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Started in April 2013. Who knows when it will be completed?

This is a perzine combined with a reviewzine combined with a LoC sub. Paper copies will go from me to those folks who have sent me something that I write about in here; a couple of relatives; a couple of friends and the original will go to my friend Chuck in the UK, who will post it in a slightly different format on www.efanzines.com, and possibly send paper copies to some folks. Redistribution in any form, by any method, is encouraged – no strings attached (see below re Creative Commons etc.)

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If you want one, send something to the above address. Letters of comment on the contents of this issue would be welcome; please note I am not sending copies of this thing in exchange for letters.

So, it is May 31. Shortly after 5 p.m. Thermometer is sitting on 30, the one outside the house. It has been an interesting day so far for a change. Well, there have been a few lately. Spent the hours from 2 to 4:40 a.m. sitting in a chair wishing I could sleep or read or something. Got up and went and had a good day at work. My work days are usually about 5 to 6 hours; I got a lot done. Sweated at lot, but that comes with the territory. Came home and found the flag up; hasn't been any interesting mail in ages. But today there was a big fanzine which I will write about elsewhere, and a postcard from Mary McCray, who tells me she is moving but not what her new address is. Grrr. Typing a bitty note to include with her copy of LoR #4, which I will post shortly, and hope it is forwarded – the ribbon on this thing is starting to act up. Huh. These ribbons used to last forever. Something has been ...bad word alert... fucked in the last half dozen I've had. The used portion is not rolling up smoothly and is instead balling into a fisherman's tangle. Last time I tried to fix one of these it

all flew to hell, let's see, just like that! About a third of that ribbon lost. I was at Staples yesterday. But I have 2 new ribbons. One was twisted, that won't work. This one was messed up. Almost took a fit and drive to Truro. Nah. Kept rolling it off, about 9 inches, and it started to work. I have an appendage which used to grow to that length when I was young, and ... and later I had something I used to like a lot and haven't had any for a long time. Had some head.

I think I got the other ribbon so it will work as well. Hopefully one or both will last me to mid July. I see my birthday is mid week. Don't matter. This issue ends July 16. Next one starts next day.

Head cheese. Bought it at Sobey's. About \$7 for a 375 gram tub. What did you think I meant?!

The first official day of summer bought summery weather, summer time schedule, which is to say, up at 4:30 a.m.; the first flat tyre I have had on the truck I have now, and a bitty zine from Dan called *Oboy! A zine!* That's it? Heading off to work I saw a warning light on the dash, huh, that's the one for the tyres, last time it lit up I ignored it and had to buy a new tyre. Stopped. Flat tyre, getting glatter by the second. Couldn't get the pare unhooked. Spent an hour fighting with it; finally got it changed and off to the dealer's where I find (a) the thing looks like someone stuck a Bowie knife in it, and (b) they don't have any. Did find me an old used tyre to use as a spare – counting lost income, that is about \$500 – well, tyre will cost close to \$300.

The zine is actually called FOR SALE: Baby shoes, never worn. Which is an old Hemingway thing. I sat down to read it and almost through went off to never never land for a while, and then starting running off these 6 word novels like crazy. Like: Damn, Dan, don't drop the drama – and – six words, six pictures, six minutes – and – God loves you. Why not me? - and – Life is real. Who needs mail? - and – Hodbody rocks! Kids do so two – and – Stop this shit. Do something useful. Dan wants mail. Like me. Dan Lennard, PO Box A1412, Sydney, South NSW 1235, Australia.

Work. Rest. Eat. Sleep. Shit. Repeat. Dan suggests that folks can email him these 6 word novels and he might do another zine someday. Dan in Helen. Dogs go nuts. Um. Once upon a time I lited their email whatever it is called like that. danhelen@idx.com.au. Isn't this stuff way too dear. Good thing it ain't about Cher.

Two more lines ole hairy; might get you a pic of Mary.

Okay, that's definitely enough of that. Got some 2 week old fried chicken heating up. Suppose it's edible?

