

The True-badour

A LITERARY NEWSLETTER

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The True-badour

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

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

What a magic Spring! Things have been so hot I burned a hole in my calendar and wore the tread off my tires. I'll try to pull out some highlights from the singed spots for you. Visited Houston/Pearland in early March. The 24th attended the Galveston Island Book Festival, and had a great time. Met a lot of writers, and visited family. I'll go back again next year! On the 31st I conducted a tour of the Commemorative Air Force Hangar with **Doris Brown** and several other retired/family military members. We had a great time on the That's All Brother C-47 (the lead aircraft in the Normandy invasion).

April saw me at the Texas Open Golf Tournament with my brother, **Scott Lee**, who came down from Oklahoma. The 28th was the first Authors In the Park event. New Braunfels, Katy, and some other towns celebrated on the same day. We have a good turnout of authors and some visited with our colleagues. On May 12th, I was honored with the Nelson's Corner Author Spotlight by author **L.M. Nelson** on-line at her blog page:

<https://lmmnelsonscorner.wordpress.com/tag/author-spotlight/>.

Also in May, I received a call from an author who heard my interview on NPR. Turns out he lives a mile or so from

my home. He's the real deal! He is a Choctaw author and storyteller, who tells the tales of the Trail of Tears, and Texas Ghost Stories. You'll read more about him in this newsletter as he is a featured author this quarter – **Mr. Tim Tingle**. On May 19th **Howard Hatfield**, another alumni of *The True-badour* and I had a homecoming of sorts in Bryan, Texas. We attended the 1st Brazos Valley Book Festival. Thanks to all our classmates and friends who stopped by to see us at the old Palace Theatre. It was a hoot! Howard and I even got a great write-up in the Bryan Eagle. While in south central Texas, I took the opportunity to visit my birthplace in Hearne, Texas. Met Charles and talked to Royce the proprietors of Crossroads Bookshop. Charles was kind enough to shelve AQUASAURUS and HIM in the store. While there the local paper, Robertson County News (formerly The Hearne Democrat) took my picture and invited me back to do a special show in downtown Hearne. Look for that to happen in October! The 20th saw me in Austin, Texas at the Independent Authors Society meeting at Half-Price Books on N. Lamar. It was a good meeting and a good contact – look for a Ernie Lee book signing at Half-Price Books soon. Also during May, I learned how to make book trailers. You can see mine on my Facebook page – be sure to turn the sound up! Big things are on the horizon for next quarter! Stay tuned and hang on to your seats! Until next time ...

Ernie

HALF
PRICE
BOOKS

INTRODUCING

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

TIM TINGLE



Tim Tingle is a multi-talented author and storyteller. He currently lives in Canyon Lake, Tx. This member of the Choctaw Nation has published eighteen books, including *House of Purple Cedar*, *Walking the Choctaw Road*, a whole string of ghost stories, and most recently a *Trail of Tears* series with the first novel being “How I Became a Ghost.” His recent book is *When a Ghost Talks, Listen*. He knows what he writes – his great-great-grandfather walked the Trail of Tears in 1835. In 1993, Tim retraced the Trail to Choctaw homelands in Mississippi and began recording stories of the tribal elders. *Walking the Choctaw Road* was the result of hours of research and listening to these awesome tales. The book was awarded the Book of the Year in both Oklahoma and Alaska in 2005. Tim has a master’s degree in English Literature, with a focus on American Indian studies from the University of Oklahoma. He is a frequent visitor to schools and storytelling events around the country. He has appeared as guest speaker at the Choctaw State of the Nation Address, the US Library of Congress, the Kennedy Center in Washington D.C, and the Smithsonian National Museum of the American Indian. His first children’s book, “*Crossing Bok Chitto*” (Cinco Puntos Press) was an editor’s choice selection of the New York Times Book Review, and earned over twenty state and national awards. We are truly honored to have him a part of *The True-badour* family.

MICHAEL EARNIE



Renowned fine arts painter, Michael Earnie, was born in England. He has been a commercial artist, decorative screens, ceramic sculpter and potter, teacher, and award winning documentary filmmaker. His paintings of Mexican masks are collected and published as “*Magic Faces, Caras Magicas*” in English and Spanish. Michael lives in Utopia, Texas.

His work is included in *Las Avis de los altos de Chiapas* and *La Pitihaya en los Artes Plasticas*.”

His “*A to Z Book of Birds for Young Bird Lovers*” and his novels, *Corpus* and *Agla* and *Kevin* are available from a wide variety of sources. We welcome Michael to *The True-badour*



SNEAK PREVIEW:

By: Timmy Tingle ©

Timmy the Choctaw Detective
and the Graveyard Treasure

Chapter One, Only Criminals Drive At Midnight

So what if I'm only twelve. I can still be a detective, and a good one. When I heard a car driving up and down our street, and not just driving, but driving so slow the driver had to be gazing out the window looking for something, I knew a criminal was at the wheel.

Hoke. I know what you're thinking. What's the big deal? Cars drive up and down the streets of the suburbs all day, every day, looking for houses where their friends live, checking out addresses.

Here's the big deal. The time was 11:47p.m. Almost midnight. Nobody in our neighborhood welcomes visitors at midnight. Thieves—it had to be thieves.

I knew better than to tell anyone.

“Why didn't you call the authorities?” At some point in the story I'm sure to hear that.

And when I ask, “What authorities?” I'll hear, “The police, anybody!”

