



Winter
2016

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Byline

Winter

Active dormancy

BY ARLENE SMITH

SNOWFLAKES FLUTTER DOWN outside my window on this day that leads into winter. Autumn wanes, and that means the writer's time of active dormancy begins.

At this time of year writers can celebrate a closing down that opens doors, a shortening of days that lengthens time to write. Without balmy weather, sunny evenings and summer activities to distract, we can nestle in for quiet productivity. Like our deciduous trees, to an onlooker we appear stripped down and inactive—maybe even dead—but the opposite is true. We thrive in the busy-ness of dormancy. We riffle through thoughts, ideas, experiences we stored away under the summer sun and we process them to create a new, surprising beauty in the spring.

With the right nourishment—supportive writing circles, helpful editors, education, and encouragement—writers flourish and blossom in the active dormancy of winter. That's how organizations like CAA help. We are vital nutrients for the writer's mind. For ideas and connections, I invite you to join in our webinars and meetings to feed your winter writing. For fun, please join us at our winter social on Sunday, December 4. Together we can produce some beautiful spring blossoms.

Celebrating Winter

CAA-NCR Social

Shake off those shivers at a warm gathering of friends and fellow writers.

DATE: Sunday, December 4, 2016

TIME: 1:00 - 00 p.m.

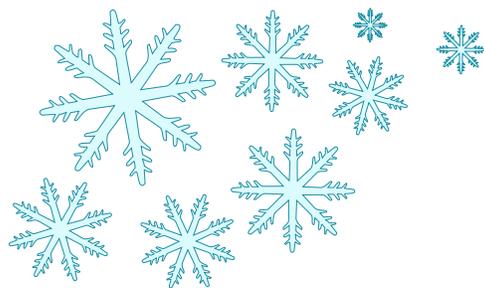
LOCATION: Sharyn's country home

3622 Campbellcroft Rd, Osgoode (Off Hwy 31 South of Metcalfe)

TYPE: Pot Luck Appetizers and Munchies

Read your favourite seasonal poem or short story, share recent success, review and purchase work of your fellow writers ... just in time for gift-giving. RSVP sharyn_40@yahoo.com

Good cheer! Good friends! Good food!
If you need a ride, we'll try to accommodate.



It's never too late: Young at art

BY SONIA TILSON

WHEN MY FIRST book, *The Monkey Puzzle Tree*, was published by Biblioasis, *The Ottawa Citizen* review made much of the fact that the book was written in my late seventies. I appreciated the review's positive remarks about my novel of course, but could have liked the focus to have been more on the book and less on my age. The many delightful book clubs I visited were also eager to hear about how I had managed this apparent feat.

When you think about it, however, publishing late in life is not really so surprising. After all, many writers continue working into their seventies and eighties: Alice Munro, Ursula Le Guin, Leonard Cohen, the late P.D. James, Philip Roth, Elmore Leonard, Toni Morrison, Cynthia Ozick - the list goes on.

Admittedly, writers who begin publishing very late are rarer, of course, but it can and does happen. Frank McCourt published his first book, *Angela's Ashes*, at sixty-six, and Laura Ingalls Wilder was sixty-four when *Little House on the Prairie* was published. My favourite childhood writer, Violet Needham, began publishing her nineteen highly successful books at the age of sixty-three.

The reasons for late development as a writer are not hard to see, the first being, of course, lack of time. Writing, as we all know, takes time, lots of time, and time is what we usually don't have. Most of us have or have had demanding jobs, and/or families to look after and homes to run. The amount of time required by writing is unavailable to many and to some unimaginable.

Not until retirement can we finally have the luxury and necessity of uninterrupted time to ourselves. Also, with our work finished and our children grown, retirement can bring with it, if we are lucky, greater peace of mind and a quieter household. Relatively speaking, the pressure is off, for a while anyway. Moreover, with more time and greater peace of mind there could be an increase in energy level along with a desire for adventure and a sense of untried possibilities. While we are aware much of our life is over, we see the rest of it stretching before us.

Another bonus is that that we older folks have a lifetime of experience to draw on for our material. Our lives, along with those of our friends and family and others we know, are full of stories. We are familiar with a multitude of places, times, and situations. Also, if we are drawn to writing, we have to be readers, and therefore have all those years of reading behind us. We know what we like, and why, and have a good sense of what is true

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ZENON STRZELCZYK



OUR MONTHLY MEETINGS - SEPTEMBER TO MAY

- The second Tuesday of the month
- 7 p.m.
- McNabb Recreation Centre, 180 Percy Street, Ottawa
- We meet at 7 for conversation and refreshments and start our meetings shortly after.

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE

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to life and what works. Many of us, moreover, who are drawn to writing fiction, have had practical experience in other forms of writing such as journalism, report-writing, analyzing, editing, etc., and already understand the basics of effective writing.

All these factors are tremendous assets to the late starter, but there is yet another bonus, to me the best of all: the joy of learning how to do something new.

While it is wonderful to be able finally to focus on a life-long hobby or interest, acquiring a new skill of any kind at a later age can feel like a new lease of life. It could be anything: painting, learning a new language, knitting, skiing, cabinet-making, playing the flute...

My mother, for example, after immigrating to Canada at the age of eighty, took up copper enameling and leather work. None of that 'just waiting for the end' stuff for her! After action-filled days she would proudly bring home her creations: brooches, coasters, bowls, mats, wallets, all of them more than acceptable gifts; some of them little works of art.

When I retired, inspired by her perhaps, I looked for what I could learn to create.

Oddly enough, I made a couple of false starts before throwing myself into writing. First, worn out after decades of "the intolerable wrestle of words and meaning," (T.S. Eliot), I found I was sick of words. Words, I thought, were not the thing. I decided to stop thinking about them and learn how to paint (always an interest of mine).

In painting, I discovered, it is possible to think without words. The brain bypasses them as the brush moves from palette to canvas and back: a touch more red here, tone down the orange there, change that line so... Secondly, at around that time I also took up the highly rewarding project of reading philosophical/religious works to a blind writer.

Finally, after some years of this recuperation, I was drawn to take Ivan E. Coyote's wonderfully encouraging memoir-writing course and suddenly saw the light. His course made me realise that what I ought to be doing was writing for myself. After almost a lifetime of struggling to convey the splendours of other people's writing and of interpreting and editing my students' efforts, I would begin creating my own material, first memoir and then - the most daring leap - fiction.

Long before there was any prospect of publication, just going to Mary Borsky's excellent short story-writing workshop, experimenting, learning, sharing work with other writers, felt to me like a whole new life.

Looking back, I know that even without the satisfaction of having my first novel published and my second accepted for publication, acquiring all these skills and learning to become a writer myself, was the best possible way I could spend these later years. In fact, it seems to me now that my whole life has been a preparation for becoming a writer.

Reading, studying, writing papers, assessing students' work, raising a family, teaching, painting, and reading philosophical/religious works; all these elements contributed to my having the material, and to some extent, the ability to become an author, reminding me of the lines in Robert Browning's poem, "Rabbi Ben Ezra":

Grow old along with me!

