

Sitting in the bookstore window with the other greats



Last weekend, we were at River House Books in Carmel for an appearance. We walked up to the window and saw this. I know what you're thinking, because I thought the same thing: Michael Connelly, Louise Penny and Ina Garten had to be thrilled when they realized they could now legitimately say that they too, shared a window display with FAST FICTION. C'mon--anybody can make the New York Times bestseller list, but this??? I think it's a safe bet they all realized they may have peaked as authors.

Next stop: Barnes & Noble



Despite restraining orders and a Trump-style wall, they can't keep me out of Gilroy. On Saturday, Feb. 11th (the day before the Superbowl, for those keeping score), I'll be at the Gilroy store, spinning the magic story wheel, signing books and kissing babies. Hmmm, maybe I *do* know what that restraining order was all about. I'll be working the room from 11-5:30. If you're in the area (and why wouldn't you be, knowing what you know now?), I'd love to see you. The store's at 6825 Camino Arroyo, Gilroy. Just open your window and follow the fabulous garlic aroma.

Always looking for more

I'm always on the hunt for more bookstores, libraries and other places where I might be able to spin the wheel, read a few stories and sign a few books. If you have any ideas of places you think I should contact, please do send along your suggestions.

I've also heard that social and service clubs like Rotary, Elks, Lions, SIRS, etc. are always looking for guest speakers. If you know of any groups that you think might be interested in a 15 or 30 minute presentation (up to an hour if I read *really* slowly), I'd love to hear about them also. You know where to find me.

And now onto the story of the week...



The Best Confessionals Offer Happy Hour

“Ya know what I wish for?” he slurred. “And don’t say world peace ‘cuz a lot of good wishes have been wasted on that one.”

It was 6 a.m. and he was the bar’s only customer.

“I’ll tell ya the answer, since I know you’re curious. I wish for…”

He took a long pull on his beer, used the back of his hand to wipe his mouth and then sighed grimly.

“I guess maybe just, I don’t know, somebody to talk to.”

The bartender wheeled a keg in from the back.

“Sorry. You say something?”

Prompt: Wishful drinking

Please use the link here to rate the story: [Click right here!](#)

That’s it for this week. Thanks for listening *and* for your great support!

Scotty out

Flagstone Press

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