My point exactly. Anybody is the same as Nobody, and Nobody would listen to a twelve-year-old detective, not without proof. So this story is all about proof and my struggle to find it.

At the end of the story I'm still twelve years old, but I am not the same kid I was when we started out. Maybe you won't be either.

Hoke. Time to backtrack. The story begins:

School was out and summer was upon us, windy as always but not yet scorching hot. Grass grew tall by the nearby lake, and friendly animals unexpectedly appeared—water moccasins and rattlesnakes and the occasional squirrel. The smell of outdoor barbecues replaced oxygen.

Who needs to breathe when you can eat?

At the close of an all-day backyard barbecue, with Mom keeping everyone's glass filled with ice-cold raspberry lemonade and Dad waving sliced pork and sausage links and clumps of beef as big as your fist, I asked, “Anything for dessert?”

Mom rolled her eyes and pointed to the kitchen. “Bring enough plates and forks, Timmy,” she said.

Nothing like still-warm, fresh-cooked cherry pie, covered with melting vanilla ice cream. We were soon stuffed. As the sun slipped down and the happy moon sent a golden glow over Mom's begonias, we flopped in front of the television for an hour, then trudged off to bed.

But I couldn't sleep. With a day of family excitement and your tummy filled with enough food to feed the Titanic, could you? But it's more than that. I am, as I might have mentioned before, a detective. And when a detective cannot sleep, there is always a reason.

“Why can't I sleep?” I whispered. Then I heard it.

A car driving so slowly anyone should notice—anyone wide-awake and listening, zeroing in with the light beams of a detective. Reason enough.

I had only done this once before, sneaking out of my bedroom window. Bobby Horseback talked me into it last summer. We walked down to the drainage ditch and threw rocks at anything that moved, in the trees or on the banks. Nothing exciting happened.

But tonight was different. Funny how things changed once I decided I was a detective. Danger lurked around every corner, even the corner of my house. I lifted my bedroom window and eased myself to the ground. Like a tip-toeing thief, I stepped through the tall grass between our house and the neighbor's garage.

I didn't know where I was going, but a true detective investigates at night, while normal people sleep—this I did know. When I reached my parents bedroom window, facing the street, I leaned against the giant oak tree.

Time for listening, I thought. I had to make sure no one had heard me. No lights from inside, no sounds. I'd made it.

I was about to take a step when someone coughed.

I froze and held my breath. The cough came from a man standing on the other side of the tree trunk. I backed against the tree and didn't move a muscle.

Wait, I thought. *He knows I am here, and he knows who I am. I need to know who he is.*

I took a deep breath and stepped around the tree, ready to run if I had to. What I saw made me wish I had never crawled out the window.

A man stood in the shadows. His left arm covered his face so I couldn't see who he was, and from his right arm hung the long blade of a butcher knife.

Chapter Two, Man in the Shadows

Like a good detective, I analyzed the situation. A strange man stood four feet from me, holding a butcher knife—the kind used to slice raw meat.

“Please don't hurt me,” I said.

“I wouldn't hurt you, Timmy. I'm lost. I'm trying to get home. Can you help me?”

Hey, I knew this man. He was our next-door neighbor. He was old and sometimes didn't make a lot of sense, but he would never hurt anybody. “Doc, is that you?” I asked.

“Yes, Timmy. Can you help me?”

“Sure, I'll help you,” I said. “Why do you have the knife?” Doc stepped from the shadows and into the moonlight.

“Oh,” he said, lifting the knife and staring at it, “I don't know. I was trying to hide something.”

“Here, Doc. Let me have the knife. I promise I'll give it back to you.” Doc nodded his head and handed me the knife, handle first as we've all been trained to do.

“Thank you, Doc. Now, let's go home.” Doc lived in a brick house next door to ours, with a nice backyard and patio, surrounded by a tall wooden fence.

I saw muddy footprints as we crossed the lawn, like Doc had been prowling around in the flowerbeds before he came into our yard. I took his hand and led him to his front door.

I waited for Doc to open the door and say goodnight, but he didn't. He just stood on the porch, looking back and forth from the doorknob to me. “This is not my house,” he finally said.

“Yes it is, Doc. Here, I'll show you.” I tried to open the door but it was locked.

“How did you get out?” I asked.

“I don't know,” Doc said, and he started crying. “I don't know anything. Please help me.”

Hoke. Let's think about this for a minute. I am twelve years old and Doc Moore is seventy-something, older than my grandfather. It's the middle of the night, not quite midnight but almost, and he is asking for my help.

Maybe nobody else knows it, but Doc knows. I am the youngest detective in the world. That's why he's asking for my help. Maybe he's not so confused after all.

“I'll help you, Doc. You just say the word and I'll be there for you. I'm your friend, Doc.”

“Thank you, Timmy,” he said, sniffing and wiping his tears with his sleeve.

“Hey!” I said, trying to add a little joy to the night. “Let's go to my house. We can watch some late-night tv.”

“Sounds good to me,” Doc said. I took his hand and we soon stood on our tiny front porch, among the flowerpots. The flowers were blooming and beautiful and I didn't know what to do. I couldn't just open the door and enter the house like everything was normal.

“Do you pray, Doc?” I asked.

“Sure, Timmy,” Doc said. “I was raised Baptist.”

“Good,” I said, “then say a little prayer for me. It's a few minutes before midnight and I'm about to ring the doorbell of my own house.”