July 8. Well, saw broke down on Friday. Took it to the dealer; they couldn't

fix it then. Okay. So I thought I would finish this up early and get the saw at the same time; dealer is close to Staples, I could make 1 trip do. Found a message when I got home; saw was ready. Hmnnn. I could use it. Go get it and get some Chinese food. So I did. Got the first fortune cookie I have ever seen. Bitty generic thing. So called cookie was inedible. Message said *Try deviating from routine this weekend*. Not very exciting.

July 15, around 5:00 p.m., too damned close to 100° F! I made it into the woods about 5:30 a.m. 10:30 was enough of that, home I came. Mail arrived with a fistful of stuff including OPUNTIA #264; a bundle of issues of VANAMONDE and a letter from one of the few folks who enjoy reading these things and periodically tells me so. Also a demand from VISA for payment. I made last month's payment a few days before the statement arrived, using the card. Statement arrived, they still wanted a minimum payment and threat to suspend privileges. Bastards! Month's will vanish in the copier, won't it? Decided to go in and make a payment and bought a slice of pizza.

OPUNTIA and the latest issue of MACLEAN'S spent some time and words and photos on covering the floods in Alberta. When I was out there 40 something years ago the idea of Calgary being flooded seemed ridiculous. But one thing about that is it causes me to wonder what I am whining about. Dale did not suffer anything worse than some inconveniences, thankfully, but people lost their belongings, their mementoes, their homes and in some cases their lives. Yeah, I am having a lousy summer. Not in any danger of losing the house. Yet. Yeah, I spent the hours between 1:00 a.m., and 4:00 a.m., sitting in my chair listening to myself breathe and occasionally muttering imprecations against God, fate, tobacco, myself and various other entities. And it is true that I would be pleased if I died before I finish this sentence. But I don't imagine many, if any, of those folks who died in that horrid train wreck in Quebec wanted to do so. Dale writes about celebrating the world wide party, and idea broached 20 years ago by some fans; he mentions he has no right to complain about water in his basement and then salutes fans over the globe with a bit of a jab at the cranky folks in Vancouver. I really have no right to complain about anything. Yeah, Graeme Cameron said he would send me his zines and after he sent me one lot and the first issue of this was out I haven't heard from him again. Yeah, this is the first day in a couple of weeks that anything related to this zine, or fandom, arrived. But I also know that the letter writer is not the only person who appreciates my efforts. She's currently the most ebullient. But if she endures a mail relationship with me half as long as Dan has, she likely won't be.

The final day of year 64 brought a hell of a bout with CFS. Having a terrible summer. Sitting in my easy chair in a semi-comatose condition I started thinking about *The Life of Rodney Year 90*. I suddenly realised what I was

thinking. What the hell?! Maybe if I accept the probability that I am destined to live to about that age and I might as well make the best of it, well, shit, be positive. Enough of this talk of dying and such. Enjoy whatever the Gods have in store for me.

I doubt this poor old machine will last until then. But you never know. I know that if I never hear from Chuck again I owe him a lot. Given that I haven't heard a word from him in more than 6 months I don't know if this will appear on the Internet. Anyone can do anything they wish with their copy. I know I would rather send paper copies of each issue only to folks whom I have heard from during the creation of said issue. But I know that would deny copies to some folks who deserve them.

The Life of Rodney Year 65 starts tomorrow, probably.

No doubt it was inevitable that the first fanzine to appear after my frustration with the whole fanac business caused me to alter some things, would be something special; unique and wonderful. I didn't think it would show up the next day!

MOTORWAY DREAMER #8 is described as an Electronic Printed Fanzine. The paper version comes with fancy spiral binding, slick pages, a slipcover in the back and lots of photos in colour, no less. Not, to be honest, the best fanzine I have seen. But a very good one. Bastard must cost a fortune to produce. Inside after a bit of puffery from the editor, there is an 11 page article by Mike Meara on cars that he has owned c/w a bunch of photos, which was fun to read and see. The 10 page article by Taral Wayne states early on: "I'm going to bore everyone on the topic of collecting model cars." At least he's honest. The 23 page trip report by Roy Kettle is informative, amusing, enthralling and boring in a few spots. Anyone who has never been to Kentucky would love reading all about the trip he and his wife took to that state; people who have been there should enjoy reading it to make comparisons and people who live there should enjoy reading his take on their towns and cities and culture and food and booze and horses. They spent time in Henderson. A few more photos would have made it better. Skipped the poetry section but then found a comment in the LoCs about a poem in the previous issue which caused me to go look at the 3 in this one. I still ain't reading poetry! Good letter section. This issue and the previous 7 are on www.efanzines.com. Dunno if printed copies are available. Try johnsila32@gmail.com – John Neilsen Hall, Coachman's Cottage, Marring Hill, Ramsbury, Wilts, SN8 2HG, UK.

