

THE

RIGHT

BUZZ

SASSY SALLY IS HERE

EVERY MONTH SASSY SALLY
SAVES THE DAY

AUTHOR ARTICLES

EVERY INTERVIEW WE HAVE
COMES WITH MEANING

ISSUE 6 17TH JULY 2020



SASSY SALLY

Dear Sassy Sally,

Me and my husband have been with each other for six years now. We always have a laugh and do fun things. Recently, I found a text on his phone from another woman about meeting up again. Long story short, he admitted he was having an affair but now I can't seem to trust him, but I love him, and I am so confused.

-Utterly confused

Dear Utterly Confused,

The old-time adage goes 'once a cheater, always a cheater'. You love him but you should love yourself more. I don't know if any children are involved but you should love them more as well. He has broken a promise to you repeatedly. I don't believe for a second that he has given up the affair with this woman. When sex and love are mixed, things can become irrational. You are confused because he has told you again and again that he loves you, that he was weak, whatever excuse he and every Netflix storywriter can come up with. You're still being intimate with him; therefore, you are confused. Remove sex from the equation and get back to me in a few months. The only dilemma you should be facing at this point is picking a shark for a divorce lawyer.

Do you have a question for Sassy Sally?

Drop her an email: thesassysallybuzz@hotmail.com

Dear Sassy Sally,

I am having a small cocktail party next month at our summer home. My husband and I are doctors at a hospital. Most of the people at this cocktail party are our colleagues who work in the medical field. We will be taking the necessary precautions for Covid-19 at this party. However, in our house it is required that guests take off their shoes. A couple of our colleagues have expressed some dismay over this. They made it clear that they would not be able to come if they weren't allowed to keep their shoes on. They mentioned spraying Lysol on their shoes before entering the house, that is not the issue. I just have always never like anyone walking with shoes inside my house.

-No Shoes, No Service

Dear No Shoes, No Service,

There is no way I would ever go to a cocktail party where I would have to take off my shoes. I have never even heard of a cocktail party where people would have to take off their shoes. If there is, I don't want to even know those people. I am not spending money on hair, makeup, and clothes just to be seen barefoot. I am showing off my Manolos no matter what! Many people are self-conscious about their feet, not to mention walking barefoot may be unhealthy for many of your colleagues; think plantar fasciitis. You need to accommodate your guests. Get your carpet and hardwood floors professionally cleaned if you must but don't send your guests back to the Stone Age, hasn't Covid-19 done enough?

Dear Sassy Sally,

My SO will not put their dirty laundry in the hamper no matter what I do. I beg, I yell, I even bought a hamper with no lid and nothing. Last week, my SO was upset because they had no clean tops to wear. I skipped laundry day because there was nothing in the hamper. I can't go around the house picking up every item. They got terribly angry. I don't know what to do.

-No Laundry Day

Dear No Laundry Day,

Every time you see laundry on the floor, throw it in the trash. Your SO won't have anything left to wear. Now, this may take up to six weeks depending on the amount of clothes they have. Be patient, my child. No need to beg, yell or buy special hampers. There are easier and efficient ways to deliver a message.



“

The Beauty of Connection

Stephanie Bensimon

It was bright and early on a weekday morning in Winnipeg. I was on a business trip and was up all bright eyed and bushy tailed at 4:30am. I went downstairs and sat outside and a lady waved towards me from far away. I looked around, no one around me, so I waved back. She made her way towards me and sat rrrrright beside me, shoulder to shoulder. She told me it was her birthday. I said, happy birthday. She told me she was high so I said, at least you celebrated. Then she said, she just got out rehab the day before. I said, double celebration. She pulled out a book called “Jesus loves me” and asked me to read it to her. This is 5am. Ok? I said, sure. As she was pulling out the book, her money was falling out. Told her to not show anybody she had it and to hide it. She gave me the book and I read to her for about 20 minutes. About 10 minutes in, she started crying and telling me about her grandchildren. After 20 min, I told her I had to get ready for a meeting. She made me take a picture so I wouldn’t forget her and she walked away. Her name was Susan.





ACCORDING TO HIS OWN DAEMON

EXCLUSIVE

MAUREEN JOSEPTH

Author & Writer of *Twice The Demise*.

