***Slate & Style***

**A publication of the Writers’ Division of the National Federation of the Blind Spring 2017**

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**Slate and Style Staff:** a team of dedicated members working together.

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**From the Keyboard of the President** by Eve Sanchez

Spring has traditionally been the busy time of year for the Writers’ Division and 2017 is no different. The annual writing contest will soon be coming to a close and we are preparing for another convention, one which will again include elections. Which of our members are ready to try out the hot seats this year? If you have interest or questions about the opening positions, please contact myself or any of the board members for further insight as to what is expected.

As mentioned, the contest is closing very soon. We urge all of you talented writers to get your submissions in quickly so as not to miss out. I am also starting to contact our past judges, but if anyone has interest in stepping in here as well, your efforts may greatly be appreciated as sometimes life takes our busy bees away from the hive for a time. What I mean is that there may be some judges that are unavailable this year giving us a need for new blood.

In this issue I am sending out a personal note that may need a bit of explaining for the masses. If you have ever attended the Louisiana Center for the Blind you may be aware that they hold a Thanksgiving feast which is attended by students, staff, families and many members of the blindness community in and from near Ruston, Louisiana. The feast is cooked and set up through a joined effort of all students and staff at the center and is a time of chaos and excitement that pays off with great fun and food for everyone. This last year, my second attending the event, I realized the food was not enjoyed by all though and personally sought to change that.

If you are familiar with the Louisiana Center for the Blind, you are likely familiar with a Miss Bethel Murphy. I am not sure what Bethel’s official title is at the center, but she seems to do everything and has an abundance of energy to expend for all. She also has a condition that has forced her onto an extremely restricted diet. As such, she generally prepares her own foods and cannot partake of what everyone else is enjoying.

I questioned Bethel extensively and came up with a recipe for a raw vegan cheese cake that we could try. It was a hit with more than just Bethel whom afterwards had asked me to promise to share the recipe with her. Now as flakey as I have been since graduation and my move back to Arizona, I had forgotten, so I am rectifying that faux pas here by sharing with all. This inclusion is mainly for Miss Bethel Murphy though, so let’s all wish her wellness and make sure she sees it.

Now the last thing to consider is that the submissions for the Summer issue are being accepted. This will be the issue that is released right before convention and which is most popular to get your written pieces into for all Federationists to read. Let’s all work on something wonderful to share with those who may not have previously read Slate and Style such as the Rookies that are also just hearing for the first time that they can live the lives they want. Let’s teach them, through our writing, that blindness cannot, and will not, hold us back.

**From Robert Leslie (and Eve Sanchez)**

Most everyone in the Federation is familiar with the division’s most recent past president, Robert Leslie Newman. The division took a great loss when he resigned as president, but we accepted it with understanding and appreciation. Robert has not completely left the division though as he is always working in the background. One thing that many people may not know is that he has continued on as our Webmaster. The job is something that Robert is willing to continue, but there is also an understanding that someday we will need a new Webmaster, so now is the time to find an apprentice to start learning the ropes.

This is a small job that is paramount in a smoothly running division. The person who does this has, or could learn, skills that could carry over to the professional world and look great on a resume. Below is a short note from Robert explaining what the job entails and how someone could learn to take this on and eventually become the new Webmaster.

Being the Webmaster for <http://writers.nfb.org> is not a huge job. The Writers’ Division site is not a large nor complex site. At present in consists of fifteen pages. The site is written in basic HTML: I do it by hand, using notepad, and upload pages via WinSCP (a free program).

The site could easily be transferred to something like WordPress, Drupel or any other content management software. It is hosted on the NFB’s owns nfb.net server.

The time commitment for a Webmaster is not great, maybe a couple of hours a month. Of course, if the board wishes to expand upon the site, then more time would be needed.

Note: if someone wished to be the Webmaster for the site using basic HTML, I would be willing to teach them. I have a pretty simple nine page manual that would get you there and I would be here to help you get going.

Respectfully yours, Robert Leslie Newman

**On The Slate**

This is the last of the 2016 Writing Contest winners. We are finishing up with the Honorable Mention recipients from all categories which will give us a fun variety to enjoy reading.

On the slate we also have a couple of submissions from our talent pool. Shelley Alongi shares her experiences at the Washington Seminar with the National Federation of the Blind and Barbara Irvin shares her personal memorial to the iconic Mary Tyler Moore.

Miss Moore is best known as an actress, but as Barbara explains, there was so much more to this incredible woman. I thought it ironic that she worked so diligently with those researching diabetes when I had been planning on sharing a recipe that is diabetic friendly. In fact the recipe that I am including here is gluten free and raw vegan as well. Don’t let that scare you off from trying it though. Sometimes, and in this case, healthy can still be decadent and yummy. This recipe is friendly for everyone except for those with nut allergies I am sorry to say, but nothing is perfect.

