

Freedom of Heart

December 2011

Issue 1

Welcome to Freedom Of Heart

Writing is my passion and my freedom of heart. With this I would like to welcome you all to my first newsletter. Each newsletter—how often they might ever by—will contain my writings, thoughts, tips and journeys. The topics will be various, whatever comes to my mind. However each version will have at least one story and one poem all written by me—and will be *exclusive* to my newsletter only. My online portfolio will only contain pieces of writings.

Share this to your friends and family that might enjoy this. It's FREE!!!

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All about Writing

Writing is a language all on its own. Engineers design materials, structures, machines and systems.

Technicians are a master in their own specific field of work.

Writers create worlds, people, emotions, expense, terror, love, romance, entertainment, action, twists, problems and solving them and the list can go on. They say the sky is the limit but a writer even goes beyond that – there's no rules no limits. Our only limit is our imagination and that can stretch pretty far.

Writing may seem easy and boring even to some, but the possibilities and dreams for a writer. Easy, it may be to those who've mastered it for decades, but easy it certainly is not. Time consuming it certainly is. But a challenge nonetheless and entertaining as hell even for the writers, and not just the readers.

Writing is passion.
Freedom of the mind. Freedom of the heart. Freedom of the soul.
Inspiration feeds it. The mind

creates it.
The heart moves it.

There isn't a complete guide to writing. For each writer – writing is unique. Some writings do research first, others create character profiles for most characters for their story before proceeding and then there's writers like me who writes down the idea, timeline and start the story and create everything as I go. Go with the flow as I call it. Character profiles and research follows as needed. Find your style – find your way.

There are things that can help you in the right direction, help you carve the foundation of your writing career.

[SA Writers College](http://www.sawriterscollege.co.za) (www.sawriterscollege.co.za) is one of many who goes beyond reach to help and I would highly recommend them to anyone with a passion for writing.

Story Time

There it was again. The sound that woke her from her deep slumber just a minute before. The scratching, rustling sound in the darkness, just outside the window. And it definitely wasn't a branch this time. Dan had cut that back last week. Sarah was comfortably snuggled under her blankets, in bed in the dark lonely room. Her eyes already adjusted as much as possible to the darkness, while she was lying still on the spot as if frozen in time, staring at the window. She could feel her heart beat rising, and she was sure it was beating so hard that she could feel it pounding on her nightgown. She cursed under her breath at herself, why did she have to insist at staying at home while Dan had to go and help her sister with her car. Always everyone's handy man and it was starting to take a toll on her patience. She needed him here with her. Another scratching, rustling sound found her ears. Her body went limp while a cold shiver ran through it. She was sure if she didn't force her lungs to move she would suffocate. She needed him here now. She could not get herself to stand up and look out the window.

Was her mind playing games with her? Was she imagining things? Why did she have to watch that scary movie before bed and alone?

It did not help her in this situation nor did the glass of red wine she had. Reading the newspaper online daily didn't help her fear any more, with all the murder stories nor did Mary's gossip about all the people she personally knew affected by the crimes. Her neighbor Mary was a sweet old lady, snow white hair glowing in the sunlight, while her small glasses hung low on her nose. She never could muster a rudeness, not to ignore her busy schedule, instead standing and listening to her stories. However times like now she wishes she'd never listened to them. Come to think of it, Mary sure does know a lot of people affected by the crimes or was it the way she always manages to get so involved in life, stranger or not.

Something fell on the floor with a loud crash in another room and the noise made her body react on its own. She was sitting up straight now with the blankets pulled up to her face. She could not make her hands reach for her cellphone. That sudden thought made her remember that her cellphone was in the living room. She was sure she could hear running footsteps on the wooden floor coming closer to her room. Innocently and casually Solfie, her white Persian cat came running into the room. Jumping onto the bed with a purr, she made herself comfortable in front of Sarah hoping for a tummy rub.

"Solfie, was that you?" Sarah managed to whisper, indicating to the crashing noise from before as if the cat could understand her. 'Insanity is not far Sarah, you are talking to your cat', she thought to herself.

