



The Valley Scribe

Newsletter of the San Fernando Branch of the California Writers Club



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Get Organized - Anne Perry Will Help You Make a Plan!

Internationally renowned author Anne Perry returns to speak to the CWC-SFV in the Saban Community Room at 1 p.m., Saturday, September 7.

Ms. Perry's subject will be *Planning Your Writing for Success*. She will present guidelines for creating a novel with all the needed strength, power of emotion and vitality to grip the reader.

Perry will share a technique that she has perfected in her own best-selling mystery books; she is on the *Times* 20th century "100 Masters of Crime" list.

Creator of the Thomas and Charlotte Pitt mystery series, set in late Victorian London, currently at thirty-two volumes, and the darker William Monk series, which begins thirty-five years earlier, in the mid-nineteenth century with a detective who, having survived a carriage accident, has absolutely no idea who he truly is. Ms. Perry's historical accuracies and knowledge of the social and ethical issues of those times have captivated readers since the first Pitt novel in 1979.

Her prodigious yearly output includes



short stories; an Edgar Award in 2000 for *Heroes* (also nominated for a Macavity Award); introductions to the New Modern Library editions of *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, *The Woman in White*, and *The Scarlet Pimpernel*; and, since 2003, a yearly Christmas novella. She continues to contribute to anthologies, and was awarded the Premio de

Honor Aragon Negro, 2015.

The California Writers Club welcomes writers in all genres, and at all stages of their careers, published or not. The monthly meetings, held on the campus of the Motion Picture and Television Fund at 23388 Mulholland Drive, Woodland Hills, are an excellent place to learn about the craft and business of writing, as well as networking with other local writers. A \$10 donation is suggested for visitors.

To attend workshops, programs and other events, or to learn more about events and activities in the San Fernando Valley, visit www.cwc-sfv.org.

For more information about Anne Perry: <http://www.anneperry.co.uk/>

-Nance Crawford

President's Message

If I've heard it once, I've heard it a hundred times: "It's harder to sell your book than it is to write it."

I totally put that warning or author folk wisdom aside, since writing my novel was proving to be really difficult. Let's not get all worked up about any future book hassles, I thought. Marketing can wait.

While I was writing the book, and suffering, my critique group was extremely helpful. (My thanks to Lori, Kay, Bob B. and Joan - we were graced three years by the participation of Doug Douglas - for the writing part.) But when I finished *Dug IN*, just as I had been warned, selling my book has proved to be a pain in the neck.

Right now, *Dug IN* is listed as an eBook. I've been working with a company to get it 'formatted' for Kindle to print up copies magically whenever someone orders one, which I find amazing. However, there have been some delays in formatting the eBook. So far, I have no hard copies to donate to libraries and to pointedly

mention when I tell a room of potential buyers what a Great E-Book I've written! So frustrating! Guess I'm not the patient type.

The 2019 summer is winding down. The August days are definitely getting shorter and shorter. It's hard to believe that Fall will arrive in less than a month.

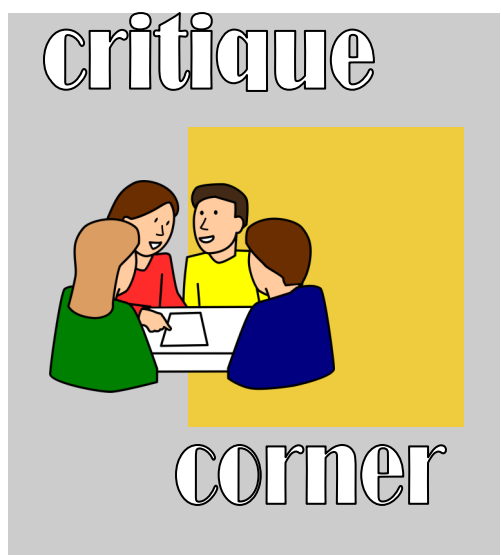
Uh-oh. I haven't made it to the beach very often this summer, so I've got to get my beach act together. Why? I need to do my annual Ocean Swim, a swimming ritual - a long ocean swim with my friends, which keeps getting shorter and shorter for some unknown reason.

