

# Happy Halloween

October 31, 2022



What can I say? Love Samhain.

Don't have a lot of time this morning, but I will share some photos from my past Halloweens in the Bronx. Families came from miles around to come in for the candy. I miss those crowds. Enjoy.





























May today provide just enough magic for you all.

And you fine, five readers, Trick or Treat?!

Now I need to go cuddle a kitty, do my rounds and hopefully get on the treadmill.

Maybe speak with a few ghosts while I'm at it.

Have a great day.

# Farrier's Delight

October 30, 2022



So yesterday morning was spent having our hardworking Farrier give Claire and Honey their Mani-Pedis.

I could never do that back-breaking work, hunched over, hands cramping as you try and hold the mule hoof on your knee while you trim and file away at their ever growing cartilage. Thank God they don't wear horse shoes.

Luckily, the mules were cooperating. Honey didn't extend the game of Ringolevio too long and soon I had both tied to the fences.







Then Jason B the Farrier arrived and went to work.  
With Claire.



And Honey.



And Jason, as always, did a wonderful job, leaving my two magical mules happily prancing around showing off their nice nails, while I

went off and cleaned and restocked their food and water. Which tried the patience of my own right ankle, so I tried out Renee Clarke's recommended contrasts baths.



And for the record, no, I do not shave my lower calves. That is what a lifetime of wearing pull up socks under your lawyer suits will do to even the most hairy of legs. Thank God I don't wear suits anymore (unless I absolutely have to).

Renee now suggests that I spend those baths drawing the alphabet with my injured foot. I think she may be pulling my leg.

But my day wasn't over.

Lisa decided that we should set up the giant blow up monster over on Luke's property for the open house his Realtor was having. I said, "Oh, good. Extra work!" And she replied "Fuck off!"







And I gave her the same face as my monster, who bears a striking resemblance to the infamous BC.

But it looked really cool at night.





It must have worked, because there seemed to be a lot of cars over at their house during the open house. It has the added attraction of being the house where Luke wrote his first best seller, Lebanon Red, so if there are any creative types out there, this is a steal. To anyone who buys that house at asking or above, I will throw in the monster. The inflatable one, not my wife.

And then, Lisa and I drove an hour South to my sisters' (v&b's) house for dinner with my cousins from Apples' branch of the family tree. It was delightful seeing Apples' sister, Christina, after decades, and finally meeting his oldest son, James, his wife Nicole ("Coley" [phon]) and their absolutely precocious and delightful daughter, Aria. Honestly, she's a doll.

I had such a wonderful time, I completely forgot to snap any photos. I am hoping that Christina will snap and send some to me for inclusion at a later time.

I will share that young James, a rabid sports fan, showed me some photos and I can attest that he has the most outstanding man cave in Christendom. It looks like a sports bar with 7 televisions. That's what I said. 7.

If I can get him to share those photos I will post them as well. It was a magical evening, sharing stories about Apples and his sweet wife Connie, and catching up on the lives of this wonderful young family over a delicious meal (thank you v&b). Never take family for granted. They may always be around you, but you may not always be able to see them.

Then Lisa and I had to return to the hinterlands. Which is when I snapped the last photo of the inflatable purple monster (no comments from you members of the OFC).

But the dawn awaits, with Kitty cuddles, rounds and hopefully a successful bout with the Hamster wheel. Then the weekly veggie/fruit prep. No rest for the wicked.

You fine, five readers, make this a day of rest. Hopefully you have your Halloween decorations and candy already prepped for tomorrow.

Whatever you do, make today a great one.

# One More Day On The DL

October 29, 2022



I never brace the ankle unless on I'm going on the treadmill, but I just wanted to stabilize it yesterday to keep from retweaking it. I don't mind a dull ache, but I do mind a sharp, stabbing pain. This particular Rube Goldberg contraption seemed to do the trick.

However, given that I have the farrier coming early today - for Claire & Honey, not me - which first means a game of mule Ringolevio - I'm giving myself a second day off the Hamster wheel to rest the ankle. Upon the recommendation of a hand therapist friend, Renee Clarke, I'm also going to try contrast baths today. Thank you Renee. Wish me luck.

But I still have to do the chores, shift wheelbarrows of mule muffins, hay bales and water troughs. No rest for the wicked. So the stabilizer is staying put while I'm on my feet..

The good news is, when it is all said and done, this evening I'm going down-state to Denver to visit the Fairy Godmothers and Clan leaders.

My sister, Veronica, and her consort, b, (the characters Bonnie & Tessa, to those that keep count) are hosting a dinner for my cousin Apples' (RIP) youngest sister, Christina, and the son of Apples and A's wife Connie (RIP), James, and J's wife and daughter. It's always fun to go to v&b's house. It's old school beautiful and they completely restored it. It's even got an elevator. Plus, they really know how to put out a spread.

I haven't seen Christina in many decades (she hitched a ride the last time her brother and I "borrowed" a car when I was in my early teens) and I've never met this line of Apples' branch of the Clan tree. Both Apples, Connie, and Christina have been incorporated as characters into the prequel, *Finding Jimmy Moran*. That book drops on April 13, 2023, and will hopefully be up for pre-sale next month.

Apples 2.0 will reappear in the sequel to *The Claire Trilogy - Where The Ley Lines Meet*, which I will hopefull write in the spring.

Fingers crossed. That is really going to push the boundaries. I'm psyched for that challenge. With lots of luck, and some help from beyond, I'm shooting to make Starwars look like a board game. Anyway, before I get too far ahead of myself, I need to get through today.

That means a kitty cuddle and my rounds, with a shout out to my favorite paints, Tique and Dusty.



Love my equine friends.  
But you fine, five readers, make sure to do a final candy check.  
Nothing worse than running out on Halloween.  
And then maybe go to a fancy dress party. Recapture your youth.  
Be your favorite fictional character for just one night.  
Or at least watch a scarey movie. Like the Paranormal Activity series. Highly recommend.  
But most of all, have a great day. You've earned it.  
And for anyone who knew me growing up, who may doubt that the above photo is indeed, my right foot, the next photo is of that little trick I used to do, where my pinky toe can cross over the ring toe on its own steam.



Ta Da!

For the record, I've only met one other person who could do this, and that gifted young lady could do it with both feet.

# Fur Family Underfoot

October 28, 2022



I love my fur family, unconditionally. But there are times when I do want to shoot them.

Anyone who has been reading my blogs knows that I begrudgingly exercise daily on my death treadmill. They also know that for a few months I have been doing so on a bad right ankle, by slathering it with Biofreeze, gulping Aleve, packets of Relief Factor, and wrapping it up in two braces. As long as I'm moving front to back in my stride without turning on it, my ankle, while sore, holds the weight and the endorphins do the rest. For the rest of the day, I often grab one of my many canes (I collect old canes from curiosity shops - wonderful magical staffs) if it starts to act up.

Yesterday, Jeter and Blue, came in from one of their jaunts outside through the sliding back door off our back deck. Blue had been out front grazing with Claire & Honey.





Jeter was off fertilizing the apple trees.

As it was late afternoon and getting cooler, Lisa asked me to shut the sliding door in the living room. Of course, Jeter was lying in the gap between my chair and the nearby sofa that leads out to that door. As I went to shoot the gap to shut it, Blue thought I was heading outside, leapt off the sofa and into the gap before me. That woke Jeter who, startled from his sleep, hopped up with a bark and caught my right foot just as I was stepping over him. In my effort not to come down on him - I would have crushed him - I leapt, like a spastic Rudolf Nureyev, landed on my right foot in a funky angle, and retwisted the ankle. Saw stars. Shooting pain. I'm sure I shrieked, which got the dogs even more excited.

I'm certain I heard Lisa laughing out in the kitchen. Familiarity breeds contempt.

So today, no treadmill. Hopefully, just for the day.

But it is Friday, which is innately magical.

Since I did finish drafting a bear of a nasty legal brief yesterday, turned out fucking brilliant I may add, today will be a little bit lighter on the lawyer front.

I still have kitty cuddles to share and rounds to make. But, as I mentioned, no torture.

But the weekend is upon us, so you fine, five readers, skate through this last work day and head off into the bliss.