Doc closed his eyes and started whispering words I couldn't understand. As I reached for the doorbell I remembered the knife. I tucked it into my pants behind me, with the blade sticking through a belt loop. I was trying to think of what lie to tell my dad once he opened the door.

“No,” I said out loud, and Doc opened his eyes and stared at me. “I am not going to lie. I did nothing wrong. Criminals lie and I am no criminal. I am a detective.”

“Yes, you are,” Doc said. “You are my friend and you are a detective.” So, as crazy as it may sound, I rang the doorbell and prepared to tell the truth.

Ding Dong Ding Ding Dong Ding

The lights came on in their bedroom and I counted to thirty, real slow, giving my dad time to peer through the window curtain, climb into his jeans, and hurry to the front hallway. Nobody rings the doorbell at almost midnight, so I knew he and mom would be worried. Dad flipped the switch and the porch light came on.

“Daryl,” Mom said, calling from the bedroom window. “It's Timmy and Doc. Open the door.” My dad Daryl, in jeans and teeshirt, opened the door.

“What is going on, son?” he asked, and he was not happy. “Get into this house. Why is Doc with you? What have you been up to?”

Too many questions. Doc squeezed my hand hard and I knew he was about to cry.

“Shhh, Dad, please,” I said. “You're scaring Doc. I'll tell you everything, just relax.”

I cannot believe I said that to my dad. *Just relax!* I told my own dad to *just relax*? But hey, when you are detective you can say things normal kids can never get away with.

“Get into this house right now,” Dad said.

“Honey, what is it?” asked Mom, hurrying from the bedroom and tying her robe around the waist.

“We will know in a minute,” said stern-voiced Dad.

“Here, Doc,” I said, leading him to the sofa. “Have a seat and we’ll get you something to drink.”

“Coffee,” Doc said. “Anytime of day, coffee.”

I took Mom and Dad by the arms and led them into the kitchen. “Please don’t be angry,” I said. “Doc is afraid and we don’t need to upset him anymore.”

“We will relax as soon as you tell us what is going on,” Dad said.

“Tonight I did something I should never do,” I said. “I climbed out of my window after you were asleep. I was going for a walk.”

“Oh, Timmy,” Mom said, shaking her head and thinking of all the tragedies that could befall her sweet, innocent little boy.

She will never know what it means to be a detective, I thought, but I didn’t say it. “I know it was wrong, but I did it and I’m sorry. And that’s when I saw Doc, standing by the tree in the front yard. He had a butcher knife.”

“A knife,” said Dad. “Where is this knife?”

I pulled the knife from behind my back and showed it to him. He started to holler, but Mom slapped her palm over his mouth. Dad wrapped his arm around her shoulder.

“Hoke, son,” Mom said, taking a deep breath. “Let’s all be grown-ups here. Go on, son, we’re ready to listen.”

“I don’t know why he had the knife. He said he was lost and asked me to take him home, so I did.”

“He didn’t remember he lived next door?” Dad asked.

“No, and when he couldn’t open his front door I brought him here. That’s everything that happened, I promise.”

“Doc is lucky you found him,” Dad said. “He could have been hurt bad, wandering around town by himself at night.”

“Have you ever snuck out like this before?” Mom asked.

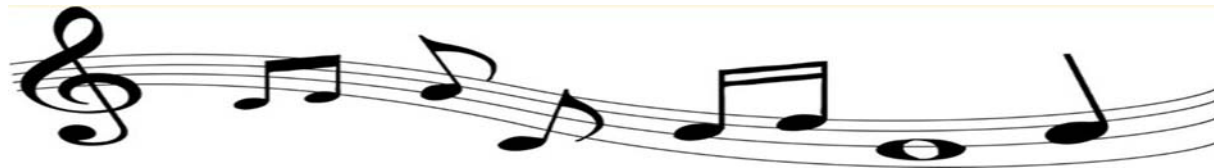
“No, never...uh, not like this.”

“Then this was meant to be,” she said.

I let the silence hang in the air as she looked to Dad, hoping this meant I would not be punished.

“Daryl,” Mom said, “it’s time we called his daughter. Doc can’t live by himself anymore.”

*Ed: This sneak preview of the upcoming middle-grade book, **Timmy the Choctaw Detective**, is printed with permission of the author.*



Notes from a Nashville Songwriter: **BART AMBROSE**

A CHICKEN OR EGG DILLEMA FOR SONGWRITERS

It’s an argument as old as songwriting itself. Is it better to start with a lyric, or a melody?

I’m certainly not going to offer the one answer. Because there isn’t one. Every creative person who sets out to write a song has a little different approach. If it leads to the desired result, then it is right for that person.

What works for me might not work for you, and vice versa. But I can offer a few insights. Most, but not all, writers I have worked with begin with a lyric, or a title. I almost always begin with a title and construct a lyric which serves it. For me it is a way to organize my thoughts in a coherent way to amplify and clarify whatever the title suggests. Usually that process will suggest a style and possibly a melody to go with it.

I've worked with many new writers who write lyrics and then try to find a title that fits. Generally, that creates a song which doesn't support the title and develop a clear focus. This often leads to a significant rewrite of the lyric. Occasionally you will hear a song that seems to have nothing to do with its title, but the music or feel of the lyric carry it. But these kinds of songs are rare.

