sale, I stopped in and visited with the folks at **Crossroad Rehabilitation Center** in Hearne. And, since these poor folks had no way to escape, I brought out the old guitar. We had a good time though. One lady knew every word to every song I sang, and she followed right along with me. She even remembered some verses I had forgotten.



On the way home, As you can see, I was pickin' in high cotton. It reminded me that once, I was a real cotton picker. You see, I had decided I didn't want to go back to school in Hearne, Texas. Grandma Williams said that if I didn't go to school, then I'd have to go out and work the fields with the men. I lasted ½ day. By lunchtime, I was ready for some good old readin', writin' and 'rithmetic. She was a smart old woman! Anyway, little did I know at the time— they have machines that do it now!

On the way back from Hearne, I spent a great evening with **Gretchen Rix** and her sister **Roxy** in Lockhart, Texas. It was the annual **Evening With the Authors** festival. I wasn't one of the authors, but I was treated to a great dinner and a chance to meet everyone. Thanks, Gretchen. November brought fall and more adventures. We spent three great weekends at bases, where I sold books at the Main Exchange (Walmart for military people). It was quite a thrill to see my



books on the store bookshelf at Lackland. I had an excellent shelf position between two pretty good authors.

On November 9-10 we were at Randolph AFB, then on 16-17, we were at Lackland. November 30 through December 1 we were at Fort Sam Houston.

HALF PRICE BOOKS

Wrapping up the year, we spent December 8 at the Book Warehouse in Ssn Marcos, with some other author friends that have been featured in *The True-badour* such as Roxanne Burkey, Charles Breakfield, K. Wendt, Alan Bourgeois, and several others.

Plans for this quarter include finally getting **The Search for Aquasaurus** to the printer, and into the hands of my faithful readers. I'll have to work it around some projects I'm doing for the City of Austin and the National Assessment for Educational Progress.

We have some new authors for you this month that I hope you will enjoy. We take pride in introducing **E.L. and T.J. DuBois, Robert B. Slone, Janice Murphy, and John C. Payne.** In addition, we have

articles and stories from our past contributors Billy James Wall, Howard Hatfield, Breakfield & Burkey, and Nashville songwriter Bart Ambrosse. *The True-badour* thrilled to bring you examples of their works and interesting book covers of their releases. Please support them. Until next quarter, take care and

Keep Writing!

INTRODUCING

The True-badour welcomes some new authors in this issue. I hope you enjoy their contributions as much as I did reading them the first time.

E. L. DuBois



E.L. DuBois was born and raised in Texas where she still lives today surrounded by her amazing family, and menagerie of fur babies. She is a Southern Belle at heart with a passion for red-soled shoes, a good romance novel, and LV bags.

Erica's personal experiences with domestic violence have made her an advocate, and supporter of great causes facing victims of any harassment or abuse. It is her greatest wish that no one ever has to suffer the traumas she endured, and that justice be brought for all those who have. These experiences have made her appreciate life, laughter, and love. She is a believer in positive attitude, positive actions, and paying it forward. Her motto is "do good things with no expectations, and life has a way of bringing goodness back to you."

She is also the author of Bestselling and 2018 Book of the Year Awards Finalists *The Glass Mask: Monsters Lurk Beneath*. On February 12, 2019, she will be releasing her debut Romance Novel "What Would It Take." She has several more projects in the works for 2019 releases!

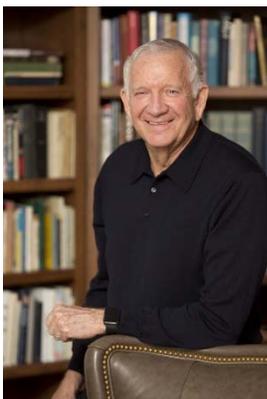


T.J. DuBois was born and raised in Texas. He is a member of the United States Navy, which has enabled him to travel the world and see many beautiful places. He has had two tours of duty and is a Veteran of three wars.

He is happily married to his wife author E.L. DuBois. The couple enjoy writing projects together and separately. When they are not writing or raising their beautiful daughter, T.J. enjoys listening to live music and is an advocate for local bands. He is also an avid reader and enjoys being outdoors swimming or taking care of the menagerie of furry critters he and his wife have accumulated.

His debut full-length Poetry Novel "Ramblings of A Dreamer " will be released on February 5, 2019. He also has his debut Romance Novel "Texas Skylines" releasing March 12, 2019.

ROBERT B. SLOAN



Robert B. Sloan and his wife, Sue, have seven married children and more than 20 young grandchildren. They especially enjoy large family gatherings with good food and lively conversation around the table. Favorite family activities include table and parlor games, writing and reading stories, coloring, and, of course, storytelling. Robert is the president of Houston Baptist University in Houston, Texas, and he blogs regularly at RobertBSloan.com. In his most recent endeavor, Sloan delved into the world of writing young adult fantasy and has published the first two books in the *Hamelin Stoop* series. Enjoy Chapter 1 of his book, *Hamelin Stoop*, *The Eagle*, *the Cave*, and *the Footbridge* below.

