

Unremembered Loss

For all the news and information from the world of Rathrae, and for the story Unremembered Loss

Issue 120

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One Hundred Twenty

If one hundred and twenty months ago, you told me that I would still be writing this monthly newsletter ten years later, I would have doubted your predictive abilities.

If you told me that the book I had been working on for a year at the time would still be unpublished, I would have thought you were mean.

But here I am, writing the one hundred and twentieth issue of the newsletter. In doing so, it makes me think about all the things I've shared over the years.

From short stories that my characters from the book wrote to descriptions on how to write a fight scene.

From my goals to my many side projects.

From my struggles with writing 130,000 words to the efforts of writing a 610 word Instagram story.

From the perseverance required to write, edit, rewrite, re-edit, and rewrite the novel again, to the instant gratification of writing a 610 word Instagram story.

From the regret of finding out that you killed your favorite character in the first chapter of the novel to the joy in discovering each new character.

From wordsmithing to woodworking, to creating games, and figuring out business and marketing.

These last ten years have been an adventure, and I'm glad that you've been along for the ride.

So, like the geek I am, here are some of the things this 120th newsletter means to me.

120 months – writing this newsletter has become part of the rhythm of my life. Near the end of each month, I realize I haven't written it yet and that I also need to pay the bills.

36 words a day – if you divide the number of words that are in my novel by the number of days I've been writing this newsletters, it comes out to 36 word per day. That sure doesn't feel like a lot, but I remember how much of a struggle it was to write 1666 words a day when I wrote my second novel during the National Novel Write Month (NaNoWriMo).

10 years – a handful of years. Now I'll have to start counting on my toes. Not really, I just keep adding one to the issue number. But I do remember the traumatic experience I had with issue 100 and I realized that I had to go renumber all the files on my website to be three digits long - 001, 002, 003 ... 009, 100. At least I don't have to worry

about that problem for another 880 months (73 years)

Some other recent numbers that are important to me as I write this newsletter.

\$99 – the amount of money I made at the Comic-con art show this year selling etching of the work of some great people I've met on Instagram.

50 – the number of short stories that I've posted on Instagram since last November when I started posing nine-page stories inspired by other artists drawings and paintings.

Number 50 is a love story, which makes me happy when I write one. It is written from the point-of-view of the unnamed woman's umbrella.

I could feel the umbrella's feelings for her, but I couldn't tell if she had any feelings for it.

When I started writing, I knew I was going to end with the scene in the drawing, but I didn't know how I was going to get there. At the start, I imagined the umbrella would feel hurt since it had been cast away, but by the time I got there, I realized that it could only feel happiness in seeing the young woman in love.

I hope you like the story and that the rain in the painting will make you look forward to this coming winter.



I don't blame her – we've only been together for a few months. Still, We've walked together every morning and every evening.

She did leave me once in a cafe – her phone rang, and she ran out. I waited for her, and she came back – we both pretended that it never happened.

That's the kind of relationship we have – it's all good.

I remember the day we met – I was hanging out in the housewares department. You'd be surprised how easy it is to get picked up in housewares – the women are looking for something, and you just have to catch their eyes.

I'm tall and dark, and if I don't say so myself, quite a looker. She saw me, tried to act like she didn't, but she came back.

She was a quick mover – she gave me her keys to hold on the first day. We went back to her house – now wait, I know what you're thinking, but she's not

that kind of girl – I slept on the couch in the living room.

The next day we went to the park. It was a beautiful day. There was a slight chill in the air, and a light drizzle fell from the clouds that covered the sky.

She wore a yellow dress and matching yellow pumps. I loved that she didn't mind the puddles, in fact, she even splashed in a few.

Her coat was gray, like the sky. The yellow of the dress poked out below and above her coat, reminding me of spring flowers in the middle of winter.

We walked for hours in the almost empty park – heaven.

Then, one day, we met him. He wore a black suit with black shoes, and a black jacket and black hat.

It's not that I didn't like him, he just not my kind of person. He never jumps in puddles.

But, he was friendly enough to me. The three of us started spending a lot of time together, but every evening, after the walks, I went home with her.

I should have known things were changing. On the days we met him, she would spend more time getting ready. She wore nicer clothes – the pumps were out, and the heels in. She wore skirts with blouses, and often a sweater. She did look beautiful.

But I already knew she was beautiful because of the things she did on our walks.

She gave coins to the poor man who sat by the park gate. She gave bread crumbs to the birds and biscuits to the deer.

If we passed a can or paper, which she would pick it up and throw it in the trash.

Once, when we came upon a young girl that was crying, she stopped to help. We walked out of our way to help her find her father. That's what beauty is.

So this morning when he called; when we ran out to get her hair cut and her nails done, when she spent an hour trying on clothes and another two putting on makeup, I knew something special was going to happen.

I was just glad that she still decided to take me along. It was another rainy day. We walked through the park.

He was waiting for us. She ran up and gave him a kiss on the cheek. He took a step back and kneeling on one knee asked her to marry him. She said, "yes." When he stood up, she dropped me and wrapped her arms around his neck.

She looked so happy, so how could I be anything but thrilled. The look on her face, now that is what true beauty is.

By Douglas Clarke