ARTICLE WRITTEN BY MAUREEN JOSEPTH

I had been meaning to write about this experience for quite a while for my blog, but Wayne and Nicole from *The Right Buzz* bribed me with chocolate and dry British humor. You gotta love 'em! For the sake of maintaining people's privacy, I have changed names, events and locations.

During my college days, I was able to balance partying, good grades, work, extra-curricular activities, and graveyard meditating all at once. My morning commute consisted of listening to *Therion* or *Cannibal Corpse* whilst sipping on a hot cup of black coffee. My monochromatic wardrobe just made life easier. I did get the occasional odd stare.

I, for the most part, enjoyed many of my classes. I had a good relationship with many of my professors; not to say that I didn't struggle with a few difficult ones. I made many friends and had many odd experiences.

I will always remember the first day. I was on my way to a political science class. I was waiting with four other students for the elevator. One of them looked my way and gave me a half smile.

I returned it with a nod. He was wearing a t-shirt with the lyrics of *Voodoo Child* inscribed on his chest. According to my registration sheet, my class was on the fifth floor.

The elevator arrived after five agonizing minutes. The doors opened and students corralled their way out. There was this one girl, carrying a *Longchamp* bag, would not get off because she was too busy having a quarrel with someone on her pink phone. She was blocking the way; stuck in her own little world.

Unexpectedly, *Voodoo Child* guy shoots me a quick glance and grabs my hand leading me into the elevator. He pushed his way through, as other students followed suit, making a point to *Longchamp Bag Girl* that the universe does not revolve around her. Flabbergasted, she scoffed out loud. How dare we not wait for Her Majesty to finish her call!

"I'm Eugene. This is my second semester here." Voodoo Child guy half-smiled again, proudly.

"I'm Maureen. This is my first day here." I replied expressionless.

I finally reached my destination. I took a seat and lo and behold, there was Eugene asking me if he could take the seat next to me.

I didn't mind just as long he didn't bore me with the philosophical findings of Jim Morrison. It was going to be a few minutes till the professor was scheduled to arrive. I took out a book and started to read.

"You read French?" He pointed at my book.

"Not really." I replied.

"You're reading *Pensées* by Blaise Pascal." He scoffed with a smile.

I ignored him. I didn't want to have this conversation with a stranger. I was French educated for a few years. I didn't want people knowing that especially in the country I was living in at the time where many revered French speakers and belittled English speakers, especially Americans, particularly ones with a heavy Brooklyn accent. I had successfully oppressed that part of me for years. I was bullied by classmates and teachers alike. I also did not like telling people that I was American. I just let them assume that I went to an American school. Anyways, that's another story. I was reading Blaise Pascal that day because my friend Harry had hooked me up to write a student's paper. We both went to the same school the year before graduating. He was my broker.

In these situations, one would need a middleman. No one knew who wrote the papers. They just knew Harry provided. I paid him a good commission. It was a good arrangement. Any time a student got caught, nothing would trace back to me. As for Harry, no idiot would dare snitch on him. He would bring that person down and their whole family tree. He was street smart and a good friend. We were on the same sports team at school. We always had each other's back.

Over the course of a few weeks, Eugene and I became friends. He knew I wrote for the university's poetry and short story section. He took on a part-time job as a cashier at the supermarket I frequented near my favorite graveyard. We would run into each other in the hallways or at the café on campus. One day it stopped... I never saw him again at the supermarket or on campus. He just disappeared. Harry told me that Eugene had transferred to another university. Word had it that he had a major problem with one of the professors. Knowing Eugene's short temper and disdain for many social norms, I wasn't too surprised.

I ran into him one day at a rave. I was with a group of friends including Harry. We went somewhere quiet to talk and he explained to me that he had transferred and was at a university near where my parents lived. He just didn't feel comfortable at the former college. We exchanged numbers and we met a few times for coffee. I would help him brainstorm for his marketing classes and I got a history lesson about Jim Morrison in return.

A year and a half later, he landed a paid internship. He was promised a full-time position upon the completion of his degree. We would still meet up and talk writing and business. We would brainstorm about ideas for his final paper. He had writer's block and even without that, he could not put down his ideas properly on paper. I almost always knew what he wanted to write because I was his friend and I wrote other people's papers. I found nothing wrong with helping him. Life was good; I was getting paid to ghostwrite articles and a few literary pieces.

