



The Newsletter Of The San Fernando Valley Branch

# The Valley Scribe

Vol. 2

November 2009

No. 3

## Next Meeting: November 21<sup>st</sup>!

### November Featured Speaker:

STATHIS ORPHANOS

— Photographer and Publisher



Stathis Orphanos has photographed many of today's top cultural and entertainment figures, including over one hundred authors such as Erskine Caldwell, John Cheever, Graham Greene, John Irving, Norman Mailer, Sir Stephen Spender, William Styron, John Updike, Gore Vidal, and Nobel laureates Odysseus Elytis of Greece and Haguib Mahfouz of Egypt.

Orphanos was born in North Carolina of Greek parents and currently resides in Los Angeles, San Marcos, and at his home on the Greek island of Samos. His portraits have been seen on many book jackets, including the poet James Dickey's ambitious second novel *Alnilam*, Will Styron's *Darkness Visible*, and Gore Vidal's *Point to Point Navigation*, as well as illustrating *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar*, and *Lear's* magazine features. There are so many more photography credits that are not mentioned because they would take up this entire newsletter.

As to his publications, he and partner Ralph Sylvester, have published twenty-five limited-signed edition books of authors such as Paul Bowles, John Cheever, Graham Greene, Joyce Carol Oates, Philip Roth, John Updike, and Tennessee Williams, to name a few.

Of Stathis Orphanos' photographs, novelist Reynolds Price has written that his portraits of authors are "far and away the best being taken by anyone." John Updike has written that he felt Orphanos was "giving [him] the definitive personality [he] always lacked." The poet James Dickey declared Orphanos to be "as good as you say you are, and perhaps even a bit better," and author Donald Barthelme has stated that "it's hard to say which among your several talents is the most impressive but photography is clearly a front-runner."

We all know that when photographs are sent along with written works, the article/essay/manuscript has a definite edge to be sold quicker and to earn more money. ([www.orphanos.com](http://www.orphanos.com))

**Come, listen, and learn from a Master!!**

### In this Issue

We are delighted to report that our call for excerpts from major works brought out a slew of great talent.

Be sure to check them out in the "Major Works" supplement.

#### Feature

#### Page

November Featured Speaker.

Jack London Award Honorees.

Louise Cabral

(Click on title to jump to story)

### OPEN MIKE RETURNS

NOVEMBER 21<sup>st</sup> — 12:30

The first 6 members to sign up will be given 5 minutes of FAME.

If you read at the September meeting, you cannot read in November — unless there is available time and space.

Bring 2 copies of your material so the hearing-challenged may also enjoy your reading.



## Musings from the President

**Ethel Ann Pemberton**

(Photos by Malus)

The SFV Branch celebrated 100 years of the California Writers Club in October with a delicious celebratory cake, various fruits and soft drinks. It was a heart-warming experience to see many of our old friends from the West Valley Branch come to celebrate with us. I hope we can have joint get-togethers from time to time to network and to share our experiences as writers.



At the ceremony, past Jack London Award Honorees were recognized and presented with a rose for their unselfish endeavors of service to the club. It should be pointed out that this award is a service award, and not a writing award. Many of the honorees have held several offices with their branch, sometimes unrecognized behind the scenes, to make the club successful and enduring. Those honored were: Cara Alson, Yolanda Fintor, Kathy Highcove, Ethel Ann Pemberton, Judy Presnall, Dave Wetterberg, Ken Wilkins, and Carol Wood. Absent from the group was Lenora Smalley who had intended to come but took ill that morning.

Things didn't go without a hitch, however. I got a call at 10 A.M. that our speaker, Burt Prelutsky, ended up in an emergency room the night before and therefore had to cancel his engagement. While grinding my teeth, I thought about a previous speaker who lived in Agoura Hills and phoned her. Although I'm old, I work fast. She was free that day and filled in with a most interesting talk on life-writing which you can read about in October-in-Review.

To start off our meeting, Yolanda Fintor, the Membership Showcase presenter, spoke about the expanded edition of her Hungarian Cookbook recently published. She read a draft query letter she sent to publishers, and then she read the query letter that she'd modified to attract Hippocrene Books, Inc. to publish her cookbook. In the latter she used all the senses which caused my palate to want to read, and eat, more. She also related her unrelenting pursuit to get her book in print. I left with a stick-with-it attitude. I hope you did, as well. □



Fintor "soups things up."

## Jack London Award



Recipients (l. to r.): Cara Alson, Dave Wetterberg (WV), Ken Wilkins(WV), Kathy Highcove(WV), Judy Presnall, Ethel Ann Pemberton, Carol Wood, and Yolanda Fintor. (WV - West Valley Branch) (Missing is Lenora Smalley.)



## The Wright Word — by Ray

### “Them’s The Rules!”

Editors and writers constantly get into disagreements. In groups like ours, there’s a high level of skill on both sides, so the differences are usually over nuances — small details that “polish” a piece.

As a writer, I’m loath to say that editors usually know more. As an editor, I’m reluctant to admit that the “vision” belongs exclusively to the writer. But both are true. Disagreements based solely on personal taste are futile “religious wars,” and the writer is always right. But it is a foolish writer who won’t take the time to say, “Show me why.” And it is an arrogant editor who won’t respond.

It’s a matter of “authority.”

Now, the astute writers in the audience have no doubt noticed that “AUTHORity” and “AUTHOR” are related. Case closed! Decision: writer!

Not so fast!

Suppose, as a writer, I wake up one morning, thoroughly disgusted with the way the English language handles quotation marks. I mean: Single quote? Double quote? Nested quotes? What the hell!

So I decide to adopt a new, very sensible, strategy: “A quotation is always opened by a double quote and always closed by a single quote.”

Make sense? Sure. Great rule. Simple. Consistent. And you can nest quotes as deeply as you like. Here! Look:

I told Tom, “Paul said, “Mary complained, “Sally called me a “shrew”, but I’m not!.” but think she is, too.” Mary’s crazy.”, and Tom laughed.”

Well! That’s a doozy!

If you’re still with me, it’s solely out of curiosity. You certainly aren’t here because you enjoyed that paragraph. Yet, I followed the rule. It even seemed natural to me.

(Yeah! You have no idea how long it took to construct that sentence!)

The problem is, I’M the only one following that rule. YOU have to stop to puzzle it all out — and that’ll certainly dampen the experience of a warm brandy, a cozy fire and a good book. Most editors would take exception to that sentence. But it’s just a difference of opinion, isn’t it?

Well, no.

This is where authority comes into play.