OPUNTIA #263, June 2013, arrived June 3. Reviews of books about radio personalities, part 5 of the evolution review, which starts off about brains, of which I doubt I have one, and learning to cooperate. And some photos of Calgary. \$3, trade LoC. Dale Speirs, Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, T2F 2E7, Canada.

And June 13th brought A MEARA FOR OBSERVERS #15. Lots of colour; lots of photos which publisher Mike Meara calls 'phoots' – must be some sort of BritFan thing. Trip report he and Pat (his wife) and some guy took to Oregon for one of those fan con things, and a bit of a side trip. Skipped the beer bit; enjoyed the rest. He didn't include an address, I guess Chuck passed on the last stuff. 31 paper copies, available for emoc, LoC, poc, or toc. Can't figure it out, email him at meara810@virginmedia.com. I wonder if Richard Branson cares that I let my cell phone plan lapse.

June 24th brought a sultry day. Mail brought a package from the insurance company. Insurance for the truck for year 65 ... just under \$1,000. Saw 3 deer on the way to work, and a muskrat on the way home. Went to the village and saw a number of hot babes. Then I came home and read the June edition of ALEXIAD. One of their cats died. There was a con in Louisville. I wonder if Roy Kettle would have gone if he had been there at that time. Joe comments on some books and various other things; Lisa comments on horse racing and some other things. Someone named Carol Clarke visits the world of mainstream comics. And 11 pages of letters.

Sample on request from Lisa & Joseph Major, 1409 Christy Avenue, Louisville, KY 40204-2040, USA – jtmajor@iglou.com

My intentions are to do 8 page 'issues' of *The Life of Rodney Year 65*. I am going to try and resume writing thankyou letters to hose folks who send me things. Going to send a letter with this one, actually.

John Hall was nice enough to send me a copy of MOTORWAY DREAMER #7. It's a little smaller than #8, came out 2 years earlier and has much the same format. Roy Kettle reports on one of those con things in an hilarious fashion; Robert Lichtman writes about being on The Farm... poetry section contains this:

If God doesn't exist
doesn't that mean
Jesus wasted his life?

I only saw it because Lichtman pointed it out in issue 8. Gonna write a LoC.

July 6. Heatwave. The Entertainment Weekly 100 Best Lists also have sidebars; 4 for books, some are in the list but most are not. Thus there are about 135 books in the combined lists of books. Most notable to me is that most of them were written years or decades or more ago. Some are recent: #79 is from 2012. I have actually read 4 of them. Back around 1970, when I read PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT by Philip Roth, it was a wild book for its time; the brief description seems compliant with my memory. It's #63. #100 THE JOY LUCK CLUB by Amy Tan actually has some connection to small press stuff; it was

published in 1989, I read it a couple of years later. One of the sidebars is 10 greatest mysteries and thrillers. I recall reading PRESUMED INNOCENT by Scott Turow. And #95 is also my own Books Read in 2013 #16. My description of THE POISONWOOD BIBLE is quite a bit longer than theirs, as well as more accurate. I liked reading it; sister didn't want it so I took it back to the charity table some time ago; I noticed today it is still there.

The music section sucks. No Cher albums anywhere. Only one Springsteen. Lots of Beatles and weirdos and rap crap. 10 Best Duets list is very good. *I Got You Babe* by Sonny & Cher is #2. I can't argue that *Islands in the Stream* by Kenny Rogers and Dolly Parton from 1983 is not the best duet of all time.

GOLDEN GREATS is a Cher Zine #2. Published in 2004, it has a lot of reading. I have been picking out bits from time to time. I read the Cher Library with great interest and have some hopes of buying a couple of those books. I love the Ask Cher Scholar sections in these zines, they are witty and fun and occasionally informative. Very cool back cover. More comments on this one next issue.

