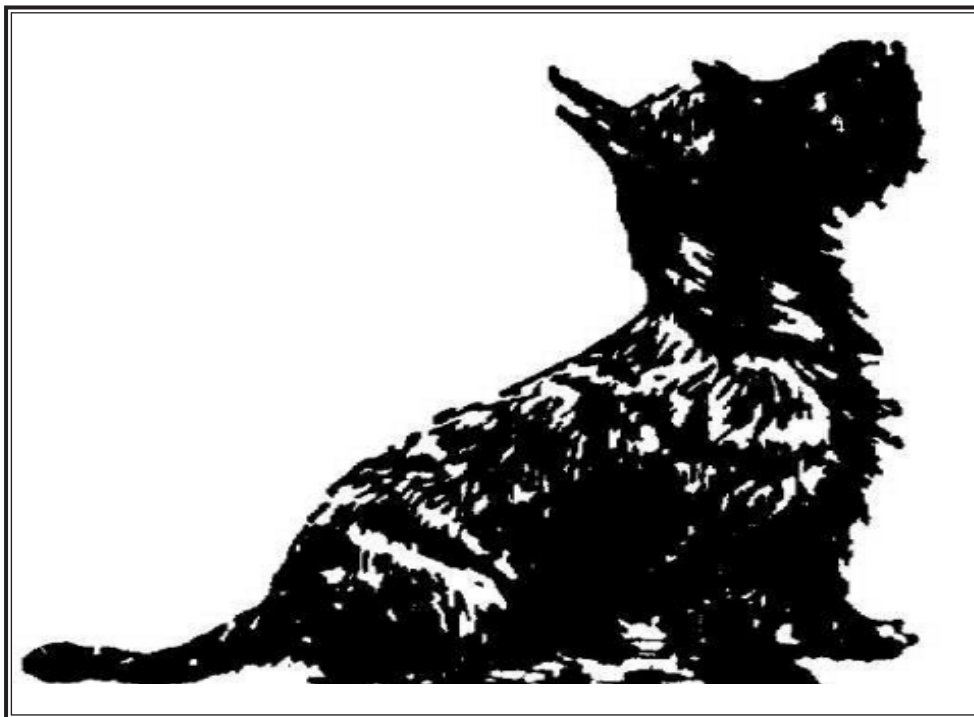


The MANA Sunset

October Issue, 2016

IN THIS ISSUE!

Happy October! School is back in full swing. The trees are shedding their leafy burdens, and we're back with another issue full of wonderful things! In this issue we will feature some work by Tammy Van-Tol, Dr. C, and Julianna Scott. Ms. Scott has been featured in the newsletter several times before, so we are honored to include her work again. We will also include some information about online resources for teachers. Have some hot apple cider, carve a pumpkin, and enjoy this month's issue!



Quote of the Month



***“From even the greatest of horrors
irony is seldom absent.”***

H.P. Lovecraft

WRITING PROMPT IDEAS!

For those of you who are getting back into the habit of writing, here are three writing prompts to do in succession to get your ideas flowing. Enjoy!

- 1) Write down 50 sentences.
- 2) Pick one of those sentences and write about it for ten minutes.
- 3) Pick the last sentence in the writing chunk from the previous exercise and write a completely different story starting with that last sentence.

ONLINE RESOURCES FOR TEACHERS: GRADES K THROUGH COLLEGE

This is available on MANA's website! If you are interested in adding some teacher tools to your toolkit, MANA now offers two packages of teaching packages. Some of the resources that are available are: Argumentation Research Papers (Word and PDF files); Diction. Irony.Voting (Word and PDF files); Information about how to cite Poetry, Theme Exercises, Verbs (Infinitive, Transitive, Irregular), just to name a few examples! For more information about these online resources, go to marketingnewauthors.biz and click on "Online Resources for Teachers." Check them out!

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF TEACHERS OF ENGLISH CONFERENCE 2016

MANA/RDP will be at the NCTE in November. And MANA/RDP will be accepting books to exhibit in Atlanta until October 30. You only have a short time to take advantage of this, so claim your spot. Get your book some publicity!



