
Of Writing and Places in Between

Grant & Abigail Pearson

Moving through Life

by Grant Pearson

This Newsletter celebrates an entire year of quarterly communications since Abigail and I began this endeavor Fall 2015. Though this edition is a bit late, its publication is exciting for us because it feels like a small step in the direction of becoming real, professional writers. You know the type who write a new novel every year, fly around the United States to give talks on writing, and are begged by their fans for glimpses of their current projects. That said, Abi and I still have a long way to go, but that dream is coming true one month at a time. This Newsletter and everyone who reads it is helping our aspirations become reality, so thank you.

In addition to this Newsletter reaching its first anniversary, Abi and I have been married for two years. We have moved three times since we tied the knot, though only from Cottage Grove to Goshen to Eugene. Traveling and moving is a part of everyone's life, and we are no exception. Between the two of us, we've traveled around the entire world.

Abi has lived in various places around the United States, including Montana, Louisiana, and Kansas. I've visited Washington D.C. She's been to the Caribbean island of Saint Lucia, as well as Mexico and the Philippines. I spent some time in Southern China. We haven't yet made it to Italy or England, Iceland or Poland, but those are next on our lists. That said, every new location adds new experiences, and though I could make a whole list of things we've learned and how we use these experiences in our writing, I want to focus on one in particular: people.

Because of our travels we have realized this planet is a small world after all, by which I mean people aren't that much different on the far side of the globe than they are here in America. They have different cultures and different family values. They watch different movies, and they eat different spices with their foods. But they are still human. They still feel the same emotions of love, anger, happiness, and sadness. They still have the same desires and fears. And they all enjoy stories.

Perhaps that should be obvious, but realizing that people are the same is comforting, and suggests that if we can understand those people, then we can write for them too. Perhaps someday our stories will be read all over the world. Perhaps not. Regardless, it gives us hope and plenty of material to write about.

Writing Accomplishments & Goals

by Grant Pearson

I am now a Senior at the University of Oregon, and will shortly have completed my Journalism major and Creative Writing minor. It doesn't seem like four years has already gone by, but it has. In the next year I imagine I will continue teaching middle school and looking into Masters Programs.

Abi is working as an editor for two online internships and for one online magazine/literary journal called *Umbel & Panticle*. She plans on continuing her editing experiences in order to work towards getting a professional position at a publishing company.

Now that the years seem to be going by so fast, we have realized that the saying "Your future is what you do today," holds a lot of weight. Since the days are slipping by, Abi and I set writing goals to accomplish each month. These are a few of the ones we finished this year:

"What It All Means: The Red Collection" by Abi and Grant published in February.

"The Freedom of April" by Abi and "The Bullet Train: Vol 1" by Grant published in May.

"And So the Stairs Went Up" by Abi in October.

Each of us also wrote a 25-50,000 word story in both July and November, which we will be working on rewriting for next year.

Poetry Selection (Abi)

Mother of Bread

my mother is baking bread
and
the baby is crying
in the other room
my mother is baking bread for us
tonight
her red hands are covered
in
flour and dough
sit across
from me child read
to me from your catechism
come let us keep busy for
mother is in the kitchen baking
bread to keep our stomachs full
come my
sisters
watch our mother make
bread
sweet bread
flat bread

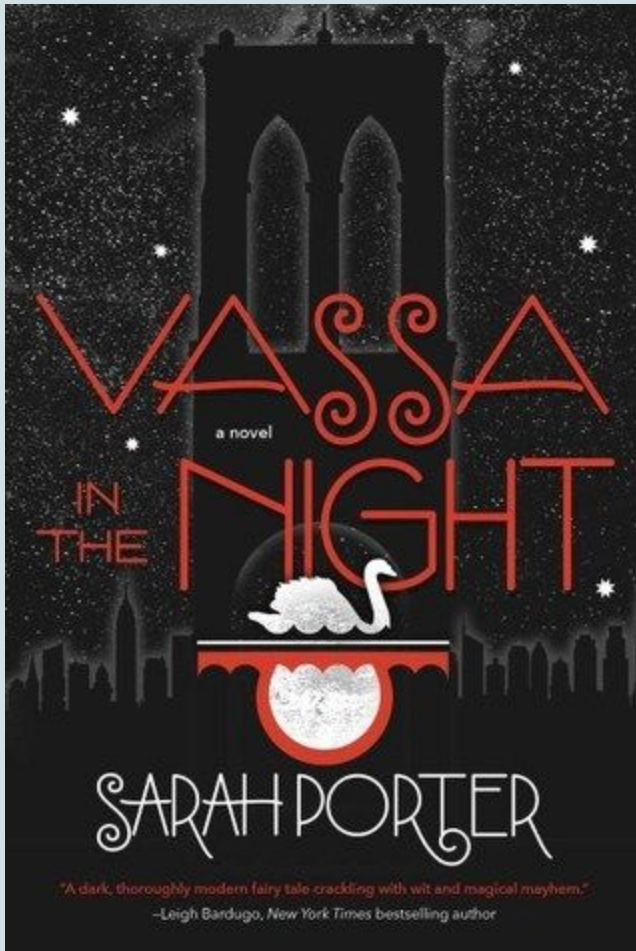
For next year, we plan on publishing another collection of poetry or flash fiction, and we plan on completing the first draft of our next short story collection: “What It All Means: The Yellow Collection.”

sourdough
mother in the kitchen
mother making bread

Review

by [Abi Pearson](#)

Goodreads Synopsis: In the enchanted kingdom of Brooklyn, the fashionable people put on cute shoes, go to parties in warehouses, drink on rooftops at sunset, and tell themselves they’ve arrived. A whole lot of Brooklyn is like that now—but not Vassa’s working-class neighborhood.



In Vassa’s neighborhood, where she lives with her stepmother and bickering stepsisters, one might stumble onto magic, but stumbling away again could become an issue. Babs Yagg, the owner of the local convenience store, has a policy of beheading shoplifters—and sometimes innocent shoppers as well. So when Vassa’s step sister sends her out for light bulbs in the middle of night, she knows it could easily become a suicide mission.

But Vassa has a bit of luck hidden in her pocket, a gift from her dead mother. Erg is a tough-talking wooden doll with sticky fingers, a bottomless stomach, and a ferocious cunning. With Erg’s help, Vassa just might be able to break the witch’s curse and free her Brooklyn neighborhood. But Babs won’t be playing fair

Find on [Goodreads](#) and [Amazon](#).

From talking dolls to dancing stores with chicken legs, this fairy tale retelling is one heck of a ride. And I thoroughly enjoyed it. It's

not often that I can say I've picked up a YA book and loved it. Though it's beginning to happen more often of late.

Vassa in the Night is a retelling of a Russian myth, one that I happen to like, so I was super excited to read this book. I liked how well the author has adapted the story for a modern world, but still kept the weirdness. For example in the original, Vassa or Vassilisa (her name in the original story) encounters a man riding on a black horse who turns out to be Night; in the novel the man is on a black motorcycle and ends up being something a little more complicated than just Night.

Vassa is a great main character. Her backstory is sad without being cliché or too sob-story like. She's also wonderfully sassy. Her doll Erg is also just as sassy and the friendship between teenager and wood doll is just precious. I also liked how the author made one of the sisters a likable character. It wasn't just the cliché of a stepmother and two bitter and cruel stepsisters.

I love the writing style of the story. I liked that I ended up feeling for the strangest characters, in particular the walking and murderous hand slave of Babs Yagg named Dex. Don't ask me how it's possible, just read the book!

In the end I gave it four stars, though honestly I'd like to give it a 4.5, but Goodreads' rating can be a pain sometimes.

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