

October 2019

# INKLINGS

## CREATIVE EXPRESSIONS

Editor: Robin Adams

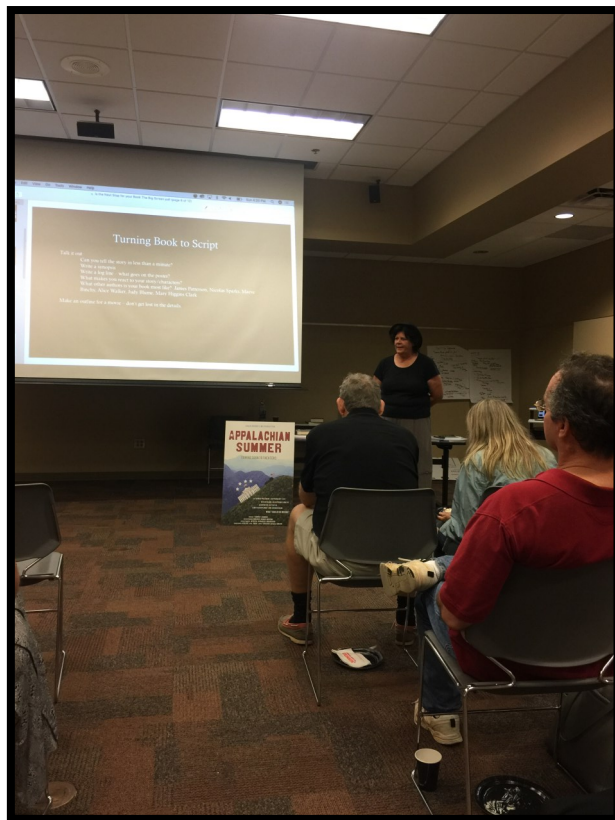
*Designed to Educate and Motivate...*

# MEET AND EAT

Our September Meet and Eat was a huge success thanks to Sue Ann Taylor, with Blue Heron Films, and her amazing crew...not to mention all the wonderful writers from our critique groups and networking contacts. The purpose of these Meet and Eats is to forge connections between local writers and their community, opening up opportunities that could move their writing careers forward, and to educate them further in their field.



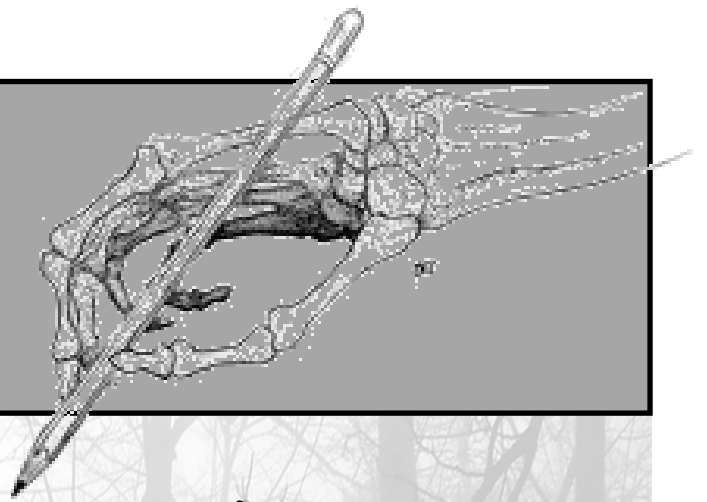
EDUCATING  
EDUCATING  
EDUCATING



NETWORKING  
NETWORKING  
NETWORKING



# TIPS FROM THE WRITERS...



## On How to Write Spooky Stories



SHOCK VALUE

SET THE MOOD

PUT A FRESH SPIN  
ON THE OLD

UNEXPECTED TWISTS

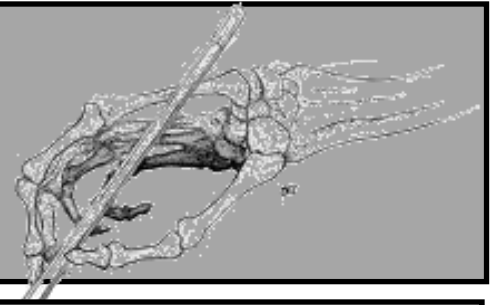
PLAY TO ONE'S FEARS

WHAT'S AT STAKE

SET THE MOOD

SET THE SCENE

# THE WRITERS...



## The Duel

By Sue Hansard

Wind was in a bad mood  
In his baritone voice he roared at Tree  
“I’m much stronger than thee,”  
Replied Tree, “I don’t think so,  
Mother Earth holds me.”