On the other side of the spectrum, consider this description from Keith Richards' biography about how the Rolling Stones compose songs. Keith says they go often into the studio to record an album without the songs they will use. He might present a riff, or a chord progression, and, along with Mick Jagger, and sometimes others, they just start throwing out ideas. If something sticks to the wall (as he says), they work it through until they have a finished song.

While that is not true of every song the band has recorded, it is a process they have used to good effect. It's hard to argue with the kind of success they have had.

Many hit songs were composed through collaborations by writers such as Burt Bacharach/Hal David and Henry Mancini/Johnny Mercer where one is primarily a musical composer and the other primarily a lyricist. Those pairings are the best of both worlds.

I have written a few songs around melodies that I composed, but they are in the minority in my catalog. Usually those are the kind of songs that seem to write themselves, without a lot of tinkering on my part. Unfortunately, that's a very rare thing for me.

My advice to any songwriter is to study many writers and analyze what makes them successful. Then see if their techniques fit your own thought process and style. Find tools that work best for you, and then hone and sharpen your skill in using them.

And.....Don't let anyone tell you there is only one way to write a song!

Writing for

Children

By: Tim Tingle



Before beginning a writing project for children, you should be familiar with your target audience. For newcomers, be aware that librarians often disagree on age-group terminology. In schools, you'll never see "juvenile literature," while bookstores and public libraries have huge sections under that heading.

From publishers:

Early Childhood Read-Aloud: Pre-K thru 1st grade

Children's Illustrated: 2nd thru 4th-5th

Early Chapter Books (novels): 2nd, 3rd grades

Middle Grade Chapter books: 3rd thru 5th, 6th grades

For writers new to children's literature but eager to begin, I recommend trying a middle grade chapter book. Best way to learn the styles and themes? Read at least one middle grade book a week, and the good news is: THESE KIDS READ!

Hoke, here's the Google you've been waiting for:

100 Must Read Middle Grade Chapter Books for the Summer- Book Riot

Many of my friends have books on this list, and "Flying Lessons and Other Stories" includes my Bigfoot short story. Enjoy!

You Relentless Old Sol

by: **NANCY FIERSTIEN**

Quit trying to see if more smoke
will arise from my temples.
Stop melting the SPF factors
on my skin away.
It takes much less heat
to know you've got me beat.
I mop floors with my sweat
night and day.
I take showers for hours.

I can water the flowers,
wash two cars with a
steady fine spray
just by wringing the headband
I wear as I smolder.
Must your binge grow
much older? You relentless
Old Sol – take a leave,
will you please, without pay?



A book review

by: Billy Wall

Factfulness – Ten Reasons We're Wrong About the World – and Why Things are Better Than You Think

By Hans Rosling

It's a long, optimistic title by world health expert Hans Rosling whose book was published posthumously in April.

I found the book extraordinary for a couple of reasons: THE Bill Gates highly recommends it and Rosling argues that our world is better than it seems on the surface.

Rosling, a renowned doctor and statistician, uses graphs, charts and lots of questionnaires to postulate we're using too many faulty instincts and not enough critical thinking when we're assessing the world. This emotional view, he says, fails to take into account massive modern improvements like vaccines, family planning and widespread income and education gains for some of the world's poorest people.

In his global surveys, Rosling found we tend to see the world in a way that is fatalistic, overestimating poverty levels, assuming skyrocketing crime rates, and believing vastly more people are dying in natural disasters than is the case.

Rosling says a single simple reason for this is we're using perspective-distorting, emotion-fueled "instincts" about how the world actually works, bringing us to always assume the worst. His goal is to get us to see the world in a new way, by providing us with a "set of simple thinking tools." Through the ten chapters, Rosling enumerates what he calls instincts we use to see the world and explains how they used to work successfully in the past but may be misleading today. An example is the chapter about "size instinct", where he explains that we tend to misjudge the size or proportions of things.

How to counter this?

"If you are offered one number, always ask for at least one more. Something to compare with. Be especially careful about big numbers. It is a strange thing, but numbers over a certain size, when they are not compared with anything else, always look big. And how can something big not be important?"

"Often the best thing we can do to make a large number more meaningful is to divide it by a total. When we divide an amount... by another amount ... we get a rate. Amounts are easier to find because they are easier to produce. Somebody just needs to count something. But rates are often more meaningful."

Rosling demonstrates how our instincts leads us astray and provides us ways to counteract our gut feelings.

As a former newspaper editor, I was intrigued at Rosling's take on the news media:

"Ultimately, it is not journalist's role, and it is not the goal of activists or politicians, to present the world as it really is. They will always have to compete to engage our attention with exciting stories and dramatic narratives... it is up to us as consumers to learn how to consume the news more factfully, and to realize that the news is not very useful for understanding the world."

In summary, I think Rosling's short book packs a great deal of wisdom. It is a great summer read.

I give it four stars.



