

novelinspirations.com November 2007 newsletter

## CONTENTS

NEW AT novelinspirations.com

STORY STARTER

SHORT STORY – The Messenger, part 2

WRITER'S CORNER

RECOMMENDED WEBSITE

PASS IT ON

REPRINT RIGHTS

=====

NEW AT novelinspirations.com

Have you visited the FEATURED AUTHOR page this month? Kathleen Y'Barbo's newest release *Beloved Castaway* is November's featured book and it was a delightful read. Check out my review and an interview with Kathleen at <http://www.novelinspirations.com/featured.html> .

In December, I'll be announcing a special holiday giveaway, so stay tuned!

=====

STORY STARTER

I love a good challenge. If you do, too, I've got a story starter just for you.

Write your current scene using only dialogue.

Try one of these starting sentences:

“Root, root, root for the home team...”

“Owhooooo!”

“Gross.”

Keywords:

burger

wannabe

beesewax

it

looney

tunes

workaholic

scene

tree

holiday

outside

card

=====  
SHORT STORY – Part 2

The Messenger  
By Lacy J. Williams

“Katie, leave that man alone.”

Pounding inside my head woke me. It thundered like a stampeding herd of buffalo were inside. I cracked open my eyes to see the night sky, full of stars, above me.

Was I dead?

I strained my ears, but it was eerily silent. Not even a cricket sang. Had I imagined the voice? Who was Katie?

Turning my head hurt too much, so I stared up at the sky. It didn't give me any clues to my surroundings. I remembered coming out to Dot Martin's place, and the tornado, riding faster than I'd ever done before...

Tornado! I sat up, the dream as vivid as reality had been yesterday. Today?

Pain in my left shoulder nearly made me cry out, and I fell backwards, dizzy. I must have moaned, because moments later, a cool hand touched my forehead. My eyes slid closed against the throb in both my head and shoulder.

Water touched my lips and I drank, the liquid soothing my sandpaper throat. When the dipper began to move away, I reached up with my good arm and clasped my hand around it and the fist of whoever held it. It was too much effort to open my eyes, and I could feel the dizziness overtaking me again. I groaned. “Susie...”

“Katie, leave that man alone.”

This time when I opened my eyes, the pain in my head had receded to a dull ache. Blue sky, littered with clouds, above me.

Was I still dead?

My shoulder hurt too bad for that to be the case. And my stomach howled for something to eat. Gingerly, I rolled my head to the side and came face to face with the freckle-faced girl. Dot Martin's daughter.

“He's awake!”

Her bellow threatened to start my head pounding again. I looked past her piercing blue eyes to her mother, just outside the soddy's open door. Mrs. Martin was bent over a washboard, scrubbing a white cloth. Some of her hair had come loose from her braid and danced in the breeze.

With an effort, I focused on the little girl, who was still talking. “...and the barn roof got busted, and--”

I cleared my throat. “Kid, can I get some water?”

Her brows furrowed and she frowned before going to fill the dipper from a bucket near the stove. I saw my gun belt hanging over one of the two chairs at the little round table.

“My name's Katie. And this is Dolly.” She held up a rag doll, whose face was faded off except for the red mouth. I drank until the water was gone, then turned my face away, hoping she would get the hint and leave me alone.

“Why don't you like me?”

“Katie.”

I turned my head back, surprised at the soft voice that was close by. Mrs. Martin laid a hand on her daughter's shoulder. I noticed her work-roughened hand, the fingers long and slender. Strands of

blond hair had fallen into her eyes, and her face was flushed. From exertion?

“Honey, why don't you go play outside for a minute while I talk to Mr. Bradley?”

The girl huffed a sigh, but turned to do her mother's bidding. Mrs. Martin bent toward me. “Let me look at your wound, make sure the bleeding has stopped.”

I dodged her touch and kicked my feet off the end of the bed. “I thank ya kindly for fixin' me up, ma'am, but I best get back to town before I'm missed.”

My movements made my head throb and I had to pause and wait for the dizziness to clear. Mrs. Martin's hand came to rest on my good shoulder. The gentle pressure calm through my pounding heart. Which only worried me more.

“If you try to ride horseback, you'll jar those stitches out faster than you draw your gun.”

One more try to get out that door. “It's not that far to town. I can see the doc when I get there.”

She made a sound something like a snort, but tried to hide it with her hand and a cough. “You really are new in town, aren't you? There's not a doc hereabouts. Nearest one is in Kilter, thirty miles south.”

I shrugged and stood up, bracing my hand against the wall. Stars traveled across my vision, urging me to sit back down. I ignored them. Took a step. My legs nearly buckled from lightheadedness. I reached the doorway and clung to the frame.

“If you can make it to the barn,” Mrs. Martin's voice came from behind me. I didn't have to turn my head to know she was near. “I'll saddle your horse for you.”

One step outside the soddy, into the fiery August sunshine, was enough to make me regret getting out of that bed. Something warm and sticky trickled down my side.

I faltered.

Before I could go all the way to the ground, the woman sidled up to me and slipped her arms about my waist. If this was a normal day, I would've thought I was in heaven with her lithe body pressed up against me. If this was a normal day, and I wasn't about to black out.

She grunted as we turned sideways to fit back through the doorway. I slumped on the bed and didn't protest when she pulled my shirt over my head.

She sighed. “You've torn the stitches open.”

TO BE CONTINUED

====

#### RECOMMENDED READING

The Restorers Son

Sharon Hinck

Genre: fantasy

Think soccer mom meets Lord of the Rings. In this book, mom Susan Mitchell returns to the alternate universe of Lyric to find her missing son. Meanwhile, the new Restorer, Kieran, battles his inner demons. Will he give the One control of his life, or keep fighting against the only One who can save him?

This is an enjoyable read with well-crafted characters and a great message. Recommended for preteens and up.

All the Tea in China

Jane Orcutt

novelinspirations.com November 2007 newsletter

Genre: historical romance

Isabella knows that proper English ladies in the early nineteenth century aren't supposed to be spunky, but she can't seem to help it. She meets Phineas and follows him onto the China mission field – and falls in love on the way.

Lots of adventure and great dialogue in this novel. Recommended for teens and up.

=====

#### PASS IT ON

There is no charge for this newsletter. If you want to pass it along, please do so, but PLEASE forward the newsletter in its entirety.

Subscribe to this newsletter by visiting

<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/novelinspirations/join/>

Newsletter archives can be found here: <http://newsletter.novelinspirations.com>

Copyright © 2000 by Lacy J. Williams

=====

#### REPRINT RIGHTS

Permission is granted to use any of the articles in this newsletter in your own newsletter, e-zine or web site, as long as you include the following blurb with it:

Lacy J. Williams is an inspirational writer and loves to help others find their inspiration, whether it comes from reading or writing. Visit [novelinspirations.com](http://novelinspirations.com) today and GET INSPIRED!

=====

Thanks for reading!

Lacy J. Williams

Publisher, [novelinspirations.com](http://novelinspirations.com) newsletter