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WFSC News: Keeping you Informed & Inspired

From: **Writers Foundation of Strathcona County** (wfscsherwoodpark@hotmail.com@mail64.suw11.mcdlv.net)
on behalf of **Writers Foundation of Strathcona County** (wfscsherwoodpark@hotmail.com)

Sent: July-27-16 1:26:49 PM

To: wildhorse33@hotmail.com

"Supporting writers... any age, any stage of their writing career."

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The logo for Strathcona Writers' Muse is a rectangular box with a double-line border. The text "STRATHCONA WRITERS' MUSE" is centered within the box in a serif font. The background of the logo is split horizontally: the top half is a solid blue color, and the bottom half is a textured, light brown color.

STRATHCONA WRITERS' MUSE

"Writing is Painting of the Voice." ~ Voltaire

A Perfect Plan

by Mandy Eve-Barnett

The old theatre seats looked grey under their cloak of dust and debris. As George walked down the center aisle motes of dust billowed and swirled over his shoes and neatly pressed pants. There were no echoes of laughter, music or projected voices of actors as some movies depicted, just a silence of lost times.

George's hand gripped the briefcase handle, his knuckles white, sweat making his hands, neck, and back sticky. He understood it was a good meeting place for the recipient, but for him it increased his fear. He'd tried to bluff his way out, threaten police action, and even pleaded... the blackmailer was insistent on the amount of money for his silence. The facts relayed were indisputable and George knew he needed to comply with the demand. If his secret was revealed he would lose his position as a high court judge and also the respect of his peers and community. He did not consider his immediate family, after all, their presence gave him the respectability he required.

George tried to think how anyone could know about his particular weaknesses – he was always so careful, so precise in its execution. Footsteps behind him, George froze to the spot. A sharp authoritative voice directed.

“Do not turn around. Place the briefcase on the floor and continue walking.”

George bent at the knees, slowly, and laid the case on the floor. He felt his skin tighten and took a deep breath. *Now or never.*

Turning as quickly as possible, he spun around and aimed the gun at the dark clothed figure behind him. Without hesitation he pulled the trigger – ozone, a flash of light and a familiar face illuminated for a brief moment.

“What the hell, Simon!”

The figure fell to the ground, George to his son. Blood oozed from his son’s mouth, his eyes glazed.

“Oh, my God, what have I done?”

George frantically searched his pocket for his cell phone. Thundering footsteps filled the theatre.

“Drop the weapon, raise your hands, and stand right where you are.”

Handcuffed, George was led away. Simon smiled; the bullet proof vest and fake theatrical blood had done their job. Now he and his mother were free of the ogre they had feared for so long.

Editor's Note: Beth Rowe
Summer is going all too fast. There are so many things to do and it seems as if there is so little time. In all the bustle, take time to stop and smell the flowers, sit in a park, have coffee with a friend, and, above all, write.

UPCOMING DATES:
Submission Deadline: August 30th
Writer's Circle: September 6th

IMPORTANT DATES:
Words in the Park ~ Book Fair & Sale
Saturday October 1st

Senses by Lisa Rigney

Your hands are growing up in mine
 And will be bigger than mine in time.
 My arms have held you close to me
 Nestled in my chest where the monsters can't see.

I held you when you were dependent on me
 There was nowhere else you'd rather be.
 You settled on my back when you were tired

My small strong frame others admired.

My eyes love the whole of you,
This is a deep love, I love you to the core, I really do.
My gaze has watched you do things without me,
You are becoming so independent now I see.

My glance saw you turn from a baby to a child
I can't catch my breath as time is flying wild.
My eyes want to see you grow old,
You and I will have many stories to be told.

My ears have listened to you intently
Each day makes you more inquisitive I see.
My ears have heard you scream in the middle of the night
When something in your slumber gave you a fright.

My ears delight in listening to you giggle
As I tickle you, you squirm and wiggle.
My ears will be here for you forevermore
Please, when I am old, come knock on my door.

My nose inhaled you on the day you arrived here
Your distinctive smell I hold dear.
Freshly washed hair fills my senses with pleasure
I want to hold you tight forever, my little treasure.