The best is yet to be.

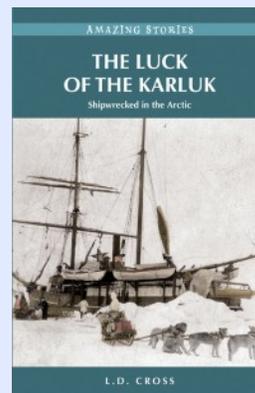
The last of life, for which the first was made. ○

BIO: Sonia was born in Swansea and educated at Monmouth School for Girls and the University of Wales, Swansea. In 1964 she immigrated to Canada, settling in Ottawa. An English teacher all her working life, she has taught at Elmwood School for Girls, Algonquin College, Carleton University, and the University of Ottawa.

Sonia's first novel, *The Monkey Puzzle Tree*, published by Biblioasis in 2013, alternates between Wales and Canada, beginning at the outbreak of WWII. Her second book, *The Disappearing Boy*, has been accepted for publication as a middle grade novel, in September 2017, by Nimbus Publishing in Halifax, NS. Currently she is working on a collection of short stories.

The Luck of the Karluk: Shipwrecked in the Arctic

BY L.D. CROSS



The amazing story of human nature under treacherous conditions.

ISBN: 9781772030211

Print and e-book

<http://www.heritagehouse.ca>

CHRISTMAS BAKING by Lee Ann Eckhardt Smith

Every time
I lightly flour the countertop
Roll
Or drop dough by teaspoons-full
Following exactly the recipe
My mother copied faithfully from
Her mother
I feel the energy flow
Mother
Grandmother
Great-grandmother
Connecting us
Sure as string on mittens.
And I feel my hands, supple and sticky
Guided by ghosts of hands
Some decorated with thin gold bands and tiny diamond chips
Some gnarled with swollen knuckles
Blunted by too much caring for and not enough of anything else
And yet for all that,
Gentle
As they direct me in this motherly work.

Women
For millennia
Have had the job of transforming
Butter
Eggs
Sugar
Into memories for their children,
Who insist
With shining eyes
These are recreated in exactly the same way
Year upon year
From childhood on
Until
With gentle guidance
They are handed down.



2016
National Capital Writing Contest
POETRY
*Honourable
Mention*
LEE ANN ECKHARDT SMITH



Lee Ann Eckhardt Smith with
NCWC Co-ordinator, Sherrill Wark

BIO: Lee Ann's passion for history and storytelling has driven her career as a writer of life stories. She is the author of two acclaimed non-fiction history books, and many magazine articles. Her workshop series, "How to Write Family History and Memoir – Even if You're Not a Writer" has been running in Ottawa and Perth since 2007. Recently, her interest in writing poetry has been rekindled and she is currently at work on a collection of poems and photographs.

www.leeanneckhardtsmith.com

Canadian Authors Association
National Capital Region
Branch

2016 - 2017 Executive and
Coordinators

Please feel free to contact any of the following with suggestions or concerns.

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Membership	<u>Dr. Francois Mai</u>
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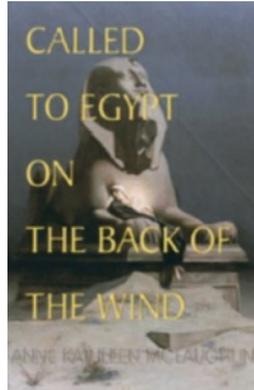
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Writers Helping Writers

Author Showcase

Called to Egypt on the Back of the Wind
BY ANNE KATHLEEN MCLAUGHLIN



Jean Houston leads students through the temples, tombs and pyramids of Egypt in a quest for a new planetary spirituality. The myth of Isis and Osiris becomes a catalyst for the healing of old wounds related to love.

Copies available from [Borealis Press](#), at [Singing Pebbles bookstore on Main Street across from Saint Paul University in Ottawa](#), or from [Anne Kathleen](#).

canadian
authors

Webinar

Write Better Dialogue

Date: Tuesday, December 6,
7:00–8:15 p.m. Eastern Time

Presenter: Matthew Bin, Past Chair, Canadian Authors
and author

Dialogue is a critical component of fiction and nonfiction writing. What people say—and how they say it—can engage your readers or turn them off completely. Join Matthew Bin for a tour of the techniques and mechanics of good dialogue. In this webinar, you'll learn the mechanics of punctuation and paragraphs, understand the nuances of subtext and voice, and discover the always effective “Law and Order” dialogue technique. Let Matthew, author of three published books and numerous short stories and articles, show you how to make your dialogue natural and compelling.

Register at www.canadianauthors.org
DEADLINE to register: 12:00 p.m. ET December 6

How to find and enter contests

BY BARBARA FLORIO GRAHAM



ENTERING CONTESTS IS a great way to test your work. Even receiving an Honorable Mention can reassure you that this piece is worth sending to top markets.

I had a short story that kept winning contests, piling up hundreds of dollars in prize money, but remained unpublished.

One of the contests it won was run by the Ottawa Branch of CAA. Members urged me to keep trying to find a market for it. I finally heard about a Canadian textbook company accepting submissions for a grade eight reader.

That's when the light bulb went on. I had taught seventh and eighth grade, and my students loved this story, which I always read to them in December. Called *A Christmas Story*, it fit one category Nelson Brothers wanted for this book.

So I submitted it, and it was published in the section titled War and Peace. They purchased only Canadian rights, so I subsequently sold U.S. rights and *CONTEXTS* remained in print for more than two decades.

But one day I received a letter from a textbook company in Sweden. They were looking for stories to include in a textbook of readings for high school students learning English. They paid \$250 for *A Christmas Story* for a grade nine reader, and then came back again to ask to use it in the grade 10 book, and paid me again!

This story was subsequently purchased by a textbook company in Norway, and then by the same company for a new version, in 2008.

You can see it in the Table of Contents in *Voices in Time*.

What if I had never entered this story in any contests? What if I hadn't been persuaded by those contests to discover other markets?

I kept looking for a market because I was encouraged by judges who felt this story was worthy of a prize.

I see too many writers who give their work away, to markets that either don't pay or pay very little, because they don't think it would ever be considered by a major market.

I always suggest sending your work first to the top market, and then move down, if necessary.

But even before that, why not enter it in a contest?

Writing contests are everywhere. The best way to find good ones is to rely on reputable newsletters, such as those listed by CAA in its email bulletins or *Byline*.

Many publications list contests in every issue, and some, like *Freelance Writer's Report*, sponsor the Writers-Editors Network annual contest, one of the top international contests I recommend.

Beginning writers should look for contests with no entry fee, or local contests held by writers' groups in your

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30th Annual National Capital Writing Contest (NCWC)

Sponsored by the Canadian Authors Association–National Capital Region
Short Story • Poetry

\$300 First Place • \$200 Second Place • \$100 Third Place
Open to all Canadian writers.

Deadline: 11:59 PM/23h59 EST Friday, February 3, 2017

Submissions may be sent via regular mail or submitted online.