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THE LIFE OF RODNEY YEAR 65 will be a little different than this one. I am going to reset the books completed section to start with the first book I complete during my 65th year. The section on Fanzies Received will be primarily a record of titles and dates received. I only plan on doing actual reviews for special items; for items which really grab my attention and for anything which the sender states should be reviewed. The thing is designed to be a record for me to have which will have copies made which will be letter supplements and letter substitutes, but it can also qualify as a stand alone zine. Distribution is going to change; I will buy a set number of copies, some will be mailed to folks I have heard from recently, some will be sent to folks at random.

My plans rarely work. But: this one calls for issue #1 to be copied while I am visiting my aunt in mid to late October. #2 should be 8 pages, copied whenever. #3 will likely be the spring visit to aunt. #4 will likely be the final, copied in July. Of course, if something happens to her, or I go bankrupt, one of us dies, or this old machine finally gives up the ghost ...

Books Read in 2013 Part 2

#20 SIMPLE TRUTH by David Baldacci. A thriller involving the Supreme Court; brothers at odds with each other; a young woman who likes one and falls in love with the other, CIA experiments with drugs, a death of a child covered up for decades and an attempt to free an innocent man leads to many errors, numerous deaths, some twists and turns, some deceit and a bit of filler.

Oh yeah, a sex scene of sorts. Not a bad book; I think I read it once before some time, this one is 470 pages, hd, atheist hero finds God at the end.

#21 TOP 100 PRO WRESTLERS OF ALL TIME. Bullshit. Very disappointing book. Published in 2002, it is a big hardcover book ostensibly written by John Molinaro, although it is mostly material taken from the pages of the WRESTLING OBSERVER NEWSLETTER. Up on the top of the cover is 'WRESTLING OBSERVER'S Dave Meltzer' edited it. Looks like he wrote a lot of it. My sister bought it for me at my request a couple of years ago; I read about half and put it away and went over it again this spring. All such things are subjective. I could rant on this thing for a few paragraphs, but considering that very few folks would have any interest, and my friend Dan, who will, would disagree with my assessment of this book and the ratings and the abilities of many of the wrestlers. Vander is #34, Dan. Brody is #18, and Billy Robinson is #68. Off to the charity table with it.

#22 THE CLOSERS by Michael Connelly. Detective Harry Bosch comes back from retirement to be part of a cold case squad called open-unsolved. He and his parter and others look at the murder of a 17-year-old girl 17 years before, that had never been solved. A little too much police procedural; a bit too much mundane detail to make it a really good book. But I realised less than a third of the way in that I had read this one before and read it again. 447 page paperback.

#23 NEW STORIES FOR MEN. Price 35¢ - in Canada 39¢. Permabooks edition, published in 1951, the anthology is copyright 1941. Second story in this 21 tale anthology is The Vigilante by John Steinbeck, which is 7 pages about hanging a black guy in 1938. The Good Sport by Sinclair Lewis is a story about a smooth talking piece of shit male, who wins a girl and drags her everywhere while being no good to her or anyone else. From 1920. The Red Game by T.S. Stribling at 48 pages is the longest, I think. Also the most disturbing, all about murdering bulls in the name of sport. 1941. The remainder vary in length and quality, all are from that era and are the type of short literary pieces one would expect. I found it reasonably interesting.

#24 THE TOPLESS TULIP CAPER by Lawrence Sanders. A Chip Harrison mystery it says. Good God, a Nero Wolfe parody! Wolfe and Archie and so on are even referenced early on. This is a fat little guy who plays with fish; the Archie clone, this Chip, is a kid, 19 or 18 or so. Acts like Archie, performs the same functions, gets laid as much – if not more – and is even dumber. A more modern, sexier and amusing version of a Wolfe tale. Quite funny. 264 pages.

#25 L.A. REQUIEM by Robert Crais. One of the earlier novels featuring Spencer wannabe detective Elvis Cole and his pal, Joe Pike, which contains lots

of murders, twists and turns, anger, 2 girlfriends for Cole – none at the end – and an old flame for Pike, flashbacks, really bad cops, couple of good ones, psychology, social stuff, some praise for Los Angeles and more. Quite a good read. 390 pages.

