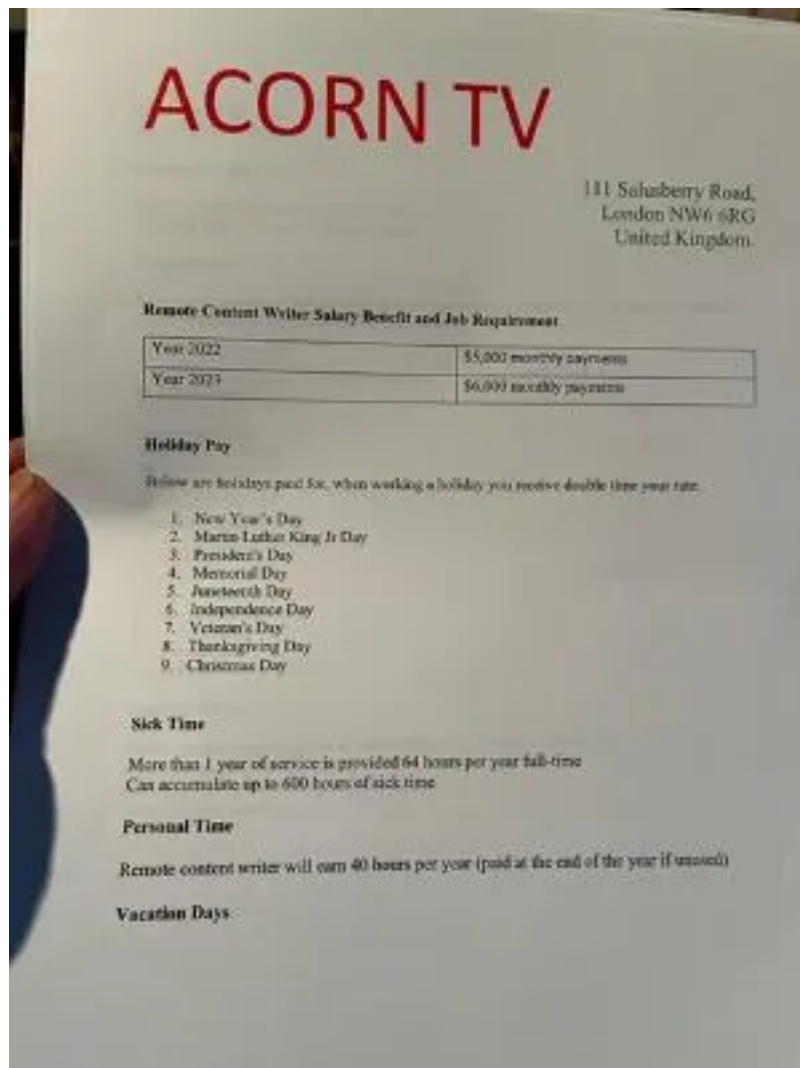


# The Writer Scam

August 31, 2022



A few days back I was approached on Twitter by a woman who presented herself as some form of talent scout who had been following me on Twitter. She asked if I would be interested in paid writing work. When I asked what kind of work, she sent a link to Acorn TV. It was a remote writing job. I love BBC programming of all kinds, and figured that since I completed Finding Jimmy Moran I had some early morning free time so I said, tell me more. She told me to appear on the Telegram App for an on-line interview the next day with the VP of HR. I virtually appeared at the appointed hour and was met by a person who put me through a

decent on-line interview, asking all of the right HR questions. At the end, that person then asked if I would meet with their head of Operations the next day. So I did.

This interview started out just like the other. All of the right kind of questions. Then the person asked for personal information for purposes of performing a background check.

She provided me with the above offer sheet.

I provided basic info which could be found in any public record. But then that person wanted my SS#. That set off alarms. I told the person that if she gave me their HR person's name and number, I would discuss it with them, but in no way was I typing my SS# onto the internet. Then the person became more aggressive, basically pushing me to provide it. I told her no way in no uncertain terms. The last thing she typed was "Have a nice day," before the entire Dm disappeared off the screen.

I went back on Twitter to reach out to the headhunter and I was blocked.

I then posted a three part tweet for the writers group explaining what had happened and warning them to be careful.

I then checked the address on the offer sheet. <https://www.loopnet.com/Listing/111-115-Salusbury-Rd-London/21764791>



It's a rental property.

I sent Acorn TV an email explaining what had happened. Waiting to hear back.

So the upshot is that on-line pirates are out there and if they are willing to try it on with an old NYC lawyer, they'll try it with anyone.

Be careful.

But I will be monitoring my accounts and property, just in case.

Alls well that ends well, so let's stay focused on the important stuff.

I still have a kitty to cuddle, rounds to make and a wheel to break me.

The rest of you fine five readers go out there and get over the hump.

And make today a great one.

# Casa Claire Is Fawly Towers For The Fur Set

August 30, 2022



Love the Britcom Fawly Towers with John Cleese and Connie Booth.

When I finished laying out yesterday's morning munch for the mules, I peeked out the window and realized that I am Basil Fawly in my world full of animals.

And that is okay with me.

Everyday I am at their beck and call, seeing to their daily comforts and every day they give me something to laugh at, or talk about.



Sometimes, like Basil Fawlty, I can get frustrated by their actions, like when the winds blew down the fencing and they went for that walk about, but overall I cannot imagine what my life would be like without them.

Now the above photo is part of my daily routine with them. I go out to check on C&H and feed them an early snack first thing when I get up, feed the dogs, do my blogging, answer some emails, get my wife up and then go feed/cuddle Smokey, drive Lisa to work, make my morning rounds. Then I'm back at the house, where I lay out their real breakfast and let C&H out of the side/back property. They wait somewhat patiently at the side gate each morning. But if I'm late, Claire starts kicking the metal fence. Big racket. Then I get on the Hamster Wheel and they finish eating on the underdeck patio and then go scratch themselves on some of the trees for a while.

Then they walk around the house to the front area and graze.

They spend the rest of their day moving about the property, always together, foraging, grazing, taking naps, and stopping every once in a while in front of my office window to extort more snacks. Blue will often join them, especially when they are rolling in the dust bowl out back, and Jeter will go outside when the feeling moves him to say hello while staying clear of their hooves.

My role is one of service. I chop and hand out snacks to the mules and treats to the dogs. Open doors to let them in and out, refill water bowls, buckets, troughs, hay bags. I brush them when they want me to. I also pick up shit, lots of it.

I make special trips to the store just to pick up their fruits and veggies. They eat better than I do.

I make appointments with farriers and groomers and occasionally a vet. I order hay which needs to be carried into the barn and stacked. And then I dispurse those bales in racks and bags as needed. Hay gets everywhere in your clothes.

I feel like I'm channeling Spaghetti as I go about my business, but I go about it with that Basil Fawlty maniacal smile on my face.

And now it's time for me to continue today's routine. I have a wife to wake and a kitty to cuddle.

But it's Tuesday in a week that will probably make Friday Labor Day Weekend optional, or at least shortened, so there is hope.

You fine, five readers go out and earn your keep, but stay excited for the weekend.  
Most of all, make today a great one.

# Bye-Bye Moshe - Happy Birthday Eileen Cotto

August 29, 2022



Well another satisfied customer leaves Claire's Camp for the Castaways. Karen "Cruiser" Anderson returned from her outdoor event with smiles and stories and after a short visit was back on her way to Fort Collins with her half-pint side kick. Blue and Jeter will miss their friend until next time.



When we first got Blue we had another dog name Phoebe who bore a striking resemblance to Moshe. Blue was just a pup back then so Phoebe took her under her wing. So when Moshe comes by for a visit, Blue just follows her around. Poignant and sweet.

Eileen Cotto ( née Collins) my dear life long friend and inside circle reader (and character in KMAG) has a birthday today. I won't say what birthday, but will say that she has circled the sun enough times to earn her right to full membership in the OFC. Now, given that her birthday fell on a Monday, she was permitted to party the entire prior contiguous weekend. If she remains true to her lifetime form, she will have exciting stories to share concerning tall dark and handsome strangers, after-hours establishments, all night diners, hand cuffs, dawn walks of shame and possibly bail money. Stay tuned.

Well it's Monday again. Life awaits.

I need to get to my Kitty cuddles, rounds and the Wheel. Then work.

But you fine, five readers take no prisoners, and keep both eyes on the Labor Day Weekend a few days off. Confirm those exciting end-of-summer plans.

But most of all, make today a great one.



# Moshe's Back At Casa Claire

August 28, 2022



Karen "Cruiser" Anderson had an event to attend so Moshe her familiar is staying for a day or two. Of course Blue is thrilled by the visit.



And she is right at home as in past visits.



Blue doesn't even mind sharing.



What a cutey.



Truth is that when the animals are all happy, the world seems to run a lot smoother for me.

Sorry to make this short but I got caught up with an early jump on chores which I now need to finish because Claire is banging on the gate.

So off I go.

You fine five readers have an excellent day.

And make it a great one. .



# Pay The Tithe

August 27, 2022



Now I know a tithe is technically supposed to mean 1/10th of your income that you are supposed to pay over to the church. And I get that.

But in my use of the term, it means the goodies I have to turn over to my fur family whenever they come knocking.

And they do come knocking.

In my local stores, Walmart and King Soopers, I am recognizable as the Mule Guy because of my regular trips to clean out their stashes of 5 pound bags of carrots, multiple bags of apples and numerous watermelon. I fill my cart.



I spend hours each weekend preparing those veggies for distribution throughout the week. And I still keep numerous bags of whole carrots in my designated mule fridge just to satisfy their snacks.

My dogs and Smokey the feral cat are equally spoiled.

And I don't mind doing it. They give so much love back to me.

So Claire and I play our daily games of her at my window and me giving her and honey carrots. That makes them happy.

That makes me happy.

On the legal front, my firm managed to land another big decision in the field of copyrights and trademarks. So it was a nice way to end the week.

But Saturday has arrived and I have much to do. And I have a guest, Moshe the dog, coming for a weekend stay.

A quick Kitty cuddle, my rounds and the rack await, so I must cut this short.

You fine five readers get your chores done early and then go out there and make today a great one.

You deserve it.

# You Are Never Alone

August 26, 2022



No matter how quiet it may seem around Casa Claire, there is always some creature with its eyes on you. Yesterday, I glanced up to my right and saw Honey hanging by the side office window. But I didn't see Claire so I stood and looked to the side and there she was, hiding just out of view. I like knowing they are always around and like to check up on me.

Yesterday was a weird day. Thunderstorms always impact me emotionally. I find myself less patient with things. Grumpy. I don't like being grumpy.

But the good news is that Anna Hillman picked up a slight inconsistency between FJM and The Claire Trilogy, and the better news was that I was able to fix it with a few sentences. It's one of those things that might never have been spotted by 99% of my readers, and I almost let it ride. But it just kept niggling at my brain until I had to fix it. The best part of all was that I was able to work Anna's name into the book as a reward for her careful eye.

You see, I really do want to provide the best work I can, and my inner circle of readers are essential to making that happen. So thank you Anna.

Speaking of inner circles one of my main readers, a member of the OFC, has a special birthday coming up. I was thrilled to learn that the joke birthday cards we sent her reached their destination before the big day.

Well its Friday, the last one in August, so I expect everyone of my fine five readers to get out there and have a blast.

And read a book or two.

I am off to cuddle a kitty, make rounds and then the Wheel.

But whatever else happens, make today a great one.

# Staying Grounded With Gratitude

August 25, 2022



I'm the luckiest guy in the world.

Most days I wake up and have to pinch myself. I have survived what some may think is an interesting life. Been happily married for over four decades. Raised three children to healthy adulthood and have engaged and been silly with all my grandchildren as "The Dude." I have worked at a challenging profession that many would find exciting that has allowed me to meet some famous people along the way and now have three successful novels published with number four in the pipeline. I live in a beautiful house on a beautiful

piece of land with beautiful creatures in God's country. Could be considered heady stuff.

But I have been equally blessed by a core group of family and friends who know me forever, and have no problem calling me out or telling me to fuck off.

You've met their fictional counterparts in my novels. My motley crew.

To them I'll always be Tommy. A relatively funny average guy who is great in a pinch but is otherwise completely full of shit.

Indeed, the above photo is Claire's visual version of "Tommy, I love you babe but you're completely full of shit!"

She really knows how to keep me in check.

I cop to all charges.

Everyone who really knows me understands that I should never have been this lucky. Truth is, despite limited natural resources and my best intentions to repetitively drop the ball, the Universe kept stepping in and putting people in my life that kept pulling me out of the fire, opening doors for me and moving me in directions I had never considered or even thought possible.

Truth is, I do not know why they all put up with me, but they have each left their mark.

And for every one of those people and the Universe that has never given up on me, I am forever grateful.

I am also deeply thankful for all of the wonderful people that keep coming into my life each day and selflessly contributing to my success, by reading and editing my WIPs and catching all my mistakes - I write like Slip Mahoney speaks - and those others acting as carnival barkers when it comes to talking up my books to anyone who will listen and still others for putting up with my daily neuroses and insecurities. Some of these people I have never actually met face-to-face, and yet they are there for me, repeatedly.

Go figure.

I also really appreciate my fine five readers who give me a reason to keep getting up and putting these words on the screen each morning. You are my literary gym buddies who keep me exercising my writing muscles when I'm not working on another project. You do not know how important you are to me, because I am by nature a mentally lazy procrastinator. So thank you for reading my blogs.



I love you all.

And I know that in today's world, all of this could evaporate in an instant.

That thought keeps me grounded. And grateful.

There is an old bromide that rings particularly true: Yesterday is history, tomorrow's a mystery, today's a gift, don't waste it.

Okay, Thursday awaits us all.