Winning entries will be published in *Byline*, and all finalists' entries will be published in a 2017 Anthology celebrating NCWC's 30th Anniversary. All rights will remain with the writer.

Short Story: Maximum 2,500 words, unpublished, in English.

Poetry: Maximum 60 lines including title and blank lines, unpublished, in English. No Haiku.

Information: www.canadianauthors.org/nationalcapitalregion

HOW TO FIND AND ENTER CONTESTS

Continued from page 6

region where you aren't competing with a huge range of established professionals. CAA is a perfect place to start.

Where there are entry fees, look for how this money is used. If it goes toward supporting a local organization you belong to, like CAA, this is a way to help them thrive and grow. Some contests support a particular charity, or fund an educational program.

But if the contest is designed only to enrich some company you're never heard of, check their website and be very careful before submitting anything.

Weigh prize money against entry fees. If prizes are exceptionally high, and entry fees are as well, be wary. This may be a scam designed to lure writers into subsidizing a new venture that may evaporate as soon as funds are collected.

Also read the guidelines carefully. If a contest is open to established professionals with several books to their credit, your chances are much slimmer than if entries can only be from writers in a certain age range, or those who have not yet published their first book.

Some scams lure writers to submit to what ends up being an expensive pay-to-publish operation. There have been several companies in the past with impressive names, publishing *The Best of...* or *The American...* which are actually ways to obtain free content for books which are then sold only to contributors! They solicit manuscripts widely, charge very small entrance fees, and accept everything for publication. These aren't contests at all, but publishing scams.

However there are many legitimate contests to consider. Perhaps the fee is used to publish a literary magazine. Check the publication on the web, and if it's well-established, contains the work of writers whose names you recognize, and all contest entrants receive a free subscription, this is a win/win situation. It's fairly common for some small literary magazines to set entry fees in the \$20 range, and include a free subscription to their quarterly publication. Reading a year's issues will

allow you to see what this and similar literary journals consider publishable.

I know several award-winning poets who enter one of these contests every year, sampling different literary publications to find markets that fit their work.

What's really important, regardless of the entry fee, is to check the fine print. Make sure you aren't signing away your rights just by submitting your work.

If I hadn't been careful to license only Canadian and then U.S. rights to *A Christmas Story* I would have been unable to accept the offers from four textbooks, whose total payment came to \$1000.

The wise freelancer budgets for contests. Decide how much you can afford to spend, and then find contests where you're likely to do well.

And good luck!



BIO: Barbara Florio Graham is an author and publishing consultant. The author of three books, *Five Fast Steps to Better Writing* (20th anniversary edition), *Five Fast Steps to Low-Cost Publicity*, and the award-winning *Mewsings/Musings*, she served as Managing Editor for *Prose to Go: Tales from a Private List*, which is now available as an ebook for just \$4.99. Her website, <http://SimonTeakettle.com>, contains a great deal of free information, including resources for writers and publishers.



The story that won the CAA contest was also published in CONTEXTS, and then in Norway, in Voices in Time.

For CAA-NCR Branch programs and activities, or to see what your fellow writers are up to, check our website.

Current and back issues of *Byline* are available on the site.

canadianauthors.org/nationalcapitalregion

Our Website

A Piece of Scotch Plaid

BY GERRY MOONEY

Inspired by "Double Dutch"
by Oleg Shuplyak, date unknown

Vincent, I am captivated
by your striking ginger hair, beard,
self-acknowledged insecure eyes
buried in a calm expression,
probably inaccurate for one
who has known such
turmoil, trembling.
The swirling amber background
reflects your inner turbulence,
a steamy, pressure-cooker mind
filled with imaginary arabesques
and digitalis-induced hallucinations.

I am transfixed as your portrait
kaleidoscopes, morphing
into a pastoral scene,
an impastoed, golden wheat field,
with dark obelisk cypresses and
squatty, light-green olive trees.
Your younger self, wearing a straw
hat, perches on a rock watching
a blue-clad, flaxen-haired young lady
flutter by, seemingly unaware
of your presence. Perhaps she is
young Adeline who posed for you at the inn.

I am mesmerized by this masterful illusion,
this optical trickery moving between
portrait and wheat field, but
Vincent, I want *your* last portrait
in shades of melancholy blue, not this
pastiche with cypressed sideburns and
marmalade backdrop. I long for *your*
fluffy zinc-white clouds on cobalt blue,
swallows chirruping, crickets chirping
in rolling waves of nutty-flavoured grain.
I want *your* "canvas of cypresses with
some ears of wheat, some poppies, and
blue sky like a piece of Scotch plaid."(1)

(1) *Van Gogh, Vincent (Saint-Remy, France). Letter to: Theo
Van Gogh (Paris, France) 1889 July 2*



BIO: Over the last two years, Nepean poet Gerry Mooney, a member of TOPS, has had poems published in *Canadian Stories* and several TOPS anthologies. She won awards in the 2015 and 2016 Canadian Authors' Association National Capital Branch poetry competitions and in the 2015 William Henry Drummond poetry contest.

ARE YOU ON OUR MAILING LIST?

If you wish to receive *Byline* or our bi-weekly email updates, send your information to [Arlene Smith.](mailto:Arlene.Smith@tops.ca)

Byline Advertising New Rates for Quarterly Publication

MEMBERS ARE ENTITLED TO A 1/8
PAGE ADVERTISEMENT IN EACH
ISSUE OF *BYLINE* AT NO COST.

New bits for the “Kudos” column, or mem-
ber book reviews *are still free for
branch members.*

Otherwise, Member Rates are:

Single issue: 1/8 Byline page: N/C
1/4 Byline page: \$15
1/2 Byline page: \$30

One year - (4 issues - price of three)
Quarterly 1/8 Byline page: N/C
1/4 Byline page: \$45
1/2 Byline page: \$90

Non-Member Rates

Single issue: 1/8 Byline page: \$15
1/4 Byline page: \$30
1/2 Byline page: \$50

One year: (4 issues - price of three)
Quarterly 1/8 Byline page: \$45
1/4 Byline page: \$90
1/2 Byline page: \$150

Note: Yearly prices reflect the cost of three
issues; the fourth publication is free

For more information, contact *Byline*
Byline is distributed by e-mail to those on
our extensive CAA–NCR mailing list. **To
have your name added to our mailing
lists, contact the** editor.

Our January Meeting: Caroline Pignat

The Writer’s Journey

DATE: January 10, 2017

TIME: 7:00 p.m.

LOCATION: McNabb Community Center, Percy St.

Stuck at a threshold? In need of a mentor? Dreading your dragon? Wherever we are in our writing careers, writing takes courage—and lots of it. Asking ourselves the *right* questions can help us forge ahead and claim that treasure. Join two-time GG winner, author and teacher Caroline Pignat as she explores the call, challenges, and adventure of writing. Our voices, our stories, our ends and means may differ, but every writer’s journey is truly a Hero’s Journey.

