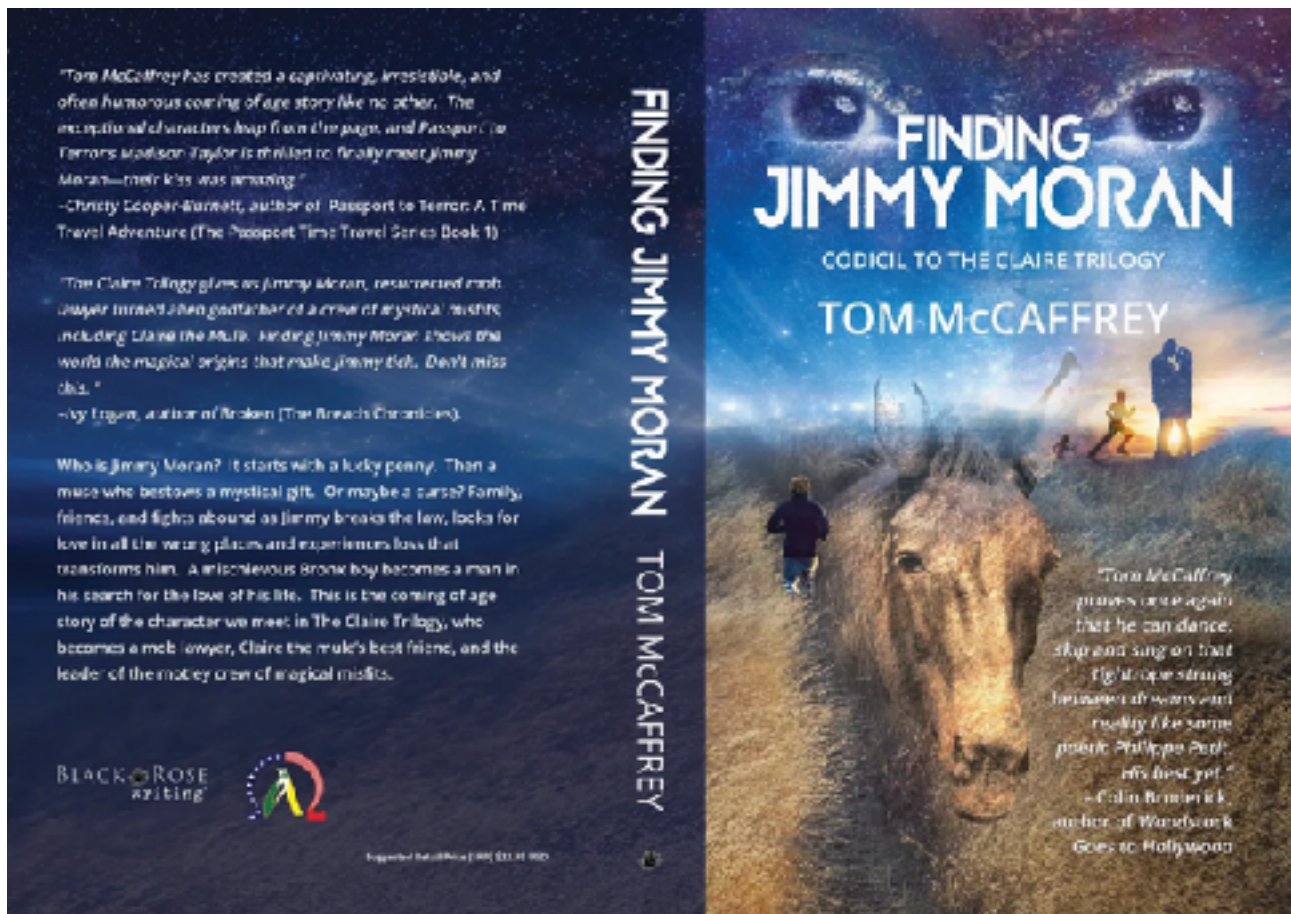


Finding Jimmy Moran

November 30, 2022



Yesterday, I was thrilled to learn that my latest contribution to escapist literature appeared for the first time on the Black Rose Writing Publisher's website for pre-ordering, just in time for the Christmas season.

<https://www.blackrosewriting.com/historicaladventure/findingjimmymoran>

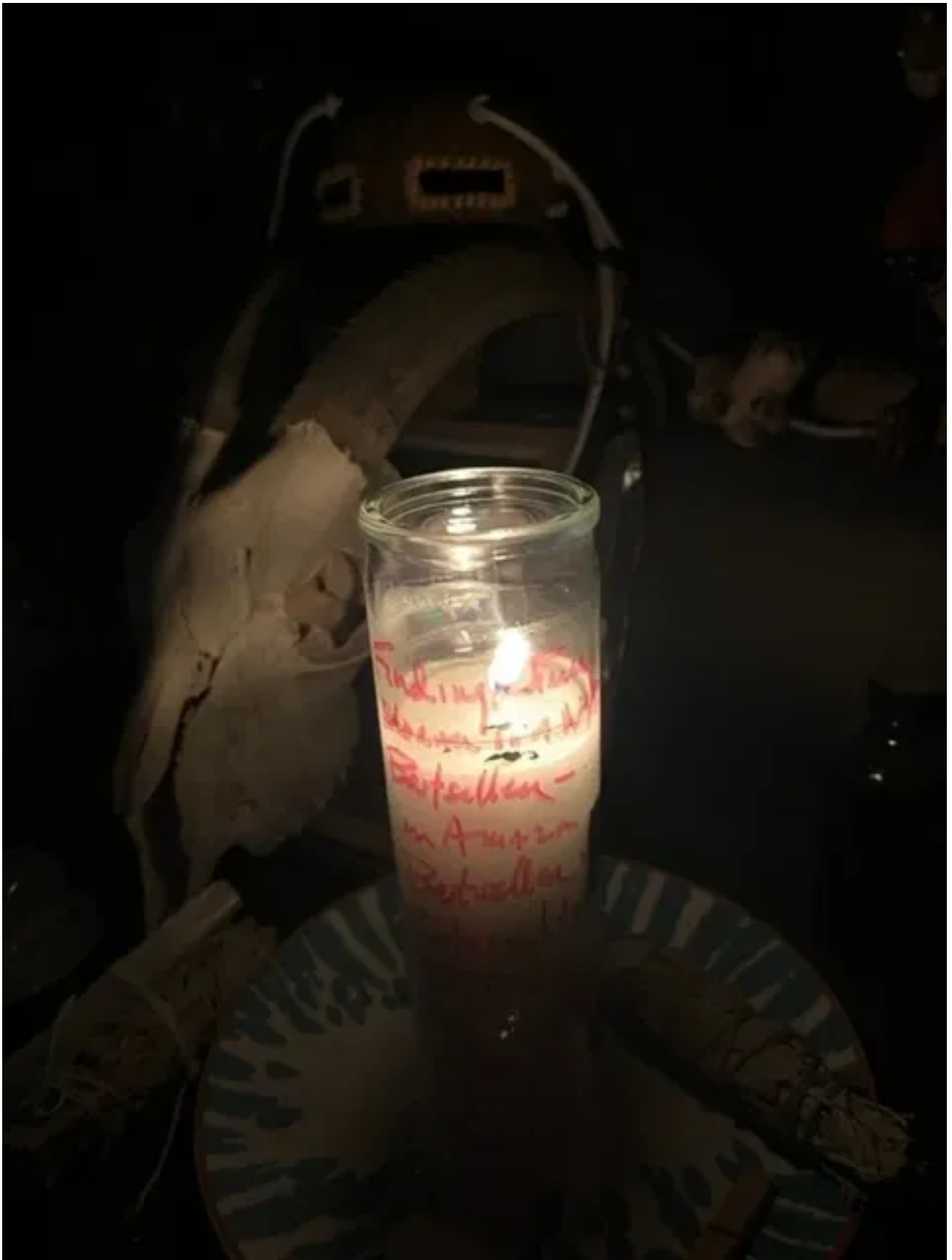
I see today that the paperback version is available on Amazon as well.

https://www.amazon.com/dp/1685131743/ref=sr_1_1?crid=3I9CL8WUKTD9V&keywords=Finding+Jimmy+MOran&qid=1669804490&s=digital-text&srefix=finding+jimmy+moran%2Cdigital-text%2C152&sr=1-1

It never gets old. Seriously. I cannot believe my good fortune. I am the luckiest man alive. Thanks Reagan Rothe for believing in this old dog.

Absolutely love this cover. Thank you Richard Lamb. You continue to do Claire proud. <https://www.linkedin.com/in/ildrichardlamb>

I immediately lit my votive candle imploring the Universe for a successful launch.



Now, the bad news is that it is not actually available until April 13, 2023. The good news is that it gives you all time to read, or re-

read, *The Claire Trilogy*, so you can fully appreciate this story.

Despite it being a prequel, its telling involves Claire, of course, plus the two prominent characters you meet in *KMAG*, who then go on to lead the sequel, hinted at end of *KMAG*. And there is a mystical storyline throughout. Just saying.

This is also the longest book so far. There is a lot to unpack.

If you fine, five readers have enjoyed reading this blog, I can guaranty that you will enjoy *FJM*.

If you are new to this blog, go back and start from the beginning, it will help fill the time while we all await April.

Oh, and just to try something new, I asked my dear friend and amazing writer Christy Cooper Burnett -

https://www.amazon.com/s?k=Christy+Cooper+Burnett&i=digital-text&crid=33GWH1SUTGZA1&srefix=christy+cooper+burnett%2Cdigital-text%2C133&ref=nb_sb_noss_2

if I could borrow her latest and greatest main character, Madison Taylor, from *Passport To Terror* -



that very cool time travel, Jack The Ripper book - for a cross-over chapter with her and Jimmy Moran. Loved writing that chapter. CCB not only agreed to the character loan but she gave me a great blurb for my cover after reading the manuscript. She promised to incorporate that cross-over event into her next book. Jimmy Moran is honored. He never forgot that kiss. Thank you Christy.

Speaking of cover blurbs, once I had finished writing *FJM*, my dear friend and literary mentor, Colin Broderick, asked to read it. Now Colin is a very talented and successful creative, with many arrows in his quiver.

<https://www.colinbroderick.com>

He is also extremely busy, having just published *Woodstock Goes To Hollywood*

WOODSTOCK

GOES TO HOLLYWOOD

A NOVEL BY COLIN BRODERICK

★★★★★
"A BOOK FOR ALL GENERATIONS."
JOHN BRODIN, 10 COUNTRY 101 OLD MAN

★★★★★
"A JOY TO READ."
MICHAEL TAPLIN, TAPLINS

★★★★★
"WINNIE THE POOH FOR GROWN UPS."
THOMAS STILES, FOUNDER OF STIRRED YOGURT

★★★★★
"... WOULD HAVE BEEN A WHOLE
LOT COOLER IF I WERE IN IT"
MIKE KIZAL, HOUSE OF CARDS

★★★★★
"THE ACTORS JOURNEY IN
NEW YORK AT ITS PUREST"
DANIEL PETERSON, HOSTESS OF THE RAIL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHRIS COLL

an absolutely magical instant classic - for all of us adults who wish we could rediscover a modern day Winnie The Poo for the very first time. On top of his creative efforts, Colin is raising a young family to boot, so I didn't want to impose on his time, nor ask the favor of another possible cover blurb. After all, TWA's "Grisham on mushrooms" was lightening in a bottle. But, what do I find when I read his responding email but the wonderful blurb appearing on the above front cover of FJM. Thank you brother.

Now, once you have safely pre-ordered FJM (must never discount potential supply chain issues slowing down the joy of those coming late to the party), and reading/re-reading TCT, I strongly recommend you keep those readership skills well-honed by reading Colin's and Christy's books. That's what I do when I'm not writing. I would also like to recommend the works of a wonderful writer, Ivy Logan, who really knows how to capture magic and strong female characters in a fantasy setting.

https://www.amazon.com/Broken-Breach-Chronicles-Book-1-ebook/dp/B07T7ZZ6S8/ref=sr_1_4?crid=3UMBUDMS5SG20&keywords=Ivy+Logan&qid=1669806413&s=digital-text&srefix=ivy+logan%2Cdigital-text%2C136&sr=1-4



What can I say, I love bad ass women.

Anyway, for those of you that have read *The Wise Ass*, *An Alien Appeal*, and *Kissing My Ass Goodbye*, I am forever in your debt. It was your amazing support that made writing *Finding Jimmy Moran* possible.

With positive Christmas season pre-orders to suggest a continuing market for the story, I can confidently proceed to embarking on *Where The Ley Lines Meet* early next year, which promises to be the most ambitious leg of the Claire Chronicles to date. Wish me

luck. And thank you all from the bottom of my heart. You've literally made this old man's dreams come true.

But now I must return to the real world. Hump day awaits.

First a kitty cuddle, my rounds and some treadmill torture.

You fine, five readers, finish your coffee and scale the hump. It's all down hill towards the weekend from here.

Again, thank you for your continuing support. Have a great day.

Universe Is Always Good For A Laugh

November 29, 2022



This is what happens when the elves want to play games with you.
You lean back in your most comfortable office chair for the

millionth time, put your feet on the corner of the desk that has a worn spot from five plus years of propping up your resting heels and BAM - you find yourself staring at the ceiling thinking (1) "What the fuck?!" and (2) "I better wipe those cob webs off the track light before Lisa gives me shit."

Now I love to put my feet up everywhere.



Drives Lisa nuts. I tell her I need all of that blood to circulate to my brain so I can be creative and think high thoughts. She tells me to

fuck myself and that I do not need to think high thoughts in the dining room, living room or kitchen. So I do all my high thinking with my feet up in my office lair.

I was lucky. Other than wacking my left elbow and my shoulder blades, I seem to have survived unscathed. Luckily my head has suffered enough blows over the years that it is impervious to further damage. I did lay there for a few moments before thinking that the mischevious BC must be in town and gotten to my chair and then bursting into maniacal laughter, which brought Claire and Honey to my office window to ensure that I was still functioning well enough to provide them with their carrots.

After providing them with their carrots, I recalled that when Luke and Georgie left, they left behind Luke's much nicer leather chair, which was buried under all of the other crap they stored in my garage on the day they left.

So, after shifting and sifting through a ton of crap, a half hour later, voila!



Now, this is the chair Luke sat in when he wrote Lebanon Red. So, if my future writing improves, you can blame it on me channeling

Luke's talents through his chair. Also, once I finish writing "Where The Ley Lines Meet," which will be the final(?) installment of the Claire Chronicles, I can sell it on ebay as the chair that warmed the creative asses of both McCaffrey writers. Not quite Hemingway's typewriter but who knows.

Anyway, I am happily saddled in this chair as I write these words. Wish me luck.

Well, the day awaits. Thank God Monday is behind us all.

We have a snow storm arriving today, a few inches have fallen already so I put the Mules breakfast in the barn.

I'll need to put Smokey's breakfast deep onto the front porch, to keep it from getting covered. I know the bomb shelter is warm, having tested it again yesterday,

The I'll need to shovel a bit, as I will be driving Lisa to work. So I best get at it.

But I will still do my rounds (I'll sweep a spot inside the relevant fences to drop the goodies for my furry friends).

Then a little torture on the treadmill.

You fine, five readers have your coffee and then welcome Tuesday, which, when compared to Monday, always looks good.

Otherwise, stay warm, be safe and make today a great one.

Oh, and best of luck to my reader friend Adrienne S. All will be well.

Bukowski's Rules Of Writing

November 28, 2022



Six degrees of separation.

I first heard of the writer, Henry Charles Bukowski, when the not yet published writer, Colin Broderick, returned to Riverdale, in the early 1990s, from a birthday road trip to Atlanta with autographed copies of Bukowski's books. Turns out, Colin got in just under the wire because the writer passed in 1994. As with any writer I'm introduced to, I started out reading his shorter stories and poems and found I really enjoyed both his writing and stories. There was nothing pretty about either, but I enjoyed his "fuck you" honesty and could see that he wasn't making shit up. He was writing from his experience. Since then, I've read pretty much everything he's written.

Colin also shared his love for Bukowski with my son, Luke, as part of his mentoring of Luke's writing. Luke, pictured above, also is a major fan of both Bukowski and Broderick.

Like Bukowski, Colin and Luke write with an authenticity that cannot be faked. Check out Colin's memoirs "Orangutan" and "That's That" for the Celtic version of a life that would have made Hank proud.

Luke has captured the same hard scrabbled authenticity in his first novel, "Lebanon Red." Both men have experienced a lot of life in a short period of time. Their writing reflects that. Their writing is amazing.

I try to capture that real streets feel in my writing as well, although it is sometimes buried in the fantastical. I get to draw upon a lot more life experience than Colin or Luke, only because I'm a lot older. I also get to draw upon almost four decades of my legal profession.

You write what you know.

During my formative years of writers groups and classes, when writing was just a hobby, I was exposed to a lot of other wannabe writers' rules for writing. I was amazed at the confidence these people had in their belief that they had figured it out. They were going to be the next great thing. Some were.

Some of them would even make copies of these rules and circulate them among the rest of us. There were a lot of grammar rules real writers were supposed to follow. I didn't.

I'm not a big fan of rules. I can honestly say that if I'd adhered to the ones I was provided along the way, I probably would never have written *The Wise Ass*.

But at some point I came upon a of Bukowski's rules of writing, and I just had to check it out.

<https://writingcooperative.com/charles-bukowski-on-how-to-write-ddc58f61d988>

This wasn't Bukowski lecturing the rest of us on how to write. He would have kicked his own ass if he ever found himself doing that. Instead, these were golden nuggets mined from his lifetime of interviews and some of his work.

There's only six, but they nail it. I've lifted them from the Writing Cooperatives article (which is worth reading because of their impressive analysis of each rule. They get it, and you will be a better writer if you read their article). Since it is newsworthy, it is also fair use:

1. Don't bore the readers

"When you write, your words must go like this — Bim! Bim! Bim! Each line must be full of a delicious little juice, flavor. They must be full of power, they must make you turn a page." -Bukowski in an interview

2. Write with joy

"Writing isn't work at all... And when people tell me how painful it is to write I don't understand it because it's just like rolling down the mountain you know. It's freeing. It's enjoyable. It's a gift and you get paid for what you want to do."

-Bukowski

3. Stay committed

“If you’re going to try, go all the way. Otherwise, don’t even start. This could mean losing girlfriends, wives, relatives and maybe even your mind. It could mean not eating for three or four days. It could mean freezing on a park bench. It could mean jail.” -Bukowski in Factotum

4. Relax and write without money or fame in mind

“How do you write, create?’ You don’t, I told them. You don’t try. That’s very important: not to try, either for Cadillacs, creation or immortality. You wait, and if nothing happens, you wait some more.” -Bukowski

5. Keep on writing without dwelling on the past

“You know what I’m interested in? What I’m gonna type tomorrow night. That’s all that interests me, the next poem, the next fucking line. What’s past is past, I don’t wanna linger over it, and read it and play with it, and jolly it up. It’s gone, it’s done. If you can’t write the next line... Well, you’re dead.” -Bukowski

6. Write about things you know

*“I was blessed with a crappy life, that’s all. A crappy life to write about.”
-Bukowski*

Now I'm going to admit that it's much easier to appreciate Bukowski's rules from an old writer's perspective. I mean, what young writer can accept Rule No. 4 at the age of twenty? Young writers dream about living the life of all of the successful icons of literature, until they learn that a lot of their lifestyles were subsidized by family and friends, that periods of wealth were often interspersed among longer periods of poverty and that most of the real money

flowed into their estate after they died, when they could no longer piss it away.

I get the young writer's desire for fame as well. It's the easy way to show all of those people that thought you were full of shit growing up, that it might have been golden shit.

Again, coming from an old writer's perspective, while I enjoy that some of my readers have gotten to know me, most of that has come from reading these blogs, which is like learning about someone from reading their diary, not from being discovered by the world in the Sunday book section of the NYT.

It's more important to me that the world learns about my characters. That's what I want my readers to talk about. Not me.