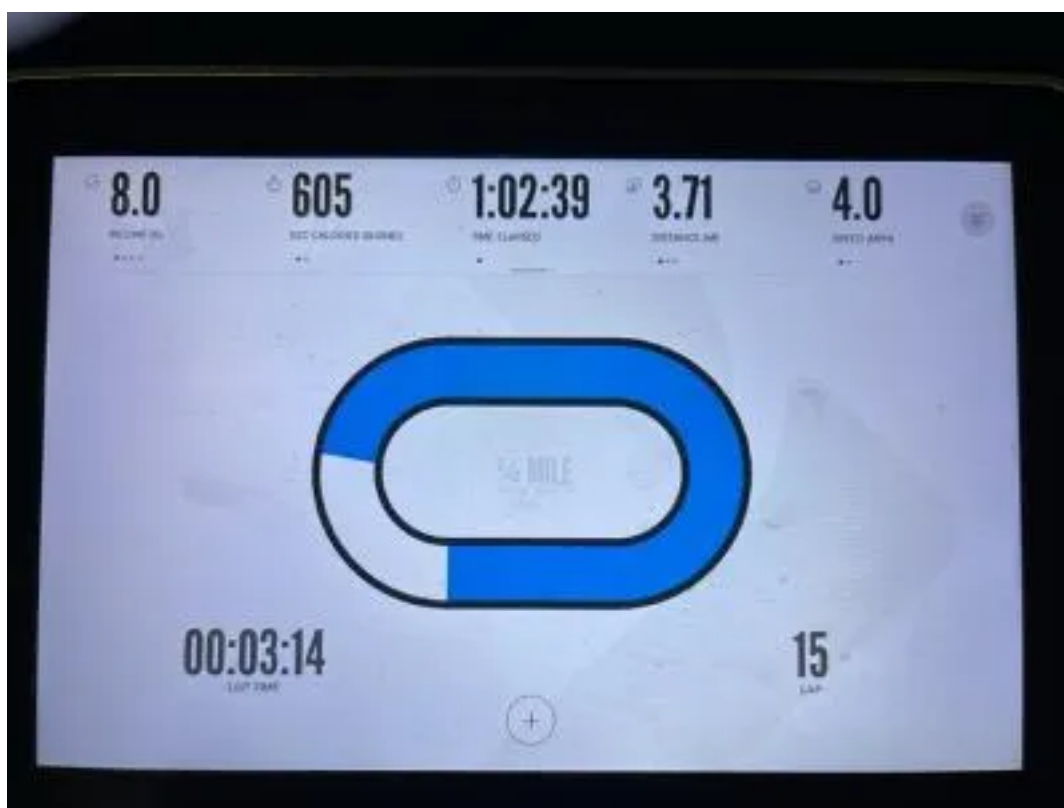
Time to cuddle a kitty, make rounds and then physical torture. Then the law (mental torture).

You fine five readers go out there and get through the work day knowing that Friday is waiting with open arms.

But most of all, make today a great one. It's another gift.

# Too Close To The Sun

August 24, 2022



Okay, so I just finished my eighth week on the Hamster wheel. No missed days. Over those 8 weeks I've developed the program to where I now start off at a 4.5 incline going at 3.5 mph. At 0, 5, 10, 15 and 20 minutes, I do arm/chest exercises while I walk, fifty reps of different exercises while I try and keep my balance and not get tossed off the back of the machine. At 25 minutes, I start raising the incline by 1/2 a number every five minutes, so its 25/5, 30/5.5, 35/6.0, 40/6.5, 45/7.0 and 50/7.5. When I hit 55 I bump it to 8/4.0 and hang on for dear life. My goal is to burn at least 600 calories before the machine beats me each day. It's killing me. But I am as stubborn as Claire.

Quick aside. The first day on the Hamster wheel, I literally fell out of the shower afterwards, bringing the shower curtains down with me. It was fucking hilarious. Me lying on the bathroom floor, too exhausted to get up, while the shower continued to rain down on me and the bathroom floor.

Now I refuse to be weighed - which reminds me of a joke that ends with the word "Wousy" - because the first weigh in was a complete shock to my system. I will disclose it sometime in the future. But I know from the way my clothes are fitting and my general appearance that I am getting thinner. I also feel healthier, although that only happens after I catch my breath a half hour after completing the torture. Oh, did I mention that I'm living at an altitude of over 5 thousand feet, where oxygen is a lot thinner.

Could explain my strange imagination. My daughter, a multisport D1 athlete, used to come out to Colorado to train each summer so that when she went back to the oxygen rich east to school she performed like a goddess. Someday I'm going to have to return to New York just to see if that really makes a difference. I can always use an edge.

Anyway, speaking of gods and goddesses, there's a mythical story about Icarus and his father Daedalus. Daedalus was a renowned inventor who worked for King Minos of Crete. He built the Labrynth that housed the Minotaur - head and tail of bull - body of a man - reminds me of The Ginger - who was the child of Minos' wife and a magnificent white bull given to the King by Poseidon, because Minos refused to adhere to Poseidon's instructions to sacrifice the bull. Anyway, all was peachy for Icarus and his dad until his dad helped Theseus kill the Minotaur using a claw that Daedalus had created and then helped Theseus and Ariadne escape the Labrynth.

Anyway, Dad and Son got locked up in a tower for their troubles.

But the resourceful Daedalus invented two sets of wings fashioned from wax and feathers to provide for their escape. However, before exiting the tower window, he told Icarus not to fly too close to the sun, which would cause his wings to melt.

Icarus, being a male, of course refused to listen to direction. So once out over the Mediterranean Sea, he was having so much fun he flew too high, lost his wings and fell into the water and drowned. A cautionary tale indeed.

Well, my wax wings were this electronic core stimulator that I ordered when I decided to take on the make Tommy thirty again challenge eight weeks ago.



It's a simple concept, it adheres over your stomach and provides gentle electronic stimulation to the core muscles beneath your rib cage and above your pelvis.

Now I didn't use this for 8 weeks. I just didn't think any electrical charge would make it past my belly fat to any muscles that remain beneath it. Then, after 8 weeks, my body shape had returned to what could be politely described as a "Dad Bod." Still not where I intend to be but not any worse than most men my age. So I figured, now was the time to give technology a shot.

Of course, being a man, I refused to read directions. When I put on the belly contraption, I turned it on and couldn't feel a thing. So I just kept hitting the up button until finally I was experiencing that wonderful contraction of my core muscles. It was kinda pleasant, so

I sat through the automatic fifteen minutes of stimulation thinking, I got this.

The next day I felt like Posie had struck me across the abdomen with her baseball bat. It actually felt like the impact I received from the seat belt when my Toyota was struck by a flying volkswagon and knocked into a different lane. I was bruised for weeks.

What a fucking moron I am. I really am toxically male.

Anyway, it hasn't thrown me off my game. I take my Aleve and get on my Hamster wheel and power through the torturous hour. I haven't given up a summer of ice cream for nothing.

At 12 weeks, I'll give the belly cattle prod another shot. Hopefully, my simian male brain will have allowed me to forget this terrible feeling in my abdomen enough to overcome my fear of the pain, but not enough to forget to first read the instructions. Maybe I'll ask Lisa to read them to me. That way if it goes wrong I can blame her.

Vanity thy name is Tommy.

Well, I have a Kitty to cuddle, rounds to make and then The Rack.

You fine, five readers go out there and get over the hump.

But read all directions and have a great day while you're at it.

# Shantaram

August 23, 2022



Post



luke.mccaffrey.author



Liked by gdr\_shantaram and 4 others



Now I know this sounds counterintuitive, but I absolutely hate when people give me books as a gift.

I am very picky about what I read and while I'll listen to suggestions, I hate being force fed.

My oldest son, Luke, is a repeat offender. He is one of those writers who will also be reading four books at the same time. He loves to then gift books to me that he thinks I will like because he likes them. However, despite at least 50 percent of the same gene pool, we have different interests and therefore different tastes in stories. I lean more towards the magical and mystical and he leans towards action and adventure, with a solid basis in reality.

Luke also has wanderlust.

When he was younger, he was a constant traveler. I blame the fairy godmothers, who encouraged and sometimes sponsored him. He's traveled though Europe and the Middle East. Since he got married, he has done a lot of traveling with his beautiful Aussie wife and three kids around the United States.

When Luke returned from one of his many travels, he brought back this huge book called Shantaram, by Gregory David Roberts, and insisted I had to read it. In broad strokes its is about a Australian criminal who escapes from Aussie prison and goes on the run, ending up in India.

Luke felt a kinship to all aspects of this writer.

Now, given the Irish's relationship with Australia as a penal colony back in the day, I do enjoy most things Australian.

However, this book weighed in over 900 pages. It was daunting.

You couldn't carry it around without having a Chiropractor on speed dial. I did everything I could to lose it. But its mass alone prevented that from happening. I could throw it out a window and it would reappear tucked under my car wheel making it impossible to move the car. It would block a doorway. I tripped over it countless times.

Finally one day, I relented. I picked it up and started reading. I could not put it down. The story was fascinating. The characters so real. The writing enjoyable from the get-go. And despite its length, I slowed my reading at the end just so I wouldn't finish it. I knew how much I liked it by my jealousy level. GDR had knocked it out of the park.

Well since that time Luke has kept me apprised of rumors relating to film versions of this epic. He followed the on-line rumors and kept up with whatever was going on in GDR's life.

The latest news was of the Apple TV series based on the book, starring Charlie Hunnam of SOA fame. Luke was thrilled.

So at some point over the past few days he must have posted about it on Instagram.

Lo and behold, that post caught the eye of GDR, who then "Liked" it on IG.

Now we all know that it doesn't take too much to hit the heart button on social media. You cannot read too much into that exchange.

But for Luke, and his old man, this passing moment was a cosmic sign. A slight tip of the hat between passing strangers. The slightest of literary connections.

So well done Luke. Someday I hope you get to tip your hat to some young writer that idolizes you.

And in a kind of full circle with the GDR story, Luke and family will soon be emigrating to Australia. Adventure awaits. But hopefully not prison.

Well, now I have to start my day, but it is Tuesday. Monday is safely in my rear view mirror.

First a Kitty cuddle, my rounds and some torture.

But you fine five readers go out there and make today a great one.

# Hummingbirds & Friends

August 22, 2022



Yesterday Lisa and I had a couple of hours to actually visit our dear intergalactic neighbors across the street, Everett and Michelle. Now their backyard is truly magical, including the hummingbird feeder on their back deck, which was busy the entire morning satisfying two local tiny birds. They were adorable.

I'm going to have to up my game if I'm ever going to get them to visit Casa Claire.

Our lives have been so busy this was our first chance to just sit, have coffee and catch up with our first friends in the NoCo area.



It was like stolen time. Glad to report they are doing just fine and we have made some tentative plans for a dinner out soon.

But sometimes you just need to put everything else aside -- those lists of To Do things will always be there for you -- and engage with others.

It was just so refreshing. Everyone should try it.

Also got to see Lonnie, Kyle, Jen and the gang at MOS for an early dinner, so that was also amazing. A good Sunday indeed.

Okay, so this morning I got up later than usual, so I just wanted to get this down before I take off for Kitty cuddling, rounds, Hamster wheel and the law.

But you fine five readers dare Monday to interfere with the remnants of your weekend magic. It will be Tuesday before you know it.

And most of all, have a great day.

# Metaphors & Similes

August 21, 2022



Love metaphors. I'm fond of similes as well. Especially when they are clever. I probably overuse both, but I trust my readers to get my shorthand. You see, I'm not here to impress anyone with my writing skills. Mine are adequate at best. I'm not going to be the next Mark Twain or Hemingway, who redefines what critics herald as the new American writer. I'm the Slip Mahoney of America's literary set. I'm quite happy using what is already available. I'm here to tell you stories that will hopefully trigger emotions, to make you laugh, or cry, and allow you to make connections between what I may say and something in your own lives. I want my stories to resonate with

the reader because I've found a common ground with you. That's all there is to it.

That's why I try to write visually. I describe something in a room or on a person that triggers a *deja vu* effect in my reader. A gold embossed, leather handled letter opener on a desk that reminds the reader of one that they may have seen in their grandfather's study as a kid. They grab that item in their mind and that is the talisman that opens the rest of the story to them. It creates an untethered sense of familiarity to the whole story, no matter how outlandish it is, that invites the reader to sit down with my characters at a table, around a fire, and have a drink, pet a dog, fly through a wormhole in a spaceship, love someone, find your herd, stand up for your friends. And my characters are the ones we've all grown up with. If you think back through your life you will recognize each one of them.

They are Dorothy's Scarecrow, Lion and Tin Man. Her Wizard. They are Macbeth's Witches. They are Atreyu, Artax and Falcor. They are Aragorn and Gandalf. They are the love of your life and the best friend you ever had. They are our archetypes.

I've been blessed to have known every one of them.

Metaphors and similes help me get to those visuals. They are the shortest distance between two points, my Grand Central Shuttle.

Now the above visual is a metaphor for my Green Acres lifestyle. If I needed one item to capture my weekend chores that barrow full of mule muffins would do it.

And while it may not openly trigger the rest of the work, in the back of your mind you understand that the barrow represents everything that led up to it. Like the photo below.





So I'm not being artistically lazy when I invoke my metaphors and similes in my writing. I'm respecting my reader's ability to catch a thought in one bounce with their own experiential baseball mit while they keep running along beside me through the story I am telling. Hopefully when they stop to catch their breath, they have enjoyed the experience.

And right now, I have to move on and cuddle a Kitty, make my rounds, hit the Hamster wheel. You get the metaphor.

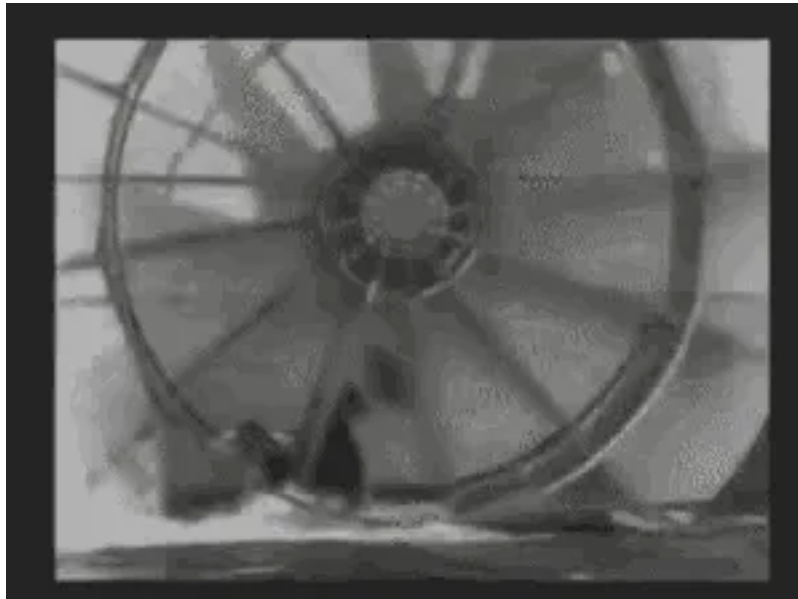
But then I'm going to have coffee with the very real Everett and Michelle and just hope they bring me back to earth before Claire comes looking for me.

I know you fine, five readers are firing on the same cylinders, or you wouldn't keep coming back. I thank you all for that support. It means the world to me.

Now go out there and make today a great one.

# Life As A Lawyer

August 20, 2022



I've been practicing law since 1984. Yeah, I know, that's a long time. I went to a great NYC School, Fordham Law, got a Wall Street job right out of the gate and was off to the races. All due to a little bit of grey matter, lots of luck and a whole slew of people out there who looked out for me. They thought I could do it, when I didn't. Turns out they were right.

When I first got out of Law School I had to choose either doing transactional work or litigation. The first type of lawyer puts things together, gets to go to all of the weddings, the latter helps tear things apart, and goes to all of the divorces. I chose the latter because I like a good scrap.

But fighting as a profession for almost four decades does wear on you. You are a professional gunslinger, the black knight. It can eat your soul.

The good news is that all of those years in the legal mines helped turn me into a better writer, allowed me to meet really interesting people, and to engage in experiences that provided fuel for my stories. It also paid the rent. Still does.