So, enjoy the rest of your summer and 'I'll See you in September' as the song goes. Write on! Everybody!!!



Bob Okowitz

Bob the Prez



Hello and welcome to **Critique Corner**, which will be a monthly column in this newsletter.

I'm Jenny Jordan, your new Critique Group Coordinator. I volunteered for this position because I've experienced - first hand - the value of a well-run SFV critique group. I've come to believe that every CWC-SFV member would benefit from joining a critique group. Many of our club's published writers and guest speakers have credited their groups as the "secret sauce" of their success.

Each month this **Critique Corner** column will feature relevant information and comments about group interactions. I am so happy to have Rita Brown assistant me in giving info and tips for all things Critique Group! We welcome your input and suggestions.

What are critique groups and why are they so amazingly helpful for a writer? A critique group is a place where a writer can receive honest feedback in a supportive and encouraging environment from his/her peers. Sharing one's work benefits everyone in the group. Members learn how to read a piece with a critical eye and also discover the best way to offer useful ideas and suggestions to another writer.

In the CWC-SFV critique groups, we strive to practice the art of being kind but truthful. Our members will critique the writing ... while supporting the writer. In other words, the SFV critique group has the writer's back!

Write on!

Jenny Jordan and Rita Brown

Typo Tooney And Alexa Learn About Club Dues

I am so tired of hearing about our yearly dues. Alexa, why do we hafta pay dues?



<p>CWC--SFV Members, Don't Forget!</p> <p>IT'S TIME TO RENEW YOUR DUES!</p>	
<p>\$45 Check or Cash Due Now through September 27, 2019</p>	<p>Make your check payable to: CWC-SFV</p> <p>Mail to: Pat Avery, Treasurer P.O. Box 9023 Calabasas, CA 91372</p>
<p><i>Do not send CASH through the mail.</i> Dues payments will be accepted at the scheduled general meetings Saturday, August 3rd, and September 7th.</p>	

Sorry, I do not have that SFV information. I must consult an expert: Pat Avery

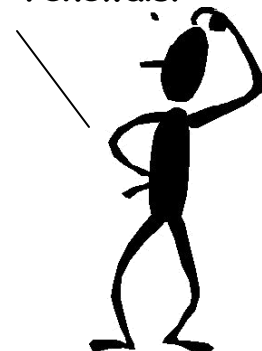


CWC-SFV
Sec/Treas.
Pat Avery

Now I feel like helping Pat get more dues money. Alexa, write something really inspiring. But not boring.

Thanks for asking, Alexa. We use the dues to pay for high quality speakers, plus their travel expenses, hospitality for our meetings, ongoing website costs and our Central Board uses their portion from our dues for insurance. Also, we fund a scholarship for a Pierce grad and a donation to the MPTF for the use of the facility. Oh my goodness, we really need those dues!

Uh, I guess that'll win some hearts and minds! Alexa, let's say an AMEN! to membership renewals!



I will try. Here is my poem, "Typo Tooney's Dues Blues."

This summer, Pat said t'was time to renew my CWC-SFV dues. Otherwise my treasured club membership I'd carelessly lose. YIKES! OH NO!

Where else could I join Jenny's critique groups and schmooze?
Where else would I hear Lori's up-to-date marketing news?
I wouldn't have Rita's prompts to prod my recalcitrant muse.
My published work in Kathy's Scribe would no longer amuse .
Or be skillfully stored by Michael in the techie website views.
And without Nance showing me how to project, I'll stay a recluse.

THEREFORE I PROMISE ...

When I take the Saban mic, Andi, I'll try to be heard over the boos.
And I'll write a check , Bob, to pay for my CWC-SFV club dues!

YAY ME! TYPO TOONEY!



Tsk, tsk ... grammar, Typo! a. man.

The August Social Potluck - Our Summer Day to Meet and Eat



Howard Goldstein and Mark Paul Sebar catch up on their news while other members (in the background) gravitate to the potluck display.



There was a meeting in the Saban Room, but no speaker. In August we planned to meet, greet and eat. Members came in carrying trays of snacks and their fad potluck dish to share with their SFV friends.