I wrote *The Wise Ass* because I had free time on my hands due to my inability to change my East Coast sleeping patterns. I did it just to see if I could write a novel. I'd had long before given up my dream of being a writer. I never thought anyone would ever see that novel. I only submitted it to BRW because another very talented writer I knew, Ricky Ginsberg from NJ, who had read it, suggested I take the shot. I wrote it without the pressure of trying to be rich and famous. And that freed me to follow the other five rules.

So, that's my lesson for today. Read Bukowski, Broderick and Luke McCaffrey. And if you write, follow Bukowski's rules.

I've got a kitty to cuddle, rounds to make and torture to self administer.

But the rest of you fine, five readers should have that second cup of espresso and go out there and take on your Monday. It will be over before you know it.

And have a great day.

The Bismarck Veterans Memorial Public Library - Libraries Are Cool

November 27, 2022

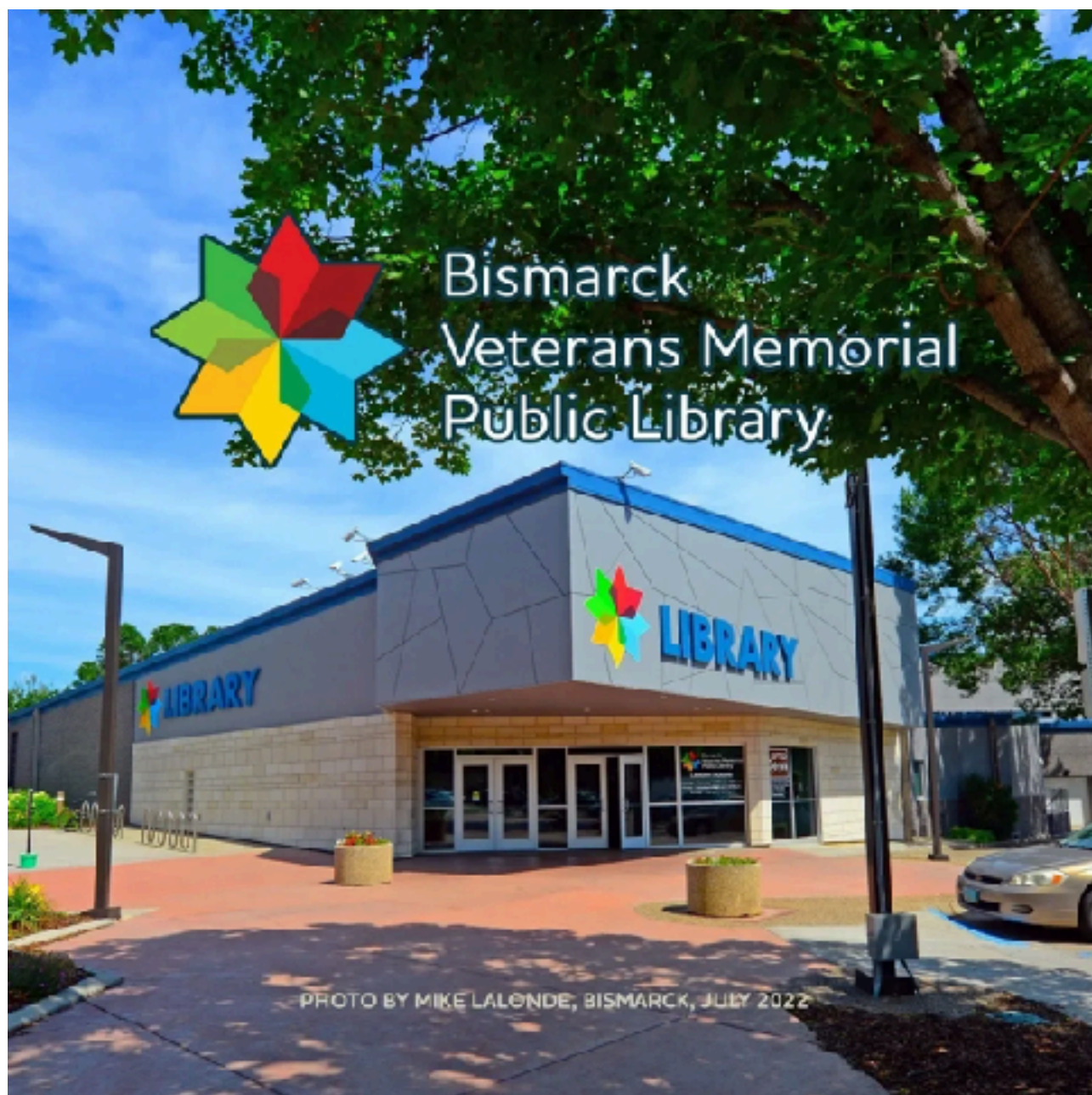


PHOTO BY MIKE LALONDE, BISMARCK, JULY 2022

Thank you Mike Lalonde for taking this amazing photo. Definitely newsworthy, as is the Library and this article about it.

Thank you BVMPL for being an extraordinary public library: <https://www.bismarcklibrary.org/27/About>

I mean, its website just begs you to interact with it. Even luddites like myself want to explore the amazing on-line opportunities it provides.

North Dakota is an awesome state. It should have excellent public libraries.

I am a huge supporter of the US Public Library system. Our Riverdale Public Library in the Bronx was a great place to escape to during the inclement weather of my youth. Got to meet some really cool old people sitting at communal tables, and now I really appreciate those kind of interactions because I'm old. Youth is wasted on the young. I read a lot of great books back then. For free.

I have donated copies of my books to local libraries in my NoCo area, as well as street mini libraries. Indeed, I'm looking forward to attending the Berthoud Library Book Club meeting(s) in January when they discuss TWA.

One of my dearest, oldest, and most annoying frenemies, the infamous BC (yes, the Voldemort type character from *KMAG*), recently delivered inscribed copies of my books to a Rochester NY Public Library. Thank you BC. That's BC in the left foreground next to his ever patient wife, Nan. Joe Serrano (another founding member of the OFC, also a bad guy in *KMAG*), sits opposite BC.

That's Joe's ever patient wife, Donna next to him. If you ever see BC in the street, thank him for being the perfect villain, in whatever way you feel is appropriate. But give Joe a pass, he's unkillable.



They have the look of Easter conspirators. (Missing, but not forgotten, are the other OFC charter members who also appear

in *TCT*, Eileen "Bubbles" Cotto, Mark "Lenny" Lenahan, and Mike "Disco" Augustini).

There is a less than altruistic method to my library madness. Crack dealers understand the psychology. If I can get you to read one of my books for free, I might get you hooked. And I really want people to read my books. All of them. This would be a good time to remind you all that *Finding Jimmy Moran* should be up on-line for pre-sale in a week or two, and drops on April 13, 2023.

Now, back to this story.

One of my dear Twitter friends, Renee Clarke, is from Bismarck North Dakota. I stole this photo from her Twitter page.



Renee is a tremendous supporter of *The Claire Trilogy*. She also is a huge fan of my dear friend and literary mentor, Colin Broderick: <https://www.colinbroderick.com>.

I highly recommend all of CB's books and films, but especially his instant classic, *Woodstock Goes To Hollywood*.

There are even signed copies available for Christmas: <https://www.colinbroderick.com/shop/p/woodstock-goes-to-hollywood> (imagine having a signed copy of *Winnie The Pooh*).

Colin has generously provided me with another wonderful cover blurb for *FJM*. It is as awesome as his "Grisham on Mushrooms" blurb for TWA. Invokes a timeless NYC moment in history. Hope his lightening strikes twice.

But back to Renee. Renee recently Tweeted that she was considering donating a set of *TCT* to her local public library. I didn't want Renee to be out of pocket for the costs of that set, it's nice enough that readers are willing to buy one set (and I know this is hard to believe but Renee has three kids in college), so I asked if she would facilitate delivering an inscribed set of the same to the BVMPL on my behalf. She graciously agreed.

This week Renee sent me a photo of Matthew The Librarian accepting the set.



Thank you Renee. Thank you Matthew The Librarian (why is it that bald men with beards and glasses look so wise?). Thank you

Bismarck Veterans Memorial Public Library. And thank you the citizens of Bismarck ND (great state). I hope you enjoy my books. Speaking of cover blurbs, another one of my Twitter friends, the writer Ivy Logan -

[https://www.amazon.com/Ivy-Logan/e/](https://www.amazon.com/Ivy-Logan/e/B077BB9W1Q%3Fref=dbs_a_mng_rwt_scns_share)

[B077BB9W1Q%3Fref=dbs_a_mng_rwt_scns_share](https://www.amazon.com/Ivy-Logan/e/B077BB9W1Q%3Fref=dbs_a_mng_rwt_scns_share) -

not only provided me with a wonderful cover blurb for *FJM*, but also made this really cool marketing photo for TCT:



Now how cool is that?! Thank you Ivy for the blurb and the marketing photo. Note that those are the hardcover versions of TCT in the photo. Very upselling.

Claire always looks good on those covers.

Well, that's it for this morning. I have a kitty to cuddle, rounds to make and a treadmill to complain about.

For those of you fine, five readers who aren't facing a travel day (travel safely), I hope today is a peaceful and restful winding down of your Thanksgiving weekend.

But whatever is on your Sunday menu, make today a great one.

Australian McCaffreys - Lebanon Red

November 26, 2022



So, yesterday I received this photo of Georgie, Luke, Cairo, Scarlett, Savanna and, last but not least, Stella.

The good news is that they are all happy and acclimating well to their new lives in Oz.

The bad news is that they are in Oz.

You have to take the bitter with the sweet.

The good news for me is that all three of my granddaughters are beautiful.

The bad news for Luke is that all three of my granddaughters are beautiful.

Thank you Georgie. You have bumped up the McCaffrey gene pool by at least three rungs up the genetic ladder. Make them all good Aussies. And then let them conquer that nation.

Luke, get yourself a shotgun, put the first boyfriend's head on a pike in front of your house, and hope it scares away all of the others.

And you better keep cranking out those novels. You have a lot of weddings to pay for.


Speaking of which, I highly recommend Luke's first novel, *Lebanon Red*. [https://www.amazon.com/product-reviews/B09Y2BS5L3/ref=cm_cr_ar_p_d_viewopt_srt?](https://www.amazon.com/product-reviews/B09Y2BS5L3/ref=cm_cr_ar_p_d_viewopt_srt?ie=UTF8&filterByStar=five_star&reviewerType=all_reviews&sortBy=recent&pageNumber=1#reviews-filter-bar)

[ie=UTF8&filterByStar=five_star&reviewerType=all_reviews&sortBy=recent&pageNumber=1#reviews-filter-bar](https://www.amazon.com/product-reviews/B09Y2BS5L3/ref=cm_cr_ar_p_d_viewopt_srt?ie=UTF8&filterByStar=five_star&reviewerType=all_reviews&sortBy=recent&pageNumber=1#reviews-filter-bar)

I can say without reservation that my son writes much better than I can and he has lived a far more interesting life, including living for a time in the middle east. He has also been published a good twenty years earlier than I did, which is great because you always want your children to exceed your accomplishments.

Plus, he has those three weddings to pay for.

So, any support you fine, five readers (and your family and friends) can provide by purchasing and reviewing his book(s) (he's working on the sequel) is greatly appreciated. For those of you that have already done so, I am forever in your debt.



LOCK

19 Gen 5

AUSTRIA

9x19

"McCaffrey writes with the taut
no-nonsense energy of early
Lee Child but with a noir sensibility
all his own. A dynamite debut."
—Junot Diaz, Pulitzer Prize-winning author of
The Brief Wondrous Life of Oscar Wao,
This Is How You Lose Her & *Drown*

LEBANON RED

LUKE MCCAFFREY

"*Lebanon Red* moves so seamlessly from the backstreets of the Bronx to the shady underworld of Beirut you're liable to find yourself wishing you'd packed a side-arm for the read."

—Colin Broderick, writer/director of *A Bend in The River*

LEBANON RED

BEIRUT, LEBANON, 2020: HOME TO INTERNATIONAL GANGSTERS, FOREIGN SPIES AND SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE.

O'Hara Poit, released early from prison under the pretext of a Covid-19 outbreak, now owes the men who orchestrated it — a radical organization with connections to fringe elements deep within the U.S. political establishment. O'Hara is given an alias and sent to Beirut, where he is tasked with tracking down his estranged childhood friend, Red, now a member of a violent anarchist militia being trained by the Volk Group — an elite Russian mercenary force. When Red's militia returns to America, they plan to unleash mayhem and bring down the country. In his quest to stop this from happening, O'Hara must navigate his way among gangsters, spies and even Saudi princes. He meets a beautiful woman, makes dangerous enemies, and learns that nothing in his life is as it seems, and nobody is safe — least of all himself. The mission to find Red becomes a mission to survive.

Luke McCaffrey is a native of the Bronx, New York, who has also lived in North Carolina and Egypt. He currently resides in Colorado with his wife, three daughters and their dog Cairo. He wrote this novel while serving as a firefighter with the Denver Fire Department.

BLACK & ROSE
writing



Suggested Retail Price [SRP] \$18.95 USD

But don't take my word concerning the literary value of this book (I'll admit to blood bias), just look at what the Pulitzer Prize Winning Author, Junot Diaz said about Luke and his book on the front cover blurb. JD is no joke: <http://www.junotdiaz.com>. He doesn't do book cover blurbs. That says a lot.

Indeed, I am terribly jealous that Luke landed a Pulitzer Prize Winner blurb on the cover of his debut novel. (although I am quite proud of the line up of wonderful authors I have on my four novels). So, as part and parcel of yesterday's rant concerning the call to arms for a Literary Renaissance this Christmas, please keep *Lebanon Red* on your TBR lists for you, your family and your friends. Trust me, you'll enjoy this read. You can take that to the bank.

Anyway, dawn is literally right outside my window and I have a kitty to cuddle, fur friends to visit and a treadmill to curse at. Then more chores.

You fine, five readers get about your holiday weekend. Maybe, if you find a moment, read a book.

But most of all, have a great day.

Yesterday's Blog - Black Friday Literacy Challenge

November 26, 2022



Yesterday, the internet gremlins took me out of commission and would not let me post my blog. So I saved it on word and will now provide it here for you.

I woke today to no internet. So, I'm typing this in word with hopes I will get the internet at some point today and be able to post it. Of course, this will also hamper Lisa's on-line Black Friday shopping, so I hope it comes back on-line before withdrawal hits and things get ugly.

Yesterday was Thanksgiving. Nice and quiet around Casa Claire. So, I got a jump on my weekend chores.

I had to refill the main water trough, and that meant humping five-gallon buckets from the slop sink in the basement wash room out to the barn and dumping it in the trough.



A lot of trips.
Then I had to refill the hay bags.

4:57



Yesterday
10:40 AM

All Photos

HDR



Edit



That meant I had to toss some hay bales from the storage room to the rack so I could then refill the bags.



And what goes in must come out.

So, then I had to scrape up three wheelbarrows of mule muffins from around the property and take them to Hadrian's Wall along the back of the property and dump them where they will break down into rolling hills of compost and hopefully nourish that part of the property.







The mules enjoy munching the grass that has sprouted along the wall. Waste not, want not.



If I ever get into merchandising, I may sell individual “Claire’s Magic Mule Muffins” that people all over the world can buy and bury in their respective gardens in order to bring magic into their spaces. Anyway, after doing my chores I was quite happy to gaze out upon my property and see Claire and Honey resting up, so they have the energy to eat more hay, drink more water and distribute more mule muffins across the property.



And for that, for them, for all of this, I am truly thankful.

Well, I hope all of your fine, five readers get your Black Friday shopping mojo going.

Why don't we make this Christmas' theme "Literacy." How about we all get back into buying books for our friends and family. Let's show everyone that there are still some of us who can read more than a few paragraphs before a butterfly floats by and distracts us. Let's turn back to letting our imagination follow that longer narrative, anticipating whatever it is the author has waiting around the creative corner. Let's all be amazed, surprised, and thrilled by the written word. Let's let our imaginations interact with the author's. Let's all laugh and cry a little over the fictitious characters we meet on those pages. Let's turn that last page with a flourish and exclaim, "Damn, that was good!"

Even better, let's make carrying a book around in our hand a status symbol. Like a Gucci bag.

Have that ready answer available for when a stranger comes up to you and says, "Excuse me sir/mam what is that you are carrying in your hand?" "Oh this?!" You'll respond casually. "This is my dime store therapy. It takes me away from the assholes of the world the moment I gaze upon the magic incantations that appear on the page."

The good news is that the denizens that have taken over our cities won't mug you for it. They won't have a fucking clue as to what it is.

In fact, you can roll any one of my paperbacks into a formidable weapon to beat back any assault that may occur on a subway platform. Just jab the asshole right in the Adam's apple. Game over.

And if you forego the e-book version for the tangible paper version, you won't get your iPhone ripped out of your hand when you are lost in the story while you are sitting on that bus or subway.

So, you see, this Christmas could be turning point. And you could be part of it by buying a paperback for a person you really care about. Think about it.

Anyway, I need to get back out there and cuddle a kitty, make my rounds and test that treadmill.

You fine, five readers set out to enjoy this long weekend in whatever way makes you happy.

But whatever is on your menu for this weekend, make today a great one.

Happy Thanksgiving

November 24, 2022



When I sit here and start counting my blessings, I am almost overwhelmed by their variety and number.

I am truly blessed.

But I wanted you fine, five readers to know that I count you among those blessings. Indeed, I've counted you twice.

My prayers are that you all have a wonderful day today. And every day.

So, go out there and make today a hallmark moment.

Share a meal, a drink, a laugh, a tear. Hug your loved ones. Hug a stranger.

Share the love.

Claire sends her love to you all. As do I.

I'm going to leave it simple today.

A kitty needs cuddling and rounds need to be made.

But I want each and every one of you to have a magical day.

Shout Out To Kyle Dooley - All Heart (Like The Tin Man)

November 23, 2022



My dear friend and curator of the MOS Literary Bookshelf, Kyle Dooley, is recovering today from heart surgery. Anyone who has ever spent any time with Kyle knows immediately that he has a good heart, but it has taken a lot of wear and tear. That is not Kyle's only strong point. He is also a voracious reader. He digs deep when he reads. He gets all the fine nuances and, when he reads a series, he makes all the right connections to what came before. He asks interesting questions. He is the perfect demographic that anyone who writes wants to shoot for. I've sat in many rooms with

many bright and highly educated people and few have shown his innate ability to analyze literature. And the best thing about it is that Kyle looks like the quintessential old biker dude that you would see riding in Sturgis. He looks bad ass.

If I ever get to heaven (and trust me, there is no guaranty) it will be a large room in a cool bookstore, think Shakespeare and Co. in Paris, filled with, *inter alia*, clones of Kyle listening to me read my books and saying the most positive things about it during the Q & A afterwards. I have other, more lascivious, visions of the afterlife, but I'm probably not going to see that unless I end up, as Dante Alighieri has promised, on that certain ring in hell with the other lawyers. Silver lining?

But I do not want to rush that, so I do want Kyle to recover fully from his surgery. I have a selfish reason for wishing that as well. You see, I made Kyle a character in *Finding Jimmy Moran* - he's a Hell's Kitchen bartender - and I want to snap a photo of him, the book and a bottle of Bushmills, for a Books & Bevie promotion I have lined up with the wonderful Kerry Freeman: <https://twitter.com/KerryFFreeman>.

So Kyle, dear friend, brother, rest up and recover. You have work still to do - toiling on this mortal plain. And I just don't want to be breaking in any new curators for the MOS Literary Bookshelf. I promise you, if you try and sneak off, I will do a Weekend at Bernie's photo of you, the book and the Bushmills. So, its best if you stay alive so you can smile on your own accord.

Anyway, that's my thoughts for today.

It's time to go cuddle a kitty, say hello to my local fur friends and then torture myself for an hour on the treadmill.

Hope you fine, five readers are out there traveling to your family and friends so that you can enjoy your holiday tomorrow. Fuck work, it will keep.