“I’ll show you, watch and see.”  
Wind gathered many breezes  
Formed into a swirling mass,  
Taking a huge breath  
Blew it toward Tree.

Tree swayed vigorously right and left  
Appeared to spin in circles  
When Wind had to rest  
The standing one had held steadfast  
With uplifted arms thanked his mother.

Flustered, Wind summoned more blusterous breath  
Taking in a mighty inhalation  
He let go an enormous exhalation  
Squealing like a high pitched jet engine  
Around and around tree the breezes flew.

Tree’s limbs leapt up and bowed low  
Swished around in perfect gyration  
With postured grace of ballet, standing firm.  
Wind hissed one final swoosh,  
Realizing the battle was lost with Tree today.



## The Halloween Game

By Matthew Jackson

Nine-year-olds play in the old man’s backyard.  
They hide behind hollow oak masks and carry pump-  
kin pouches.  
The devil’s treats are distributed by Grandpa,  
Received by kids with brand new candy stained front  
teeth.  
One for you, one for you.

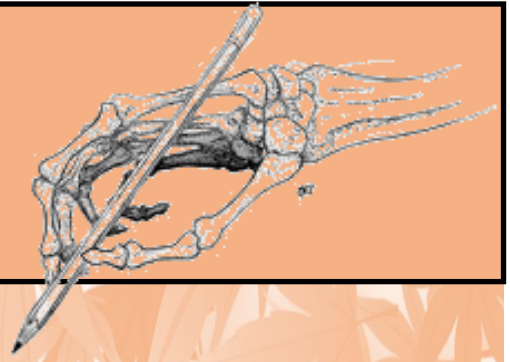
A single source of shadow blocks moonlight with  
leaves.  
The tree speaks of actions that define and percep-  
tions that deceive,  
Then falls abruptly silent impaled by a stick bearing a  
white t-shirt flag.  
A masked candy ritual for the new leader  
Exalted for climbing skills but otherwise unknown.

He proclaims the ability to fly,  
A silhouette in moonlight  
“Trick or Treat.”  
For it must feel like Heaven’s fall,  
This great headfirst dive.

When the old man clutches his chest  
It is because the pacemaker fails.  
The boy’s collision met by screams.  
But perception deceives those who watch him float  
away,  
Leaving a masked and mangled shell  
Like the snake that sheds its skin.



# THE WRITERS...



## Haiku for Fall By Kara Urban

The sweet gum leaves are  
Changing, like the little golden  
stars in my backyard.



## Mother By Katie Carlson

Don't fear the creature in the closet or boogeyman  
under your bed.  
The monster to fear, Mother of them all., is the one  
that lives in your head.

With hateful lips, she feeds you lies through a cloud of  
stale cigarette breath.  
She tells you, "You're not good enough. Why even  
try? You'll never find success."

"You're fat, you're gross, you're ugly, and you're too  
bald to ever be loved."  
Her noxious sentiments seep into your brain, easy as  
the cooing of a dove.

She repeats old lies you've already heard, and tried so  
hard not to believe.  
So stay at home. Do nothing. Go nowhere. If you  
go out, the monster won't leave.

Mother lies in wait until you are weak, then begins her  
rote Speech of Lies.  
She feeds you slander you should not believe, and  
chokes your happiness with a barbed vine.

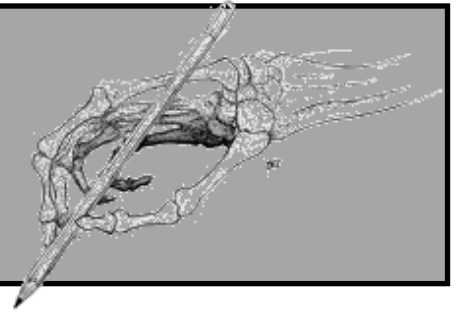
The playhouse stage looks empty. No crowd will fill  
the empty seats.  
An audience of one is all she needs to carry out her  
planned deceptions.