JOHN C. PAYNE



John C. Payne was born in Chicago but moved to Wisconsin as a youth. He entered the US Army in 1959 after completing an ROTC Program in college. During the Vietnam War, John served with units in Long Binh, Qui Nhon, and DaNang. He retired from the Army in 1980.

He loves to write and teach. John was an adjunct professor in business at several universities and spent many years in the field of health care administration.

Like his published book trilogy's main character, he loved to move and change jobs every three years engaging in new, unrelated and exciting

challenges.

His Three and Out trilogy includes *The Saga of a San Francisco Apartment Manager*, *Murder in a San Antonio Psych Hospital* and *The Chicago Terminus*.

His Stage Series includes the sci-fi fantasy *Stage Four*, *Stage Five: The Reincarnation* and *Stage Six: The Infidelity Murders*.

His website www.johncpayne.com details information about John and his books.

He holds a B.S. degree from St. Norbert College in DePere, WI and a master's in public health administration from the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, MI.

John is married and lives in San Antonio, TX.

Please read the excerpt of his book, **Stage Six: The Infidelity Murders**, below in this issue.



The Eagle, the Cave, and the Footbridge

Robert B. Slone

Chapter 1

Trackers from Another World

The campfire was almost out, but it didn't matter that they were letting it burn down to its last smoky smell. The trackers were coming, but for just a moment longer, Simon wanted to look at her lying in the crook of his arm and at the infant asleep between them.

Funny what you think about when you should be panicked. Would their baby boy have his momma's blond hair? She was still, but Simon knew she wasn't asleep, so it didn't surprise him to see the tear slowly run from the corner of her eye down onto the baby's head. She opened her eyes.

"Okay, we both know what we've got to do," she said.

"Are you sure, Johnnie?" Simon asked. "There's got to be another way."

"No," she said in a loud whisper and sat up, cradling the baby in both arms. "I will *not* let him be taken by those monsters! They almost got us last night, and they won't miss again. There's nothing else to do." For a brief moment, Simon wished he had stolen the two-year-old '49 Chrysler he had seen the day before. But there was no time now for regrets. They were stuck with fleeing the trackers on foot. Still, he tried to argue. "But . . ."

"I had the dream again. They won't miss the next time."

"Johnnie, look, not *all* your dreams happen. Sometimes they're just—"

"If I'm wrong, we can still come back and get him, but I won't let them take him back there!" Simon didn't know where "there" was, but he knew that Johnnie, his wife of more than a year, was determined that, if they were caught, their baby boy would not be taken along with them—no matter what.

"Okay," he agreed. "We both know what we've got to do."

"I left the bag of sand by our mesquite tree," Johnnie said. "You know the one."

Simon smiled at the memory but then turned his thoughts to their plan. "They'll be closing in on us again tonight. I'll make sure there is enough of a fire for them to find us." He stood up and looked at the fire.

He stirred the embers with his foot and asked, "Is . . . is that blood on one of the baby blankets?"

"Yes."

"Where'd it come from?"

"Don't worry, Simon. It's mine."

He looked down.

She touched his arm. "It's okay. Just be sure they see you've got him when you leave. The tree first, then run like crazy toward the Little Cliffs. And be sure they're behind you when you—"

"I know the plan. They won't get him. I promise."

Simon looked again at the fire, added a few more dried mesquite branches to it, and quickly felt the sharper smoke in his nose and eyes. He pulled their light blanket around them all again. It was about three o'clock in the morning. He lay there without sleeping. If things went as they did last night, it wouldn't be long before Ren'dal's men tracked them down again. He would move out first, and then Johnnie. He waited and closed his eyes.

What was that? He had dozed off, but he thought he heard something. In an instant, they both were wide awake, their hearts pounding. The baby squeaked, and they could sense the soft movement in the brush. Simon slowly rose to a crouching position and took the baby, who cried softly as he was pulled from his mother's chest. Simon wrapped him in a blue blanket and tiptoed away. Johnnie never moved, but her eyes and ears strained to follow Simon's every movement. He was quickly gone, and she could hear Ren'dal's trackers as they followed.

The trackers wanted the mother and the father too, but they had been given very clear—and threatening—orders to make sure they got the baby. They followed as Simon moved off into the brush with the bundle in his arms. They tracked him quietly at first, keeping space between themselves and the figure with the bundle. Now that the father and baby were separated from the mother, they would make sure their noises didn't awaken her so they could come back to get her. But first, above all, the baby.

About fifty yards away from the campsite, their prey began acting strangely. And his pace quickened.

"What the devil is he doing?" hissed Thurel.

"Don't know," said Procker, the other tracker, followed quickly by, "Hey, where'd he go?"

"We better not have—"

But there he was again just ahead, though now, with the bundle still in his arms, he was running.