Also more. Got the last 2 at the charity table; back they go.

#26 Went to the post office yesterday and spotted PALE KINGS AND PRINCES by Robert B. Parker. A Spencer novel that doesn't look familiar. Brought it home and looked a little closer; yeah, I have read it. Having one of my shitty days I decided to try and read this book. I soon knew I had read it before; didn't know it was on the SPENCER shelf until I finished reading it and came down to type something. A good read; an easy read. Started at about 10 this morning; finished about 2 p.m., with lunch and a bath in between. Unlike some people, I do not read books when doing those things. 297 page paperback.

#27 DULCIE DOMUM'S BAD HOUSEKEEPING by Sue Limb. A radio programme in England, cobbled together into a slightly oversize book. Short, actually, at 165 pages, the pages are oversized. I assume the elimination of prepositions and most pronouns is due to the necessity of getting as much information to the listener as possible. Dulcie is a 40-something well educated klutz, who is an author; she has a Spouse who seems to have become a pain in the ass and is never named; 2 extremely spoiled little brats, male and female, and after a while a boyfriend. She writes a novel, referred to as a bonkbuster, which is eventually chucked off a train. She has encounters with maids, teenaged females, horny male neighbour, lesbian friends, crooks, suspected girlfriends of Spouse and so on. Quite an amusing book.

#28 MONSTER by Jonathan Kellerman. An Alex Delaware novel. Psychologist who is the brains partners with his gay copy friend to solve grisly complicated homicides. This guy can see a person or a place for 20 seconds and describe in explicit detail everything you are wearing, how you look and what you had for your last meal and all the furnishings of your office or home. Long rambling discussions or dissertations on various mental conditions and the causes and effects of various actions. Lots of speculation which sometimes turns out right, sometimes not. Some action but usually one is wondering why they are pondering delusion when someone has a gun to someone's head. It's a long running series; I liked all the others I have read. This one was just okay. 393 page paperback.

#29 DRY BOENS THAT DREAM by Peter Robinson. One of the older novels in the series about Inspector Banks, an English copper who has various troubles and foibles, one being he is something of a maverick. This one has a

grisly murder, a guy with a triple identity, a money laundering scheme for a dictator who wishes to relocate to England, a beaten up young woman who Banks is thinking lustfully about, a homosexual son and an odious father and a bunch of twists and turns. Not a bad little book, although it took me ages to read it in fits and starts. 351 page paperback.

#30 QUEEN OF IRON YEARS by Lyn McConchie and Sharman Harwood. An actual SF novel! Published by Kite Hill Publishing in the UK in 2011; shipped to me by my friend, Lyn as a gift sometime in 2012, I finished reading it July 1st. Data: Odd sized paperback of 370 pages. Lyn has a website as does Kite Hill Publishing. Bet you can't guess what it is!

#31 MAD DOGS, MIDGETS AND SCREW JOBS: The Untold Story of How Montreal Shaped the World of Wrestling by Pat Laprade and Bertrand Herbert. Data: Slightly larger paperback of 424 pages, published by ECW Press, this first of this year, it's full of bios and anecdotes and stories and numerous photos. Ordered off Amazon for me by sister a while ago, it arrived not long ago and I finished it just before supper. This one also has some skipped sections; long history of title belts; TV commentators and arenas were not of interest. I liked most of it; didn't learn too much but I did learn some things and found some titles for her to buy provided I can find the money to do so.

#32 PLEADING GUILTY by Scott Turow. Lawyers, graft, greed, theft, tricks and sex and psychology and sociology and expositions on being good or bad and a primary character who is essentially a low life scumbag. 464 page paperback.

#32 FOUR TO SCORE by Janet Evanovitch. Fourth in the Stephanie Plum series. This broad is a total klutz and wacky and smart mouthed and weird and fun as hell to read. Drag queen Sally Sweet appears for the first time and uses 'f*c*ed' more times in one paragraph than I have ever seen that word in any one book – including erotic novels. His gay drag queen roommate gets jealous and burns up Stephanie's car; firebombs her apartment and Joe Morelli's house; she eventually has a knock down fight with him in a senior citizen's home. Meanwhile she gets laid a lot and then decides against having any more sex. Also manages to collect the person she was sent to find after numerous adventures and wrong turns and silliness. Highly enjoyable book. Although anyone who doesn't like the F-word might want to stay clear of this one. 313 page paperback.