### Author's note:

To most people, Halloween represents sweet candy,  
haunted houses, and scary stories. Frankenstein,  
Dracula, and Nosferatu may still haunt the dreams of  
small children and adults alike, however, these fright-  
ening characters are only fiction. For the fall newslet-  
ter, I wanted to write about the real 'monster' that  
frightens and torments everyone long after Halloween  
has passed. 'Mother' represents the subconscious lies  
we tell ourselves everyday. By believing that you  
aren't worthy of life's bounty, you rob yourself of the  
opportunity to make a magnificent, world-changing  
impact. Your thought patterns affect your actions as  
well as your inactions. Your inner beliefs will either  
enable you to do the fantastic things that you're capa-  
ble of, or they will prevent you from ever trying. So  
how do you quiet the lies in your head? Each day you  
have the choice to be your own biggest champion or  
your own worst doubter. You are missing out on the  
life you should be living and that is the scariest true  
story.

*Just be yourself.  
Let people see the real,  
imperfect, flawed,  
quirky, weird, beautiful,  
and magical person that you are.  
~Unknown~*

# THE WRITERS...



## Sanctuary

By Matt Jackson

The little girl sits in her sanctuary  
With candle light in the cathedral.  
She's a little scared because outside is camp on earth.  
The creaking boards have got stories to tell and the  
stained glass windows do as well,  
But the most interesting one is the one that she's  
writing.

Curled up in the comfy lounge chair,  
Sprawling lines of black are written, scratched with  
frantic red corrective ink.  
It's the story of her life and to heal sometimes it has  
to bleed.  
There's no noise, but she feels a presence.  
Someone's in her sanctuary.

It's storming now at camp on earth, yet there's no  
one there to cause her hurt.  
Just blue eyes staring through the window pleading  
to be let in.  
While the others who looked at those eyes saw no  
soul,  
Calling him demon child behind his back, presenting  
a friendship constructed of fear to his face.  
She was the only one who saw with innocence, and  
felt a sorrow that was human.  
She knew in sanctuary it was real.

Doors opened that had long been shut. In the past  
thinking she would just give up.  
Now going on, but terribly afraid of getting hurt.  
Getting warm, they were drinking wine while sharing  
their lives just to pass the time.  
They looked just like mirrors, seeing each other's re-  
flection in themselves.  
But nothing gets real and reality fake when you try  
too hard with something at stake.  
He would blame himself for that wine that was  
spilled on her writing.

The boy speaks his gospel lies  
All cleverly concealed in celestial brail.  
He's a little scared because he lives at camp on earth.  
His troubled face has stories to tell and the words  
that he speaks do as well,  
But the most interesting one is the one that he's liv-  
ing.

Curled up in the dark alley in pouring rain,  
Sprawling webs of veins are illuminated, with desper-  
ate red atonement scars.  
It's the story of his life and to heal sometimes it has  
to bleed.  
There's no noise, but he feels a presence.  
She has left her sanctuary.  
Maybe they'll survive camp on earth.



# FROM THE WRITERS...



## My Three Favorite Halloweens By Carol Montgomery

On Halloween night, 1944, I was almost four years old. I lived in Dallas, Texas, with Mother, Daddy, and Loretta, my older sister. It was such an exciting night - one which children all over the United States looked forward to every Fall. At that time, we had no fears of anything except goblins, ghosts, and black cats. Parents weren't warned to check their children's goody bags for pins, needles, or razor blades. We were in the midst of World War II, a terrible time for many families who had men and women in our Armed Forces. Rationing of certain goods like meat, gasoline and tires was a national war effort. We children played war, with tents made of whatever we could scrounge up, and play guns, etc. Mostly, we played doctor and nurse... not the naughty kind, but heroic women nursing wounded men back to health, and doctors saving lives. Children tend to incorporate what they're hearing about the world into their play, although Mother and Daddy tried to keep most of the news from us.