"Pick it up," said Thurel. "He must know he's being followed!"

The man and the baby were heading east from the campsite. Why was he running? There was no escaping now. There was nothing east of them but more empty ground, with no cities or small towns for miles in the direction he was headed—no one to help. They might as well run too and get it over with—get the baby and then head back to grab the woman. But Thurel was starting to look wildly around. They hadn't scouted this side of the campsite before approaching—how could they have been so *stupid*? His nostrils flared with a new smell: water! It wasn't rain; it was flowing water, and now the tracker could hear it—it was nearby!

"Procker, you hear that water?" he yelled.

"Yeah, so?"

"So? So don't let him get to it, stupid! Get him!"

"Who cares? What's he gonna do? Swim carrying the kid?"

But now, though still about forty yards behind Simon, they were close enough to see what lay before them. Thurel took it all in and groaned.

The father, with his bundle, was running pell-mell toward what locals called the “Little Cliffs.” From the top of the Little Cliffs was a sheer drop of a hundred feet right into a collecting pool of the Middle Concho, which from there flowed mostly eastward toward San Angelo, Texas, where it joined other waters to form the Concho River.

“No!” roared Thurel, screaming and running furiously toward his prey. The sharp eyes of both trackers had enough light from the breaking dawn in front of them to capture Simon’s silhouette. They saw the young father race to the edge of the cliffs and—after looking back toward them and hesitating momentarily—throw the blue blanket and its contents over the cliff with a furious two-handed cast. It had been an extremely wet spring, extending all the way through June in that part of West Texas, and the waters of the Middle Concho a hundred feet below were already flowing strong, well fed from the surrounding watershed. Only seconds later, when the trackers made it to the edge of the Little Cliffs, Simon was on his knees with his head buried in his hands. They grabbed him immediately and loudly demanded to know—though they had seen his violent heave—where the baby was. All he could do was look down toward the river below. By the time they ran around the top of the sheer drop and scrambled down the hillside next to the cliffs, all they could find was the muddy, bloodstained blanket caught on a riverside branch. They searched the banks and the shallows and then the rocks, scrubs, and tall grasses on the near riverbank slightly downstream. But the baby was gone.

While the trackers furiously looked for the baby, Simon got to his feet and began to run. But Thurel saw him. “Procker! Go get that fool!” Procker easily ran him down and tackled him from behind. Simon was young, athletic, and wiry, but these were hardened men, clearly heavier, stronger, and trained to fight—he was no match for them. And they were in no mood to be gentle. Thurel yelled, “Hold him, Procker!” And when Simon tried to wrestle free, Thurel arrived in time to slam him hard in the stomach with his knee, which doubled him over with a gasp of pain. Procker then added a two-fisted hammer blow to the back of Simon’s head that made his eyes bulge and stunned his neck and upper back. He went to his knees, and the brief fight was over.

They pushed Simon back toward the campsite. “You fool!” Thurel screamed in his ears. “You have no idea what you’ve done! Ren’dal will go crazy!”

Procker was so mad, he suddenly began to pummel Simon with his fists.

“That’s enough, Procker!” warned Thurel. “You know what we were told. Ren’dal wants *him* too. So we gotta have him healthy enough to make the trip back. Right now, you better be thinking about catching that woman—and then figuring out how we’re gonna explain letting that baby get killed by his own father.”

Contributed to *The True-badour* by Robert B. Slone
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A Write-up about a 2-letter English Word

Contributed by: Janice Murphy

A reminder that one word in the English language that can be a noun, verb, adjective, adverb, and preposition. “UP” This two-letter word in English has more meanings than any other two-letter word, and that word is ‘UP.’ It is listed in the dictionary as an [adv.], [prep.], [adj.], [n], [v].

It’s easy to understand UP, meaning toward the sky or at the top of the list, but when we awaken in the morning, why do we wake UP?

At a meeting, why does a topic come UP? Why do we speak UP, and why are the officers UP for election and why is it UP to the secretary to write UP a report? We call UP our friends, brighten UP a room, polish UP the silver, warm UP the leftovers and clean UP the kitchen. We lock UP the house and fix UP the old car.

At other times, this little word has real special meaning. People stirUP trouble, line UP for tickets, work UP an appetite, think UP excuses, and make UP their mind to make UP with their significant other after a disagreement. To be dressed is one thing but to be dressed UP is special. And this UP is confusing: A drain must be opened UP because it is stopped UP. We open UP a store in the morning, but we close it UP at night. We seem to be pretty mixed UP about UP!

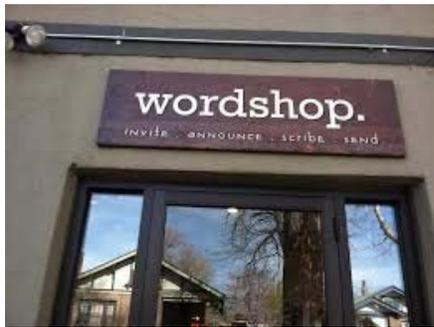
To be knowledgeable about the proper uses of UP, look UP the word UP in the dictionary. In a desk-sized dictionary, it takes UP almost 1/4 of the page and can add UP to about thirty definitions.

