

The MANA Sunset

December 2016 Issue



In This Issue:

Happy December! This is our last issue for the year. We will feature poetry from our featured authors. We also include info about what MANA has been up to in the past two months. Finally, we are proud to present an excerpt from Nicholle Cardinal's blog. Nicholle is currently living in Peru as a part-time explorer, part-time writer. We hope you enjoy all this issue has to offer! We'll see you in the new year!

Call for Submissions

The MANA Sunset is an online periodical that is strictly for writers and is available on the Marketing-NewAuthors.com website. It provides tips for writers and, also, includes information about what MANA has been up to in the past months. Most importantly, it gives a writer the opportunity to have his/her poetry or prose (no more than 500 words) considered to become published. The editor and another associate review all works submitted.

Reviewed and accepted work will be published in upcoming editions. Submission and publication are at no cost to the writer. You want to become published in a credible periodical? Here is a prime opportunity! This periodical comes out every other month. Submit all work (Word files, only) to: info@marketingnewauthors.com.

Quote of the Month

Have a heart that never hardens,
and a temper that never
tires, and a touch that never hurts.



Charles Dickens



Sisters

by Karen Meyer

Some have blonde hair,
Some have red.

Some up early,
Some stay in bed.

Some inactive,
Some are on the go.

Some read to learn,
Others think they know.

Some are disciplined,
Others need a push.

Some buy at the store,
Some pick berries from a bush.

Yes, sisters can be different,
And most often they are.

(written in honor of my sister)

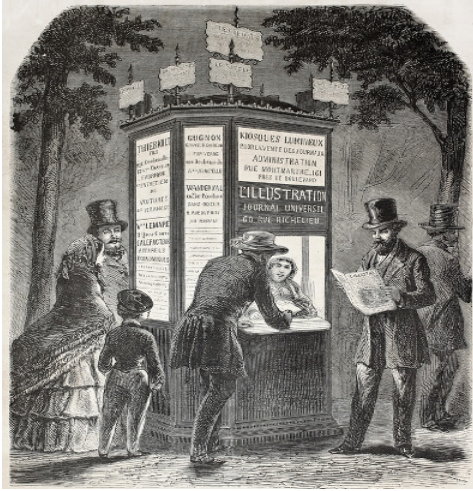


The Duality of Reality

By Steven J. Wedel

Close your eyes and dream.
Where does it take you?
Do you see reality,
or does reality see you?
Reality exists in one's mind.
Does your mind create an indistinct world,
or a spurious one?
Do you dream of the future,
or envision the past?
Are your dreams of color,
or of achromatism?
Does reality exist?

MANA's Short Story Series



MANA presents MANA's Short Story Series! MANA has resurrected the old days when only radios and periodicals provided entertainment. Writers present an excerpt from a novel or a mini series made up of five installments. Again, those who submit do maintain their copyright. MANA invites you to read stories for children and adults. Again, this is at no cost to those who submit. If you would like to be a part of this series, send your stories in for a review at: info@marketingnewauthors.com.

You know you're a writer when...
you dreamt a story
for the perfect
book, but you
can't remember a
word when you
wake up.



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New To the World

by Shaundra Henderson

We are born not knowing black or white;
Only how to love, not argue or fight.
We teach the things that we learn;
Each new life should be our concern.
Teach them right from wrong, each boy and girl;
We are their guide for they are...
New to the world!!



You Are Merry, My Lord

by Rita Julianna Scott

*Yesterday he whispered to me a lot,
Whispered to me terrible.*

*He went away on a desolated road,
And I forgot yesterday.*

A. Block, Song of Ophelia

You are merry, my lord you are merry today.
You left me yesterday; you discarded me like a broken toy.
I begged you to remember
but you threw away the rosemary I gave you for remembrance.
I begged you to remember
but you left me because you did not need me any longer.
I gave you pansies for thoughts, but you did not want to think.
You threw the pansies away.
You told me you had no need for me any longer.
And you told me you would never come back to me again.
So I forgot yesterday.
And I forgot the next yesterday.
And the yesterday after that.
Each day of my life became yesterday and I forgot them all.
I stopped living, because my life became yesterday.
It was always yesterday and never tomorrow
because you left me,
because you discarded me like a broken toy.
I told you I gathered some rue.
But you did not hear or you pretended not to hear.
You pretended not to understand.
I hoped you would come back.
I waited.
And I waited longer.
But you did not come back and the time was running out.
So I brew the rue and drank the potion.
But you did not come back.
You discarded me as a broken toy
because you did not need me any longer.
So I drowned myself in the river.
That's why you are merry today, my lord.
You are merry because I am dead.