Fancy freckles have appeared on your nose
Beauty spots in wonderful rows.
A dimple is also perched on your nose,
A kiss from your watchful angel I suppose.

Not a day passes without many a kiss
When you're older, that I'll deeply miss.
The questions are relentless and pour from your mouth at rapid speed
Like Facebook I need a constant news feed.

Your name was picked just for you,
Our very own little Ryannyroo.
There is nothing in this world like your touch

I do and always will love you so much.

Grandma's Tiny Place by Karen Probert

It was the smallest apartment Carl had ever seen. He didn't know where to put his size 13 feet. But, looking around he could see how it was working perfectly for Grandma Pearl. It was really one room with an alcove, tiny kitchen, and a bathroom. Every inch was used.

Right now, he was perched on a chair with his knees angled upwards. Grandma Pearl was making tea using a squat red kettle on one of the two burners on the stove. A plate of fresh ginger cookies sat on the counter between the stove and the little, corner sink.

"Sorry, Grandma Pearl, I didn't hear that."

"Daydreaming again, Carl, just as always. I said, you can see my single bed over there. Those aren't really pillows along the wall. I use those pillow covers to store extra sheets and towels. When they built this place it was supposed to be a two storey motel, but they converted it into these little apartments. Clever, isn't it? But, they didn't build in much storage because most people only stay in a motel one or two nights so just live out of their suitcases. Those two hassocks in front of the couch bed look like footstools, but they have my photo albums in them along with a few school papers and the family tree information in file folders. I picked them up cheap, but think they are a good choice for stuff I want to keep.

"Grandma Pearl, I think this place is super organized, but don't you find it cramped and uncomfortable? You know Mom and Dad would let you stay with them. You could have my old room, use Mom's kitchen when you felt like it, and have the big TV to watch with them. Or isn't that what you want?"

"Carl, I'm set in my ways. I want my independence. Some nights I stay up to watch old movies. Some days I sleep all afternoon. Some days I bake cookies and take them to the shelter for the homeless and some days I sit outside on the little porch in the sunshine and remember when you and your sister were small. I don't talk much unless it's with my friends - some live here and some live other places. I have my phone and my TV and a fold up table I put up when I want to write a letter or pay my bills. This works for me. I'm not in anybody's way and no one has to entertain me. I like that. And, honestly, I think your parents do, too. I can afford this on my own so I'm not a drain on anybody - that's important you know."

"Okay, okay, Grandma Pearl, I get it. I just have one question. I'd like an honest answer. We've always been straight with each other. Do you promise?"

"Of course. But you don't need to ask. When I can't live by myself anymore I'll let you know so you and your parents can help me move to a place where I can get the care I need. I promise. Now have a cookie while they're still warm. You always liked them while they were soft and hot."

SHARE YOUR WORDS & ENJOY YOUR NEWSLETTER

Second Guessing by Mandy Eve-Barnett

Did I choose the right path?

It seemed right at the time

Was I pushed into a decision?

Or was it solely mine?

Would it have been better to stay?
And ride the wave of economic crash
Hang tight and hope for my children's sake
And have family around us

Should I count my blessings?
That we survived the initial torment
Our new life is different but not perfect
But is anywhere perfect?

Is our new life a gift or a curse?
New friends, new surroundings, new culture
Opportunities are within our grasp
Our children's future better

Is the crippling homesickness worth it?
Family ties strained
Going back is not an option – financially
But is that all that stops us?

There are many pluses to our new life
Things we would not have otherwise
Hobbies, careers, and homes
New relationships and new loves

Our new country allows us more freedom
Its vastness the ability to travel far and wide
We ache to show our family, if only they would visit
Maybe in time they will and embrace our new home

Hindsight is 20/20 but mostly flawed
A decision made, a prospect grabbed
We are different people now, stronger
We didn't stagnate – conquered and won

Writing Prompt**Journey**

\$20.00

From a Solitary Drop

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Your Lifetime of**Stories - Workbook**

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