If you are UP to it, you might try building UP a list of the many ways UP is used. It will take UP a lot of your time, but if you don't give UP, you may wind UP with a hundred or more.

When it threatens to rain, we say it is clouding UP. When the sun comes out, we say it is clearing UP. When it rains, the earth soaks it UP. When it does not rain for a while, things dry UP. One could go on and on, but I'll wrap it UP, for now . . . My time is UP!

Oh . . . one more thing: What is the first thing you do in the morning and the last thing you do at night? UP! Did that one crack you UP? Don't screw UP. Send this on to everyone you look UP in your address book . . . or not . . . it's UP to you.

Now I'll shut UP!



2019 Looking Forward - Author Planning

- A note from **Breakfield and Burkey**

We know that authors have passion for writing and storytelling, it's a part of author DNA. Why, you might ask, would we know this? We have ten books in the series currently release and working on eleven. Our writing trend has been almost two books per year, because we enjoy the storytelling. As much fun as it is to create the fictional novels in our award-winning series, we want others to enjoy them. This is hard to do when hundreds of thousands of books are published annually.

Then how does one author achieve mindshare in a marketplace that is bombarded with tens of thousands of new titles, in every imaginable genre, from writers all over the globe. Statistics show and experts tout that writing is less than 20% of the total package of an author who wants to gain raving fans. The other percentage is the marketing aspects, which is often the bane of a writer's existence and challenging for small press authors. You know, the what, where, when and how to advertise your story to get reviews, get notoriety, and garner those loyal fans. Marketing your books is a huge part of the effort needed to achieve these goals. In our case, it is necessary to offset the costs of adding the audio book formats for our stories.

Over the years, we have taken courses and seen different successes with various marketing efforts. It is an ever-changing landscape in part due to the advances in technology. The various enhancements to algorithms in search engines combined with enormous amounts of data from the Internet, it is important to plan what you can do and then do it consistently. Toward this end

we wanted to share some of the things we are planning to do in the coming year. You are welcome to leverage any of these ideas, in ways that work for you.

Social Media

Social media has so many forms and products with each one having rules of engagement or etiquette for gaining mindshare. For example, a couple of years ago in a training class on Twitter outline the rules for how to use the tool to your advantage were explained including interactions with others. Those rules have changed and will continue to morph to be relevant to the users. The life span of a tweet is very short and the positive impressions need to be gained in second, so graphics are key. Visuals in general capture the attention faster than the words. Ease of use for the consumer is the key.

Going through each of the social media tools and how to use them is really a workshop or webinar type of activity, but we have changed our approach for 2019. We are focusing on using four primary tools; LinkedIn, Facebook, Twitter, and Pinterest. Our goals for these tools are to gain mindshare with potential readers and encourage reviews. Remember, each of these tools have different rules, activity life spans, and consumers. This effort is about accrued time, don't plan to do everything but do learn to stay focused on the few tools that can be made good work habits.

Internet Book Tours

Book tours across the Internet is one area we found success with this year and so we will pursue this avenue in 2019. A tour involves Groups of bloggers who join together to highlight books or authors for a fixed period of time. The preparation for this effort is huge as it includes answers to questions about the stories, the characters, and us as authors to go along with a given book promotional tour. One of the added benefits of doing this we found is our reflecting on elements of a given story or character. There are always giveaways associated with these, which might be gift cards, signed book copies, or audio book codes. Remember to highlight these on your web calendar of events to illustrate upcoming events.

Contests

Story contests are another area we continue to explore, not only to help validate our efforts, but also to gain that award. We were fortunate to win in the Texas Short Story contests in 2017 and again this year for 2018. We also have gain other awards including Audio Book Reviewer, InD'tale Magazine, Colorado Independent Publishers Association (CIPA), and Literary Titan. Submitting for different awards is an effort that you often have to wait for months to learn the results.

We are expanding in not only submitting our novels but additional short stories. Verifying the contest is key before submitting our stories and paying the fee. Ask others if a contest sounds way too cool as there are a lot of crooks trying to get your money. The ones we are keen to enter are those that will provide some level of feedback. Though we dislike losing a contest, everyone does, the feedback helps improve the next story we write.

Podcast expansion

DEAR Texas has wonderful interviews of authors and those in support of authors. Rox enjoys interviewing authors plans to interview even more in 2019. Plus, DEAR Texas is expanding its reach. Follow us to find out the upcoming interviews

Book Festivals and Live Venues

We are lining up the places where we can meet, greet, and speak to potential raving fans. With full time jobs, we need to be selective on where we go from both a time and cost perspective. We are scheduling as far out in advance as we can to insure a spot at an event. Talking to our author peers, we have found several new avenues to pursue. Some of these events can be very expensive from a travel to and table space perspective.