But first, Bob Okowitz took the floor to make a few announcements, introduce Jenny Jordan, our new Critique Coordinator, and the other SFV Movers and Shakers who'll be serving our membership in the coming year.

Meanwhile, Alan Wills, our energetic Hospitality Chair, attractively arranged all the different dishes on a table. When the short meeting adjourned, Alan was ready. And the line hastily formed for food.

I nabbed a few yummy looking snacks, gobbled them and then got out my cell to take a few shots of our members' interaction and conversation. However, I soon found that it's not



Alan Wells, our Mr. Hospitality

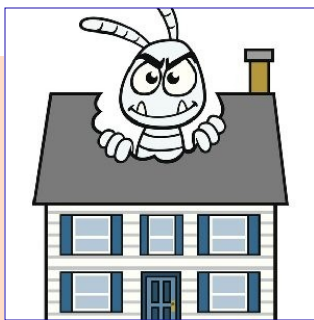


Board members Bob Okowitz, Pat Avery and Andi Polk in a lively conversation.

possible to chat with your friends and take photos at the same time. DOH! And unfortunately, the food display was quite diminished by the time I approached to take a photo of donated dishes of sugar, spice and delectable finger food.

Perhaps you were there to join us, but if not, I hope we'll see you on September 7th, at 1 p.m. in the Saban Community Room.

-Kathy Highcove



Gary Wosk Is Published Again

Although the summer is over and the household insects are beginning to make a retreat, don't get too comfortable. Before you know it, they'll be back, and maybe in greater numbers, the little nuisances nibbling away at anything that stands in their way.

To find out how bad it might become, read Gary Wosk's cautionary horror tale, "The Raid," a short-story that can be found online at horror-tree.com. Just

click on the Trembling with Fear button on the left-hand side of page.

The story, which is expected to be included in the same publisher's printed anthology later this year, was inspired by the countless ants that invaded Gary's house a while back, but they weren't quite as nasty as the bugs described in his story.



I was so privileged to be invited to deliver my lecture with Keynote slides on "How to be a Winning Speaker", at The Greater LA Writers Association (GLAWS) Conference on August 16 -18, held at the Double Tree by Hilton Hotel in Culver City. This was one of their two annual tailored conferences, full weekends that feature an overwhelming number of expert presentation choices. It was a tremendous success, thanks to GLAWS president Tony N. Todaro and his able and energetic team of helpers.

Attendees included writers of all genres, and at all levels of the spectrum--from aspiring, unpublished, accomplished, self-published and traditional--all thirsty for knowledge of fine-honing their craft and finding avenues to success. And they were not disappointed, with so much on offer --from opportunities to pitch one-on-one to literary agents, editors, lawyers and publishers, to multiple choices of tailored hour-long lectures by field experts.

In her welcoming address, Desiree Duffy, Founder of Black Chateau, said this could be the moment that you become inspired to write a story that impacts tens of thousands of others. It may be turned into a series, a film, or even be taught in schools. It may change someone's life--your opportunities as a writer are virtually limitless. This was followed by Keynote opening speaker, Keith Ogorek--President of Author Learning Center -- presenting "The 4 Paths to Publishing". He spoke to the roomful of riveted attendees about industry changes that have made it one of the best times in history to be an author, but also one of the



By Ester Benjamin Shifren

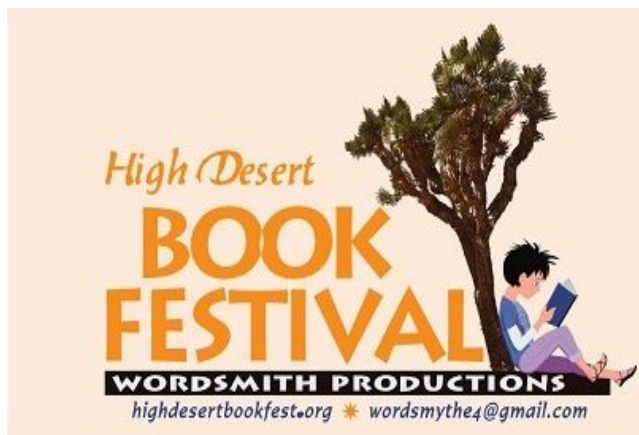


most confusing times with all the available different publishing options. He reviewed and explained the benefits and challenges of each option, and spoke about the basics of DIY publishing, general contractor publishing, supported self publishing, traditional publishing, and the amount of responsibility and control you have with each.

