

**Sandy Reay, Author**

## **December 2022 Newsletter**

**The word for this month is celebrate.  
I'm celebrating because I got this done before Christmas.**



### **The Christmas Mouse**

I dated a man who ran a shopping mall. Friday after Thanksgiving, he brought Santa into the mall on an antique fire truck. I dressed in a mouse costume I'd made from a remnant of fake fur, a long-sleeve shirt, tights, black shoes, and eye-liner nose and whiskers. A Santa hat made me a Christmas mouse, and I rode in the fire truck—wearing a heavy winter coat because it was cold outside.

I left the truck when Santa did, hid my coat, and handed out candy canes from a red and white stocking to the little kids. I posed for pictures and apologized to the parents of one child who screamed uncontrollably at the sight of a 5'6" mouse and had to be taken home.

Children and their parents followed me from business to business where I asked for jeans that would fit over my tail and tried on hats that did not fit over my mouse ears. I asked for mouse food in the pet store and ran away from the cats in cages, shrieking "Eek. A cat." The sales clerks played along.

My friend asked me to go into a sporting goods store where a player from the Denver Broncos was signing autographs. On my way to the store, DJs from the local rock station yelled, "Hey, Miss Mouse." "C'mon over here."

I did. That was my mistake. They had microphones and speakers up on stands, and shoved a microphone in my face. "Hello, Miss Mouse. What are you doing tonight?"

In my best mouse voice, I squeaked, "Trying on hats and jeans."

They smiled and laughed. "Where are you going?"

“To find the bronco.”

They talked about the football player and the store, and shoppers headed down the mall. I started to leave, and they stopped me.

“Why are you looking for the Bronco?” That was their mistake.

“Because I wanna go for a pony ride.”

The microphone vanished, one DJ hit switches and the other hissed at me. “You can't say that on AM radio!”

### **An Opportunity**

I'm writing *The Sinister Umbrella*, a story about a young woman whose life is destroyed in a car accident and her struggle to build a new life. It's a young-adult horror story, with a twist (or two).

I rewrote the first chapter from a different point of view. I need your help, to see what's working and what isn't. And I need help to add humor to Version 2. If you haven't checked this out yet, you still can. Click here to [download the PDFs](#) of chapter 1 from my web page.

Check out some of the inspiration for [The Sinister Umbrella](#) on my website.

You'd have your choice of reading the horror version or the horror/comedy (I hope—at least, snarky) version, or both. You can tell me what you like, make suggestions for improvement, and provide humor/puns/? for the second version, and get your name in the credits. If you'd like, we could do a chapter each month.

If you're interested but don't want to download PDFs and/or go to the website, **reply to this email** and I'll send you the files in Word doc or PDF format, whichever you prefer.

For those of you who responded, I have two versions of Chapters 2 and 3. **If you have a preference and want to keep reading, email me and tell me which version you prefer.** Again, suggestions for change are welcome. Thanks!

### **This is a → new ← monthly (I hope) email.**

I wanted to get this out earlier than last month. I failed. The temperature dropped below freezing, and I went to bed with a good dog and a good book.

**If you wish to unsubscribe, please reply and put “unsubscribe” in the subject or text,** before the next email. I won't send another. Unless you reply after the next monthly email, which should be in January and earlier than this one. **I hope.** Oh, look. The temperature is above freezing and the sun is shining.

### **Necessary blah blah**

I add content to my website at random and mention what's new on the home page. You could check out [my author website](#) to see what's new. For those of you who are worried about the “Not Secure” message at the top: that means I didn't pay for a certificate because I don't do online commerce. All my websites display information. I don't collect or save your information **unless you choose to email me.** (I've been building web sites since 1998; I keep 'em simple and watch out for suspicious files on my server.)

[Sandy Reay, Author](#)—ideas to encourage creativity, where to find inspiration, short stories, micro & flash fiction, true stories, and a memoir (in progress for a decade—don't hold your breath)

[Colorado Sandstorm Music](#)—songs and poems written and co-written by “Sandy Reay and Friends,” and an online Cowboy Poetry Book: [Another Horse to Saddle](#)

[Colorado Sandstorm Productions](#)—info about all the other websites plus concerts and songwriting workshops by national touring songwriters. Two will be back next summer, in a different location, so keep an eye on this site.

[AcousticByLines](#)—when and where you can hear musicians, co-writers, and find me (sometimes)

[YouTube Sandy Reay and Friends' songs and poems](#)

**Follow on Facebook:**

[Sandy Reay, Author](#)

[Colorado Sandstorm Music](#)

[AcousticByLines](#)