

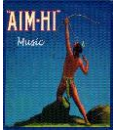
The True-badour

A LITERARY NEWSLETTER

Vol. 2 – Issue 1

Winter/Spring 2017

March 2017



The True-badour

1542 Lakeside Dr. West
Canyon Lake, Texas 78133

© 2016, United States of America

Publisher: **Ernie Lee**

Associate Editors:

Billy James Wall – St. Augustine, FL

John Howard Hatfield – Austin, TX

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

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

The old Bard of the Blanco has been swamped! What a summer, fall and winter! And 2017 blew in like a lion too! I've barely had a moment to rest these weary bones – but I'm not complaining. Let me catch you up!

Aquasaurus did quite well! In July, I received a national interview on WOAI, 1200am a 50,000 watt clear channel station. The response was thrilling. Thanks to Morgan Montolvo for making that interview possible. The publicity resulted in a lot of visitors to our booth at the San Antonio Book Festival, and a lot of new fans, and sales.

August saw me visiting the Sun Poetry Society at the historic Olmos Pharmacy in San Antonio, The Wake the Dead Poetry meeting in San Marcos, and an interview on DEAR Texas radio. We had the Bulverde Jubilee in September, along with a book signing at a social club at Canyon Lake. October saw us in Branson, Missouri for a week, and Comicon in San Antonio. Comicon almost sold me out – I only came home with about 3 books! We'll definitely go to the 2017 Comicon! In November, one of my short stories was printed in an anthology called Road Kill! – Texas Horror Stories by Texas Writers. I attended the Texas Book Festival in Austin (where I saw our friend Howard Hatfield peddling his book "There's a Moose in the Guardshack." I think he did pretty well with it. Late November

and December were ate up with the holidays, but I managed to get some writing done. In fact, I finally finished the typeset and planning for the new book of Poetry, **Where the Wild Rice Grows** – it will be releaed in just a few days. The cover has been selected and will be rolled out within a few days. More about that later in the newsletter. The new novel, **HIM** is on chapter 32 of a possible 45 or so, and I hope to have it finished by June. That will allow me to start the sequel **The Search for Aquasaurus** by early summer.

The Writing+Is+Giving program is doing well. We have not reached our goal of giving away 2,106 books, yet – but I continue to hope that we will eventually reach that mark. If you know someone who has or has had cancer, who you think might like to read the book, please nominate them to me at ernie.lee@live.com. I'll be happy to make sure they get a copy!

I want to thank everyone who has been so kind to support my writings. I'm thrilled to have come this far in just one year. I have decided to serialize Aquasaurus by releasing chapters in this newsletter periodically – so you don't want to miss a single issue. Thank you for your support. None of this would have happened without you. Your encouragement means the world to me, and no words can express my gratitude.

The True-badour at ernie.lee@live.com.

Love: a Line

Love's a line, a ribbon-of-a-line
Where people and ideas entwine
Emotions mingle just there
Through laughter and despair
May your love-line stay bright

And lovely in or ought of sight
May it dance to life's music
Like an easy country two-step
Or a boot-scooting dance in a line
With rousing rhythm quite divine

Billy James Wall/August 2016



John Howard Hatfield

A Lonely Walk

I rescued Buck and his sister Maggie from the pound in 1996. Both topped out at over one hundred pounds in their prime, I could never completely control them with both on leashes at the same time. This I fixed by yoking them together. With them working against one another, I was often the benefactor of their comical misdirection.

Walking the neighborhood we are occasionally distracted by a cat, but mostly by Toby, our backyard squirrel. Buck would chase his nemesis desperately—never resulting in capture but always light amusement. After dark, a departure like this could be distressful—tough to locate a black dog with just a hint of white chin hair, especially when he's moving close to light speed. Though he's always been able to relocate me prior to reaching our front threshold.

Mornings we take what amounts to a forced march around the neighborhood—others might call it a walk. Buck's hard to keep up with when he has a destination in his mind. He does enjoy stopping to confab with others especially those accompanied by their own four legged friends. *Everybody* knows Buck. They all want their chance to pat his head or give him a hug. Always, he patiently sits or lays waiting for the call "Let's go Buck!" to move on.