Our best book sales and reader interactions come from highly promoted events and those that have a wider offering than simply books. One of the most recent victories for gaining raving fans was the Texas Book Festival in Austin. We've enjoyed some great success with writing groups, book clubs, and speaking to groups in 2018, so we are hunting for more of these in 2019. Maintain the right inventory and track it closely to avoid paying expediate fees to get product on time for your next show.

These are our top plans so far as we approach the end of 2018. You have to find the activities and events that make sense for your lifestyle as well as your stories. Promoting your books is a very important aspect of being a successful author. Writing a great story is paramount, but it doesn't stop there. Marketing to gain the raving fans is the bigger part of the activity needed by all authors. Follow us to find the different avenues we may find as we work our plan in 2019 and make the ongoing changes to be relevant in the marketplace.



Notes from a Nashville Songwriter:

BART AMBROSE

A CHRISTMAS HIT (That most elusive creature)

An old friend of mine recently sent me a piece he had composed as a Christmas song. He expressed high hopes it would be very successful if it had the right lyrics and asked if I would write them. It was a beautifully constructed piece of music, as are all his compositions. However, it sounded like many, many other Christmas songs written over the years. Reluctantly, I informed him that I didn't think it had the potential he had hoped.

A Christmas song that becomes a hit and a part of that wonderful collection of holiday songs we all love is perhaps the holy grail for a songwriter. Not only is it a source of pride and satisfaction, but it is a gift that keeps giving in the form of royalties year after year.

What song comes to mind when you think of a Christmas song? We all have our favorites. But, ask yourself – how many Christmas songs have you heard in recent years that made an imprint on you, that became part of that of well-loved and recognized collection?

In reality, there are very few. The ones that reach that status are those that have something undeniably unique or endearing about them. One of my favorite examples is “Grandma Got Runover By a Reindeer.” It is the most unlikely of hit songs, yet it is one of the most played songs around the Christmas holiday.

“All I Want for Christmas Is You,” by Mariah Carey, is number one on Billboard’s top 10 holiday songs. Endearing and enduring, it has been on Billboard’s hot 100 holiday songs every year since the chart was begun in 2011. Will it take its place with “White Christmas,” “The Christmas Song,” or “Jingle Bell Rock” as it ages? Maybe.

There are new holiday songs that come out every year, but most are soon forgotten. My point is that there are very, very few with the lasting power to be instantly recognizable 10, 20, or 50 years after they are first heard. Most major artists rely on those old well-loved songs when they do a Christmas album. There may be a couple of new ones, but they pretty much stick to the tried and true. That makes it that much harder for a songwriter to get a cut on their album.

If you, like me, are a songwriter looking to write that next Christmas hit, you would do well to study those songs that stand the test of time. What makes them memorable, unique, and lasting?

I wish you great success, and a very happy holiday!

Bart

Editor’s Note: Bart had his article in on time, but I was the one who didn’t publish it in time for Christmas. Bart wants you to know, that if you are interested, you can hear a couple of his Christmas songs (It’s Almost Christmas and Party at the Pole) on his Reverbnation page.

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



FROM THE MIND OF **JOHN HOWARD HATFIELD**

This is one of 9 National Finalists in Writer Advice’s Flash Travel Contest

Gettin’ outta Moscow!

- Where’s the TSA when you need ‘em?

We’re wrapping up a riverboat journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow, and our bus driver has negotiated the Moscow traffic from Red Square after our Kremlin visit back to Stalin’s

Passenger Terminal and the M/S Repin with time to spare for dinner and packing for our return trip.

Morning comes early; breakfast—chef’s last chance to offer up eggs—nope! Every kind of cheese and configuration of bread lies before us plus several unidentifiable meats; but no eggs!

At passport control, Patsy experiences her worst nightmare. A Russian big-mole-faced-uniformed-female-guard Svetlana, her mustache thicker than mine, rejects our customs forms. Intimidating; I’ll say! One of the Gretas from Lufthansa generated this confusion—easy gettin’ in, not so much gettin’ out.

Moving to baggage check, we pick the shortest line—soon the longest. We’d been OK if that official hadn’t let a blind guy cut in—papers confused and separated from his luggage. Imagine a blind guy searching for luggage at Moscow International.

Finally, on to the security check. Sometimes daunting,—with both shoulders replaced—this often involves high levels of frivolity up to even abject terror.

I pull off my belt, remove pocket contents, get shoes ready to slip off, and have my medical card detailing my shoulders ready to flash. Patsy stands by to assist.

Didn’t matter! The scanner alerts immediately; buzzers and lights start sparking.

Every bell and whistle in the airport blares out a high pitch red alert. Sirens startup in the distance — you know the kind, those from the French cop movies with Peter Sellers.