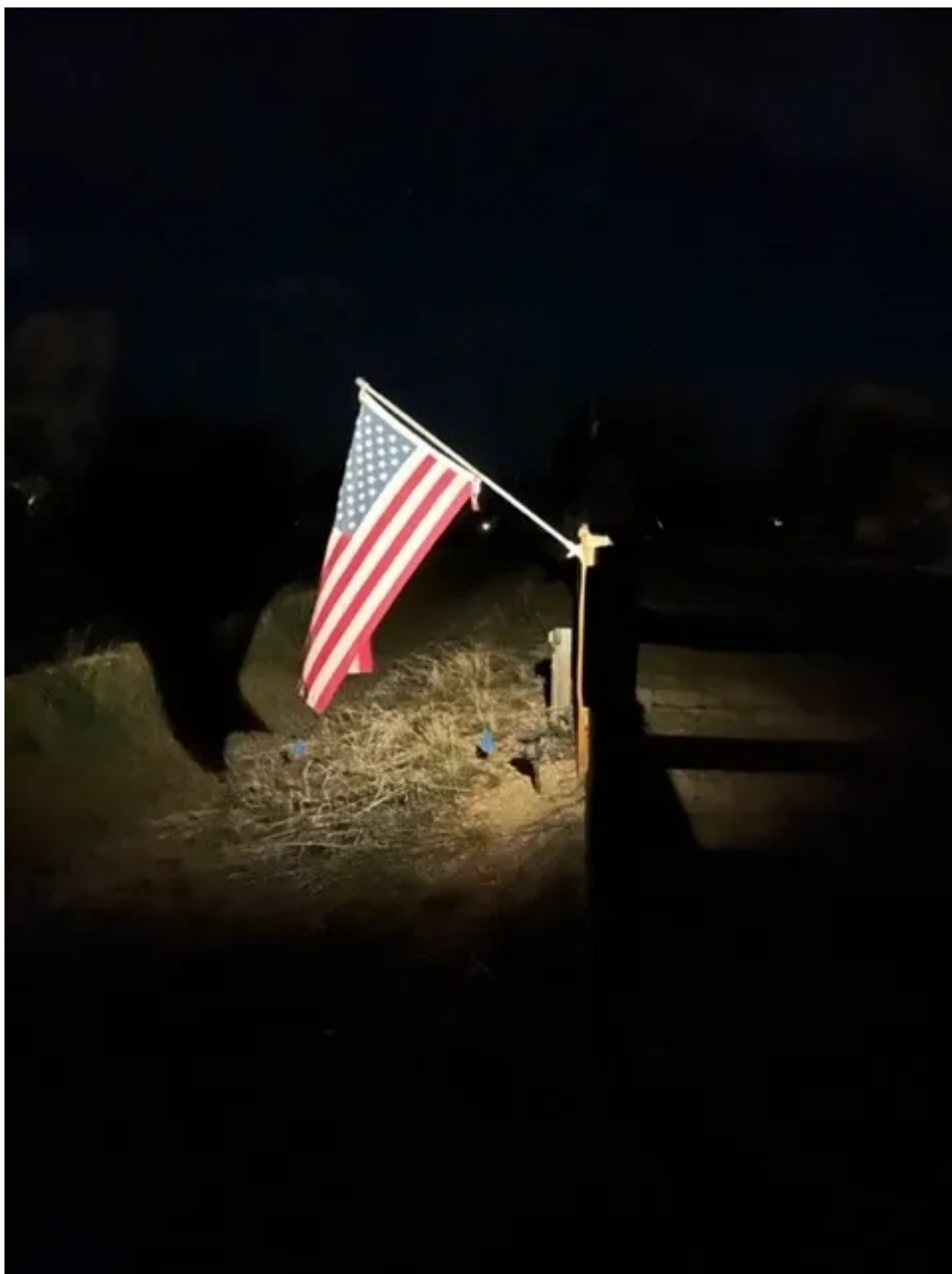
Hopefully you will have Halloween (my favorite holiday) events to attend.

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

Oh, and a week from today I will be flying into Austin Texas, to attend the Texas Book Fair.

# The Little Things In Life

October 27, 2022



One thing I've learned since moving out here is that there is always something that needs doing. Now I had an American flag on my old fence which hung there until it became tattered and faded by the strong NoCo winds and sun. I also understand that if you leave your flag out overnight, you are supposed to have it lit. I had a small solar light beneath my old flag but it usually held its charge for only a few hours once the sun set.

Now I have wonderful neighbors, including Brian and Janice Erikson. Brian is a true patriot (he even hails from Beantown.

Boston sucks! Go Yanks (next year). No offense.) and my old flag drove Brian so crazy that he finally delivered a new flag to me.

Well, once I redid the front fence I figured I would return Old Glory to its place of Glory. So, last Sunday, I replaced the flag and then I went out to Home Depot and found the last solar "Flag Light" on its shelf. I then returned to Casa Claire and installed the light on the fence post, beaming directly at the stars and stripes.

I didn't get to check on it for a few days to see if it was working.

But this morning when I was taking out the recycling, there she was, looking grander than ever. I was so moved, I saluted.

It's those little wins in life, the unexpected times things just go right, that provides the background soundtrack to our lives.

So, thank you for the new flag, Brian and Janice. It looks amazing.

Even at night.

Well, I got sidetracked this morning with too many irons in the fire, so I am getting to this late and now must put my lawyer wig on.

Already cuddled the kitty, made my rounds and self-inflicted the torture.

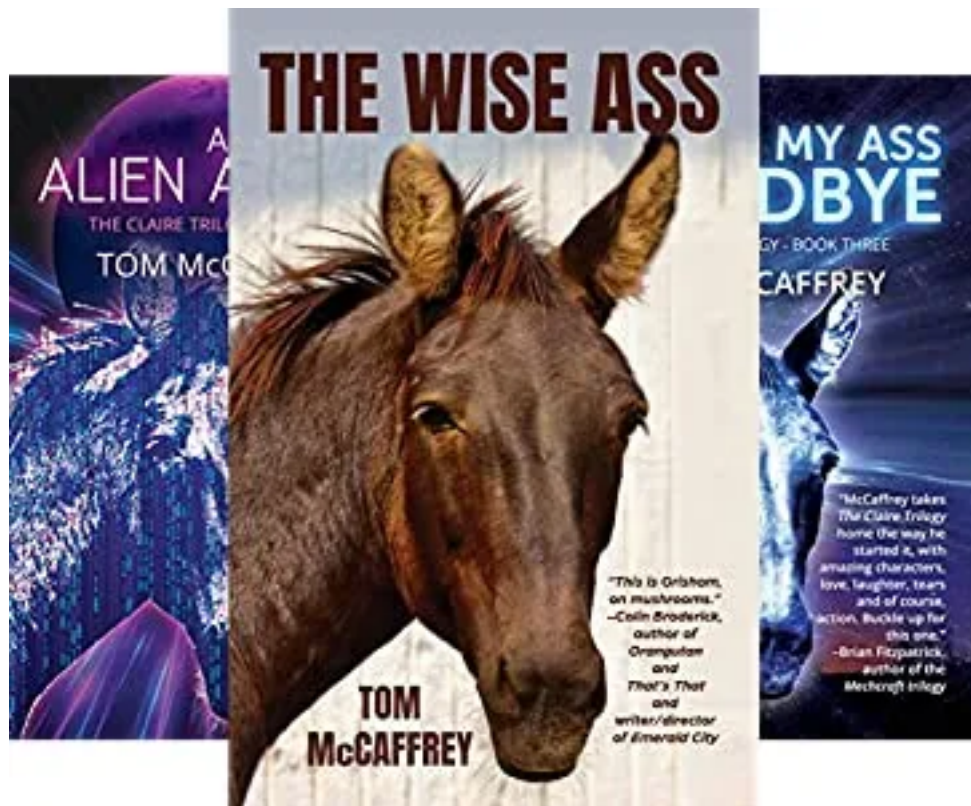
You fine, five readers better be out and about at your jobs already.

But it's Thursday, so cheer up.

And make it a great day.

# A Good Day

October 26, 2022



Yesterday, I was thrilled to learn that all three novels in The Claire Trilogy made it to BRW's top ten list of Kindle Unlimited's pages read in the past 90 days. Thank you Reagan Rothe and the BRW production, marketing and sales teams, and all of my inner circle of readers that helped get those books into final shape, for making this happen. Thanks also to anyone who used their Kindle Unlimited account to check these books out. There is nothing more satisfying than knowing you are not that tree falling alone in the woods (just missing the bear that is shitting there).

Speaking of RR and BRW, I also learned yesterday that BRW will have its table at Tent #4, Booth #413 at the Texas Book Fair in Austin on November 5th and 6th. I will be manning that booth on Saturday, November 5th, at 10 am through 12:25 pm. So please stop by if you are in the area. I don't want to be the only one of the 15 booths in that tent with no one coming by to visit. Those other writers like to gossip.

Well, it is hump day, so let's get over it.

I have my kitty to cuddle, the rounds to make and that torturous treadmill to see to.

Then a legal brief to write. Where is that movie deal?

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

[q=William+Wallace+Freedom+scene&view=detail&mid=7DAD06E173ABBDCB48F77DAD06E173ABBDCB48F7&FORM=VIRE](https://www.bing.com/videos/search?q=William+Wallace+Freedom+scene&view=detail&mid=7DAD06E173ABBDCB48F77DAD06E173ABBDCB48F7&FORM=VIRE)

Anyway, you fine, five readers get out there and skateboard that hump, but hang a moment at the apex and grab a look at the weekend ahead.

But most of all, have a great day.

# Every Creature Has A Personality - Usually Nicer Than Humans

October 25, 2022



When you see creatures on a daily basis you start to get a feel for their personalities. On my morning rounds I get to see horses come and go, and while I mourn those that are gone, I treat all additions to the various groups with equal respect and care. Now this one group of horses is a cute little herd, but the two painted ones to the right have been around the longest. I believe - but don't quote me - they are named Dusty (with the white nose stripe) and Tique (with the white face). The three horses to the left are relative newcomers and young. While I like Dusty, Tique, who appears to be the oldest, is my favorite.