Most “authorities” are not the people who own or originated an idea. Instead, they are people who have taken the time to find out what will be acceptable to the greatest number of people. To the extent that they are correct, they retain their “authority.” (For example, if you find yourself hating movies that a certain reviewer recommends, you stop reading his reviews.) Well, the authorities agree: That Tom-Paul-Mary sentence is gobbledygook.

With regards to the “quote from hell,” maybe it’s my intent to make the reader believe he’s had a cerebral aneurism pop on him. If so, I’ve probably been exquisitely successful. But my editor will probably want to verify this.

When a good editor suggests changes, s/he’s usually saying one of two things: “I have no idea what this means, and neither will my readers,” or “This really disrupted the flow of what I was reading, and made it unpleasant.”

I believe the writer is perfectly within his rights in responding, “Yeah. Ain’t that GREAT?!” In which case, the editor has to decide whether the potential audience wants to be perplexed or disturbed. (Sometimes, they do.)

Just like a writer, an editor’s reputation rests on pleasing (a specific segment) of the public. In the commercial world, if s/he decides the piece — as it stands — will not do this, it must get rejected. (Fortunately for me, there’s far more latitude for experimentation in this newsletter.)

These “informed decisions” are arbitrated by “authorities.” It’s not really a matter of “right” or “wrong” (although these terms are used); it’s more a matter of what will have the desired result.

Creative artists make progress by “breaking rules.” They also often die in obscurity and poverty by the same method.

You are the writer. It’s your voice. Just be aware that, if you’re the only one who understands it, you may be the only one who listens. —

### The Beaded Purse Poetry Contest

(Poetry only!)

Theme: “Catching Dreams Bare-Handed”

Each winner wins a lovely beaded purse

Plus 1st place: \$25, 2nd place \$15, 3rd place \$10

The judges may award Honorable Mentions.

Rules (Deviation will disqualify entry)

- Deadline: November 1st, 2009.
- Up to three (3) submissions per person. No Fee.
- Original, unpublished work.
- Must fit theme.
- No hate language, racial slurs or inappropriate slang.
- Submissions must be no longer than 60 single-spaced lines.
- For mail in entries: DO NOT put any writer information, just the title and the poem. Include address and phone, or email address, on SEPARATE sheet of paper.

Enter at [www.LenoraSmalley.com](http://www.LenoraSmalley.com) OR email to [beadedpurse@hazelst.com](mailto:beadedpurse@hazelst.com) (doc or txt attachment.)

• Or mail in your entry to:

Hazel Street Productions (Beaded Purse),  
PO Box 5936, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413

• We need TWO means of contact with your entry.

Criteria for judging

• Fits the theme? Well written? Moving?

Winners will be published at [www.LenoraSmalley.com](http://www.LenoraSmalley.com).

**Spread the word!!**

## Fundamentals of Writing

Ethel Ann Pemberton.

Following is a refresher course I've devised. I hope it's helpful.

- Amuse me or lose me. If you don't grab my attention in the first paragraph, I'll stop reading.
- Write as though talking to a friend; use a conversational tone; do not preach or ramble.
- Be concise and make every word count. Never use two words when one will do.
- Make your writings interesting by interjecting humor and variety. Don't be afraid to experiment with alliteration, irony, satire, or whatever it takes.
- Use good grammar and punctuation. Check the dictionary or computer spell-check. If these basics are ignored, your writing will be ignored.
- Eliminate clutter. Words such as "you know," "as a matter of fact," "just," "already," "etc." are excessive baggage.
- Always use the right word.

*The difference between the almost right word and the right word is really a large matter— 'tis the difference between the lightning-bug and the lightning.* — MARK TWAIN

- Vary sentence structure and length. This will create a natural flow of ideas. No one thinks in staccato or monologue.
- Change paragraph beginnings. Starting paragraphs with the same word, I promise, I waited, intrude upon one's senses.
- Write with conviction, which means doing research before putting pen to paper.
- Use contractions occasionally so you don't sound like a stuffed shirt.
- Don't use the same word in close proximity because that will distract a reader.
- Choose specific and concrete words rather than general and abstract ones:

Bad children: rowdy, rude, ungrateful.

Bad meat: tough, overcooked, contaminated.

- Avoid the overuse of "ly" words that multiply like rabbits. This is guaranteed to annoy your reader.
- Utilize active verbs whenever possible to create excitement: Mary slapped Jennifer. (Jennifer was slapped by Mary.)
- Don't promise something you can't deliver. Misrepresenting facts or misleading a reader is a big turn-off.

- Do use sensory organs. Sight, smell, touch, hearing, and taste can capture the imagination and turn a mediocre piece into a masterpiece.
- Have respect for the written word.
- Stay focused and always write with three key elements uppermost in your mind: goal, motivation, and conflict. □

## October-in-Review:

Louise Cabral — Writing Life.

by Darina Watts



Louise speaks...

"Passionate!"

"Exuberant!"

"Exciting!"

No, I am not describing Gustavo Dudamel. I am talking about our October guest speaker, Louise Cabral — who was gracious enough to step in at the last minute when our scheduled speaker took ill.

Louise is an author, a teacher and a speaker, who is in the business of changing lives. She has been achieving this goal — by presenting workshops, teaching classes and writing books on "Life Writing" — for over twenty years. Louise led us on a journey of "taking journeys."

One very productive and life influencing way is "Journal writing." It is relevant for old, young and in-between.

All experiences, including disappointments and negative outcomes, have a bearing on who we are. She brought up the example of the classic play *Our Town*, by Thornton Wilder. By re-living times of our lives, we are able to get insights into our past, appreciate it, learn from it, and use it in planning our future. We don't need to wait until we are dead, as "Emily" did.

How did the interactions with our parents influence us? Did we try to satisfy them too much — to the point of forgetting about ourselves?

We may need to modify our goals: "So, I may not become a world famous best-selling author?" The goal is to continue writing!

I loved one of Louise's favorite quotes: "The best things in life are not things." She encouraged us to share our Journals with other people, thus getting closer to them. We also had a chance to purchase her book: *ISLANDS OF RECALL — Write your own story*. Her words left me very hopeful and ready to embark on my own adventures into the past. ([www.louisecabral.com](http://www.louisecabral.com))

□



... and everyone listens.

## TO MARKET, TO MARKET

by Ken Watts

(As always, please check the websites for more information before submissions. When you see "ms" or "mss" this means manuscript and manuscripts respectively. Best wishes and good luck to all!)