But make today a great one, and, if you think of it, say a little prayer for my buddy Kyle.

I would be remiss if I did not mention my other dear friend, Joe Serrano, who while having only traveled around the sun 66 times, has lived the life of a 100 year old man. Trust me, he has the scars to prove it. Joe is a recurring character in my books, because he has led such an interesting life. Well done Joe. Happy Birthday.

Writers And Their Puss. . .

November 22, 2022



The other day I received a text from my extraterrestrial friend and neighbor, Everett, asking me if I was in the market for a new cat.

He sent the attached photo of the cute calico kitty to try and entice me. Evidently it had started haunting his back deck and he knew that bad weather was coming.

Given that I already have my feral cat, Smokey, and I valued the peace what would be quickly disrupted by my better half, Lisa, if I even broached the subject, I politely declined, and told him he should adopt it.

Well, Everett obviously gave young Calico directions to Casa Claire, because when I returned from some late afternoon errands yesterday, young Cal was in the Jack The Spruce magic grotto wolfing down the remnants of Smokey's last meal.







This kitty was so ravenous that I was compelled to refill the bowls and let him/her have at it. The second serving seemed to do the

trick and he/she then headed back off in the direction of Everett's and Michelle's.

Luckily, Smokey did not return during the meal. Not sure how flexible she is at sharing her humans.

I have always loved cats. Have had a number of them throughout my life. All have been my familiars.

I love that they are not needy. They come when they want to and just hang around keeping an eye on their human counterparts as if we are some form of amusement to them.

I get that.

And I find that a purring cat relaxes me.

Now I'm certainly not the first writer that has collected cats. We all know of Hemingway's predilections for polydactyl cats. It has been reported that in 1943, EH wrote a letter to his first wife Hadley that included the prophetic line "One cat just leads to another." Thank you for that last morsel, Facts Of The Day (Interestingfacts.com)

I believe that at its peak, the Hemingway cats at his Key West Estate numbered 80.

Mark Twain also loved his pussies. <https://pictures-of-cats.org/10-photographs-of-mark-twain-with-his-cats.html>

And I love the quote attributed to him: ***"If man could be crossed with the cat it will improve man, but it would deteriorate the cat"***.

MT even rented cats during his travels.

So, I look upon the arrival of cats on my property as a wonderful sign. Especially since they seem to congregate in JTS's magic grotto.

Depending on how this shakes out, I may have to invest in a second heated bomb shelter out front for Cal. I will keep you posted.

Well, Tuesday has arrived and I have reality to deal with.

Smokey will be out front waiting for her breakfast and cuddle. Not sure about Cal.

Then the rounds and the treadmill. Then work.

But hopefully, throughout the day I'll catch glimpses of my familiars hanging around and checking up on me, to make sure I am still being creative.

Now you fine, five readers shake off the remnants of Monday and engage your Tuesdays.

Cuddle a pussy if you get a chance (not a euphemism). Listen to its purr.

But most of all, get out there and make today a great one.

What I Know Now - Old Dog Still Learning New Tricks

November 21, 2022

3:25

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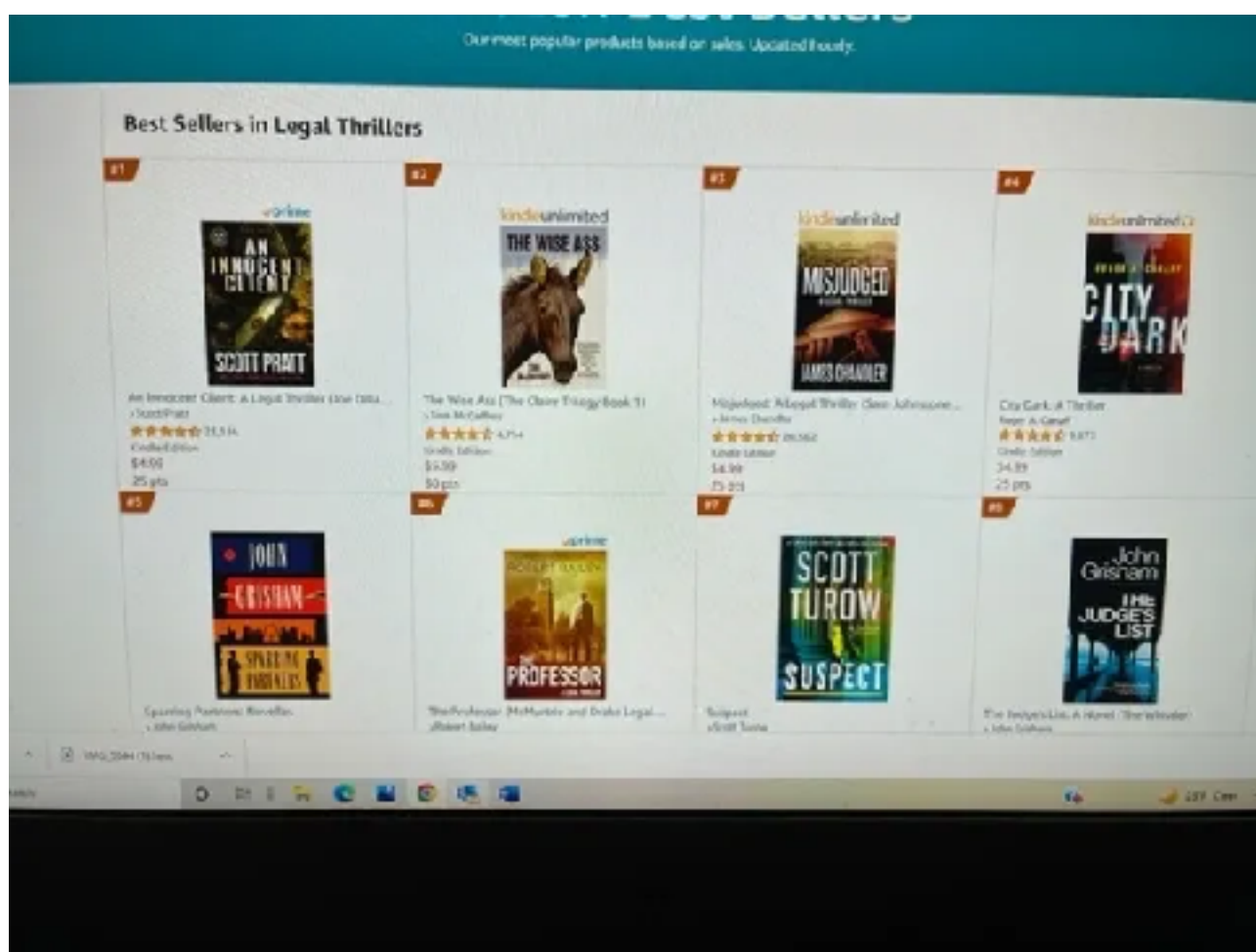
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When BRW first published TWA in February of 2021, I never paid any attention to reviews or rankings that appeared on the Amazon

web page. Quite honestly, I usually knew when I went on Amazon as a reader just what book I was going to buy. I typed in the book or author's name, found what I was looking for and clicked. Voila! But over time my other writer friends started to explain what those numbers on the book's page meant, and once my books started getting those little red ribbons I was hooked. I mean, fully addicted. As a matter of fact, this past weekend when TWA hit No. 1 in three categories, I needed a Narcan push to come back to earth. Well, it's still hanging in at No. 1 in both Psychic Thrillers and Dark Comedy, but has dropped back to Avis territory in Legal Thrillers.



And when I took a good look at the numbers these other writers had next to their books, it was easy to understand why. I thought I was hot shit with over 4700 reviews logged in for TWA. Then I realized that these other guys in the top ten were at least double that number (in a far shorter time) and in most cases

multiples of 5 to 10. I am in absolute awe (and just a wee bit emasculated).

For those of you who have not yet figured it out, each one of those numbers mean that there are readers of these books who were kind enough to take further time out of their busy lives and - after reading those books - posted at least a star rating for it. Some of them even included an actual written review. There are angels out there walking amongst us.

I really, really, really do appreciate all of you fine, five readers that have made the time to give me a star (or 5) and love reading all of the reviews (except the shitty ones - "Mr. McCaffrey, you are ugly, your writing sucks and your mother dresses you funny. Signed, Grandma's Basement Troll") - I do read them all and I have actually gotten to know some of you through the process.

But I am extremely competitive. Especially against other lawyers.

The vampire comes out in me. Only one of us can rule in Hell. So, I'm begging a favor (ask any woman who ever knew me, in the Biblical sense, I'm really good at begging).

If you have read any of my books, and enjoyed the experience, please post those stars (and a nice review if you feel the inclination) if you haven't already done so. I have learned that they are the lifeblood of an author's success in this modern day, digital, on-line world. As a matter of fact, if you could do that for any author you read (unless he/she/they/zed is also a lawyer - present company excepted and I need that edge) I would take it as a personal favor. We all can use whatever help our readers can give us - we are nothing without you. Your review power is frightening.

I'm not asking that it be a 5 star rating (but remember, my dead Ma is always watching).

And thank you for your continuing support. As an old writer, I'm still playing catch up with these young titans of the literary world. But the Bronx boy in me thinks wouldn't it just be fun to actually catch them. They'd never see it coming.

Since we are heading into the Christmas Season, think Uncle Billy from "Love Actually" (Awesome film):

<https://www.bing.com/videos/search?>

[q=Uncle+Billy+In+Love+aCTUALLY&docid=608009890368731555](https://www.bing.com/videos/search?q=Uncle+Billy+In+Love+aCTUALLY&docid=608009890368731555)

[&mid=D4298AF326948308CA9FD4298AF326948308CA9F&view=detail&FORM=VIRE](#)

Well, I need to stop here and head off into my real world.

My cold kitty needs cuddling, the cold creatures all need their snacks and this [c]old lawyer needs some torture on his Hamster Wheel (not a euphemism).

It's Monday, so, you fine, five readers have that extra cup of espresso and go out there and kick some ass.

But remember, make today a great one. And keep your eyes peeled for *Finding Jimmy Moran*.

Beautiful Creatures

November 20, 2022



I love all the creatures I come into regular contact with each day, but every once in a while I get a bonus. Yesterday, was this herd of elk. Magnificent. I pray for their safekeeping. But I do love my regulars like Claire and Honey getting their breakfast.







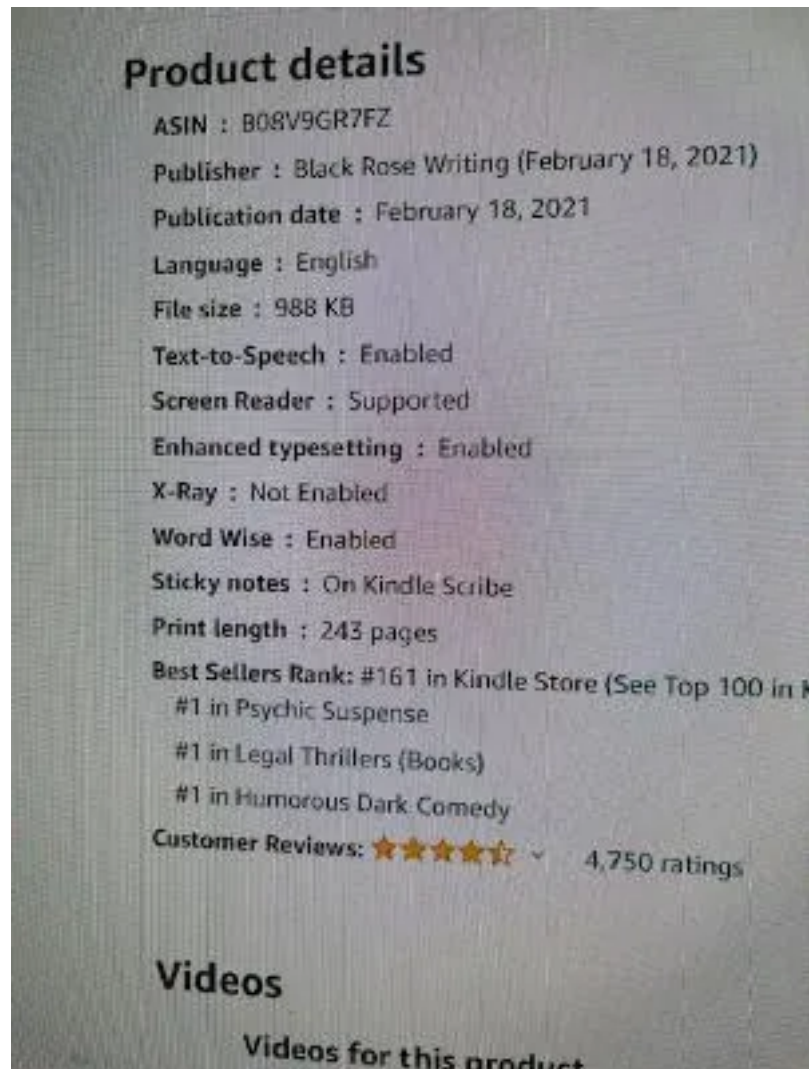


And I was thrilled to see that the Arabian, Tique, wore the color of the day.



It was Tique who gave Claire her first coat. Although it was a bit snug, given Claire's Sicilian hips.

Yesterday, was a magical day for me. TWA hit the trifecta and appeared as number 1 in three different Amazon genres.



It never lasts but for that brief period TWA wore three championship belts. Thank you universe. Thank you readers. Thank you BRW. Well, I need to get about my outdoor chores today. Hay bags to fill and hang. Troughs to replenish (the old fashion way by carrying buckets from the house, the hoses are frozen). With any luck, I can put off the mule muffin collection because they will be frozen to the earth under some snow. But I will need to clear the barn. But first, a kitty to cuddle, rounds to make, torture to suffer. It is Sunday, so I expect you fine, five readers to kick back just a bit. Watch a little football. Go see a movie. Read a book.

Go out and look at nature.
But most of all, have a great day.

Gratitude & Luck - TWA No. 1 In Legal Thrillers

November 19, 2022

3:11



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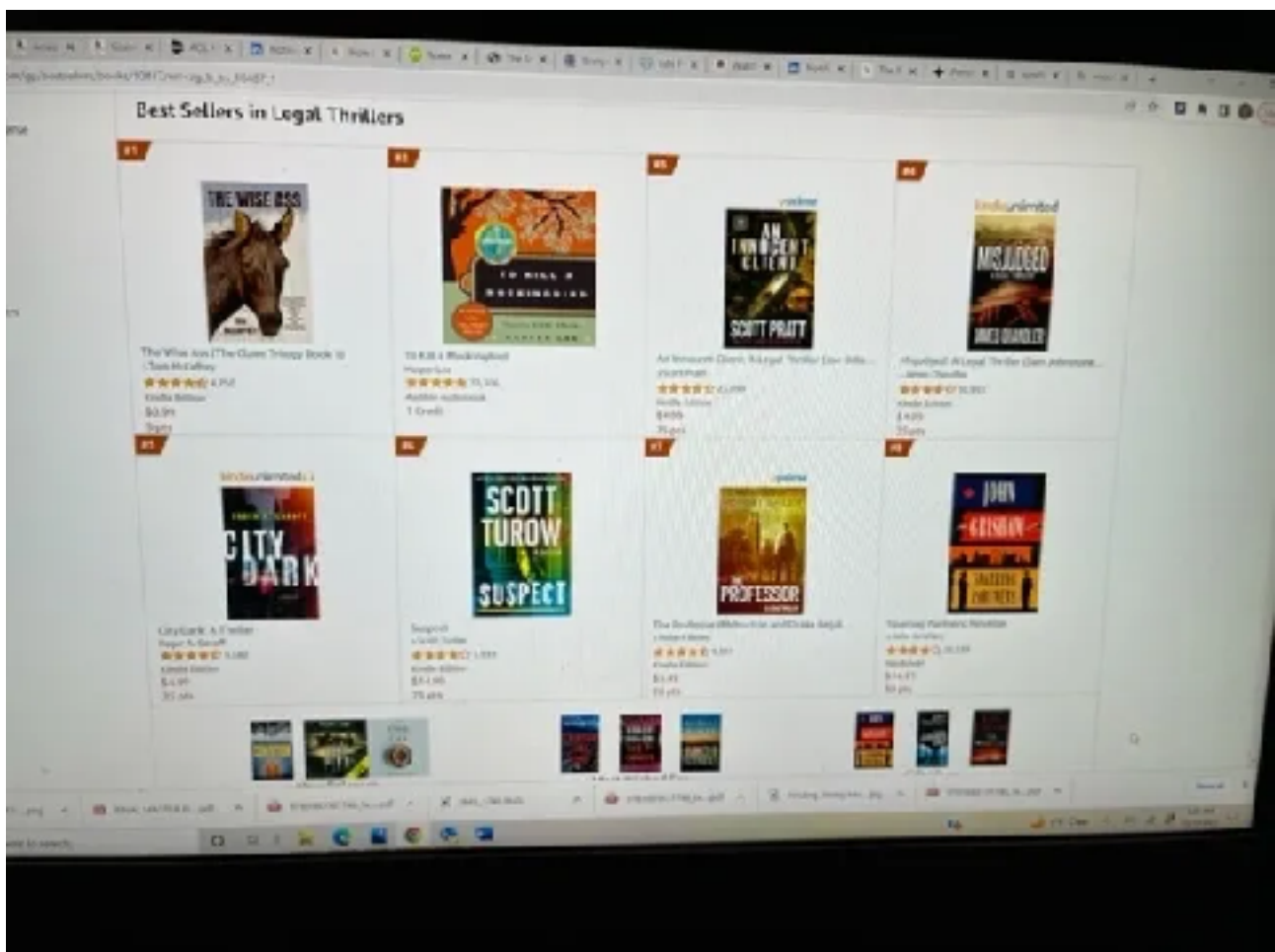
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I'm big into synchronicity. I love when things fall together for no apparent reason.

Take yesterday for example. I didn't realize that certain marketing promotions from different platforms would all fall together at one time and push TWA, the book that started this fun journey, back into the Amazon number one bestseller spot in Legal Thrillers. Can you imagine? Every lawyer that ever dreamt of writing a novel wants to be John Grisham, and here I am on a list with three of his books appearing in the top ten list behind TWA. Indeed, Colin Broderick, a brilliant writer and creative genius, called TWA "Grisham on mushrooms." Fucking pinch me. And I have Turow, Bailey, and Pratt there in the top 10 too. I even have Harper Lee's To Kill A Mockingbird sitting close behind at No. 2. Can you believe it?

Jimmy Moran is sitting at the literary table right beside the iconic Atticus Finch! Tell that to his friends back in the Bronx.



Now I've been around long enough to know that these moments are fleeting, in the next hour's sales calculations *TWA* might disappear.

And the truth is that this doesn't make my books any better than anyone else's. I'm not a great writer, but I am full of shit and I can tell a compelling story. The appearance today of *TWA* at the top of this particular list is pure luck, plain and simple. It means that I just happened to enter this one elevator at exactly the same time these amazing authors were on their way to the penthouse, so I'm going along for the ride. But I can guaranty you one thing. I have a dead momma bragging her ass off in heaven (I can see Harper Lee rolling her eyes as momma carries on).

But I didn't get here on my own.

Thank you my lovely wife Lisa, and everyone else who has ever believed in me enough to support my writing. Thanks to all of those readers who took a chance on *TWA* for whatever reason. I am truly grateful and humbled. Thank you BRW and Reagan Rothe, for taking that chance on this old bastard, and thanks to the rest of the production, marketing and sales team members for putting up with my bullshit and getting these books out there. You guys rock!

Thanks to my inner circle of readers who constantly gave me shit to force me to try and write better. Love you all.

Thanks to all of my friends (even you bastards in the OFC - BC, Lenny, Joe, Stein and Eileen) and family (ancestors, siblings and cousins) for giving me the kind of crazy life that supplemented my totally deranged imagination. The beatings were worth it.