Understanding the Music

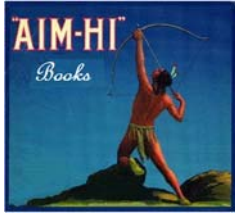
Billy James Wall

I didn't understand the music
Guitar picked I didn't get a kick
Violins just strung me along
Piano accompanied a sad song
I just didn't get it
I just didn't get it
Deep down I was lonely
Sg. Pepper's Band seemed only
To match my lowdown mood
Nothin' seemed right or good
That is until you came along
With your love and happy song
Little by little the guitar sound grew
And before long I knew
I was guitar-picked for the pickin'
Violin strings started slickin'
With my changing heart

Piano accompanies from the start
A love song so completely sweet
I did begin to get it
I did begin to get it
Now I hum a hymn
And I think: let Him in
As my spirits rise high
I look you in the eye
Seeing total tenderness
I imagine a symphony at its best
Or a stirring organ recital
Now, for me, music is vital
Although I still don't understand all
Most hits my heart with a sweet call
For sympathy and empathy and joy
For all the universe to enjoy

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

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



™ Aim-Hi Publishing LLC

1542 Lakeside Dr. West

Canyon Lake, Texas 78133

Submission Requirements for *The True-badour*

If you are submitting for **inclusion** in *The True-badour*, I am happy to consider your work. We will include your book cover anytime you like, space permitting. Try to schedule your request for showcase (picture & bio), to highlight new 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 we need if you are submitting for **book cover** space in *The True-badour*,

1. Put your book cover in a separate word document attached to your e-mail – not in the body of your message. Please use Times New Roman 12pt.
2. Everything I need to know about your book: Title, ISBN, where it can be purchased, and a short synopsis.
3. We will run your cover as often as you like, but you must submit again for each new upcoming issue. Priority is given to those who share short stories, poems, or articles on writing. We'll also include your blog information if you have one.

Every issue we **Showcase** an author. Here is what we need if you are submitting for **Showcase** in *The True-badour*,

1. 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.
2. 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 and not for your book cover, but having it on hand will save a lot of time later.
3. 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.
4. 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)
5. Always run spell checker, and edit your article for punctuation and grammar. Make it as you want it to appear.

Submission deadlines are the end of **February, May, August, and November** for publication the next month.

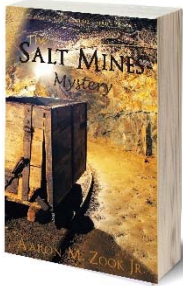
There are **no fees or charges** to you for inclusion in *The True-badour*. It is our way of saying thank you for reading, sharing, and being part of the writing community.

Finally, the most important part of all: 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.

Books for Sale

A spot for shameless self-promotion

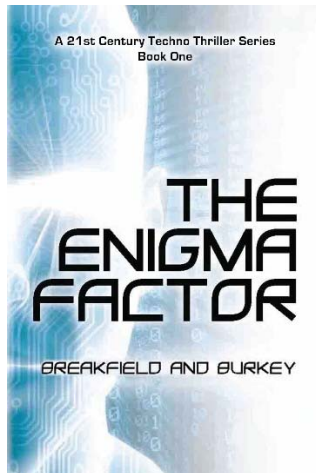
AARON ZOOK, JR.



Title: The Salt Mines Mystery
Vol. 2 – Thunder and Lightning Series
ISBN: 9780692435366

Available: www.zookbooks.org
www.boldvisionbooks.com
Amazon

ROXANNE BURKEY



The Enigma Factor

ISBN: 978-1946858009

Available at Amazon and

<http://enigmabookseries.com/>

Rouge cyber-criminals want Jacob Michaels, a brilliant young programmer, to join them. He just doesn't know it yet. Jacob has the brains, expertise, and programming methods to get them what they want without discovery. With his best friend, Buzz, and an distractingly beautiful encryptionist in tow, Jacob enters the world of Dark Net here in the 21st century where the computer is the weapon of choice! With the cyber-criminals engaged in international hacking, it's easy to have your identity slip through your fingers. No one, including Jacob, believes it when he learns he has been targeted. Jacob finds the space between cyber good and cyber evil difficult to navigate, as well as dangerous.

Book 1 of the Enigma Series

Also available e-book and audio

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.

JOHN HOWARD HATFIELD

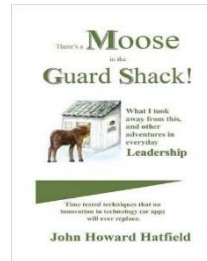
Title: There's a Moose in the Guard Shack!

Genre: Business & Economics / Leadership

ISBN: 978-14958-082-5-8

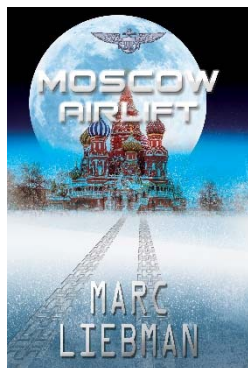
Publisher: Infinity Publishing

[Link: Infinity - Moose in the Guard Shack](#)



A management-leadership book like no other you have ever read. Hatfield shares his insights of leadership from military assignments in the great frozen great northwest of Alaska!

MARK LIEBMAN



Title: Moscow Airlift

ISBN: 978-1-946409-44-7

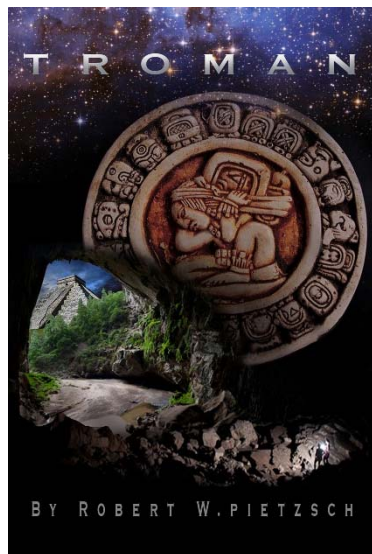
Available: Amazon, and

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.