A few weeks passed after helping Eugene with his paper and I received a phone call from a number I didn't recognize. I picked up. New people call me all the time either returning a phone call for jobs I've applied to or someone needing a ghostwriter.

"Hello?" I greeted expecting to hear someone's secretary.

"Allo, Am I speaking with Maureen?" The man with a light French accent.

"Yes, this is she."

"I am sorry to bother you, Maureen. Let me introduce myself. My name is Remington Scott. My understanding is that you are friends with an individual by the name Eugene Dev. He is an employee in my office. I would like to meet with you. I need to speak with you face to face." He said.

"Is Eugene alright? I don't understand." I felt quite alarmed. I knew Eugene's family was trying to settle in Europe and was quite alone.

"No, Eugene is dandy. Nothing's wrong." He reassured me.

"Alright." I took a deep breath.

"I just need to speak with you about some work, but I don't want you calling Eugene. I kindly ask you not to say anything to him at all. We did not have this conversation because I can only presume you have never heard of me. Please."

Okay...this was weird. Not alarmingly weird but weird. I was always sworn to secrecy in my line of work albeit accounting, ghostwriting, or hiding my friend's pack of cigarettes from her parents. Nothing new to me. I really didn't know what to think. I did not want to betray a friend's trust. I decided to hear out what this well-spoken man had to say and then decide.

I agreed to meet Mr. Scott at an upscale café, frequented by businesspeople, on a Friday. When I got there, I was led by a hostess to one of the outside tables on the veranda. Mr. Scott was already there looking at what appeared to be a leather portfolio. He stood up, shook my hand, and insisted I call him 'Remington'.

Remington was in his early forties. A tall slender man who wore a crisp Ralph Lauren shirt with Ferragamo loafers. He was a man who was incredibly young at heart. Unlike the suit and ties around us, he was very casual. After exchanging pleasantries, I asked Remington what was going on.

"I am going to cut to the chase. I am the COO of X franchise. It is a new franchise in this country. I, currently, oversee the marketing and advertising till we hire a marketing manager. It is not part of my job description but because I know this franchise so well; my input is kind of important. Eugene is currently running this small department with my help. He has an assistant and works in parallel with a small advertising agency for our media communications."

That sounded wonderful. I am sure Eugene put in a good word for me. Therefore, Remington did not want me to call Eugene. This was probably an informal interview. I didn't want to jump into conclusions.

"Alright, that is good to hear. He is probably doing a good job. I don't really understand where I fit in this equation." I said nervously.

He takes a sip of water and shifts his body towards me. He holds up his leather portfolio, snaps it shut and places it in front of me.

"Our former marketing manager was running all the work by me. Like I have mentioned before, I am well acquainted with the franchise. After a while, something started to bug me. As I sifted through some hooks and campaigns, it dawned upon me that Eugene was not being honest. He brought the first campaign hook to us. Then, the second and then a whole marketing concept which aligned perfectly with X's corporate identity. The story and the writing method were not his, no matter how much he tried to reword it. He wasn't fooling anyone with that dialect of English or the wittiness with those hooks."

He motioned to me to open the leather portfolio that he had placed in front of me. I opened it. There it was. Hours of my words and Eugene's treachery glossed on flyers, campaigns, and ads.

I showed no emotion, no disbelief, nothing. The work I had been helping him with and the ideas I had been writing for him were for his job. Unbeknownst to me, he had used his draft from a project I helped him with to get that job. It all started coming together.

"Is he going to lose his job?" I asked.

"Well, I am ready to let him go because he is lazy and lied to me. What did you study?"

"I have studied French literature and philosophy. I majored in Accounting and studied Business Administration."

"Ah, so you do have an idea about Marketing?"

"Of course, I do."

"I want you to come to the office on Monday. I am offering you a job."

"What about Eugene? This is crazy. I can't do this."

"Oh, he will be in the office. Don't worry about him. He is going to think that he helped you get this job."

"How? Has he ever mentioned me?"

"Yes, how do you think I got your number? We were looking for a native speaker for a future project. He told us about your literal contributions to the university magazine. He gave us your contact information. A few days later, he said you had left the university and changed your number. He claimed he couldn't find you. Till one day, I saw a copy of the university magazine on his desk. It was dog-eared on an article you had written. I read it and you put two and two together. I decided to call the number he had given me. What did I have to lose?"