I'm pretty sure I was dressed either as a witch or princess, even though some of the children were dressed as soldiers, nurses, etc. I don't remember how Loretta was dressed. At that age, children are pretty self-centered. My thoughts were on Trick or Treating with some of the other kids in the neighborhood. At dusk, we started out and walked all over, garnering our goodies without accompaniment by any grown-ups. There was no gnawing fear of some evil man lurking behind every bush. At each house, the anticipation of what we'd get was almost unbearable. My personal favorite was Hershey's chocolate bar, with or without almonds, which cost a whopping five cents! Some people gave us caramel apples, candy corn, suckers, or homemade popcorn balls, which were

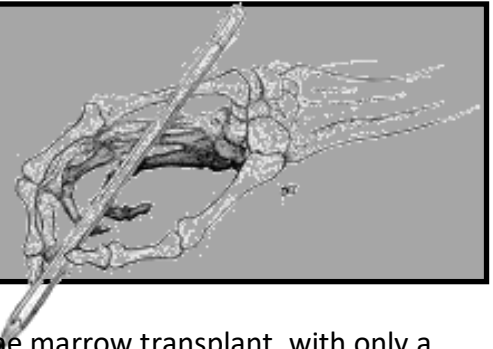
also treasured, but not nearly as much as chocolate candy. We felt the people who gave us the Hershey bars must be *rich*. When we got home, Mother made sure we didn't overindulge in our bounty. A spooky good time was had by all.

The second Halloween that I remember vividly was in 2009, when my English grandson, Beau, was visiting here with his daddy. Dee Dee and Mark, my daughter and her husband, had three little boys, aged three to nine. Beau was four. Halloween isn't celebrated quite as much in the United Kingdom. All the boys were dressed in fabulous costumes, including Beau, and the excitement that night was at fever pitch. It was a nice night...not too hot, nor rainy and cold.

The neighborhood parents had a tradition of meeting together in a cul-de-sac around 5:30, with the moms bringing hot dogs, homemade chili or soup, dips and chips. Dee Dee was dressed as a witch, and Mark was dressed in a Spiderman suit he'd borrowed from Caleb, my oldest grandson. It was a bit too small, considering his six-foot-three frame, but that didn't stop Mark from having a roaring good time with the kids. While all the other dads were just standing around talking with each other, Mark was playing with the kids, running up and down a nearby yard that was hilly, chasing them, picking them up and running with them. He was a child magnet.



# FROM THE WRITERS...



## My Three Favorite Halloweens (continued)

Beau soon got into the spirit of things too and ran up and down that hill yelling as loud as he could, brandishing a play machete. After we managed to get a bit of food into the kids, they broke into groups and went trick or treating in the nearby neighborhoods. They had so much loot when they came home, Dee Dee had to hide some of it so they wouldn't make themselves sick. Since that year, Halloween has become more popular in England, so Beau got to celebrate similarly to our celebration. I sometimes wonder if he may have helped it along the following year.

The third Halloween celebration that I vividly remember was in 2015, when I went to a big Halloween event at Kennesaw University Soccer Field. Thousands of people were there, most even in costumes. I went with Dee Dee and Mark and my three grandsons. The boys were aged fifteen, twelve, and eight, and all wore costumes. I remember specifically that Mark was Sheriff Woody from Toy Story, and Dee Dee was dressed as his girlfriend Jessie. The two of them got a lot of attention from children, and some even asked them for their autographs. Mark and Dee really got into their roles. The looks on the faces of some of the children were priceless. The atmosphere that night was that of a carnival. There were a few rides, and games. There was also a show in the stadium, and food trucks furnished all the food we could ever want to eat. I enjoyed it all tremendously, just watching the five of them relishing Halloween so much.

I'm so happy we had that night together, because it was Mark's last Halloween with us. In November, he was diagnosed with an aggressive form of Leukemia. After going through chemotherapy, which put him in remission, he was told he

would need a bone marrow transplant, with only a 32% chance to survive. If he lived three months more, the doctors would consider the surgery a success! After much discussion with the doctors and Dee Dee, Mark decided against having the transplant or further chemo. Instead, he followed a holistic regimen, eating healthy foods Dee Dee carefully prepared, and taking supplements under a holistic doctor's supervision. Mark was relatively pain-free, although weak at times, until about ten days before he passed away. He had some wonderful times with his family, took his oldest son aside and taught him as much as possible about adulthood, (things like how to fix a lawn mower) and showered the other two with love and affection also, not to mention showing Dee Dee how much he loved and appreciated her. On August 12, 2016, Mark left us. We miss him every day, but we have so many treasured memories, including the Halloween night of 2015.