The above photo would have been a moving GIF of a man on a Hamster wheel if I had any technical ability at all. It would have

provided a great visual for life as a lawyer and for my morning torture session on my wife's treadmill each morning. A twofer. I like visuals. I try to be very visual in my writing.

Anyway, every once in a while I get an outcome for a client that beats the odds, overcomes the impossible and basically reaffirms why I went into this profession. To help people who appear to be FUBAR. To snatch victory out of the jaws of defeat. To win that game of three dimensional chess, when all you have left is an exposed King, a loyal pawn and a very aggressive Queen. Love bad ass women. That's the good stuff.

This was one of those weeks. A reaffirmance of a life choice made so many years ago. A *raison d'être*.

So while I write novels and blogs during the early morning hours, like right now, I am thankful that I have a profession during real world hours that can be, at times, so rewarding. And I thank all of those people who believed in me for getting me here.

But now it's Saturday morning and, along with all of my regular Green Acres chores, I have the Farrier coming over to give Claire and Honey their mani-pedis. That means capturing and haltering two very independent mules. Keystone cop time. They are way smarter than most lawyers, including me.

Before that happens I have a Kitty to cuddle and rounds to make. Then the rack.

Hopefully my fine five readers have something far more enjoyable on their plates today. A trip to the pool, the lake, the beach, a barbecue. I have to know someone out there is having fun. Maybe they'll pick up and read one of my books. It could happen.

No matter what you have on your agenda, enjoy yourselves and make today a great one.

# Fur Families Are The Best

August 19, 2022



That's Jeter (yes, named after the Yankee Captain) and Blue (yes from TCT) lying in my home office while I toil away at law or writing. During 99% of my days, I keep company with just my fur family. My daily goal is to make sure their lives are stress free and that they have someone like them to share their lives with as well as me around to entertain and amuse them.





They sleep and eat together, and during daylight hours they all have free range over the entire property. I keep my doors open throughout the day so that the dogs can get out and in and so Claire can poke her head in and make her presence felt. Claire also loves the air conditioning, and I will sometimes find her sleep standing neck deep poking through the basement entrance. Pure bliss. Jeter doesn't wander too far out of Blue's presence when they are outside but Blue will literally go hang with the mules for a whole afternoon, especially if Jeter, the oldest of the crew, is napping. Blue will tour the fence line each day at dusk like a security check. Blue comes with me out back whenever I go to deal with mule chores, day and night, and she loves to take dust baths with Claire and

Honey and then come inside and roll on the rugs or furniture.

Drives Lisa nuts.

And of course there is my feral cat Smokey, who sits on my front porch throughout the day and night, or sleeps in the high grass beneath Jack The Spruce's foliage, hanging out there in the magic grotto with the dragons, waiting for that meal or cuddle.



As anyone with fur families will tell you, it can be a lot of work. And my furlilian obligations make it almost impossible for me to travel, because I cannot imagine anyone else willing to cater to them the way that I do. I literally answer their beck and call. I know, I'm nuts.

And I've never been less lonely. I get constantly nuzzled indoors and out. My animals all vocalize to get my attention if I ever dare to



ignore them and I have shared amazing conversations with them all. I always tell them whatever stories I'm working on as I go about my business and I can always tell by their attention whether I'm onto something. I run legal arguments or strategy past Claire, who is so wise. I cannot go anywhere without my animals following me, just to keep an eye on the old man (or they have organized a dead pool). They get me.

In short, I am blessed by my fur family. They have truly made me a better human.

Well, it's time to go cuddle and feed Smokey, so I must flee.

Then morning rounds and the Hamster wheel (without music because Lisa is sleeping in, sigh).

But it is Friday, so all is right with the world.

You fine, five readers go out there and take this weekend by storm.

No prisoners. The summer is on the wane, so make every moment count.

And if you have a quiet free moment read a book, any book. If you don't have time, make it a short story or a poem. A haiku will work.

In the end it will make you a far more interesting person during the evening cocktail hour or barbecue.

But most of all, have a great day.

# Candles In The Wind - Well Done Brynn Evans

August 18, 2022



The fail safe for all good Catholics is repetition. You go to confession each Saturday to clear the sinner slate, go to Mass each Sunday to receive communion (and pay your tithe) as your reward and say your prayers each night to keep that relationship on an even keel from week to week. That way, if you are taken out by a milk truck during the week, you've minimized the stretch you are going to do in purgatory. The later in the week that happens, up

until Friday, the longer the stretch you'll probably do in the warm seat, given that we are all fallible humans. So plan accordingly. Post confession Saturday afternoons are a great time for good Catholics to stop and light those votive candles for anyone you may be thinking about. You haven't yet had an opportunity to sully that clear slate by Saturday night temptations (unless of course you have lied to the priest in the confessional, in which case you are probably hell bound anyway). It's a known fact that more mortal sins occur on a Saturday night than any other night of the week. Friday night is a close second given that most people figure they can throw a couple of more soul stains in the wash the following day. So early Saturday afternoon is as good as it's going to get when it comes to making a good impression on the powers that be handling those votive candle requests in Heaven.

The Druid in me likes to shake things up a bit in the votive candle department. I do not concern myself with just how clean my soul is when I make a request because, as I mentioned before, I am a fallible human (on most days), and if my chances for the universe to help me is going to be based upon my soul's purity then I might as well save myself the expense of the match, wax and wick.

You see I believe the powers that be are more concerned with the nature of the request and not the person delivering it. Is it honorable? Is it selfless? Is it for a noble cause? Will it make the world a better place? You can always shoot the messenger later. Don't get me wrong, I do sneak a request in for my own good now and then. A positive pay-off for something I have worked hard for.

If I haven't put in the work, I won't ask, because I won't deserve any favors. I don't want a hand out. But most of the time my home spun votive requests will be on behalf of others.

Well yesterday's candle was for Brynn Evans. I'm certain there were hundreds of other candles also lit by far more deserving people so my little flame might have been lost in the celestial conflagration. But the intent was there. I put my rally hat on. And I'm happy to share that yesterday evening Brynn's father reported that the young lady came through the medical event like a trooper. So thank you God, even if my little flame had no impact on the outcome. A win is a win. And Brynn is definitely a winner.

Well, shifting gears to the more mortally mundane, I not only have a Kitty to cuddle, but I have to shift the recycling - including all of those Keurigs and some empty glass candle containers - out to the road.

But you fine, five readers go out there with one eye on tomorrow, for Friday comes, and with it the last chance to throw one more item of celestial laundry in the weekly wash.

But before you go out there to have fun, let's make today a great one.

Belated Happy Birthday Charles  
Bukowski - Good Luck Brynn  
Evans

August 17, 2022



Back in the early 90s, Colin Broderick - that's himself holding a copy of Luke's novel, *Lebanon Red* - lived upstairs from us in an



apartment building in Riverdale. He was this confident kid who had come over from Ireland and was attending school at my *alma mater*, Lehman College (Luke's *alma mater* as well), driving me absolutely crazy with jealousy by repeatedly telling me how one day he was going to be this successful author. I was jealous because I believed him.

Colin came back from one of his road trips to I believe was Atlanta with a inscribed copy of a book by Charles Bukowski. Lucky as always, Colin got to meet the writer before he passed a few years later. I hadn't heard of Bukowski, so Colin lent me one of his non-inscribed books. I was hooked. I must have read everything the man wrote after that.

Yesterday would have been Charles Bukowski's 102 birthday. So belated happy birthday CB.

Bukowski was a mad man. He lived rough and was a scrapper. But the man knew how to write. Colin went on to live a life that would have made Charles Bukowski weep and then turned those stories into memoirs, films and a novel that would have really impressed his literary hero. I know they impressed me. <https://www.colinbroderick.com/>

Back in 2020, another writer, [Atanas Shorgov](#), put together a list of six writing tips derived from the words of Charles Bukowski. Mr. Shorgov did a brilliant job putting together the list and supporting each item. It was like a legal brief. I will excerpt just the essence of Mr. Shorgov's article, which can be found in full below.

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

Thank you Mr. Shorgov for putting these together.

# 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*

I have been proffered other much longer lists of writing rules from other writers and have found that they drove me crazy in concept and practice. Most of those lists focus on the particular writer's pet

peeves with grammar, or the over use of some word like "suddenly," etc.

I love these above rules for their simplicity as much as I loved the works of both of the above CBs (as well as Luke's Lebanon Red).

Each rule resonates with me. I'm not saying that I am always successful in their application, but I try. If I were to suggest any rules for other writers, it would be these six (but read Mr. Shorgov's article to really get the gist of them). Nothing else matters. Write for yourself. Tell your story. Keep moving forward until you finish.

Don't bore your readers. The writing process should never be so hard as to take the fun out of it.

Okay, enough pontificating.

Before I close I want to offer my prayers to my grand niece **Brynne Evans**, who is having surgery today. This young lady (and her family) are scrappers and I expect nothing but a successful outcome and a wonderful life to follow. You fine, five readers are welcome to contribute your prayers and good wishes as well. You can never have too many.

Well, now I need to go cuddle a kitty, do my rounds and get on that Hamster Wheel. Then legal motions await.

But you fine, five readers hit the hump hard (love alliteration).

And make this Wednesday a great day.

# If You Build It. . . .

August 16, 2022



Okay, everyone has seen *Field Of Dreams* and the iconic scene where Kevin Costner is in the cornfield and hears Ray Liotta's (RIP) voice "If you build it he will come." If not, here's that scene:

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

[searchq=if+you+build+it+he+will+come&view=detail&mid=61F5962B3C58644F9EDA61F5962B3C58644F9EDA&FORM=VIRE](https://www.bing.com/videos/search?q=if+you+build+it+he+will+come&view=detail&mid=61F5962B3C58644F9EDA61F5962B3C58644F9EDA&FORM=VIRE)

Now of course, this is a metaphor for approaching life. At least my life.

For most of my adult life I have leaned in on the practical. I realized that with three kids and a wife, I couldn't get away with doing the spontaneous things that got me into lots of trouble in my youth. I couldn't do anything that would jeopardize my law degree that put food on the table and a roof over our heads. Then something happened in 2016-2017. The last of my children left the nest and I realized that I could take a few risks.

So my wife and I uprooted our NYC lives and left behind over 6 decades in the Bronx to move to Berthoud Colorado. I literally left in the middle of the night to drive cross country to my new digs.

It was shell shock. I was clearly a fish out of water. I was Oliver Douglas from Green Acres.

<https://www.bing.com/videos/search?=&Green+Acres+Theme+song&view=detail&mid=F60F717AB10D1E9ADCF5F60F717AB10D1E9ADCF5&FORM=VIRE>

Once I got here, I was like, "Okay, now what?"

Lisa did force me out of the new nest and made me start walking the area in the morning. I did get to experience a world of domestic and feral animals I had never experienced before. I did get to meet wonderful neighbors along the roads.

But most importantly, I got to meet Claire.

Now when one of my new found friends and neighbors whose horse I visited every morning suggested after my first year of constantly talking about my daily morning encounters with this magical mule that I should approach the owners and see if they would allow me to adopt her, I thought she was crazy. What did I know about looking after a mule?

When I mentioned the idea to my wife Lisa, she told me - after the initial look of astonishment had faded - that if I were willing to do some home improvements she had been futility after me to do since our arrival, and I converted the ramshackled shed out back into a real barn, she would allow it.

So, I set about doing the work without ever even asking the owners if they would consider allowing me to adopt Claire. A number of 2x4s fell on this head during the process.

If you build it, she will come. . .



So fast forward another three months. I didn't want to be that weird New Yorker who walks up to a stranger's front door and says - "Hey, can I adopt your mule?"

Could get someone shot around these parts.

So I turned to my writing skills. I penned a handwritten letter explaining who I was and that I worked from home and had no other obligations and a large property and that I would love to provide Claire a different life with the additional day-to-day attention I could provide her. I left my contact information and slipped it in their mailbox.

I was more excited by the owner's positive response than I was upon receiving my Law School acceptance letters.

I remember the day the owners (it was a lovely family who I became close friends with) walked Claire down my street and handed me her halter. I am pretty sure Claire winked at me when I took the lead.

So those first few months taught me how little I knew about caring for this bright and mischievous creature, but I spent a lot of that time telling her stories while I was out caring for her (quite honestly my dogs were tired of listening to those stories). Claire likes to follow me around while I do her chores.

I told her about my life and who I was and what life back in the Bronx was like and what kind of friends I was drawn to and some of the roads offered but not taken and after a while a long story tying everything together started to form in my head. Claire found these stories fascinating.

So one day I sat down and started putting that story down on paper. I had never attempted to write a novel length story before, but this one just poured out of me. I never sleep much, so I got up each morning at 2 and would sit and write for a couple of hours. Three months later I was done.

I wasn't sure if it was any good. But I was happy that I had accomplished something I had put off for over forty years.

I never thought for a second it would be published. On a writer friend's recommendation, I went on-line and submitted the manuscript to a small independent Texas based publisher.

Black Rose Writing. I then forgot all about it. I figured my kids would find the hard copy of the novel in my file drawers with

some of my other writing when I had passed and they were cleaning out the house and maybe share it among their family members.

If you build it they will come. . .

That day in March 2020 when I opened my email at 2 am in the morning changed my life. There in my email was an acceptance of my manuscript by Reagan Rothe who expressed how excited he was to publish my book.

Thank you Reagan.

The rest as they say. . .

So, my advice to you my fine, five readers is that if you have a dream, do what you need to do to set the groundwork for making that dream a reality. Make that move. Build the barn. Write that book. Put in the work with the expectation that when the time is right the universe will make those dreams come true.

That has been my experience anyway. I have been truly blessed.

But now I have a kitty to cuddle, and rounds to make, and a Hamster wheel to torture myself on.

Now you fine, five readers go out an make this Tuesday a great day.

And start to build your field of dreams. . .