BIO: *Caroline Pignat is the two-time Governor General’s Award-winning author of highly acclaimed young adult novels. Her historical fiction, contemporary, and free verse novels use multiple points of view and varied forms to engage readers of all ages.*

As a grade 11 Writer’s Craft student, Caroline wrote a short story that years later became Greener Grass, which went on to win her first Governor General’s Award for Children’s Literature in 2009. She won her second G.G. Award in 2015 for her free verse historical novel, The Gospel Truth.

Since the release of Egghead her first novel in 2008, Caroline’s work has been on shortlists, such as the IODE Violet Downey Book Award and the Canadian Library Association Book of the Year, twice — one of which won Honour Book. Hailed by Canadian Children’s Book News as “historical fiction at its best” her historical novels have been finalists for the Geoffrey Bilson Awards four times. A five-time finalist and three time Honour Book winner in the Red Maple young readers’ choice awards, Caroline is shortlisted for this year’s Red Maple Award for her latest novel, Shooter.

Born in Ireland, she grew up in Ottawa, and lives in Kanata with her family.

Join the CAA-NCR [Facebook group](#) to receive updates on meetings, workshops, author activities and other news of interest to writers. Add your suggestions or comments about our programs, or share your news.



The Power of Story Structure

BY BARBARA KYLE



THIS IS THE second post in a series about story structure. It's an abridged excerpt from my upcoming book *Page-Turner*. Read the first post [here](#).

The Hook

As writers, our first goal is to create in the reader a desire to read on. We do that by crafting a hook. A hook is a novel's first sentence or paragraph, and it functions as a promise, an unspoken assurance that excitement lies ahead.

Examples of Hooks

The opening sentence of Herman Melville's *Moby-Dick* is: "Call me Ishmael." It's famous, and for good reason. First, it's an imperative sentence—a command—so it establishes an extraordinarily confident voice. Second, it gives a name, which conjures up a real, flesh-and-blood person. Third, that particular name, Ishmael, resonates with the Biblical character of the same name, establishing a portentous theme. Powerful stuff in just three words.

Jane Austen's much-loved novel *Pride and Prejudice* begins with: "It is a truth universally acknowledged that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife." No one reading that sentence can

withhold a small, wry smile. Which was precisely Austen's intent. She is telling you two things. First, this story is going to have a foundation of gentle humor. Second, it's going to be about love and marriage: it's a romance.

Hook Techniques

Here are some of the most effective ways to wield this essential tool of craft.

1. Name a character. As noted above with "Call me Ishmael," names have power, because they conjure up a living, breathing person.
2. Raise a question in the reader's mind. Toni Morrison starts her novel *Paradise* with these six, arresting words: "They shoot the white girl first." Instantly, the reader's mind lurches to ask: Who are "they"? Who's the girl? Why have they shot her?
3. Plunge straight into the plot. Paul Auster's *City of Glass* begins with: "It was a wrong number that started it, the telephone ringing three times in the dead of night, and the voice on the other end asking for someone he was not."
4. Foreshadow an intriguing element of plot. Here's the opening sentence of Dick Francis's mystery *Straight*: "I inherited my brother's desk, his business, his gadgets, his enemies, his horses and his mistress. I inherited my brother's life, and it nearly killed me."

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Veronica's Papers

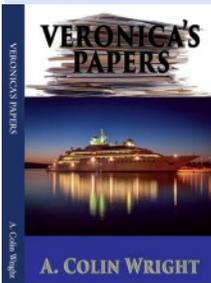
By A. Colin Wright

Gerald Clayton, suffering from amnesia, receives a package of papers from Veronica, a former clinical hypnotist. She tells him they accomplished his fantasy of gathering together, on the ship *Marguerite*, his past loves with the two of them present, but in disguise.

In hopes of discovering his own past. Gerald invites the passengers to share in a mystery by guessing what, or whom, they all have in common.

"Veronica's Papers has an amazing premise that makes the reader think about the likelihood and outcome of such an experiment in his or her own life." Cold Coffee Press.

Available: <http://www.coldcoffeepress.com>



Follow us [@caa_ncr](#) for writing tips and connections with other Ottawa area writers.

Follow us on
twitter 

THE POWER OF STORY STRUCTURE

Continued from page 10

5. Show a character's personality quirk. The opening of Vladimir Nabokov's ground-breaking *Lolita* tosses a small bombshell of Humbert Humbert's quirksiness: "Lolita, light of my life, fire of my loins. My sin, my soul. Lo-lee-ta: the tip of the tongue taking a trip of three steps down the palate to tap, at three, on the teeth. Lo. Lee. Ta."

6. Show a character's attitude. In J. D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye*, the cockiness of teenage narrator Holden Caulfield is on full-frontal display in the first sentence: "If you really want to hear about it, the first thing you'll probably want to know is where I was born, and what my lousy childhood was like, and how my parents were occupied and all before they had me, and all that David Copperfield kind of crap, but I don't feel like going into it, if you want to know the truth."

7. Render a mysterious or suspenseful event. George Orwell's novel *Nineteen-Eighty-Four* starts with: "It was a bright cold day in April and the clocks were striking thirteen."

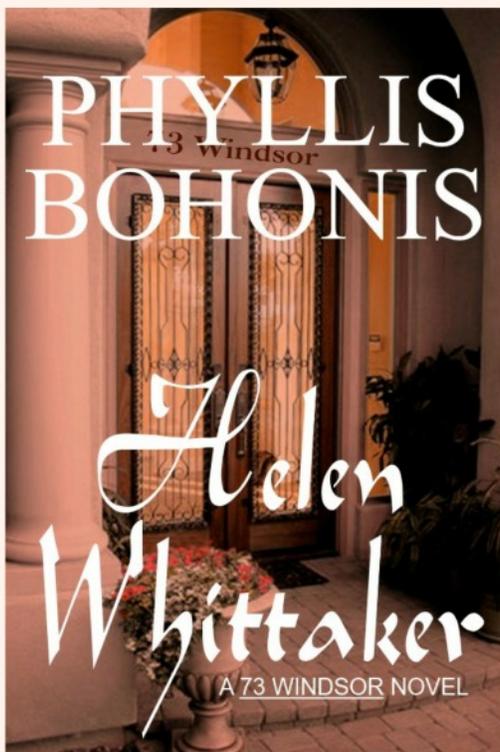
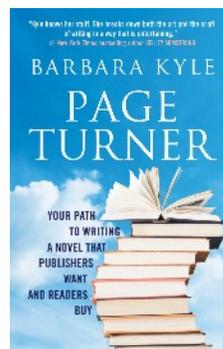
8. Start at the story's climax. Donna Tartt uses this technique to open her Pulitzer Prize-winning novel *The Goldfinch*. Theo Decker is hiding out in an Amsterdam hotel room, where, he says: "I'd been shut up for more than a week, afraid to telephone anybody or go out..." With Theo's crisis established, the author then loops back to the chronological start of his story years earlier.

Use any of these techniques and you'll have your reader intrigued, maybe even slightly on edge. In other words, happily hooked.