#34 IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE by Wendy Corsi Staub. Mediums, ghosts, intrigue, parental conflicts, con artists and an old man who is a con artist himself, who is a convincing medium, who gets a teen pregnant, they sell that

baby and later have another one who, as a teen, falls in love with the son of a poor farmer and the old man kills her by accident. They then decide to bury her in the backyard and she appears from time to time. Quite a few subplots, some nice twists. The primary characters are both kind of dumb but human I guess. I was completely wrong on who the murderer was. Enjoyable novel. 440 pages plus 5 page afterword – paperback.

#35 SEE HOW THEY RUN by James Patterson. Silly tale about billionaires and super smart, successful folks who get involved in a plot by an old Jew to enact what he views as revenge for Dachau by killing a bunch of the Olympic athletes in Russia. Foiled by the lovers. Almost every chapter in this 320 page bitty hardcover novel is 2½ pages, give or take a bit. Except for the final 20 pages I read the entire book one chapter at a time. Never bored me enough to toss it; obviously not a very engrossing novel.

#36 UNKNOWN MAN #89 by Elmore Leonard. Old style crime fiction novel about a con man and various con artists and a foolish young man and a drunken young woman and some cops and some folks get killed and it all works out. 221 pages.

Standing at the window watching the mailcarrier at the box, I wondered what she was doing when she blew the horn. Huh. So I shuffled out and she shouted to me about leaving a parcel. Turns out to be 4 Stephanie Plum novels including #33 above. I included unread Stephanie Plum novels on the list I gave sister and then sent her a note taking them off; apparently she hadn't gotten it when she ordered this batch. I will likely start #5 in the series today, but I doubt I am up to reading it all. If it shows up on the bottom of the page, well, I did.

Anyone who has known me any length of time and has been subjected to my bitty publications and writing will be aware that I am constantly dithering about the things. What do I want to do? Do I want to do it at all? THE LIFE OF RODNEY thing was created in large part because Chuck kept badgering me about writing and doing fanac. I thought it was a good idea and I think I will continue. But now that he has fallen off the face of the earth, some of the impetus has gone.

But this mini essay was to be about books 30 and 31 and my fluctuations concerning those books. There is actually not much about #31 beyond wondering what to do and whether any reader would be interested in anything I write about that book and a little bit about space. That's not really an issue in this case; with 14 days to my self imposed finish date for this 'issue' I foresee lots of white space to fill at the end. But the question is this: for other books on wrestling, should I include a review, some comments, just the date or some combination thereof? My aunt might like to read the section on the midgets,

although it was much too short for my tastes and possibly some other parts but I might take her the books; she would never order a copy and thus has no need of the data. The only reader I know of who would be interested in the book and might consider ordering a copy might be interested in the infamous Bret Hart screw job. It's a rehash of old information, Dan. There is a considerable amount of material on old time wrestlers from Quebec or who made their mark in Montreal. It is a book I was pleased to read, although I admit to skimming some parts and skipping some.

Book #30 is a very intriguing novel with a number of interesting concepts, including time travel and other dimensions and war and love and lust and a pre-op transsexual male with breasts becomes the lover of the queen and all sorts of things happen. On one hand, Lyn would be content with my comments to her. On the other hand I feel like I should try to do a real review of this one. Possibly to submit elsewhere. But I seem to have lost not only the desire to write book reviews but also the confidence that I can do anything any good. And another factor is that I am falling back into the situation of a couple of years ago, in which I can only type at certain times and sometimes I go for a period of time wiring and then that's it. Like now. My entire body is telling me: shut this old bitch of a machine off.