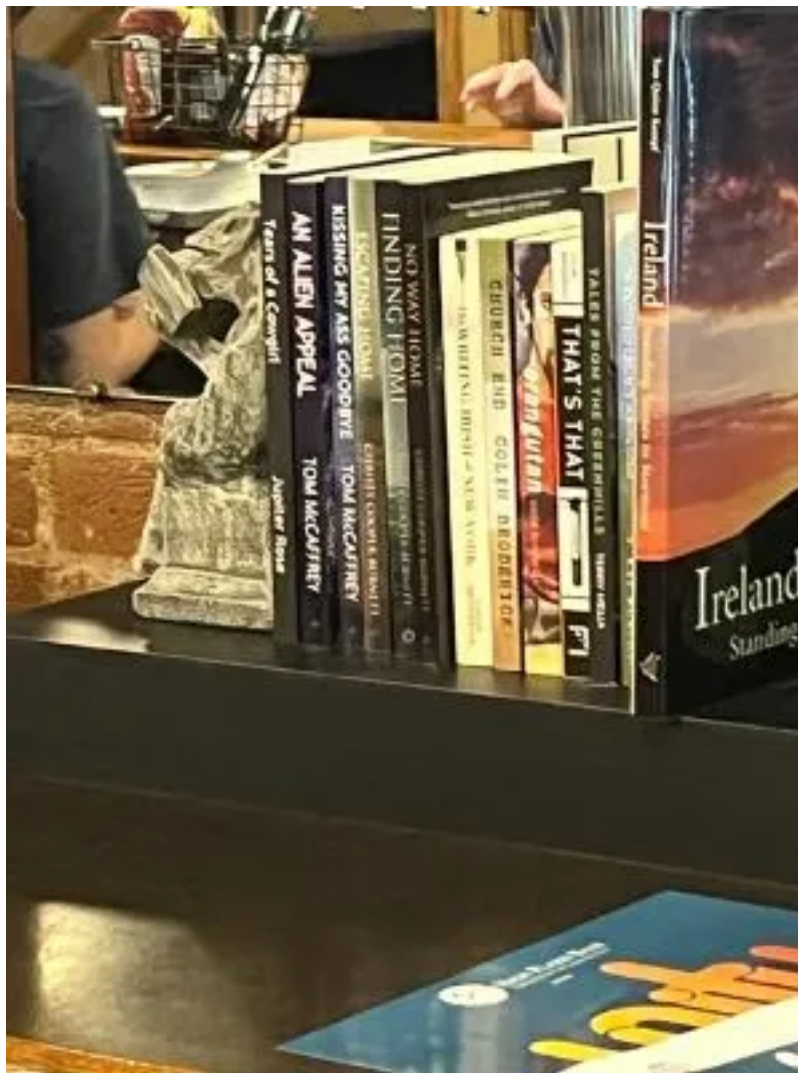
# Jupiter Rose - Tears Of A Cowgirl

August 15, 2022



Ecstatic to report that I stopped by MOS yesterday to gaze upon the Literary Bookshelf's latest acquisition. That's Tina - the newest of the bar staff who is also an Artist - holding up *Tears Of A Cowgirl* that is inscribed by Jupiter Rose (what a cool name) to Lonnie Bell (who was off site yesterday). That's me doing my Alfred Hitchcock cameo in the mirror.

It now sits on the shelf to be read by the staff and patrons. TWA and Lebanon Red are being read by patrons. The rest of the writers are thrilled by the addition. Thank you.



I am thrilled to learn that Nicky Shearesby is sending her contribution from Jolly Old England. So I cannot wait to snap those photos and share them with my fine five readers. Come on you other writers, step up and send your inscribed copies of your work and join the movement. Lonnie promises to expand the bookshelf as needed.

Now before I got to go and appreciate the growing bookshelf, I had to catch up with my Keurig Shucking, which I had been ignoring while writing *Finding Jimmy Moran*.

It added up. I drink a lot of coffee.



Took me three hours to shuck them all - I had to take breaks because Claire and Honey kept coming over and demanding snacks - and not just carrots, she demanded watermelon as well. The two mules become crack zombies when they eat watermelon. But in the end it was worth it because I filled a Home Depot bucket with coffee grinds which then went around the bases of my apple trees. And I didn't let these plastic containers go into the earth.





Someone should really create the fully recyclable Keurig container. One that doesn't need to be shucked, but can just be tossed into the recycle bin. But until that day coffee is my vice so I don't mind paying my dues to enjoy it.

But just when I thought I was finished I found yet another bag of used containers, and I almost said "fuckit" but after some teeth gnashing and cursing I went back and finished shucking them.





Which then gave me more grinds for another tree.  
So that was the meat of my Sunday (along with cleaning troughs).  
But it was one more ugly chore behind me, until next time.  
Well Monday is again upon us. So I need to get my kitty cuddle in,  
my rounds and then the Hamster wheel before dropping my car (the  
Toyota from TCT) for servicing and then work.  
But the rest of you fine five readers go out and take Monday out  
head on.  
And have a great day!

# Bees And The Honey

August 14, 2022



So my youngest, Mark, and his lovely and enchanting wife, Sara, both NYPD (Bless The Blue) are pro conservationists and know how important honey bees are to the survival of our species. This year they started managing hives on their property. The added benefit of protecting this resource is the wonderful honey these happy bees produce.

On Friday I got a package with two jars of this amazing elixer.

*Notes of sweet summer*  
**SUMMER HARVEST**  
*Slightly sweet & mild*

60% OFF



Now as an aside I have to mention that I have been killing myself on my wife's Hamster Wheel for over 7 weeks and by the time I hit



that last 5 minute stretch I can barely hang on to the machine.

However, I have started taking one tea spoon of M&S's honey each day just before I start the torture and I have to say I am doing much better at the total workout than I was on Thursday. Now of course this could be a placebo effect but fuck it, whatever is working is working. So now I have to make sure M&S keeps the supply flowing. Its my new crack.

Now, this isn't without it's risks. Recently M&S had a large visitor probably drawn by the aroma of their honey.



Who knew the bear could read a Welcome sign?

But as they say, you have to take the bitter with the sweet honey!

Anyway, thank you M&S for the nectar of the gods and I will credit you both once I return this old body into the specimen it once was.

But now I need to go out and clean a trough or two, and then do my Keurigs shucking.

You fine, five readers go out and enjoy your Summer Sunday.

But make it a great one.



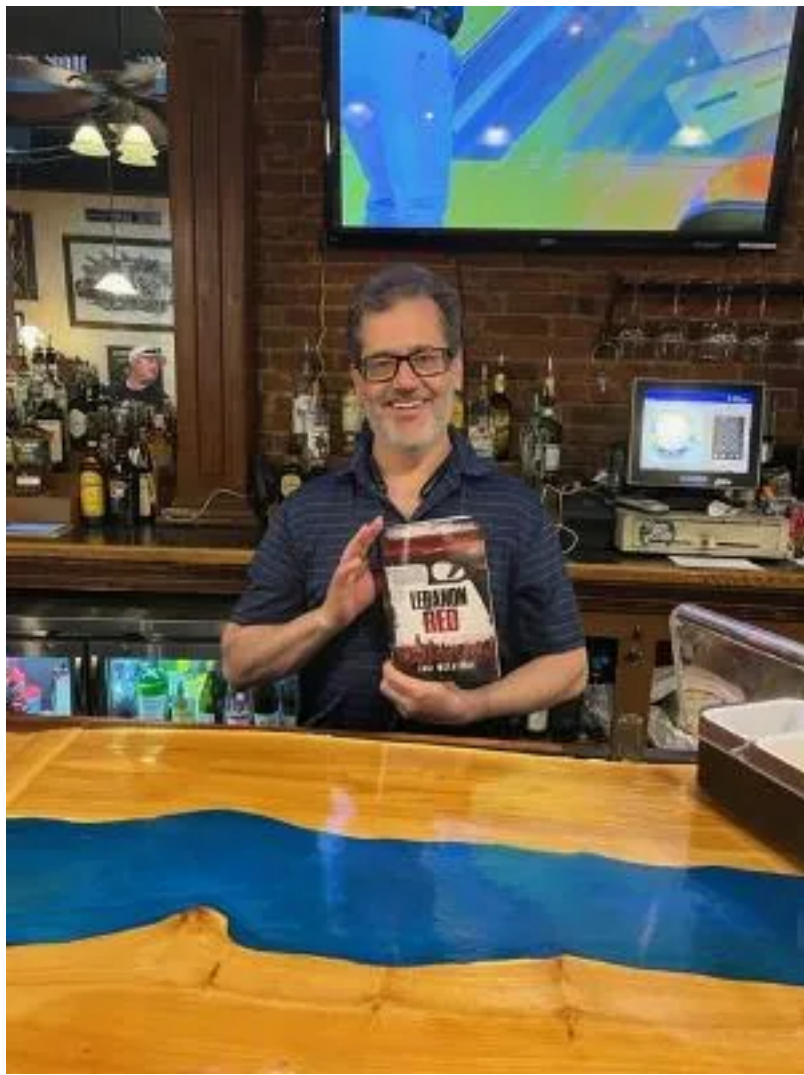
# Writers Make Great Friends - MOS Literary Bookshelf

August 13, 2022



Just learned from the one bar-restaurant manager who could give the Cheers' character Sam Malone lessons on being affable, and also my dear friend, Lonnie Bell, that he has received the latest addition to the Mike O'Shay's Literary Book Shelf from another dear friend and talented Canadian Author Jupiter Rose. I intend to swing by there this weekend to take photos of the installation. Thank you Jupiter Rose.

Here's a photo of Lonnie and the shelf.





The MOS Literary Bookshelf was Lonnie's brainchild. Once he learned that two of his regulars were published authors he decided to create a spot in this establishment that would showcase that fact.

As each of my three books was published, I contributed an inscribed copy to the bookshelf. Given that my books looked really lonely on the shelf, I reached out to writer friends on Twitter who have now contributed to the inscribed collection.

So far I have procured contributions from

Colin Broderick

Terry Melia

Christy Cooper Burnett

S. K. Murphy

Don O'Connor

Luke McCaffrey

and now Jupiter Rose.

I also am anticipating a delivery soon from Nicky Shearsby (English Novelist).

Kyle Dooley is a regular patron, voracious reader and curator of the MOS Bookshelf who reads every book that comes into MOS.



Kyle knows my books so well, I have included him as a character in my new novel, *Finding Jimmy Moran*, where his character appears as a bartender in Hell's Kitchen, NYC. What's really cool is that Kyle appears in the same chapter where I include a cross-over character, Madison Taylor, from Christy Cooper Burnett's latest novel, *Passport To Terror*. So read CCB's novel - which drops September 15th - so you are all ready for the cross-over when FJM drops on April 13, 2023.

Always expect the unexpected.

I have asked other authors to also contribute inscribed copies of their work to the MOS shelf. I look forward to seeing their books turn MOS into the Colorado answer to Paris' Shakespeare & Co. where writers from around the globe stop in and visit.

I really do enjoy my writer friends, especially those that have joined me on the MOS Literary Bookshelf.

The rest of you authors, drop your inscribed books and/or come on by.

Well, the day awaits - Kitty, Chores and Hamster Wheel - so I must flee.

You fine five readers go out there and enjoy your summer weekend.

But most of all have a great day!



# Sturgeon Moon - New Beginnings

August 12, 2022



Coming back in from feeding Claire and Honey I was captivated by the full Sturgeon Moon sitting above my home. That's my office lit up on the ground level - I had to retrieve my coffee cup from my desk before bringing out the food. It is the last Supermoon of the year, and the superstitious Celt in me was thrilled that Luke's novel dropped during the first day of its 3 day lunar cycle. Project comes to fruition. Of course I burned my candles for the occasion. His book got its own candle. Cannot scrimp when it comes to such things.





Must pull out all of the stops. A writer only gets one opening day for his/her first published novel. That day for Luke and *Lebanon Red* is now in the memory bank, but I'm quite certain Luke's life will never be the same. Matthew 3:17. *Lebanon Red* is really that good. Just ask Junot Diaz.

LOOK

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

Also heard back from Colin Broderick, my dear friend and literary mentor, and Luke's literary godfather. At the end of our weekly morning phone call the day before, Colin asked if he could read *Finding Jimmy Moran*. I have to tell you that I hadn't asked him to read it because I know that he is saddled with about ten projects - films and books (I am soooo jealous) - that he is knee deep in, so I didn't want to go back to that well and impose on his time. He is the one who provided me with the iconic "Grisham on mushrooms" blurb for the front cover of TWA. Plus, his own writing is just so damn good, I was worried how mine would compare to his. It's like me saying to Mariano Rivera, "Hey Mo, watch me throw my fastball." For example, I just read a draft of his newest WIP about a bear named Woodstock, and I was blown away. The work is funny and charming and has all of the earmarks of an endless series. It can be read by any age group and read to any child. The main character is absolutely delightful, you cannot help but fall in love with him. It is so different from his existing work, and he explained that he could not have written it before he had his own children. This work demonstrates a new side to Colin Broderick, man and writer. Move over AA Milne, there's a new bear in town. I cannot wait until CB shares it with the world.

Anyway, I emailed Colin *FJM* and figured that would be the end of it. It would be placed at the bottom of a large pile to be read sometime in 2023 and I would never ask him if he read it, just out of respect and courtesy.

Instead, yesterday morning I received an email from him telling me that he finished *FJM* in one sitting, it's his first among favorites of the four books so far, and he provided me with an amazing blurb for its cover. I am gobsmacked (which is just as rare as it sounds). So, never underestimate the magical power of a full moon (*FJM* is covered under the second candle in the above photo).

Anyway, I must move forward with my day, which is luckily my favorite - Friday.

A quick shout out to my #1 Fan, Tina Piras. Thanks for all of the support.

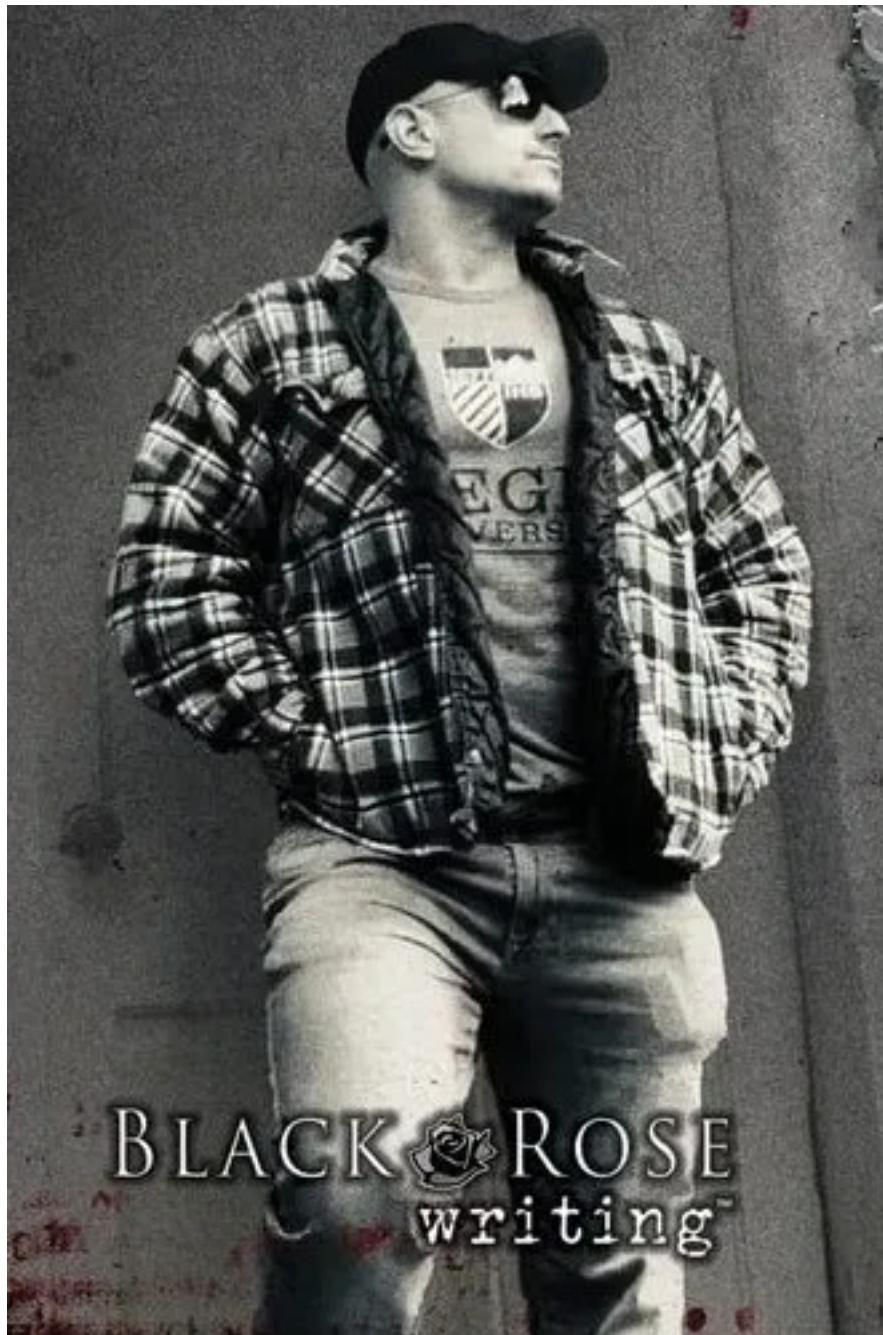
Another shout out to Pat Francis. Best damned theatre director I know - *Revelations* will always be your play. Get well soon. Now a kitty to cuddle, rounds to make, a Hamster wheel to spin. If you fine, five readers have a weekend at the beach or in the mountains or are just sitting around your respective yards or balconies, may I recommend you open up your kindle to *Lebanon Red?*

But no matter what you do today or any day. Make it a great one.