After a long silent moment Sarah was almost sure she could hear the wind howling while Mary's favorite ghost story popped into her mind. Sarah closed her eyes and released a long held breath in a sigh, hoping it would help calm her, so that she can be ready and react when needed. She suddenly remembered how sensitive Solfie was to visitors and could sense them long before one could actually hear them.

Her gaze fell upon Solfie where she lay peacefully purring in front of her.

If she is not worried then I don't have to be, Sarah tried to convince herself.

Before her nerve could calm down, the cat hissed, and stormed away, slamming into the door first before bolting again. Only after the cat had bolted did the sound come. The scratching sounds like before and worse, footsteps breaking the dry leaves on the grass. Unable to breathe, with eyes closed, Sarah's mind rushed over flashes of images. Images of her life, how happy she truly was even though she always had something to moan about. How fortunate she has been all these times and everything she took for granted. Images of all the things she still wanted to do in her life, things to accomplish and unfinished business to deal with. A thought of her mother and the fight they had just a few days ago over the phone struck her right in the stomach.

Will she have the chance to make amends?

All of these were hard to bear and even worse, to face and Sarah knew she had to do something. The last thing she wanted was to be caught in a corner. She would fight for her right to live. That very thought made her snap back to reality and she somehow managed to move out of bed and ran to the living room, past a broken vase on the floor. She did not bother to turn on any lights. More noises could be heard and they were coming closer to the front door. In that instant moment, the thought of why they would bother to use the front door while a window would be easier, did not last long in mind. Falling over a pillow on the ground, crawling the rest of the way to the couch where her cell phone last was. Sarah swears under her breath when her attempt to find her cell phone failed and the footsteps was getting closer.

She knew she was starting to panic hysterically when her eyes caught a beam of flash light coming through the window. The window that was just next to the porch that leads to the front door. Whoever it was - was coming and she sure was going to

"Sarah swears under her breath when her attempt to find her cell phone failed and the footsteps was getting closer."

give them a hell of fight.

Sarah struggled up and on to her feet. Running to the kitchen she grabbed the nearest object she could use as a weapon. A pan still full of leftover scrambled eggs Dan left untouched before he headed out the afternoon. The footsteps were on the porch now, and the flash light was shining through the keyhole.

Now or never, Sarah thought as she ran towards the door. Element of surprise would be her first tactic, scrambled eggs in the face her second while a massive blow to the head her knock out round. This one she will win she was confident. A victory of bravery she would accomplish.

"I guess I shouldn't have said she looked like hell." Dan whispered to the puppy."

She took a split second to take a deep breath while running her plan over in her mind.

Turn on lights, open door, throw eggs and swing your best one like hitting for that homerun.

She heard the door knob turn. Panic set in. Time slowed. She turned on the lights, the door swung open. Sarah lifted the pan high and was ready to swing for all that live was worth until she looked into shocked eyes. Dan's eyes that now glittered in the flash the flash light near his face.

A long silent moment.

"What?" Dan asked in confusion as he looked her up and down.

She looked terrified, breathing fast and completely white in the face. This reaction was not what he had in mind when she would see the puppy for the first time. A puppy she wanted for so long and he thought it would make a perfect surprise gift.

"You look like hell." He stated honestly as his eyes fell on the pan she was holding with a stern grip in the air, eggs on her hair, while a frown formed on his brow.

"I forgot to throw the eggs first." Was all Sarah managed to say. Dan didn't answer, he knew better when it was time to keep his mouth shut and this was one of those moments.

Minutes past. Dan stood in the living room quietly, puppy still in his arms, as he watched Sarah walk past him with pillows and blankets, throwing them on the couch. He was at a loss for words and knew it was still time where no words were welcomed. Sarah returned to their room and slammed the door behind her with a loud bang. He stared at the door for a long moment, while the words *'their room'* was stuck in his mind. He walked to the couch and made himself comfortable, placing the pillows in place and opening the blankets. Turning off the lights, Dan made himself at home on the couch and under the blankets with the puppy sleeping in his arms.

"I guess I shouldn't have said she looked like hell." Dan whispered to the puppy.

"I guess tonight it's just you and me, it will be like camping out." as the word camping sounded like a good name for the little one.