Remington picks up the check and I just sit dumbfounded for the next half hour. I started reliving every moment in my mind. To even think that I dragged him home drunk once and put him to bed. I was nothing but a good friend.

I called Harry. He picked up on the first ring. I told him about the craziness that just happened. He told me that he knew of Remington Scott. He had made his mark in the industry as one of the top COOs. He also taught at a French University. He had connections with all the movers and shakers. Harry wasn't surprised to hear about Eugene's backstabbing endeavors. Harry knew everything about everyone.

I woke up late Saturday morning only to find five missed calls from Eugene. No texts. No voice messages. I called him back and after some small talk; he tells me that he has helped me find a job.

"Maureen, I gave them your name and told them that you were a very trust-worthy person. I told HR and the COO that I wanted you to be my marketing assistant." He said softly.

"Sure. No problem." I answered.

"You don't sound too excited. You will thank me later. You should take this opportunity because you don't have that much experience and it is a new franchise. I will be able to teach you many things. Don't worry."

Who said I was worried?

I met him wide-eyed and busy tailed on a Monday morning in front of the franchise's head office. Did I mention that he also gave me a pep talk?

Eugene introduced me to Remington. He told Remington about how good I was with ideas and writing but how I did not have practice in the marketing field yet. He mentioned how he would teach me. I was supposed to feel rage. I did not. I was not angry with Eugene. I felt nothing but pity towards him. I was hired on the spot. Two weeks later, Eugene was let go.

He told all our friends, including Harry, how I stole his job from under his nose. How he got me this job and how his boss let him go... That I was an unfaithful friend...

No one believed him. If they did, I didn't care.

I knew in my consciousness that I did right by my friend. When you stab someone in the back, there is going to be blood. The victim's blood is going to stain, and someone is bound to notice. Remington smelled that blood on my Kreator t-shirt from a mile away like a bloodhound.

I went on to work at that franchise and another with Remington. We are still friends till today and I will always have a high regard for him. And this is how I started out as an accidental copywriter. Thank you, Mr. Remington Scott.



Katie helps a Turtle with Belly Ache



Nick Lloyd-Davies

Buy Now!

OVERCAME BULLYING TO SUPPORT OTHERS

Ok, lets talk adult bullying. It's so huge, as is the impact, yet its barely discussed. I want to change all that because I've been there. I know the resulting despair. Yet I'm still here, standing taller than ever and I'd love to share my journey with you.

My experience started as a teenager. I moved from the Midlands to the North East when I was nine and so my accent was unusual or maybe non-existent.

Hence started the little comments about the 'posh' girl and the laughter in class, every time I spoke. So I stopped speaking in class and every school report detailed how quiet I was. I hated being the 'quiet twin' and it destroyed me inside. Why couldn't I be more confident like my twin sister? At home, I retreated to the safety of my bedroom. My own space where I could just be me.

Don't get me wrong, I have the most amazing family, yet I still felt alone in this.



Fast forward to being a young adult and my self-confidence was well and truly destroyed. I'd had a great time at University, achieved a Degree in Psychology and made some amazing lifelong friends. Yet my mental health was at rock bottom and that's where the adult bullies saw a way in.

Over the years I had so many negative experiences at work, disappointingly with females in the main. The constant nasty 'looks' as they stared me up and down, the sly comments intended to put me down in front of others.

I had a successful career as a qualified Probation Officer but this was hard won. Despite working so hard to achieve my second Degree and professional qualification, I was still referred to by some as just 'the trainee'. In the workplace,

I was the target of criticism, in contrast to my male colleagues. Yet I worked harder than anyone. Add to this, a manipulative so-called friend and it was a recipe for disaster with my mental health.

Three years ago, I made a decision that would change everything. I have an amazing husband, family and great circle of trusted friends. Yet I was totally burnt out and felt that there must be more to life. So I made the huge decision to leave my career and I re-trained as an upholsterer. I realise now that there had always been a creativity in me, I had just pushed it away. My self-belief had taken such a knocking over the years from bullying, that I barely knew who I really was. This new way of life unleashed such a positivity and confidence in me that I just had to keep going, really embracing life.

I'm now using my personal experience and skills from my career, to support others who've felt the same as me. It's my absolute mission to ensure that no-one ever feels the way I did, from bullying.