Many solo lecturers and panels of experts, too many to name individually, had much valuable information to impart and drew full room attendances. It was hard to choose which class to attend!

Many important points included: Spend time creating story. Just write your first draft with no copy editing. Your job is to understand what your story is. Read only for content. Don't worry about spelling and punctuation. Overcome fear and let writing become an obsession. There are no rules, and there's something about writing longhand, known as the brain-to-hand connection...Educate yourself so you know the hurdles before you encounter them. Keep moving forward. Face rejection head-on. Don't hide your "crazy." Be the best crazy you can be. Make more time for your writing. Keep your bad writing--you can recycle it later.

Anyone on the writing and publishing ladder shouldn't miss the opportunity to attend a GLAWS conference, or any other good ones on offer, to learn about all aspects and business of writing, and meet new like-minded friends. It's an essential tool on the path to publishing and speaking success.



[2019 High Desert Book Festival, Hesperia Civic Plaza Park](#)

Saturday, October 12, now in our fourth year

For more information:

<http://highdesertbookfestival.org/wp/>

Who Will Publish My Book?

By Lori Hamilton

A surprise came with my first report from Publisher's Lunch Deluxe. This group is an online pub that sends a subscriber weekly reports of deals by leading agencies and publishers and tracks genres, authors, agents, compensation, movies and international rights.

I subscribed to find out which agents were making the most deals, and what books were getting published. (I've written six novels and only one is published and that's self-published.)

First, I compared the number of *non-fiction to fiction books* for July and August, leaving out other genres such as children's books. For those of us who write fiction, the news wasn't good. Non-fiction had 308 books published as opposed to just 179 fiction books. But hold on ... There's still a bit of good news for us fiction writers: one author was paid \$45 million for his latest book. That success might inspire us to emulate that writer's style. I'd like to book him as a CWC-SFV speaker, but he's probably too busy because many other organizations are willing to pay six figures for a big name writer like Tom Clancy, for example.

This news may not be as big a surprise to you as it was to me: The majority of non-fiction books published were health-related. Most are written by professionals—doctors and scientists. And I didn't expect to see so many cookbooks still being published considering the ease of getting recipes on the internet. For me, it's just as easy to search *chicken soup recipes* as it is to look for it



in a book on a shelf somewhere.

Probably disappointing to some members is the small number of published memoir books. It seems like every month some celebrity is revealing a titillating scandal - tough competition for John and Jane Doe's life experiences.

My queries had always been directed at the agencies I believed were the strongest at getting deals including Trident, Writers' House,

Folio, ICM, Foundry and Inkwell. Wrong again. In a six month period, the agency that got the most deals was Park & Fine Literary and Media whose top two agents - Celeste Fine (25 deals) and John Mass (12 deals) for a grand total of 37 deals. Next was Dystal, Goderich & Bourret (never heard of it) with 27 deals from three agents, followed by the Ross Yoon agency whose agents - Anna Latimer (8 deals), Howard Yoon (4 deals) and Gail Ross (4 deals) - add up to a total of 17 deals. Another interesting aspect: Seven *independent* agents each got 7-14 deals within six months.

A final note: two of Trident's agents delivered 11 deals in that same six-month period, while ICM had two agents make 10 deals. But weep not for the biggies. All they have to do is wait for their star roster to deliver the next book. Is it possible that's why they've ignored my queries?

The following resolution should not be a surprise to readers: From now on, I'm sending my queries to the little independent guys who may take a chance on an unknown.

Writefest 19 - Ventura County Writers Club

The Ventura County Writers Club and the Thousand Oaks Library invite anyone interested in writing to attend WriteFest '19 from 9 a.m. to noon. Sat., Sept. 21 at the Grant Brimhall Library, 1401 E. Janss Road, Thousand Oaks.

Guest speaker Rebecca Langston George will demonstrate how to amp a draft through purposeful revision.