And it just so happens that on that same day, Dave King, the production maestro at BRW, sent me the final *Finding Jimmy Moran* book cover and manuscript to approve, and I did.

Synchronicity. I want this book to ride on *TWA*'s coattails. For those of you who have enjoyed *TWA* and the rest of *The Claire Trilogy*, I really believe you will equally enjoy *FJM*. It is the prequel to *The Claire Trilogy*. There is love, magic and family of all kinds. Laughter and tears. So keep an eye out for it. It should appear for pre-sales within the next few weeks.

Well I'm going to leave it there for today.

I have a lot of chores to do on a very cold morning.

But first a kitty to cuddle, rounds to make and some torture to endure.

The rest of you fine, five readers, thank you for the continuing support.

Take care of your To Do lists and then put your feet up. Stay warm.

Read a book, any book.

But most of all, have a great day.

The Snow Cometh -TWA On Sale - Thank You Renee Clarke

November 18, 2022



Claire and Honey were quite happy to get their breakfast this morning. Creatures burn a lot of calories staying warm in the elements. Luckily I managed to get their coats on them yesterday morning once Alexa informed me it wasn't going to get above 28 degrees and that it was going to snow. So, I broke out their winter finest and got them situated. First Claire:





And then Honey:



Lisa was ill with the flu, so it was a one-on-two game of Side-Paddock Ringolevio. Indeed, Claire got in on the fun with Honey

and decided it was a good morning for her to show me that she can still run with the best. Luckily, Claire cannot resist a hand full of carrots. Once she was haltered, Honey surrendered.

Both got brand new heavy duty winter coats for their troubles. They have cowls, but the mules hate wearing them. As long as their core body temp remains at the right level (you can tell by sliding your hand under their coat) they manage to withstand the elements. Plus, I waited until they both had their winter fur coats grown in.

And they spent a lot of yesterday's snow standing inside the barn, which has those heaters and plenty of hay and grain to eat.

Almost got frost bite doing all the clips, buckles and straps on their coats because you cannot do it with your gloves on. My fingertips were red and tingly for an hour after I returned inside. Luckily I could still type. Even more lucky they didn't turn black and fall off.

On another note, I would like to remind my fine, five readers that *TWA* is available on Kindle for 99 cents today, and that for today and tomorrow only, it can also be purchased on all other electronic reader formats like Apple, Nook, Kobo and Google Play, so if you know anyone who hasn't read *TWA* just yet, spread the word. These sales always boost my ranking on Amazon, which then spurs additional sales of *The Claire Trilogy*. So I'm greatly appreciative. Plus, this kind of marketing will provide a good lead in for the appearance of *Finding Jimmy Moran* for pre-sale. Hopefully it will be up on BRW and then Amazon soon. Always be selling.

Finally, I was honored to donate an inscribed set of *The Claire Trilogy* to the Bismarck Veterans Memorial Library through the intercession of a dear friend and Bismarck North Dakotan, Renee Clarke.

The lovely RC was nice enough to read and review all three books of *TCT* on Amazon. She also had the opportunity to read the publisher's manuscript version of *Finding Jimmy Moran*. So, RC is all up to speed on the happenings in the Claire Universe. She selflessly offered to broker the delivery of *TCT* to the library. Thank you Renee.

Hopefully, *TCT* will provide a happy distraction to some discerning Bismarckians during the upcoming snowy winter. With any luck, by

the time April rolls around, the books will have made their rounds and they will all be clamoring for *FJM*. Always be selling.

I really need *FJM* to help catapult *TCT* to the attention of those Hollywood types looking for the next Harry Potter for adults. Did I mention I'll be at the LA Book Fest in April with my dear friend and brilliant author Christy Cooper Burnett, hint, hint.

Well, now I need to go make sure that Smokey is alive and well, then my rounds and finally a bit of torture.

But it is Friday, so you fine, five readers get after it.

And most of all, make today a great one.

All's Right With The World

November 17, 2022



Life will throw you curves. Shit you just cannot control. If you are not careful, you can get caught up and distracted. You can panic. When any particular part of my life starts dancing along the edges, I will look out my windows until I find my mules. Once located, I will watch them for a few minutes doing something as simple and monotonous as grazing. Or resting.



Claire is my psychic bellwether. She feels me. If she is calmly proceeding with her life, with Honey on her hip, then any panic that

may be nibbling around the edges disappears. I realize that everything is going to turn out just fine. And it does. Clarity returns and I again can take the wheel and continue to face the challenges of life.

If I need a hug, she'll provide one.

Living among your Clan, as I did all those years in the Bronx, offered the same kind of warning and support system.

I never worried until my siblings started to worry. And you always knew that whatever was happening, they had your back. To their last breath.

They still provide that comfort, although we are all grazing on different and distant fields.

It is almost like a herd effect. You see that herd of animals grazing calmly on the Serengeti. Every creature is calm until that one lifts its head and glances nervously around. If there is a real danger then others pop their head up as well and soon they are all on the move. But if the rest of the herd remains calm, that one anxious gazelle calls out "my bad," relaxes and goes back to grazing.

Just one more gift that Claire shares with me. I'm thrilled to be part of her small herd.

Well, I need to get to my herd responsibilities.

A kitty to cuddle, rounds to make, torture to endure. Then work.

But you fine, five readers check in with your herd, your pack, your murder of crows. Your OFC.

Family in whatever form is a wonderful resource. Don't waste it.

And most of all, make today a great one.

It All Starts With An Idea - Jax & Co. Backyard Bees

November 16, 2022



I am proud of each and every one of my three children. They have all followed different paths and have all made their marks. My eldest, Luke, is now a writer down under.

https://www.amazon.com/Lebanon-Red-Luke-McCaffrey/dp/168513002X/ref=tmm_pap_swatch_0?_encoding=UTF8&qid=1668596211&sr=1-1

Jackie, my daughter, is a corporate wunderkind. I expect her to be the CEO of a Fortune 100 company before I cross the veil. I'm hoping to live as a caretaker on one of her estates sometime in the future.

And now my son Mark (along with his lovely and talented wife Sara, Go Blue) have started a side business selling raw honey from the bees they steward on their property north of the Tappansee Bridge.



Jax & Co
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Since 2022

<https://www.jaxandcobees.com/>

They didn't start out thinking bee keeping would become an economic enterprise. They did it because they wanted to raise and protect this incredible resource without which the citizens of earth would quickly perish.

So they found the perfect spot on their property and prepped it for the hives.

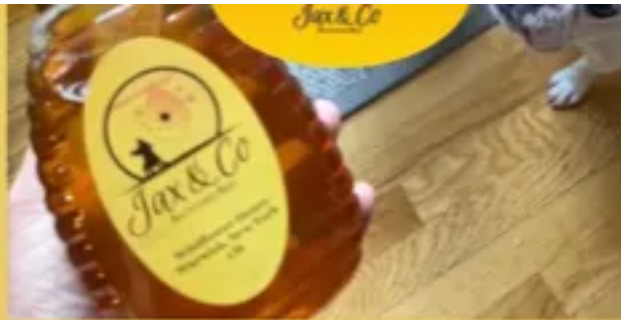




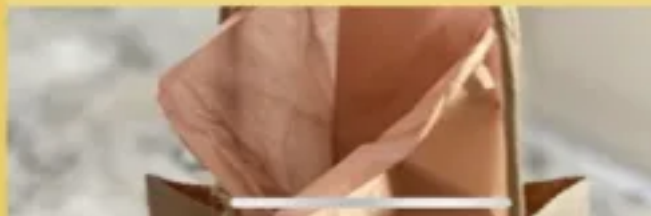
Then one by one built the storage units for their hives.



Then they filled their hives with industrious bees led by very cool queens and let them go to work.



ABOUT





Luckily for the family, they started to share their bounty.
I, of course, volunteered to test their product.



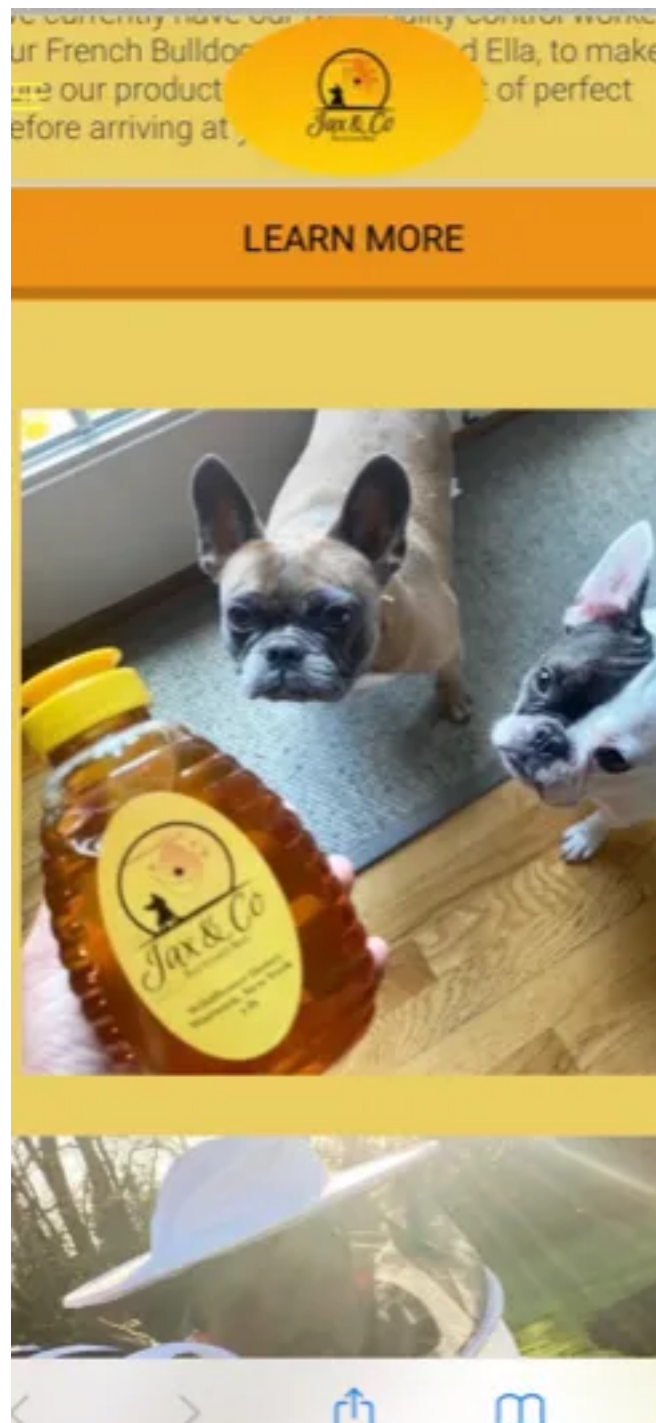
And I have a large teaspoon every day after the treadmill, just to keep standing upright (read that as you like).

I prefer the spring honey for its floral taste. Although the richer autumn honey is equally delicious.

It's also great for covering wounds on the battle field and salving sore throats. Great on pancakes and waffles as well.

If you check out their website (see the embedded jumpsite above) you will see where this has all led.

So, if you are interested in an absolutely delightful and tasty experience with an all natural product, check out the products of Jax & Co. Backyard Bees. That's their quality control Frenchies Jax and Ella (my grandpups) on their website.



This roll out has been exciting. Mark, Sara, Jax & Ella, I wish you nothing but success.

Now I must turn back to my own livelihood.

But first, a kitty cuddle. my rounds and the terrible treadmill.

Then that spoonfull of honey.

Those of you fine, five readers that enjoy a tasty treat, check out the above website.

But most of all, have a great day.

Welcome Home

November 15, 2022



Will wonders ever cease?! Yesterday morning, when I went out to cuddle my kitty during those early pre-dawn hours, what did I find when I turned back towards the front door but my missing stone right back where it always sat. Good as new. Happy birthday to me.

Don't care how it got there or where it went. I will assume the fairies took it somewhere to give it a good polishing.

I'm not even going to fault the sleeping gnomes for allowing it to disappear. It is back. And I am thrilled.

Ah, the magical mysteries of life.

Got a wonderfully obnoxious birthday wishes video from my amazing grandson Lucian (rat bastard suggested I was actually 97)

and to video chat with my lovely little granddaughters, Scarlett, Savanna and Stella, from down under. That generation continues to thrive which is all I can ask for.

Also heard from the siblings, children and OFC, and other dear friends from past and present, sending their love and all thrilled that I remain on this energy level so they can continue to torment me. Savor the little things.

The evening was happily spent consuming the two-hour season opener of Yellowstone. Awesome series. Highly recommend. I did light a votive candle yesterday to crystalize my birthday wishes for the upcoming year. I also got to light another for a friend in need.

Our weather is about to turn colder than usual, there was a slight dusting of snow last night, and it its supposed to stay down in single digits, so it is time to capture the mules and put their winter coats on. Ringolevio 1, 2, 3. . .

So as I set off on my 67th spin around the sun, I count my blessings.

That list includes you fine, five readers. Thank you for tuning in. But now I'm off to cuddle that kitty, make my rounds and, sigh, torture myself on the Hamster Wheel.

Then my real world work day begins.

The good news (for me) is that I'm still here to do these things, and healthy enough to do so. And that in itself is a wonderful present.

So you fine, five readers go out there and seize your day. And make it a great one.

A Productive Day

November 14, 2022

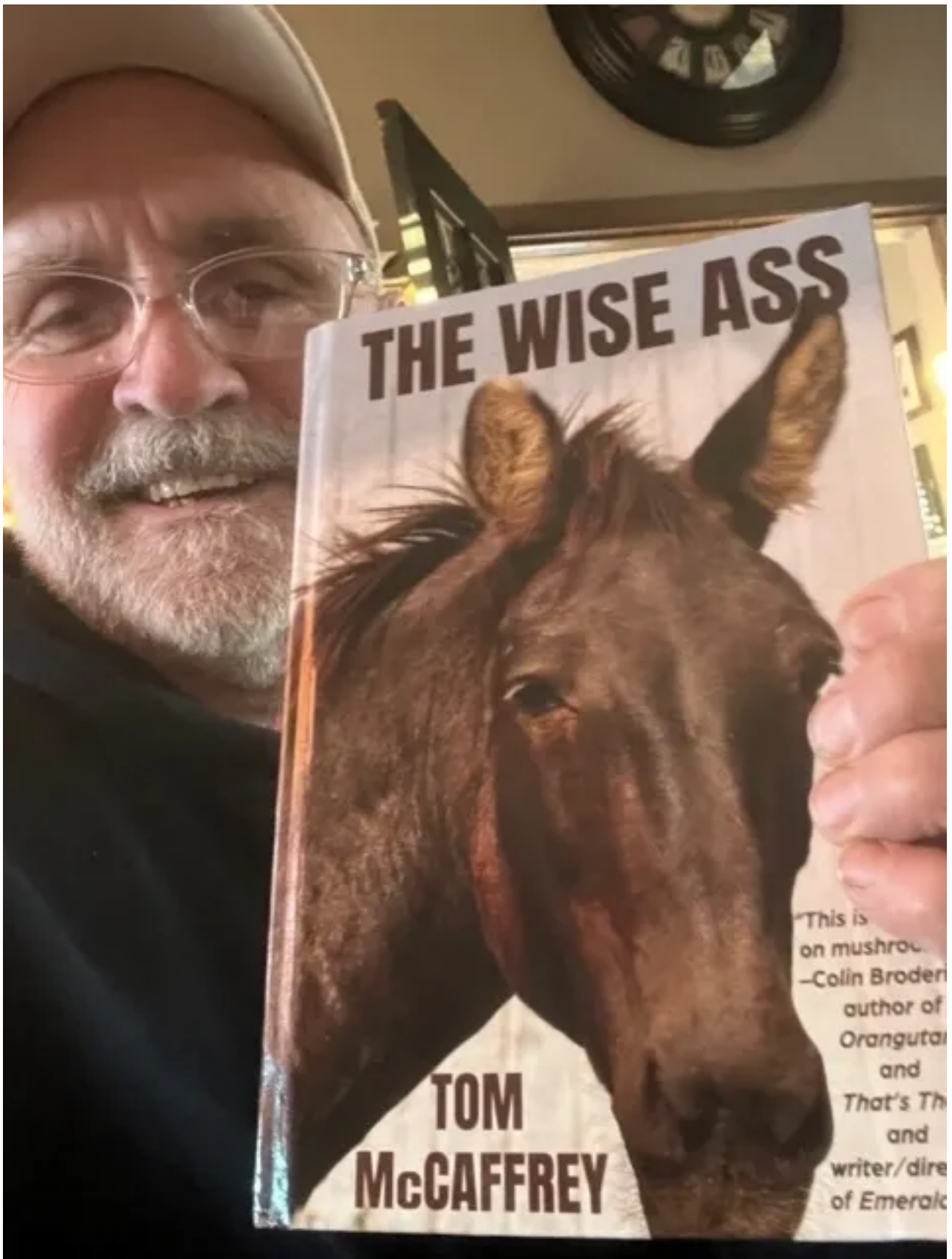


One of my regular weekend chores is prepping the fruits and veggies for the week. It always starts with the carrots (totally not Freudian). One of those 5 lb bags on the top shelf turns into one of those zip lock bags below. That chopped carrot bag goes out with me each morning to share with the equines with one of the bags of chopped celery (for Arabian Tique) from the door top shelf, along with a small baggie of dog treats, which I keep in a separate closet.

About a quarter of that five pound bag of chopped carrot medallions returns with me each day, and is then supplemented with more chopped celery and apples and becomes Claire & Honey's dinner bowl. That's one of those dinner bags next to the milk carton, a tiny space on the shelf that the animals allow me to share because they know I cannot function without milk in my coffee. Those bags of whole carrots are dispersed throughout the week out my back door as extortion payments. One of the mix bags of carrots, celery and apples on the bottom door shelf go out each morning as breakfast for C&H. As long as I keep that fridge stocked, all is right with the world. But I definitely need to clean that fridge one of these days. It's on my list.

A side benefit is that I have become amazing with a prep knife. Can chop all of this with my eyes closed and still keep most of my fingers (I only need two to type). So if my law and/or writing career hits the shitter, I can work as a sous chef somewhere (I do love alliteration). Always have a back up plan.

I did have a writer's moment this weekend when I got to inscribe a hardcover of TWA for Billy Trainer and his lovely family Christina, Sean, Caitlin and Fiona.



Billy is a retired Yonkers Fireman (thank you Billy for your service) who at one time worked with my Clan member Mike Moulton (who

appears as the clerk in that first Courtroom scene in TWA) in the Bronx Courthouse. Small world with six-degrees-of-separation.

Thank you Billy for your support. Hope you enjoy it.

Had a flashback moment yesterday while driving. Spotted a fake woody, old school, station wagon that reminded me of the models my father used to cart us around in during the 70s. We got to drive them as well. Had to snap some photos.



This was taken on the road into Berthoud.



There you have it, the great, great, great grandparent of today's SUV. A wooly mammoth to today's elephant. Very proud of that last shot, which was a no look, over the shoulder snap as I made a right turn. Maybe if the sous chef job falls through I can make it as a paparazzi. But do not try this at home.

Lot of great memories with those woodies (no pun intended).

Finally, I secured my spot at the 2023 LA Book Festival along with my female half of my writer's split personality, Christy Cooper Burnett. Christy's latest, very cool lead character, Madison Taylor, from her amazing book, *Passport To Terror* - its got Jack The Ripper (part of her latest time travel series) - appears in a chapter of *Finding Jimmy Moran* and they get to explore Manhattan together. So, I hope you all check out her novel(s) before *FJM* drops on April 13, 2023, so you can fully appreciate the cool, literary cross-over. I believe it's a first, which alone will make *FJM* an instant collector's item, especially if it's signed by both authors.

Anyway, Christy and I will be doing our George Burns/Gracie Allen shtick in the same booth for two days on April 22/23, 2023. We will also be selling and signing our books. We'll even sign each other's books.

