

Author's BAZAAR

ONLINE

October 2011 ■ No.9

INSIDE

Editor's note / 2

Flash fiction / 4

Unpublished author / 7

Moqui Ranch / 8



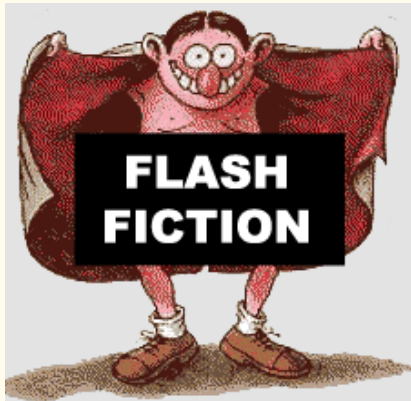
Editor's note:

The typical short story runs from 3,000 to 5,000 words. This month *Author's Bazaar* features another form of the short story known as flash fiction.

There is no widely accepted guide for the length of the category. Some self-described markets for flash fiction im-

pose caps as low as 300 words while others consider stories as long as a thousand words to qualify.

In one particular format, established by Steve Moss, editor of the *New Times*, the requirement is 55 words; no more and no less. Another



unspecified but frequently held requirement is that the title be no more than seven words.

Several winners of the American Amateur Press Association prose fiction award were invited to submit a fictional story of 55 words with a headline of no more than seven words. We are publishing the stories submitted by three members, David Griffin, Louise Fufeld and Kathleen DesHotel, who wrote three.

A poem by our regular AAPA contributor Sheryl Nelms, and another photo essay by AAPA member Greg McKelvey and Clare Marie Fritz round out this month's fare.

If you wish to try your hand at writing fiction and don't want to produce a 3,000-word short story, tell your story in 55 words and send it to *Author's Bazaar*.



DEAN REA

FLASH FICTION

Séance

By Kathleen DesHotel

Sitting on the floor, they held hands and chanted, "What's it like on the other side?"

United voices grew louder, "What's it like on the other side?"

Then silence.

A door creaks, "On the other side, it's dirty. You kids get out of here unless you want to sweep and mop," said the building's janitor.

A Worker's Life

By Kathleen DesHotel

Workers complain about the boss, "She just sits there all day and does nothing while we do all the hard work. She ought to come out here and try to carry some of this heavy stuff. We bring her food, wait on her, and take care of her kids too. Queen Ant has it easy!"

Her Name Was Mavis

By Dave Griffin

If the joint you mentioned sat on a street near the terminal, and the bar lay at the back of the building down a long narrow hallway, which my older brother and I back from the wars did stumble along late one night in 1967, then the bartender with heavy eye makeup was named Mavis.

A HAZARDOUS WASTE

By Louise Fusfeld

My heart curdled like rancid anti-freeze as she glibly replied, "We don't accept these." I had driven thirty minutes out of my way to this Smart Integral Recycling Center (SMIRC), to properly dispose of a bottle of transmission fluid from The Pleistocene and half a damp flare. My hazardous guilt was quickly recycled into irony.

Game Plan

By Kathleen DesHotel

"Darn, he overthrew me!"

Back in the huddle, "Throw it to me. I was open. Throw it again!"

"Nah, I'm calling a run." Bam, running back gets nailed at the line of scrimmage.

Back in the huddle, assertively, "Throw it to me again."

"Okay."

Ball travels like a bullet. Catch, run, Touch Down!

"Who dat!"

Unpublished Author

By Sheryl L. Nelms

thoughts spangle
from your

brain

in scintillante
words

black on white

arrange
themselves into

sparkling stories

of roaches
and pink angel food

cakes

tucked back
into your
crinkled

gray files

never more
to be

rejected



Moqui Ranch

Arizona's past
with a future

STORY AND PHOTOS BY
G.E. MCKELVEY & CLAIRE MARIE FRITZ

It is just past dusk as several elk munch their way up the grassy valley toward a century-old stock tank for their evening sip of water.

Tall Ponderosa pines line the narrow gentle valley, and the sky changes shades from pink to red and now purple. The grazing is good and the grass, studded with yellow and white flowers, is tall and going to seed this year.

Six log relics that date back to an earlier era stand atop the Mogollon Rim. Cool air glides up the valley as the warm day air draws up the evening breeze. Distant anvil clouds trumpet the sounds of the summer monsoons as rainbows appear, spawned by the low-angle setting sun. This is the Moqui Ranch.

Moqui is a small privately owned oasis within a national forest. Still part of a working cattle ranch with roots as deep in Arizona as the pine tree tops to the water table, ranch operators have switched to grazing pasture every other year.



Although the front porch of a former house is no longer a safe place to sit, the events witnessed from here include some of the area's most impressive annual livestock drives.

In the early 1940s as many as 80,000 head of sheep and cattle made the summer drive up to this meadow, were dipped in disease cleaning vats, one dip for sheep and a second one for cattle. After the livestock inspector certified them disease-free, they were driven to summer pastures across the Mogollon Rim.

Now, fleets of 18-wheeler trucks often do what tougher-than-nails cowboys once performed, but every two years

the cattle that call Moqui home for the summer still arrive by an old-fashioned cattle drive.

Moqui Ranch is owned by the Bar T Bar Ranch Company, families that own Meteor Crater Enterprises, Inc., and manage their cattle business in the same manner as they conduct the long-term science research at the 50,000-year-old meteor impact site.