Yesterday by Tammy VanTol

It's been a while, now, since you left our lives forever. But, I remember it like it was yesterday. The look in dad's eyes when I learned of the accident, knowing what he would say before it was said, not wanting to hear it.

It's been a while, now, since you left our lives forever. But, I remember it like it was yesterday. The sounds of the machines, the countless surgeries, and the unknown.

It's been a while, now, since you left our lives forever. But, I remember it like it was yesterday. The nursing homes, the endless therapy sessions, the hope and, then, the realization.

It's been a while, now, since you left our lives forever. But, I remember it like it was yesterday. The hospital one final time, the doctor's question, and the decision we never wanted to make.

It's been a while, now, since you left our lives forever. But, I remember it like it was yesterday. The funeral, the condolences, the heartache, and tears.

It's been a while, now, since you left our lives forever. But, you are always remembered and never forgotten as if it were yesterday.

Why did you name your daughter Leah?

by Julianna Scott

*Now, my daughter will wake up and rise --
Mother will look in her dear grey eyes...
~Anna Achmatova, The Grey-Eyed King*

“A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.”
“Loveliness extreme.”
But naming your daughter *Leah*?
Tiny baby with big grey eyes,
Why burden her with five thousand years of pain?

An ancient tale of identical twins.
Leah and Rachel.
Beautiful, clever, charming.
Leah-- the oldest,
Loveliness extreme.

Rachel-- a minute younger,
Leah's shadow,
Always the second,
Unwanted, unnoticed,
Sweet-smelling rose.

Leah and Rachel
Both burning for Jacob
With equal mad passion,
The first love of their lives-
Loveliness extreme!

But Jacob choosing Rachel-
Breaking Leah's heart.
Making Laban weep for his oldest daughter,
As Isaac wept for his oldest son.
A rose?

Was the ancient tale of identical twins girls,
Of Leah and Rachel
Surpassing the older tale of non-identical twin boys
Of Esau and Jacob?
A different rose?

Did Leah pay the price of Jacob's deceit?
Was she redeeming the pain of Esau
Cheated of his birthright?
The pain of Isaac tricked into betrayal?
Sweet-smelling rose?

The pain of Leah, bitter, jealous, unloved.
The pain of Jacob, burring beloved Rachel,
Growing old with hated Leah.
The evergreen, everblooming
Fire-red rose named *Pain*.

Do you love your grey-eyed daughter?
Are you raising her
In suffering five thousand years old?
Why did you name your daughter *Leah*?
Loveliness extreme?



Diangerò by Julianna Scott

Prelude

A white swan on blue water.
Black ink on white paper.
Golden flute.
Vivaldi and more Vivaldi.

A teardrop, rainbow-colored in the sun.
“Real men do not cry.”
Real men shoot white swans on blue water.
Real men burn paper with black ink on it.

Real men melt golden flutes
To pay for guns which shoot white swans
On bloody-red water
And burn witches at the stakes.



Diangerò.

Fugue

Pink lipstick,
Teardrop earrings in a pocket,
Flying above the rainbow
In a single-seater.

Putting a spell on the Pretty Devil,
A Vivaldi's tune in the heart,
Blessed to be created a witch
With eyes on the horizon.

Dead swans irrelevant,
Bloody rivers dismissed,
Way above the Real Men.
A teardrop on white paper.

Diangerò.



THE THIRD FAIRY by Julianna Scott

“Before the sun sets on her sixteenth birthday,
the princess shall prick her finger on the spindle of
a spinning wheel and die.”

Everybody was very shocked, but the third fairy
repaired the curse: the princess would sleep for
a hundred years instead of dying.

I wish you would sleep, my boy,
for months, for years, for eons.
I will stay awake guarding you,
Waking you up with a kiss of love
When the miracle is borne,
And a cure is found.
I wish you sweet dreams till then, my boy.