I offer online mentoring programmes to help those affected, to stand tall again and really believe in themselves. I use my creative skills in my mentoring so that the tools really stand out and help people to remember.

I have my Stand Tall Academy with all of my programmes and I encourage people to 'step into their flamingo self'. We all have that flamingo within us, standing tall and well balanced, with individuality.

So my message to you if you've been affected by bullying or abuse.....stand tall as your amazing self because you're worth so much more than you think you are. I know, I am that person standing tall now and it feels great.

If you need support, please don't hesitate to get in touch. Investing in you will be the best thing you will ever do. [You can find me here;](#)



A GHOST TALE - TRUE STORY

NOTHING THERE?

By Eleanor Joszt-Wagner



I've been a writer since the 7th Grade when my teacher, Mrs. O'Connor inspired me to write my first poem. It was about witches, ghosts and goblins. It doesn't surprise me my fascination with the macabre went back that far. Sensitive to some extent, I've been able to see things before they occur, connect with deceased loved ones, and sense hauntings in buildings.

I'm by no means as good as most of the people I've interviewed but am always eager to learn more. When I was twelve, I had a precognitive dream about the deaths of my godparents. I dreamt my Onkel Frank hung himself and my Tessie Tante died in a hospital bed. I woke up horrified by this nightmare and ran to my mother to tell her about it. She waved it off as a bad dream.

My uncle was found hanging by a belt in his basement a few weeks later. A deteriorating mental state paired with knowledge of my aunt's physical ailments sent him over the edge. Not too long after, my aunt died in the hospital from a brain tumor. For so long, I blamed myself for knowing and not doing anything to prevent it from happening. Unfortunately, fear and guilt over what happened temporarily stifled me from developing my gift. It wasn't until I began to accept and forgive myself that I was able to learn and grow from the experience.

I grew up with a ghost in my childhood home. He was a tall, dark shadow figure I referred to as Uncle Paul. Whenever I saw him, I was petrified. Laying in bed at night, I could see out into the corner of the living room where the grandfather clock stood. He'd emerge from that corner and slowly approach until he reached the end of my bed. By this time, I was already hiding under the blankets. Sometimes I would escape my bed and run into the safety of my parents' bedroom. Once, I didn't make it out the doorway – some force held me back and did so for several seconds before releasing me to run again.

Today, I realize he knew I could see him and probably was trying to get my attention. To a young child, though, I was frightened beyond measure. I was thankful for the day my sister moved out, and I was able to take her basement bedroom and sleep in total, comforting darkness. In 2002, I had the pleasure of owning a shop with my good friend Dawn in the town of Sussex, New Jersey where I currently reside. Ellie and Dawn's Great Finds was an adorable antique and consignment shop. It wasn't long before we realized we shared the space with a former inhabitant.

A little old man with a black coat and hat visited us often when we were there afterhours doing inventory. He never bothered us; merely observed what we were doing. I recall a time when Dawn and I were there together afterhours. We were standing behind the glass counter when he suddenly made an appearance.

"Dawn? Dawn?!" I whispered loudly without taking my eyes off him for a second.

"Huh?" she answered, still looking down at the paperwork in front of her.

"Do you see what I see?" I asked.

She looked up and was silent a moment.

"I don't see NOTHING!" she finally replied. "There is absolutely NOTHING there. I refuse to see it."

She saw it. He stayed with us for quite some time that night. Dawn and I became accustomed to working in daily shifts. We both had small children, and she was taking care of her husband's Grandma Rose.

On a day I was scheduled to work the shop, I remember shortly after opening, Rhonda – the tenant from the second-floor apartment – came down to share a cup of team and conversation.

"I've been meaning to ask you something," she said. "Only, I'm not sure how you will react."

"Ask away," I said.

"Have you seen or heard anything strange in your shop?"

My ears suddenly perked up.

"Why? Is there something you see in your apartment?"

"Ohhhhh, yes!" she answered. "All the time."

"An old guy?" I asked.

"With a black coat and hat?" she said.

"The one and the same," I said.

We both were being visited by the same guy. One day, a customer came in with a black and white photograph. It was of the outside of the building from the early 20th century. Standing outside the front of the store was the little old man with the black coat and hat! I only wish I could put a name to the actual face!