The other speaker, Bruce Hale, will address sinking the depth charge of suspense in all genres.

Admission is free but advance registration is required at www.venturacountywriters.com.

For more information, call Sheli Ellsworth at (805) 300-1365 or email valtalk@aol.com.

Home Again in Wisconsin

By Sheila Moss

The picture is a Kodak, black and white, small 1x3 of two young girls. They are on scooters wearing swishy net dresses and appealing smiles. Who are they? That's my cousin Rosemary in front; taller, poised and beautiful. Me, I'm behind her with my arm cocked and looking impish. My mother's handwriting speaks volumes: *Rosemary and Sheila, five years old*. Although we lived thirty miles away from each other, we were the best of friends. And we still kept in close touch. Imagine that? The picture documents 74 years of friendship.



Two little Wisconsin girls, Sheila and Rosemary

When Rosemary visited me at my home in Sun Prairie, one of our favorite places to play was under a gnarled old apple tree. My mom



Hollyhock Dolls

using the pink flowers to make the doll's ruffled frock and a white blossom became her white parasol. Rosemary usually matched a lavender dress with a pink parasol. Mom would fill her aluminum laundry tub with water so we could float our dolls as in a fashion show.

would spread out an old bedspread and provide us with a snack and a glass of milk. Meanwhile, we would pick various colors of hollyhock flowers to make our fashion dolls. I liked



Sheila with her cousins, Jeff and Rosemary.

I stared at the old photo and thought, Can you go home again? Well, if home is where the heart is, the answer is ... yes, It was time for a visit with Rosie who now lived in Sheboygan, Wisconsin. Even though I knew I hadn't been in my home state for almost twenty years, I decided to make the trip this summer. Very early

one July morning, I flew out of L.A. International, bound for Milwaukee.

After dealing with tedious layovers, the confusion of changing airline terminals and dealing with misplaced luggage, I got to Milwaukee around midnight. Rosemary's son-in-law, Joe, met me at the terminal and drove me from Milwaukee to Sheboygan. Believe me, this Wisconsin town was not an easy place to get to.



Together again in Wisconsin - Rosemary and Sheila

After a sound sleep, Rosemary

and I sipped coffee and talked and talked. Even though we had faithfully emailed each other through the years, email wasn't nearly the same as face to face interaction.

Her home was warm and comfortable. She loved her complex. I did too. The first thing I noticed were the lawns. Rolling

(Continued on page 8)

(Continued from page 7)

green swatches of grass blended into one another with nary a fence rail to curb and corral their progress. The grassy slopes seemed to welcome neighbors to walk across the green carpet to share gardening tips.

The neighbors with dogs had a certain ritual. They would stop and visit while the dogs did their business. "Don't forget the pot-luck on Saturday," cried one next door neighbor. Her dog, Sami, a rat terrier, was very protective of his mistress and wary of me, the stranger. It wasn't until my third day in town that Sami warmed up to me and let me pet his sleek head.

In the meantime, my mutual cousin, Jeff, the family historian, and his wife, Lynn, drove down from Appleton . Lynn said, "Sheila looks as though she could use a bratwurst about now to have the energy to shake the family tree."

"Truer words were never spoken." I commented. No sooner did I endorse that favorite entrée than Joe and Lynn went out, bought the meat and bought it back for all the family tree shakers in Rosemary's condo.

Joe and Rosemary and her sister Cathy actually found a relative with the surname O'Sullivan in Drumlave Adrigole, County Cork. He owned a petrol station. I learned from my cousins how difficult it was to trace our Sullivan family history since several ancestors married Sullivans from another clan.

My contribution to this conversation was retelling one of my father's jokes. When I was eight years old, I asked him, "Why aren't we O'Sullivans?" He replied, "We don't go by O'Sullivan because we couldn't afford to keep it up." My father's blarney implied that the O' was reserved for a hoity-toity class of Sullivans.

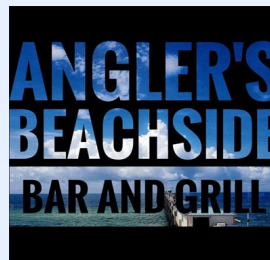
Sightseeing in Sheboygan with my cousins brought back many memories – especially when I first spotted a water tower.