<https://10times.com/los-angeles-times-festival-books>

If no one comes to our booth, we may be forced to streak the USC campus to draw some attention. And while Christy definitely would be worth the look, you would need hot poker in your eyes to overcome the impression I would leave. So just stop by if you are in town that weekend and say hello. It will save me another trip to the Police Station and you years of therapy.

Well, by this evening I'll be able to say it has been a great sixty-six trips around the sun. Lots of stories. I am truly blessed.

Anyway, it's Monday, and I have a kitty to cuddle, rounds to make and a machine to suffer on.

You fine, five readers go out there and conquer this week.

But most of all, have a great day.

Take That Moment

November 13, 2022



Yesterday afternoon I was doing my weekly veggie/fruit prep, which meant Claire and Honey harrassed me at the back door the entire time. Claire, who is a big girl, could easily eat my entire stash of 70 lbs of carrots that go into the weekly mix, along with all of the apples and celery. That doesn't even count the additional bags of carrots I burn through during extortions throughout the week. But at some point, Claire made it clear through her psychic transmission that she just wanted to be brushed, while Blue licked her legs. Now Claire does not suffer being hosed, so there is no really bathing her. As a result, it is like brushing Pig Pen. One giant dust cloud. Blue, who stands beneath Claire for the entire brushing, looks like a brown ghost. I have to wipe Blue down with wet clothes before I let her back into the house. But the effort is so worth the hug I always get when I finish.

So, if any creature or person offers you a hug, at any time or any place, take that moment. It revitalizes you.

Of course, for those of you that have read KMAG, you will not be surprised to learn of BC's quip in the OFC text thread that Lisa's hair was looking a bit unruly in the above photo.

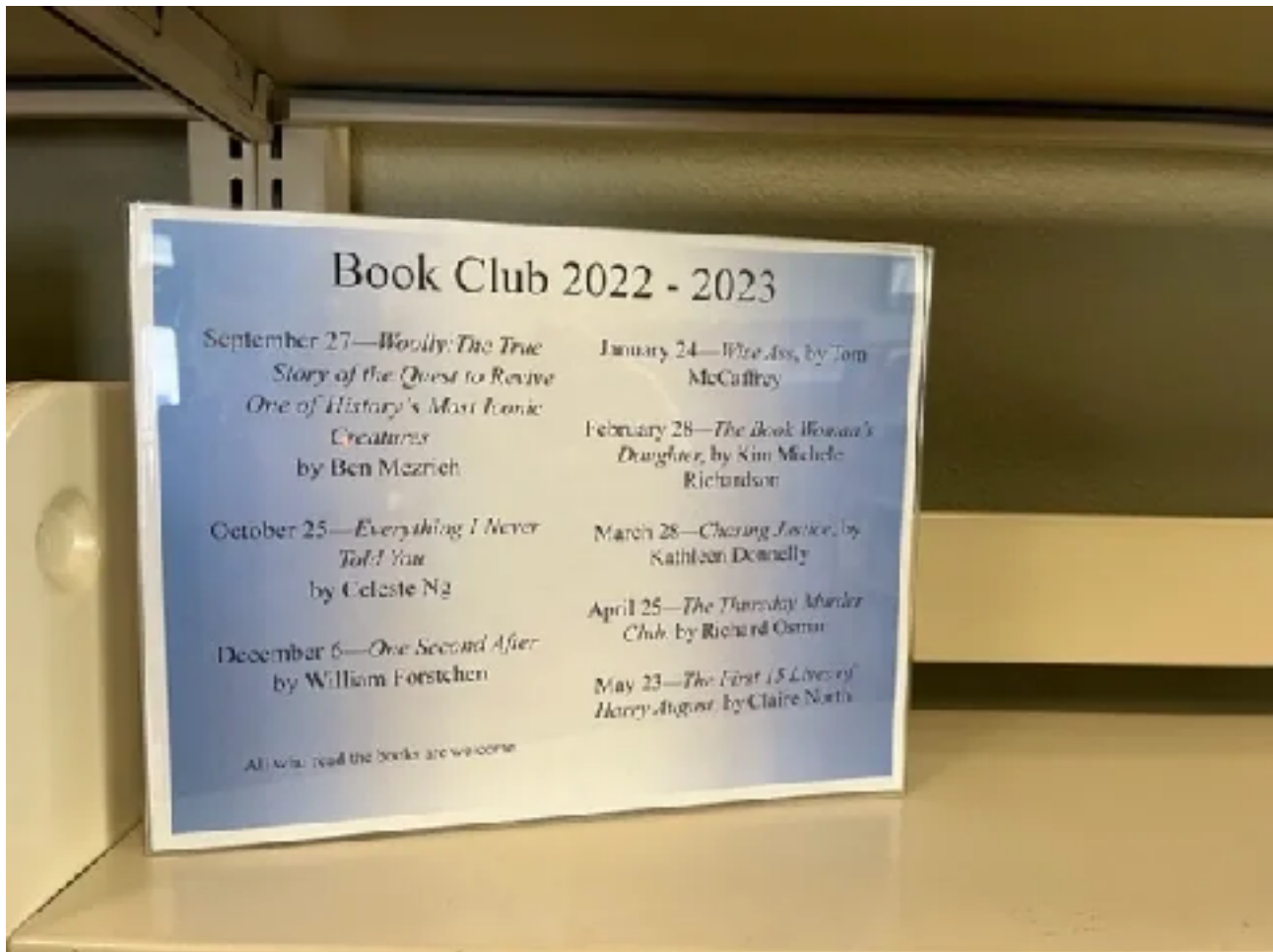
My wife immediately made me dig a very long and deep trench in the back property, pick up yet another bag of lye, and said we really should invite BC for an eternally extended stay at Casa Claire for the holidays. I also saw her loading a magazine of hollowpoints for my 9mm, and racking one in the chamber. BC, you are always welcome in Northern Colorado. But we suggest you leave your important papers in plain view for Nan to find, when she finally calls the lawyer to have you declared legally dead. Just saying.

Speaking of NoCo, I stopped by the Berthoud Library to drop off a couple of copies of Luke's book, Lebanon Red, as donations. One copy was inscribed.

https://www.amazon.com/Lebanon-Red-Luke-McCaffrey/dp/168513002X/ref=tmm_pap_swatch_0?_encoding=UTF8&qid=1668336211&sr=1-1

I highly recommend this book for those who like Jason Bourne type adventure, with a Bronx edge.

While there, my eye caught the posting for the BL Book club. I had heard rumors from my wonderful extraterrestrial neighbor, Michelle, yes that one, that TWA had made the cut. As always, Michelle was right, just ask Everett..



I cannot tell you how honored I am to lead off 2023 among such other notable authors and books.

It turns out that there are two sessions of the book club on those meet up days. Two and six pm. I asked the Librarian if I could attend both sessions of that particular Tuesday's events, as I would love to give back to my community and answer any questions the local readers may have about the book or its author's rumored insanity. She took my contact information. I do hope she calls. I will keep you posted.

Well today will be filled with outdoor chores, so I hope the weather holds.

But I must first cuddle a kitty, make my rounds and Rage Against The Machine.

Before signing off, I would just like to give a special shout out to an old Riverdalian friend, Maureen "Whitey" Carey. Love ya, Mo.

The rest of you fine, five readers, go out there and have a wonderful Sunday.

Oh and thank you "Cuz" for testing out the "contact" apparatus on this website.

Little Things In Life

November 12, 2022

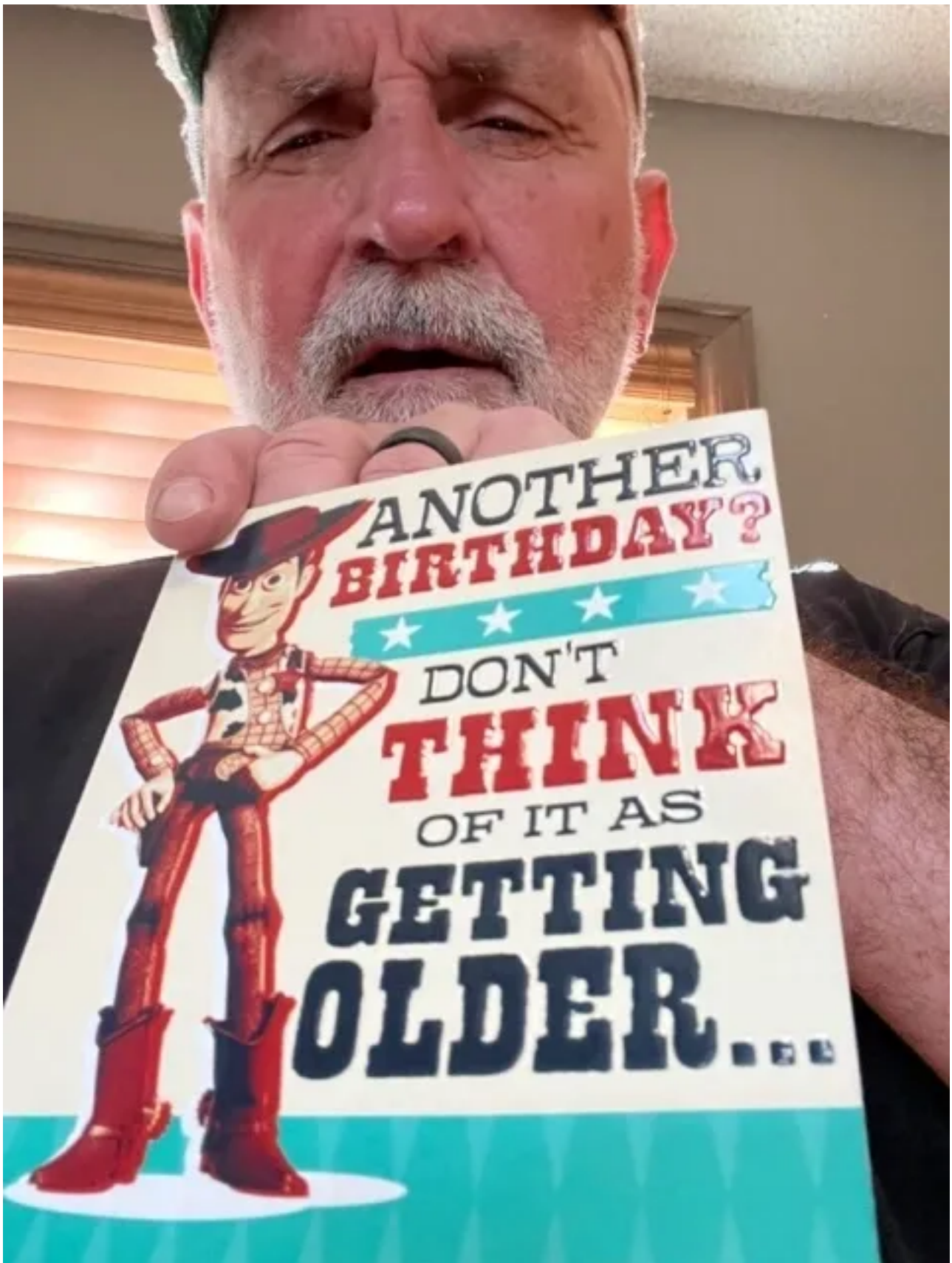


In a world where all communication is electronic, even in my professional world, it's nice every once in a while to interact the old school way.

It's even nicer when the communication arrives from the other end of the world and contains the scribblings of my granddaughters.

Miss you Scarlett, Savanna and Stella.

I've also recently gotten cards from an old friend (my god, he's so fucking old), Johnny Carey (who I reference as a character in FJM):



You know you've reached a second childhood when your cards again reference Disney characters. And the Woody reference hasn't

escaped notice. All good there, thank you very much. And Johnny, you will always be older than me. But I've heard there's a pill for that.

Finally, the biggest surprise comes from one of the new friends I've made through my writing.



That card comes from one of my readers, Stu Buchmann. Stu reached out through this website (I really do respond to each

contact). He's posted three great reviews for the trilogy, which are themselves the best gift this writer can hope for, and we started communicating on and off by email. We've become friends. Stu's a great guy. Thanks for the card, Stu. Very thoughtful.

The good news is that my Scorpio (in every way) birthday has not yet arrived, so I remain a spritely and vivacious 65 year old - no matter what hidden message Johnny Carey's card is suggesting - for a little bit longer. But I will happily accept these early votes, and you better count them as they come in, because (as long as BC walks the earth - one of the founding members of the OFC and the new Voldemort in The Claire Trilogy) you never know when that milktruck will be waiting around the corner.

Well, the weekend chores don't care how old I am, so I better get started. I take solace from the fact that Spaghetti did them until his mid 80s.

First a kitty cuddle, my rounds and then the infernal Treadmill, which hasn't made me any younger.

But I hope you fine, five readers have some fun on your schedule this weekend. No one has ever gone to the grave wishing they had done that one last chore.

And if you find the time, send someone a handwritten card letting them know you are thinking about them. Trust me, it will be appreciated. It really is ("are" sounds so awkward) the little things in life that make a difference.

Most of all, make today a great one.

TGIF - Stolen Stones - Final FJM - Speed Racer Andre Lafond

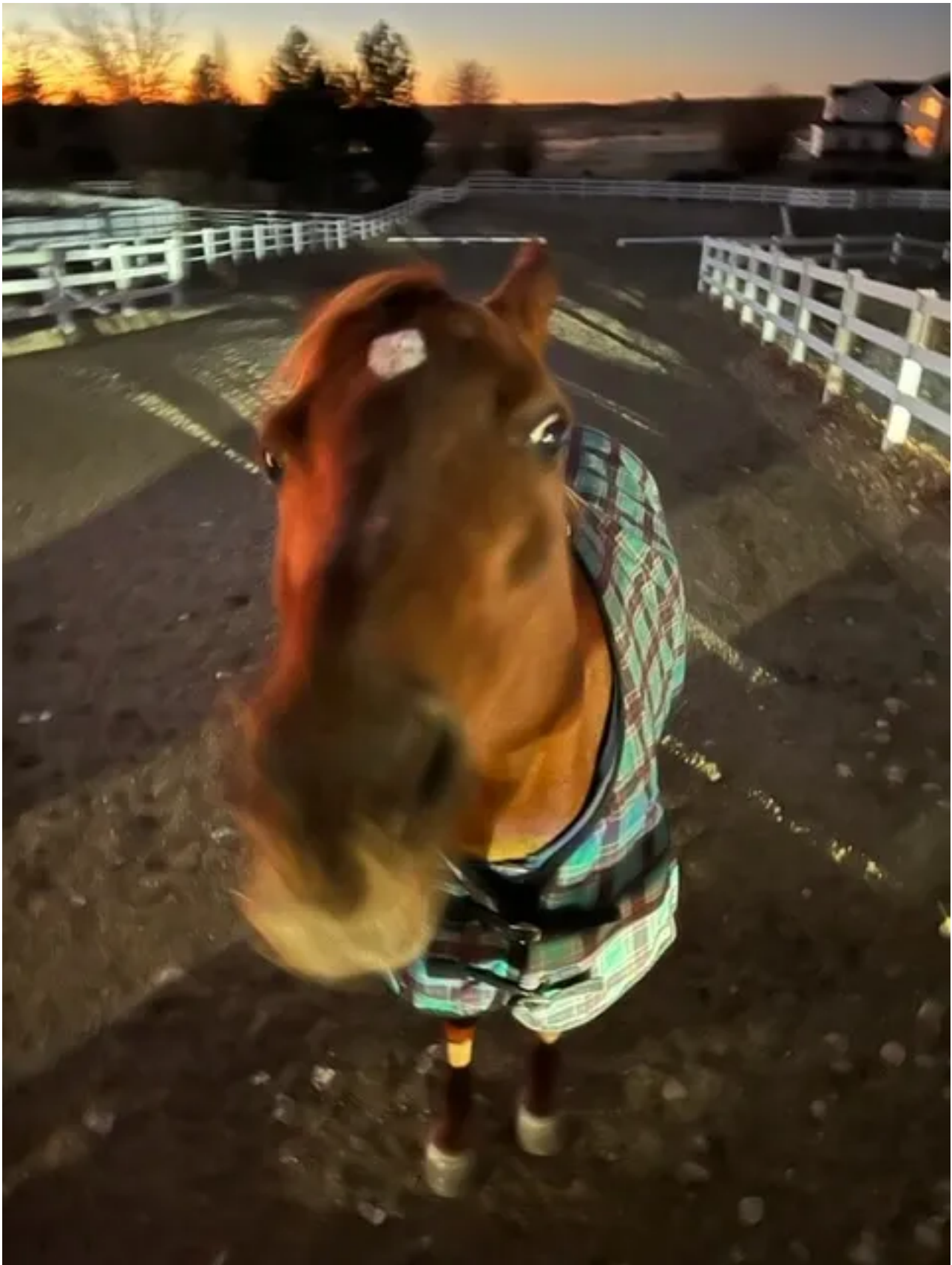
November 11, 2022



Love a moonlit shadow. Yesterday morning I caught this one staring back at me.

Caught a couple of great photos of two of my other morning contacts.

The beautiful Arabian Tique, who appears, with her caregiver (and my dear friend) Pam Ervin in TWA:



This horse has more winter coats than I have underwear. I call her my Prom Queen. She puts up with my presense as long as I do her homework.

Also got a good photo of Pam's wonderdog Wicker. A rescue who greets me every morning when I come onto Pam's property.



Wicker is a tough dog, looks like he belongs in a Jack London novel, and I am thrilled he likes me. I enjoy our daily interaction.

Speaking of daily interactions, yesterday, when I went out to cuddle Smokey, I discovered that someone had pinched my stone with "Home of the Wise Ass" painted on it. I loved that stone. My SIL, the Wallen-Witch-Fairy, Dina, had painted it for me when the book came out. It sat on my front porch on the windowsill right next to the front door. Lots of good mojo in that stone. I got a lot of compliments on that stone from my visitors to Casa Claire.

Yesterday, I felt like I was back in the Bronx.

So to whoever swiped that stone, I hope it brings you good luck.

But if you wanted a keepsake, you could have just knocked on the door and I would have signed a book.

Of course, I cannot guaranty that the spirits and sprites from my front grotto won't fuck with you for swiping it. If the torment becomes unbearable, feel free to put it back where you found it, and it should all cease. You can even just stick it in my mail box. No hard feelings.

On a happier note. Got my final manuscript and book cover for Finding Jimmy Moran. Seeing the book cover really excites me. It is very cool looking. Thank you Richard Lamb.

The manuscript just needs one more pass and it should be ready to go on-line for pre-sale. Thank you my inner circle of readers. I would be lost without each and every one of you. Invaluable.

I'm really loving this book.

Anyway, I have a busy day ahead. Brain busting legal work. TGIF. But I before I get to that, I've got a kitty to cuddle, rounds to make and a treadmill to curse at.

So you fine, five readers, get out there and join the Friday party.

The weekend has returned.

But make it a great day.

And thank you my new friend Stu Buchman and my really old, I mean really, really, really old friend, Johnny Carey, for those birthday cards. Wee bit early but within striking distance and greatly appreciated.

Finally, speaking of old friends, the son of my dear old friend Emile Lafond, a race car driver named Andre Lafond, sent me this cool ride-along-video of a recent race in England. Definitely gets the blood pumping. Congrats Andre. You da man! <https://>

drive.google.com/file/d/15wjsmtVuy0g7dMLQEAR6Ezwy9Xq9FwZ-/view?usp=drivesdk

Early Hours Are The Best

November 10, 2022



Yesterday, my early morning rounds were illuminated by the last night of the full moon. I love that lighting. It makes all of the creatures I meet along my way that more magical.

The above photo is of a small herd munching on my carrot medallions. Hard to make out but there are five horses, including two of my favorites, the paints, Dusty and Tique. I just happened to look back as I was leaving and saw the shot, so I grabbed it with my iPhone camera.

I grabbed a couple of my other regulars as well.

Trouble (with the white star) and Frankie.



And these two I just call the handsome twins.



And I must not forget my three canine buddies, you'll have to expand the photo and look between the slats in the fence. Wayland, Pup and Sadie.