Older horses know how to take a treat from a human's hand without maiming you. The young ones are so excited by the treat that you could lose a finger as they gobble it from your hands.

So when the herd all arrive at the fence together, the young ones have a tendency to push to the front of the line. The younger horses are like vacuums and will quickly move into the painted horses' areas to gobble their share as well. Dusty will defend her turf. Tique can be bullied. So I toss copius amounts of chopped carrots on the ground and then walk off a bit so that Tique will follow me and then I give her a few handfuls of carrots by hand, to make sure she gets her share of it, and then some.

There is another Tique who actually made it into TWA, with her wonderful owner, Pam Ervin, and she is a beautiful Arabian.





Now this Tique doesn't like carrots. I used to chop separate small bags of apples for her, but now she's on a chopped celery kick.

Personally, celery is a lot easier to prepare, so I'm thrilled with it. I call her my prom queen. I'm the high school kid who does her homework for her and, in return, gets to sit at her table for a second each morning in the cafeteria. I feed her by hand and if you ask her any questions she will nod yes. I like to ask her if I am the most interesting human she has ever met. She is always perfectly groomed and wears the latest fashion in horse coats. But it was through feeding her I met Pam, and through meeting Pam, I learned enough to chance adopting Claire. So, I'm forever in their debt. Speaking of Claire, I caught a nice shot of her and Honey yesterday morning out in the front property. Claire standing guard while Honey rested.



So my morning rounds provides therapy for me. I interact with these wonderful creatures who so enjoy the healthy treats that I

arrive with that they put up with my presence for a few moments each day. And they are all magnificent. I am blessed by their company.

There are dogs along the route that also receive treats, but its harder to get photos of them. I'll see what I can do.

Well, it's that time again, and I have a Kitty to cuddle, rounds to make and torture to bear.

But Monday is behind us all, so the worst is over.

You fine, five readers go out and master your universe.

But most of all, have a wonderful day.

# I Drink A Lot Of Coffee & Love Claire

October 24, 2022



I live on coffee, and love the convenience of Keurig cups. This way I'm not making a pot and letting it get bitter sitting around waiting for

me to drink it. But early on I promised myself I would recycle those plastic cups, because I didn't want to be that guy who single handedly destroys our environment.

So, I collect each K cup I use for a couple of months and then pick a weekend while Lisa is working to sit and shuck those cups so I can recycle the plastic and tin foil and collect the coffee, which, following my grandfather's practice, I then spread around the bases of my apple trees.

Yesterday was my shucking day.



A few hours later I had a nice collection of coffee and the plastic containers were in the recycling bag and not the earth.



But during the process a bored Claire came by to see what I was so interested in.



And while I tried to ignore her because I was working under a time constraint, she wouldn't have it. That's her handmaid Blue licking her front legs.



And insisted on getting into the shot with me.



And then she knocked off my hat and started nuzzling me.

Unfortunately, luddite that I am, I cannot figure out how to upload that nuzzling video on this page. I will see if I can add it to the other page.

All I can figure out is how to grab a screen shot.



When it was all said and done, even with this pleasant distraction, I finished the job and kept a little more plastic from being buried.

Plus I had a great time with Claire.

Well, it's Monday again. But, I'm going to find the positive and own it.

But first, a kitty cuddle, my rounds and then some torture.

A quick reminder that the Austin Book Fair is less than two weeks away, so if any of you fine, fine readers are in the area on Saturday morning, November 5th, please find me at the BRW table and say hello. I would be thrilled to meet you.

But above all else, make today a great one.

# Comfort

October 23, 2022





Now the only time I have ever seen the two mules lay down at the same time is late mornings, way out back, when they'll sleep together for an hour in the depression that used to be my pond.

The rest of the time, Claire stands guard while Honey sleeps.

When I came up front from doing my chores yesterday, I was thrilled to see them both relaxing by the front fence. They like to hang up front in the afternoons and people watch. The afternoon sun was just perfect and I guess Claire just felt like she could let down her guard and enjoy the autumn afternoon. Comfort.

When I see such things, I know that all is right with the world. So I went back and finished my Saturday chores.



I served them dinner a few hours later and watched them eat for a bit. I realized how lucky they were to have each other. I am just an

interesting distraction for them. And that's okay. They are happy. They are healthy. They are content in the world I provide for them. And that makes me happy.

So, today is another day where I get to do the chopping for the week, and maybe a few other chores while Lisa is at work. My mules will come by when they hear the music playing and demand their tithe. I'll complain and begrudgingly stop what I'm doing and capitulate and toss some carrots out the door and then hide upstairs (they know to check my office if I'm not at the back door) until they move off towards the front and then I'll try to finish before they feel peckish and swing by for another snack. It's a game we play. And I don't mind. It's good to know there is someone out there that will stop and check on you, even if its only to get some carrots.

But before that all starts, I have a kitty to cuddle, rounds to make and torture to engage in.

Speaking of rounds, here are some shots of those horses I visit along my route.







They are a sweet crew and I enjoy seeing them on my rounds each day.

Well, that its for this morning. I must flee.

But your fine, five readers do something special today, but not too taxing. It is a day of rest.

Make it a great one.

# Claire's Wee Laire

October 22, 2022



Yesterday, while I was coming back into the house, I spotted both Claire and Honey in the barn. That's Claire's ass on the left and Honey's nose peeking out on the right. It's not much of a barn, but

it has ceiling heaters for the cold days and a huge rotating fan for the hot ones in the stall area. There are racks of hay on either side and a water trough (in side and out) which I keep stocked and clean. It has dutch, hand built, doors (which I am very proud of) which I have never closed because my mules hate being constrained and Claire would literally kick them down should I ever try to lock her in. And it has a small storage room in the back with stacks of hay bales that they love to topple and then tear apart, despite the fact that the racks are always full. That keeps a nice layer of hay on the floor that is soft on their hooves and warm in the winter. There are rubber mats in the stall area and it is always covered with a layer of wood chips, which they love to soil and make me clean, as soon as I put it down

The mules usually remain outside, wandering the property, which is why I put their winter coats on when it snows (although I try to hold off as late as possible to allow their real winter coats come in full). If it's really snowy I'll put the neck covers on, but they don't like them, so it has to be a bitter stretch before that happens. If it rains or snows they'll go into the barn to escape the elements, unless its a passing summer shower, in which case they will enjoy getting wet and then roll in the mud puddles. The mud then sets in their manes and I have to chisel it out.

I've been told that I should be more dominant with the mules, but that's not why I adopted them. They are not here to serve me.

They are here to do whatever they want. To be feral if that works for them, and enjoy themselves. The only restrictions I put on them is at night, where I lock them into the side paddock (where their barn is located) and the back area, which are the largest parts of my property. And that is only to keep them from knocking at my back door at all hours to demand treats.

I halter them only when I need to give them specific care like Mani-Pedis or medicine, or if I want to brush Honey. Claire comes to me whenever I call her so I can brush her at will. I usually halter Claire first so it makes it easier to catch and halter Honey, who otherwise uses Claire as her pulling guard to keep me from catching her.

So I can tell by their positioning in the doorway in the above photo that Claire has her nose in the large hay rack to the left and Honey



has probably just taken a dump in the stall area, and is about to eat some pellets. So all is right with the world.

Speaking of the world, I need to get moving. I have a kitty to cuddle, rounds to make and toture to engage in.

Then its the weekend chores.

But you fine, five readers get out and take care of the weekly shopping and then find something fun to do.

Maybe read a book.

But most of all, have a great dday.

# Rounds To Make

October 21, 2022



While I have mules, who I love dearly, I visit a number of horses on my rounds every morning. I bring and share chopped carrots. This is my first stop down Beverly. I believe their names are, left to right, Frankie and Trouble. Frankie's mom, Molly, use to be here but she passed earlier this year. Molly was the first equine who actually showed me any interest during my early morning walks. These two

recognize me and/or my car and will come to the fence and wait for their treats. There are others who I will snap photos of and post, but I wanted to share the first group.

I've only missed my rounds a few times over the past five years.

Once due to COVID. Once or twice because of snow storms. I try to make it out every day because, like me, the horses (and dogs) along my route look forward to the interaction and the treats.

I do talk to the animals. And the horses will winnie if they see me coming, or if one of the dogs along the route barks to signal my approach. They all come to their respective fences to share in the treats and the bon mots.

They all have distinct personalities and I adapt myself accordingly. Each day is a wonderful respite. I feel all this positive energy when I return from my rounds. It's like greeting a series of friends along your path. None of them are unhappy. And that spreads. All good.

Well, I have a real world to get back to, so I better get on it. My torture awaits.

You fine, five readers, get out there and ride Friday into the weekend. You made it.

But most of all, have a great day.