Sheboygan Water Tower

jetty. Families were enjoying the beach but only a few brave teens were making mad dashes into the icy cold water.

Later we joined Rosemary's granddaughter, Rene, for a Friday Fish Fry at Angler's. Wish I could package the aroma of that restaurant. Angler's Friday night atmosphere abounded with the boisterous laughter of diners enjoying their beer and fried fish. The fried perch was delicate, flaky, and, of course, no calories.



Friday Night is Angler's All You Can Eat Night!

Everywhere around me were groups of smiling people, small children running loose among the tables, followed closely by their patient parents. The very familiar community feeling took me back to my childhood in the tight-knit town of Sun Prairie.

On my last day in my cousin's complex, I discovered a beautiful and ornate bandstand. It looked practically brand new just waiting for the band members to assemble.

I left Rosemary and her family with a grateful heart - and a full stomach. Later, wandering through the Milwaukee airport in search of some souvenirs of my visit, I came across a small shop that advertised: Cheese Curds for Sale. That box of curds looked like a perfect souvenir. After all, in my opinion, nothing says "Wisconsin" like cheese curds. Look it up; goes with whey.

Prez Bob Give Us A Peek Into His New Book

This novel, *Dug IN*, chronicles an Irish family's quest for social justice. The book opens up during the 1916 Irish Rebellion. Ninety miles from Dublin, Joe Duggin and two other rebels are arrested to prevent them from getting involved in the fight for Independence. Joe and his friends knew nothing about the Rebellion. They are beaten up in the police station, and not released until the rebellion is over. After Joe gets released, he continues his work to get Irish freedom. He and his friends are horribly beaten up by the police. Despite their great love of Ireland, Joe and his wife, Mary, decide to move to New York to get their young family away from the Troubles. Here's a sample of the story ...

Sergeant Bannister and Officer Scarborough marched into the Longford Granary where Joe Duggin worked as a repairman. They walked up to his work station and said, "Mr. Duggin, you need to come with us."

"What's the matter? I haven't done anything wrong."

Bannister answered, "We're not talkin' about that here. Just get your jacket on and we'll be going."

Joe clenched his fists, angry that the police were interfering with his job. "How long will this take? I need to fix this machine today."

"It's time to go." Sergeant

Bannister grabbed Joe's right arm, told Officer Scarborough to take Joe's left arm, and they dragged him out of the granary.

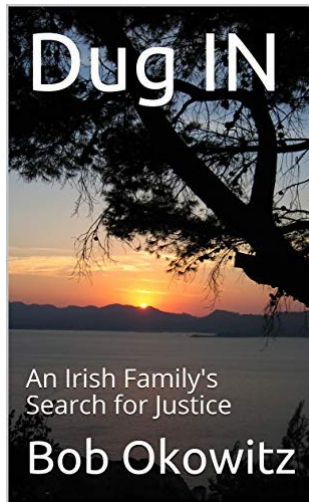
Joe shouted to his friend, Séamus, "Tell Mary what's happening. Tell her everything'll be okay. I don't want her to worry."

But there was a reason to worry. No one in Mullingar even knew about the Rebellion in Dublin, but the police had received a telegram informing them of the conflict and telling them to round up the anti-English leaders in the area. The Irish Brotherhood and other pro-independence groups in Dublin had started a rebellion against the English, who controlled Ireland for most of the previous 800 years.

When Joe got to the police station, he found out his friends Ian and Luke were already there. Ian looked nervous; Luke was angry. Police Chief Bushkill, from Athlone, was at the station and took command. "We know you guys are the leaders of the Brotherhood out here, Mr. Duggin here being the main leader. Under no circumstances are you guys getting out of this jail until we get further orders from Dublin."

Joe responded, "What the hell are we supposed to have done?"

"Your friends in Dublin have declared war on England, the stupid fools that they are. It



should be over in a few days, in which case we may let you out of here. King George doesn't look kindly on men who kill his soldiers, or who believe that Ireland's not a rightful part of England."

Luke screamed, "There's nothing rightful about Ireland being stolen from its people. This has been a dictatorship for over 800 years."