**Bust Magazine** covers pop culture for young women. Needs writing relating to women. Nonfiction: book excerpts, expose, general interest, historical, how-to, humor, personal experience, travel, photo feature, new product, interview. Buys 60+ mss/yr, 350-3,000 words. Pays 0-\$250 max for assigned and unsolicited articles. Sometimes pays expenses of writers on assignment. Fiction: erotica, 1,000-1,500 words. Buys 6 mss/yr. Pays 0-\$100. They only publish erotic fiction. Query with published clips. Address: 78th 5th Avenue, 5th Floor, New York, NY 10011 Web site: [www.bust.com](http://www.bust.com) E-mail: [submissions@bust.com](mailto:submissions@bust.com)

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**Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine** is looking for submissions from both new and established writers. They publish every kind of mystery short story. Looking for strong writing, original and exciting plot, and professional craftsmanship. Read an issue of EQMM before making submissions. Pays on acceptance. Publishes ms an average of 6-12 months after acceptance. Buys first North American serial rights. Accepts simultaneous submissions. Responds 3 months after acceptance. Sample copy for \$5.50. Guidelines for SASE or online. Need detective stories and mystery. Buys up to 120 mss/yr. Send complete ms, 2,500-8,000 words. Pays 5-8 cents/word; occasionally higher for established authors. Need poetry: Short mystery verses, limericks. Length: 1 page, double spaced max. They have a "Department of First Stories" to encourage writers whose fiction has never been in print. They publish an average of 10 first stories/yr. Mark mss Attn: Dept. of First Stories. Address: Dell Magazine Fiction Group, 475 Park Avenue South, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10016 Phone: (212)686-7188 Fax: (212)686-7414 Web site: [www.themysteryplace.com/eqmm](http://www.themysteryplace.com/eqmm) E-mail: [elleryqueenmm@dellmagazines.com](mailto:elleryqueenmm@dellmagazines.com)

**The Old Farmer's Almanac** covers weather, gardening, history, oddities and lore. They need nonfiction general interest, historical, how-to, garden, cook, save money, humor, weather, natural remedies, obscure facts, historical, popular culture. No personal recollections/accounts, personal/family histories. Query with published clips. Length: 800-2,500 words. Pays 65 cents/word. Fillers: Need anecdotes, short humor, 100-200 words in length. Pays \$25.

Address: Yankee Publishing, Inc., PO Box 520, Dublin, NH 03444 Web site: [www.Almanac.com](http://www.Almanac.com) Phone: (603)563-8111 Read writer's guidelines online. Read a copy. Think differently. □

Something to Ponder: "Thoughts have power; thoughts are energy. You can make your world or break it by your thinking" - Susan Taylor

... AND THE WINNER IS.....

**Rita Wohl**

was the winner of the *Murder She Wrote* script.

(The script was signed by the writer,  
Thomas B. Wolfe.)

Congrats, Rita!!

### KUDOS COLUMN

by Erica Stux

(If any member has good news to share, such as getting an agent, selling a book, script, essay, or even getting a personalized rejection letter, contact me at:

[ericastux@aol.com](mailto:ericastux@aol.com). We are interested in everyone's successes.)

Carol Wood reports that *Joyful Volunteering* — which was edited by her and fellow member, Judy Presnall, and is published by Wood's firm, Hazel Street Publications — is getting excellent reviews. The book, written by Gail Small and Ninon de Vere De Rosa, will be released, in an expanded second printing, only two months after its initial release. (ISBN: 978-0-9786988-8-1)

And another Kudo for Judy Presnall. On Saturday, October 24, at the Ventura/Santa Barbara SCBWI Writers Day Conference, Judy was awarded a "Special Mention" on her ms. *IS A DOG A REPTILE?* The prize is one-half off next year's conference fee.



## It Could Be Verse

### *Would you believe:*

I badgered, but wouldn't ya know it.  
This empty space clearly will show it:  
I emailed the tribe  
For poems for The Scribe,  
But couldn't find nary one Poet! :-p

## Jest Desserts

**These are quotes submitted by readers of Dilbert's Newsletter (April 2007).  
They are purportedly actual things that people have said or written.**

"At no time do I ever condone you making changes to improve things in the office."

"Snakes on a Plane - what's that about?"

"Go jump off a lake."

"He's not the sharpest canister in the ocean."

"Keep a stiff upper chin."

"The squeaky wheel gets the spoke."

"I can lead you to horsewater, but I can't make you drink."

"He'd give you the arm off his back."

Announcement in store: "We have a customer by the balls in toys needing assistance."  
(It repeats.)

"You play ball with me, and I'll scratch yours."

"It's half of one, six dozen of another..."

"We do not have a smoking cow at this point."

"Is there 264 days in the year? Or is it 265?"

"My daughter is as smart as a tack."

"I've got a higher IQ than your little pinky finger."

"If Dad were here right now, he'd be rolling over in his grave."

"Well, it may be the wrong tool for the job, but it is the right tool for the business."

"It's our golden goose. We better figure out how to make her purr."

and finally

"Do you think I've been sitting here twiddling my arse?"

**"Man is the only animal that laughs and weeps; for he is the only animal that is struck with the difference  
between what things are, and what they ought to be."**

**- William Hazlitt**

## IN OUR NEXT ISSUE: **HOLIDAY!!**

**As Winter approaches in Southern California, the temperature plunges into the frigid fifties, and expectations soar. Gifts are bought, cookies are baked, belts are loosened, and credit cards are maxed — all in expectation of the Holidays. But there were simpler times.**

We'd like to know about them.

Now, this is a dangerous theme. Everybody celebrates Holidays. The challenge is to make it interesting. (C'mon! We're WRITERS!)

Poems, anecdotes, fiction, non-fiction — all are fair game, as long as they expand our experience.

Maudlin, Preachy, Boring — are out! Celebration is in! Originality is a must! (Anyone submitting any parody of "Twas The Night Before ...", or "Twelve Days Of..." will be publicly flogged.)

Size: Poetry — 40 lines. Prose — 800 words. Please submit by December 1.

-rm-



## GOOD NEWS / BAD NEWS

### FOR MEMBERS

#### MEMBERS MAY DISPLAY:

- 1) Flyers regarding their own writing endeavors and/or writer-related activities;
- 2) newly-published books;
- 3) business cards, and
- 4) postcards.

Members displaying such items will be required to remove their material after the meeting or they will be discarded.

### FOR NON-MEMBERS NOW RECEIVING THE VALLEY SCRIBE

If this is your third complimentary issue of *The Valley Scribe*, it is the final one you will receive. To access future issues, go to <http://www.cwc-sfv.org>.

This is just another reason to join the San Fernando Valley Branch of the California Writers Club.

In addition, non-members will no longer receive special notices about meetings, and they will be missing out on speakers of note who provide writing techniques, how to get published, marketing material, and tips to effectively network.

