

The Gypsy Sachet Award in Letters and Biography

Anna Pennington

letter

Hello,

My name is Anna Pennington. I never know what to say in these things, it's like a first date. I feel like I'm spending the entire time making doe eyes and secretly trying to impress you. I work with kids, at-risk kids. Kids who have intense emotional or behavioral problems. (Does that show you that I'm a good person? Are you secretly beguiled by my obviously caring heart?).

Sorry I always get so weird in these things, I start with such good intentions and next thing I know I'm four beers in and telling you I think your pretty. So pretty. Trying to be witty but coming on too strong. Thank you for your consideration and I promise, if rejected, no late night phone calls where you have to patiently explain that it's not me it's you...

All the Best,
Anna Pennington

James Claffey

biography, by DeWitt Brinson & James Claffey

A master of French Letters, James slipped out of Ireland one night when the moon turned a lonely ball shade of blue. He has never chanced back. His compass points toward the future; his glass' bottom points toward the sky; and his bluebird eyes are two wars poignant, flitting for an avocado branch. The moon still dangles beneath like an unused homeland. James' letters are renowned for their firmness and girth of meaning. Like an Irish Elephant, he has not forgotten his many lost loves and he flies close to the rim of the world maintaining a mighty hold on his thick quill pen.

Clarence Young

letter

A professor told me writing must include a gift. I've tried writing by those words for over 20 years. Probably the only reason I'm sane and honest.

Joe Kilgore

letter

I'm submitting a story for potential publication in your magazine because I find your title particularly engaging. I can only hope you'll find my story the same.

Fiction is a bit of a drug, isn't it? I suppose one could overdose on it, though I'm not sure anyone would want to be found naked and alone in a seedy room, the open pages of a collegiate anthology flapping in the breeze of an open window. Of course it seems one will do just about anything for fame these days, so perhaps I'm wrong. Perhaps the next tabloid headline will scream "Famous model found dead atop an open issue of *Fiction Fix*." We can dream, can't we?

If you like my story and want to know more about me and my fiction, you can visit my website, www.joekilgore.com That way I don't have to drone on about my writing here. Did I mention the story I'm submitting is entitled *The Voice*. And it's 2000 words. Ergo, the name of the file. Just didn't want you to think I wrote it in 2000. No one wants to read old stories these days. Though I find the best ones seem to be that. Old, I mean.

Thanks for your time and consideration. There's really very little else we can give one another, is there?

Fiction Fix

Marty Correia

letter

Dear *Fiction Fix*,

I am a fiction-writing lesbian husband living in the East Village with arts activist Kate Conroy, my spouse of 15 years. My bio used to include our geriatric dog, Lu, but she died last year. I also used to mention drinking lots of Single Malt, but kidney stones have me sipping seltzer nowadays. Luckily, as I get more boring, my writing seems to get more exciting. Right now, I am writing a novel about three generations of magicians from Bridgeport, Connecticut, complete with a kidnapping and counterfeit cash.

My work has appeared in small literary journals and I have read at Blue-stockings Bookstore and Dixon Place. Previous work experience related to my writing career include jobs as a cab driver, synagogue janitor, phone sex salesperson, candle factory line worker, dry cleaner, and Easter bunny.

Please consider the attached short story for publication in *Fiction Fix*. This story, *The Space Between*, is an excerpt from my novel, *Divine Corners*. I chose this excerpt because it fits best with what I have read on *Fiction Fix* and the excerpt is a stand-alone piece that can be consumed without causing that empty feeling one can get when taking just a bite of something bigger. Please feel free to bring me any editorial suggestions. I welcome criticism and take it very well.

Thank you for your consideration. Please don't worry about me with all those jobs. I've worked for the same place for five years now and it's a stable job. See? I told you I am getting more and more boring.

Sincerely,
Marty Correia

Alex Miller

biography

I'm an editor at a small newspaper in the hills of Tennessee. I could use a vacation.

Brad Hall

biography

Brad Hall is a substitute teacher. He wears a beard to hide his true identity as a beardless person.

Lauren Liebhaber

letter

My name is Lauren Liebhaber and I am a rising senior at St. Lawrence University in Canton, New York. I am an English major with a concentration in creative writing. I am sending along a copy of a story I wrote for a fiction class taken my junior year about a family from the perspective of a kitchen table. Though I have classified it as fiction I derived the inspiration from my own, very large and very colorful family.

There are certain aspects of a house that truly make it a home, like a front porch with a rocking chair, a play room, or in my case, a kitchen table. We often neglect to realize just how integral these things are to our daily lives and how they enable some of our fondest memories. This is the idea I have explored in my attached story "Table Talk." I hope that this story will make people stop, if just for a moment, and consider that it's not about how much you possess that makes you rich or your life, fulfilled. It's about what you do with what you have. It is understanding that what makes a house a home is not the things in it but the memories and experiences attached to them. By this standard even the poorest man could be the happiest homeowner.

As an aspiring writer I cannot express how proud I would be to have my work featured in a publication as respectable as yours.

I can be reached by cell phone at xxx-xxxx or by email at lrlieb08@stlawu.edu

Best Regards,
Lauren Liebhaber