# Congrats Cool Hand Luke - Lebanon Red - Matthew 3:17

August 11, 2022



Well, here we are. Luke has finally crossed the Rubicon and is now, as of today, an officially published author. Lisa and I are thrilled. Best of luck, because we know you have all the talent to

make it. *Lebanon Red* is a winner. Thank you BRW for having faith in his talent.

Of course Lisa and I are also exhausted because we watched the grandkids last night while Luke and Georgie went out for a celebratory dinner. My God, how did we survive raising our three kids? Parenting is a young person's game. Especially when the children are McCaffreys. It's like herding feral horses.

At least my parents had Spaghetti and Posie to pick up the slack (and beat us into submission) on a 24/7/365 basis during my siblings and my most trying years. I would have packed it up and returned to Ireland, no matter the consequences.

Scarlett and Savanna spent their night dragging Lisa through endless games that required traveling throughout the entire house, including a splash in the Hot Tub. I got to chase around Stella, who tortured the dogs with limitless bear hugs and ear pulls, flipped over anything not nailed down and stopped at every electrical outlet she could find. I was ready to stick my finger in one before the night was over.

It was like one long Sourpatch candy commercial. Because Stella always responded to my cries of terror with that heart melting smile.

But Luke and Georgie got their well-deserved night out. So congrats on this milestone kids.

If any of you fine five readers already have happened to pick up and read *Lebanon Red* (even in Kindle format), please drop a review on Amazon today. I know from experience that those reviews drive sales. Each and every one of them count. Even if you don't feel like writing anything, a five star rating goes a long way and each one is greatly appreciated.

So today I'm going keep the eye on the prize and leave you with one more visual of Luke's book.



LOOK

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

For the record, we are not the first multigenerational family of authors named McCaffrey. Anne and Todd McCaffrey have beaten us to that accolade. Which is fine, because I credit Anne's early books as inspiring my own desire to write. I used to stare at Anne's paperbacks on my bookshelf at Aunt Violet's Flop House and imagine my own sitting right next to it. Now I can visualize Luke's on that shelf as well. That's Lebanon Red on the far left next to AAA on the MOS Literary Bookshelf. Thank you the incomparable Lonnie Bell, and the incorrigible curator, Kyle Dooley, the latter who also appears as a character in the Hell's Kitchen cross-over chapter (Madison Taylor - thank you Christy Cooper Burnett) in *Finding Jimmy Moran*.



So, no matter what else happens, today is already a hallmark day in the McCaffrey annals.

Now I have to go cuddle a kitty, and make my rounds and then onto the Hamster Wheel. Then real work.

You fine, five readers go out there and have a great day. And pick up *Lebanon Red* for your end of summer reading. You'll enjoy it.

Thank you one and all for the support.

# Lebanon Red - Matthew 3:17 - Street Date Tomorrow 8-11-22

August 10, 2022



LOOK

19 Gen 5

AUSTRIA

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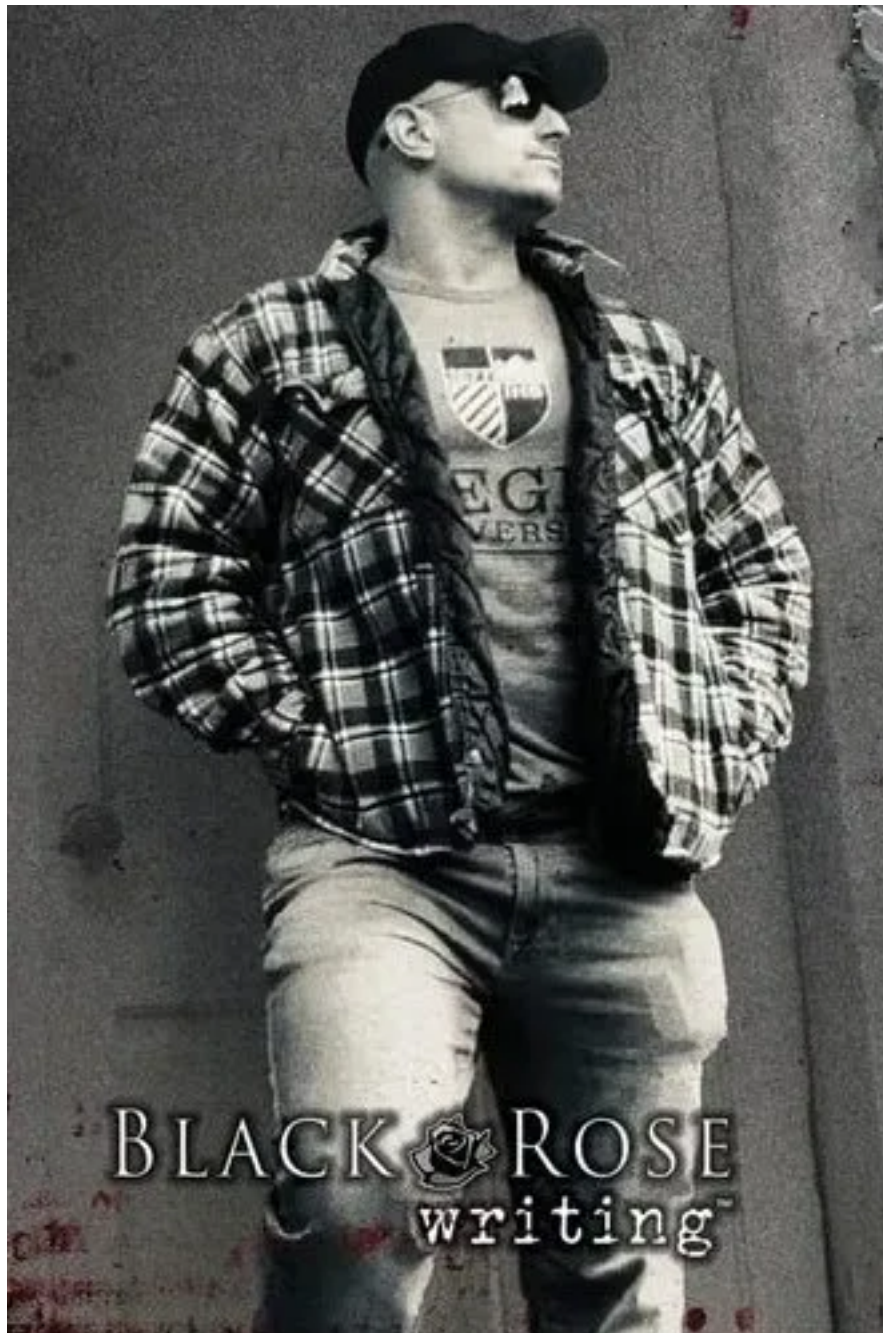
"McCaffrey writes with the taut no-nonsense energy of early Lee Child but with a noir sensibility all his own. A dynamite debut."  
—Junot Diaz, Pulitzer Prize-winning author of *The Brief Wondrous Life of Oscar Wao*, *This is How You Lose Her* & *Drown*

# LEBANON RED

LUKE MCCAFFREY



Okay, tomorrow is the big day for my oldest son Luke's first novel. He has worked very hard at developing his craft and has turned out a wonderful international thriller with lots of action and adventure. There's even a love story. I am very jealous of his talent, and Luke is every bit the badass that his MC reflects so authentically (he takes after his mother).





His middle east setting is so real you can taste the sand on your tongue. Maybe it's because he spent enough time there. The devil is in the details.

This is the perfect end of the summer read. I'm hoping that you fine five readers (and all of your friends and family) all come out and support Luke on this monumental occasion. I am forever grateful for your support.

[https://www.amazon.com/Lebanon-Red-Luke-McCaffrey-ebook/dp/B09Y2BS5L3/ref=sr\\_1\\_1?crid=WK51UPMYIKXH&keywords=lebanon+red&qid=1660125549&s=digital-text&sprefix=%2Cdigital-text%2C110&sr=1-1](https://www.amazon.com/Lebanon-Red-Luke-McCaffrey-ebook/dp/B09Y2BS5L3/ref=sr_1_1?crid=WK51UPMYIKXH&keywords=lebanon+red&qid=1660125549&s=digital-text&sprefix=%2Cdigital-text%2C110&sr=1-1)

[https://twitter.com/Hack\\_the\\_Matrix](https://twitter.com/Hack_the_Matrix)

And when you have turned that last page, don't be shy in posting that five star review on Amazon and Goodreads and Book Bub. Those reviews make or break authors.

Luke is working hard on the next novel so your wait for your next LM literary fix will not be too long.

That's it for today, I want the focus of this blog solely on Luke and Lebanon Red.

So spread the word. Repost the hell out of this blog. Thank you. You fine, five readers have a great day.

# Home Projects & Memory Lane

August 9, 2022



Yesterday we started a two day project having old rug torn up and new tile flooring put down on the third floor to match the rest of the house. The first room was completed by the technician from Berthoud Flooring, and as with their prior work (the 1st and basement floors), it looks great. The master bedroom on the third floor, just off this landing, is about a third of the way done.

The thing about these kind of projects is that they turn your life into chaos for brief periods. You move bedroom furniture and art work into whatever rooms or closets are available closeby to give the floor tech the room he needs to do his work, but it leaves you staring at a reproduction of Rodin's The Kiss sitting on one of the bedroom side tables in your en suite bathroom while you are taking a piss.



I feel like I'm a teen again trying to take a leak during a party in the woods and coming upon a couple of friends having at it. Needs must all around.

There was something *déjà vu* about it, and then I realized it's because I am editing *Finding Jimmy Moran* which, among other things, fictitiously revisits a similar time in Jimmy McCarthy's life, on his road to becoming the Jimmy Moran the readers meet in TWA.

For the record, everything in that work is fiction. I mean everything. I'm not kidding, it's all made up. Never happened. There I said it. What's that Queen Gertrude, you think I protest too much?

There really are more things possible than you can dream of, right Horatio?

And if you happen to ask any of my friends, they will back me, or they will have a lot of their own explaining to do. Sadly, you'll need a good Medium to get most of them to talk. May I recommend Bobbi Allison (the basis for the character Bobbi A from The Claire Trilogy), in Florida. I think she still uses her LI number for readings: 516 735-6152. She really is quite amazing. Tell her Tommy sent you.

But anyway, it's funny (at least to me) what triggers my demented (and creative) mind.

Now I must turn to a new day. Live in the moment. Be a lawyer. First a kitty cuddle and my circuit. Then the Hamster Wheel.

You fine five readers get out there and handle your Tuesday. After all, it's not Monday.  
But most of all, have a great day.

# Treadmills and Mortality

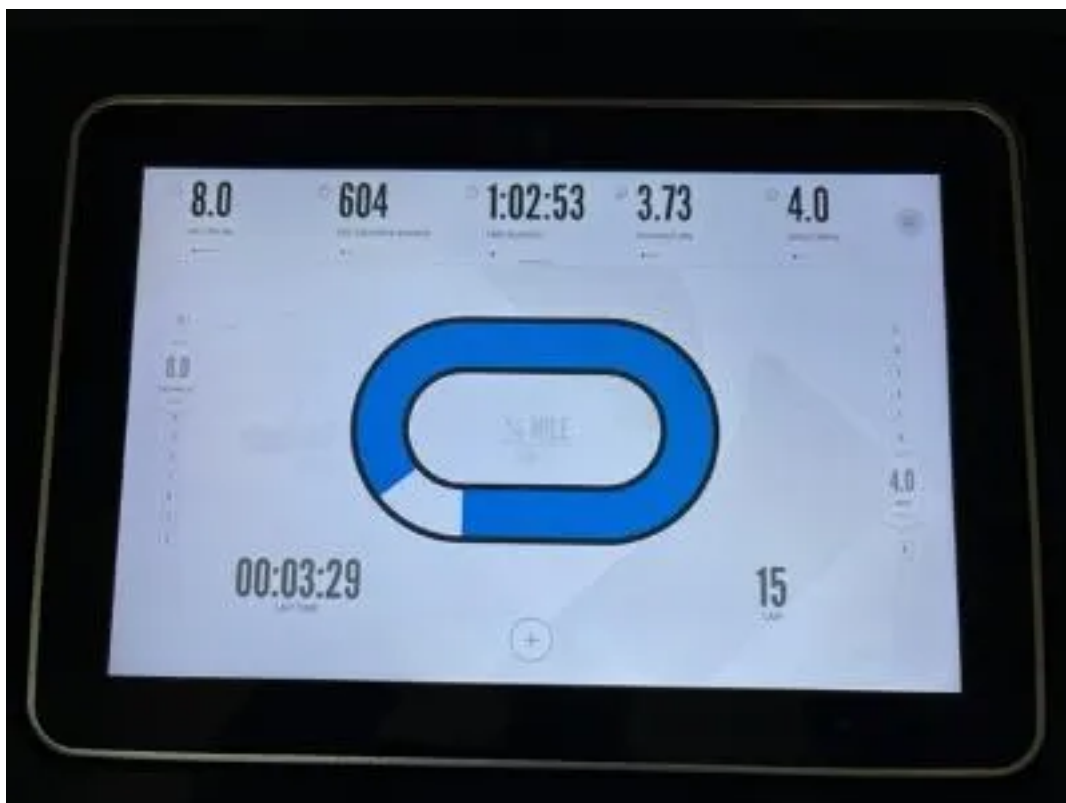
August 8, 2022



I may have mentioned that my wife recently observed that I was drawing too much comfort from my favorite comfort food - icecream. So she insisted that I get on her own personal hamster wheel (unfortunately that is not a euphemism) and burn off some of those calories. Now, for the record, that torture machine was bought just for her. She liked the pain. She was good at it. I didn't even know how to turn it on. I told the tech from Scheels (great store) that he had to explain the set up only to my wife. I didn't want the nuclear codes.