**WHY MISS OUT – JOIN TODAY.**  
(See application at [www.cwc-sfv.org](http://www.cwc-sfv.org))

### MEMBERSHIP STATUS

CWC-SFV is a professional organization operating under the auspices of the Central Board of the California Writers Club. As such, we must adhere to the policies and procedures it has adopted regarding Active and Associate Memberships. In case your membership status hasn't been confirmed as yet, please see Lenora Smalley, Membership Chair and Chair of the Accreditation Committee, and she'll let you know what you have to do to become qualified as an Active or Associate Member. Being an Associate or Active Member with the California Writers Club is a prestigious honor indeed. If you become an Associate Member and your qualifications change to advance you to the Active Category, the Accreditation Committee will be happy to review your material and make the change.

## FREE BEER!!

Setting up for meetings is a large task. If you can help, Please come at 11:30.

You'll get to hob-nob with friends, help the Club and, earn our eternal gratitude.

(OK. We lied about the beer.)

Special Thanks  
to Gil Roscoe  
for helping with set-up in October.



# The Bulletin Board

**MEETINGS ...  
ARE HELD AT 12:30 P.M.  
ON THE 3<sup>RD</sup> SATURDAY OF EVERY MONTH  
AT ST. MARTIN-IN-THE FIELDS EPISCOPAL CHURCH**  
7136 Winnetka Avenue, Winnetka – South of Sherman Way  
(Directions & Map on last page)

**UPCOMING MEETINGS**  
November 21, 2009 – Stathis Orphanos  
– Publishing and Photography –  
December 19, 2009 – Party and Socializing  
– Members who have published books will display and sell them –  
**EVEN MORE EXCITING SPEAKERS IN 2010!**

**UPCOMING MEMBER SHOWCASES**  
December 19, 2009 – Judy Presnall  
February 20, 2010 – Tom Barnes

**NEWSLETTER MAILINGS:**  
**NEWSLETTERS ARE EMAILED TO MEMBERS.**  
Members not having email will receive B&W copies  
by USPS.  
Cara Alson (818) 765-0807 is the contact for sending  
USPS copies.  
Courtesy copies will be mailed for three months to  
nonmembers and/or guests who request same.  
Copies can be downloaded from the Website:  
<http://www.cwc-sfv.org>

**SUBMISSIONS**  
Members are encouraged to submit writing contributions  
to *The Valley Scribe*. This is your newsletter, and you  
should be part of it.  
Submit your prose and poetry to  
[humorist@verizon.net](mailto:humorist@verizon.net)  
It will then be proofed and sent to the Editor.  
Type "Submissions" in the subject line.  
If submitting a hard copy, please bring it to the meeting  
and hand it to the Editor, Ray Malus,  
or to the President.

Articles/Essays  
Short Stories  
Poetry

Submit your writings within ten days after the monthly  
Open Meetings.

The Editor (or President) has license to accept or reject any work  
submitted based on available space or editing problems.  
All submissions must include an email address or a phone number.  
Writings will not be returned and may be included in future issues.

**GUEST DONATIONS**  
Non-members attending  
meetings, are asked to pay a \$5  
(tax deductible) donation.  
New membership is immediate  
upon application is immediate.  
For more information,  
contact Lenora Smalley,  
Membership Chair, at the  
meeting entrance or email  
[membership@cwc-sfv.org](mailto:membership@cwc-sfv.org).



## The Fine Print

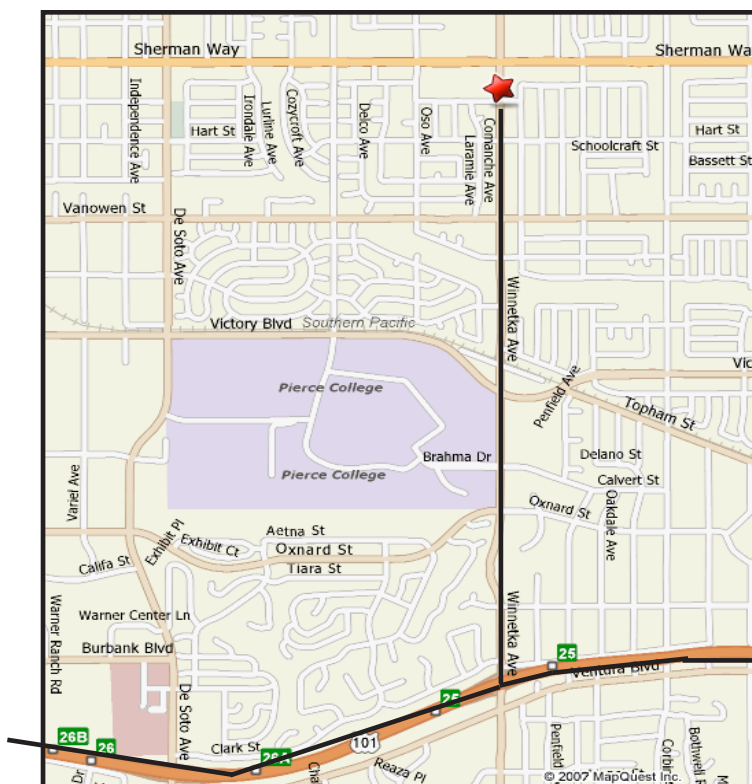
### **ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS** **7136 WINNETKA AVE** **CANOGA PARK, CA 91306**

From San Fernando Valley  
 Take 101 Fwy to Valley. Exit Winnetka. Go North (From Hollywood, turn Right. From Ventura, turn left) past Vanowen (almost to Sherman Way). Church is on East side (Right side) 1 Bl. before Sherman Way.

From Simi

Take 118 Fwy to Valley. Exit DeSoto. Go South to Sherman Way. Turn East to Winnetka. Turn South 1 block. Church is on East side (left side) 1 Bl. after Sherman Way.

Walk into the campus. Hannibal Hall is at North end.



## *The Valley Scribe*

the Newsletter of the  
 San Fernando Valley Branch  
 of  
 California Writers Club

is published monthly.

We solicit submissions from members.  
 (See Bulletin Board: SUBMISSIONS )

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[Ray Malus](#)

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### **California Writers Club** San Fernando Valley Branch

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 Website: [www.cw-csfy.org](http://www.cw-csfy.org)

## Excerpts From Major Works By Our Members

Last month, we asked those of our members who specialized in larger genres (novels, plays, non-fiction books, etc.) to share samples of their work.