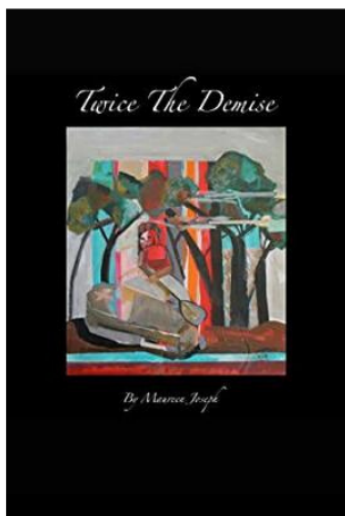
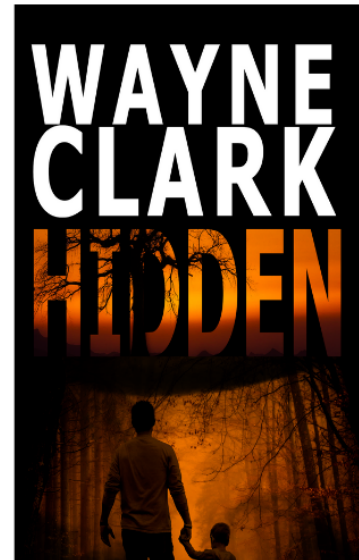
In 2015, I just finished publishing my book, *Dream a Little Dream*; a supernatural love story. I began working on my second supernatural love story. I had the beginning, middle and end, but reached an impasse. Writer's block can be a very frustrating thing. I went to my writer's group hoping to get the writer juices flowing again when the subject of ghosts and hauntings came up. My favorite place in New Jersey is Cape May, and it's known to be one of the most haunted places in New Jersey. Every time we're there, I'm down for a ghost tour and I purchase the latest book out on local hauntings from the area.

A light went on in my head. It was like an AHA moment. Why not write about my own experiences and the hauntings in my own community? People are drawn to this type of stuff. I was quite certain plenty of people would be willing to open up to me about their own stories. I put the word out on social media about my plans. Before I knew it, my phone was dingling for weeks. On All Hallows Eve 2019, *Sussex County Hauntings and Other Strange Phenomena* was released.

When I started the interviews, I thought it would be only a book on *Sussex County Hauntings*, but since it has become a series which will feature other counties such as Warren, Orange, Pike, Passaic and Morris. On Cinco de Mayo 2020, *Sussex County Hauntings and Other Strange Phenomena: Part II* was made public. The Warren County edition is expected out at the end of 2020.

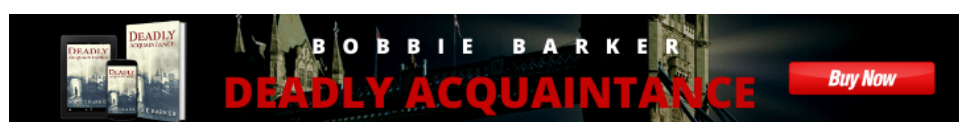
While interviewing people, some would ask for my help with their haunts. These requests left me with an overwhelming desire to help them get answers. I was fortunate to form a paranormal team called the *Lady Ghostbusters* comprised of many of the gifted people I've interviewed and other gifted people I met along the way. Writing the hauntings series has changed my life. It's almost as if I've finally found myself- if that makes sense. I feel as though I 'came out' somehow and have been accepted. In return, I've been able to help others 'come out', too, and be accepted for their precious gifts without fear of ridicule. Most importantly, I've been able to tell their stories and those of their ghostly counterparts- which to me, is just as important, if not more so.

FEATURED AUTHORS



Enjoy a story from one of our picks. Intimate Poses by Kyle Canon, Aprils Auction by L.A.White, Hidden By Wayne Clark, Twice the Demise by Maureen Joseph, Burning Bridges by Anne Krist, Mira Storm Weather by Cara Bingham. If you would like to be featured here visit our [promotions](#) page.

[Visit book store here](#)



#StopTheSpread

7 Steps to prevent the spread of COVID-19

- 01** Wash your hands frequently
- 02** Avoid touching your eyes, nose, and mouth
- 03** Cover your mouth when you cough using a tissue or the bend of your elbow
- 04** Avoid crowded places and close contact with anyone who has fever or cough
- 05** Stay home if you feel unwell
- 06** Seek medical care early if you have a fever, coughs, and difficulty breathing—but call first
- 07** Get information from trusted sources

Source: World Health Organization

SHAWN MORGAN



I've been writing in one form or another for 30+ years, and some of my earliest memories are of creating stories for my Nan (my dad's mom) and just seeing the pure joy they gave to her.

