

WritingRaw

writ-ing (ritiNG): The way that you use written words to express your ideas or opinions

raw (rô): Adjective: In its natural state; not yet processed or purified

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July
2015



Fiction

[Another Fish Story](#) by Mitchell Waldman

A summer storm brings back memories of a storm (both in the literal and figurative sense) during a family vacation many years before.

[Bargain Basement Surgery](#) by A. R. Alan

If your boobs sag, forget surgery. You may get more than you bargained for like I did. Oops! Did I just say that?

[Between the Lines](#) by Niles Reddick

Losing a pet is tough. Adjusting to a new dog is tougher, and while frustration mounts, you simply have to ride it out as best you can.

[Letters Written at Sea](#) by Robert Klein Engler

You'll never know what you'll find when you open an old sea chest. A puzzle that leads to or away from and an old love? The only way to find out is to read those letters written at sea.

[Silent Witness](#) by Barbara Brown

Sam is a man on a mission to assassinate a beautiful woman. The woman has secrets; secrets which if known could bring down an elected government and destabilise the social and political order.

[Spin Out](#) by Kees Kapteyn

Four eccentric individuals choose to reveal themselves through inviting the others on 'field trips' into their lives. The narrator of the story

WritingRaw Readers, Writers & voyeurs

Sorry, nothing new on the Assorted Page!

Unfortunately, we did not receive anything to be placed on the Assorted page for this issue. If you have an essay, an interview with an author, anything that doesn't fall under the heading of fiction or poetry, please send it to us. We believe in posting ALL aspects of the written word.

All the book covers on the site are attached to websites outside of WritingRaw. Usually these are for ordering purposes and will take you to the site where that book can be purchased (usually Amazon.com). When you click on one, it will open in another window. These links will NEVER lead you any other place but to where that book is being sold.

When opening a pdf to continue reading something, please be assured that those documents are virus free and are safe. We do not "plant" anything within them and will never do so. Before anything is placed on the site we run it through a virus checker and other programs to insure that the final product is safe for everyone visiting the site.

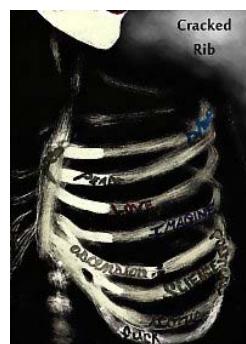
Please, please, please, review our guidelines when submitting. This covers everything from formatting (very important) and materials wanted and what we will not place on the site. It's always important to remember that when submitting a short story or an essay to include a 2-3 sentence synopsis of the piece to entice the reader... and include a bio (unless we already have one on the site).

Book promotions: Please send a jpeg of the book's cover, a very brief synopsis (2-3 sentence), and ordering information. We create links to the cover of the book so that the reader can click on them and be taken directly to the site that is selling your book. These promotions are placed between stories, poems, and articles.

So, without further ado, please enjoy the July edition of WritingRaw.

Submission Guidelines

Click on the Submission/Guidelines logo above to learn all about submitting to WritingRaw.com



Cracked Rib

Click on the image to the left to visit [Cracked Rib](#) - Rib's little neck of the woods here on WritingRaw. Discover her unique stream of conscious thoughts, helpful Rib Tips about anything and everything, and Words From Rib - her poetry.



Poetry

[Accompaniment](#) by April H. Center

[Curiosity Under A Naked Moon](#) by Alisa Velaz

[Down Westside](#) by Andrew Scott

[Family Get Togethers](#) by John Grey

[Father & Son Standing In Soup Kitchen Line](#) by Anthony Mondal

[Idle Moments](#) by Gary Beck

[Life and Death](#) by Amitabh Vikram Dwivedi

[Present Comfort](#) by Michael Keshigian

[Serendipity](#) by Dennis J Bernstein

[Sugar in the Raw](#) by Joe Quinn

[Suspect Device](#) by Patricia Walsh

[The Other Side](#) by Shloka Shankar

[Where I Would Otherwise Be](#) by Eva Zimet

[Word Processor](#) by Joan McNerney

Between the Lines

By Niles Reddick

When our seventeen-year-old dog Harper died, it was sad, especially for my wife Michelle because this had been her baby for almost ten years before we had our first child Audrey. She didn't die from natural causes, but she was close and we simply couldn't bear to see her suffer any longer. Day and night, she would bark, turning her head this way and that. Her eyesight had begun to fail and no amount of yelling at her to stop worked because she had lost most of her hearing. Years before, when she could hear me, I could tap on the window and yell, "No," and her tail went between her legs and she parked herself in her house. I believe she lived to be seventeen because she was in shape, would go jogging almost daily with my wife.