Next time, I'll share with you tips on creating the next essential element of story structure: the inciting incident.



BIO: *Barbara Kyle is the author of the acclaimed Thornleigh Saga series of historical novels and of contemporary thrillers, with over 450,000 copies sold in seven countries. Barbara has taught writers at the University of Toronto, and is a popular presenter at writers conferences. Her master classes and manuscript evaluations have helped launch many writers to published success. Barbara's book Page-Turner: Your Path to Writing a Novel That Publishers Want and Readers Buy will be released in November 2016. Visit www.BarbaraKyle.com.*



**As requested
Helen Whittaker is
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They Never Called Her *Cinderella*

BY TONY BOVE

2016 NCWC
Short Story
Second Place



ONCE UPON A time, in a far-off kingdom, there lived a wealthy gentleman named Giordano. He spent many months at a time across the sea for his work, but he always brought home a present for his handsome wife, Portia, and *two* for his beautiful daughter, Daniela, for he loved them both with all his heart.

Giordano was skilled in the ways of commerce, so they wanted for nothing. Still, neither of them sneered at a hard day's work. In truth, they could easily have retained

servants to keep their house, but they felt that honest work cleansed the soul.

While he was away from home, Portia taught the child everything that a young woman of good lineage should know—how to cook and clean, tend to animals and a garden, do needlework and sewing, and she made a song or a game out of everything. They spent nearly all of their time together, and Daniela spent most of every day smiling.

Until, her mother died.

Giordano was at sea when the accident happened, and it took him 3 days to get home. On the very morning of the funeral, when he collected his daughter from the abbey where she awaited his return, she quaked with sobbing. Daniela loved her father, but her constant companion was gone, and she missed her very much.

Giordano's already broken heart sank deeper at hearing his daughter's despair. Not knowing what else to do, he requested a favour of a servant

from a neighbouring house—a hard, haggard woman with a scab on her lip and no joy in her heart—to go to the commercial district to procure every diversion that she could think of for Daniela, in the hopes that *that* would take her mind off the emptiness behind her breast.

There were toys and trinkets, dresses and costumes, fabrics for sewing, jewelry and baubles, and a pin of amber for her long yellow hair. But, his effort was in vain; Daniela was inconsolable. She wept and wailed all through the day. And, all through the night. And, until the first light when she came downstairs to seek comfort from her father. She desperately wanted to recount tales of her mother, to enwrap herself in the warmth that had been her mother's manner.

But, her father was gone.

Mourning as he was in his own right, he had no comfort to offer Daniela. Feeling impotent to relieve her grief and nearly consumed by his

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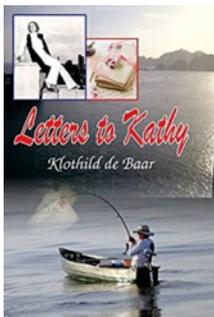
LETTERS TO KATHY

by Klothild de Baar (shortlisted for the Fred Kerner Prize 2016)

A series of notes and love letters written by James Traill Lyon, a gifted Canadian writer - at times full of humour and laughter, then drifting into melancholy and nostalgia, lost in a shroud of mystery and pain, all within a stream of intense realpolitik and mischief.

Found floating in the St. Lawrence River by a fisherman, the letters gradually reveal an old story of two star-crossed lovers fighting against all internal and external odds for a place in the sun.

Although intentionally confined to the deep, where their secrets could be kept safe, the letters refused to sink and would not be damned to oblivion. Like silent merlins, they arose and returned - lest it be forgot that for one brief and shining moment, there really was a Camelot.



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THEY NEVER CALLED HER CINDERELLA

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own, he hired the neighbour's servant, Mistress Sciatto, to keep the house and to care for Daniela as her Governess. He noted to himself that she was a curt, unsympathetic woman, and a poor substitute for any mother. But, she was convenient, and he was resigned to leave. Stooped over, he left the house a widower in the middle of the night to commit himself again to his affairs of commerce on the sea.

Daniela's grief turned to rage faster than a falling star sputters out before you even know that you see it. She demanded of Mistress Sciatto to present her father, but she could not. Daniela lashed out as would an injured cat, breaking dishes and windows, demanding *again* to see her father. Mistress Sciatto explained, in the most inhospitable way, that her father had abandoned her, having left enough money to maintain the house, and to provide for Daniela, for two years. She shouldn't expect to see or hear from him again until those years had passed.

Daniela retreated to the pile of gifts her father had given her, for they brought her some comfort. She cried herself to sleep that night on a bed of bright dresses, wearing a tear

streaked harlequin costume, clutching a ballerina carved from ivory. And she spent the next two years being utterly indulged by the lazy Mistress Sciatto, having but to declare a want to see it fulfilled, for it was easier than banter. And, she quickly became accustomed to getting *everything* that she wanted, in the *manner* in which she wanted, precisely *when* she wanted. She didn't know it, but her mother would not have liked the vain, spoiled thing that she became.

Two years later, her father returned—with *them*.

Come child, and meet your new mother, was all Daniela remembered hearing that morning. Unbeknownst to Daniela, Giordano had taken a new wife, the Lady Tremíti, a widow with two daughters of her own, Catania and Amaría, both about the same age as Daniela. Giordano was unconcerned with the manner in which his new wife ran the house, and he instructed Daniela to obey her new mother—something she would never *ever* call her. And, despite Daniela's objections, he withdrew again to his life on the sea.

Lady Tremíti insisted that her daughters, now three of them, partici-

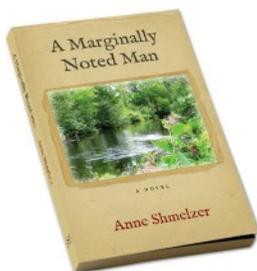
pate in keeping the house to earn privileges and rewards. Lady Tremíti was never unkind or unfair, but Daniela was unaccustomed to having to earn anything that she wanted, and she did not care for this new custom at all. Her demands went unheard; her tantrums, no matter how dramatic, did not win her the thing that she wanted as they had done with her now dispatched Governess, and she thought her step-mother—her *madre medía*—to be wicked, and cruel.

Catania and Amaría, knew what their mother expected, and how to keep a proper house. When the three girls were offered a basket of strawberries as a reward for pulling the weeds from the garden, Daniela sat idly by, letting the other two do all of the work. They didn't like dividing the rows by two instead of three, but they wanted the strawberries, so they did Daniela's share of the work themselves, and the three girls shared equally in the spoils. This continued for a long time, until the sisters were no longer willing to cover for Daniela. If Daniela's chores went undone, as they always did, they told their mother the truth, and Daniela often watched her step-sisters eating strawberries without her, or having new

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A Marginally Noted Man

by Anne Shmelzer



This timeless and poignant story portrays Will Nicol's internal struggle to regain his sanity after five years in the WW1 trenches of Flanders Fields, and explores the central themes of lasting love and friendship. Will's journey plunges readers into the moral ambiguity of war, his recuperative convalescence with Trappist monks and his courage in confronting his memories and demons, as he searches for redemption.