At several spots along our morning path, we pass packs of *fenced-in yappers* causing Buck to turn and give me *a look*. You can see in his eyes that he wants to say: "Isn't there another route we can take? There must be another route!" Buck never barks back—well, maybe once a week at Toby just to keep in practice and remind others that he can.

Buck used to chase balls but gave that up five years ago also. He routinely makes these decisions unilaterally; never asking my opinion.

Buck likes us to rest together on the deck steps; he's always on my right side, *never* on my left. Maggie held that position for twelve years; she's gone now due to canine cancer, leaving Buck and I by ourselves.

Buck likes lying at my feet while I sit outside to write, occasionally getting up to drink or chase Toby along the fence. With his duty complete, he returns to his post. Sometimes disinterested with our leisure; he will push aside my laptop, lay his big black head in its place, look up with huge brown eyes staring deep into your soul and seem to say: "Can't we do something else for a while?" I scruff his head and he's once again satisfied. He goes back to whatever it was that he'd been doing—the leisurely life of a dog.

Late in the afternoon, sometimes early evening, I walk to the mail box to retrieve the day's allotment of junk mail, political propaganda, ticket applications, and brochures to help me sell my timeshares, the next wad of credit card bills and maybe some real mail.

Always, I am accompanied by my best four legged friend, Buck. He's held that position for almost fourteen years. For the last five Buck has made this trek without a restraint—says he doesn't need one. We arrive at the mail box close to the same time; him walking on four legs to my two. Returning home, he leaves me in the dust but is there waiting when I finally arrive—always patiently waiting.

When nighttime comes, we take a final trip outside then make our desperate climb to the second floor bedroom. He lays watching others' activity prior to sleep from various points; but come morning, he's always there along my side of the bed stretched out on his blanket waiting. On lazy mornings when I'm slow to rise, he gets distressingly impatient. Putting his front feet up on the bedside and towering over me as though to say: "Aren't you ready yet?" He remains there for a while and then slowly lowering his head, resting it on my stomach he watches until I make sufficient movement to dislodge him and start the day. Some mornings, knowing that I am suffering a debilitating uneasiness, he lays right beside the bed, watching for movement, never straying.

Buck's only real talent is being my friend, there every step I take—my shadow.

Over the last several months Buck has developed cancer and getting better isn't in the cards. His pain and life itself made it increasingly hard to watch him go through the day. Last night, I made the painful decision to have Buck put down. This morning I made the appointment to end the chase—one of the hardest things I have ever had the occasion to do.

Tonight's walk to the mail box will be a very lonely walk.

John Howard Hatfield



Buck

WordShop

SLEEPING WITH OLD CATS

If you ask me nothing beats taking a nap with an old cat. Now I know some of you swear by mutts. However, I can assure you sleeping with an old cat beats the stuffing out of sleeping with dogs any day of the week; especially on Sundays.

I've known folks who sleep with a verity of pets. Knew a guy once who slept with his pet pig; cleaned the hog up and brought the thing into the house. This wasn't no pot-bellied, frilly, pseudo-pig either; his snoozing partner was a full grown hog. The problem was the pig was so big, the guy got sciatica from draping his leg over it; wound up using a cane. Nor am I in the habit of casting my pearls before swine. There is just something unsettling about settling down for a long winter nap with something that might end up being part of your breakfast. And, you can't really talk to a pig either. I'm told this is a total waste of time, and it irritates the pig. No, pigs are not the ideal sleeping partner; not to mention their rather loose hygiene habits.

As you may know, I live deep in the heart of Texas. And no God fearing Christian cowboy I know would ever consider tucking in with a sheep. Oh, my! If that rumor ever got started he would have to trade in his spurs and move to Oklahoma; or somewhere where that type of thing is tolerated. In fact, most cowboys I know won't even sleep with their horse. Oh, on the trail some nights they might stake old paint out close by and use the saddle for a pillow; but sleeping with the horse itself is probably not advisable; not unless you want 1,500 pounds of horse meat rolling over on you in the middle of your slumber.