Everybody in uniform begin gathering like vultures on fresh roadkill. Pushed to one side, arms out, feet spread, palms up; there I stand. Ivan and Boris start with their wands; giving me a going-over; head to foot. My peripheral vision alerts me to sinister looking characters climbing through every portal; headed my direction.

Wands beeping above both shoulders, my medical card with X-ray proof waving in hand; and suddenly there’s not an English speaking person within Moscow County.

Patsy, pushed away, is trapped — can’t get back to help. Besides, her Russian’s no better than mine. Doctor Zhivago’s all I got — Siberia and the Gulags, here I come.

Decibel levels approaches a runaway freight train. Rather brutishly, Ivan tries to look under my shirt. I’m being shoved by the olive drab’d ruffians against another wall just as I was beginning to like the first.

Boris is kicking my feet apart and stretching my arms higher up the wall—not far enough for Ivan though, who knocks my arms higher with a baton or could it be a two-by-four? I can’t tell.

Shouting orders, neither seem satisfied with my College Station, Texas educated responses. Again, they push me around renewing their wand attack on my front without desirable results. *Hell! There’s nothin’ to find!* Probably in the fifth minute of search; my mind feeling like the fifth hour, I wonder: “*will my dacha will have running water or indoor plumbing.*”

A cute young Russian girl — probably named Katia — wearing a spiffy army uniform advances our direction. She can’t be in charge of nothin’ — far too young with no discernable mustache. Imagine her 30 years on, 65 pounds heavier, a prickly upper lip and running the entire airport; for now she looks grand-daughterly.

Astonishingly, possessing the one redeeming feature maybe making my Gulag future life easier — she speaks English. Lowering one arm slowly — keeping one eye on Katia and the other

squarely on Boris and Ivan, I push my medical card to my diminutive savior. Boris and Ivan, hands on pistols, scowl my direction. Katia looks over my card and tells the ruffians: “Shoulder replacements!” This fact doesn’t sit well with my excited searchers — missing a chance to discharge their pistols.

Bells, buzzers, whistles and sirens start to silence — the area returning to some semblance of order. Passengers, having previously dived into defilade positions, start climbing from under tables and behind luggage stacks. The Russian Peace Accords — again in place — everything’s right in Moscow County.

I join Patsy with our fellow travelers — also climbing from behind luggage stacks. They’ve experienced this thrice; DFW, Frankfurt and now in our abbreviated motherland — just another chuckle at my expense.

Our German pilot rolls away from the terminal, and Greta brings our second breakfast today; with eggs! These Germans know breakfast: eggs in one corner directly across from recognizable meat and fried potatoes — a vegetable I recognize. I can eat this! Du Svedania y’all.



PREPOSTEROUS PUNS Billy James Wall

Fairytale meets punster RaPUNzel

Audacious play on words PUNtificate

Foreteller of pun events PUNnosticator

Something missing from a golf pun .. A hole in PUN

Commas and such in puns PUNctuation



A book review

by Billy Wall

“A Land Remembered”

By Patrick D. Smith

A Review by Billy James Wall

Generational sagas come and go, but Patrick D. Smith’s epic, stretching three generations during 19th- and 20th- century Florida, contains an interesting twist: from the beginning, we know the ending.

This situation kept me devouring the book all the way to what to me was a paradoxical end. Turns out the novel traces the fictional history of the MacIvey family, beginning in 1858 when Tobias and Emma MacIvey and their son, Zechariah, left the dried-up clay fields of Georgia for the wilderness that was Florida. They settled in the present-day Gainesville area and began farming.

Along the way, the MacIveys gather an unlikely band of farm workers who become, over time, part of the family. Also, over time, the family endures obstacle after obstacle many other real-life settlers more or less suffered as well.

Early in the book, the MacIveys fight hunger pains, menacing mosquitoes, a ruthless band of Confederate Army deserters, and a night visit from a bear that devours all the meat in the smokehouse. Their neighbors are rattlesnakes, wild hogs and alligators. They are so isolated from civilization every one must be their own law.

By bravery, thrift, and human kindness, the MacIveys carved out a large kingdom out of ranching and orange groves over the next 50 years.

Despite a herd of cattle destroyed by mosquitoes, gunmen burning their cabin down, freezes, tick fever, and hurricanes the MacIveys found time to make friends and keep good relations with the Indians down by the swamp.

This family probably endured more than a real family back then. The MacIveys represent the typical form of settlers, the representation of the frontier life.

Smith’s tale is about the struggle between man and nature. That focus leaves character development thin compared to other novels.

Zech MacIvey learns from his father, Tobias, and creates an empire of his own in land and land speculation. Zech went against his father’s thoughts about not owning land. Tobias’s grandson said, “he (Tobias) never owned so much as a grain of sand. He believed that no man can own the land.”

Zech, however, not only buys and fences what he farms, but plays around in the sort of land speculation that his son, Sol, will employ to make a fortune during the real estate boom in the 1920s.