THE DIARY OF ZITA CECILIA MCNAMARA: THE PROPOSAL

Dear Bishop (Age 17, Day 5) Tom officially asked me to marry him and I accepted. IF (and I hope and pray) we love each other as we do and even deeper 9 years from now, we shall marry. We saw the movie, *To Sir With Love*, and we ate dinner and we went to our special place. It was there on the staircase he asked me. God it was a good feeling that surged inside of me. I hope that I do marry him. My day was perfect. Tom talked to me a little more about his life. I am finding out more about him. I love him, Sir. I hope he truly loves me. Thank You for the marvelous day!

Dear Bishop (Age 17, Day 6) I need to tell you about another very special guy in my life, my “play-brother” Dion. I reflect on how much he meant to me. I always wanted a big brother; he became that person in my life. I recall when he and his mother visited my home. We had so much fun. We talked about everything. Thank You, God, for sending him to me. Before he and his mom left, he kissed me on the cheek. I’ll remember that big brother kiss forever.

Dear Bishop (Age 17, Day 7) As I think of “D” tonight, tears come into my eyes. I guess because I like him so much. Not as a boyfriend but as a real big brother. Someone I have always wanted. He gave me his picture. He’ll be going in the Air Force soon. I’ll miss him. God, the feeling that is in my heart is hard to explain. You know it better than I do. It’s a feeling every person should feel for some special person in one’s life. I feel it for Daddy and as much for Mommy and for D. I’m not frightened to let You and you know. I love him. I love You and you.

Dear Bishop (Age 17, Day 8) I talked to Tom. I asked him what he wanted. He said that he hoped that some day he could have me as his wife. Oh, I could have cried. God, I hope so. Talking to him is a joy. He needs me, and I need him.

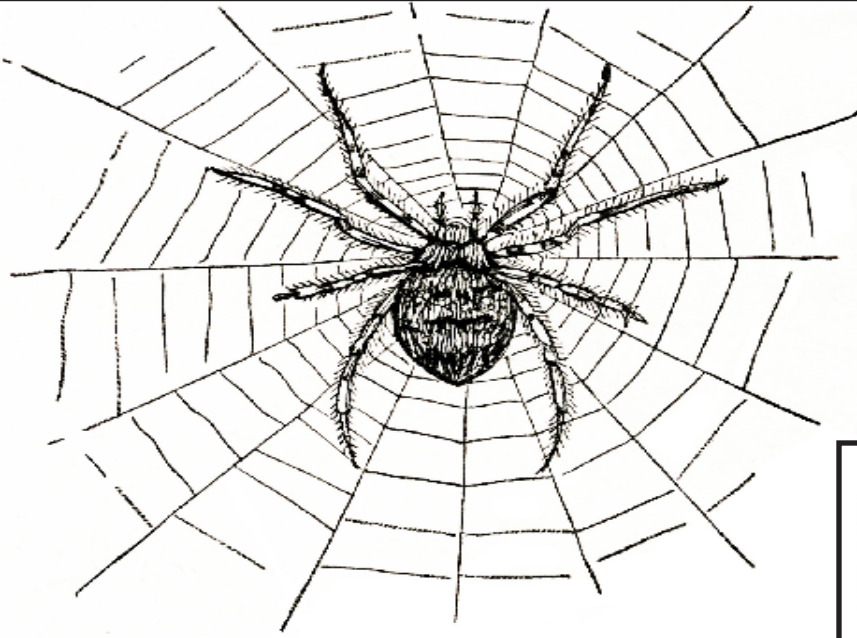
Reflections: In my teen years, you can see that two men, other than my Dad, were very much a part of my life, my boyfriend and my “brother.” They were whom I could talk to and gain a different perspective. D was that brother I always wanted. Whenever I was with him, I felt so protected—I just knew no one would mess with me with my big brother in my proverbial corner. I met him before Tom. When I entered high school, for some reason we just clicked. However, it was not a romantic click. It was a deep friendship kind of “click.”