Most farm animals won't do the trick either. Chickens won't cooperate very well. Oh, you can put them to sleep alright. Just tuck their heads under their wing and rock them back and forth for a few seconds and they'll drift right off to la-la-land. But, the sleep doesn't last long, and when they wake up they like to shake all over and dislodge a lung full of feathers. Not to mention that being wakened out of a sound sleep by a rooster crowing at less than two feet is not an experience anyone would want to repeat. Cows are certainly out of the question; and I refuse to even discuss goats, geese, and gerbils; not to imply that gerbils are farm animals mind you, but all the same I won't sleep with one either; not even if I slept on my back.

I don't even want to share the planet with a snake, much less share my bed with one. Actually, anything that is not a mammal is certainly not a candidate for a nap partner. Wild mammals likewise are out of the question; they can't be trusted unless you have a fire stick and can sleep with one eye open; which I can't.

That brings us to the dog option. I'll admit to having slept with a dog a time or two in my life. I was younger. And I know many of you sleep with dogs even to this very day and love them like children. I'm not saying sleeping with dogs is bad if that is what you prefer. I'm just saying there may be a better option in the sleep department. First, there is the circling around three or four times before settling in bit. I don't get it; I really don't. Do they really have to look behind them three times before they flop? And what good does it do to orbit the bed several times if they only end up planting their bottom in your face at the end of it? Am I expected to believe that after twisting around three times, checking out the neighborhood, they didn't know my face was right where their tail ended up? I'm not buying that.

Then, it is a well-known fact that dogs are naturally nervous. Every sound real or imagined gets their immediate attention. I know; I know. They are protecting mommy or daddy. But what are they protecting us from? The sanitation man down the street emptying cans? The rare human who would rather spend Sunday afternoon jogging up and down the street instead of dozing to whatever sports event happens to be on television? (Golf is perfect; they even whisper on TV!) Practically anything that moves will get Fido's attention and he will invariably react with a growl or an outright bark. Quiet him down from one event, and ten minutes won't pass before another red alert interrupts your siesta. Your entire circadian rhythm gets blown.

After that is the scratching and nipping at imaginary pests. They all do it; admit it. Just about the time the sandman is doing his job, Fido jumps up and starts biting something on his butt; usually accompanied by grunts and gnaw-gnaw-gnaw sounds sure to interrupt the soundest sleeper. I don't care if you just got the mutt back from the groomer, he's going to have to inspect the job several times a day. After he is satisfied that nothing is boring into his hind quarters, he's got to start the circumnavigations again, only this time ending with plopping a wet behind in your face. If you are lucky, he is ready now to settle down and nap so long as nothing within a hearing distance makes a noise; and they have excellent hearing. If an emergency vehicle goes by, you can give up the idea of any nap at all. Might as well go mix a Bloody Mary and watch the game. Not that Fido will notice. As soon as you get off the bed, the whelp is sound asleep looking like the dearest picture Normal Rockwell could paint.

No. Trust me on this one. For pure sleeping joy you have to get a cat – an old cat; not some young kitty, but an old, experienced cat; preferably one that has human sleeping experience. A young cat likes to play too much. Oh, he'll sleep alright, but he gets bored easily and will want to play with something; anything that moves. If you don't keep those nose hairs trimmed, you'll end up with a claw hung in your nostril for sure. That will put you off taking naps for a long time, I'll guarantee.

The only downside I can see is that pawing thing they do. For some reason cats like to relax by exercising their claws against your chest; back and forth – back and forth. It goes back to their kitten days; when they suckled their mother they learned to push their paws and claws into mama's belly and move them in rhythm like a mad drummer. Who knows why they do it? It's a cat thing, and it is annoying. There is a simple solution however. Just face the old cat away from you, and he is not tempted to do the paw thing. Problem solved with a simple solution; unlike some of the problems with other animals.

