



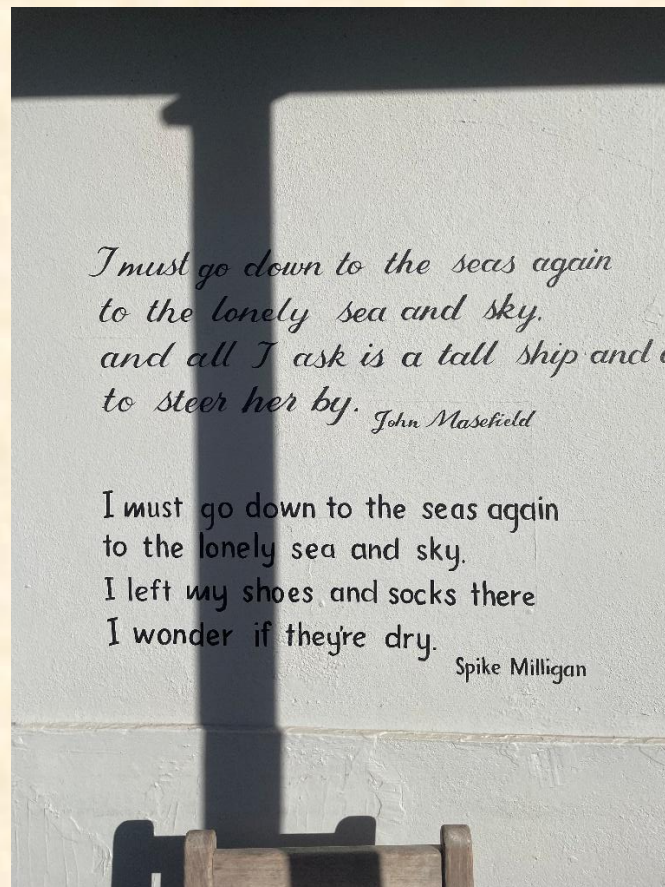
Hello to friends old and new! Welcome to Autumn's newsletter, I'm glad to have you come along on my writer's journey.

If you're new here, I'm Becky and the website is my safe place to pop snippets of my writing; short stories and poetry, book reviews on my book blog, random musings, and oh, I also like to keep you updated on any current projects. Right now this is a cosy crime manuscript, very much still a work in progress but I'm enjoying writing and it hasn't yet become a chore, which is a good start! I'm also excited about sharing some excerpts in the near future, which is exactly what I did in my writers group. I'm glad to say the response was better than I expected and a couple of members have even offered to be beta readers, should I ever complete it! (They know me too well!)

I'm looking forward to a 'meet the author' event next week in Bridgnorth (no, not me, sadly). 'An Autumn Evening with Emma Woodhouse in the murder House' is an opportunity to explore the setting of *Mercy*, a historical novel based around the life and loves of a real character, tried and acquitted of the same murder, not once but twice. It appears that most people at the time believed she should have swung from the gallows for

matricide but strange circumstances, unreliable witness accounts and conflicting 'expert' opinions allowed Mercy to walk free from court, narrowly avoiding the vengeful crowd eager to dole out mob-justice. I'm happy to say there won't be an angry mob on this particular evening, just some nice nibbles and good company!

On another note, I'd like to share with you a photograph I took on holiday in Devon this week. It's proof that poetry has something for everyone and you certainly don't have to be an intellectual to enjoy it!

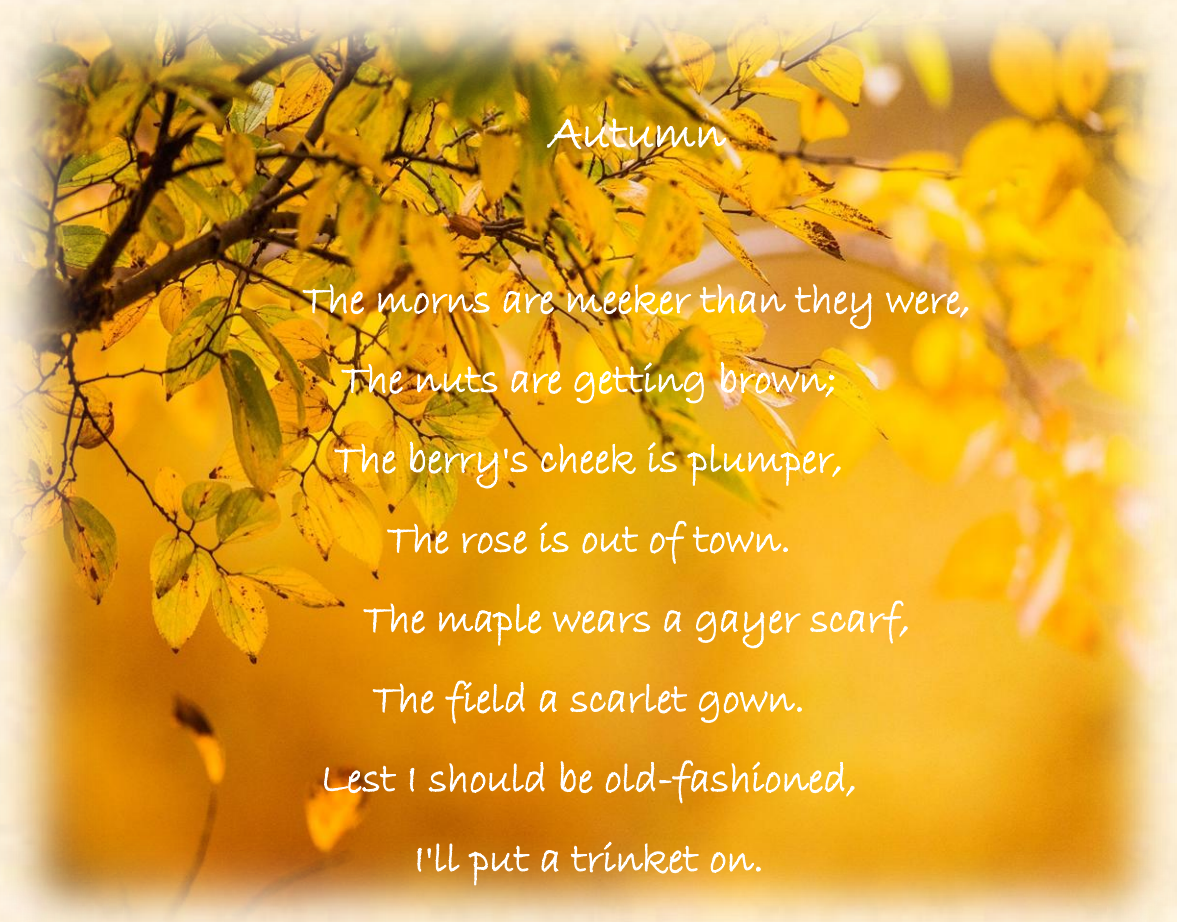


I do apologise for the poor quality of photo, by the way! It was painted on a wall of a hostelry (of which we felt obliged to sample some wares) and it was very sunny! I'm going to leave you with a seasonal poem from one of my favourite authors, Emily Dickinson, simply entitled *AUTUMN*.

Keep reading, keep writing, dear friends.

Becky x





Autumn

The morns are meeker than they were,
The nuts are getting brown;
The berry's cheek is plumper,
The rose is out of town.
The maple wears a gayer scarf,
The field a scarlet gown.
Lest I should be old-fashioned,
I'll put a trinket on.