# Besties

October 20, 2022



I looked out my side office window yesterday and spotted my two mules grazing their way up the hill on the side paddock. Watching them graze is calming. Makes me realize how blessed I am. Claire is happy.

When Mr. Rogers died suddenly a few years back, Claire was devastated. He had been through hell and was saved from a slaughter auction. He had a wonderful life at Casa Claire. We spoiled him rotten and he got the best of everything. He deserved it. He was the most loving creature. He was a hugger. A smiler. So sweet. It was instant chemistry with Claire from the moment he arrived. They were inseparable. But he was older and ultimately

his heart gave out after a year. He took a little piece of everyone else's heart when he left.

Claire was inconsolable. I was afraid I would lose her as well. The last time I saw that kind of pain was from my mother when my father died.

Luckily, over the next few months I was able to find another mule through a series of wonderful friends. People with their fingers on the rescue world.

When Honey arrived from Arizona, she was a whole different animal than Mr. Rogers. First off, Mr. Rogers was a tall male with salt and pepper coloring. Honey is a female mini mule whose mane goes blond in the summer. Mr. Rogers loved interacting with people.

Honey's past life had given her an understandable fear of men. That made caring for her a lot more difficult. I wasn't sure how it was going to work out.

But Claire seemed to understand what Honey needed. She became her protector, the large body Honey would run behind whenever I needed to capture her for some medicine, a brushing or even her mani-pedi. She felt safe around Claire, and Claire took to her new role as big sister. The two have been inseparable, and they are never more than a few feet from each other.



And while Honey may never come to trust me enough to share a hug, all that is important to me is that she has a wonderful life in my care and that her company keeps Claire happy. And Honey does that. This is Honey's forever home, I want her to be happy as well. And despite her standoffishness, I think she is.

Which reminds me, they have their mani-pedi appointment on Saturday the 29th. I also have to pick up their winter coats from Hygiene Feed this Saturday. I hear we may be getting snow on Sunday.

It's like having kids all over again. Schedules to be followed. Lists to be checked. But I like my caretaker role. The joy I get in return is limitless.

Well, now I have other animals to visit, a kitty to cuddle, treats to be delivered to horses and dogs on my rounds. Then an hour's worth of torture.

Life is good. Claire, and now Honey, are a big part of that. It's Thursday. Friday is in our cross hairs.

You fine, five readers do whatever you need to do to successfully navigate the rest of this work week. But if you have a pet, give it an extra cuddle before you leave for work today. And make today a great one.

# Taking The Win

October 19, 2022



As I mentioned yesterday, I finalized my edits on the publisher's manuscript for *Finding Jimmy Moran* and sent it in to BRW. Later that same morning, I opened my daily horoscope email and was greeted by the above message. I am beginning to believe that my poor dead mother is now writing my horoscopes from the beyond. Thanks mom.

Now, despite knowing many really gifted magical and mystical people - they do exist and I do know them - Hi Kim Russo, Hi Bobbi Allison, Hey Nana (the last was a long distance shout out) - and I have learned amazing things through their intercession from those that have crossed the veil or from a future fact they have snatched from the ether, I've never fully understood all that goes into



horoscopes, or birth charts, or pretty much anything else that allows the mystics to figure out what life holds in store for you based upon your date, time and place of birth.

And I don't always read horoscopes, because I don't like the idea of someone else predicting my outcome. I'm am far too vain (Carly - another Riverdalian - was right) and controlling of my own destiny to allow for that.

But being a superstitious Bronx-Irishman, having already set my fate in motion yesterday, I did open this email and took the message as a confirmation from the beyond that my latest book shall be a winner. An unexpected tail wind. I'm taking the win.

You see, my philosophy is that each day can present the potential for good and/or bad. And since I don't have a lot of control over what is coming, I don't torture myself unnecessarily by expecting the worst from the outset. I start each day expecting the best and then deal with whatever comes my way. I put the work in and leave the rest to the Universe. If, on the odd chance shit happens, at least I can deal with it from a positive state of mind, rather than having already worked myself into a thought pattern that I have been doomed by fate, the end is always near, and there is no hope. So far, I've dodged quite a few bullets following this practice. And have gotten a few unexpected wins as well.

So, if something does come along to take me out at the eleventh hour, figuratively, physically, personally, professionally, creatively and/or finally (milk truck), at least the ten hours directly preceding it will have been pleasant and enjoyable. If you have to wait for Godot, no use being a miserable prick the whole time in the waiting room. Instead, try to lighten the mood in case there are other miserable pricks sitting nearby who may need the lift.

The final thing I want to do before my lights go out is to have a good laugh (that's assuming that sex is not on the menu, because if it is, I'll take both please).

Approach life like the adventure it is. Each day is a gift. And there's magic in that.

Expect the best, and if the worst shows up, smile anyway, because it can't take away the fun you've already had.

Now, speaking of fun, I have a kitty to cuddle, rounds to make and a treadmill to master.

So, my fine, five readers, stay positive. Let this be my prediction for you that today is going to be a great day.

And as my dear mother always called after me as I walked out of the room, "Keep smiling."

# How The Mighty Have Fallen - Finding Jimmy Moran

October 18, 2022



Found a really old photo, yesterday. I believe I may have been in law school at the time. Covered a lot of ground since then. Full circle, the beard is back, though the hair is gone.



I was never a pretty face. But I'm still standing (I'm beginning to resemble Alec Guinness' Obi-Wan Kenobi). And like Obi-Wan, I've earned every line on that face. And most of the scars. Each one has a story to tell. Light sabers, anyone?

Some of those stories (I will not share which ones to protect the guilty - you know who you are) are fictionalized in *Finding Jimmy Moran*. I just finished the edit sheet for the publisher's manuscript last night. I am blessed by my inner circle of readers, who put a lot of effort into making me sound literate. Anna Hillman took the lead this last go around, and for that I'm forever grateful. Anna is a trooper. The other two ladies, Eileen Cotto and Yvette Benson, have suffered through the earlier rounds, when the story was certainly less comprehensible. One can really see the mistakes and typos once you read the book in the publisher's printed version (as opposed to the Word version). I thought I caught them all and then Anna found a couple of dozen more. I'm telling you, a woman's eye misses nothing. Men, take note.

So, now I'll send the many sheets in and BRW will groan when they see its length and then make all of the corrections and give me one last peek before going final.

But I really like this book. I think you will too. It's fun and sad. Like life. But I wouldn't have missed it for the world. And remember, it's fiction (wink, wink).

Assuming the above photo has not frightened you away. . .

If you come by the BRW table at the Austin book fair Saturday morning November 5th, I'll gladly share a little bit more about *FJM* as well as inscribe any one or more copies of The Claire Trilogy.

But until then I have to get in a few more kitty cuddles, rounds to make and torture to self inflict.

But you fine, five readers go out there and shake hands with Tuesday. Glance over its shoulder, you'll see Friday waving from a distance.

And most of all, have a magnificent day. You've earned it.

# Love My Candles

October 17, 2022



I've talked in the past about my connection to the practice of lighting votive candles - a word I believe means in fulfillment of a vow. It was ingrained in me during a very Irish-Catholic childhood and remains a practice that has adapted to my more mystical present.

The practice brings me focus and gives me comfort. I write the purpose behind each candle on the outer glass in indelible marker then light it and place it on this one spot on a wall in the back yard.

I like the tall candles because they'll burn for a straight 24 hours, which gives those thoughts and wishes a chance to really settle into the ether and allow all of those I believe are on the receiving end a chance to give those thoughts and wishes the consideration that they merit. It's like placing a message in a bottle and throwing it through the veil. I have no doubt that the messages all reach their mark. I love to spot the glowing candles from different parts of my property, especially when I'm out and about in the early hours.

And, as long as I have loved ones to care about or projects that need to succeed, I'm never short of messages that need sending. I even have taken requests for others. So far, so good.

As long as I can light a candle, I shall never curse the darkness.

Well Monday has arrived and along with everything else, I have to stop at the Colorado DMV this morning (you must schedule it in advance) to renew my driver's license. I hope I don't pull a Mr. Magoo when I'm reading the eye chart. Maybe I should light a candle.

But first a kitty cuddle, some rounds and some torture.

Well you fine, five readers have your own week ahead to deal with.

I hope it provides nothing but happiness, health, success and prosperity for you all.

But most of all, make today a great one.



# Claire and Blue - A Matter Of Trust

October 16, 2022



Blue has loved Claire since I brought Claire into the family. While Blue spends a lot of time with my other dog, Jeter (greatest Yankee who ever breathed) she loves to hang with the mules.



And while Blue get's along with Honey.



She has become Claire's Lady in Waiting. She will often stand beneath Claire and lick the insides of her legs and Claire will stand there for hours while Blue tends to her.



Yesterday, Blue was hard at work chewing off some undesirable tufts of hair around Claire's back hoof.



Now I wouldn't recommend that anyone place their head between a mule's back legs for any reason, never mind chew on those back legs, unless they really want to kiss their ass goodbye, but Blue knows that Claire would never hurt her. It's just been their relationship from the get go. It's a matter of trust.