Each generation learns from the next, but for all three, life’s needs and wants were different. Sol, the last of the line, also must deal with combat and survival as did his father and grandfather, but as New York Times reviewer Malcolm Jones says, “he has lost what they fought for, and he uses their skills with a resolve in a lifetime spent plastering his name onto numerous hotels, banks and property deeds. Thus affecting the final and irreversible change from a wilderness full of wolves, panthers and wild parakeets to one of high-rise condominiums, drained swamps, and polluted bays.”

So what we have here is a success story gone bad, despite how much I liked the MacIveys, but it's hard to not see that the tenacity and grueling work once needed morphed into deeds that involve this family and thousands more in what some call an environmental disaster affecting the entire state.

So this novel is more than and run-of-the-mill generational epic. It begins by telling the end and, by golly, I had to finish it in order to comprehend how such good people could eventually cause what some believe to be environmental errors.

"A Land Remembered" is well worth reading if you have any interest in the nitty gritty of how Florida developed.

I give it five stars.

P.S. My wife and I love Florida despite what some call its faults. We retired to St. Augustine in 2013 and haven't looked back.



My Knight

E.L. DuBoise

I did not expect him
A hero so grand
That loved me and showed me
On my own feet I could stand
He gave me back pieces
Of what was once lost
And fought for his Beauty
No matter the cost
His love is a blessing
So pure and free of greed
Just calming and perfect
For this woman in need

He gave me the tools
To rebuild my life
He healed me, and thrilled me
And made me his wife
He is my soulmate
His love so very pure
The balm to my insanity
My pains only cure
So, although his is a Knight
He is also my king
The man who calls me Beauty
And gave me his ring

Excerpt from the book: **Poetry of the Broken**, E.L. DuBois and T.J. DuBoise

ISBN: 978-17198-14126

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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.

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

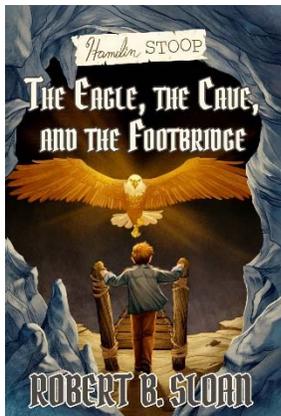
Available: Amazon

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

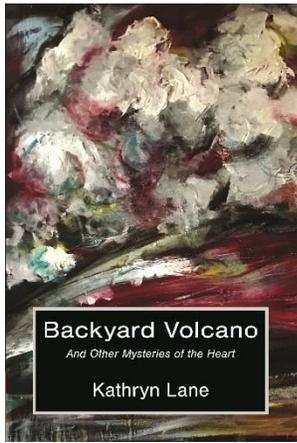
ISBN: 978-1-4956-1973-1

Age level: 5th – 12th grade

Available all major book retailers
and www.HamelinStoop.com

Hamelin is only a few weeks old as he and his parents, Johnnie and Simon, flee from trackers. Certain of their eventual capture and desperate for their son’s survival, Johnnie and Simon devise a plan that lands 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. When the children’s home forgets his eighth birthday, Hamelin decides to run away. This decision, however, proves to be something more—a summons from the Ancient One. 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. His failures and hopes become part of a larger story where the old myths of magic, evil contracts, and enslaved children turn out to be real.

KATHERINE LANE



Backyard Volcano

Alamo Bay Press

ISBN: 978-1943306046

Available: Amazon

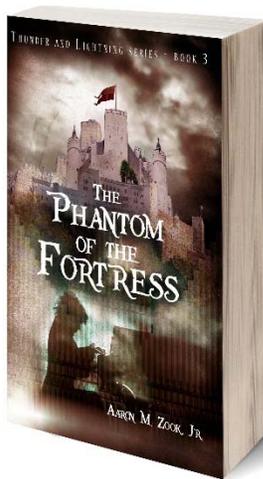
www.Kathryn-Lane.com

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

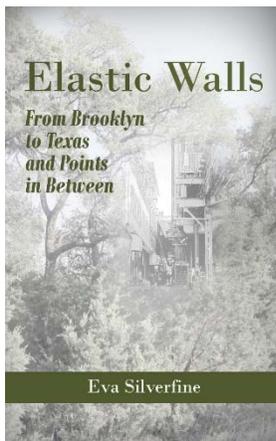


Phantom of the Fortress

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

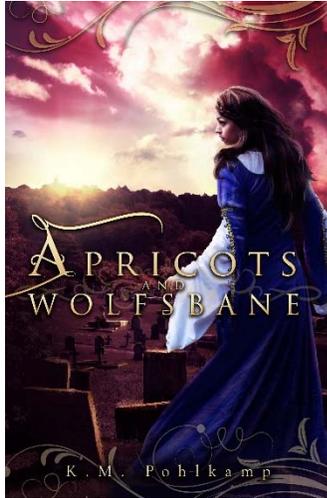


Elastic Walls: From Brooklyn to Texas and Points in Between

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.

