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MEJ NEWSLETTER

*Write your Sad times in
Sand, Write your Good
times in Stone.*

George Bernard Shaw



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Peculiar Activities update

I'm now working on the initial galley format for Peculiar Activities—a last chance to make changes in a Word document layout. Next comes the PDF galleys. Another step closer. [Ally Robertson](#) of the [Wild Rose Press](#) continues to be a great ally (pun intended).

This month, a selection from Chapter Two.

Eddie Stone pointed to our left. “There. This whole section.” He kicked away the dead foliage, and a flat headstone surfaced with the name of UNKNOWN and the death date of JULY 1987. “This used to be where we buried unclaimed bodies after two weeks. These days it doesn’t happen much with all the DNA crap.”

He stepped toward the fence, then cleared off another area. Five gray markers appeared, all said UNKNOWN and JANUARY 1995. “These are the five homicide victims Director Marconi told you about.”

Those deaths came into focus like a cold slap. “Why couldn’t you identify them?”

“No heads, hands, or feet.”

“Excuse me?”

“Whoever did this kept the skulls, hands, and feet. With no teeth and no fingerprints, we had nothing else sophisticated enough to help us.”

“No guesses even? A missing person’s report?”

“Nope. We found a connection, though.”

“To what?”

“To each other, it seemed. The victims were male, wore brown leather jackets, and the damndest thing—each had a piece of Orehnjaca stuck in a breast pocket.”

“Oren Jaka? I’ve never heard that word.”

He grinned. “I hadn’t either. It’s a Serbian bread dessert. A nut roll or something.”

“These murders sound more like mob hits than a serial killer.”

“Bingo. We’ve thought similarly over the years but couldn’t connect it to local gangs.” A blast of north wind shuffled the leaves, covering the headstones again. “I don’t think it’s only a local issue, and neither does the director.”



Check out the book trailer on the homepage of my website:

mejbookslc.com

Please note that all pictures used in the video and elsewhere are mine or purchased through available resources.

Good Friends And Other Stuff

Good Friends--

I have had the opportunity the last few months to assist a long-time friend in the publication of a book of poems on Amazon, both the paperback and electronic versions. [Ed Cunliff](#) has been employed in higher education for many years and currently serves as a Professor in adult and higher education at the University of Central Oklahoma. Over the years, he accumulated many poems about life, family, critters, and other characters. We worked together to publish his works, and the result is [Real Musings](#), a collection of poems. I think it's great and hope you give it a look on Amazon.



And Other Stuff--

2020. I think the only thing that didn't happen in Oklahoma was a meteor strike. (Knock on wood for 2021.) The good news is that all three of our kids married in late 2019 or in 2020. That's done!

2021 is a milestone year, if you keep track of such things like I do. The tenth of May marked twenty years since my mother's passing, and May fourteenth was ten years since my dad died. Cancer is a cruel disease.

I think about them sometimes when I'm writing or entering contests, etc. I wonder what they would think of me having retired from higher education finance and now thinking I'm a writer. I guess I would autograph a book and hope they would read it ... maybe even like it.