The relationship we established clearly shows that the word “family” is more than physical blood; it is emotional plasma that enhances one’s life. As a girl I wanted that kind of relationship. I wanted someone, other than my parents, whom I knew “had my back.” D was that person. Unfortunately, as we became older, we became distant. Our interests became very different as well as our life experiences. I guess it is true that some people come into our lives (and we into theirs) for a season. D was a very special person who was in the adolescent and early twenties of my life. He was a significant person whom I have fond memories of and am so very grateful that I experienced that season with him.

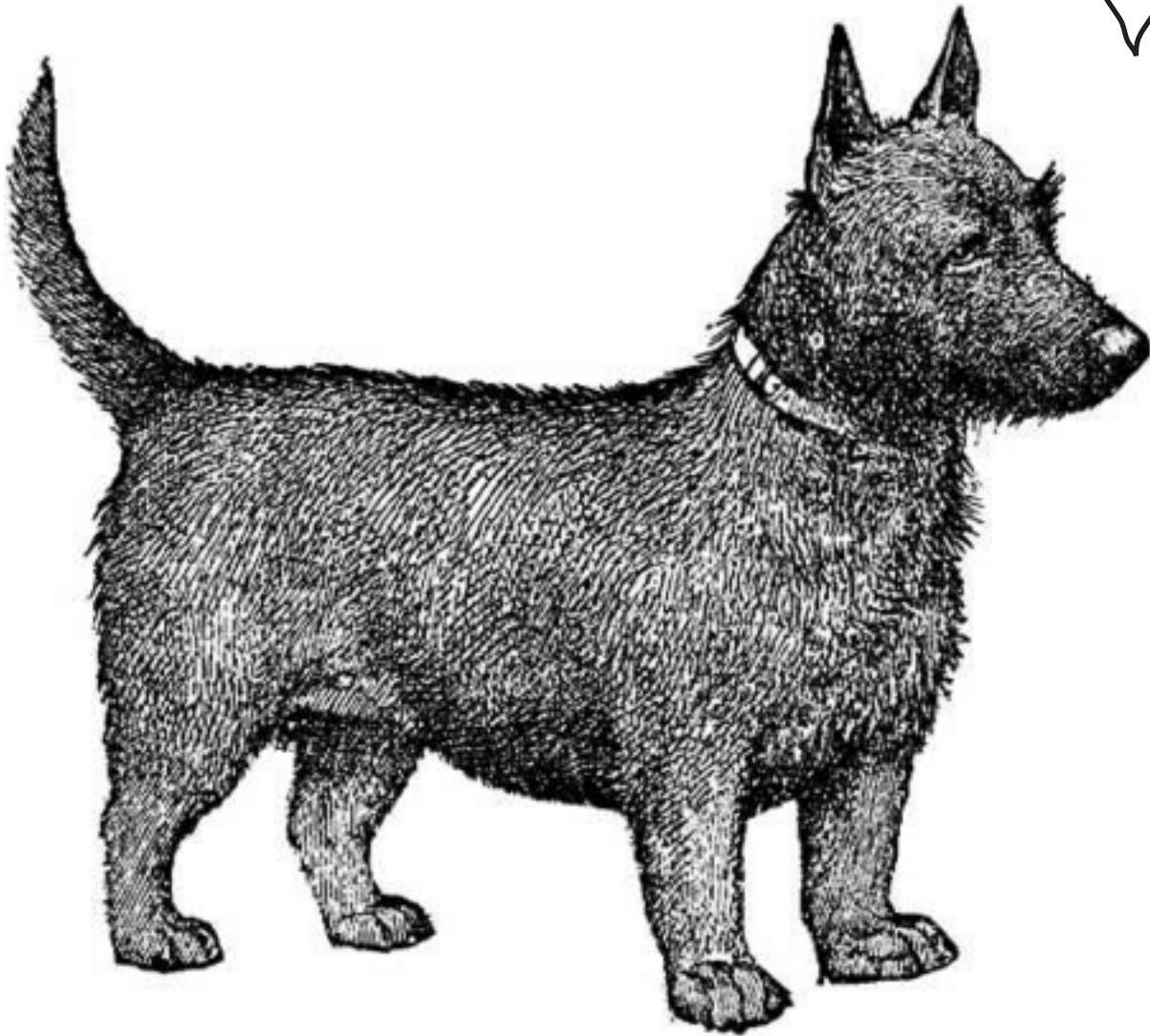
And it should be very obvious my first love, Tom, was, also, a very special person in my life. He, too, occupied a very special season of my life. He gave me confidence. I was able to realize the beauty of a first love who was so very respectful of me. He never took advantage of my vulnerability as a teen girl in love. No matter how much my parents loved me, I needed to experience that young love that gave me a sense of myself as a budding young girl navigating to womanhood. I needed to know that some guy found me attractive, cared for me deeply, was one with whom I could confide, and one I could share my love.