July 4th brought summer weather, it's about 98 at 5 p.m. Also the latest ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY with lists of the 100 best movies, TV shows, books, music. Haven't read too much of it. Book #1 is ANNA KARENINA. Don't think I will find QUEEN OF IRON YEARS in there. My grandchildren, supposing I had any, might do so in a future list. That book concludes with some commentary on different dimensions and time frames. I am a believer in different dimensions; I believe that there are numerous versions of Rodney Leighton, each one in a slightly different dimension, each one somewhat different than the one who tends to ignore the machine when it comes time to switch sides and so some words are blurred or lost come copy time. One of my favourites has about 40 grandchildren and counting. Of course, in that dimension, Lyn McConchie is probably illiterate.

I don't mean to disparage my friend Chuck. I do miss the TV shows and other things on DVD and the zines printed off the web and, well, I can get along without all of that. The business of wondering if he is in jail or in hospital or dead or just pissed off at me is kind of rough, and I know I shouldn't dop it, but I always do.

Whattya bet he shows up in the box tomorrow?

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Typist's Note:- Extract from several issues of *Boopledoggin'* – a zine produced for the membership of eAPA – by way of explanation regarding his silence. (OE-107) As for myself, the strange situation of being isolated in a multi-national company remains confusing. I'm not sure what is happening, except that the contract will finish on Good Friday. After that, it seems to be just one big black hole.

(Later, in *Boopledoggin' 67*) I'm not sure what is going to be happening by the time you get to read this. All I know is that I'm going to be taking over some project that appears to be run by a real freak. On our first meeting he even dubbed himself an 'Uber Geek' – then got a little miffed when I played a couple of comments in regard to various techie bits. It seems my previous life with the joys of Sybase products was actually worth it.

Still, it looks like I shall be doing various things with another outré system, in yet another bunker, below ground and sans sunlight. It may actually run for longer than two years or more.

However, the rumour is that the original creators (BAE Systems) had some kind of run-in with the present clients, something about them having a strange IT policy which meant their system IT manager couldn't download “hard drives” of Internet pornography. (At least, that's what I've been told is the reason they lost the contract at short notice.)

So, it seems, I sort of live to fight again. At least for a little while, provided I don't batter the present incumbent of the role to death with the soggy end of his own strange and bloated ego.

However, what it does mean is that I will actually have more contact with my parent company. A first, having worked for them for seven years without even several 'managers' knowing of my existence.

Then, of course, after the embarrassment of the last project (I ended up having to supply my own hot spares, from my own workshop supplies, in regard to keeping one terminal workstation going) I now end up getting all sorts of odd emails from people I've never heard of, telling me how wonderful life is here in HP Town. The fact that these people are in Austin, Texas, and nowhere near downtown Reality, means I'll probably end up wearing out the delete key before the rest of the keyboard is even broken in.

Still, it's work for the next 24 months, until the old contract comes up for re-bidding again. I'm going to be nowhere near retirement at that point in time (saying I could in the first place, with the variety of tripwires the various Governments have put in place for those with pensions other than that from the State) however, it does mean I can update my CV once more...

And then there was the whole re-writing, typesetting, and general setting to print of *California Twist* for the Nth time. Available now from Amazon at the time of typing, and hopefully from Smashwords as well, by the time you read this.

Go on, buy a copy – you know you want to...

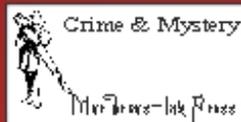
Being dumped sucks. Big time. So when Harry Rhimes helps Lindsey Fairfax walk into his office, and she dumps a runaway fiancé case in front of him, Harry knows exactly what's driving her to look for Preston Lyle.

And that's where the problems start.

What should have been a simple hide-and-go-seek missing persons case explodes into a rolling life and death situation as Harry becomes more and more involved with murders – old, new, and some yet to happen – old family money, even older malignant greed, calculating siblings, the city police, hot IT specialists, cold relationships, college football, drugs, Californian girl gangs, the Richardsons dog, and not forgetting a sadistic killer who has a taste for opera.

But that's just one week in the slightly surreal world of American born, but British bred, ex-Army major turned Californian Private Investigator, Harry Rhimes.

California Twist sees the start of a new series of novels featuring the life and times of Harry Rhimes, a Private Investigator who likes to think he's funny – as in ha-ha, rather than just peculiar...



California Twist

John A. Connor



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