Fast forward 18 months and my wife's kind observation and I was finally cajoled into learning those codes. It's now been 6 weeks of absolute torture but as with anything else in my life, my addictive (and probably masochistic) personality has kicked in and I am attacking it with a vengeance.

My wife started me out with a #4 incline and 3.5 mph speed. I thought that was brutal and was hoping my bodyweight would strip the rotors and bring it all ot a quick and final stop. I don't care how much it cost me. And worse, after an hour I realized I was only burning about 300 calories. So much pain for so little return. So as I got used to the torture I slowly upped my game every other week until now I do it at 4/3.5 for first 25 minutes, doing alternating weight exercises while I'm walking every five minutes. Then I up the incline to 6 at the same speed for another 15, then 7 for another 15, and then for the last 5 minutes I torture my self by upping it to 8/4. And I don't stop at the hour mark. I continue however long it takes to burn 600 calories.



Now its always easier to do this when Lisa is not at home because I hit it first thing when I get back from my morning rounds, before I



can find an excuse not to do it. When Lisa is not at home I can blast the music - I find some songs like Silent Morning by Noel (or Give Me Tonight by Shannon) to have just the right beat to keep time with the foot speed. No slow ballads on the treadmill. It interferes with my coordination. I have to get into a rhythm. So I need one of those drummers from the Viking ships. I often play Kanye's Stronger during those last five minutes as I am gasping for breath and hanging onto those built in bicycle handles to keep me from flying backwards off the machine, which would be quite the end to me.

Also by listening to the music it kills the time mentally, especially if I loop the songs. Sometimes I even sing along to distract myself. But music also brings Claire and Honey. You see I blast music when I chop my weekly veggie and fruit supply, so Claire knows that if she hears music I'm down in the basement by the back door. She comes knocking and demanding her tithe. She can be very stubborn, and will not give up until I pay it, which is an added bit of torture while I'm torturing myself on the machine.

So now what I do is I prepare this beautiful spread of five pounds of carrots and a quarter watermelon all chopped and laid out like a morning banquet at a Holiday Inn Express and then let the mules have at it while I hit the machine. I can see their reflections off the blackened TV coming through the window as they chow down under the back deck. Satisfied, temporarily, they then move around the side of the house and into the front paddock where they mow the lawn while I finish up. The dogs are good while I work out, they just lie around listening to the music and praying I won't start singing.

When Lisa is home she usually sleeps in so I can't blast my music (she says I can but I know better - I've been married too long). She swears she cannot hear it up in The Tower. But the acoustics are strange in this house. So I suffer in silence. And it is suffering. I try to distract myself with counting games, different variations of the number of steps needed to get through a minute of time or burn a certain number of calories, but that is soooooo boring it makes the experience feel comparable to that of Sisyphus of Sisyphos. I have the incline, all I need is the rock, although carrying my bodyweight for an hour up that incline feels pretty close.

When its all done I look like a broken man. But at least I'll be a thin broken man.



But I need to stay healthy so I can get *Finding Jimmy Moran* edited and put to bed, and hopefully start and finish *Where The Ley Lines Meet* which I hope to begin and finish early next year.

Plus, I want to look half way decent (okay, I'll settle for quarter way decent) for the Book Fair in Austin in November. Lipstick on a pig. So today, Lisa is back at work so I'm going to be rocking those tunes while losing these tons.

Thank you mam, may I have another.

Now I have to go cuddle the kitty and then my rounds and finally my torture with the Hamster Wheel. Hand me that rock Sisyphus.

But you fine five readers go out there and attack Monday. No prisoners.  
And make it a great day.

# Don't Ignore Universal Signs - Appreciate

August 7, 2022



Yesterday Lisa and I had a wonderful time at Scarlett's bouncy castle princess party. Luke and Georgie invited some nice neighboring couples with their kids and some other friends with their youngins. Georgie moved the party along in military precision and Luke worked the barbeque like a pro. The kids all enjoyed the games and other entertainment, and the snacks, drinks, food and the cake. They are now all just about old enough to play as a group which gave the parents moments to sit down and enjoy themselves. Luke and Georgie were wonderful hosts. A good time was had by all, especially Scarlett.



It's nice to be the oldest at a party and to look upon that younger generation who will be there when you are gone and to think, "yeah, I got that right."

Before heading out to the party, I was changing clothes and putting my worn clothes in the wash, so I went through my pockets and fished out all kinds of crap. I collect things like I collect stories. But in the bottom of one pocket I found this crumpled up, single dollar bill. I don't normally carry cash. So it almost went into the garbage with a crumpled up square of Bounty. I did a double take and fished it out and opened it up.

I love random events, so I was thrilled that this bill contained a message from the Universe reinforcing what I already know but sometimes forget. "You are doing great :)" It's true, I don't have much but my life couldn't be better. The message made me stop in



my tracks and actually appreciate all that I have. You should never take these things for granted.

For example, I will never take Claire and Honey for granted.

Each day, I get up at 2 am and always go out back to check on the mules and give them some food. But come sunrise they are at the gate of the side paddock waiting to be released onto the rest of the property.



If I am not on my toes, Claire will start kicking the bottom of the gate to get my attention. It sounds like a sledge hammer on tin. When she sees me finally approaching she vocally reprimands me for making her have to "be that mule!"

They then wander the various parts of the property freely until dinner, usually around dusk, at which point I lead them into the side paddock and give them their chopped fruits and veggies in their large rubber bowls. I have to lock them down at night in the side and back area because otherwise Claire will come knocking at the back door at all hours demanding tribute. And that is the area where there barn is with its hay and water, and industrial-sized fan



to cool them if its too hot out (heaters in the winter), so they're in good shape at night.

Here they were in the front property yesterday afternoon when we got back from the party. They like to go out there because it offers more shadey areas in the afternoon.



The birds are upset because the mules like to drink out of the birdbath, despite the 100 gallon water trough they have under one of the large trees. The good news is, I will never have to mow that front area again.

Free access to the property gives them discrete places to wander, gates to go through, hills to climb, and keeps them from getting bored. They've both paid their dues in life, so they deserve to freely do what makes them happy.

The dogs have access to the same property, and I will often find them out front with the mules. Blue always follows Jeter out the door of our house to make sure nothing happens to him.

Their individual and collective happiness makes me happy. And I appreciate that.

So on this Sunday, take a look around you and appreciate the little things. Family and friends, human and otherwise.

Before I sign off I just want to give an extra shout out to Carol Lenahan and her husband Pete (Mark's oldest brother). Carol is one of those bright and consistently sweet and friendly people whose presence makes this world a better place.

The rest of you fine five readers go out and make today a great one.

# Happy Birthday Scarlett Rose

August 6, 2022



This is an old photo of my eldest granddaughter Scarlett Rose McCaffrey. It's from a few years ago. She now looks completely different but I really liked the innocence of this shot. This is close to

the age of her character in TWA. Claire loves this young lady, along with her sisters Savanna and Stella.

Scarlett recently had a sixth birthday, and she has grown into World Conqueror. We will be celebrating her birthday at the bouncy house children's party today at the home of Luke (Lebanon Red) and Georgie (thank you for introducing those gorgeous Australian model genes into my bloodline).

Scarlett is an absolute wonder. Completely selfless. And I have watched her play, so I'm thrilled to report that she is demonstrating the whimsical McCaffrey imagination along with her natural brilliance. I have heard Savanna repeat instructions concerning the protocols for dealing with the dragons around the front of my property that I only shared with Scarlett. So she likes to share stories. She also talks to Claire. Hope I live long enough to see her publish.

So, Happy Birthday Scarlett. Nona and The Dude love you. Save a spot in the bouncy castle and a piece of that princess cake.

Claire also loves my grandson, Lucian, which is why he also appears as a character in The Claire Trilogy. He is already lining up to be his generation's rebel, recently executing a move at his private school relatively comparable to the below scene in Dead Poet's Society:

<https://getyarn.io/yarn-clip/c73ab61e-4b30-4806-950e-8d3870828edf>

Only his caper publically called for the banishment of Chapel in a southern Christian school. We knew he was in for trouble with Mother Church, the moment he was baptised an Episcopalian, like his Auntie Veronica. Well done young man.

Those McCaffrey genes are surfacing.

His birthday will be arriving shortly (gift is in the mail). He is now in double digits and looks like a young Tarzan. He lives down south with Jackie and Zack, who have raised him into a fearless and brilliant young man. We get to see him each winter when he comes visits his Aunties to snowboard in Breckenridge. That's him below preparing for a competitive rock wall climb. Visualization is the key to success. See the wall, climb the wall. See the book, write the book.





Now my pride in my novels will never compare to my pride in my family, all of whom I love dearly. My children have all done well, which assures that my grandchildren have a decent shot at life.

And that makes me happy.

But my grandchildren have the added bonus of being favorites from birth of their Fairy Godmothers, my sisters, (the Aunties) Veronica and b (Bonnie and T from The Claire Trilogy), who dote on them with the care, diligence and generosity comparable to wealthy

aristocratic Aunties from a Brontë sisters novel or Oscar Wilde play.

Both women come from long histories of advanced and progressive higher education and go out of their way to ensure that their legacy (and their imprints are all over these kids - who are far better educated and far more cultured than I am) only receive the best education and also sponsor wonderful ski trips, horse back riding lessons and anything else that will advance the physical, mental or cultural development of every aspect of my grandchildren's lives. They did the same for my children as they were growing up. My kids have been to all of the best plays, museums and all traveled throughout Europe as guests of their Aunties. They loved spending time with them in England. That Primrose Hill house I describe in AAA was from memory.

I have been blessed, and I am thrilled when I recognize personality traits in these next two generations imbued by their close lifelong contact with their Aunties.

It takes a Clan.

Speaking of Clans, the McCaffreys have a Coat of Arms that hung above Spaghetti's & Posie's front hall doorway since we all lived together on Mosholu (I'm not sure which of my siblings pilfered it after their passing, but I have not surrendered my Dibbs). Now I know there is a formal process in adapting family Crests, but McCaffreys have never stood on formalities, so it is of no surprise that my nephew Evan, eldest son of The Ginger, and even larger and crazier than his father (and I say that as a compliment), has taken it upon himself to design his own line's crest, which he recently displayed in permanent ink (The Ginger is well inked, as are his brood and all three of my children. I have three tats that I am quite happy with. We like body art.) Evan rivals his dad when it comes to ink, but then they have much larger canvases.





I have to say, replacing the rosary beads with handcuffs in that lower quadrant was a Ginger move. After all, no souls and just enough crime.

Evan assures me that it will look even more spectacular when it's colored. I look forward with sharing it with the world. And now I am itching for another tat.

Well, it is saturday so all of my outdoor chores await. Then it is off to Scarlett's bouncy castle party. I hope to start my first set of edits

on *Finding Jimmy Moran* tomorrow. I have gotten more positive feedback from characters who appear in the novel, like the PWWC Ralph Droz (as an advance teaser, he does exist and was every bit as handsome and charisamatic as I describe him - really not fair to the rest of us men), so I am stoked.

But you fine five readers go out there and have some fun. Go to the beach or a pool Engage in this last month of summer. Read a book. Or get a tattoo. Make a memory.

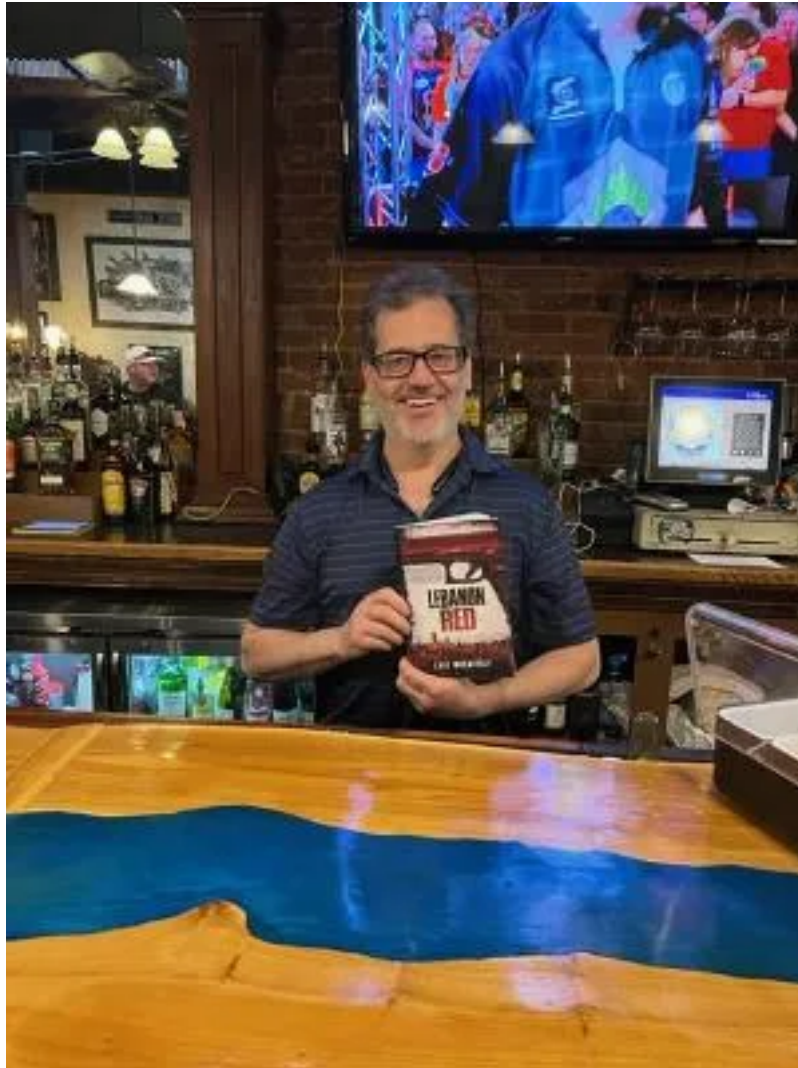
I'm off for a quick Kitty cuddle, my rounds and then the torture rack treadmill. Wish me luck.

Then Scarflett's princess party.

But most of all, have a great day.