PHANTOMS IN THE MOONLIGHT ANTHOLOGY

I've been writing in one form or another for 30+ years, and some of my earliest memories are of creating stories for my Nan (my dad's mom) and just seeing the pure joy they gave to her. Although my Nan has passed on, it was her reaction and support that made writing such a welcome output for my creativity. I studied journalism with the goal of covering the Toronto Maple Leafs for one of the local newspapers upon graduation.

I figured out quickly that if I wanted to still be a fan of the team and not turn watching their games into work, I needed to find another career. However, it was during my journalism studies that I learned that I had a knack for the layout and graphical design side of the business, which has been where I've hung my hat for twenty years or so.

Over the years, I would write on and off again, but not for any sustained periods of time. I did not realize then that every time I stopped writing, it would be difficult to both get back to where I was and improve on the writing that I had already done. By pure luck, last year I stumbled upon an author on Twitter, Alaine Greyson, who I noticed would post about writing, her drive to meet the high standards that she set for herself, and where she wanted to take her writing moving forward. Her approach to the craft was eye opening for me and gave me a different perspective to view writing in.

Interestingly, despite our difference in genre preferences (horror for me and romance for Alaine) we were able to find common ground and ideas on publishing and writing and that led to us creating The Second Draft Podcast. In the podcast, we discussed the craft of writing and contrasted our writing styles and outlooks on the craft. During some brain storming of ideas for the podcast, we came up with the idea for an anthology of Halloween-related stories, which became the Phantoms in the Moonlight anthology book, which will feature stories from myself, Alaine and YA author Marie McGrath, and it is scheduled to be published on September 8, 2020.

Moving forward, I am looking to continue with my writing as I have noticed both the quantity and quality has improved, and I am looking forward to seeing what comes up next. Most of my writing to this point has been in the short story realm, but some of the ideas I have considered writing about recently are not ones that can be completed in under 10,000 words, so I can see longer fiction on the horizon for me.

CLICK & CONNECT



ENTON BAREFOOT



LAI BARE

I am a driven individual with a passion and belief that we all have choice and can start to change our lives for the good at any point. I have captured my story in my book Laid Bare to share hope and that addiction does not discriminate and living in recovery is possible. The reality of this is it takes grit and determination every day.

I grew up in Johnston, Pembrokeshire, Wales in the 1980s. I was surrounded by a large, noisy, loving, extended family and looked forward to my mum's mouth-watering roast dinners every Sunday. By 2007 I was sleeping rough in a Midlands town, scavenging for food from skips. I am a passionate and avid sportsman and played semi-professional football and was on track to follow my dream of playing professional football when a sliding doors moment changed everything. Gradually, I fell into a whirlwind life of addiction and eventually homelessness.

For over twelve years now I have lived my life in recovery. I qualified as a Drugs and Alcohol Counsellor back in 2013 and I spent seven years working as a Support Worker/Senior Support Worker for two local homeless charities.

I am a passionate Liverpool FC supporter and sports fan/commentator which can be positive and uplifting. I qualified as a Level 2 Rugby Coach back in 2018 and I am currently coaching within Universities & Colleges and the Leicester Tigers Community Team matchday clinics and UK holiday camps.

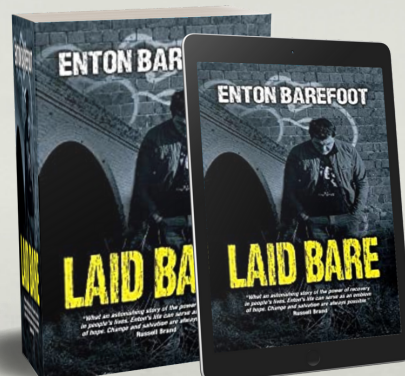
My drive and vision are to support people and offer them opportunity and hope. I have delivered educational and informative talks to young people through to professionals about my experiences and about the non-discriminatory nature of addiction. My purpose in writing this book is to help people gain more of an understanding about addiction and to enable drug and alcohol dependent individuals, who are still living in their whirlwind of destruction, to see that something decent can come out of the depths of depravity.