They all wait expectantly for their morning treats. I enjoy their anticipation. Their happiness. There are a few more of my fur buddies that I didn't snap yesterday, but their positive response to my approach is always the same. Welcoming. And I enjoy our daily communion.

The experience centers and grounds me for the day. Plus, I always bring back the local gossip for Claire and Honey.

Well, I need to get out there. I have recycling to handle first, then a kitty cuddle and my rounds. Finally, the Hamster Wheel.

Then law.

Speaking of which, a quick anecdote.

An email I received yesterday from a brilliant lawyer, Alan Friedman, (I'm not just saying that) whom I have known and worked with on

and off since the late 80s (we worked together back in the day on the legal brief that got the Beatles their copyrights back), responded to one of my work related emails as follows:

"Thanks Mr. Big Time Author!"

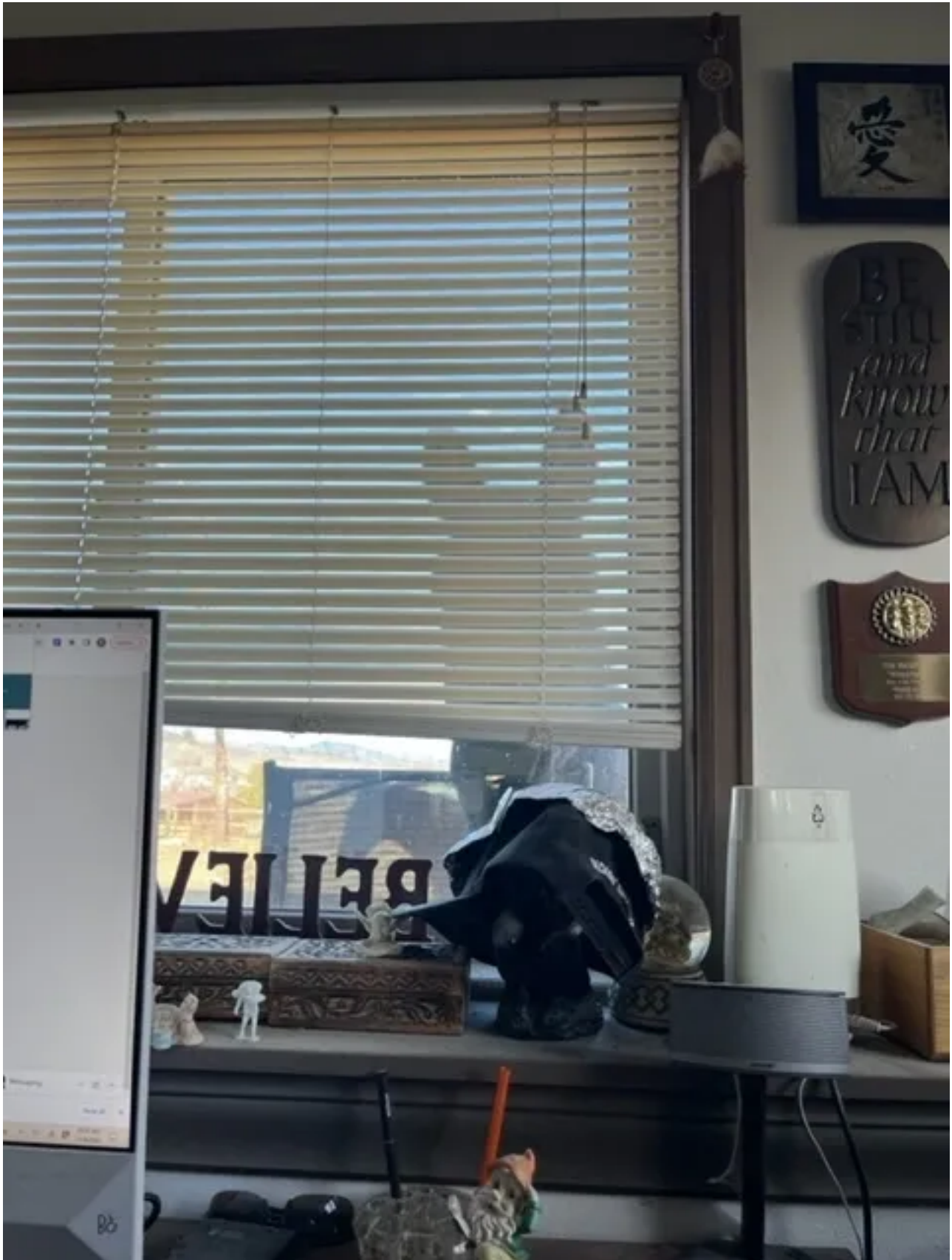
That is the first time anyone in the legal profession has acknowledged my double life during a legal matter. And it made me laugh. Thanks Alan. You da man!

Anyway, you fine, five readers humor Thursday, just to get to the weekend.

But make today a great one.

No Where To Hide

November 9, 2022



When your mule is psychic, there is no where to hide from her. Lisa and I often play this game (no not that game, this game) where if we look out through one of the windows or doors out to the back property, we stare at Claire and see how long it takes for her to stop whatever she's doing and turn and stare directly in our direction. Never more than a minute. Doesn't matter what floor we are on.

She looks right at us. Spooky.

Claire is so intuitive that there really is no where to hide from her when she wants to find you.

If you stand outside my window, you cannot see through those blinds. However, if I'm hiding there, Claire knows it. I sit there, stop typing, and don't even breath, and yet she will stand there staring until I get up and get some carrots.

If I go up to hide on the first floor, she'll walk around and if I'm hiding in the living room, she'll come to the side deck and stare into it through those impenetrable mirror glass windows we have to keep the sun out. She knows.

If we are in the kitchen, she'll come to the front property and stare into the shadows behind those windows until we surrender and bring her out some carrots. It's diabolical.

Honey, who doesn't appear to have Claire's clairvoyance, always just follows along and stands behind Claire keeping look out. She doesn't want the paparazzi snapping photos.

I can almost hear the song "Compliance" playing as Claire does this.

<https://www.bing.com/videos/search?q=Song+compliance&view=detail&mid=C2D7462F10C2779F110BC2D7462F10C2779F110B&FORM=VIRE>

And yet, total capitulation is such a small price for me to pay, in order to share Claire's world with the universe.

Switching gears, I did get to go out yesterday morning and experience the Lunar Eclipse of the Blood Moon.

It was cold.



But it was tres cool.



And it being a mystical experience, I got to share it with Smokey, my feral familiar.



So it was well worth it. Can't wait until the next one in 2025. Hope I'm still blogging by then.

But today is another day, and dawn is not too far off, so I better get moving.

You fine, five readers put on your skates and roll over this hump day.

I've got a kitty to cuddle, rounds to make and a treadmill to endure.

But whatever you do, make today a great one.

Blood Moon And A Lunar Eclipse

November 8, 2022



Yes, I have a moon fetish. I pay attention to the lunar cycles and react accordingly.

Snapped a few photos while I was out feeding Claire and Honey their nocturnal snacks.

I have my votive candles burning carrying their focused intentions.



I always light them on the first day of the three day cycle. I want them humming along when the apex hits.

Tonight we are in for a special treat as a lunar eclipse is supposed to begin shortly (at my Colorado location) so I will be popping outside in a few to see if I can spot it. Of course I realize there is nothing supernatural in this event. It is scientific and predictable, which is why I know when to go peek at it. But there is magic in the impact these events have on the imagination. And that cannot be denied.

<https://exploreddeeply.com/live-your-purpose/spiritual-significance-lunar-eclipse-on-the-full-moon>

Also, while I cannot figure out how it works, astrologists draw their wisdom from these celestial events. Which I think is just cool. You see, being Irish, I'm all in on the magical and mystical. Indeed, I have experienced it first hand. So, I appreciate those that have those gifts.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy" (Hamlet: 1.5.167-8).

Even Coldplay sang about "The moon, and its eclipse" with the Chain Smokers (Alex Pall dated my daughter while they both attended The Masters School) in that very cool song "Something Just Like This" (I will actually loop this song while I'm doing my inside chores).

[https://www.bing.com/videos/search?](https://www.bing.com/videos/search?q=Coldplay+and+Chainsmokers+Song&&view=detail&mid=59AAB2327F3DF94724E359AAB2327F3DF94724E3&&FORM=VRDGAR&ru=%2Fvideos%2Fsearch%3F%26q%3DColdplay%2Band%2BChainsmokers%2BSong%26form%3DVDMHRS)

[q=Coldplay+and+Chainsmokers+Song&&view=detail&mid=59AAB2327F3DF94724E359AAB2327F3DF94724E3&&FORM=VRDGAR&ru=%2Fvideos%2Fsearch%3F%26q%3DColdplay%2Band%2BChainsmokers%2BSong%26form%3DVDMHRS](https://www.bing.com/videos/search?q=Coldplay+and+Chainsmokers+Song&&view=detail&mid=59AAB2327F3DF94724E359AAB2327F3DF94724E3&&FORM=VRDGAR&ru=%2Fvideos%2Fsearch%3F%26q%3DColdplay%2Band%2BChainsmokers%2BSong%26form%3DVDMHRS)

(That's AP at 0:25 and 3:53 - Hey Alex)

So, with that last image, I wish you all the magic you need in your lives.

I'm going to refill my cup of coffee and go sit out on my deck for a bit to see what I can see, because the next lunar eclipse won't happen until 2025 (and I'm not guaranteed a ticket to that show). And while I'm out there, I'm going to be hoping that whatever magic is occurring helps turn my books into movies. That is my intention. You fine, five readers make your wishes. No guarantees, but wouldn't it be great if they came true.

Now for some moon gazing.

And then, off for a kitty cuddle, my rounds and some torture.

Monday is behind us, so make Tuesday a great one.

When All Else Fails, Stand By A Formidable Woman

November 7, 2022



Now I mentioned yesterday that most of the authors in the tent just stood around waiting for the world to come to them like they were

manning a table of vintage Yankee baseball cards at flea market. I'm only certain it worked for one author, Miss Walda Collins. Her table was busy from the get go.

Walda was a friend of Kendra Hudson, who was the first person who stopped and listened to my spiel (see yesterday's blog), then rolled the magic discount wheel and got a 50% discount and purchased all three books. She was my first, and she was gentle. Thank you Kendra. I'll never forget our moment.

Anyway, I spotted Kendra across the tent speaking with this other formidable writer, so of course, being naturally curious, and an incorrigible flirt, I went over to see what was happening.

Kendra introduced me to Walda, who has been Kendra's long time friend. They served in the military together. Walda's husband couldn't make the trip to the fair so Kendra came along for moral support.

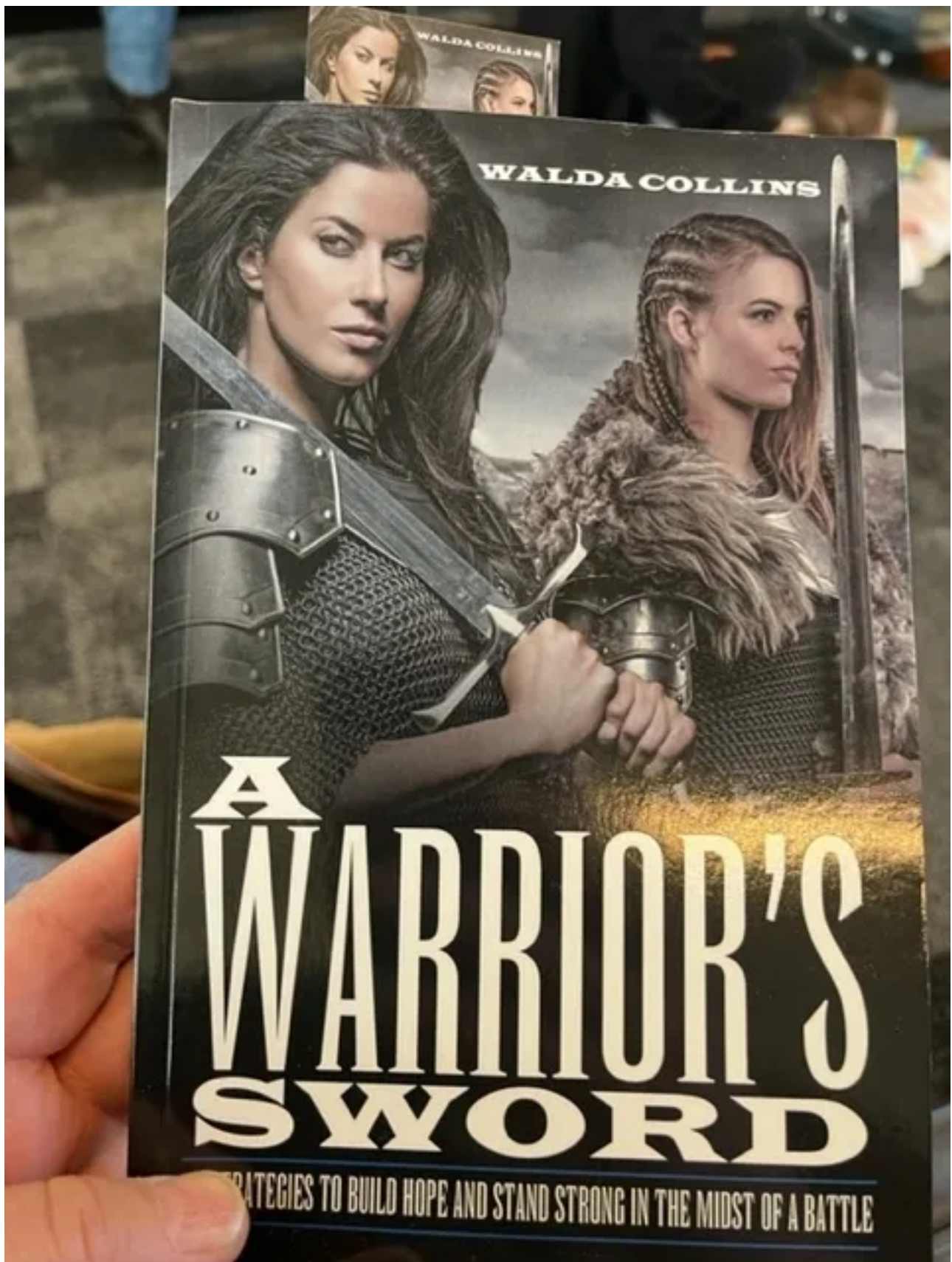
Some people just have a presence about them. I have a gift of spotting those people and standing as close to them as I can with hopes some of their mojo spills over on me before they call security.

I am like a presence leach.

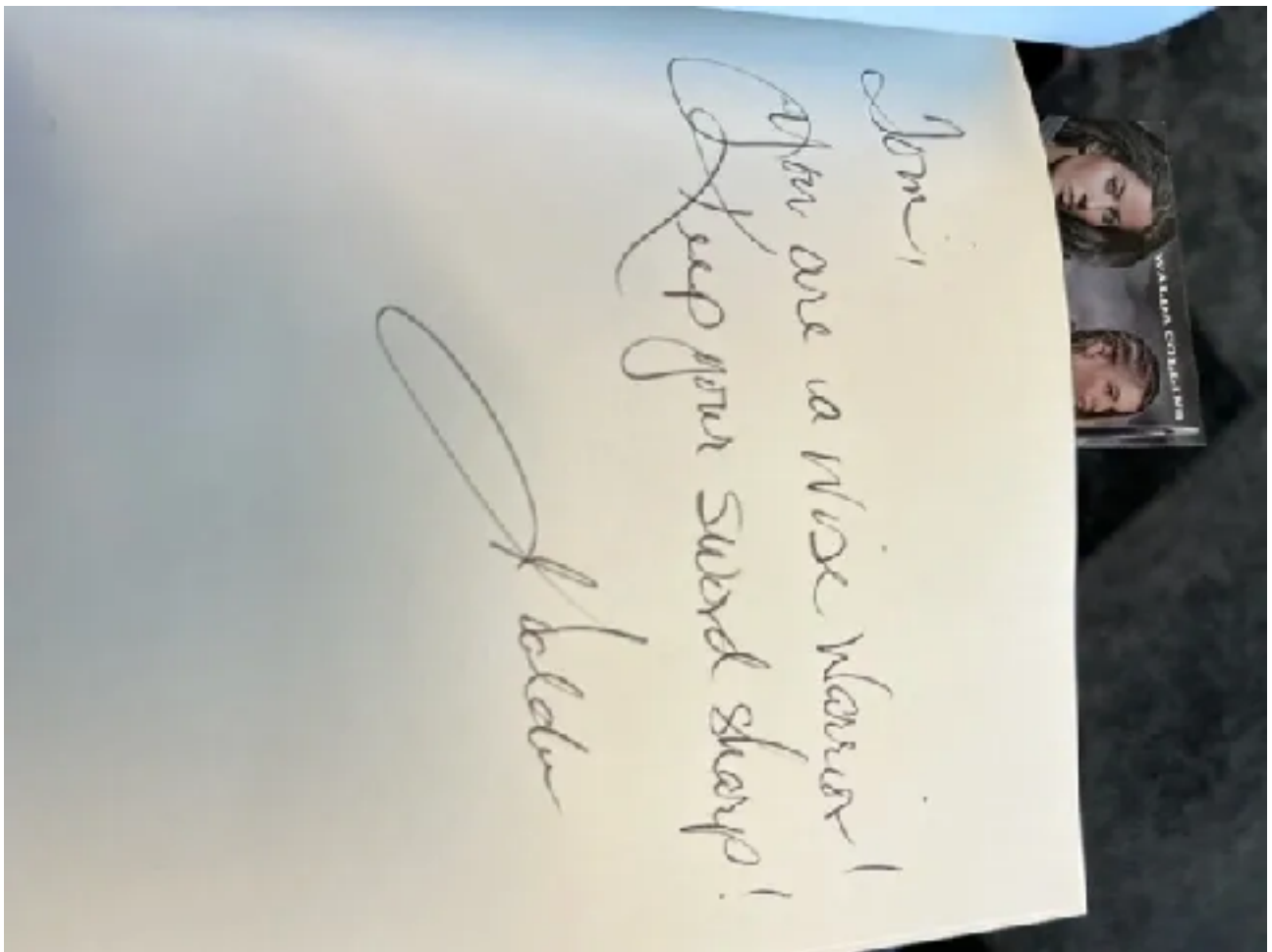
Walda is one of those people. Absolutely charming, attractive and confident. So of course I wanted her inscribed book. And a photo. Her book is about useable life lessons Walda learned while serving 23 years as marine. Her sword is her faith. God bless her.

As anyone who has read The Claire Trilogy will tell you, I love bad ass women.

In fact, that's Walda on the cover in all her martial splendor.



And she wrote me a nice inscription. Thank you Walda. I hope you sell a million copies.



https://www.amazon.com/Warriors-Sword-Strategies-Strong-Battle-ebook/dp/B082WVTFH1/ref=sr_1_1?crid=2Y65CYYO6Z41U&keywords=Walda+Collins&qid=1667819608&s=digital-text&sprefix=walda+collins%2Cdigital-text%2C175&sr=1-1

I'm not sure how wise I really am, but I do intend to keep my sword (apples and oranges) sharp. Which just may make me wise enough.

Well, as Eminem said, "It's back to reality. . . " Hate Mondays.

I have a kitty to cuddle, rounds to make and a treadmill to do battle with. Then Law.

But you fine, five readers have that second cup of Jo and head off to fight your battles. Have that sword with you in whatever form it takes.

And make today a great one.

Thank You Austin

November 6, 2022



So there it is. My tent at the Austin Book Fair. That is where I spent my morning yesterday, working like a carnival barker trying to put punters in the seats to see the biggest freak of all. Me.

But before I take you there, as Frodo demonstrated, I had to get there and back again.

I don't like to travel. I don't mind going places, but I hate the process of actually getting there.

Growing up in a grid City like New York, it is impossible to get lost because you just have to figure out the compass direction and move accordingly.