# Lebanon Red, Lonnie Bell and Kyle Dooley

August 5, 2022



That is Lonnie Bell, a handsome devil, who is the gregarious and gifted manager of Mike O'Shay's in Longmont. He is holding an inscribed copy of my son Luke's debut novel, Lebanon Red. I cannot tell you how proud I am to see Luke's first novel take its rightful place on the MOS literary bookshelf.



That's it there on the far left end next to AAA (someone has borrowed TWA - which is good, because I always imagined the shelf to act as a lending library). I highly recommend MOS for its food, drink and convivial atmosphere. An hour there is better than therapy. It is friendlier than Cheers. I highly recommend it. Given that Luke's novel drops this coming Wednesday 8/11/22, I have been working overtime trying to get the word out to as many potential readers as possible (so please share this post). His book is an international thriller, whose main character is almost as bad assed as the author (he takes after his mom). It is primarily based in the middle east (if you don't count the time in US prison) and is told with an authenticity you rarely find these days. When I read the draft, I could taste the sand in my mouth. Luke spent time in the middle east and that experience can be felt on every page.

But among all the action and excitement, there is also a love story.

Luke is a far more talented writer than I am. Just ask Pulitzer Prize winning author Juno Diaz, who gave him the front cover blurb for his novel. And given that he is still so young, I expect a long list of follow-up hits to flow from his fingertips.

I have been posting his novel in the Twitterverse, under the heading Matthew 3:17: **'This is my Son, whom I love; with him I am well pleased.'**

Matthew knew how turn a phrase.

So, if you trust this old writer's recommendations, and want that page turner that you can take on that last minnute summer holiday, you can order *Lebanon Red* on Amazon or from the Black Rose Writing websites, and you'll have it in a few days.

[https://www.amazon.com/Lebanon-Red-Luke-McCaffrey-ebook/dp/B09Y2BS5L3/ref=sr\\_1\\_1?](https://www.amazon.com/Lebanon-Red-Luke-McCaffrey-ebook/dp/B09Y2BS5L3/ref=sr_1_1?)

[crd=14CDSZND4WA5D&keywords=Lebanon+Red&qid=1659693087&s=digital-text&sprefix=lebanon+red%2Cdigital-text%2C133&sr=1-1](https://www.amazon.com/Lebanon-Red-Luke-McCaffrey-ebook/dp/B09Y2BS5L3/ref=sr_1_1?crd=14CDSZND4WA5D&keywords=Lebanon+Red&qid=1659693087&s=digital-text&sprefix=lebanon+red%2Cdigital-text%2C133&sr=1-1)

<https://www.blackrosewriting.com/thrillers/lebanonred>

Now if you happen to be at MOS (in Longmont Colorado) and see Kyle Dooley holding court at the far end of the bar, buy him a drink and sit down and listen to him wax eloquently about any of the books on the shelf, he is the unofficial curator who has read them all. But if you really want to get him going ask him anything about The Claire Trilogy. He is my biggest and most loyal fan who has practically memorized everything in the Claire Universe. He remembers what I've forgotten (damn RAM memory).

That's Kyle below:





He is so well versed in everything Claire and Jimmy Moran that he became one of my close circle of readers for *Finding Jimmy Moran*, because I knew that if I made one error in consistency or character development, he would call me on it. He actually corrects me when I recall things improperly. He's better at it than my wife. Well, yesterday Kyle made my day with the text:

"What a story my friend. I just finished it with tears in my eyes and a smile in my heart. Thank you for sharing your story with me."

And that is exactly the reaction I was going for.

I know that my loyal base audience are the Kyles (and Kylesettes) of this world. So, I've never been more confident that I nailed it this time.

Anyway, so while you are waiting for FJM to drop next April 13, 2023, pick up a copy of *Lebanon Red* this week and discover your next favorite author. After all, it's all in the family.

Please also check out Christy Cooper Burnett's *Passport To Terror* - so you can be all up to speed and fully appreciate that cross-over chapter in *FJM* with Jimmy Moran and Madison Taylor:

[https://www.amazon.com/gp/product/B09ZVQRMQL/ref=dbs\\_a\\_def\\_rwt\\_hsch\\_vapi\\_tkin\\_p1\\_i3](https://www.amazon.com/gp/product/B09ZVQRMQL/ref=dbs_a_def_rwt_hsch_vapi_tkin_p1_i3)

Speaking of family, I have a feral family member to cuddle and then many things to accomplish before I put on my lawyer's wig.

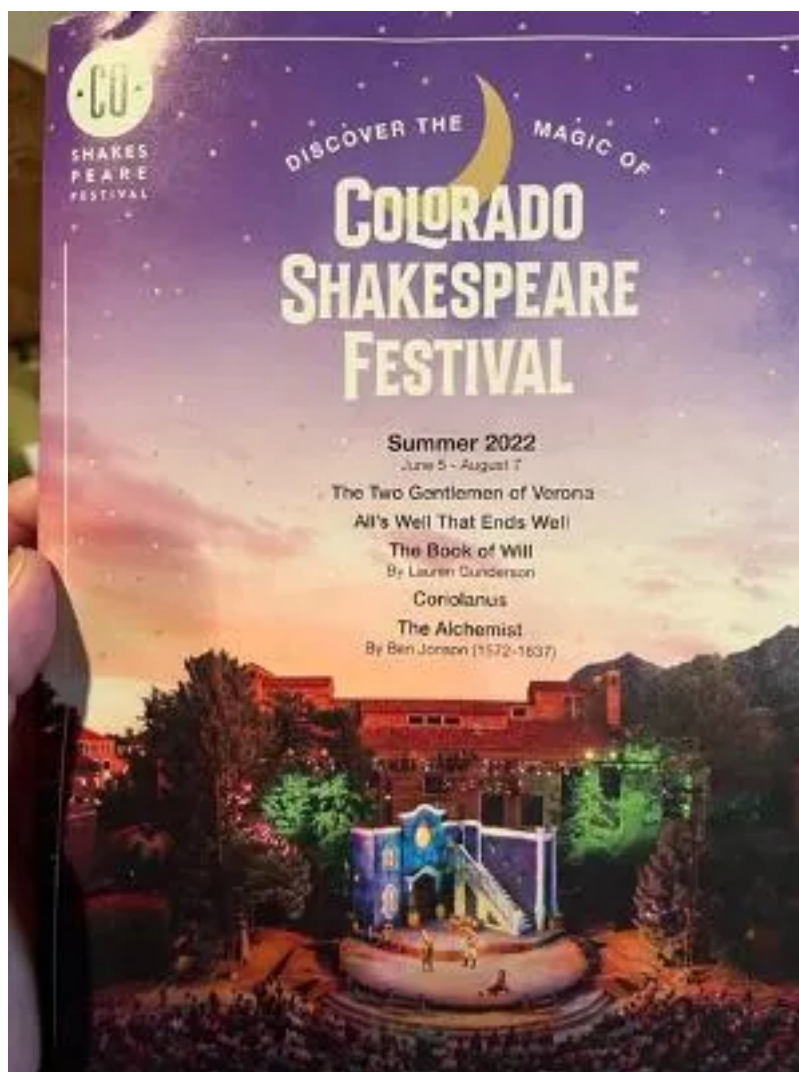
But it's Friday folks, we can do this.

So, you fine five readers go out there and make it to the closing work bell, and start your weekend as early as you can.

But most of all have a great day!

# The Book Of Will and Welcome JP

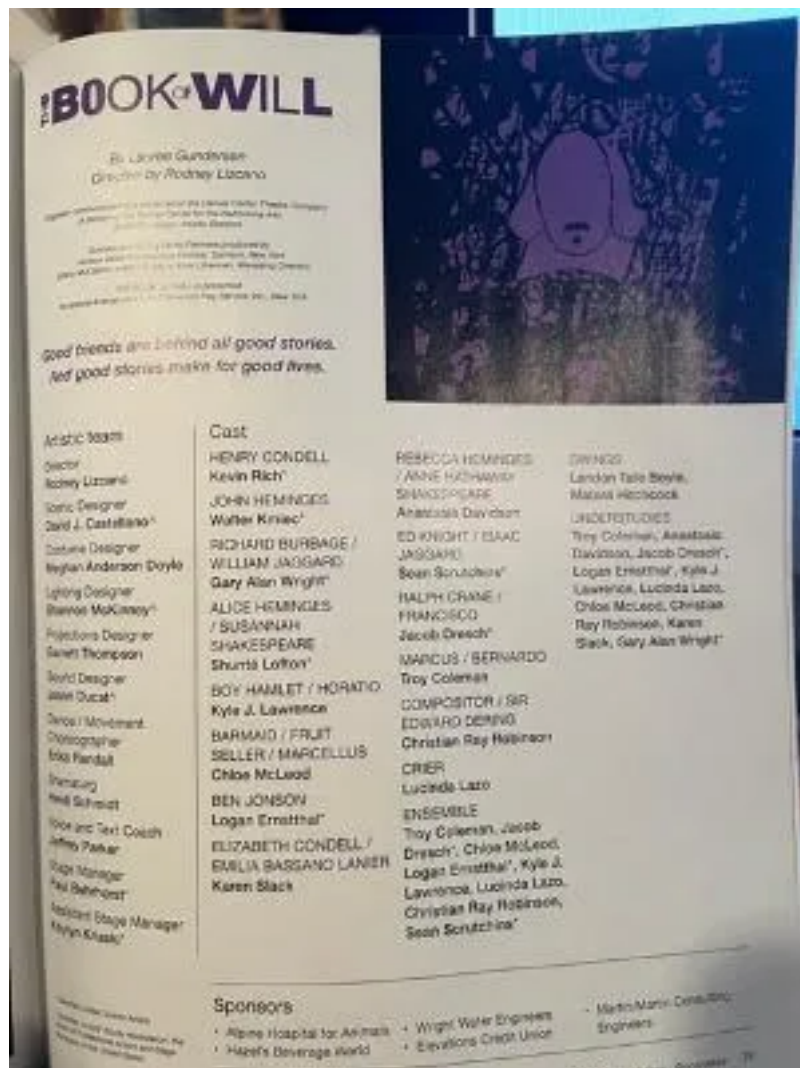
August 4, 2022



Each year for our anniversary, Lisa and I like to catch one of the plays being offered by the Colorado Shakespeare Festival held at U of Colorado, Boulder. It's a wonderful experience that is performed in a great open air theater. The performances and staging are always top notch notch and professional, and as someone who has seen many Broadway, Off-Broadway and Central Park productions over the years, I can say without reservation that I always leave the

CU theatre with the same satisfaction as I did with any New York production.

This year when choosing the play, I decided to go with a Shakespeare related, as opposed to penned, production called The Book of Will, written by Lauren Gunderson. I really did not know much about the play, other than it had to deal with The Bard's friends shortly after his death.



It was nothing short of amazing. If there was one production you could see that would give you the ultimate primer as to everything brilliant about the works of WS, this play is it.

But more importantly, this play was about true friendship. Indeed, the marketing blurb on the above page captures the idea perfectly:

"Good friends are behind all good stories  
And good stories make for good lives."  
And this is why this play resonated with me.

The play is set in 1619, three years after WS's passing. The surviving members of The King's Men, the official artistic troupe associated with WS that performed WS's plays during his life, are bemoaning a horrible production of their friend's play performed from what was cobbled together by literary pirates. You see, WS never set down all of his plays in writing in one place during his lifetime. They were scattered among various writings used by each of the actors in The King's Men to perform the plays. So literary thieves would capture as much as they could from watching live performances and then create bastardizations of the plays for a quick profit.

When the one member of the troupe, Richard Burbage, who knows most of the plays by heart suddenly passes, the two remaining members Henry Condell and John Heminges (and their patiently supportive wives) embark on a project to recover as many of the scattered original pieces from wherever they may be found and consolidating them in one complete work. They are forced to face and overcome all kinds of obstacles, practical and financial, as well as personal tragedies during their quest. But their combined love for their friend and his work is so great, that they persevere and ultimately create what was to become the Complete Works of William Shakespeare.

Now this production is rife with quotes and soliloquies from the Bard's greatest works woven seamlessly into the equally brilliant words of Ms. Gunderson. But it is Ms. Gunderson's brilliant words that capture the magic of what true friendship is all about. And what I think Ms. Gunderson brought to her play that outdid the Bard himself, was the perspective and support of the wives and daughter of the two men who completed this task. Indeed, I wept during one scene when Rebecca Heminges (Anastasia Davidson) bolsters the resolve of her husband in this Herculean task, laughed many times during the scenes where Elizabeth Condell (Karen Slack) goaded her husband into action, and absolutely adored the perspective and performances of Shunte Lofton as the daughter Alice Heminges.



Kevin Rich and Walter Kmiec were amazing in their roles of Condell and Heminges, respectively. And I would be remiss if I failed to mention Garey Alan Wright and Logan Ernatthal who played Burbage and Ben Johnson, respectively, and magnificently. Both had me laughing and cheering.

But every actor on that stage that night was flawless and brilliant. I was transported. Bravo and Brava.

Ms. Gunderson has achieved so effortlessly that idea which I have been pursuing in my novels. She has captured the concept of true friendship among unlikely individuals that selflessly bond together over a common cause and become family. I am so jealous of her talent. Well done Lauren Gunderson.

I too have been blessed with a lifetime of good friends that have shared my adventures and been there for me through good and bad. I have tried to capture their personalities and wit through the characters of my stories in homage. Indeed, I would not have my stories without them, which is why I am known for my ridiculously long Acknowledgment sections at the end of my novels. Everyone mentioned played their roles in my life and now my stories. Thank you all. I love each and every one of you.

I attended the above performance on July 29th, the day after completing my first draft of *Finding Jimmy Moran*, which itself is based upon many characters now dead who have been woven into the tapestry of the fictional Jimmy Moran. I could not hope to rival the brilliance of Ms. Gunderson, but I certainly gave it my all, from my heart.

Ms. Gunderson, you've set a very high bar.

Well, alls well should end well, and so I'm ending this with my thanks to all my friends living and dead, who have helped me get where I am today. Even if your real characters may not have been lifted as a whole for my fictional ones, trust me, I have taken snippets from all of you, and will continue to do it as long as I write. Now I have to go cuddle my friend, Smokey.

You fine five friends go out there and make today amazing. Friday beckons from the horizon.

One final shout out to my nephew and niece John Michael and Joyce for their brilliant performance as first time parents in the birthing of John Patrick McCaffrey.



JP, your timing is impeccable as you arrived just in time to make it into the Acknowledgments for *Finding Jimmy Moran*. Well done sir.

# If I Never Ever Got Another Review. . . .

August 3, 2022



As anyone who knows me will tell you, I read all my reviews. And while I appreciate everyone who takes the time to share their thoughts, every once in a while one reaches beyond the good/bad analysis and touches my heart strings.

This one made me tear up.

The fact that reading one of my books helped someone get through a difficult time in their life means more to me than any other measure of success.

Thank you Karen M.



[Karen M.](#)

## 5.0 out of 5 stars **A horse of a different color**

Reviewed in the United States on August 2, 2022

### **Verified Purchase**

I don't believe I've ever read a book quite like "The Wise Ass," & I've read quite a few.