# FROM THE WRITERS...



## **Hanging Tree**

**There you stand against the twilight sky,  
Gnarled branches weighted down with shame,  
Searching for a reason,  
Forever wondering why...**

**Why your branches were employed  
as a catalyst of death.  
Souls ripped from the very ones  
Who once found relief from the brutal sun  
under your fruitful limbs.**

**~Robin M. Adams~**



# Autumn Bliss



Terri Kozlowski



Sue Hansard



Terri Kozlowski



Terri Kozlowski



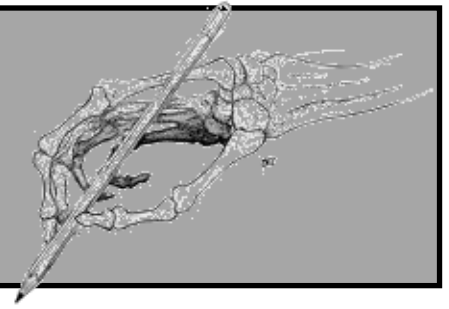
Terri Kozlowski



Robin Adams



# THE WRITERS...



## Did Wyatt Earp kill Johnny Ringo? By Ron Saint

Johnny Ringo swayed in his saddle when he stopped his horse at a clump of trees. He dismounted, and staggered back a couple of feet and fell flat on his back, the results of several days of drinking. "What the hell," he

muttered, then rolled over and pushed himself up on his knees. A moment later he was on one knee and one foot. Finally, he stood up.

His head turned slowly. "Who was that I offered a drink to on my way to Galeyville? Who the Hell was it?" He spoke as though somebody else was present but he was alone. Sometimes a hangover will make you as stupid as being drunk.

"Come here you dumb four legged—I'll come to you. A damned horse can't understand nothing."

He reached over the saddle with both arms just as his knees buckled and hung, supported by the animal for a few minutes before he got his legs back. Then he staggered off to brace himself on a tree. A moment later he bent double and unloaded everything that was in his stomach, then he dry heaved. "Oh God, that hurts. My insides are going to come up," he yelled. After the self-exorcism stopped Ringo staggered back to his horse. "I remember, it was Deputy Bill I offered a drink to." Ringo reached into his saddle bag and pulled out a half-empty bottle of whiskey, took the top off and brought it to his lips. The smell gagged him. *I can't drink another drop.* "Not another damn drop," he yelled, and the bottle went flying into the weeds.

"My feet are killing me." He took his boots off and hung them on his saddle.

With his canteen in hand he walked to an oak tree and sat down on a large rock at the base of it. He yelled, "Gotta have some sleep." It was so loud that horse bolted.

Ringo looked down at his bootless feet. "Well, Hell." He removed his vest, shirt and undershirt, then he sat down and ripped the undershirt in half. With a foot wrapped in each piece he got dressed.

"See if I can find that stupid horse."

It wasn't very long before he gave up and went back to the tree, removed his gun belt and dropped it on the ground.

A loud command came from behind him. "Put it back on."

Ringo jerked his head around and stared down the barrel of a gun; Wyatt Earp was on the other end of it.

"Did you hear me?" Put your gun belt back on."

"I heard you fine. Let me get a drink of water first." He picked the canteen up, opened it, took a long swallow, then held it up and let water splash on his face. He dropped the canteen. "Mighty foolish of you stepping foot in Arizona."

"I've done a lot of foolish things in my life. Besides, my work wasn't finished. I'm headed out of this territory as soon as I take care of it."

"You plan on finishing me off?"

"That right. Good a time as any ain't it?"

Ringo smiled. "You willing to face me in a straight up draw?"

"That's precisely what I want to do. Fast as you are you being drunk should about even it."

"Okay by me, ex Law Man, I can beat you drunk or sober." Johnny bent over and picked his gun belt up. After a couple of tries he managed to get it strapped on, but it was upside down and his gun fell from the holster and landed beside his wrapped feet.

