

Twelve River RIPPLES

A Writer's Life



On Writing

by Gordon Hoyles

It's one of those how dare I, why did I, why didn't I, detective stories. A mysterious wriggling worm seeking the innards, discovering clues, exploring leads, following hunches.

A mulling, chewing the cud search.

Can it be true? Did I really? What a fool! I didn't know at the time, of course. They'll never believe me. So, what's the use of revealing all, the ultimate all. I don't need to tell. But it's really for me. I want to know, and you may as well.

I'm not of the sausage machine and sometimes hard to digest.