And I like seeing that among my fur family.

So while I spent yesterday cleaning and refilling troughs, hay bags and clearing up wheelbarrows of mule muffins, my family of creatures just hung around enjoying a warm sunny fall afternoon at Casa Claire. And that gave me joy. Simple pleasures.

Well another day awaits with some final weekly chores to get to.

First a kitty cuddle, then rounds and then the traumatic treadmill.

Although I'm finally losing some weight after 16 weeks of treadway torture.

Here's the photo taken at the Wolf Sanctuary Gala (a great organization) back in the early summer that made me decide to lose the weight. Damn Ice cream addiction. No, I'm not wearing a large money belt. That's my dear friend, Dianne Rosenfeld, center, looking *très chic* in black.



And here's a recent shot. Where there's a will there's a way.





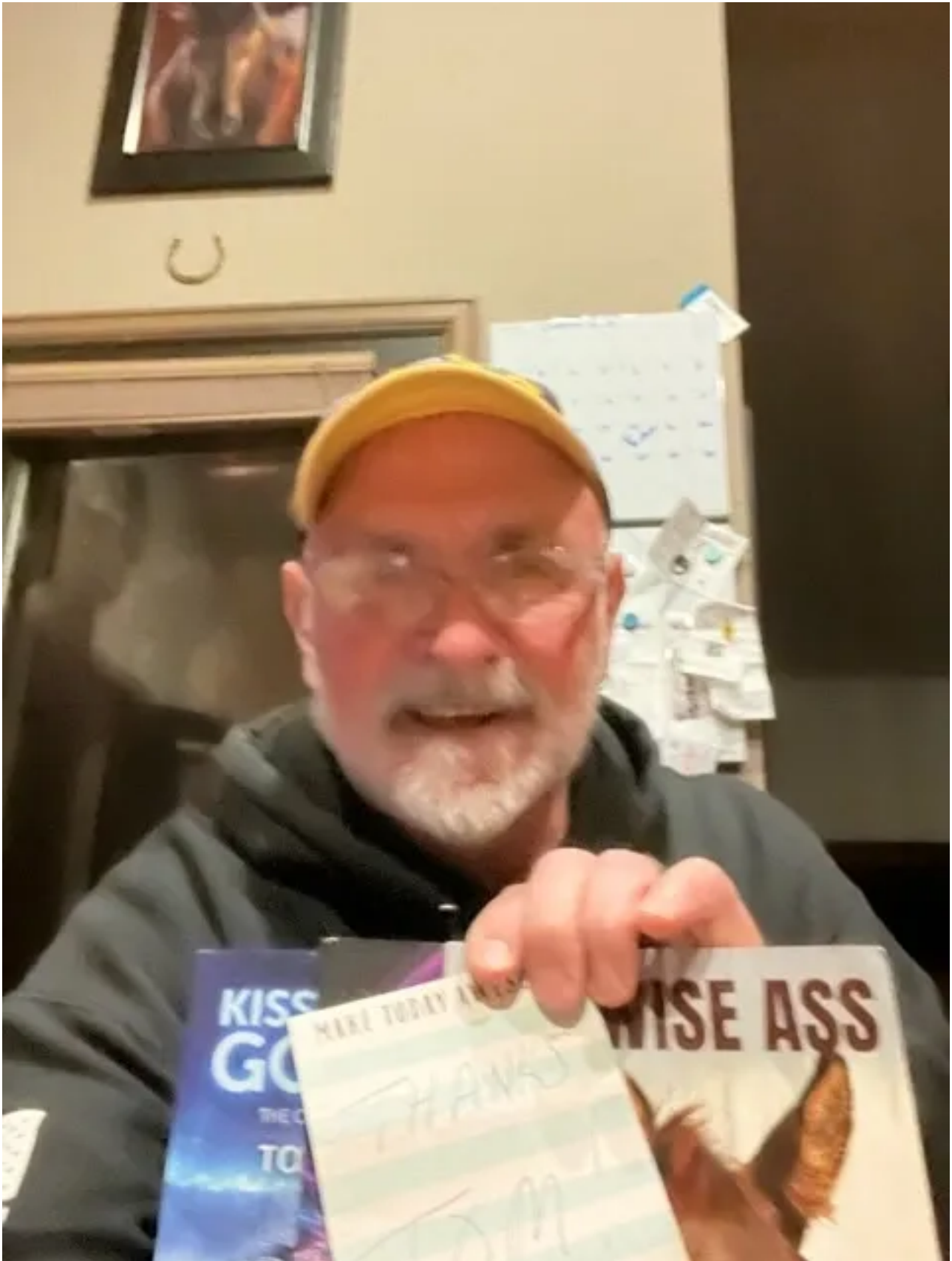
Still a lot of work to do. And there's some things I just can't fix. I wasn't born this pretty. But I still have 3 weeks before the Texas Book fair. So fingers crossed.

Anyway, you fine, five readers go out and make this your day of rest. God's rules, not mine. But God didn't say you couldn't have fun doing it.

No matter what, make today a great one.

# No Renee, Thank You

October 15, 2022



When I was a young man, dreaming of becoming an author, I often fantasized about what it would feel like to inscribe one of my books.

I also promised the Universe that I would never turn down a request for an inscription. My feeling is that if someone is going to spend the money to buy my book, take the time to read it, and most importantly, like it enough that they would ask me to inscribe it, how could I ever refuse that request? To me, it's an honor to be asked.

Yesterday, I had the honor of inscribing all three of my novels for one of my dear friends on Twitter. Renee Clarke.

She was not only kind enough to buy/read all three books in The Claire Trilogy, but she also posted three wonderful reviews on Amazon.

I was thrilled to inscribe her books. I also included the above proof of life photo and inscribed it on the back:

Reece:

10/14/22

Proo that I  
Signed  
The Claim Trilogy

Best  
Law  
McCoy

So, Renee, tuck that photo in one of the inscribed books and 100 years from now, your great grandchildren can hawk them as a set on ebay 5.0 and hopefully make a ROI.

And thank you for your support. I really appreciate it.

Speaking of book signings, in three weeks, I'm going to be at the Texas Book Festival in Austin: <https://www.texasbookfestival.org> (someday I may rate a photo on their website).

I will be at the Black Rose Writing Table on Saturday morning, November 5th. If you show up with a copy of one or more of my books, I will inscribe it/them for you, take a selfie, and even share a hug. I do believe there may be some copies available for purchase at the table.

So, if you are in the area, please show up, even if it's just to say hello. I'd be honored to meet you.

This is my first Book Fair, so please be gentle, but do show up, or I may never be invited back.

Anyway, my kitty needs cuddling, rounds need to be made, and that treadmill is laughing at me.

Plus, weekend chores await.

But you fine, five readers, go out there and knock off your "to do" list and then do something fun.

But most importantly, have a great day.

# Congrats Pat & Cynthia. Welcome Amelia May Moulton

October 14, 2022





Taking time out from edits for a welcome to the Clan of Amelia May Moulton who arrived earlier this week as a bundle of joy for her parents Pat and Cynthia.

Wishing the lovely young family nothing but happiness, health and prosperity. Well done all around.

To the rest of you fine, five readers, I should be back on line soon.  
Almost done.

Back to work. Have a great day.