Good thing I didn't mentioned the rose plant I accidently ran over while driving up, he thought to himself. He still would have to camp out for sure, but he would have lost his pillows and blankets privileges. *Thankful I am indeed*, he thought with a smile as he drifted off to sleep....

The Power Of Poetry

Wisdom of a Great Grandfather

My darling, old I may be, wise I still am
My journey has been long and the road dusty
Love hard and strong, Sorrows deep and empty
So much experience so much knowledge
The legacy I leave behind will be within you

Within you - you hold the courage of what could be.
My light you have been, my beacon you are
Beyond the universe and the stars
One day I will look upon you from afar

Within my search for my purpose in life
I never thought the answer was you
Until I held your tiny body in my arms
For the very first time.



Inspiration 1.1

Inspiration is all around us. Look for what feeds yours, find it and use it. Songs, movies, books, pictures, people, anything and everything can be an inspiration. When writing, surround yourself with all those things. Put up a movie on the TV of the same Genre you are writing, it might help you set your mind into that period and feed that inspiration within you.

I find inspiration in the weirdest places. I look at a picture of a dirt road and I think of the following story piece:

Character: A woman, emotional deeply wounded. She's at a place in her life where she has nothing left to lose. Shattered dreams and awkward moments led her to this place—of soul searching. Finding peace in the smallest things around her.

Genre: Historical—like Jane Austen times.

Story line: Finding peace and finding her way. Her meaning in life. Will she find it? Will there be obstacles in the way?



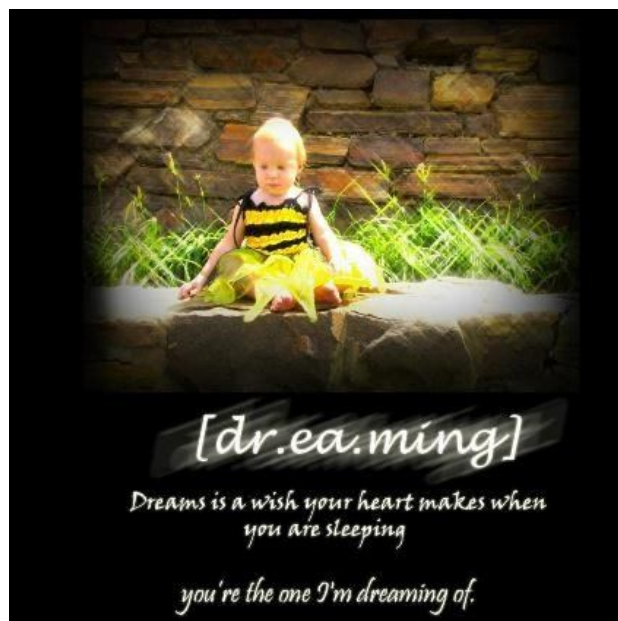
Story Piece: I am at the road before me. Twist of fate lead me here. My mind rushed over the images that made me ran, chasing me. Why did I fall for him? A gentleman of much popularity. Every single women are in line for his heart. Or was it for his fortune?

I bend down and traced over the dirt with my fingers. So much history this path hold secret. So many journeys and destinies completed.

Will I find my way in this world on this road. Will it lead me to where I am meant to be?

Just a small piece, but a story in the making nonetheless. All that from one picture. The possibilities are endless and dreams can even go beyond that.

The key is to believe. The food is to dream. The inspiration is to make it reality.



Words to use instead of "Get" or rather the words that people should use instead of using "get"

Featured Tip

"Got" is the past tense for "Get"

"Get" is an improper word and should be avoided if possible

- ◇ Obtain
- ◇ Procure
- ◇ Fetch
- ◇ Acquire
- ◇ Buy
- ◇ Collect
- ◇ Pick up
- ◇ Bring
- ◇ Catch
- ◇ Become
- ◇ Seize
- ◇ Reach
- ◇ Grab
- ◇ Communicate

And the list and go on.. Depending on the sentence you

Charity of the heart



About the words lists:

Once upon a time way back when I wrote my novel Hopes Of Evalon—which I dare to add will hopefully land on desks of publishers in the new year—I had a friend in England who helped me edit my novel. Like many writers who writes in a second language have problems with vocabulary in the beginning, so I had this bright idea where we were going to put together a list of words by category that would help me pick words best for what I wanted to use.