ROBERT W. PIETZSCH



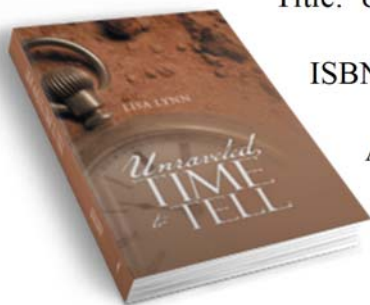
Title: TROMAN

ISBN: 978-1517177485

Available on Amazon,
and Goodreads.

Troman is a novel that tells the story about Troman and his quest for freedom for him and his people, the Tromanoids. An evolved Troodon dinosaur whose species survived the great dinosaur extinction 65 million years ago, Troman has features of a humanoid/reptilian being. Teens discover Troman hidden in a Yucatan jungle cave and set out on adventures to help him on his quest. They didn't realize that they would become involved confronting mythological creatures and battling the evil Watchers of the cosmos.

CAROLE GILBERT



Title: Unraveled, Time to Tell

ISBN: 978-1-5127-1394-7

Available:

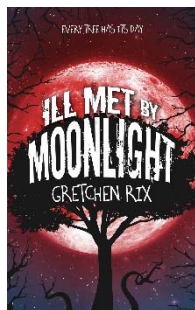
Unraveled, Time to Tell is about a life of secrets turned into heart-opening revelations from God and how a questionable death can change life and leave a young girl vulnerable and unwanted. This change leads to many consequences and puts in front of her choices she was unaware of and ashamed of. This girl lived her married life concealing these secrets, even from her own children. This memoir tells how her life of unhappy, undesired, and unexpected actions after a death could be replaced with joy, peace, and contentment from God through His Word and His revelations.

Amazon. <https://www.westbowpress.com/bookstore/bookdetail.aspx?bookid=SKU-001028832>

<https://www.amazon.com/Unraveled-Time-Tell-Lisa-Lynn/dp/1512713945>

My website is carolelgilbert.com or unraveledtimetotell.com

GRETCHEN RIX



Title: Ill Met by Moonlight

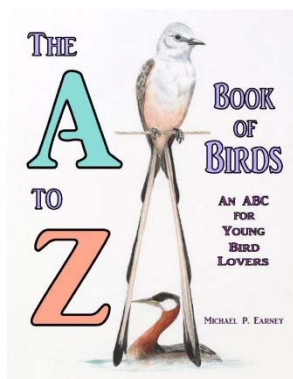
ISBN: 978-15403791-2-2

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.

MICHAEL EARNIE



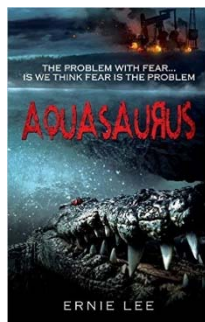
The A to Z Book of Birds

Michael Earnie

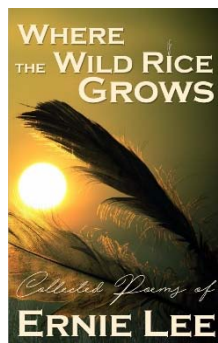
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ERNIE LEE



Title: **Aquasaurus**
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Title: **Where the Wild Rice Grows**
Collected Poems of Ernie Lee
ISBN: 978-09971284-3-7
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Title: Him

Suspense, thriller, historic fiction

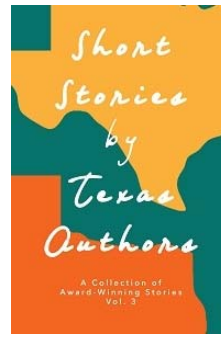
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Short Stories by Texas Authors

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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.

JUNE	5 th	Canyon Lake Writers Group	Canyon Lake, Texas
	9 th	Wimberley Book Fest	Wimberley, Texas
	11 th	Brazos Center tour	Bryan, Texas
	19 th	El Progreso Memorial Library	Uvalde, Texas
	21 st	Doc Moore Storytelling Group	Bulverde, Texas
	23 rd	Corpus Christi Comic Con	Corpus Christi, Texas
	26 th	New Braunfels Creative Writers	New Braunfels, Texas
JULY	7 th	Wimberley Trade Days w/Tim Tingle	Wimberley, Texas
	12-14 th	Poetry Society of Texas conf	Waco, Texas
	17 th	New Braunfels Creative Writers	New Braunfels, Texas
AUGUST	19 th	Doc Moore Storytelling Group	Bulverde, Texas
	16 th	Doc Moore Storytelling Group	Bulverde, Texas
SEPTEMBER	13-15 th	Giddings Word Wranglers	Giddings, Texas
	15 th	Floresville Public Library	Floresville, Texas
	20 th	Doc Moore Storytelling Group	Bulverde, Texas
	28 th	Bison Roundup	Custer State Park, S.D.

BONUS FEATURE:

By: John Howard Hatfield

Let me tell ya 'bout "Roomin' with Dutch"

(My summers on a Drilling Rig)

Just part of the crew. That's all I wanted to be; just part of the crew. That and the \$1.50 an hour I would be making for doing what I usually spent most Saturdays doing anyway. That's exactly a dollar and fifty cents more than I was used to getting on those Saturdays.

The True-badour

Routinely, those Saturdays started somethin' like this:

“Wake up Howard! Dutch wants you to help him overhaul the mud-pump.”