It's a mix of suspense, "Goodfellas", sci-fi, caper & just plain good fun. I liked it from its first pages, & soon discovered that I absolutely love it. I will be reading the next two books in the series.

I was reading this book having just lost my husband to Alzheimer's so my emotional state was fairly raw. I know this will sound incredibly sappy & pompous, but somehow this wonderfully quirky story has helped me get through one of the worst times in my life. Of course, being in a crappy state of mind/heart is not a prerequisite to enjoying this marvelous book...as I hope you, dear reader, may soon discover!

.  
And it is for these readers that I write. I just hope to give them a small break from their daily life and give them a laugh. Maybe a cathartic cry. A pleasant distraction. Get them to smile again. That's what books have always been for me.

Looking forward. . . .

I was holding my breath the last few days while Mary Moran McCaffrey read the draft of *Finding Jimmy Moran*. Mary is a brilliant teacher and a voracious reader. She is also my sister-in-law, married to my older brother, Eddie (yes that one). I love her dearly.

Mary was around for a lot of the stories - that for the record are completely fictitious - and I was worried about how some of them would play out to her. Luckily she loved them, said they made her laugh out loud, and said that they soundly served their purpose in establishing the completely fictitious character of the Jimmy Moran that readers meet in TWA (and beyond). Thank you Mary. Did I mention that the stories are completely, absolutely and irrefutably fictitious. As are all of the characters and places. The product of my diseased mind. And luckily, the equally fictitious statutes of limitations have all run.

Write what you know? As Seargant T Schultz said, "I know nothing."

[https://www.bing.com/videos/search?](https://www.bing.com/videos/search?q=Seargean+t+shults+l+know+nothing&&view=detail&mid=93D14EF7F231CF1D560D93D14EF7F231CF1D560D&rvsmid=CDF2C9733176CF1E7AD5CDF2C9733176CF1E7AD5&FORM=VDQVAP)

[q=Seargean+t+shults+l+know+nothing&&view=detail&mid=93D14EF7F231CF1D560D93D14EF7F231CF1D560D&rvsmid=CDF2C9733176CF1E7AD5CDF2C9733176CF1E7AD5&FORM=VDQVAP](https://www.bing.com/videos/search?q=Seargean+t+shults+l+know+nothing&&view=detail&mid=93D14EF7F231CF1D560D93D14EF7F231CF1D560D&rvsmid=CDF2C9733176CF1E7AD5CDF2C9733176CF1E7AD5&FORM=VDQVAP)

A quick shout out to another dear friend and BRW children's book author, Marissa Banez, whose debut children's book, *Hope and Fortune*, hits the shelves on 2/2/23. I love children's books as they are what awakens a child's love for reading. Marissa's book is the perfect combination of magic and common sense. As soon as her book cover is finalized I will post it. Congrats Marissa. All of you out there that have or know young kids would help start them off on the right track by introducing them to *Hope and Fortune*. It's got fairies!

Okay, I have to wrap this up and go cuddle a kitty (and that damn treadmill is waiting to torture me).

You fine five readers go out and get over the hump.

But most of all make today a great one.



# Finding Tommy McCaffrey

August 2, 2022



It's so nice to be back here. I feel like I've just gotten released from prison, not because I didn't love writing the novel, it was a blast, but because I was being kept from writing my blog.

Okay, so I signed the contract yesterday for Finding Jimmy Moran and the publisher (I love BRW and its principal Reagan Rothe) has picked April 13, 2023 as the release date. So I'm excited, and nervous. I find that is the normal state of high anxiety I have had with the other three novels, so all is good there.

I had scheduled August as a writing month, so I'll use this extra time to continue to get feedback from my inner circle of readers and finalize the edits on the book.

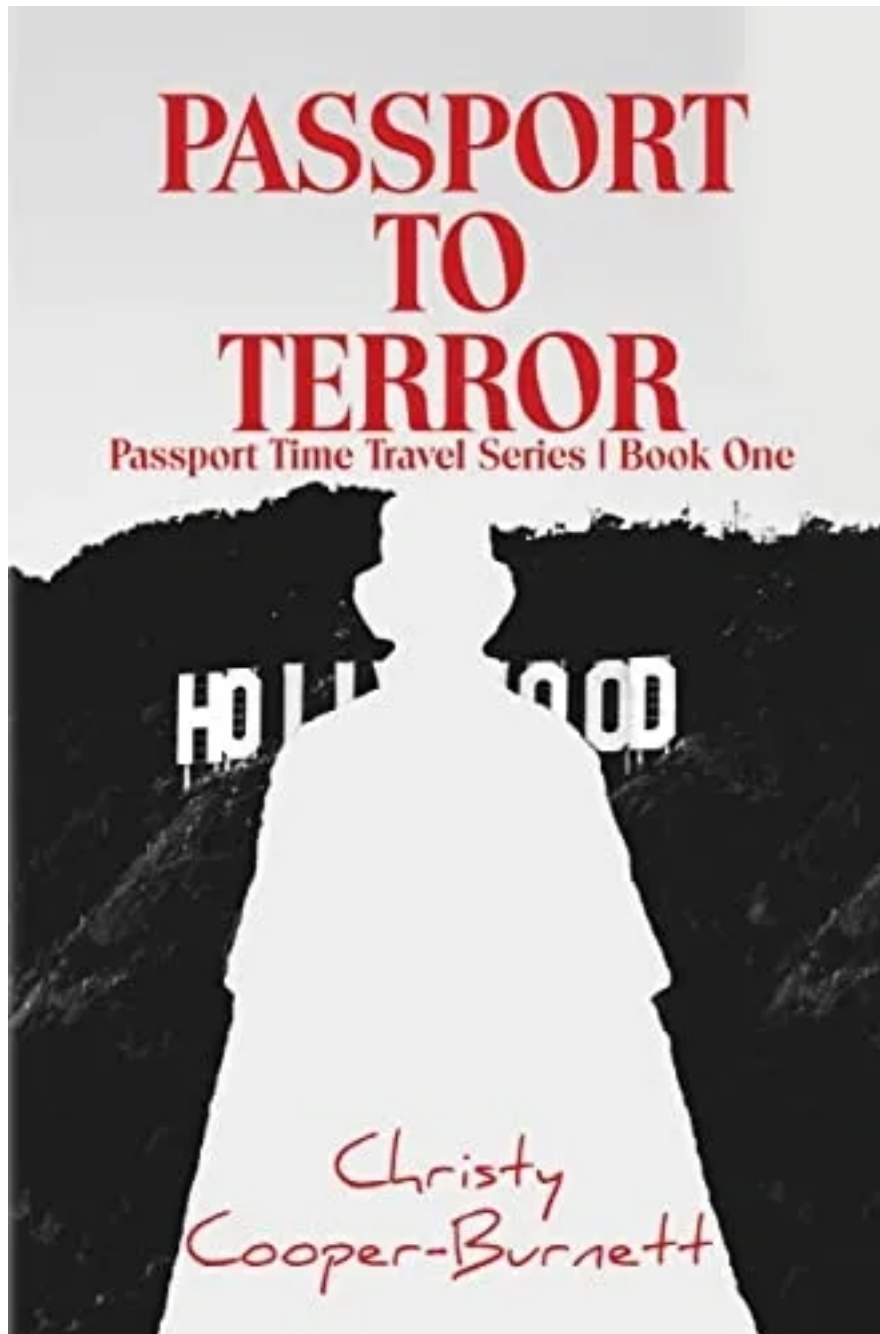
In FJM, Jimmy is basically at the end of things 500 years in the future - there are references to what has occurred during that period (which will all appear in the actual sequel, *Where The Ley Lines Meet*, which is the next project) -- and he is telling his two children Stella and Apollo (who you all meet in KMAG), and Claire (in her present form), about his youth, because they didn't know him in his human form. The point of the title is that while he is at that time of his childhood stories still Jimmy McCarthy, those stories - flaws and all - I really cannot believe just how bad Jimmy was - give his children (and hopefully the readers) an insight as to what created the personality that ultimately became the mafia lawyer Jimmy Moran, which set The Claire Trilogy in motion. Spaghetti is back.

So are the siblings. And a whole new/old crew of family and friends that hopefully capture the readers hearts and interest.

There is a mystical bent to the story - yes, there is magic in Jimmy's world - and it is ultimately a love story. There is laughter and tears. All I can say is that action and craziness are so much easier to capture than love. But I gave the latter my best shot. BTW, while you probably don't need to read The Claire Trilogy to appreciate FJM, it will be so much more fun if you do so.

Oh, and here's a really cool thing. There is a cross-over chapter in the book. As many of you know, I am a close friend with the brilliant novelist Christy Cooper Burnett, who has written the equally brilliant time-traveling series, *No Way Home*, *Finding Home* and *Escaping Home* (which I highly recommend reading

while you await FJM). CCB has started a new series of time travel books with a cool new lead character named Madison Taylor (the first in the series, *Passport To Terror*, is available for pre-order now and drops on 9/15/22).



Yes, that is Jack The Ripper on her cover. Enough said. I loved PPTT so much that I asked CCB if I could bring her main character into my novel. She said yes and so MT travels into the past and has an encounter with Jimmy McCarthy in a Hell's Kitchen

bar and Central Park. It was so much fun to write and I really think I nailed it. CCB will include the same encounter in her next volume in the Madison Taylor series. I am soooo stoked. So pick up PPTT as well so you'll be all prepped for the cross-over come April of next year. I'm telling you CCB can tell a story.

Hopefully, this will start a whole new trend in the literary world.

So what else was happening in my life these past two months?

Well, given that last winter was an ass kicker, both wind and weather wise, after a couple of mule escapes, I needed to replace the entire fencing along the eastern part of the property and my wife decided that we should also replace and extend the fencing around the front so as to enclose the area which would allow Claire and Honey and Blue and Jeter a new area to roam in (they have access to my entire property now). It turned out great and the animal crew are thrilled. Big shout out to Chuck Anderson and Diamond Fencing in Berthoud. Highly recommend them.





Although as you'll see by the wood below the gate, I need to keep Jeter from slipping under that particular gate (there are three to the



area) because it leads to Smokey's grotto under Jack the Spruce and Jeter likes to sneak out there and eat Smokey's food, the fat bastard.

Speaking of fat bastard, Lisa was kind enough to tell me that I had put on too much weight this spring and so I had to give up my last real vice - ice cream - and I have spent each morning the past 6 weeks burning 600 calories a day on Lisa's Ifit treadmill.

The good news is that these hour plus of daily torture sessions (past and for every day in the foreseeable future) playing on my human hamster wheel, I got to think about the novel, so I have now become a multitasker. Oh, and my pants fit better. I am determined to be at my fighting weight by November 5th when I attend the Texas book fair in Austin for some meet & greet, selfies and signings.

<https://www.texasbookfestival.org/2022-festival-weekend/>

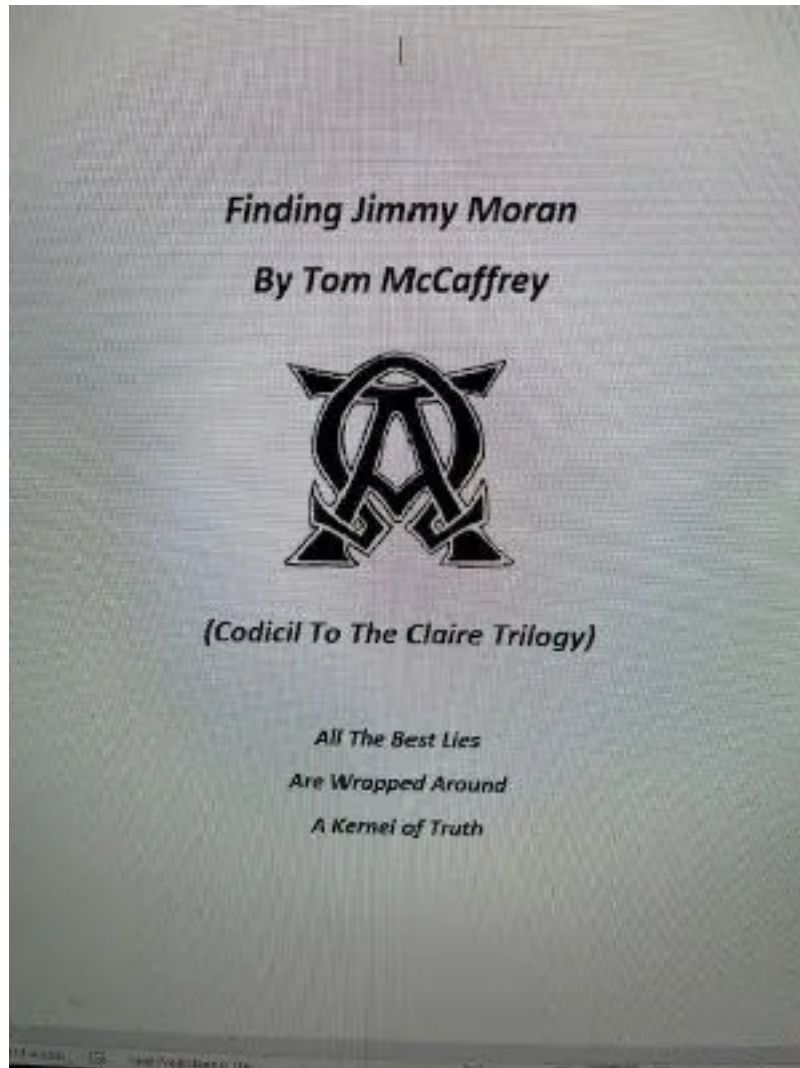
Anyway, if any of you readers happen to be in Austin on Saturday morning November 5th, please stop by and say hello, I would love to meet you all (and when I say "all," I mean all five fo my blog readers). Just so you won't be too surprised, I will be the miserable skinny guy behind the BRW table (or the relapsed fat happy guy with an ice cream cone).

Well, this has been fun, but I need to go give Smokey his/her cuddle and get on with being a lawyer.

Now I want you fine five readers to make today special and to have a great day!. And welcome back.

# I'm Back

August 1, 2022



Sorry I've been off the grid for so long, but I did spend those early morning hours productively. As of July 28th, I completed the first draft of the next part of The Claire Trilogy Plus Collection. 58 days, 405 pages, 120K plus words. My inner circle of readers - who have lived through TCT - assure me that they love it. My publisher assures me that it will hit the shelves in April 2023. I am thrilled. Fingers crossed.

Just want to quickly note that my son's debut novel drops in 10 days but orders are arriving as we speak. He is a much better writer than I am and has lived an even more interesting life. If you don't believe

me see what Juno Diaz says about him on the cover below. Any support you give him will be greatly appreciated.



LOOK

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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

I promise to be back here on my daily basis as I have lots to catch up on.

But I'm actually running late this morning and have a kitty to cuddle. For those that are still with me, thanks for the continued support. Stay tuned.