# Sorry, Closed While I Edit FJM This Week.

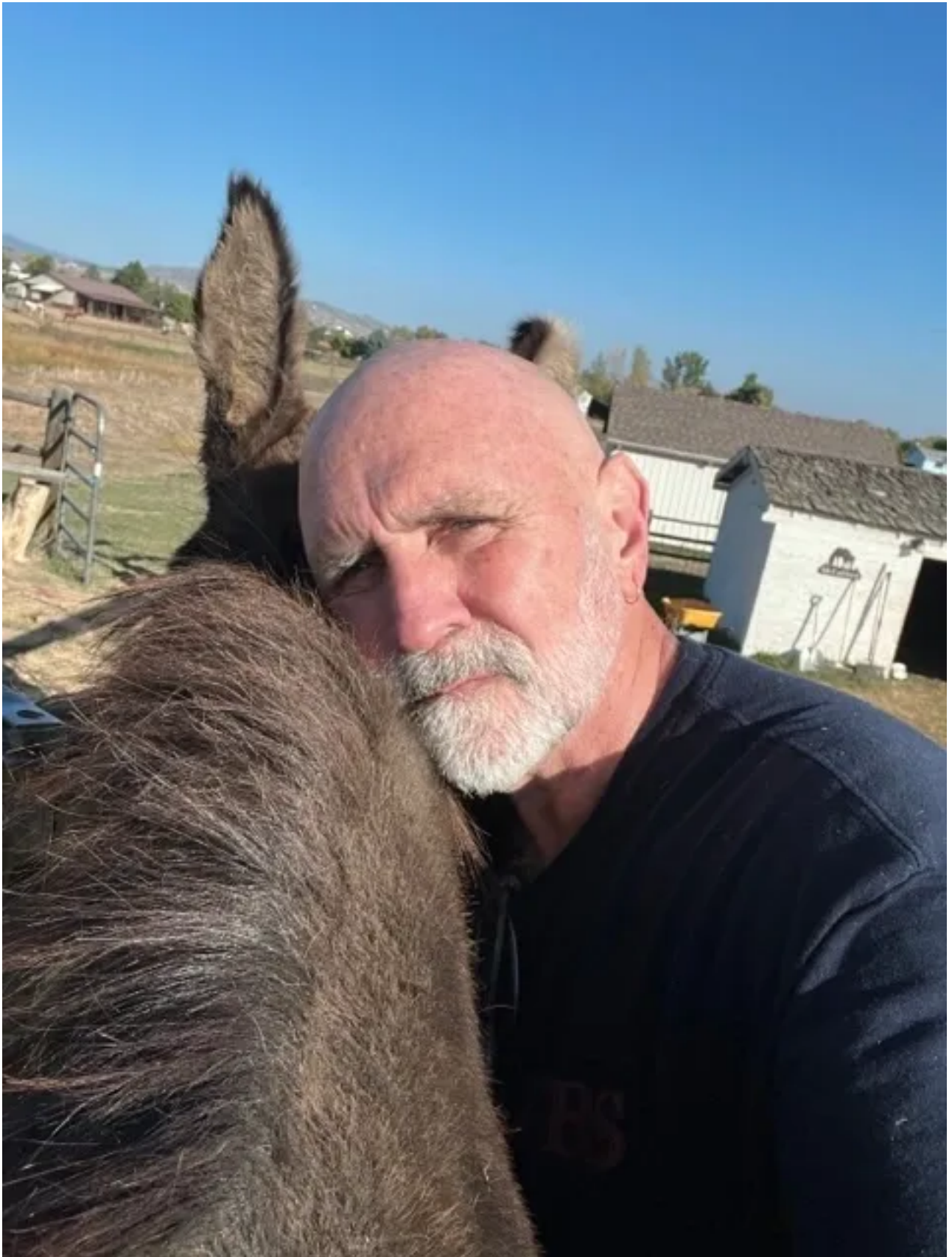
October 10, 2022



The only time available to edit are these morning hours, so I will be going on a short hiatus while I get FJM done and dusted. See you in a few days. Thanks for your continuing support.

# Sometimes You Just Need A Hug

October 9, 2022



Man plans and God laughs.

For some reason it took me longer than expected to get through my outdoor chores yesterday. It was as if the horses from the surrounding properties all dumped their muffins on my property overnight, which led to a few more wheelbarrows of work. This, of course, cut into my editing time.

After I had input any suggested edits I have been receiving on a rolling basis from my wonderful inner circle, I made the mistake of going back and starting on page one and giving FJM a cold editing read.

The story is holding up just fine, I even made myself laugh, but suddenly I'm second guessing some of my word selection. Nothing major. Just that feeling that I can do better here or there. But looking for that better word can take time. Before I knew it, it was time to pick Lisa up from work.

But before I left, I went out to toss Claire and Honey some carrots, just to keep them happy in my absence.

Claire came over to me and, after making her wonderful throaty vocal sounds, leaned in like she does whenever she realizes I need a hug.

She's a big gal, and when she does that, invades your space, you are almost forced to reach around her neck just to keep from toppling.

But her fur was so warm, and her size was so protective of me, I just didn't want to let go. I stayed there for what seemed like five minutes. And before I let go, I snapped a selfie, because I wanted to capture the feeling Claire gave me.

Every once in a while, even the toughest man needs to feel he is not alone in the world.

The above photo captured that feeling for me.

So I'll be back at the editing today, but I'm not going to make myself crazy. If it takes the whole week of my free time to get it done, so I feel like its as perfect as I can make it, then that's okay. I want this book to be special.

And Claire made me understand that. That hug was her way of telling me, "C'mon Tom, you got this."

Well, time to go. Kitty to cuddle, rounds and torture await. Then editing.

You fine, five readers go out there and enjoy your Sunday. Rest up. You deserve it.

But most of all, make today a great one.

# Hunter's Moon

October 8, 2022





Love full moons. I enjoy the full cycle. They light up my property so its easier to get out in those early hours without stepping on a stone or tripping over a root. Last night was the earliest edge of the cycle, which really begins tonight through Monday night. And while there was cloud cover, it was still cool to look at.

Full moons are a time to bring projects to fruition. My project this weekend is to do the absolutely final edits on the publisher's manuscript of FJM. The book is ready. Just needs those final tweaks.

Luckily, I am not alone in my endeavor. I have my inner circle to keep me honest. Thank you ladies - Anna, Eileen, Yvette - from the bottom of my heart. You rock.

Well, I need to get moving. I still need to take care of weekend chores this morning so I better get moving.

A kitty to cuddle, rounds to make, and torture to engage.

You fine, five readers, look heavenward tonight and catch the full moon. The show is free and it's awesome.

But make today a great one.

# Patience Is A Virtue. . . For Some.

October 7, 2022



Part of allowing the mules to exercise their free range arrangement, is putting up with their recurring demands for carrots. I try and avoid any issues by placing the outdoor chairs in an interlocked semi circle around the entrance to my basement back door so that Claire cannot get close enough to knock very loudly on the metal frames of those plate glass doors. Of course, she also stomps on the cement patio, and when that doesn't work, she is smart enough to know that she can always find me sitting in my office, where she has now learned to knock on my expensive outdoor cement siding and scratch her nose against my window screens to draw my attention if I refuse to engage in her staring contest around the edges of my computer screen.



That process ultimately causes me to surrender my will, get up and toss them treats out the back door (talk about a visual for surrendering, Claire is actually controlling my computer screen - the message is clear).

But mules are not just stubborn, they are patient.

If Claire cannot find me in all of the usual places, she'll wait. . . and wait. . . and wait. She knows that I must return to my office during daylight hours at some point, and then it is total capitulation.

Yesterday, during a daytime power outage in my area, I tried hiding out on the first floor, but when I peeked off the back deck, there they were. Claire and Honey just stood there, outside my office window, waiting. Like two kids guarding the base in a game of ringolevio.

They go into a standing hibernation. Two toy mules. And just wait, patiently. Forever. I am weak. They always win.

I finally caved because I know I cannot out wait them. I must get back before the computer screen. And they will not leave until they collect their tithe.

So, there you are. This is why I am known as The Carrot Man in all of the local stores. I go through dozens of five pound bags each week, filling store carts with them, because I lack the fortitude to just say no.

But that's okay. The mules are worth every extorted carrot stick.

<https://www.thewownutrition.com/vitamin-in-carrots/>

And it explains why my mules remain healthier than any animal in the neighborhood.

Well, it's Friday, and I have a kitty to cuddle, rounds to make, and self-torture to attend to. Then the law, with its regular carrot breaks for the mules.

But you fine, five readers engage this wonderful day to lead you into the weekend. Sneak out early. Enjoy.

But most of all, make it a great one.

# Tranquility

October 6, 2022



Life has a tendency of getting away from you. It can be exhausting trying to keep all of the chainsaws you are juggling up in the air without losing a limb. Seems there is always something else that needs your attention. Yesterday was a day of sorting things out, putting issues to bed. Done and dusted. Slow deep breath, hold it, exhale. Tranquility.

I just happened to look out the front window towards the late afternoon and spotted my dear mules - Claire & Honey - peacefully enjoying a graze in the autumn sun. It grounded me. I love seeing them take advantage of being able to move about in the various sections of my property throughout the day. I never want them to be bored, or to feel confined, and a change in scenery is a great

antidote for boredom. They deserve the good life. They have paid their dues.

Speaking of paying dues, this morning I was pleasantly surprised by an email from David King, the brilliant production maestro at BRW, with a record, two-day turn around on the manuscript and cover for Finding Jimmy Moran. Thank you David.

I will read over the manuscript this weekend, and I am praying that I have already fixed all of the errors spotted by my trusty and devoted inner circle of readers. The fewer edits left, the faster it is finalized.

Again, I am the Slip Mahoney of the literary set and I am often amazed that I can string together a coherent sentence. Thank God for the careful eyes of my inner circle, who make me sound a bit more coherent. The truth is, I'm feeling really excited about this book.

The good news is that the sooner I get this manuscript back to BRW, the sooner the book gets finalized and up on their website (and Amazon/B&N/Google Books) for pre-sale. When I see it appear there it becomes real. I would love to see it on-line before I head down to Austin, Texas, for that Book Fair in early November.

That would be a miracle. Nonetheless, I am going to remain laser-focused this weekend on getting FJM sorted. It will appear on-line when it needs to.