A Marginally Noted Man is available through the publisher's website railwaycreekbooks.ca, Amazon, Kobo, and iBook stores. Print editions are also available at Perfect Books and Books on Beechwood in Ottawa, The Book Nook in Perth and Novel Idea in Kingston.

THEY NEVER CALLED HER CINDERELLA

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ribbons in their hair when there were none for hers. She thought her step-sisters to be even more wicked than her *madre media*, and she repaid their wickedness as often as she could.

Then, word arrived that Giordano had died at sea.

Daniela had no idea who the dandy man in the blue cape was, but she did hear what he said. *By law, no woman may own land.* If her *madre media* didn't take another husband, or marry off one of the girls, then the family estates—hers, and both of her late husbands'—in their entirety, would revert to the King.

Desperate for a solution, Lady Tremíti invited four gentlemen from the village to enjoy an evening of dinner and fine wine, in the hopes that one of them would take one of the girls to be his wife. She knew the hearts of men all too well, and she deliberately invited four men to court the three girls in the hopes that the men's fighting spirit would light a fire in their hearts, or somewhere else, and make them compete for the affections of a girl that they might otherwise have overlooked.

The three girls knew the plan, and the importance of its success. But, Daniela saw only an opportunity to strike back. When dinner was served, and the guests began eating, the expressions on their faces made it obvious that Daniela had succeeded. When asked to identify the unique flavor in the stew, in response Daniela flung a pocketful of cinders into the faces of all in attendance, unconcerned that she covered herself in cinders in the process. As the men retreated in disdain and disgust, Daniela reveled in the look of anger and

disappointment on the face of her *madre media*, and she considered it a fitting lesson for the many times that she herself had been angered and disappointed by the other three women in the house.

She slept in the forest last night, beside the tree that marked her mother's grave, unaware that a Royal proclamation was being delivered to every household in the kingdom.

The King was to host a Festival.

The King's Festival would last for three days. There would be pantomimes and exotic animals, feasts and treats, music and dancing and, most importantly, the opportunity for every maiden of marrying age to catch the eye of the yet unmarried Crown Prince.

Daniela, Catania, and Amaría were all expected to attend the festival, but Daniela seemed uninterested in the whole affair. The sisters helped each other get dressed, grabbing for the best jewelry, helping to pin each other's hair, but when Daniela was asked to hand Amaría a comb, she flung it across the bedroom where it landed in the chamber pot. The sisters didn't know it, but Daniela had her own plans for the Festival and they were far more grandiose than their own.

Daniela had snuck out to the commercial district and visited the shoppe of a merchant her father had supplied with the most beautiful silks from Asia. She stole everything she needed to make her own dress, which she did under cover of night, and under the careful watch of the mice. When asked by her *madre media* from where the dress had come, she made up the most fantastical lie. She

declared *My god-mother gave it to me. She lives as a faerie in the woods, and she made me this magical dress out of poplar leaves stitched together with thread made of winter-wheat.* Everybody knew she was lying, but she didn't care.

She hadn't ridden to the Festival in the coach with the other women either, and when asked how she got there, she made up another god mother story about a pumpkin, and some mice and a rat being magically transformed into the most beautiful coach with Arabian stallions and a whiskered coachman. In truth, Daniela had offered herself to the Royal Coachman, a man she knew from a neighbouring estate whose whiskers reminded Daniela of a rat. He was the beneficiary of something that the Governess Mistress Sciatto had taught Daniela upon the occasion of Daniela becoming a woman.

Use your mouth and keep your virtue.

The Prince's Ball on the first night of the Festival would have been humiliating had the stakes been not as high. You can liken it to a herd of milk cows being inspected for worms on their teats. The Prince was introduced to more than a hundred young women, each of them primed and powdered and preened, and perfectly rehearsed. Daniela watched as the other girls flattered and fawned over the Prince, promising fidelity and everlasting love—two things he didn't desire.

At the Prince's Ball on the second night of the Festival, the Prince selected three women from the first night, with whom he would eat, and dance, and talk, and probably deflower on the terrace somewhere

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THEY NEVER CALLED HER CINDERELLA

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near the stroke of twelve. That night, the unimaginable happened. Daniela actually caught the eye of the Crown Prince. And, upon taking his hand for their waltz, remembering how unimpressed he was by the guiles of the other girls, Daniela stated quite plainly that if he took her to be his wife: she would always play the devoted dutiful Princess in public, he could keep as many courtesans as he liked in private, and he could use the estate for whatever purpose he wished.

At the Prince's Ball on the second night of the Festival, the evening ended with the Crown Prince taking Daniela as his wife. Lady Tremíti's utter bewilderment didn't diminish her relief; they would not lose their home. Granted, the Tremíti and the Giordano estates would be transferred, through the marriage to Daniela, to the Prince, but they would keep their home.

Or, so she thought.

Unfortunately for Lady Tremíti and her daughters, what the Prince wanted was to have a tract of land which he himself could declare Royal hunting grounds for the Cervo Mesola, the elusive *red deer*.

Lady Tremíti and her daughters came home from the festival that Sunday morning to find an armed detachment of Royal servants with orders to prevent their entry to the estate, even if only to retrieve their possessions. The land, the house, and everything inside now belonged to The Prince, and they were never again to be admitted to the estate.

They returned immediately to the castle to demand an explanation and a reversal, but they would not be admitted to the castle, and no Royal family member would give them an audience. They were simply and unceremoniously turned away at the gate. Lady Tremíti assured her daughters that she would do everything in her power to reacquire their home, but she underestimated how little power she actually had. At the office of the barrister upon whom her late husband had relied, she was told quite plainly *There is no interpretation of the law that can help you. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have an appointment with a client who can afford to pay me.*

As she left his office, she saw her former home in the distance, ablaze. It was, after all, the fastest way to

clear cluttered land. They had nowhere to go, and they had nothing but their ridiculous ballgowns and an old carriage to sell for food.

Daniela's revenge for injuries only imagined, was absolute and uncompromising.

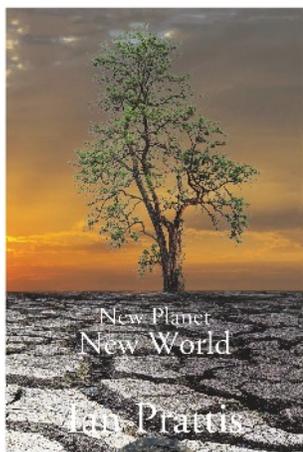
As the newlyweds took their thrones as Prince and Princess for the first time, Daniela looked at her husband and asked sardonically,

So, this is love?

And they lived happily ever after...

...while the step-mother and her daughters died of the pox.

BIO: Tony Bove has been employed as a Technical Writer for the last 20 years. The Step-Mother's Story, inspired by his own step-children, Ash and Isaac Proulx, is the first personal writing project he's ever completed, and the CAA-NCR National Capital Writing Contest is the first competition he's ever entered. Obviously, this is a great first step towards a productive writing career. Tony lives in Kanata.