K.M. POHLKAMP

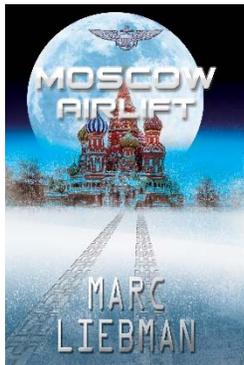


Title: Apricots and Wolfsbane

ISBN: 9781946802026

Lavinia Maud craves the moment the last wisps of life leave her victim's bodies—to behold the effects of her own poison creations. Believing confession erases the sin of murder, her morbid desires are in unity with faith, though she could never justify her skill to the magistrate she loves. At the start of the 16th century in Tudor England, Lavinia's marks grow from tavern drunks to nobility, but rising prestige brings increased risk. When the magistrate suspects her ruse, he pressures the priest into breaking her confessional seal, pitting Lavinia's instincts as an assassin against the tenets of love and faith. She balances revenge with her struggle to develop a tasteless poison and avoid the wrath of her ruthless patron. With her ideals in conflict, Lavinia must decide which will satisfy her heart: love, faith, or murder—but the betrayals are just beginning.

MARC LIEBMAN



Title: Moscow Airlift

ISBN: 978-1-946409-44-7

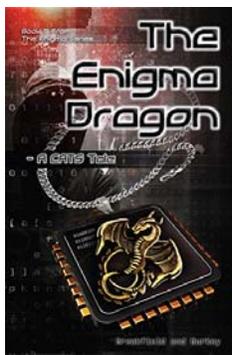
Available: Amazon, and

www.marcliebman.com

When Gorbachev committed his country to purchasing at least eight million tons of grain over the next five years by signing the historic U.S./Soviet grain deal in 1991, he knew the country was broke. Inflation in the Soviet Union is almost out of control; the government is losing its iron grip on the population and in March; and the Soviet parliament votes to dissolve the Soviet Union. Hardliners want Gorbachev out of power and the Iranians see the turmoil as a chance to acquire tactical nuclear weapons.

The U.S. is getting conflicting intelligence on the situation in the Soviet Union and Josh Haman is sent to Moscow to be an independent set of eyes and ears. On the day he arrives, a KGB general promises to give him the names and addresses of the man who ordered the killing of his first wife's parents. His mission expands from gathering intelligence on the volatile political situation to stopping the delivery of the nuclear weapons to the Iranians all the while he is tormented by the desire to exact revenge.

ROXANNE BURKEY & CHARLES BREAKFIELD



Title: The Enigma Dragon

A Cat's Tale

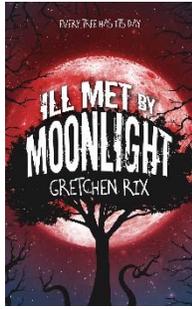
ISBN 978-1946858245

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

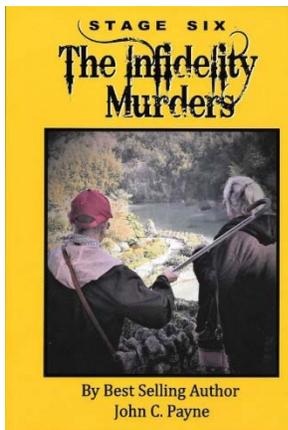
ISBN: 978-15403791-2-2

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.

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.

JANUARY	24 th	Young Writers Conference	Baranoff Ele, Austin, Tx
	19 th	Patsy's Cowgirl Café (singing)	Austin, Tx
FEBRUARY	17 th	Teen Book Festival	Corpus Christi, Texas
MARCH	15-16	Randolph AFB	Randolph AFB, Texas
	30 th	Brazos Valley Book Festival	Bryan, 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.

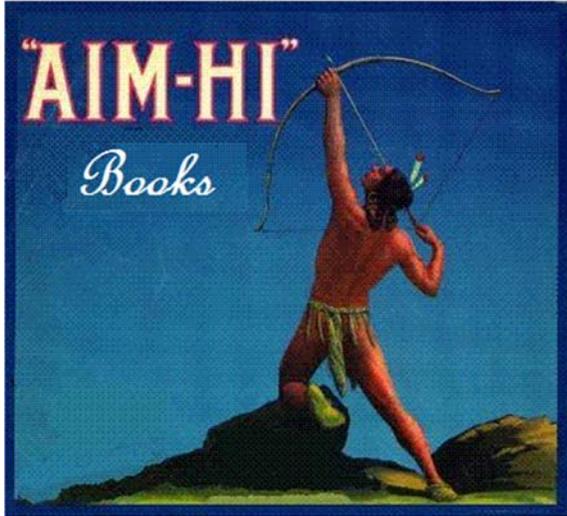
Every issue we love to **Showcase** an author. Here is what we need if you are submitting for **Showcase** in *The True-badour*. Even if we showcased you earlier, we will do it again if you have a new book, earned an award, or have a new article we can use. Your name will also appear on the headline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

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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.

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