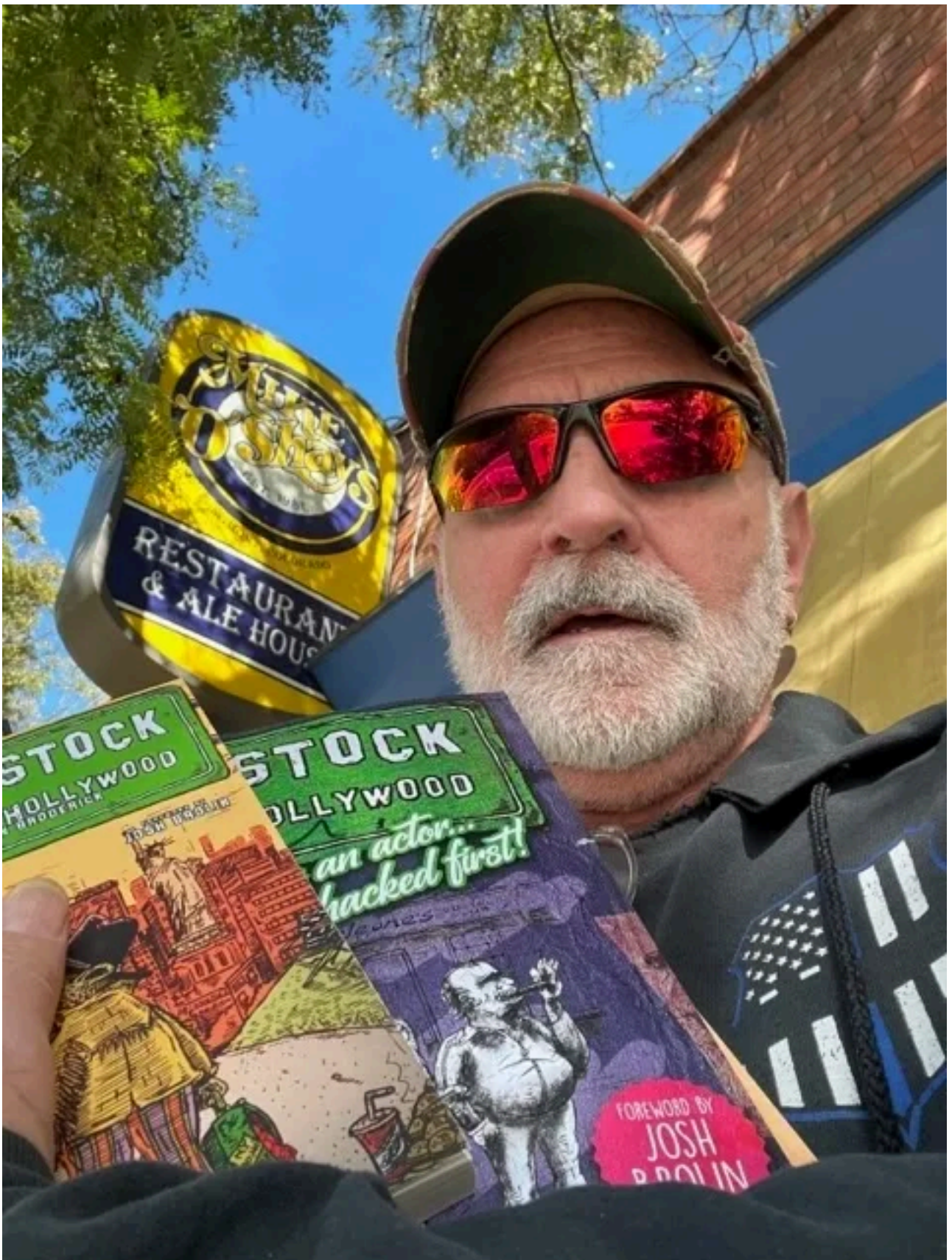
I would also love to share the cover of FJM with my fine, five readers. It really is quite spectacular. Well done Richard Lamb. But for now I need to deal with my present life - a kitty to cuddle, rounds to make and torture to endure.

You fine, five readers get out there and manifest your dreams. And make today a great one.

P.S. Congrats to New York Yankee Aaron Judge for hitting 62! All natural. Well done you.

# Woodstock Goes To Mike O'Shays

October 5, 2022



Yesterday afternoon, I went to my mailbox and found a large package chock full of goodies. In it was two copies of Colin



Broderick's newest work, the instantly iconic, *Woodstock Goes To Hollywood*.

One copy was inscribed to me, and another to Lonnie Bell at Mike O'Shays. So, I wasted no time driving fifteen miles delivering the precious cargo to the wonderful and lovely Jen, who was subbing as manager for Lonnie on his rare day off.





And Jen then performed her official duties by installing WGTH on the MOS Literary Shelf.



I also left a couple of signed posters at MOS. Colin was very generous. Thank you Colin.

Now along with my own copy of the inscribed book and posters, Colin also included a facsimile of the pendant worn by the leading character, Woodstock the Bear.



While I would definitely rock this myself, it will be going to my grandson, Lucian.



Certainly the most handsome male in this branch of the McCaffrey tree. Almost Elven.

He will be the only kid in Georgia with this pendant.

You see, this book is going to be big, and since it will be read by all ages (indeed, Jen is probably reading it already), even kids Lucian's age will marvel at the idea that Lucian has such jewelry, given to him by the book's author. Instant street cred. There is infinite power in these talismans.

Well, that is it for the big news from yesterday. And that is more than enough.

But now I must move on with daily existence.

A kitty to cuddle, rounds to make, and torture to experience.

The rest of you fine, five readers get out there and read Colin's book. It's a quick read and you can then read it to your children and grandchildren, or to your friends. It's just that kind of book.

And while you are doing that, have a great hump day. It would be almost impossible to avoid it.

Maybe stop by MOS for a meal and some drinks. Engage with the Cheers friendly staff. And check out its book shelf. Tell them Tom sent you.



# All The World's A Stage - Congrats Michael Jubak, Jr.

October 4, 2022



☀ THE BEAUTIFUL AND DAMNED ☀  
THE MUSICAL ADAPTATION

Our stage musical presents Fitzgerald's second novel as you've never seen it before. First conceptualized in 2019, this product could have been plagued by the COVID-19 pandemic, suffering three cancellations in three years. The musical is fantastic-- but the unbelievable dedication of the creative team behind it is what truly makes this story remarkable.

And the best part?

The oldest person on the creative team just turned 22.

Want to give a hearty shout out to my Cousin Apple's nephew, son of his sister Christina, Michael Jubak, Jr. (in legal parlance, my second cousin once removed) who again rocked the stage in a musical production of F Scott Fitzgerald's *The Beautiful and The Damned*.



Sorry Mike, couldn't find any other photos of you.

[The Beautiful and Damned: An Original Musical – F. Scott Fitzgerald's 1922 novel as never been seen before  
https://www.broadwayworld.com/boston/article/F-Scott-Fitzgeralds-THE-BEAUTIFUL-AND-DAMNED-20220627](https://www.broadwayworld.com/boston/article/F-Scott-Fitzgeralds-THE-BEAUTIFUL-AND-DAMNED-20220627)

The production was staged at the Landmark Theatre in Port Washington, LI and received rave reviews by Walter Raubichek of The Fitzgerald Society. Since I couldn't get the pdf of the review to upload I copied and pasted it in its entirety (below):

"Volume 30 | September 2022 43

TO THE ADAPTERS BELONG THE SPOILS: A Pandemic-Delayed Musical Version of The Beautiful and Damned Debuts (Appropriately Enough) in Port Washington on Long Island *by Walter Raubichek*

It is generally agreed among literary historians (that's us!) that Fitzgerald's East Egg is based on the section of Port Washington, Long Island, called Sands Point, a peninsula that reaches into the

great, wet barnyard of Long Island Sound. (For this occasion, we will restrict Westport to an influence on West Egg and ignore the pesky Glen Cove enthusiasts). So it seemed quite appropriate that on the 100th anniversary of the publication of *The Beautiful and Damned* that an adaptation of Fitzgerald's second novel be presented at the Landmark on Main Street theater in Port Washington, so central to his third novel, over the July 4th weekend. The artwork for the July debut of Brooke di Spirito's musical adaptation of Fitzgerald's neglected second novel, featuring (at right) a young, talented cast, including the writer herself (top center) playing Gloria Gilbert Patch. (Courtesy: Instagram) This musical adaptation with the script, original songs and choreography by the remarkable twenty-two-year-old Brooke Di Spirito (who also plays Gloria) is directed by Jason Summers, who is artistic director at a professional theater in Mamaroneck in Westchester County, the Sandbox. Di Spirito wrote the adaptation while an undergraduate at Northeastern University three years ago ... and since then the production has been postponed three times due to the pandemic, first at her school and then twice at Landmark. So this opening comes after several frustrating years of thwarted expectations (rather appropriate considering the themes of the novel). Di Spirito's *Beautiful and Damned* is an impressionistic version of the story that does follow closely the arc of the doomed relationship of Anthony Patch and Gloria Gilbert, the dialogue and lyrics stressing the corrupting effect of the desire for money on youthful aspirations towards happiness. The small orchestra (piano, violins, bass, drums) gives the production the proper early Jazz-era flair, and the singers are all capable, particularly Mike Jubak, Jr., who plays Anthony and does possess a passing resemblance to the young F. Scott. It is very encouraging to see Fitzgerald's second novel have such an appeal for a young artist like Di Spirito. She has caught the some of the lyricism and many of the ironies of the novel. In their early years of bliss the dream of Anthony and Gloria in this production is to move to Venice and begin a family. When a ruined Anthony at the close is informed that he has finally inherited his grandfather's money, Gloria tells him, "Now we can move to Venice!" Anthony replies sadly, "I used to know someone who wanted to live in Venice."