In Harper's last year, we bought a Brittany spaniel we named Anna. We wanted to transition the kids when Harper died. The last few months of Harper's life, Michelle would go walk or jog, Harper would go with her, but she couldn't make the one mile journey through our neighborhood, and Michelle would carry her home. There were days when I'd look outside and the poor dog was dragging her back end her arthritis was so bad and causing so much pain. Finally, we agreed to put her to sleep. I told the kids, and they both teared up until I put the positive spin on it: "Just think," I said. "Now, we can give Anna Harper's house. She wants Anna to have it because she won't need it in heaven." They cheered that Anna was getting a dog house. It wasn't that they were happy Harper was "going to heaven," but honestly, I just don't think the bond was ever quite established between the kids and Harper.

Michelle was upset and stayed with Harper while they put her to sleep, and she called me crying. I, too, was sad, and for a few nights, I dreamed of her, mainly the good times, not the bad ones like when she ate the roof off her doghouse and my painting it with jalapeño Tabasco sauce hadn't helped one bit, or when she dug holes in the yard, one so big, I wrecked the riding mower

having not seen it for the height of the grass. Now, I either tend to forget or romanticize what a good dog Harper was compared to the two hellions I have now. Yes, two. Anna wasn't enough of a dog for my daughter and son to share. So we got a rescued Springer spaniel for my son, who we named Jack.

We'd already had Anna "fixed" and after about two weeks of watching Jack hump everything, we had him "fixed," too. We had hoped "fixing" him would have a calming effect, but no. He is still as hyper. We thought after a year or so, he would grow and become less hyper. Not so. He barks at every squirrel, cat, and one day when he was going crazy barking and jumping up on the side of the fence, I went to see, assuming it might be a snake. No, it was a turtle, and it took a long time for the turtle to get out of his range. In fact, I picked up the turtle, moved him to the other side of the yard. A couple of hours later, Jack was barking again, and the turtle had returned. I didn't understand why. Anna, on the other hand, isn't a barker. If she barks, we do have a realistic issue to deal with. Jack barks constantly. No amount of training him has helped. We had an anti-barking device installed, and he continued to bark. I bought a shocker collar, and it does work, and I must admit I take some level of pleasure in shocking him given the countless nights he wakes me. Mostly, it's because of an armadillo that seems to enjoy digging in our yard. If I could get away with shooting him, I would, but we are in the city limits, and guns aren't allowed.

Lately, aside from digging up the yard and chewing everything that can be chewed, including the plastic dryer vent fastened on the side of the house, he ran right through the screen on the porch, knocking it out, after I had just had it repaired from being punched out by a ball. For whatever reason, I can't move beyond it. I'm constantly on guard and do not trust him and have taken to calling him "you stupid son-of-a-bitch," which the stupid son-of-a-bitch responds

to with just as much enthusiasm if I had called him by his real name and was handing him a Milk bone dog biscuit.

I threaten to kill him and her or give one or both of them away at least once a week and wish I had a calmer dog, one who would do what I want and when. One who would be therapeutic to me instead of raising my blood pressure and stimulating me to show my dark side to the entire neighborhood. Last night, I got angry about them gnawing the legs on the rocking chairs on the front porch, and I chased them around the yard with a shovel, hoping to knock their damned teeth out, screaming you “sons of bitches.” My neighbors who attend church with us were probably horrified and probably will avoid contact with me now.

Maybe it’s just time for me to get a stuffed animal, an i-Dog (one of these new mechanical dogs), or a Chia pet. Maybe I should just take Yoga, go see a therapist, or just get my doctor to give me some medication to keep me even. Life is complicated and I feel like a drunk driver weaving from one side of the road to other, having a tough time keeping it between the lines.

The End