Sergeant Bannister walked over and slapped Luke so hard he fell to the floor. He kicked him in the stomach just to make sure his point

got across.

Joe stated, "We have nothing to do with what's going on in Dublin, and there's no legal reason for us to be in here."

"War's hell, Mr. Duggin." Bushkill said and then nodded to Officer Scarborough, who kicked Joe from behind, knocking him to the ground. Joe used his hands to break his fall. Sergeant Bannister walked over and kicked Joe between his legs; Joe screamed so loudly that they probably heard him in Dublin. He pulled his legs up to protect himself, and Sergeant Bannister then kicked him a few times in the face. Blood dripped from his mouth.

The sergeant looked down at Joe and said, "You don't decide what happens here in Mullingar."

Chief Bushkill looked sternly at Ian, "Do you have anything you want to say?"

"No sir."

"You must be the smart one of the group."

Ian looked down at the floor, now angry, but knowing this wasn't the time to talk.

This novel, *Dug IN*, is available on Kindle as an eBook. Paperback will be out in a month.

Trini

BY GARY WOSK

Life wasn't the same without Trini around. It's not surprising. We were together for fifteen years. We both needed each other, and my wife, Helen, didn't seem to mind.

She became used to the relationship. And when it ended, she encouraged me to find a replacement, and not to sit around and mope.

"Stop feeling sorry for yourself, Donovan," she told me. "Get up and start looking. There are others out there. Trini would understand. She'd want you to be happy."

It wasn't too long before I found Sonya. I was immediately attracted to her sexy frame. I wanted to get my hands on her as quickly as possible, however, desire only goes so far. Developing a meaningful, long-term relationship would take some patience, because right now, she's young and wild.

Trini would oblige me for nearly everything my heart desired. Nearly everything.

There were some lines she wouldn't allow me to cross. She'd put her foot down and said no, steering me away from behavior that she deemed improper. For the most part, though, even if she was in a deep sleep and I suddenly awakened her, she was ready for some quick action.

Looking back, it was an unconventional relationship, but it worked. I couldn't care less about what others might have been thinking.

If they had said something along the lines of "You're just wasting your time," I would be ready with, "You're just jealous," However, it never came up.

Sure, Sonya has a great body. She'll catch anyone's eye, even though she's a little flat in the front, but her other attributes are off the chart. She offers so many choices it's becoming a problem for me. I'm getting up there in years and just don't have the stamina to keep up with her. On the other hand, she's just entering her peak years. It wouldn't be fair for me to make a big deal about it. I just let her do her thing. I don't want to hold her back, depriving her of what she can give so naturally. So, I do my best to satisfy her youthful cravings.

I know it sounds creepy, but I really get off when she ignores my commands and takes control. Even Helen likes to watch on those occasions when Sonya misbehaving.

I hope that Sonya will stay around as long as Trini. And she just might do that because, as I mentioned, I won't be tiring her out as much as I did with Trini. I've pretty much sown my oats.

Even though Trini has been gone for a while I just can't keep her out of my head, especially when I'm playing around with Sonya. I often wonder where she is these days, that is, her parts, which I donated to research.

That last year of her life was tough. She was no longer vibrant. Her color was really off. But I didn't want to jump to any conclusions. When we all but counted her out, surprisingly she'd brighten up. She was seemingly back to normal. In retrospect, however, it was all false hope on my part. The bad days far outnumbered the good days.

And then she took a sudden turn for the worse. Her pep was all gone. I'd wait and wait for her to come back to life. Nothing doing. She'd just sit there with a blank look on her face, ignoring my commands. Watching her fade away was simply heart wrenching. It was evident I had gotten as much out of her as possible.

Like a fool, I continued to try to save her. I even sought second and third opinions, but all she did was give me static about not obeying her request not to resuscitate.

My wife finally convinced me that a change needed to be made before I too lost my mojo. It had become obvious there wasn't even a remote chance that Trini could be restored to her former glory. Her passion for serving me was gone.

Trini's final moments with us still haunt me to this day. "Be careful," I yelled to the two men who picked her up. "You're hurting her! Show her some respect." "Calm down," one of them said. "She doesn't even know what's happening."