An old cat will soundly sleep with you as long as you want to nap. Their gentle purring acts as a pacifier, lulling one to peaceful, calm slumber. If they do wake up in the middle of the nap, they won't even move much. They might open their eyes and look around, but they will stay as still as a lion in the bushes stalking an eland. Now, I've heard that a cat will steal your breath, and you might wake up dead; but I can assure you after long years of experience this is a slander that cats have had to live with for who knows how long. It is a damned lie, invented by cat haters and frantic over-protective mommies of young infants. Not that I would let my cat sleep with my children; no one would advise that! I'm talking about an adult here who only wants to take a Sunday nap! A cat is not going to suck your breath! An old cat is just going to lay there as long as you want to lay there; and even longer. And he's not going to jump up every time a leaf hits the window. In fact, a burglar could carry off half of your household goods before a cat would lift his head to see what was happening.

There is no doubt that for a truly grand round of shuteye, you cannot get better than an old cat. They are called catnaps for a reason.

Writing for Children

By: Billy James Wall



Let the “Show” Begin

“Show don’t tell” rings throughout books, seminars, and classes on writing.

I used to wring my hands and try to clear my aching head when I heard the statement. What the heck does it mean, I thought.

I Google the phrase and find lots of confusing explanations until I came across a mini-seminar on the concept. I read. I raised my hands in excitement. I understand, finally.

It works for children’s writing; actually, writing for all ages. Here’s the deal: please don’t just tell the reader what is going on, show them. We’re dealing with the five basic emotions: fear, love, sadness, anger, joy.

Example: (Tell) Tanya waits for her teacher to hand her her report card.

(Show) Tanya fidgets in her chair as Mrs. Fitzgerald begins handing out report cards. Tanya accepts her card with a trembling hand. Tears slip down her cheeks; she dreads the trip home. How could she explain to her mother her child’s ignorance?

In the car, Mom opens the report card and shrieks. I knew it, Tanya thinks.

“All A’s!” Mom says, as she hugs and kisses her shocked daughter.

Example: (Tell) Johnny rides to the Little League with his father, the coach.

(Show) Johnny, sporting a new glove, rides with excitement to the first game of the Little League season. His father moved Johnny to pitcher for the first time, and the lad feels just as he did when he became captain of the swim team.

It’s practice that makes your words show, not tell. Are you up for some of that practice? How about each day writing a “show” paragraph on each of the five basic emotions? That’s my goal.



POETRY TO MUSIC

I recently completed my first book of poetry called *Where the Wild Rice Grows*. I had a real good western voice actor read the poems with the intent on making an audio book, which I will still do in the near future. I was listening one day to the voice recording and thought how neat it would be to put some sound effects or perhaps some music to the poems. That is when I found this site.



audioblocks

www.audioblocks.com AudioBlocks was just what I needed to complete my project. It is a subscription based service that features thousands of music and sound effect clips that you can use royalty free, with

certain restrictions. Everything is there from sound effects, to music, to loops. Music creators post their short clips to the site for use by anyone who subscribes – sort of like creative commons. Features for members include unlimited downloads. The clips can be used even for commercial use including films, broadcast, podcasts, games, or practically any commercial use so long as substantial value is added to

the clip. Substantial value could be consider a poem, story, video, pictures, or other audio. Unlike other audio content, you can post your finished product to YouTube without worry because you have a license to use the product. You are not allowed to use the clips to resell them or as a standalone file; it must be enhanced with added value content. The clips cannot be used in illegal ways, such as porn, harassment, invasion of privacy, or in ways that condone violence.

So, if you need some interesting music or sound effects to your web site, this would be your inexpensive answer. Subscription rates are reasonable and must be paid each year. But one good feature is that if you drop your subscription, you still may keep and use the clips you have already downloaded.

I can't wait for you to hear some of my new poems set to music and sound. I am planning on producing Where the Wild Rice Grows as a 6-cd set which can be sold individually or as a box set. I am almost completed the first volume and should be able to play samples for you soon on my web site at www.Aim-hiBooks.com or www.ErnieLeePoetry.com .

Tell me what you think!