Wow! As I look back on those very special men in two very different roles in my life, I recognize how blessed I was. My relationship with them helped prepare me for the different encounters I would have as I got older with guys as just good friends and others as ones I would come to care for deeply in a romantic sense. It is their care for me that contributed to my sense of confidence as a young woman, knowing that I could be special to a man in various capacities, as a dear and very close friend and as a romantic interest.

That is what I would want for my daughter. And I have lived to see her develop beautiful solid plutonic friendships and navigate into the world of young, romantic love. And as any mother of teenage daughters and/or young twenty-year olds, there may be some fear about the romantic part of her life, I prayed that God would guide her to make wise choices. I wanted her to graduate from college without having made any life-altering actions. So, she, too, has not married her first love. Still, she has cherished the memories as well as cherished the close friendships of her male buddies. Yes, God has answered my prayers for both of us.



I 
YOU A QUESTION

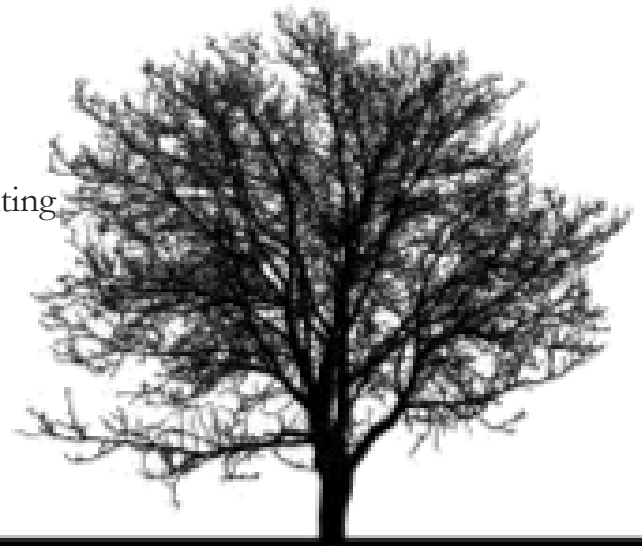


LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

I hope you are all enjoying October, and fall, and preparations for Halloween. I recently stumbled upon some lovely writerly pieces of advice from an online blogger and writer, Hannah Heath. Her blog piece is advice entitled “How to Write Even When You Don’t Feel Like It.” I’ve selected some of the pointers and include them below. I hope you have a spectacular October!

1) IDENTIFY THE PROBLEM

So what is it that’s bothering you? Maybe you’re scared of writing complete junk. Maybe you think you don’t have enough time. Maybe you don’t feel inspired. Can’t place your finger on it? That’s okay. Why? Because...



2) RECOGNIZE

THAT THIS PROBLEM

DOESN'T MATTER. The problem is your attitude about the problem. There is absolutely nothing standing in your way that you cannot overcome.

3) REMOVE YOUR SO-CALLED OBSTACLES. Schedule your writing.

4) DON'T BE AFRAID OF WRITING GARBAGE. Even if you start writing and every single word that you put down is something that you'll have to delete later, keep going. You're just finding all of the ways that your book should not be written.

5) RECOGNIZE YOUR WORTH AS A WRITER.

HAPPY WRITING!