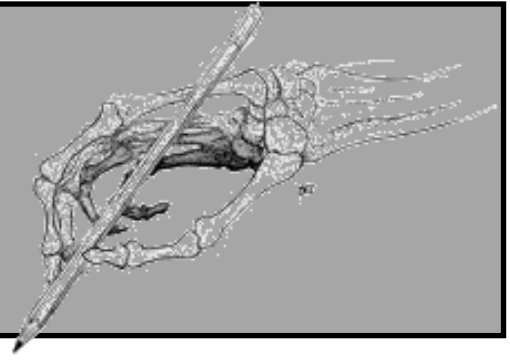
"Damn, Ringo, you got the stupid's. Pick it up and use it." Wyatt back handed him across the face.

Ringo jolted backward almost falling. "Just hold your damn taters. That's your last time you going to hit anybody." Johnny Ringo was unsteady, his timing off, his balance was wasn't right but the whiskey had taken all his ability to reason away. He bent down and wrapped his hand around the gun's grip.

Wyatt pulled the hammer back on his gun. "Me saying we were going straight up was a lie. You get the same chance you and your friends gave Morgan."

"Bastard." Ringo made the last move he would ever make alive when he brought his hand up across his stomach. He never got a shot off.

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Wyatt Earp, gun ready, squeezed off a round, sending a bullet through the head of Ringo. Johnny stood balanced for a few seconds before he fell back against the tree, eyes open, death on his face. He was dead before he hit the tree. Actually, he was dead before he started falling backward.

Wyatt picked up Ringo's pistol, and stared at the once capable but now lifeless body of Johnny Ringo. "You're right, you could have outdrawn me."

How all that hate got inside you, Johnny, I'll never know? But when it did, it turned to pure meanness."

"The same way it got into all of us, Wyatt," Doc Holliday stepped out from behind a tree. "It seeped in through the pores of our skin. Where did it come from, is the question?"

"The answer to that is simple. Ringo helped the men who wounded and kill my brothers. That's where mine came from, and you're right, it could be in all of us. Maybe someday I'll be judged."

Doc pulled a flask from his coat pocket and drank from it. "We all are going to be judged."

"What do you think those who judge me will say?"

Doc tucked the flask in his pocket. "That depends."

Wyatt spun the cylinder of Ringo's gun. "Depends on what?"

"In America we call Benedict Arnold, a traitor, while the British think very well of him. What do you think of General Sherman?"

"He was a smart man. What he did helped to end the war," Wyatt said.

"That is because you were for the North. I on the other hand say he was a no-good son-of-a-bitch. My family owned property around Atlanta. In the territory of Arizona, we are considered murderers for killing Stilwell. In the rest of the country we are not. See?"

"Yep, it depends on who is doing the judging. What are your thoughts about my killing Ringo? After all he had a hand in killed Morgan?"

Doc looked at the sky. "Let vengeance be mine, saith the Lord."

Wyatt gave Doc a skeptical look. "Did you read the part about, an eye for an eye?"

"You do put up a definitive rebuttal at times, Wyatt," Doc said.

"So, what are your feelings about this?"

Doc looked at Ringo's body, then at Wyatt. "I feel that the Lord's brand of justice is sometimes rather slow. Not to mention uncertain, because he does forgive. Which is something we do not do. So, I agree that your ridding this world of that varmint was justified. And I do find turning the other cheek to be—not for me. There, you have been judged."

Wyatt smiled, raised Ringo's gun and fired one round into the bushes, placed the weapon in Ringo's hand and closed his fingers around it. His hand kept falling, so Wyatt looped Ringo's watch chain under the hammer to hold it up.

Doc picked up a bush and did away with their footprints. "Wyatt are you aware that you left out 'a tooth for a tooth'?"

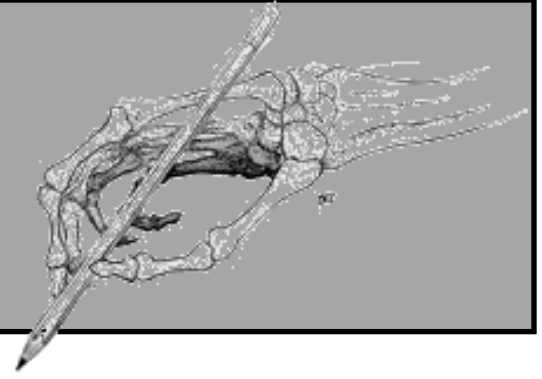
"So, I did, reminds the dentist." Wyatt looked down at the dead man with a piece of his scalp missing. "Johnny Ringo, everybody thought you would end up killing yourself." He and Doc walked off toward their horses that were a hundred yards down the road.