And with this newsletter I will give to you Version 1.1 of each words lists :) It may grow over the years and who knows maybe you can make it grow as well by adding your own words you know will best fit the list.

It is a great start for any new writer.

In this first issue I bring to you Part one of Architecture—there may be everyday words—words you may already know. But my whole idea with these lists is to have all the known words.

- Bailey** - the defensive wall surrounding an outer court of a castle.
- Turret** - a small tower, usually one forming part of a larger structure.
- Murder hole** - a strategically placed hole above a gateway or passage ceiling through which boiling water or rocks etc could be thrown or poured on attackers
- Gate** - a movable barrier, usually on hinges, closing an opening in a fence, wall, or other enclosure.
- Gatehouse** - a house at or over a gate, used as a gatekeeper's quarters, fortification, etc.
- Hut** - a small or humble dwelling of simple construction, esp. one made of natural materials, as of logs or grass.
- Shed** - a slight or rude structure built for shelter, storage, etc.
- House** - a building in which people live; residence for human beings.
- Window** - an opening in the wall of a building, the side of a vehicle, etc., for the admission of air or light, or both, commonly fitted with a frame in which are set movable sashes containing panes of glass.
- Aperture** - an opening, as a hole, slit, crack, gap, etc.
- Chimney** - a structure, usually vertical, containing a passage or flue by which the smoke, gases, etc., of a fire or furnace are carried off and by means of which a draft is created.
- Stack** - the brickwork of a chimney or similar eg. a chimney stack.
- Hearth** - the floor of a fireplace, usually of stone, brick, etc., often extending a short distance into a room.
- Frieze** - the part of a classical entablature between the architrave and the cornice, usually decorated with sculpture in low relief. Do you understand this ?
- Doorknob** - the handle or knob by which a door is opened or closed.
- Latch** - a device for holding a door, gate, or the like, closed, consisting basically of a bar falling or sliding into a catch, groove, hole, etc.
- Bolt** - a movable bar or rod that when slid into a socket fastens a door, gate, etc.
- Hinge** - a jointed device or flexible piece on which a door, gate, shutter, lid, or other attached part turns, swings, or moves.
- Keyhole** - a hole for inserting a key in a lock, esp. one in the shape of a circle with a rectangle having a width smaller than the diameter of the circle projecting from the bottom.
- Corridor** - a gallery or passage connecting parts of a building; hallway. a passage into which several rooms or apartments open.
- Threshold** - the sill of a doorway. the entrance to a house or building.
- Step** - a single part of stairs
- Stairs** - one of a flight or series of steps for going from one level to another, as in a building.
- Banister** - Sometimes, **banisters**. the balustrade of a staircase.
- Handrail** - a rail serving as a support or guard at the side of a stairway, platform, etc.
- Wattle & Daub** - a way of making walls by using a mixture of mud or dung and woody plants such as heather, mainly used in the middle ages peasants houses
- Stone** - the hard substance formed of mineral matter, of which rocks consist.

Christmas Times

Since it's the most wonderful season of the year it is only fair that I add a piece of passion about it here.

I love Christmas time, the joy, the love, the gatherings all that comes with this season is something one should hold near and dear.

Shopping malls my overkill it all by starting way too early with Christmas decorations and advertisements, but they can't help themselves.

The traffic in the malls is enough to make one go insane, but one must let that kill the mood.

Christmas is not about lots of presents and expensive ones or all the wrong kinds of food. Christmas is all about what you make of it. Giving something small is just as good. It's all about the idea not the price or size. It's all

about family time and love. Preparing something small to eat brings just as much joy as anything else. We always prepare something small that would take less time and effort so we can spend more time with our friends and family enjoying that meal. And stress less about gaining weight hehehe.

Gifts are always something practical. Something that can be used. Even if it's socks or bath things, in my eyes those gifts now save me money when I needed to buy them for myself. And it's a treat just the same as anything else.

It is all how you look at things.

Enjoy every moment of the season with your loved ones. One has a lot to be thankful for even if one doesn't see it everyday.

God Bless and much love to a happy 2012!