People with addictions come in different shapes and sizes and from all walks of life and cultures. Even though this disease tried to overpower my mind, body and soul, I am here today to tell you my story. I am not embarrassed to have been an alcoholic and a drug user; it is what I did under the influence of drugs and alcohol that makes me ashamed. Sharing those stories with you is going to put me a long way out of my comfort zone – but does anything truly great ever happen in your comfort zone?

The Real Barefoot offers:

Speaking: Motivational and passionate about enabling people to have an insight into the world of addiction and gain knowledge, Enton will tailor his talk to his audience. He shares his drive to support people to know they always have a choice. Enton will come along and talk to your group, network, event, school or club. Book Signing: Enton will come along, answer questions and sign books. He's happy to come along to clubs, schools, exhibitions and networking events.

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CARA BINGHAM

I was born Cara Louise Connell but when my parents got divorced when I was little, I took my mother's maiden name Bingham. My mother Noela Ann Bingham, really was my rock growing up. She helped me cope through all the challenges in my life. She was a single parent raising three daughters on her own; she also took jobs where she could help others. She has been an assistant at a Montessori nursery; teaching children from three to five years old. She's also worked as a care assistant and taught other carers NVQ qualifications. She was and still is a very spiritual person. She is a healer; a Clairvoyant; and masseuse. I was exposed to many spiritual religions that helped me to better understand nature and myself. We lived in a beautiful private park that was quite secluded and inspired me to write my first books.

Growing up with learning difficulties was tough. I didn't learn to read properly until I was ten; meant that I couldn't go to mainstream schools. so, my education was very basic. I attended a special needs school that didn't do GCSE's; instead, we did City and Guilds exams. Students that went to that school were often told that due to their learning difficulties they wouldn't amount to much and not to expect too much when we left. For a girl who wanted to either be an Author or an actress that advice was quite dream crushing.

After school I attended college and studied BTEC in Performing Arts. I faced many challenges there as I was in classes with 'Normal' students, and yet I was able to hold my own; earning several distinctions (the highest mark in the course) but I was told that I was too sensitive to make it in the arts so I wasn't allowed to move onto higher courses. For a while this affected my confidence, but then I found amateur companies to perform with and I started to feel a little better.

All my life I have struggled with weight issues, I was a stress and comfort eater. If I had a bad day I would eat a lot of things that were bad for me; like crisps and chocolate, so much so that I became a type two diabetic and grew to be 24 stone (which is 336 LBS or 153KG) I was ill with weight related illnesses like Sleep apnoea and recurring DVT clots and pulmonary Embolisms, which can be fatal. I knew that if I carried on the way I was I would die, but I knew that I couldn't lose the weight on my own, so I decided to have a gastric bypass operation. I am so lucky to live in a country where I could get the surgery done for free and I am ever thankful for the NHS system for allowing me to have it done. I recently lost 9 stone (58KG or 127.8 LBS) and I have been a lot healthier ever since.

My last blood tests showed that my diabetes is in remission and I so is my Sleep Apnoea, I am also able to do more things. Before Covid 19 I started Latin American and Ballroom dance lessons, but they have all stopped for a while, so has all my performing Arts groups, now I can only sing with people through singing apps and online singing groups that I have set up a few years ago. Singing is more than just singing for me it's like therapy and a way of coping with my depression and anxiety issues.

I have always loved telling stories, even when I couldn't write due to my difficulties I had. I would still make them up and recite them. I also loved to sing, although I'm not a natural singer. I had problems with my ears and couldn't hear music properly so every time I sang, I was out of tune and key and even my family told me to shut up when I tried. I have had to work hard to battle my limitations. To be able to sing. I spent ages at a piano (my mother got the family) working on scales and my tuning issues until I could hit the right notes. I then started singing lessons. Now I'm in one of the best amateur singing groups in my area. Some of their past members have gone on to work in The West End.

I started writing my first book about twenty years ago, but I saved it onto a disk that got wiped and I couldn't find the hard copy that I'd printing off, until years later when I moved to a new house. Then I started to type it up again, but I couldn't think of a title for the story; apart from one that didn't feel right [Mira Storm Weather](#) and the Peggimouse. It was only when I went to the photo shoot for my first cover that the idea finally came to me.



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