Everywhere else in the world I have been, I have a tendency to get lost.

GPS hasn't even really helped, because like most women I have met, my GPS woman loves to screw with me.

As a result, I have left Colorado just once since I arrived in 2017.

But I do know my way around the Denver International Airport (or at least I thought I did).

Let us proceed.

I got up early Friday morning - even for me - and double checked everything just to make sure my bag was packed and I had everything I needed, which means everything Lisa laid out for me. Since I usually do short term parking at DIA, this time was a bit different finding the entrance to Long term parking. But I found it, and proceeded to park on an outside lot I have never been to before. So I snapped a photo of my car so I would be able to visually locate it when I arrive back home Saturday.



Yep, that's the same car from The Claire Trilogy. My life is so magical, mystical and strange, I need very little imagination to write.

I also snapped some photos of the lot signs and the entrance to the Terminal, so I would find my way back to my car upon my return.

Like dropping breadcrumbs.

Worked just as well as the breadcrumbs, but I'll get to that later.

Now my time at Denver International was well spent chatting with a lovely air hostess named Rosalind who was a Southwest employee heading to her own flight to Florida. She had that Angela Basset look about her. Great bone structure. Great sense of humor. By the time we both got our Einstein Bagels my humor had convinced her that she should buy at least TWA. The flight was on schedule. All's well so far.

On the plane to Austin my seat was in the second to last row between two beefy fellas. I'm telling you, had I not lost that 20 lbs something would have to have given.

But the fun part was before we took off I used the smallest restroom I had ever stood in (knowing I wasn't going to be able to move from my seat between Kong and Godzilla once we were airborne), and I commented as I was freeing myself from that cramped compartment, to no one in particular, that there was no way anyone was having sex in there. Then a very cute air hostess that had been standing at the very back of the plane chuckled and said, "You mean the Mile High Club?" I reflexively quipped that there seemed to be plenty of room in the curtained back area behind her, smiled and wedged myself between the two pillars.

Of course that got me to thinking and as I am always in contact with the OFC by text, I shared the experience and Lenny, a brilliant writer, immediately shot back some wonderful doggerel on the subject, which drew my own doggerel in reply, which I cannot share or my wife will kill me.

Anyway, the flight itself was quick and easy, and before I passed out from the giant elbows pressing in on either side of me, we were in Austin.

Once I got to Austin, a lovely city, I was immediately struck by the humidity, which, due to an approaching thunderstorm, was so great

that I was suddenly dripping with sweat as soon as I stepped out of the terminal building.

Now Austin has only one terminal building but it is a long one, and it took me three trips from one end to the other to find the exit (in the middle) that led outside towards the parking lot that led to the rental car unit.

Now other than on the treadmill, I have not sweat in Colorado since I arrived in 2017. This was quite the shock for me.

To add insult to injury, as I was crossing a large roadway to the lot to get to the building to pick up my car rental, my rubber crocs slipped and I went ass over teakettle like Dick Van Dike and then landed flat on my back. I went down hard. I haven't hit the ground that hard since the last time my older brother knocked me out (I think if you go back into my blog there is an entry describing the time he gave me an instantaneous black eye - at my request - on St. Pattys Day).

Of course all of the polite Texans ran to see if I was all right and told me I should stay still as I could have hurt something. But the truth was that I only hurt my pride and their concern wasn't helping that injury a whole lot. Fuck, I hate being looked upon as an old dude.

However, it did have its benefit because one young fellow named Chase, who had rushed to my assistance, then walked along with me to the car rental building and in the time it took us to reach there I had convinced him to buy TWA so it wasn't a total loss. I'll play the sympathy vote in order to make a sale.

Then I talked the lovely lady behind the rental car counter to purchase a copy as well. Always be selling. I was practicing for the book fair.

But the car I was given was a Prius. Never drove one before. It's so quiet that you are not sure its engine is running. So, I kept pressing the starter button and wasn't sure what was happening. And it's stick shift was a tiny little knob on the dashboard. Like a toggle switch. I sat there for a good twenty minutes trying to figure out how to work the fucking thing. I was about to go back and demand a replacement vehicle, but having already badly bruised my pride, I couldn't face a "oh, another luddite old bastard" look, so I ultimately focused my three working braincells on the problem and finally figured it out.

Then I spent the next hour trying to find my hotel on the insane looping traffic routes that connect Texas. Remember, I was raised on a grid. When I finally arrived at the hotel, it was a beautiful place, looked like a country club in a rural area. Turned out to be the wrong hotel.

Half an hour later, I arrived at the that chain's version of the Bates Motel, which looked like it should have been sitting under the Throgs Neck Bridge, with all the same bodies in it. There were a few homeless people fighting over a shopping cart in the front parking lot. I suddenly felt nostalgic for NYC.

The lovely two women behind the counter - I swear they were behind bullet proof plastic so common in NYC gas stations and banks - shot me a dirty look when I sighed "I made a big mistake." Then I found my room. I think they gave me a special deal to reward me for my congeniality.

I'm sure the hotel is a wonderful place but this room was right on street level and looked like I should be ordering a bag of crack with my escort and ask her to bring an extra roll of quarters for the bed.

I figured the repetitve movement would chase out the critters that may be hiding there.

And since it sat right on ground level to the pool courtyard, I got to watch numerous misshapened silhoettes pass by the gossomer curtain. So I pulled the Kevlar curtain to shut out any semblance of ambient light.

I got a call from my youngest brother just then and after sending him a video of the place, he told me to get out of there. However, I was so traumatized by the twilight zone driving that I wasn't about to go looking for another place to stay.

So, I just put the security impliment in place.



I wasn't even going to attend the dinner with my publisher, but my brother suggested that it may be my last meal, so I should make it a good one.

Anyway, I then drove out to a wonderful restaurant, Arlo Grey, in Austin to meet my publisher, Reagan, his wife, Minna and their two adorable children Lena and Walter Lee (and I'm not just saying that, they are honestly adorable), along with two female BRW writers, Kimberly Tilley and Kristen A. Sherry, who were absolutely wonderful. I had a delicious plate of pasta and enchanting conversation. It was a delightful evening. Please check out Kimberly and Kristen's books.

[https://www.amazon.com/Kimberly-Tilley/e/](https://www.amazon.com/Kimberly-Tilley/e/B07VY67ZCQ%3Fref=dbs_a_mng_rwt_scns_share)

[B07VY67ZCQ%3Fref=dbs_a_mng_rwt_scns_share](https://www.amazon.com/Kimberly-Tilley/e/B07VY67ZCQ%3Fref=dbs_a_mng_rwt_scns_share)

[https://www.amazon.com/Kristin-Sherry/e/B01FAR70BO/](https://www.amazon.com/Kristin-Sherry/e/B01FAR70BO/ref=aufs_dp_fta_dsk)
[ref=aufs_dp_fta_dsk](https://www.amazon.com/Kristin-Sherry/e/B01FAR70BO/ref=aufs_dp_fta_dsk)

After dinner, I gave hugs all around and confidently headed off into the Austin night. Thank you Reagan and Minna for dinner.

Of course, then I could not find where my Prius was parked on the elevated parking structure - a la Seinfeld, without getting busted for peeing.

[https://www.bing.com/videos/search?](https://www.bing.com/videos/search?&q=Seinfeld+the+lost+car+in+parking+loit&qpv=Seinfeld+the+lost+car+in+parking+loit&view=detail&mid=686F193CEDA9931296A6686F193CEDA9931296A6&form=VDRVRV&ru=%2Fvideos%2Fsearch%3Fq%3DSeinfeld%2Bthe%2Blost%2Bcar%2Bin%2Bparking%2Bloit%26qpv%3DSeinfeld%2Bthe%2Blost%2Bcar%2Bin%2Bparking%2Bloit%26FORM%3DVDRE&ajaxhist=0)

[&q=Seinfeld+the+lost+car+in+parking+loit&qpv=Seinfeld+the+lost+car+in+parking+loit&view=detail&mid=686F193CEDA9931296A6686F193CEDA9931296A6&form=VDRVRV&ru=%2Fvideos%2Fsearch%3Fq%3DSeinfeld%2Bthe%2Blost%2Bcar%2Bin%2Bparking%2Bloit%26qpv%3DSeinfeld%2Bthe%2Blost%2Bcar%2Bin%2Bparking%2Bloit%26FORM%3DVDRE&ajaxhist=0](https://www.bing.com/videos/search?&q=Seinfeld+the+lost+car+in+parking+loit&qpv=Seinfeld+the+lost+car+in+parking+loit&view=detail&mid=686F193CEDA9931296A6686F193CEDA9931296A6&form=VDRVRV&ru=%2Fvideos%2Fsearch%3Fq%3DSeinfeld%2Bthe%2Blost%2Bcar%2Bin%2Bparking%2Bloit%26qpv%3DSeinfeld%2Bthe%2Blost%2Bcar%2Bin%2Bparking%2Bloit%26FORM%3DVDRE&ajaxhist=0)

I only managed to snap a photo of Reagan and his two children at the table:



But I finally located my car and a half hour later I was back in front of the no tell motel. But at that moment a torrential thunder storm hit. So I sat there in my Prius waiting for it to subside. And it almost did. Eventually.

So, when I finally arrived back in my room, soaking wet, I got to listen to the neighbors chatting away (that's a euphemism) until the wee hours. God they sure knew how to chat! Made this fella feel lonely.

My door security safely in place, I left the light on and watched strange shadow creatures scurry around the room, and wondered who would find my body in the morning.

When I awoke Saturday at my now Texas time of three am - still on the 2 am Colorado schedule, I sat around wondering what I could do to fill the time without waking the neighbors.

But once I heard that baby crying from a few rooms down, I knew it was safe to take a shower without worrying about disturbing anyone.

So after scouting out my google maps to locate where the closest Einstein bagels could be found, and then twiddling my thumbs for a few more hours, I went to check out.

There during. A quick cup of coffee I shared with the night clerk, a lovely Latina named Erika, who told me an enticing story which included a scene where she repaid her cheating husband with strategically applied jalapeño juice and put him in the hospital, I left and found a coffee shop somewhere close to where my GPS woman told me sat an Einstein Bagels shop . The coffee was good. The bagels non existent. Einstein had left the building.

Then I went looking for the place where the Bookfair was to take place . Of course my GPS woman must have been hacked by my friends in the OFC - fuck you to death BC - because she took me on the grand tour of Texas (it really is a big state) and I was forced to pull over in a restricted zone to try to regroup. Luckily a Texas State Trooper named Walker knocked on my window to let me know I was in a restricted space, but once I told him that my son, daughter-in-law and her family were all NYPD he was the most charming and helpful person you could ever hope to find when you are lost. Blue blood family carries weight among the first responders everywhere you go.

So I was able to then find the parking lot and park my Prius. I was so thrilled because it was in the very first parking space in this parking structure. All set up for a clean get away after the event. It was early so I waited for another car to arrive and then asked the older women who exited if she knew where the Book Fair was. She was a sweetheart volunteer who pointed out the next street over and told me that would get me there. And off she went.

I didn't want to follow her too closely because I didn't want her to fear I was going to mug her (perfectly understandable when you are raised in NYC). So I waited until she disappeared around the corner she pointed at before setting off in that direction. When I turned that corner, she was gone.

So I just started walking and after a while I came upon the Austin City Hall building and the huge park that surrounds it. The first three groups of people I encountered were tourists and didn't know anything about the Book Fair. But I did suggest they check it out, especially tent #4.

So, I was lost again, and came upon a forboding monument.



But I had come this far, so if this was going to be my Alamo, so be it.

And then I came upon a large group of one Philippino family snapping photos of themselves, always leaving one family member out of the shot, to take the shot. So I volunteered to take a photo of them all with their cameras (a lot of them). They were thrilled. So after I snapped the photos I asked if they knew where the Book Fair was. They asked me why and I told them I was going to be signing books there.

Well that started another complete round of group photos with me at the center. I think they thought I was Stephen King (sad but he's much prettier). But fifty photos later - which they swore they would send to me - I gave them my cell number - but they never did (they probably found out I wasn't SK) they pointed in a direction and said as a chorus "that way!"

So I finally spotted the tents and figured, I made it.
But this was a line of a million tents.





So I did what any sensible old dude would do and cornered a law enforcement officer.



And after I shared my PO pedigree, Mr. Caradine (like the actor but with a hard "i"), broke out his map and gave me perfect directions to Tent #4. Thank you for your service Officer Caradine.

Now, as I made my way along the hundred mile walk to that last couple of tents (I'm pretty sure I could see Mexico), I found my tent, walked into and confidently strolled down its center lane, right past the BRW booth with Reagan, his lovely wife Minna and his two adorable children setting up.



The daughter looked just like Hayden Pannettierre from Remember The Titans:



Luckily Reagan spotted me and brought me to the BRW table.



Then I went to work. I noticed that most authors just stood around waiting for people to come by and stop at their tables, like a flea market.

I went on a NY offensive that would have made the Hare Krishnas proud.

First I went out and found a fine old drunk gentleman sitting on what looked like his favorite bench and paid him ten bucks to constantly direct anyone who walked along that sidewalk to go into Tent 4 and look for Tom McCaffrey. I'm pretty sure he remembered the tent 4 part.

Then I stood out in the middle of the tent lane and accosted every women who went by like I was spritzing perfume samples at Macy's during the Christmas season.

The key is to get them to pause long enough for your opening line. Mine was "excuse me, do you like movies?" If they said yes, then I said "Have you seen Goodfellas. . . " Then I was off to the races. You don't win 'em all, but I wasn't there to wait for Godot. I went after it like an escaped prisoner in a brothel.

I managed to land a few, and some posed for photos:

Tracy and Robin:



Trevor and Erin:



Zack and Rebecca



Kendra Hudson



Joel Richardson (Who looks like Robert DiNiro):

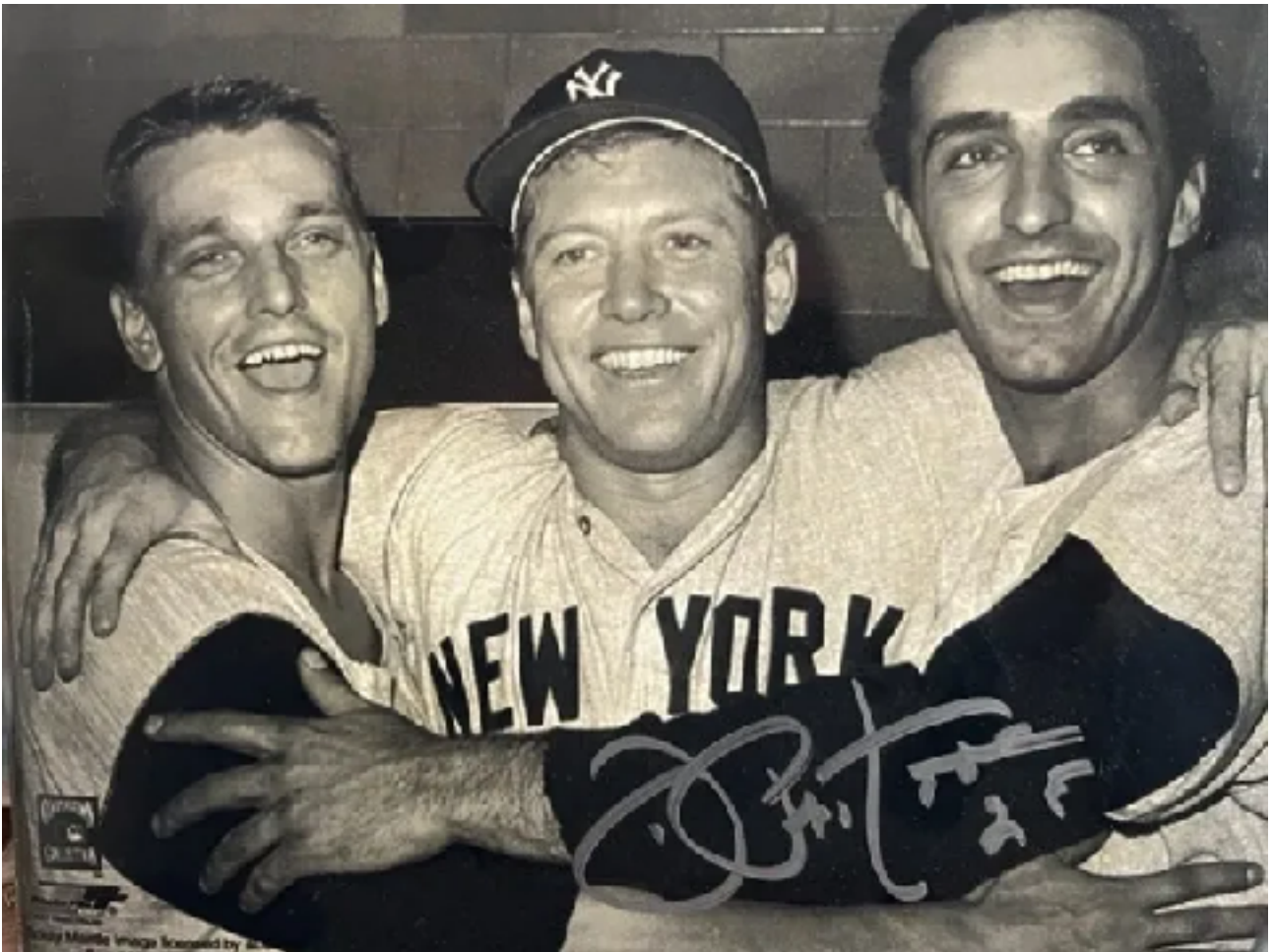


And then the other BRW authors arrived, so I grabbed some photos with them:

Dan McDowell, me and Joe Barrett.



Which invoked another one of my favorite photos:



And the Joes line up perfectly. Hey, all-stars are all-stars. A guy can dream, can't he?

Anyway, you should check out Dan and Joe's books:

Dan: https://www.amazon.com/Dan-McDowell/e/B095PRRC34?ref=sr_ntt_srch_lnk_2&qid=1667757537&sr=1-2

Joe: https://www.amazon.com/Joe-Barrett/e/B07H22ZX49/ref=dp_byline_cont_pop_ebooks_1

Anyway, it was great hanging with the guys, I figured I would call it a day and head off to the airport.

Except I got lost again trying to find that parking building.

But a half hour later I did get back to the Prius, and headed off to the airport. And my GPS woman finally told me the truth.

On the way, I did stop to refuel and almost dropped dead when the Prius would only accept \$4.00 in gas.

But I got there in plenty of time, and turned in my rental without a problem.

I won't bore you (too late) with the many times I got lost in the airport and how I fell asleep, only to be awakened by the sound of the speakers announcing the final boarding for my Denver flight, but I do want to mention a touching moment when I was entering through security at Austin's airport.

There was a young man standing on one side of those ropes on line for a security check. He was embracing his young girlfriend on the other side of the rope and two were holding on for dear life. After a final passionate kiss they released each other. I had waited on the security line behind him standing a few feet away to give them their moment. When he walked away and I came up behind him, he turned back and looked over my head back (he was very tall) at his girlfriend, who was still standing there waiting for him to leave. I looked up at his face and saw trails of tears flowing down his cheeks. It broke my heart.

When we got to the security post, I learned that he was returning to France. I told him what I witnessed and said that he should savor that moment, because the pain he was experiencing could only come from true love, and not everybody gets to experience that.

And he would always have that.

Anyway, when I got back to Denver, I confidently retraced my steps to that outdoor long term parking lot, and my car was not where it should be. Damn breadcrumbs.

Turns out there is an identical - really - parking lot on the other side of the terminal, where I ultimately located my Toyota.

Well, I made it home in one piece, having sold some books, met some excellent people, and with a lot of good stories to tell. So the trip was a success.