## Did John Henry (Doc) Holliday kill Johnny Ringo?

Exhausted from walking a quarter of a mile, hungover from days of soaking his insides with whiskey, a dehydrated Johnny Ringo unbuckled his gun belt and let it fall to the ground.

He looked down at his feet, wrapped in strips of rags that came from him ripping his undershirt to pieces. "Damn dumbass horse," he said. "You picked a fine time to wandered off. Especially with my boots tied on the saddle." He sat down on a rock under a tree.

# THE WRITERS...



A man stepped from behind a tree off to Johnny's left side. "Johnny Ringo," the man yelled and walked slowly toward him.

The sun at the man's back, caused him to appear as a silhouette to Ringo. "Who are you? What do you want?" Johnny put a hand up to shield his eyes, but he still couldn't make out who the man was.

"You and your allies lured Kate into a state of intoxication and persuaded her to falsely report that I robbed a stagecoach."

"Damn, Holliday, you two wasn't getting along so good anyway."

"We had our reconcilable spats in the past but you caused an unrepairable tear in our relationship."

"Look at the bright side, you got off on the robbery charge."

"There are some who think otherwise, and that has put a ripple in my esteemed reputation," Doc said.

"If that means good, you are forgetting that you've killed men, you've stabbed men. And that shootout on Fremont Street was caused by the Earp's and you."

"It was between us law men and those undesirables. And it was face-to-face not like the ambush on Virgil and shooting Morgan in the back. Johnny Ringo, you are nothing but a cowardly back-shooter," Doc said.

"You have no proof I had anything to do with either one of those, Holliday."

Doc Holliday coughed a couple of times. "Today, you will have the opportunity to redeem your reputation and reinstate yourself as a good upstanding—outlaw."

"I'm not going to draw on you, Doc."

"Why, you cowardly soul. You know, I have heard that if you trap a coward into a corner, he will fight," Doc coughed a couple of times. "It appears, Johnny, that I have you in a corner."

"How you pull enough air in those lungs of yours to shoot off your mouth is a surprise to me." As soon as Ringo was on his feet he drew his gun point-

ed and fired. Doc had anticipated Ringo's move and pulled his gun and fired a hair sooner sending a slug through Ringo's skull causing Ringo to jerk backwards sending his shot wild.

Doc fastened Ringo's gun belt back on him upside down. *Let them figure this one out.* He placed the dead man's gun in his hand and rested it across his waist. Doc lifted the chain on Ringo's watch. "Why, Johnny, I wouldn't have thought you could tell time."

## Did Johnny Ringo kill himself?

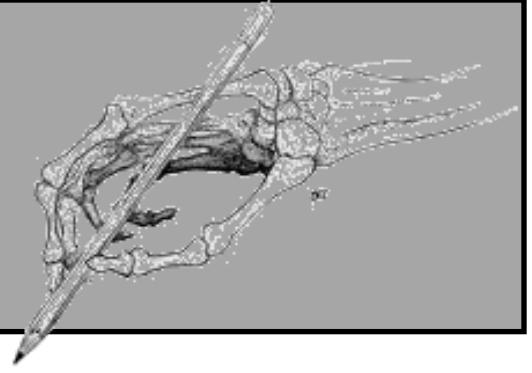
Ringo dismounted his horse and pulled a bottle of whiskey from a saddlebag, opened it and took a swig. He scanned the area slowly, then lumbered over and sat down on a rock at the base of a big oak tree. After two more pulls from the bottle, he removed his boots, got up, walked back to his horse and tied them to the saddle. Then he went back and sat on the rock. The effects of drinking for the past few days made it difficult for Johnny to hold his eyelids open.

Two hours later Ringo's eyes opened and closed a few times. Finally, they stayed open and he sat up and looked around. "What the Hell, where's my horse." He stood, one hand placed on the tree to brace himself. After a few steps he yelled out, "Shit," He had stepped on a small rock. He looked down at his stocking feet. "Got to cover my feet with something."

