

Just a bit about me:

I've written 21 novels and find them a wonderful way to give my AADD an opportunity to have an outlet. I wake at night and suddenly there's a story in my head. The brain acts out some of these stories and I'm thrilled with the ideas. Sometimes I wait a week or so, but sometimes the next day I start writing.

I woke the other day with the idea of a young African family leaving from The Congo to Cameroon to Nigeria and then taking a boat/ship to Puerto Rico and the son then going to school in New York City. The ideas traveled through my head like a train without any limits to speed.

Then I began to write. It's a pretty good story. I'm working on it now. The problem I will have sooner than later is transferring my white bread up-bringing and, even though I'm open minded, the ideas of African-Americans in the US is not something into which I've delved deeply enough, I don't think, to get the essence of the AA life style and choices. Need to wonder and study some.

I was reading a book the other day and wondered why this guy didn't take my Creative Writing class. He needed to learn some things. If any of you are writers, this is for you as well.

Try to make your work timeless. Make the years disappear unless they are for historic references. Don't say, when writing in 2006 that this is the time about which you are writing. Don't say things like you were in Iraq at the time of the war. Don't push the idea that the reader in 2010 will have to go back and re-learn the mistakes of the past to get through to what you are trying to say.

If you merely write, "fifteen years ago I was in school..." Instead of something like, "In 1994 there was this school and a prom and I took this blonde girl to the dance and..., blah blah blah." 1994 is over and gone. Maybe by the time this person reads it there will be other things more than proms. Drive in restaurants are no longer the event in life they were 30-40 years ago.

Try to eliminate the dates and just write something the reader can relate to recently. Don't put a person in the Vietnam war if he's 40. As this is written, a guy from the VN war would likely be at least 50+ years old. Many of the old timers who served there would be in their 60s or 70s even. And that's today.

Timeless gives you the opportunity for your reader to make up his/her own timeline.

If, however you Must put times in, then do it so it becomes relative to the story by historical standards. You can talk about the Civil War and that's historical enough. Or the Old West. Or WWI. Those are good things to write about, but you better do your research or else the reader will discount your writing as balderdash if you talk about vehicles which were not made until after your time-line.

Just some musing that goes through my feeble brain in the middle of the night.

And during the day at work when very little happens.

I work because I love being productive. I have a job which requires I do so little as to be nothing. And they don't pay me to do that nothing thing. Nope, they don't pay me anything. And no, it's not security; have to provide my own security. Did. Now after we retired from own own business. Thought it would be interesting to volunteer. Not bad. I just hated almost every minute of that quietude; volunteered with the San Diego Community College Police Department as one of those Retired Senior Volunteer Patrol people.

That was my second, or was it third?, retirement. Now I'm working once more so we can have those little fun things we usually deny ourselves. I keep my volunteer job because my boss likes two things about me. One: my personality which is outgoing and I can talk about almost anything to anyone. Two: I show up every day and know exactly what I need to do -- which is pretty much nothing.

My wife likes her job too; stay at home mom. We work the same places at different shifts. She works mornings from morning until I get home; I work at the police station and around the campus' of the SDCC. And we both do hardly anything and we get paid nothing to do hardly anything. The Police Chief where I work thinks a lot of me and often give me thanks for all I do.

Glad to help. I'm sure, from the comments I get and the awards I've received, that the rest of the police officers and command think I'm doing a decent job. Then I go home and start all over; I volunteer to help my wife get through the days. She seems to like what I do. Seems to like how I help her. That's all there is in life – help and enjoy doing it.

Enough for today. More another day.