The response was great, and the examples are extraordinary. We invite you enjoy to them. If you like a particular one, why not email the person (click on their name), and let them know. We proudly present excerpts from major works by:

### Don't Drop an Anvil!

by [Carol Wood](#)

(From Wood's book on editing entitled: “No Smoking Guns or How to Edit Your Own Damn Book!” — *in progress.*)

When you have to imbed information do not plop it down on the page like an anvil dropping out of the sky.

Example:

*“Jake, I'm so glad you got out of the Saint Steven's Asylum. I thought Doctor A. Nahl was going to keep you there for twenty-six years for murdering my twin sister, Gail, on our birthday. But, Hey, it's only twelve months later and here you are on my doorstep. Isn't the asylum just fourteen blocks from my apartment? And don't they release people only in the mornings?”*

Instead, feed it to your readers in small bites.

Example:

*It was the first birthday Gertie had faced without her sister. Everyone was sweet, dropping by with presents. It wasn't the same without Gail, of course. No day was the same without her twin. Sometimes she could feel the presence of the brick building holding the man that killed Gail. In the months following her sister's murder, Gertie had dreams of running in the night, scaling the Asylum wall and killing that bastard. He was lucky, she hadn't sentenced him. He wouldn't have gotten off with just twenty-six years in St. Steven's. But she was going to be there the morning he was released.*

*“Bonk, Bonk!” There was a knock at the door.*

The paragraph above does drop a lot of information, but it's a little easier to take than the previous example. Imbedding is like folding chocolate into egg whites. Do it carefully or the fluffy whites go flat.

If you want to impart something you have found of value, and you are writing a novel or fiction piece, it might be better to write a nonfiction article about your info rather than pour it into your character's dialogue or drop it on the page. But if it is essential to the plot, then it must be eluded to and perfumed about your characters. Spray it gently so that it doesn't overwhelm the reader.

**Don't Drop it like an Anvil! □**



## THE DAMNATION OF MERCY KILWICK

By [Duke Howard](#)

*(From Howard's Novella — published.)*

It was dusk when Posey, a cold, black, former slave approached No Man's Swamp. She could see the rain clouds forming on the horizon and hear the battle raging at Jessup's Corner. The cannon fire, flashes of light and a heavy smell of powder filled the winter sky. The Confederates and Union soldiers were locked in an embrace of death. The numbers of the dead were mounting and Posey was doing everything possible to avoid the conflict. She thought being away from it, she would finally be free, but her past memories still lingered: the fields where she picked cotton, now a resting place for dead soldiers; the Big House on the hill, her master's home now a pile of timbers. The Union soldiers had come in the night and what they couldn't take, they burned.

All had changed for Posey. Although she was free in spirit and movement, she was a prisoner of hunger and homelessness. One who was to wander, like so many others, aimlessly across a barren land that had been burned and pillaged. What was left was No Man's Swamp, three hundred square miles of well-known horror, for it was in there that many had entered, never to return. The sinkholes full of quicksand, poisonous snakes and pumas saw to that, but Posey was unfazed and determined.

Preacher Jobs, the old man of the No Man had taught her the ways of the swamp. Jobs, a self-taught preacher had incurred the wrath of Mercy Kilwick, the blind, bible-quoting hangman of Jessup's Corners for his rebelliousness and independent ways. It was said that this uppity black didn't know his place. Here in No Man's Swamp, the preacher had sought and found sanctuary and comfort from the white man's bigotry and hostility. In the hidden confines of the swamp, he could still minister to Posey and the rest of his small flock.

There was a flash of lightning followed by thunder. The storm was near now and it would soon be dark and cold. The cotton that Posey had stuffed into her large shoes was inadequate. The cold and dampness had settled in around the soles of her feet and were now working its way upward. Posey had

to hurry. The only shelter available was the train in No Man. There she was sure she could find an empty boxcar that would shield her from the coming night. Would it be enough? she wondered. If she could only find some kind of warm garment to wrap herself in. What she was wearing now was like a sieve allowing little comfort from the natural elements.

In her hurried movement across a barren field, Posey tripped and fell. She turned to look for the obstacle and found the grimacing face of death: a Confederate soldier with hanging cheeks of peeling flesh, eyeballs drooping and a crooked curl to his lips. He appeared to be smiling at her. Posey drew back, shivered as she gazed into the remains of a face misshapen by war, but quickly regained her composure when she noticed that his body was still intact within his uniform coat. It was faded, soiled and torn, but it would have to be one of the answers to her coldness. Posey approached the soldier, hesitated and looked about. She had to be careful. She could be hung for scavenging the dead, but there was no one near, just her and the forgotten dead as the battle had moved on.

Posey set about removing the coat. It was a bit small for her large body built from all those years of physical labor: her picking and lifting, but she was glad to have found the coat. If only now, his shoes would fit. Posey was a size thirteen. She looked down his torso for his feet; however, he had none — no feet and no shoes for Posey. All that was left there were two ugly bloody stumps. There was another flash of lightning followed by thunder. The storm was nearer now. She could see it off in the distance, but approaching fast. Having to forget the shoes, Posey quickly put the coat on and experienced its warmth, but there wasn't enough time to fully enjoy it. She had to reach the train before the storm. Posey took off on a quick walk across the field arousing and scattering a group of black vultures feeding on the dead. The winter wind was hurrying her along, gnawing at her warm jacket. It was going to be a cold night, but an empty boxcar offering protection from the wind and rain would be the answer to her discomfort.

Upon reaching the train, she discovered there were no empty boxcars in the train outside of No Man, so she had to follow the rest of the train into the swamp with the hope of finding an empty one. It was dark and silent in No Man which was odd. Normally, you would

## Eine Nacht auf dem Philosophenweg

by [Douglas William Douglas](#)

(From Douglas' novel *The Black Lake*.)

Albert Spiegel hid behind some shrubs, ready to jump out onto the hillside path and stop this crazy machismo confrontation should it go too far. Fortunately, Rainer Wasgen let his dueling dagger fall without a glance, the hilt burying itself in the snow.

"Friedrich," Rainer said, his voice so deep, so low and rumbling, it shook a dust of snow from nearby trees. It soothed, caressed, understood. Comforting warmth replaced the night's frigid vacuum. Friedrich Schober stood erect and lowered his dagger.

"We are not as different as you have been led to believe," Rainer continued. "We both stand on the edge of a knife, the mere puff of a breeze to determine the direction of our fall: for myself, a father's embrace or abandonment; for you, acceptance or rejection outside the walls of academia. Were you to strike, that fate would be irrevocably decided. I do not judge you. I pray you show me mercy and judge me not in return."