My mother was always very specific. She never woke me up with my given name unless I was in trouble or Dutch wanted me for something. She always used my nick-name — but we won't go into that here. I always knew where I stood right away—it all depended on the tone and properness of my name. But nevertheless, I always had to hurry and get a move on—somebody was always waiting.

Most of my Saturday mornings from the time I was around ten or so started off something like the proceeding.

Or maybe: “Wake up Howard! Dutch wants you to run down to the bottom with him to pull an irrigation pump on the Longmire place.” That meant that we would be there most of the day—you never pulled a pump without overhauling it also.

While that was a typical awakening, there were always others that were just as non-typical and didn't involve a drilling rig, core drilling, or anything associated with the geology below ground.

Sometimes the morning call would take a turn toward: going to Snook for a load of hay from the Vajdak place, heading out to the auction barn to purchase calves for Momma Cow, or just to help plowing the garden.

Boy! Did I hate to hear that a garden was involved? It came around every spring and meant that I would be dragging the plow to the end of the row and working it back while Dutch sat in the water truck or drilling rig working the gearshift and clutch while he engaged the wench — exercising just his foot — not a lot of effort required on his part, but he was real good at working that clutch and dragging me along behind that plow.

Somebody was always in a hurry and it always appeared, at least to me that is, I was the one holding them back from getting where they needed to be. Dutch could always find *something* he needed me to help him do. I don't know why they never woke up my brother. I would tell Dutch:

“You know he coulda helped? Well maybe he coulda?”

I always got the same look back. The opportunities and occasions for me to help Dutch do somethin' or 'nother never looked as if they would ever run their course.

Then again, it wasn't always Dutch that wanted my help. I remember one steamy summer morning when I was around ten years-old running water for Dutch who was drilling test holes for an irrigation well needed to save some farmer's Brazos River bottom cotton crop. He traded off my afternoon at lunch time in exchange for a cotton picker who took my place working the water for him—yah that was my job but it didn't matter much that day.

I pulled that pic-sack, stooped, sweated, pulled that pic-sack more and picked cotton for an entire afternoon—row after row, bloom after bloom. Boring, monotonous, sweaty, prickly and tough duty, but at the end of that day I was able to check off another occupation I never intended to move into. I think it tickled Dutch that I didn't enjoy a single part of that afternoon's cotton pickin' process. A dollar a day for picking cotton wasn't my idea of fun.

Then there was that chicken shit occasion. Actually, it really does involve chicken shit — yah, chicken crap, that's right. I spent four *non-paid* days during spring break from college my sophomore year pumping and shoveling chicken shit from out of the aisles and under the laying cages on one of Dutch's friend's egg farm. The excrement in three of this guy's barns was running over into the aisles inhibiting the electric collection carts from getting up and down the aisles. With the overflow threatening your aisles there is hardly anything better than a drilling rig mud pump for moving thick gooey chicken shit from one point to another. We pumped that liquid and highly ammonia scented content feces out of the aisles and catch troughs onto the egg man's pastures for three days and when we ran out of the liquid stuff and couldn't the pump to move it any more, we shoveled it.

Back breaking shoveling! Yah, we shoveled that shit onto the flatbed of the water truck chassis and hauled it back to Dutch's front pasture where we shoveled it again. As good as a free drilling rig's mud pump operation is for moving chicken shit, you can damn sure bet that there's not much better fertilizer than free chicken shit for a costal Bermuda pasture.

Every evening of that week, my mother barred us from the house until I had stripped down in the back yard and was hosed off—whe-e-e-w-w, did we stink at the end of the day? Everything considered though, that was a cool end to a hot day. My mom also burned each set of clothes we wore that week with the rest of the house trash in the burn pit out behind the back yard fence and just inside the south pasture.

No pay that week but Dutch got plenty of free fertilizer. I will say at this point that my brother was called into action the last two days of this exercise—he received the same numeration as I.

So, who was this man that had such a hold on my life and time? Mr. Dutch, as most everybody called him, was born on the 2nd of January in 1911 in the small community of Holdenville in Hughes County, Oklahoma. Having previously been the Indian Territory, Oklahoma had only been a state for two years at the time and Holdenville was a thriving metropolis of just 1868 residents (1753 white, 80 black and 35 Indian and only 19,945 in all of Hughes County).

As a young man Dutch had worked an assortment of jobs making money wherever he could—the depression not offering but few opportunities. One of his early jobs was cooking at a *pig-stand BBQ joint* in Wetumka Oklahoma. Later, he had driven a horse-drawn milk delivery route for Tennessee Dairies on the east side of Dallas. I remember listening to stories of those times over and over by the time I was fourteen—so many times that I could probably tell them myself. But that was then, and now is now.

Just before the end of my junior year in high school, I had started seriously thinking about giving up my summer baseball gig and asking Dutch if I could spend that summer as a full time hand working on the rig. This was a big decision at the time for a guy who was not completely sure what was best and had no real idea of what the future held. The previous summer had been my last season in Babe Ruth League ball and now I had to decide whether to continue on to Pony League, and then possibly high school ball, or look for a way to pay for my college education—still not knowing if that was the direction I would choose. Of course, there was always that field problem that Uncle Sam was conducting over in Southeast Asia at the time. That was a possibility also.

Taking a job and forsaking baseball would mean there would be no more lazy mornings and afternoons laying around and doing absolutely nothing; except for a trip to the pool every now and then. Time with my friends would go from enjoyment to next to nothing. Working on the rig would most likely find me somewhere else most of the summer. Oh, maybe I would see my friends on a weekend every now and then but probably not many times. Who knows where the job would take me? But you can bet it would mean somewhere other than Bryan, Texas—and come to find out, it did.