Our Second Winter

by Rita Julianna Scott

Winters have names.
D. Samoilov

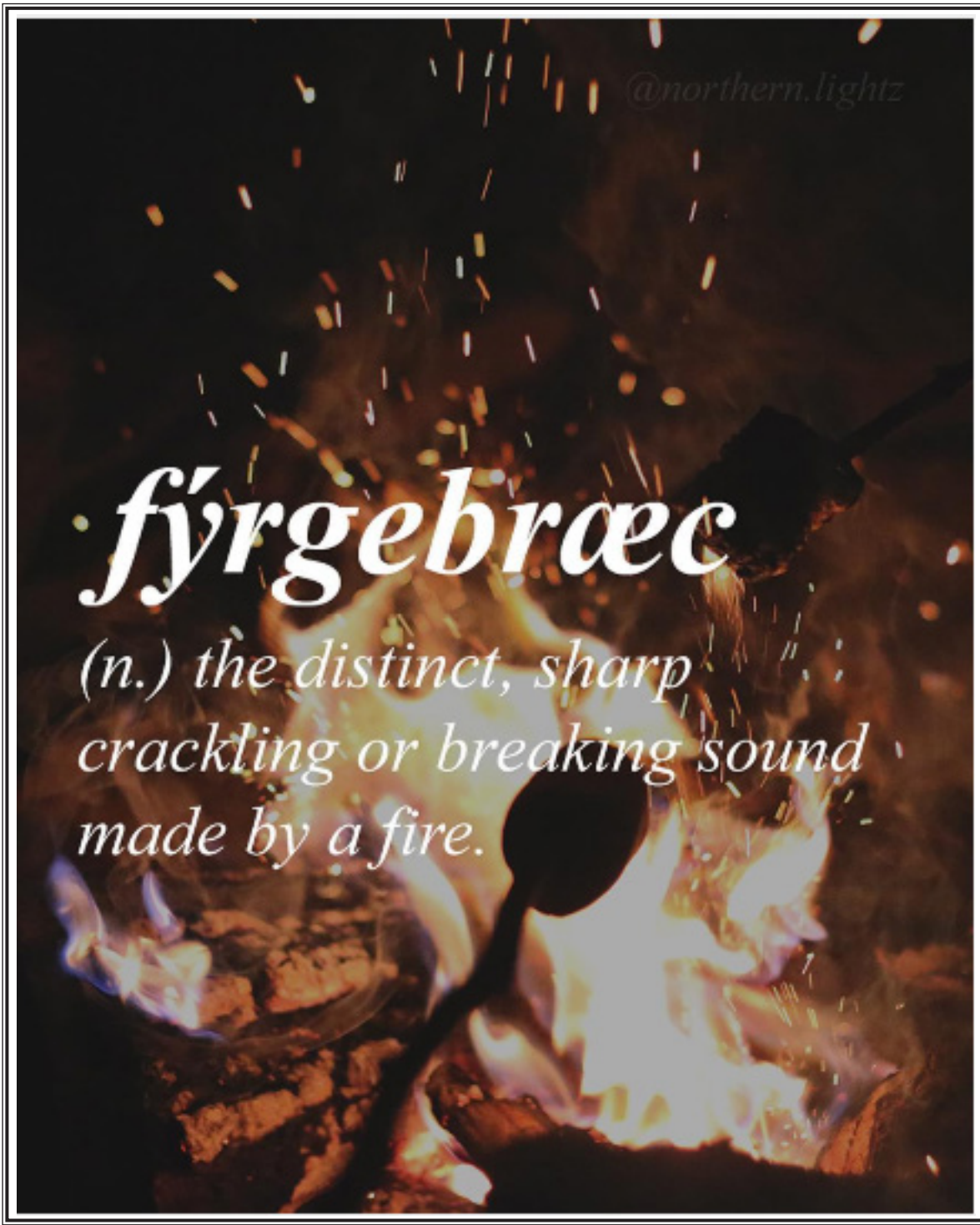
It is winter again,
Our second winter,
And you are far away.
I wake up alone in our bed,
I look in the mirror you hung on the wall.
I put on the necklace you gave me.
This winter has a name,
And the name is Stubborn Sailor.

You are far away, Handsome Devil,
Flying your planes,
Sailing your ships.
And I am sleeping in a nightgown in our bed,
Dreaming about your arms holding me,
Dreaming about your lips kissing me.
This winter has a name
And the name is Loneliness.

MANA's Booth at the National Council of Teachers of English Convention

MarketingNewAuthors.com/Robbie Dean Press, L.L.C. went to Atlanta, GA for the National Council of Teachers of English Convention (NCTE) in November this year. There was a huge turnout at the event with over 3,000 in attendance. MANA/RDP maintained a strong presence at the event. Of course, there were many booths there in the Georgia Congress Convention Center. There were many visitors to the MANA/RDP booth. Overall, a great event!





@northern.lightz

fýrgebræc

(n.) the distinct, sharp crackling or breaking sound made by a fire.

American Dreams

By Nicholle Cardinal

So just imagine: we've met, we've talked, we've danced. Then, one day, I'll ask you not to smoke that cigarette. I'll ask you please.

You'll roll your eyes. You'll scoff at me a little. Then, you'll look me in the eye and demand: Why do you care? You don't even know me.

I'll bite my lip. I'll bite my tongue. I'll fish around for a snappy answer that is true but not the truth. The truth is that I think I'd like to know you. And for that, I care already. But that isn't normal, and you could even argue that isn't healthy.