Friedrich bowed his head and relaxed. Rainer approached him, put his hand on Friedrich's shoulder for a moment, then walked past, soon disappearing around a curve.

A thousand thoughts raced through Friedrich's mind. What lay ahead for him? He had boasted to the others. With no scars on Rainer as promised, his false bravura would be exposed, reduced to humiliating excuses. How could he explain what just happened? Were he and Wasgen really kindred souls? And those walls of academia that soon would crumble, dissolving his tiny fiefdom like boiling water poured over a sugar cube -- then what? Groveling, emasculated before corporate wimps whose only desire was to use his skills to further their own ambitions, a mere cog in Deutschland's industrial juggernaut? Or more likely its most highly educated butcher. Would he overhear his own children boast, "Once my daddy went to University!"? Or his father, beside him in their Fleischerei complaining, "After all that money I wasted on you!"

He trudged back to the Philosopher's Walk overlook. The moon was concealed briefly behind a solitary lingering cloud. Nestled in the forest across the Neckar River, the floodlit castle seemed to float in the dark far away. This is good...so peaceful, so alone; no one to say if it was a mugging, a murder or by my own hand. Perhaps they'll suspect Rainer: on which side of the

knife's edge will this breeze push that wraith?

Albert watched Friedrich drop to his knees, the snow crunching beneath. As the cloud passed, moonlight revealed a dark substance covering the snow next to Friedrich. Albert now realized it was spurting out from somewhere near Friedrich's head. Then a sharp jerk, and Friedrich bent over, bracing himself with his arm extended into the snow in front of him. Albert felt his own heart stop.

"Boss, Boss! Stop! Boss!" Albert pushed off, slipped and sprawled onto the path, then scrambled to his feet, staggering to Friedrich's side. Albert fell to his knees in front of him, grabbed Friedrich's coat and pulled him upright. Pulses of blood spurt out from his severed carotid arteries onto Albert's jacket. "Boss!"

Friedrich struggled to lift his head. His watery eyes were only half open, as if aroused from a deep sleep. Slowly he recognized this intruder.

"Fuck you, Spiegel," he murmured, then his head went limp and his body fell onto Albert, knocking them sideways into the snow.

Albert lay staring at Friedrich's face. How is this possible? His indomitable, gregarious, swaggering Boss; now he looks like he's slumbering. Albert had never seen him this way -- relaxed, peaceful. He got to his knees beside Friedrich, put his arms around him and lifted him close. He's still warm. He pulled him upright so his head wouldn't hang limply back. Friedrich's ear and face were already cold as they came to rest against Albert's cheek. Boss felt so light and small -- alive, he'd always seemed so much larger.

Albert looked up at the moon. Is this really the way men die? Once a fellow hustler had hung himself from a beam in the abandoned garment factory in Hamburg where they'd been crashing. The kid left a note that was barely legible and filled with misspellings, but the sentiment was touching -- something about hoping his mother would forgive him, how he was sorry he screwed up. In every novel Albert had read, the end was so much nobler: why not 'To die, to sleep; To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub; For in that sleep of death what dreams may come'; or 'It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known'? Never, never, never should it have been 'Fuck you, Spiegel'; not from his lovely, dark-eyed Boss.

The minutes passed; he did not want to let him



## HAIRCUT

By [Ray Malus](#)

(From *Malus' novelization of his play Ashes In Yonkers*. The scene does not appear in the original play. — unpublished.)

"Haircut?"

The Courier got into the chair, and the barber draped the gown over him — pinning it snug around his neck.

"Yeah. Just a trim. Neaten it up a bit."

The barber grabbed a sheet of tissue paper and added it to the neck-wrap.

"Figured. Knew ya was one of the old guys the minute I saw ya."

"Old guys?"

"Yeah. These kids now-a-days. They don't get haircuts. They get 'Styles'. Some fairy downtown hacks it off with a razor. Artistic like, Y'know? Charges 'em triple. Razor! Shit! Razors're fa shaving. Scissors what ya need for a good haircut. Sensible guys know that."

Conversation 101 was definitely part of the curriculum at Barber College.

"Either that, or they let it grow down to their asses like fags. See 'em from the back, you think it's a broad."

He stepped back and surveyed the Courier's head. The only thing missing was the painter's extended thumb before his eye. The Courier smiled.

"Gotta say though. Some of 'em got great behinds." He paused to slap the Courier's shoulder, "Not that that's my thing, ya understand."

"Anyway, knew when I saw ya you was a *mensch*." Evidently, a "mensch" was a guy who got regular haircuts.

The barber grabbed a small pair of shears from the jar of disinfectant on the counter, and started trimming around the Courier's right ear. The scissors made a precision "snicking" sound. Snip. Snip.

He continued his chat, "You from around here?"

"Used to be. Long time ago."

"Nice place. Ya oughta come back. I moved up from the city 'bout 15 years ago." Snip. Snip.

He paused. "Name's Izzy." He switched the scissors to his left hand and extended his right.

The Courier wriggled his hand out from under the sheet, and shook. "John."

"Place was just sittin' here." He went back to his work. Snip. Snip. Snip.

"Been empty for five years or so. Had plywood over the windows, so nothin' got looted or nothin'. Well, the pole got took." He nodded his head toward the street, "Just cleaned it up, replaced the pole, and opened." He carefully trimmed the sideburn. Snnnniiiiip.

"I was rentin' a place in Brooklyn, but the ol' lady wanted to move to the country. Price was good, an' I had some savings.

"So here we are." Snip. Snip.

The Courier grunted.

The barber moved around to the back.

"Used ta be owned by some Eye-talian named 'Joe'. He sold out when the Hospital got built." Snip.

"I'm Jewish, myself. Me an' the wife."

He stepped back, assessing.

"Not that we're religious, or nothin'. Jus' that's what we are. Anyway, Eye-talians make good barbers. But so do Jews." Snipsnipsnip.

"The Courier spoke up. "Yeah. The hospital. What's with the demonstrators?"

"Aw! City wants ta tear it down. Some kinda 'Urban Beautification' thing. Gonna turn it into a city park, they say. Somethin' about 'Green Belt' whatever that is." Snip. Snip. Snip.

The Courier started to laugh at the irony of it.

The barber misunderstood.

"Yeah. We got them damned hippies on the Council." Snip.

The Courier started to shake his head at the stupidity of it all. The barber held it steady.

"Whoa. Ya wan' me ta take ya ear off?"

He went back to trimming and talking. Snip-snip-snip.

"Anyway, some folks are against it. Say we need the hospital. Sick folks gotta have somewheres to go. I think they're just scared losin' it'll ruin business." Snip. Snip. Snip.