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2015 NCWC - Short Story

The Inward Vision

BY ZENON STRZELCZYK

HONOURABLE
MENTION

BETWEEN THE WOODEN slats, Adam could make out flashes of passing countryside as the train pushed through open, harvested, fields; the edges of the fields were lined with trees: black naked branches, gnarled fingers reaching out to the pockmarked full moon. The moon, framed by torn slate- grey clouds, hung in an ebony sky. Cold night, winter is coming thought Adam.

He leaned against his haversack and turned back to look into the interior. Bright moonlight shone in through wooden slat walls: stripes of dark and light cut across the heaps of humanity lulled to their fitful rest by the swaying of the train car. The faint odor of cattle urine mixed with the musty smell of unwashed humans filled the cattle car.

Adam slipped a hand into his tweed wool jacket's inside pocket and searched around until he found the secret flap sewn into the lining and smiled; he slowly pulled out the ring Emilia had given him as a wedding gift and placed it on his wedding band finger. It felt warm to the touch; the gold ring band glinted in a strip of moonlight.

A black oval opal filled the centre of the ring with shades of blues, greens, yellows and flares of red: colourful galaxies set in a black universe. The opal held his

gaze as the galaxies shimmered and flashed - then they slowly began to fade to black; Adam's face appeared in the opal. The reflection showed an older clean-shaven man greying at the temples; wrinkles and sadness sat around the edges of his bright eyes and a wistful smile was on his lips.

Darkness fell. Clouds hid the moonlight. Emilia stood in his mind's eye, smiling, her green eyes sparkling, "Rehearsed a new piece today. Will you turn the sheet music for me?" She sat at the piano, smiled up at him, and started to play; her delicate body moved in time to the music, her shoulder-length blonde hair swaying with the movement. Chopin, their stocky oriental tabby cat sat on the piano watching her fingers dance across the piano keys. Adam stood next to her enveloped in the wildflower scent of her hair. Finally, Adam fell into the music and it enfolded them both.

Moonlight sliced in between the wooden slats of the cattle car again and the clattering wheels screeched as the train rounded a long curve. Adam glanced around. Sleeping heaps of humanity squirmed on the floor, adjusted themselves and then fell asleep again. Half-way down the cattle car, on his left side, were double doors that opened daily and guards brought in the slop: passing for soup and the bread was no better: mainly sawdust.

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canadian
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THE INWARD VISION

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Next to the double doors sat a large middle-aged man watching Adam. In his arms, the man clasped a small black suitcase; moonlight slashed diagonally across the man's unshaven face exposing large chubby jowls, a set of thin, taut, down-turned lips, part of a stubby nose, a small ear, one watching eye; the rest of his face disappeared into shadow. The one watching eye stared at him.

A raw wind blew in between the wooden slats; Adam pulled the collar of his jacket up around his neck closing the lapels across his chest. To hide the ring he placed his hands into the outside pockets of his jacket.

Emilia had found the ring in an antique shop in the old port of Marseilles where she was holidaying with her cousin, Anna. The dealer told her that it had been in the antique store since his grandfather's time; the ring had originally belonged to a Templar Knight. His grandfather's story was that the knight had received the ring, while on crusade, from an Arabic scholar whose life the knight had saved and he, in turn, had presented the ring to a family who were sympathetic to the Templars. They had arranged the knight's escape to Scotland, beyond the reach of the French king who, with the collaboration of his puppet Pope, persecuted the Templar order on false charges of heresy. In the 14th century, the Templars were the bankers of Europe and the king coveted their wealth.

The ring had been passed on from one generation to the next. Until one day a man came into the shop, a neighbour of his grandfather's, and asked the grandfather to hold on to the ring until he returned for it; if no one claimed the ring after five years, it was to be sold; the money was to be given to a charity. The man left the shop and no one ever returned for the ring; it had been sitting in the antique shop window ever since. The dealer left it in the window, occasionally dusting it, because the ring reminded him of his grandfather. When Emilia showed an interest in the ring he knew it was time to let it go and donate the profit to the local church orphanage.

Emilia told the dealer that the ring would be an appropriate wedding gift for her fiancé, a professor of history. The inside of the ring band had been engraved in a language that looked like Arabic; the dealer never bothered to have the inscription translated. Emilia had the outside of the ring band inscribed with, "All my love E." It fit Adam's wedding band finger perfectly.

Clouds hid the moon again. In the darkness, the rhythmic clatter of the train wheels was lulling Adam to sleep and he thought again of Emilia. He recalled the day she left - her smile as Emilia looked over at him, waved good-bye, blew him a kiss and then slid into the passenger seat of her cousin Anna's car. Then late in the night came the knock on his door, the police officer in a dark blue uniform said, "There has been an accident. Your wife has been killed. I'm sorry for your loss." After that, all he remembered were the odd words: near Rome, heavy rain, train crossing, signals not working, car thrown into ravine, fire, no survivors. As he stared at the weave and texture of the police officer's uniform, why always dark blue he wondered.

Emilia and her cousin were both buried on the same day, in closed coffins; Adam's hand had been shaken, condolences and hugs were given, but the faces of the people were all a blur. Late in the evenings, Chopin's soft purring moved Adam into sleep. Now, a solitary tear made its way down Adam's cheek and wet his lips; he wiped the tear away with the back of his hand. When Adam had proposed marriage to Emilia, she said that her career, as a classical pianist, came before children. Now, as the world darkened, he was relieved that they had not brought children into this world.

Adam's university classes were usually full, sometimes to overflowing, but recently fewer students were taking his courses. The university closed for the summer holidays and in the fall never re-opened. During the summer, most of his friends and colleagues had left the country; Adam stayed. He could not leave behind all the things that reminded him of Emilia. Finally, they came for him. Banging and shouting the soldiers in grey uniforms - who were no older than his university students - gave him 15 minutes to pack a bag and to be on the sidewalk. He had just enough time to place Chopin into the arms of his next-door neighbour, Mrs. Nevski. Chopin always divided his time between the two households.

Adam's world had shrunk to this cattle car and the one watching eye.

The moonlight returned. Adam sensed someone standing next to him. He looked up. Looming over him, the one watching eye had become a large hulking body

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THE INWARD VISION

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that seemed to grow out of the floor; it stood in the wide bands of shadow and the narrow bands of moonlight created by the slats of the cattle car. Cradled in its arms was the small black leather suitcase. The body stood over Adam; kicked the sleeping soul next to him until the soul moved over and then it lowered itself down next to Adam still clutching the small suitcase: he positioned the suitcase on the floor between his knees and rested his arms on it.

“Professor Lucas, I’m Samson Mishne.” Mishne sat smiling, sticking out his large thick hand waiting for him to shake it. Adam noted the shabby black suit sleeve that covered a stained shirt cuff. He nodded in Mishne’s direction; Mishne cleared his throat and lowered his hand. “The public works department. You came in whining about the potholes on your street. Last spring.”

Adam recalled the condescending clerk in the shabby suit with a mustard stain on his tie; he remembered the fleshy face, the rumpled brown hair and the cold eyes. Working at a desk had not turned Mishne’s bulky build to fat, yet.