Because Dutch worked out of town for the most part from the time I was twelve until I graduated from college, he was only around on the few weekends that they found themselves between jobs or quick trips home for clean clothes. Consequently, I was free to peruse interests that tickled my fancy without much male supervision or interaction. This didn't bother me as I was always able to find some way to earn what little cash I needed to accomplish my running around.

There was the weekly lawn mowing duties—Man! How I hated to mow lawns. I felt like an indentured servant, a lackey, or a prison inmate; also indentured to the next-door neighbor for their yard and the man who owned the apartment complex behind our home on Cavitt Avenue — all arranged by you-know-who. Although it didn't take me but several hours each week, it always seemed to be mowing day.

Contemplating that job on the rig drove every waking moment when I was not in school and engaged in other mind consuming duties of the teenaged mind.

I knew every job that existed on a drilling rig, probably better than most. I'd spent far too many unpaid Saturdays working them—under the direction of you-know-who.

My main trouble was that at sixteen, I might find it a little hard to fit in. Most of the rig hands were in their thirties and even forties—not many young people in the mid '60s were looking for work as a roughneck. I figured I'd turn out to be the loner, the outcast, the new guy that didn't fit in. This worried me some, but I thought what I already knew and my previous (un-paid) experience would make me a worthwhile asset to the crew. Besides that, most those guys knew me already. I was always hanging around — free help, you know.

The Saturday of the very last weekend before my Junior year ran out, I finally worked up the courage and asked Dutch for the job. Boy, was I relieved when he said he would take me on for the summer at full time. I was sky-high! You couldn't have touched me with that ten foot pole everybody references. Better than that, I was gonna start at full pay; the same as any other new guy hiring on to the Dutch's new crew he was starting for the summer. Big money! Well as big as \$1.50/hour can be. But this was the mid-60s and that was big money. Working out of town most of the summer meant the chance of plenty of overtime—things just kept getting better.

For those associated with the roughneck lot, you will recognize my fellow workers right off the bat. If not, you will need to use your imagination to conjure up the type of guys that flock to the roughneck career path. Well, they don't exactly flock!

There's the: Buddy, Roscoe, Shorty, Chuck, Cat, Cathead, Reuben, Slouch, Rooster, Sport, Preacher, Adolph, Grady, Ike, Jett, Doc, Arch, Tex, Texas, Texas Red, Jakie, Sugar, Stogie, Gotch-eye, Stinky, Arkansas, Arkansas Red, Crockett, just plain Red and probably a hundred more in that vein. I'd known them all and each had worked with and for Dutch from time to time. There was even a Dutch or two mixed in over the years.

I learned to drive a car, a pickup, a water truck, a drilling rig, a small caterpillar/ (dozer or crawler) and other such vehicles along with how to operate some strange apparatuses from Dutch and some of those guys above; but mostly Dutch. Each one of them played his role in the crew. My biggest hope at that time was to be as good as they were but primarily just to fit in.

My particular advantage over the *new hires* was that I knew the equipment. There wasn't much that I hadn't helped do or fix by the time I was twelve—you'd have to really go far out of your way to stump me around a drilling rig. I had watched and helped around the yard in my younger days and had experienced it all—those younger days you realize was back when I was nine, ten and eleven. Every time the rig needed working on while it was in the yard, I was called on to help out in some manner or another.

You need a mud pump torn apart, I could do it. You need help on the step, I could do it. You need someone to shinny up the mast to untangle the cables, I could do that also. That last "shinny up skill" has since departed both my body and soul. I no longer shinny up anything higher than my back deck or my truck step. But you just name it; in those days my hands and feet had been on it if it can be found in, on or around a drilling rig.

To Dutch's way of thinking I was always cheap and readily available help. By the time I was sixteen, I had spent many days in the field receiving *training* from him. Over the years I had also received training from a couple of uncles, both Eddie and Red; my Grandfather Grover and at other times from the assorted and *de-sorted* helpers and ne'er-do-wells like those we mentioned earlier.

As I had previously guessed, during those summers I spent with Dutch, my friends were elsewhere; hanging out and having a big ole time. A few of them worked around Bryan, but me, I was off to the four winds. Every September, I would turn up again and discover what had changed (or not) around the hometown. Hardly ever were there any big surprises; after all it was small town Texas in the mid '60s. There was excitement out there somewhere, but it wasn't in Bryan, Texas. My friends would catch me up in no time and before you can say get up and lets go, we were be back in school.

Some days were long and especially boring; day after day on the rig doing roughneck work and only roughneck work. After having spent many hours over my younger years running for this, carrying this somewhere and that somewhere else, helping tear down another one of those gizmos and assorted days pulling water well pumps and casing for work-over; the events I'm about to relate were to be completely different from my past experiences — really different. Come to find out, I didn't know as much as I thought I did.

Let me tell you about those two summers and some of my remembrances along the way. What follows are just the facts, I swear, just the facts. I hope to sufficiently detail the time I spent working with Dutch, both full time and free time.

As I think back to the times and the events that took place during those two summers, my sixteenth and seventeenth, I am convinced that I remember them best because I was Roomin' with Dutch.

From the upcoming book: Roomin' With Dutch, by John Howard Hatfield.