Ernie's I-POD



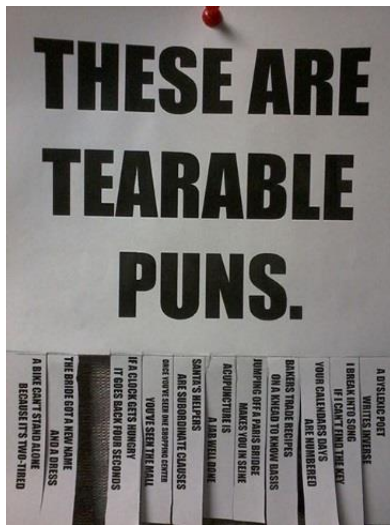
You can hear Bart Ambrose music on ReverbNation at <https://www.reverbnation.com/bartambrose> . My all-time favorite song from Bart is "Two Time Tomorrow".

This issue, I am proud to introduce you to the **Downhill Bluegrass Band**. I challenge you to listen to "Reckless Wind", "East of the Mountain", and "The Duke" then tell me where you think they live. You'll be surprised. You can hear their music at: <https://www.reverbnation.com/downhillbluegrassband/songs>

While you are at it, take a listen to my very good friend **Jon Wolfe**! He is a world class entertainer from the dance halls and honkytonks across Texas and Oklahoma. Listen to my favorite, "The Only Time You Call", or "It All Happened in a Honkytonk." I think, like me, you will recognize the musical talents of this wonderful singer/songwriter! <https://www.reverbnation.com/jonwolfecountry>

Kenny Lee is another good friend of mine, who can sing up a storm! Listen to "I Know What It's Like", or "On Nights Like These" which he co-wrote with James Floyd Richardson. Good listening. Kenny and I are not related, but I sure wish I could sing like that!!!

Ernie Lee can be heard at https://www.reverbnation.com/aimhimusic?profile_view_source=header_icon_nav And on MTV Artists page at: <http://www.mtv.com/artists/ernie-lee/>



1. Beyond current dentistry thought: transcend-DENTAL Movement.
2. Classical music played by toddlers in the kitchen: SHOW-PAN.
3. A disheveled brother of Mr. Stilt: RUMPLED Stilt KIN
4. He searched in VEIN for his BLOOD relative.
5. When a patient curses at a doctor about a tailbone diagnosis, it's a HIP o CRITICAL Oath.



The Book on Writing: The Ultimate Guide to Writing Well

By Paula LaRocque

If you're looking for a dry nuts-and-bolts-only book on how to write, look elsewhere. Great examples harvested from the published and unpublished flavor "The Book on Writing."

Humor also seasons the resulting how-to-write-toward-the-sublime stew. I chuckled at some of the more outrageous examples, but I can't relate them to prove this paragraph's thesis, for I'm not a spoiler. In fact, I shall only say, "Trite ain't right; and simple and fresh slays the cliché dragon." Oops, there I go again.

Perhaps here I should provide Paula's credentials for her audacious act of wading into the pristine lake elegantly rippled by authors of "On Writing Well," "On Writing," "Elements of Style," and others of acclaim.

Paula is a novelist and widely known writing coach. In fact, she was writing coach and assistant managing editor of *The Dallas Morning News* from 1981 through 2001. She's been a consultant to the Associated Press and other writing entities. She taught writing seminars throughout the country and Germany and Canada.

I marvel at Paula's organization of the book. It divides into sections that talk of grammar, word usage, writing a story and, one of my favorites: "Dispelling the Myths."

"The Book on Writing" is fresh, precise and clear as a just-cleaned mirror. Paula's website (paulalarocque.com/site) is amazing and well worth a bookmark.

Whether you just want to clean up your letter writing or write a novel, this book can help you sharpen your pencil (not needed) and oil your laptop (not recommended).

One thing's for sure, this book is a fabulous resource for those who love writing well.

Billy James Wall

Poetry

RAPPAHANNOCK

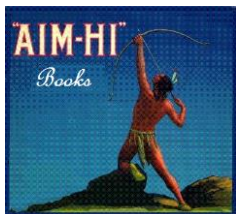
From the Blue Ridge across the Piedmont
To the bay of Chesapeake,
Where the mighty cannons belched fire and
smoke,
And blood drifted with the currents,
Flows the mighty Rappahannock.
A mile wide beyond Port Royal,
And salty past Urbanna,

The river of quick rising water
That ebbs and flows with the tide,
Is a barrier to the Southland
Better than any blockade or a thousand
regiments.
However, a barrier blocks both ways.
And when the flood gates opened
Neither Early could hold nor Longstreet rout
The rising tide that cold November 1863.