“Ah yes, Mishne, we are still waiting for the repairs.”

Mishne leaned towards Adam, pointed a sausage-sized finger at him and said, “Where do you think they are taking us, professor?” Without waiting for an answer, he pointed the sausage finger at himself, “I worked hard. I learned. I was to be the new supervisor. Now, Gregor that weak-kneed jackass will get the job and I’m here.”

“He waved his large hand around the cattle car. This can’t be good. My old man

said things would turn out badly for me. He tried to beat the evil out of me with a stick. It was for my own good he said. I had enough. I took the stick and beat him until he begged me to stop, then I left for the city. I was doing all right for a farm kid, before this.”

Mishne glanced around the cattle car frowning, and said, “That ring in your pocket must be expensive! I believe what I see.”

And see what you believe, thought Adam as he closed his fingers into a fist, staring straight ahead, collecting himself then said, “My wife gave it to me.”

“Where is she now?”

Adam sighed, turned and looked at Mishne, “She died.”

“Um, I want to see the ring.” He reached across with his left hand and grabbed Adam’s left wrist. Adam tensed. Mishne tightened his grip pinning Adam to the wall with

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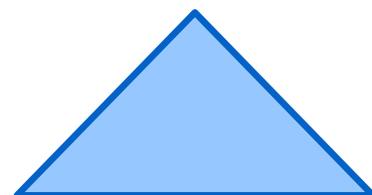
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THE INWARD VISION

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his shoulder. Mishne's suit jacket armpit was stained and the musty smell of an unwashed body mixed with cheap cologne assaulted Adams nostrils.

Mishne pulled Adam's left hand out of the tweed jacket pocket by the wrist and held the clenched fist up to a narrow beam of moonlight. "The stone looks black and blue with some green, red and yellow. What's it?"

Adam tried to pull away from Mishne's grasp, "It's a black opal."

Mishne squeezed Adam's wrist until the clenched fist opened palm up. In a strip of moonlight, Mishne read the inscription on the outside of the ring band.

"E was your wife?"

Adam nodded.

Mishne let go of Adam's wrist and leaned back against the wall. Adam lowered his sore ring hand on to his lap and covered the ring with his other hand. Mishne's face was in shadow, now. "*Give me the ring!*"

Adam's chest tightened, he took a deep breath, his chest rising, and then slowly he let his breath out. Having composed himself, he finally said, "This ring cannot help you. It will be bad for you."

Mishne's face came out of the dark, so close to Adam's face that he could smell Mishne's bad breath, "I know what's bad for me. This place is bad for me. I need money; I want that ring, old man!"

Adam lowered his gaze and then said, "No".

Mishne's voice softened, "You're a smart man, an educated man, professor. Let your education get you out of this. Give it!"

Adam looked down at the ring glistening in a band of moonlight. "No", came softly from his lips again.

A big fist hit Adam in the mouth, his head snapped back and he fell against the wooden slat wall. Blood trickled down his split lip, the taste of salt was in his mouth; pain stabbed into Adam's left shoulder: his arm had been twisted up behind him by Mishne. To protect the ring he curled up the fingers of his hand.

Mishne pulled at the ring and punched Adam, twice, in the side of the face; he shoved Adam's face into the wooden wall slats.

Time stopped for Adam. His head swam into near unconsciousness. He was aware of the pockmarked

moon, the shadowy silhouette of passing countryside, and the smell of wood preservative. A shrill train whistle pierced the cold night air and then the pain was back.

Mishne pulled Adam's head back stuffing a dirty handkerchief into Adam's mouth and wrenching up on the arm again. Adam's fingers opened. Mishne took the ring; he held it tight in his hand and then he let go of Adam's arm, pulled the handkerchief out of Adam's mouth and threw it onto the floor. Adam lay still against the wall slats catching his breath. Mishne stood looking down at Adam and kicked him in the ribs; Adam lay on the floor gasping for air.

In his fat fingers, Mishne held the ring up to the moonlight, pleased with himself. He looked into its centre and the colours faded; his gaze was drawn into the black of the opal. He smiled at his reflection, then Mishne's face froze. He let out a *whimper*, a short sudden *drawing in of breath as if his heart had stopped*.

The ring slipped through his thick fingers, bounced twice and rolled along the floor coming to a stop, in a groove, between two of the thick floorboards. Mishne fell to his knees. He lowered his head as if to pray. His hands started to shake. Abruptly Mishne looked up and slowly scanned the cattle car. Clasp the small suitcase to his chest, he scuttled back to his place by the double doors holding on to the suitcase as if he were hiding behind it. He jumped at any sound.

The train slows with a jerk; in the groove between the floor slats, the ring rolls towards Adam coming to rest in a band of moonlight. Finding the ring next to his knee Adam smiles, although his ribs ache with every breath. The moon shines bright, big, and round; Adam holds the ring up. Moonlight glints off the inside of the ring band; the Arabic inscription reads:

"The inward vision opens the eyes to your true self."



BIO: Zenon Strzelczyk has spent 35 years working as a federal public servant. Now he divides his time between writing (historical fiction, fantasy) and fine art photography. He is also a long time practitioner and instructor of Taoist Tai Chi Chuan.

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The local and national organization for professional and emerging writers across Canada



THE CANADIAN AUTHORS ASSOCIATION provides writers with a wide variety of programs, services and resources to help them develop their skills in both the craft and the business of writing, enhance their ability to earn a living as a writer, and have access to a Canada-wide network of writers and publishing industry professionals.

We are a membership-based organization for writers in all areas of the profession— aspiring, emerging and professional—in every genre and across all writing-related professions. As a not-for-profit national arts service organization, much of what we do benefits all writers, whether they are members or are affiliated with us as partners or through other writing groups.

What We Do

- Advocate for the protection of rights and equitable treatment for writers
- Help members promote their work through a members' book catalogue, online directory, advertising opportunities, book fairs, readings and touring support
- Provide writers with up-to-date information on awards, contests, opportunities, calls for submissions and writing conferences and retreats via monthly national bulletins, branch newsletters, and the website
- Provide learning opportunities for writers at every stage through webinars, podcasts, and CanWrite! – our national conference
- Showcase Canada's incredible literary talent through our literary awards, ezine, website, social media, conference – and whatever other media we have at hand

Our Mission

The Canadian Authors Association (CAA) is a national organization with a local presence dedicated to promoting a flourishing community of writers across Canada and to encouraging works of literary and artistic merit. We do this by

- providing opportunities for professional development
- promoting the fair and equitable treatment of writers
- increasing public awareness of Canada's writing and publishing environment



NATIONAL OFFICE CONTACT INFORMATION

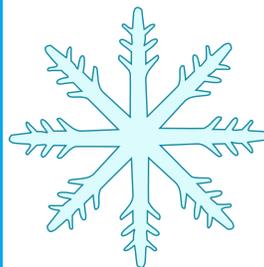
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BYLINE DEADLINES

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