With his feet wrapped in strips of rags made from his undershirt he took off in search of his horse. Johnny ambled over to the road and tried to figure out which prints belonged to his horse. On a wild guess he took off up the road. After a hundred yards he gave up and went back to the rock.

As he sat and stared out across the landscape, his eyes fell upon his gun belt resting two feet from the whiskey bottle. He pointed a finger at the gun belt and said, "Eeny." He pointed to the whiskey bottle. "Meeny." He pointed to his gun belt. "Miny." He pointed to the whiskey. "Moe." He picked up the

# THE WRITERS...



whiskey bottle and took a big drink and put the bottle back in its place. He moved his finger from one to the other saying, “Eeny, meeny, miny, moe.” Stopping on the bottle every time. After a few drinks his eyelids began to feel like lead.

His finger had made it back to his gun belt.

“Moe,” Came a voice from ten feet away.

Ringo pointed his finger at the man who yelled. “What’re you doing here, Holliday?”

“Why, Johnny Ringo, I am helping you make up your mind.”

“Well, I don’t need your help.

“If you are going to play such a childish game, can I play too? We’ll play it my way. Point to your bottle and say, Eney. I’ll be meeny.”

“That means it will end on you,” said Ringo.

“Johnny, I knew you were a cheat. You knew it would land on the bottle all along. That is why I want to play it my way.”

“I don’t care for your way, Holliday, so go over there and cough your lungs up in the weeds.”

“Now, Johnny, is that any way to talk to the man who is here to intervene on your behalf.”

Ringo tried to get up, his body felt like lead. “You’re drunk Holliday. Intervene for what?”

“I am here to do an intervention on your miserable soul. Or maybe intercession?”

“I don’t know what you’re saying half the time, Holliday. And what makes you think I’m so miserable? You’re the one that lives in misery, coughing and spitting up blood all the time.” Ringo grabbed his gun belt, stood and fastened it on. “Anytime, Holliday.”

Ringo went to draw his pistol, but Holliday had his out and pointed at him before Ringo cleared leather.

“It looks like I have the drop on you, Johnny. You want it in the head? Of course, you do, it’s quicker that way.”

Ringo held his arms out. “Any place you want to

put it. Just make sure you don’t miss.”

Doc lowered his gun. “You know, I don’t see any honor in killing a worthless lush like you. Leastways, not while he is dog drunk. Besides, you are so miserable living, it pleases me more to see you that way than to put a bullet in your head. That would be sudden.”

“You don’t know horse-shit, Doc. What makes you say that?” Ringo said.

“Why, Johnny, all your friends are dead. All the Cowboys have been planted in the ground or left. Your family wouldn’t let you in their house.”

“How do you know about the way my family feels? I never told anyone about—.”

Ringo woke up and reached for his gun belt, stood and buckled it on upside down, causing the gun to fall out when he stood. He looked around for Doc, but he wasn’t there. Ringo eased back down on the rock. *Doc Holliday was here, where did he go. How did he know about my family turning me away? I’m not good enough to kill. Not good enough for a two-bit-half-dead drunk, dentist to kill.* Ringo picked up his gun. *No horse, no friends, no family. I’m not good enough to kill.* Johnny Ringo put the barrel of his gun to his head and pulled the trigger.

There is no need that I say anything else about either of the characters you just read about. Because if you took time to read ‘Who Killed Johnny Ringo’, that means that you know as much, and most likely more, than I do. This is for entertainment only.

Thank you for taking time to read this.

# UPCOMING EVENTS...

## KUDOS...



Sue Curtis Hansard shared the story of her family with the Ball Ground Historical Society, who in turn placed two children's books in the library in her honor.

### Writers' Critique Groups:

#### Remaining 2019 Dates:

#### Rose Creek Library

Saturdays 11-2

November 23

December 7 (JINGLE)

#### Roswell

#### Starbucks (Hwy 9 and Mansell)

Monday nights 6:30—9

October 28

November 11

#### Cumming

#### Starbucks (435 Peachtree Pkwy)

Tuesday nights 6:30—9

October 29

November 12

# Craft Booth November 30, 10-1

At the Canton Farmer's Market

**Robin Adams**

**Inklings, Creative Expressions**

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