They were right, of course. I had pulled the plug on her hours earlier.

I gave her one last hug just before they left our home and said, "I'll miss you. Thank you for all you gave me. I'll always remember you." Do grown men cry? I did.

"Now, now, Donovan. There's no reason to cry," Helen said. "There's another Trini waiting for you somewhere out there. We'll search together."

(Continued from page 10)

It's been difficult for me to accept Sonya with open arms. She was more expensive than Trini, but doesn't possess the same class. I guess the best way to describe Sonya is that she's a temptress, encouraging me to frequently visit unthinkable places with her. The conservative Trini never would have allowed this. She'd let me know in her bashful way that I had gone too far.

Helen has been a big help, though, by encouraging me to play with Sonya as often as possible so she can attend to other matters. Just when I'm about to do so, however, impotency strikes. I can't help but think that I am cheating on Trini. My hands suddenly go numb, and I can't continue manipulating her. I'm sure Sonya realizes that I'm still in love with Trini.

So here I am, sitting several feet away from Sonya, who is larger than Trini was. She's wider, taller, and louder and is somewhat of a show off. Yeah, she's really hot. When Helen isn't looking, I give her sound bar a quick caress, which makes her thump.

No matter how hard Sony tries, though, Trinitron is still my favorite. Nobody performed better than she. And she felt like part of the family. Out with the old, in with the new, but not necessarily better. I will always be grateful to Trini for putting on some great shows. She was the best.



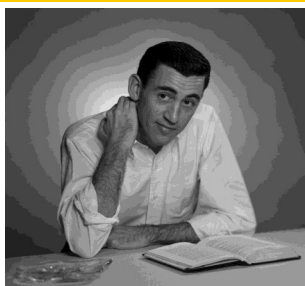
J.D. Salinger's Works Will Soon Be Available As E-books

You'll finally be able to catch the late J.D. Salinger's books in digital format.

Longtime Salinger publisher Little, Brown and Co. said all four of his works, including "The Catcher in the Rye," will be made available as e-books Tuesday, marking the first time that the entirety of his published work will be available in digital format.

His son, Matt Salinger, said the digital holdout ended because many readers use e-books exclusively and some people with disabilities can only use them.

"There were few things my father loved more than the full tactile experience of reading a printed book, but he may have loved his readers more — and not just the 'ideal private reader' he wrote about, but all his readers," said Salinger, who helps oversee his father's literary estate.



In addition to "The Catcher in the Rye," the e-books include "Nine Stories," "Franny and Zooey" and "Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters and Seymour: An Introduction."

The electronic publication continues a yearlong centennial celebration of author's birth and his contributions to literature.

Salinger, who died in 2010, lived a reclusive life in Cornish, N.H., and rarely spoke to the media. He not only stopped releasing new work, but rejected any reissues or e-book editions.

But things are changing. In addition to the e-books, there have been new covers and a boxed edition. Matt Salinger also has said unpublished work by his late father will be coming out. But he said publication of the works may be years away.

by [Associated Press](#)
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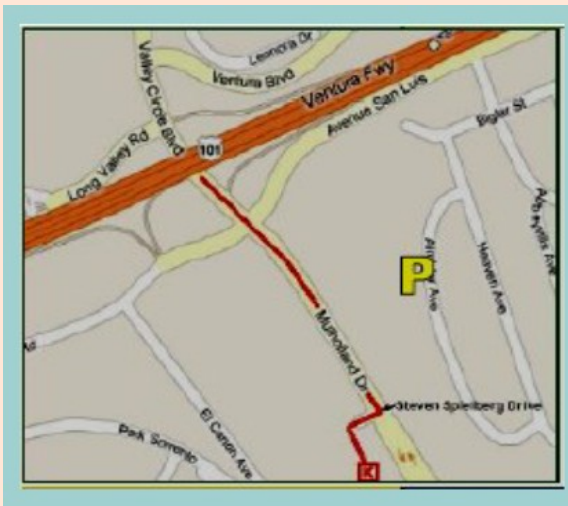
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**The September meeting starts at 1 p.m.
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at the

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