Brad Andes, president, takes pride in the company's long-term vision of managing for the future as well as for



the present. A soft-spoken man, he talks of the past while whacking pesky weeds to prevent them from going to seed.

Not many years ago the company's policy of allowing free public access began to be abused. The company closed the roads and ATV racetracks in the meadows, which led to the return of grass. Andes explains that the old houses and buildings that date back to statehood were occupied until the 1960s.

Around 1940 the 200-plus-acres Moqui Ranch was part of several thousand privately owned acres in the Coconino National Forest. The owner at that time was told by the Forest Service he would not be allowed to use his allotment that year because of overgrazing. He said that if that were the case, no livestock would be allowed to cross Moqui Ranch. With the livestock already on the way the Forest Service needed a quick solution and met with Ernest Chilson, manager of the Bar T Bar Ranch Company, owned by the Tremaine and Chilson families. Their meeting over a campfire with a bottle of whiskey quickly resulted in the Bar T Bar buying the ranch.

Over the years most of the land was either traded to the Forest Service or sold to developers. In 1990, Chilson, his daughter Judy Prosser and her husband Bob bought the ranching operations and formed the Bar T Bar Ranch Inc.



Judy and Bob graze the cattle on Moqui every other year. Bar T Bar is the second largest ranch in northern Arizona and grazes its cattle on land from I-40 around Meteor Crater all the way south almost to Happy Jack covering thousands of acres of private lands and long-term grazing permits.

While the ranch is closed and its access is limited, the owners schedule special visiting times for people to wander around, listen to the ghosts of cowboys and of Native

Americans. While there, guests can view what once was a dust bowl that is now overgrown with grass almost as high as the elk that spend summer there in preparation for winter.



Contact Information:

Brad Andes, president

Meteor Crater Enterprises, Inc.

P.O. Box 30940

Flagstaff, Arizona 86003-0940

www.meteorcrater.com

928-289-2598

Authors



Dave Griffin is retired from a career in corporate education, communications and product planning and lives in New York State's Catskill Mountain region with his wife and her dog. Dave writes the popular blog *Monk In The Cellar*, where he plays the main character Brother Jesse with some degree of authenticity. He publishes his essays online at www.windsweptpress.com and self-publishes a book of stories each year that is well received by those who love him. He seldom hears from those who don't. EMAIL him davidgriffin@hvc.rr.com

"Comedy is the blissfully twisted child of tragedy."

-- Louise Fufeld



Louise Fufeld has been blissfully twisting essays, poetry and sketch comedy for the past 13 years. Many of her comic essays have been published by Morningbird Press, owned and operated by her father, Robert Fufeld. Nepotism has served her well. *Door #3* is the sketch comedy show she has produced in theatrical and TV formats through her own production company, Suburban Squirrel Productions. Self-nepotism has served her even better — no editor. The

TV show of *Door #3* from 2010 can be seen online at <http://vimeo.com/19618063>, password: door#3. Individual sketches from this show are on funnyordie.com at: http://www.funnyordie.com/suburban_squirrel

Louise lives in Los Angeles where she works as a marketing con-

sultant and studies improvisational acting with comedienne, Melanie Chartoff. EMAIL her at lfusfeld@pacbell.net

Kathleen DesHotel says, "I have been writing stories since I picked up my first crayon and wrote my alphabet. It was my way of getting attention and control. Yet, it took until I started writing an art column for our local Times-Picayune that I would actually call myself a writer. There's much fear in assigning a label, fear that someone will strip it away with a negative review. Over 30 years of teaching, I could see the same fears in students with specific gifts and talents. Perhaps this insecurity comes with the talent. Putting it all out there is a bit of a tightrope walk. With balance and practice, I think I am over that now. I must have confidence; I must have confidence; I must believe in...Kathleen DesHotel." EMAIL her kathleenrose624@aol.com



In the photo I am wearing my \$4 fleur de lis ring on Saints game day! Who dat!

Sheryl L. Nelms is from Marysville, Kan. She graduated from South Dakota State University in Family Relations and Child Development. More than 5,000 of her articles, stories and poems have been published, including 14 individual collections of her poems. She is the fiction/nonfiction editor of THE PEN WOMAN MAGAZINE, the National League of American Pen Women publication and a recent Pushcart Prize nominee. EMAIL her slnelms@aol.com



G.E. 'Greg' McKelvey & Clare Marie Fritz

The Moqui Ranch visit was Clare's suggestion as an interesting



place for the Rim Country Camera Club to visit. Ten years before, she stumbled on the ranch and its enchanting buildings. Club members plan monthly field trips to sharpen their photographic skills. After several cancellations, Clare and Greg drove to the ranch. When they arrived, they found the gate locked



and access prohibited. "We did find the owner," Greg said. "He gave us a tour and allowed us to keep shutters clicking until the sunset was over." EMAIL him gempress@earthlink.net

You're invited!



Your name could appear on this page in the future if you enjoy writing. Much of the material is now produced by members of the American Amateur Press Association, a nationwide non-profit hobby organization founded in 1936. A number of members print and publish hobby journals that are circulated monthly to more than 200 other members. You need not be a member to submit manuscripts to *Author's Bazaar*, but if you are interested in learning more about this hobby group of writers, printers and publishers, check [this website](#).