He moved around to the Courier's left ear. Snip. Snip.

"Personally, don't matter ta me. Gotta go with the times, I say. Two hundred years ago, this was all woods. Did ya know that?" Snip.

He paused. The Courier didn't answer.

"Yeah, the settlers cut it all down ta build homes."

Back to work. Snip. Snip-snip.

"Then, it was farmland. Now, it's a city. Don' know what it'll be tomorra. Maybe forest, again." Snip.

"Ya gotta keep movin' ahead. If my grandparents had stayed put, I'd be cuttin' your hair in some *Shtetl* in Poland."

He laughed.

"I figure, ya want a omelet, ya gotta break some eggs." Snip. Snip. Snip.

## SEQUINS AND SORROW

By

Marty Diamond and [Erica Stux](#)

*(This is an excerpt from Chapter 3 of Stux's book.)*

I finally had to admit that something was profoundly wrong with Corky. He was too quiet and passive. I sang to him all the nursery rhymes and lullabies I could remember while cradling him in my arms. I talked to him while I changed his diapers. I sang gospel songs to him, and slow ballads I heard on the radio. He was like a lump of clay, or a sack of potatoes in my arms. He never looked directly at me — not a flicker of recognition.

Sometimes I felt like shaking him in my frustration.

"I'm your momma, Corky, and you're my baby boy. Do something, dammit, don't just lie there! What's wrong with you? Look, this is how you smile." I put my fingers at the corners of his mouth and turned them up. When I took my fingers away, his lips fell back into their usual repose.

Toys didn't interest him. I shook rattles at him, dangled beads in front of him, put a fluffy teddy bear in his arms. He never reached for the toy; the teddy bear fell to the floor. When I approached him to pick him up, he never raised his arms, like normal toddlers do.

The hyperactivity started as soon as he could walk.

"Don't scream, Corky, please! You've got no reason to cry or scream. You ate your strained peas and emptied your bottle, and you've got a dry diaper. Now stop running from room to room!"

How could this happen to me? I'd been a good girl, why is God punishing me? I took care of myself the whole nine months. Why isn't my baby normal?

When reality hit me, I fell into depression. I felt like a yawning abyss had opened under me, and I was falling, falling, into a pit I would never be able to climb out of.

I'd had such plans for Corky. He would finish high school. He would travel with me when he got older, to the cities where I would have dancing jobs. He'd be a good student, maybe a good musician too. He would not, like so many men I knew, succumb to the illusions found in a bottle of malt liquor. He'd find a nice girl, sweet pretty girl, and learn to make a commitment — not like the men I knew, who continually tried to prove how manly they are by scoring with as many girls as possible.

Would any of this be possible for Corky?

I took him to a doctor to find out what was wrong, but I don't think the doctor could come to a definite conclusion. His diagnosis was hearing loss and brain damage, resulting in retardation.

I couldn't bring myself to accept this. Would my baby be doomed to live in an institution, warehoused away, never to delight in a beautiful sunset, a stirring melody on a violin, a whispered phrase from a loved one? Surely some day, with proper treatment, my son could become normal. □

*(Haircut cont'd from pg. M-4)*

The Courier felt a cold stab in his chest. The dream. Eggs in a blender.

The barber yakked on, oblivious.

"Good riddance, I say. The place is cursed anyway." Snipsnipsni-.

The Courier put his hand up to stop the barber's work. He turned his head and stared at the man. "What do you mean, 'cursed?'"

Oblivious, the barber pushed his hand away and resumed. Snip-snip. Snip.

"Oh yeah. The way I hear it, used ta be an old Irishman lived in a house there with his family. Old drunk. So one night he ties one on, goes nuts, and just kills his family. All of 'em! Wife, daughter, son-in-law, and two little babies." Snip-snip-snip.

"Cut 'em up, an' buried 'em in the building site. Never found 'em, way I hear it. They found the old coot a week later, crazy as a loon, in the house, and took him away to an asylum."

Sudden rage exploded in the Courier. He leaped up out of the chair, ripping the gown from around his neck.

"Hey! I ain't done!"

He tried to control his anger and his breathing.

"Yeah. You're done! How much?"

The barber slowly backed away from him. The scissors hung from his right thumb. "What the hell?! What the hell's wrong with you?"

"You're DONE!! How much!"

The barber looked at him — his eyes bulging with fear. "Uh, three dollars?"

The Courier pulled some bills from his pocket. He didn't count them. Didn't even look at them. He just threw them on the chair. He bullied his way out onto the street, tearing the tissue paper from around his neck, leaving the barber gaping behind him. □



## AFTER THE PREDAYS

by [Gil Roscoe](#)

*(From chapter nine of Roscoe’s novel — in-progress.)*

As Thad backed the fire truck into the firehouse he caught a glimpse of himself in one of the side mirrors. He stopped the truck halfway in and adjusted the mirror so he could look straight at his face. He suddenly realized how much he had come to look like both his father and his grandfather. The first gray hairs were coming in just above his ears. The lines radiating from his eyes were the beginning shadows of the dominant feature in his grandfather’s face. He sighed as he pushed the mirror back. When he had the truck in its resting place, he sighed again when he realized why he was dwelling on those two gods of the orchards. Gary was just like them. Thad could easily picture Gary alongside those two towering figures of his younger years. He imagined the three of them tinkering with a tractor or a mist blower as they drank beer and stretched their egos over each other. They’d work competently together as they searched each other for vulnerabilities and jabbed right into them. Yet, it wasn’t mean. There was always the half smile that went along with it and an immediate coming together when the mechanical situation moved on to the next decision. That was a world Thad had never been able to fully penetrate. He’d hand them wrenches, watch their hands manipulate the tools and try his best to remember what connected to what and why it was important. It just never stuck with him and he drifted away from it. He always helped with the spraying and the harvest, but he spent less and less time by the sides of the two men who had shaped his early years. There was even a time, in his late teens, when he began feeling superior to them. His mother put a quick end to that. Now, after all those years in the classroom, he was back with one of them again. One of those guys who just made things work. One of those determination people. One of the kings of logic.

