

The Editor Tale

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Once upon a time, there was an Editor who belonged to the Interlake writers group. Five or seven years previous she had won one of their writing contests. She felt affirmed in her writing and joined the group which was easy enough to do if one followed instructions on their website.

Suddenly one winter day she found herself the Editor of the group. In retrospect, she was not sure if she had volunteered or been commandeered or exactly what she did to gain the honour or was it an honor? Mostly she did not think about it because she liked reading and an editor's job was to read.

As an eight year old child, she had been a ferocious reader but did not realize that there were actually real people who had written the books she was reading. That would come later in junior high when she discovered that one of her favourite authors lived in her prairie Saskatchewan town. The Editor had dabbled in writing poetry and writing short stories her entire life. The Editor felt she was lucky as she had been mentored and encouraged for years by other writers.

Most of the group's writers had written for many years. The varied group of writers wrote everything from poetry to short stories, memoirs, fiction, gothic, murder and mayhem, mystery among other genres. Some were retired from life-long professions. Others worked full time in various professions and writing was a hobby or an escape. Still others were young and were trying writing as a career option. All were to submit their writings to the Editor through email (lwwgsubmissions@gmail.com) via the Internet. This causes some in the group problems as they explained they were born and bred Luddites. The editor found a calm former writer who had taken up photography who agreed to type short submissions as long as it did not need to be done in a “*rush or hurry.*” The editor and the typist (do you still call a person who uses a computer keyboard a typist, she wondered, but no one gave her an answer) decided they would start an experiment to help the Luddites

who felt they were too mature (the editor refused to use the word old in reference to people) to learn new tricks or skills not unlike some animals especially of the canine variety. Not that the writers were canines, no never.

The process that the Editor received submissions was fascinating and she noticed had a certain creative ordering. First, was the *early bird genus*, who as soon as the new deadline was stated and often before would fire off an email with their submissions. These not so rare species would promptly reply to her edits. She imagined they slept beside their computer just waiting for her answer or that the computer slept in bed with them. The *Luddites genus*, who were mostly of the laid back variety, would send their submissions via snail mail. The Luddites were related in some fashion to the early bird genus but the Editor was not quite sure how. Then there were the *middle of the pack submitter genus*, most of whom were prose writers and who would send their writings in fits and starts to the Editor. Sometimes they would respond to her edits promptly but sometimes they needed some gentle prodding to send their final copy of their work whether it was written or visual art. Last but not least, were the *procrastinator or late comer genus*, who would submit it at 2350 of the deadline date or sometimes even beg for a deadline extension. She thought this genus needed a stick of dynamite to get them to respond to the edits in a timely fashion. Some of them believed that they had no spelling or grammar errors though it was evident that they were not immune to these writing ills. They were infamous for “losing” or “deleting” the email with the edits and even more famous for not meeting the editing deadlines. Then there was the genus who seemed to think that the submission guidelines did not apply to them. This genus was by far the most troublesome and delinquent group but they were good writers but needed persistent prodding to get them to respond to edits. Then there were the *arteests* or what she called the “*photo buffs*” and “*visual artists*” who responded with photographs, drawings and some sort of visual representations to give a different discernment to the publication. The *Arteests*, being a unique hybrid, belonged to all the geneses and were for the most part easy going having spent their energy in their visual endeavours.

They (the writers and artists) were a motley loveable crew who she thought were the crème la crème. She thought of them as friends and maybe more than friends. Definitely they were not

relatives, in-laws or out-laws. She secretly thought they were stupendous. Since no one told her otherwise she continued her dreams.

She spent countless hours in her dungeon-like basement firing up the computer waiting and reading and waiting... Wondering if this was happily ever after.

The End