Anthony Patch, one more boat against the current.X Check out Walter's latest essay "Fitzgerald among the Smart Set" in William Blazek, David W. Ullrich, and Kirk Curnutt's collection *The Beautiful and Damned: New Critical Essays*, published this fall by Louisiana State University Press. Learn more about this production at [www.thebeautifulanddamned.show](http://www.thebeautifulanddamned.show)  
fitzgerald-society-review.pdf"

When it came to my young cousin, Mr. R wrote: "The small orchestra (piano, violins, bass, drums) gives the production the proper early Jazz-era flair, and the singers are all capable, *particularly Mike Jubak, Jr., who plays Anthony and does possess a passing resemblance to the young F. Scott*" (italics added).

Well done Mike.

Congrats to the entire cast, including Brooke Di Spirito who played Gloria and also wrote the musical adaptation, and also Jason Summers, who directed it.

I love the theatre and love that everyone involved in this production was under 22 years old. Keep up the great work.

Well, its time to get on with my life.

A kitty to cuddle, rounds to make and torture to inflict.

But you fine, five readers go out and seize the day. And take in a play and musical every once in a while. It's good for the soul.

And have a great day.

# The Midnight Tire Company

October 3, 2022



These are my old friends Joe & Stein. They are core members of the OFC. When we were younger they were inseparable. Butch and Sundance.

Thrilled to have them pose together recently for this photo. Rather surprising that they both survived to adulthood. But I say that about all of my friends. Because it is true, you both beat incredible odds. Love you guys.

They used to work together delivering pizzas throughout South Riverdale and beyond. They hustled so much they were the first two in the neighborhood to buy new cars. The rest of us were terribly jealous but always called shotgun.

Joe lived with Lenny and me at Aunt Violet's Flop House. Stein was there 24/7/365.

There were also completely unfounded rumors among Riverdalians that they ran a side operation together called The Midnight Tire Company. I state for the record there is no evidence that such a company actually existed. I swear. I mention that company in Finding Jimmy Moran, so you know it must be fiction. And if you want to know more about it you're just going have to read FJM. Completely fictionalized characters based on Joe and Stein are central to my newest novel. Their characters get up to a lot of mischief. Funny that.

Anyway, just wanted to share this photo and that teaser to make you want to read FJM. Hope it worked.

And I did send in the final cover for FJM to Reagan Rothe, yesterday, so the production wheels can now start to turn. Thank you Richard Lamb for amazing work.

Now it's another Monday. Kitty cuddles, rounds and torture await. You fine, five readers have that cup of coffee and attack the week. But most of all, make today a great one.

# Eddie

October 2, 2022



I love my siblings. They were a lot of fun growing up. That fuzzy photo above is my eldest brother, Eddie, back in his prime. (The guy to the left, another dear friend, a founding member of the PWWC, salt of the earth, shot the photos at my wedding). There is a great story behind that photo, and someday I'm going to tell it. Eddie and I were only a year apart, went to the same schools, hung with the same crowd.

On a physical level, he was my main nemesis and my bodyguard. Worse beatings I ever took were at his hands.

And I deserved every one. I have a caustic wit and sharp tongue, both of which were regularly honed around the family table.

Eddie often blunted both quickly with his fists.

But he saved me from as many beatings as he gave me.



You see, only McCaffreys get a free pass at tossing a beating on another McCaffrey.

Otherwise, you fight us all, siblings and cousins, including the females. Loyalty, among friends and family, counts.

That is a recurring theme to my stories. You come for one and you get all.

So, of course Eddie became a major character in my fiction.

In *The Claire Trilogy*, Eddie's character is killed off. I'm certain Freud would have a field day with that. Eddie's character still played a solid role throughout, sticking around until the end of TWA in ethereal form. The Irish love our ghosts.

Eddie's character makes a major comeback on this physical plane in the prequel to TCT, *Finding Jimmy Moran*. As a matter of fact, he plays a central role through out. You see, growing up with Eddie gave me a lot of stories to draw from and fictionalize. As I said, he was a lot of fun and at times a major pain in the ass. For the record, not one of those stories is true. Not one. No, I really mean it.

Really. Seriously. I swear. (Hamlet, Act 3 Scene 2, 'The lady doth protest too much, methinks.')

Eddie married Mary Moran (my family has a solid share of Morans, from different sources - so it was an easy choice for Jimmy's WITSEC name) and Mary is definitely the reason my brother remains a live, happy, old fucker to this day. Pity the woman.

Writers are told to write what they know. So if you want to know what I know (or imagine I know, or just imagine), pick up a copy of *Finding Jimmy Moran*. I'm sure it will be available for pre-order before Christmas. In the mean time, read (or hopefully re-read) *The Claire Trilogy*, so you get the big picture - Claire appears in *FJM*.

It's a lot of fun. And family is family. The love and loyalty remain the same whether you are blood or adopted, human, mystical, magical or other.

Now I have the real world to face.

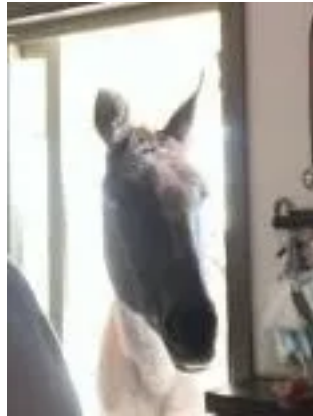
A kitty to cuddle, rounds to make, torture to experience.

But it is a day of rest, so you fine, five readers find some time to put up your feet and read a book. Any book.

And make today a great one.

# Done and Dusted - Finding Jimmy Moran

October 1, 2022



Last night I made the final suggested edits in this last round by Eileen C, having already incorporated all of them from Anna H, Yvette B, Anne R, Mark L, and others, then saved and emailed the final draft of FJM to my publisher, Reagan Rothe. Actually hit the send button while Eileen was on the phone with me. Wanted a witness in case I was taken out by a milk truck over night.

This has been a great experience. I have loved getting the feedback on this novel in real time, especially by women, because, while this is a story of a magical life told through the eyes of a young man, now very old, I wanted to make sure that it was a story that women wanted to read. Based solely on the gender breakdown of my reviews of the three books in The Claire Trilogy, women are by far my largest demographic.

And I can say without reservation or pause that this world would not be worth living in without them.

Indeed, all of the real magic in this world flows from them. I mean that.

That is why I love strong female characters in my fiction. I love strong women. I married one.

I'm used to taking shit from my male friends. Indeed, if you don't give me shit, you probably are not one of my friends.

When women give me shit, I actually listen.

So, when the women in my inner circle of readers gave me any shit about my story, I examined every challenged passage or word and made a change 99.9% of the time. The novel is far better as a result. Thank you ladies (with all due respect, I'm old, and I like the word "ladies").

I even borrowed and incorporated a strong female fiction character, Madison Taylor, from my dear friend and brilliant writer, Christy Cooper Burnett's book,

# PASSPORT TO TERROR

Passport Time Travel Series | Book One



HOLLYWOOD

Christy  
Cooper-Burnett

So you may want to grab a copy and read it before FJM drops so you can spot and fully appreciate the literary cross-over. It's really quite clever and as far as I know it's a literary first as between two living authors.

Men should like the novel because it's about the kind of foolishness young men get up to as they try to survive to adulthood.

This is a book about family, and friendships, and love. And the greatest of biological imperatives - sex.

It's about neighborhoods and the characters that live there.

Told with a bit of cheekiness and humor. And some tears.

When it is all said and done, you really will know the character Jimmy Moran, that then shows up and leads you through The Claire Trilogy.

It leaves one with a chicken/egg situation.

While I believe this book can be read without first reading TCT, I also believe that the experience will be for more meaningful and enjoyable if you read the trilogy first. I mean, (spoiler alert) Claire is a character in this novel, so you may want to truly get to know her in her trilogy before you learn about why she actually gives a shit about what makes Jimmy tick.

Well, enough said. I really hope you enjoy this book.

Now I just have to finalize the cover with the brilliant artist, Richard Lamb. So far, it's brilliant. Hopefully I get that done this weekend and send it off to Reagan as well. Voila!

Now I have to start thinking about the actual sequel. The story is there, I just need those damn elves to bring me the details. Will write it next spring, perhaps.

But let's not get ahead of ourselves.

First I have a kitty to cuddle, rounds to make and self torture to inflict. Then chores.

But you fine, five readers go about your weekend with an eye on stealing some enjoyment. Maybe a read a book.

But most of all, make today a great one.

BTW, since I am going to be at the Austin book fair Saturday morning, November 5th, signing any copies of any one and all of The Claire Trilogy placed before me, I will gladly answer any

questions a reader may have about FJM, that doesn't give the entire story away. I'm also down for hugs and selfies, so have that iPhone ready.