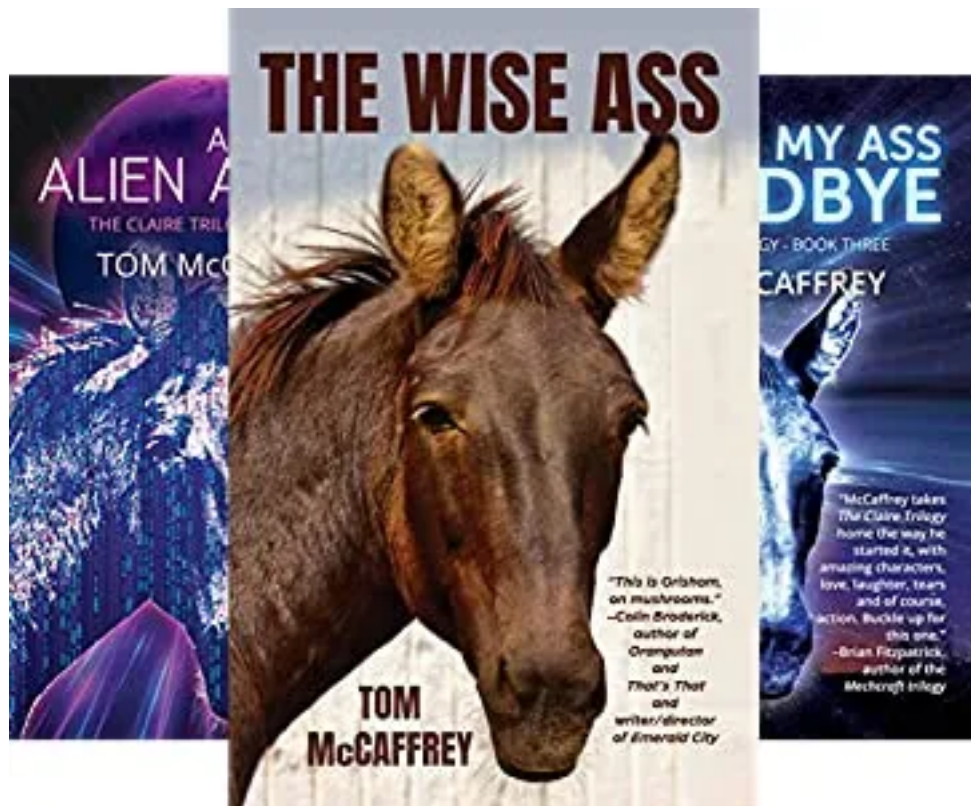
Sorry this is getting out late, but there was a lot to get in here.

I hope you are all enjoying your Sunday.

But make it a great one.

Off To Austin

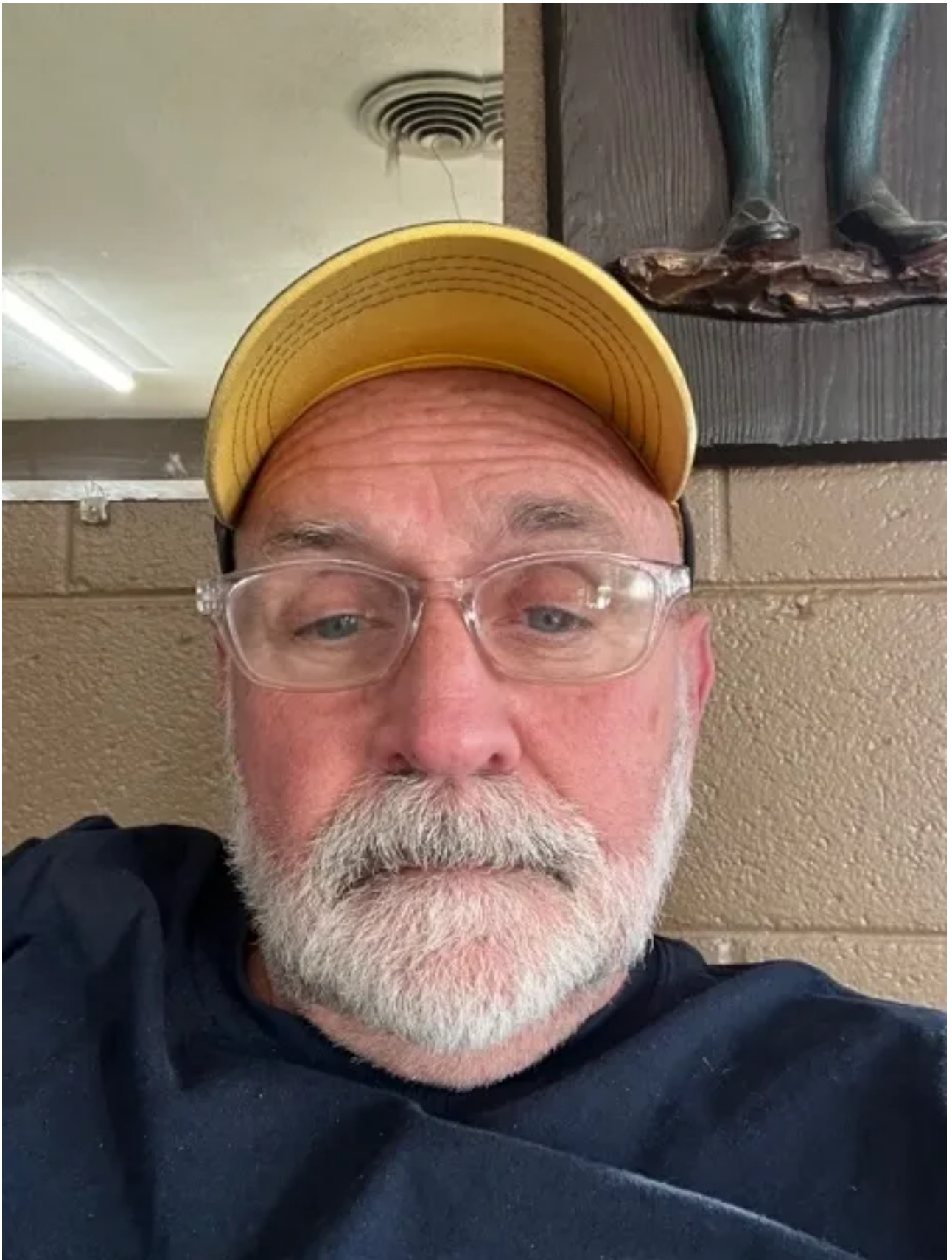
November 4, 2022



Sorry, no blog today or tomorrow. Wish me luck.

Off To See The Wizard - Austin Book Fair

November 3, 2022



Now I'm not a big fan of barbers. When I was young, they always listened to my father and gave me crew-cuts at a time when long

hair was in vogue (Jesus had certainly started a trend back then), until I finally whispered to Napoli the Barber that if he listened to my father one more time I was going to come back after close of business and toss a brick through his shop window. He refused to cut my hair ever again. I'm surprised he didn't take my ear off. You see, looking at my father back then, I knew my hair follicles had a shelf life, and I wanted to enjoy long hair for as long as I could.

You would be amazed at how far I would go to maintain my luxurious locks. Unless of course you buy Finding Jimmy Moran, where you can read a totally fictionalized version of a similar obsession.

Anyway, once I started shaving my own head at the end of the last century, I stopped going to barbers completely. .

But recently, I regrew my beard, and it grows like a weed. So I have to trim it at least once a week or I will look like ZZ Top. I'm not very good at trimming my beard, as the above photo attests.

Yesterday, Lisa insisted that I not shame her when I go to Austin, and that I see a barber.

So I did.

I had found this barber a few month back when Lisa insisted I have my beard trimmed before attending a Book Club Q&A.

I found this barbershop by pure chance, as I was driving down Main Street in Longmont. It was tucked away in a tiny strip mall on the east side of the thoroughfare, and if you blinked, you missed it. It is run by an Asian father and son. That was fine, because I will never trust an Italian barber again.

Anyway, last time the father did the work. And he did an excellent job.

Yesterday, the father had the day off, so the son handled it.

I waited for a good half hour while the son meticulously trimmed and shaped the magnificently full head of hair on a young Latino. It was like watching Michelangelo chipping away at David. I have to say. I was jealous of the young man's mane.

When I took my spot in the barber's chair, I quipped, "Put away the scissors, this shouldn't take long."

And it didn't.



So the son proved that he was equally adept with a trimmer as he was with his shears.

Now when he brought out the straight razor to shave my head and neck, there was a few moments where I feared the Reaper when the shop dachshund suddenly began to bark at something out back. But the son was a professional, and wielded that razor calm and true.

When it was all said and done, I suffered no styptic pencil events, kept my collar and both ears, and came away looking half-way decent.



Well, I did say half-way. To quote Sam Mussabini in Chariots of Fire (excellent film), "I can't put in what God left out."

I look like one of those huge stone heads on Easter Island. Anyway, tomorrow and Saturday I will be traveling to and from Austin to attend the Book Fair. Tent #4, Booth #413. So, I won't be posting any blogs. However, I promise to bring you all up to speed in my Sunday morning blog, unless I am abducted by aliens (or BC's milk truck gets me).

Until then, I expect you fine, five readers to go out and enjoy the weekend.

I certainly am going to do my very best to do the same. Wish me luck.

But before any of that, I have a kitty to cuddle, rounds to make and some final sweat to squeeze out of me on the Hamster Wheel.

You all have a great Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Magic In Creation Is Timeless - Thomas R. Farrell

November 2, 2022



I collect canes. I got the bug from an old lawyer named Tom Farrell (one of the founding partners of Gold, Farrell & Marks) who was

one of my mentors when I was a young lawyer coming up through the ranks. He used to have a collection of them in his office. He never needed to use a cane. He just like to have them. I used to check them out whenever I sat in his office. The old Tommy would have swiped a few, given the opportunity. But never from Tom F. Tom F looked like he was a lawyer from Hollywood's central casting. He was old school. Impeccable education and legal credentials. He was tall with a full head of silver hair, a prominent silver moustache, and broad shoulders. He had a deep voice, which could easily fill a courtroom. As a matter of fact, I had a friend of mine cast him in a one act play that ran off-off Broadway on the same bill as *Revelations*. He played the father of a dysfunctional family. He nailed the role and could easily be heard at the back of the theatre. Tom lived in Riverdale, so he would drive me to work every morning. In exchange for the ride, I read him the horse race sheet in the Post on the ride in - the horses, jockeys and trainers in each race at Belmont that afternoon - and would circle his selections, so he could place his bets when we arrived at the office. Tom served in the military in France during one of the wars, and explained that the most important thing he learned from the french military associates at his post, was that one should always keep the windows cracked a quarter of an inch during the winter to prevent the flu. Tom also had a great laugh. And I liked to make him laugh.

Tom was a do-gooder, like Atticus Finch, from *To Kill A Mockingbird*. As a young man, Tom worked on the Bobby Kennedy campaign for President. He had just returned to his room at the Ambassador hotel to call it a night at the time of Bobby's assassination.

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ambassador_Hotel_\(Los_Angeles\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ambassador_Hotel_(Los_Angeles))

I was often in Tom's office when he would be speaking to his wife, Diane, on the phone. I was always impressed about how openly affectionate he was to her, no matter who was in hearing distance. I believe he called her "Lovey" or "Sweetie" which I thought was so cute. He always ended his calls by telling her he loved her. You could tell he meant it.

Tom was also a doting father to his many kids (he was Irish-Catholic), who were all of my generation, although we never hung together in Riverdale growing up. Lucky for them (you'll understand

that comment if you read *Finding Jimmy Moran*). They've all gone on to lead successful lives. Doctors, lawyers and millionaires. Tom once took me to The Players Club in Grammercy Park in Manhattan - <https://theplayersnyc.org> - which I thought was so cool, given that it was a members only club for artists and actors from stage and screen, the visual arts, music and literature. I imagined what it must be like going there after opening a new play on Broadway. Tom never told me how he obtained his membership. I loved Tom. He was one of the many surrogate fathers that showed me what it takes to be a good man in our changing world. When GF&M merged into another firm, Tom gave me this cool letter opener, that he used to keep at his desk for as long as I was there. I used to always play with it when I was sitting across the desk from him. I should have asked for a cane.



Tom died a few years before I moved out to Colorado. <https://www.riverdalepress.com/stories/accomplished-lawyer-farrell-dies,49437>

He was a great man.

Anyway, I got the cane collecting bug from Tom.

I brought Spaghetti's shillelagh with me from the Bronx. You can thump the shit out of someone with that Blackthorn.

But I've since added to my collection.

I scour every curiosity shop I encounter in NoCo to see if there are any cool canes stashed in some corner. They usually find their way into these shops from the estates of dead men. Families do a final clear out and sell off belongings without thinking too much about it.

And that is a shame. Because each cane has a story to tell. Each carries with it the energy of its past owners.

I gave one of my NoCo collection to Lenny, when he had surgery earlier this year. Very cool. It's got some great mojo. If you ever bump into him, ask him to show it to you. But but be very clear about which staff you want to see.

Like Tom F, I never needed a cane either, until recently, when I tweaked my ankle.

I have some really exotic hand carved canes, along with Spaghetti's shillelagh, but none of them fit the bill for what I needed around the house.

The trim and clean walking stick in the above photo was perfect in size and strength. Voila.

The strange thing was that I wasn't going to buy it, because it didn't really stand out in carvings or uniqueness. I was at the cashier with some other ornate looking canes and I felt compelled to go back to the spot in the back of the store and retrieve this cane. I'm glad I did.

I only use it around the house. It helps going up and down the stairs, and I like the feel of it. It also has great energy to it. It is magical, falling somewhere between a witch's wand and a sorcerer's staff. With all the energy of both.

The other day I noticed the cane had a engraved band around it, right below its handle. It was old and worn, so I needed to break out the Sherlock Holmes magnifying glass to make out its engraving:



"Louisa County Court - 1854-1928."

I typed it into Google and voila:

<https://www.iowacourts.gov/for-the-public/educational-resources-and-services/iowa-courts-history/iowa-county-courthouse-history/louisa-county-courthouse/>

"By 1846, many citizens felt that a better courthouse was needed and a new facility was completed in 1854."

"The present Louisa County courthouse was built in Wapello, in 1928 on the same site as the 1854 courthouse"

So, this cane was some form of commemorative gift given to a judge or a lawyer in Iowa probably at the time the Courthouse was retired, and somehow ended up a century later in Loveland Colorado, where this lawyer, from New York, now uses it to hobble around his house in Berthoud, while dreaming as a writer about its past life and the magic that courses through it. And thinking about Tom Farrell.

Iowa, the home of the Field of Dreams. "Is this Heaven?".

A lot of brilliant hands must have controlled this cane, and I am honored to have it in my possession now. I bet Tom F would approve.

Anyway, I just thought I would share that with you. Don't be so quick to give away a dead man's things. There is hidden power within that can be handed down through the generations.

Well, this old writer now needs to start lawyering.

But before that happens I'll need that kitty cuddle, to make my rounds, and to torture myself. I'll keep that cane close to the treadmill, just in case.

You fine, five readers go out there and surf the hump. And if you come across an old cane in some curiosity shop, pick it up and feel its energy. You may want to bring it home with you.

But most of all, have a great day.

It's An Honor To Be Here (Meaning On This List Of BRW Authors)

November 1, 2022

BLACKROSEWRITING
Posts

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**Texas Book Festival 2022
Signing Authors**

| Book Cover | Author | Date | Time |
|------------|-----------------------------|------------------|--------------------|
| | Author Tom McCaffrey | Saturday, Nov. 5 | 10 am - 12:25 pm |
| | Author Dan McDowell | Saturday, Nov. 5 | 12:30 pm - 2:25 pm |
| | Author Joe Barrett | Saturday, Nov. 5 | 12:30 pm - 2:25 pm |
| | Author Kristin A. Sherry | Saturday, Nov. 5 | 2:30 pm - 5 pm |
| | Author Kimberly Tilley | Saturday, Nov. 5 | 2:30 pm - 5 pm |

Texas Book Festival BLACK ROSE writing



Liked by pjtauthor and 11 others

blackrosewriting Check out the upcoming 2022 Texas Book Festival signing authors lineup for #BlackRoseWriting! If you are in Austin, TX on more



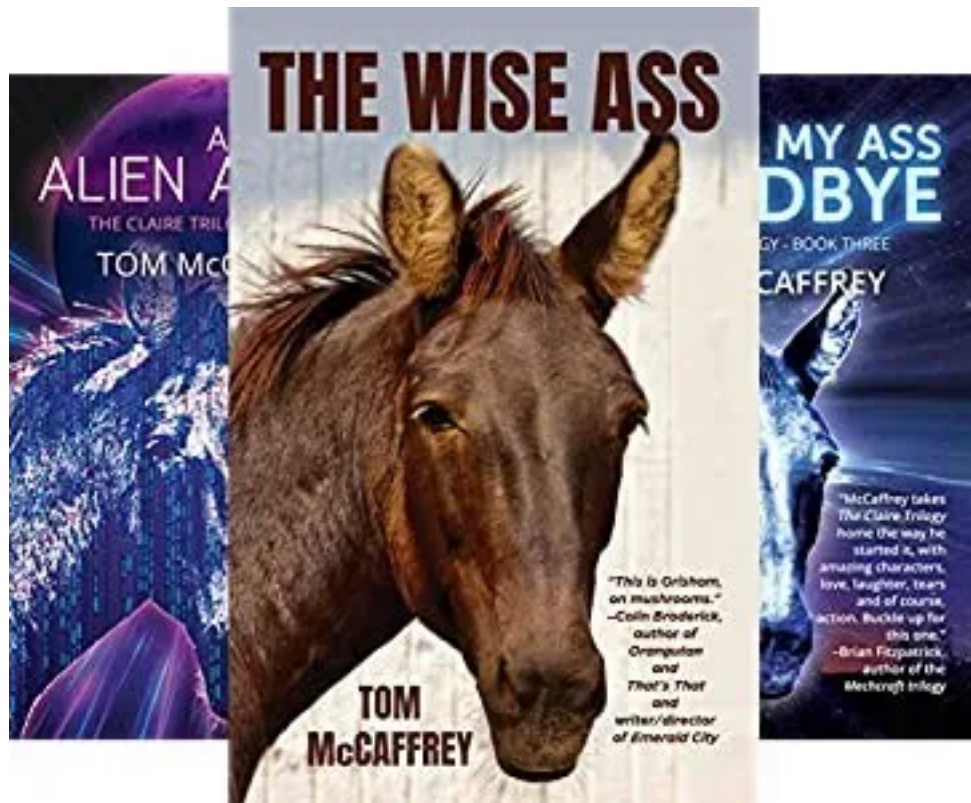
Congrats Dan McDowell, Joe Barrett, Kristin A. Sherry and Kimberly Tilley. Hope you all knock it out of the park. Thank you Reagan Rothe and all of the BRW familiars for getting us all here.

Of course, I am equally honored to be attending the Texas Book Fair this Saturday morning. Just realized I'll be manning the booth that morning solo, so I won't be able to hide in the crowd and take advantage of the rabid reader spillover my other BRW authors will certainly be drawing. So I do hope someone stops by to keep me company. Luckily, if the World Series is still going, you Texans can stop by and still get home in time to tail gate before that night's Astros/Phillies game.

So remember, Tent #4, Booth #413. Look for the old dude with a white beard and a cap



looking very intimidated, maybe hiding behind a stack of books that look like this.



And as long as you appear with one or more of my books (or purchase one from BRW right there), I will share a hug, a selfie (as long as you promise to send me a copy), and (at the suggestion of the OFC) even sign body parts, if it brings you to my table. Plus, I will answer any and all questions about *The Claire Trilogy* (and all of the real characters that appear within) and provide similar teasers concerning *Finding Jimmy Moran*.

Whatever happens, I'm hoping to be able to return to Claire Saturday evening with a hand cramp (don't go there OFC) and exciting stories to share about my overnight trip to the Lone Star State and the lovely city of Austin.

For now, I have reality to return to.

But first, a kitty cuddle, my rounds and yes, the Hamster Wheel.

So, over the next few days, you fine, five readers call all your Texan friends and tell them to come see me Saturday morning, doors open at 10 am.

But most of all, get out there and have a great day.