But later, we'll be seated side-by-side, and you'll say something simple that isn't simple. I'd like to kiss you. I won't react like I should. I'll hesitate. My tongue will expand in my mouth to the point that I can't form words, and I'll think: Why? I won't react like I should because I'll be sketching your caricature in my mind. I'll be tracing what I know of your history up to the point where we are sitting intimately together, and I am trying to see myself through your eyes, but failing and failing and failing to understand.

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I want to sit with you and talk and put everything that I have on the table. I want you to tell me that I'm sane. Then, I want to do the same for you. In that way, we'll find a human connection that surpasses every conventional and unconventional border.

I'm going to Peru. I'll say it with a smile and watch you raise your eyebrows in an expression of blank surprise. You'll give me generic congratulations and say something along the lines of: Good for you. Travel while you're young. I wish I did more traveling.

I could move back to Michigan. I could get a stable job and an apartment. I could fall back into my routine of work, dancing, sleep, and Thai food. Lock the doors before bed. Scowl at the dishes in the sink. Wake up.

Sometimes, things don't happen as you imagine them. The second truth is that I don't have everything figured out, and that is why I travel - not because I made a conscious decision to put other life goals on hold to see the world. If things were different, maybe I would be content with a stable job and an apartment in Michigan. If things were different. But working and living and dancing the

same routine - waiting - isn't what I want.

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In my mind there are two types of writers: the writer who writes from genius and the writer who writes from experience. The writer who writes from genius is capable of capturing a world she has never encountered, but created in her mind. The world of the other writer is based on experience. While the work of the first writer is more in touch with her creativity, the work of the second writer is founded in emotion.

I want to be the first writer, but I'm not. When I write I pull from the world I know, sometimes, writing the same feeling or moment over and over and over until I can, finally, capture it fully. It is a process that takes a lot of time, but I would like to share that with you.

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I like living in Lima. I like the food. I like the music. I like the language. I love that mundane things are transformed into challenges because my surroundings are new and I'm constantly learning. I enjoy the sense of satisfaction I receive when I successfully navigate to a new part of the city, haggle with a taxi driver, order emoliente and not receive quinoa, or explain my symptoms to a pharmacist and feel better within days. My accomplishments here may be small but they are accomplishments all the same and it is enough that I feel a sense of growth.

There are times, here and elsewhere, when I have encountered new situations and felt the need to step back from my usual post to discover a new angle. There are people who have challenged me and shown me a different lens through which to view the world. I've met people who are unconditionally accepting, understanding, and open-minded. Sometimes, I'm awed by the intelligence and experience of the people around me, and I start to feel small. Other times, when I look at these people, I'm awed by all the things that I can be.

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I want to sit with you and talk. But only for a week. Then, you'll go your way, and I'll go mine. In that way, for the length of time I stay lodged in your mind, you'll remember me for my potential. I'll remember you for the way you spoke, the way you looked, the way you listened, and the way you made me laugh.

Sometimes, things don't happen as you imagine them. I think I'd like to know you. And for that, I hold on. A week grows to a month, grows to a year, grows to more. So when I sit down and try to sketch your caricature, the features are morphing with everything you say and do. For me to capture your growth is a challenge. To capture myself is even harder.

I don't react like I should because the third truth is that I am seriously self-conscious. I need the assurance that you'd like to know me, too, because I'm not capable of compressing you into a cut-and-paste character, writing you once, and leaving you on the page.

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I'm trying to find a degree of balance: a measure of stability between expectations, dreams, and reality. Ultimately, I find myself dwelling on the "American Dream," and I must confess an extreme sense of weariness and frustration that such an antiquated concept still exists to be used as a buzzword in modern society.

How can we define the American Dream? As if there is one cookie-cutter, perfect way to live your life that every American citizen should aspire to. As if there is an order in which life goals should be accomplished: graduation, spouse, career, children. Success.

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Where do you find your validation? For me this is a struggle. I know that my validation should come from myself, but, so often it comes from the world around me. But that is the difference between the first and the second writer. When I try to reconcile the two is when I feel confusion and my words fall apart.

I want to travel, but I want so much more as well. I came here with dreams of Patagonia. I still have those dreams, but when I think of "Patagonia" now, it feels like a vastly lonely, unreachable place. I want to travel, but there is a real part of me that wants the dream I was taught to have and a real part of me that is intensely skeptical.

In the end, I'm not sure where to go, and, because I'm seriously self-conscious, I'm timidly testing the waters with my toes. I could move back to Michigan and everything that is beautiful and warm and familiar, but, I am the second writer to my core. And no, I don't react like I should, but if I write you one more time, maybe I'll get it right. Put out your cigarette. Please. Does any of this make sense? Because I'm failing and failing and failing to understand.

Letter From the Editor:

Dear Readers,

These are my simple wishes for all of you this season
and into the new year:

May your characters be fleshed-out,
May your stories have arcs,
May your meanings have heart,
May your sentences provide solace,

May your lives have love,
May your days brim with joy,
May your nights bring peace,

May the words of a story
never linger too long in your mouth.

Happy Writing!