“I can’t part with my mother’s coffee cup and I’m working for my father again,” Thad muttered to himself as he got down from the truck. □

*(Nacht. cont’d from pg. M-4)*

go. Then out of the corner of his eye, Albert saw the floodlights on the castle go out. He feared he was being watched, as if someone in an imaginary apartment across a fantasy street had turned off their lights to spy on him. Friedrich’s body was growing cold. Albert had to go. He hated to leave Boss here alone, but what choice did he have? He cradled Friedrich’s head in his hand as if Boss were a newborn infant and laid him to rest in the snow. When he stood to leave, something flashed from the center of the path -- moonlight reflecting off the tip of the other dagger. He retrieved it and made for the path down to the Old Bridge into Heidelberg’s Altstadt. A month later, when he heard the investigation was reopened, he gathered what he could carry from his tiny basement apartment and spirited all evidence that might implicate murder away on the first train to Hamburg. No one would know that he or his dark, mysterious friend Rainer Wasgen had been there. □

*(Damnation. cont’d from pg. M-4)*

hear a night creature, an owl, but the silence was like a shroud encasing the dead. The only noise was her movement. Posey had this strange feeling that No Man was waiting for something or someone, possibly her. She didn’t know. Posey was no stranger to the swamp. Preacher Jobs had acquainted her and the rest of his congregation with No Man’s ins and outs, but still this was unusual. Posey felt uneasy. She was hopeful that she could find an empty car soon. The light from the full moon filtered through the leaves of the trees casting an eerie glow about the boxcars. Finally an empty one, she hastened towards it only to stop midway. There was a sound, faint at first but it grew in volume, and it was coming from No Man. Posey had heard it before, but no matter how many times, it still gave her goose bumps. It was the No Man. The swamp was breathing. No Man was alive in all its darkness and unabated mystery.

Posey acknowledged No Man: “I know you’re dere Mr. No Man. I’ve been here many times to see preacher Jobs. I’m one of his flocks. I don’t mean no harm. All I needs es a place to rest my weary head tonight, den I’ll be movin on. You can count on dat.”

□

## VENGEFUL HEART

by [Ethel Ann Pemberton](#)

(From chapter one of Pemberton’s new novel — in progress.)

When Daddy was living, I couldn’t wait for the day to begin. Now I couldn’t wait for it to end. I hadn’t bathed in a week...hardly ever got out of bed. Daddy died from a stroke like Mama had. I pulled the coverlet over my head to warm myself. It stunk of body odor. Maybe today I’d wash the coverlet. Maybe I’d even bathe. Maybe not.

I had no reason to get up and make buckwheat pancakes since Daddy wasn’t here to eat them...no reason to get up at all since I no longer had a job. The County took care of that when it foreclosed on Daddy’s property. He’d operated Melman’s Landscape Design on that land for over twenty years. If only I’d have known Daddy was delinquent in his payments. But when he’d suffered his first stroke, he couldn’t speak. Then the big one hit that killed him so suddenly we didn’t have time to say goodbye.

I don’t know why I reached for the ringing phone—it was probably the crook that bought Daddy’s property on the auction block.

“Lacey,” a cocky male’s voice said. “Please don’t hang up. I want you to come work for me.”

“Why would I work for the bastard who stole my dad’s business?”

“I purchased it legally, and I want to offer you your old job back with a hefty pay raise.”

“Go to hell!” I yelled.

One day melted into another as I slept and scavenged the cupboards for food. The canned soups and cereals were gone. Only buckwheat pancake mix remained, and I couldn’t eat Daddy’s favorite food without him.

Sometimes Renate phoned. “Just checking on you,” she’d say. I’d grunt that I was too tired to talk. Sometimes the doorbell rang, but I wouldn’t answer. When the noisy phone rang, I’d lift it up and place it immediately back in its cradle. Occasionally I’d listen before hanging up.

Rushing into the bathroom to relieve myself, I caught a glimmer in the mirror of the dirty, smelly, tangle-haired mess I’d become in three short weeks. Splashing cold water on my face, I studied my features—same emerald eyes and red hair I’d inherited from my mother. But I looked forty-five instead of twenty-five. I

pulled a bathrobe over my stained nightie and opened the front door. The first thing I noticed was the note taped to the door to call Renate. I then scanned the mail stuffed in the mailbox. Mostly advertisements and sympathy cards from friends and business associates. Through teary eyes, I read them over and over. But I’d cried enough. It was time to take action.

Revenge was on my mind as I called my best friend.

Renate suggested I accept Stenson’s employment offer.

“Are you crazy!”

“No, I’m thinking clearly. You need money, and you could design ugly and ineffective landscapes that would disgruntle Stenson’s clients.”

“Sounds like a great idea, but I don’t think I could subject myself to the humiliation of working for that bastard.”

“What’s your goal?” Renate interrupted.

“To ruin Joel Stenson’s business.”

“Well...”

“I was thinking about asking Charles Christian at First Bank to float me a loan to start my own business.”

“You don’t have collateral.”

“Since we’re good friends, I’m sure he could work out something for me.”

“But you’d still have competition in the landscape business.”

“You’re right. So I’ll swallow my pride and eliminate the competition first.”

“You will?” Renate sounded shocked. And so was I, agreeing to such a calculated scheme. But I had to get my family’s business back. It was the right thing to do.

As I hung up, I thought how good it would be to work with the soil again and look deep into nature. Gardening gave me a spiritual consciousness that no other job or activity had ever given me. I had tried computer work and bookkeeping, but I craved the outdoor air and sunshine like my dad had.

The next day, like clockwork, Stenson called. When he asked the million-dollar question, I asked him to name two reasons why I should work for him. The gasp that preceded his response was distinct. “Well, you’ll be getting more money, and if you need per-



*(Vengeful cont'd from pg. M-7)*

sonal time off, that wouldn't be a problem." He then asked what my concerns were.

My lips curled as I spoke. "I want to be in charge of design."

"I thought we could work on that together."

"I'm used to doing my own design and follow-through."

"Well, I guess we could work on separate projects." Although I heard hesitancy in his voice, he agreed to my requests. I planned to take the next three days to put my house and wardrobe in order and start my old job for my new employer on Monday morning.

While parking my station wagon, I noticed the

overhead sign now read Stenson's Landscape Design. And I was glad. If it had remained under my family name, I couldn't have produced inferior landscape designs. I still didn't know whether I could carry out my plan because I took pride in my gardening and designs.

Brushing away tears, I marched up to the ornate Oak door and was immediately greeted by the stranger with the familiar voice. Only this time Stenson wasn't arrogant. Instead, he stammered while introducing himself. As his compelling dark eyes met mine, they held me spellbound. This angered me as I loathed the man. When shaking hands, a sensual thrill raced through me, and I pulled away quickly. I had to remind myself that this six-foot hunk with the curly brown hair was my enemy. □

## *Photo Gallery: Jack London Award Ceremony*



Roses for the winners.



Yolanda gets a rose.



Guests from West Valley Branch:  
Dave Wetterberg, Ken Wilkins, Cathy Highcove.



Kathy Highcove and "The Pres."



"I'll take a corner piece!"