Ernie Lee, © 2017

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

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



™ Aim-Hi Publishing LLC
1542 Lakeside Dr. West
Canyon Lake, Texas 78133

WRITING IS GIVING

Writing+Is+Giving means that the simple act of writing is an act of giving. When we write something, we give information to someone, even if it is a question.

I have decided to **GIVE AWAY 2,016** copies of my book **AQUASAUJUS** to Cancer Fighters; those who are fighting cancer now and who have survived a cancer fight in the past. **It is totally free.** All you have to do is follow these steps:

Go to WWW.Aim-HiBooks.com

Subscribe in the orange box on the web site.

Press the "Contact" button on top.

Send me a message with your name and e-mail address

Nominate someone (or yourself). I need their name, e-mail address, type of cancer and year (for my records only) and the format they need (mobi and pdf are the two methods available)

Hit send. They will receive a complete copy of my book in their in-box totally free.

As a cancer survivor myself, I want to reach out to those whose lives have been impacted by cancer.

Please help me accomplish this by nominating someone today. Maybe together we can brighten someone's day.

By: Ernie Lee



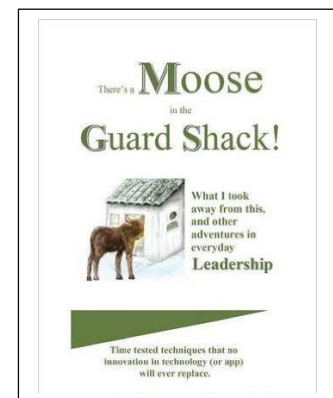
Title: There's a Moose in the Guard Shack! Author: John Howard Hatfield

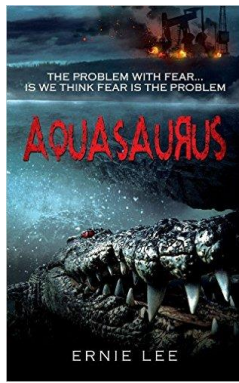
Genre: Business & Economics / Leadership

ISBN: 978-1-4958-0825-8

Publisher: Infinity Publishing

http://www.amazon.com/Theres-Moose-Guard-Howard-Hatfield/dp/1495808254/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1462068844&sr=8-1&keywords=There%27s+a+moose+in+the+guard+shack





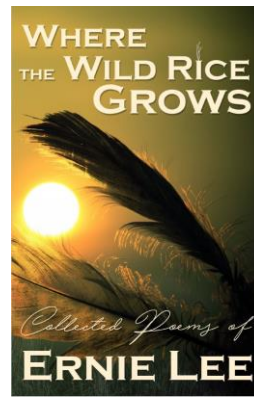
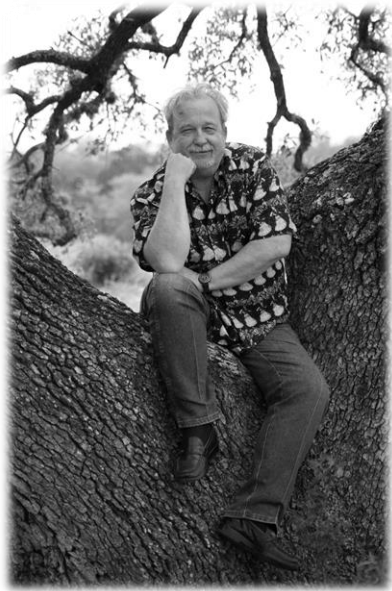
Title: *Aquasaurus*

Genre: Thriller / Adventure

ISBN: 978-09971284-2-0

Available on Amazon or at

www.Aim-HiBooks.com



Title: *Where the Wild Rice Grows*

The Collected Poems of Ernie Lee

Genre: Poetry

ISBN: 978-0-9971284-3-7

Available on Amazon or at

www.Aim-HiBooks.com