**A Remembrance of a Remarkable Woman by Barbara Irvin**

The image of the iconic woman who brought the characters Laura Petrie and Mary Richards to life on television appeared on the screen. I could not believe one of the world’s most revered celebrities, who became popular at a time when everything in our society seemed less complicated while the universe still managed to undergo major changes, was gone. The loss of Mary Tyler Moore seemed so inconceivable because she had such an indomitable spirit. The tragedies she endured never kept her from succeeding as an actress.

Her comedic ability has been mentioned so often in tributes. What critics tend to forget is Mary had a gift for drama. When she starred in *Ordinary People*, fans everywhere got a glimpse of how great she was at portraying someone who had a lot of depth. Her portrayal of multifaceted women continued into the twenty-first century, when she played the notorious Santé Kimes in *Like Mother, Like Son*. Taking on such a role requires a certain knowledge of psychology. These are the parts I will remember Mary for.

From having read countless books about actors and actresses over the years, I have learned the technique of acting involves recalling one’s past experiences while performing a scene. Perhaps Mary relied on all of the pain and joy she felt at various times in her life to bring out the emotions of each character she played.

The thing I admired most about her is that she never complained about her troubles. I know this from reading articles in which coworkers and friends were interviewed and asked to describe the real Mary Tyler Moore. No matter how bad things got, she never stopped working until her health really began to decline. The blindness that affected her in recent years must have been frightening at times.

As ill as she was, Mary remained committed to finding a cure for diabetes. She fought tirelessly for more information to be available to the public. Because of her efforts, we now know more about this disease and have better medications to treat it.

When someone famous is passionate about a cause, others are inclined to take action as well. Mary’s contributions to diabetes research really define the inspirational impact she had on people. That is where her true courage became evident. Here was a woman who was willing to disclose to the public a very private issue she had struggled with for years. And she did it because she wanted to help others who were dealing with the same thing, not because she felt it would keep her in the spotlight.

I wrote to Mary some years ago. In my letter, I expressed my appreciation for all that she did. She sent me a personalized autographed photo. I am glad I took the time to write to her when I had the chance, and I will always treasure the signed picture of her.

Reading about her blindness has had a tremendous effect on me. Knowing how determined she was to overcome it has given me the strength I need to keep moving forward in my own life. I saw in her someone who never gave up, and even though she has passed away, I can still look at all she achieved and find hope for the future. Isn’t it amazing how someone so well-known could have such a positive influence on people who never knew her personally? If I ever manage to become as respected in my profession (In my case, that would be writing.) as Mary was in hers, I hope everybody will think of me as a motivating person. Just to touch one person’s life would give me an incredible feeling. When we help others, we become better individuals. Bringing laughter and encouragement to others is what Mary Tyler Moore did for decades. The impression she made on all of us will never fade.

**An author** of numerous essays and poems, Barbara Irvin is now a regular contributor to Pencil Stubs, an online literary magazine. She recently had a letter published in *The New York Times*.

**My Own Personal Washington Seminar** by Shelley Alongi

In September 2016 I experienced my own Washington Seminar. Indeed, I had been scheduled to attend in January of that year, but the weather did not cooperate, leaving many Federationists unable to make the trip due to cancelled flights. Little did I know I was about to get my own personal experience with the annual event, one I had known about since my earliest involvement with the NFB in the 1990s. Along with that experience was a trip to the National Center in Baltimore, Maryland. The last national convention I attended was in 2005, and so the most prevalent means of communication I've had since then has been through conference calls and email lists. During my two day stay I was able to put a face and a voice to the people I had only known through those methods.

What fortuitous circumstance allowed me my own personal Washington Seminar? I live in the 13th District of Texas, represented by Congressman Mac Thornberry, (R-Clarendon.) One of the legislative priorities of the NFB is the inclusion of an amendment in the Space Available Program, part of the National Defense Act which would provide disabled veterans who had served from the end of World War II to 1978 the option to participate in stand by military flights when visiting family and friends and in some cases travelling to training centers for the blind. Congressman Thornberry is the Chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, making this meeting very significant.

I was given this opportunity because over the Labor Day weekend, Congressman Thornberry was not available to see constituents in his local office which is approximately fourteen miles from where I currently reside. It was necessary for a constituent to be present if the NFB were to get a face-to-face meeting with him. I was asked to be that constituent. After thinking about it and asking some expense-related questions I decided that I would take advantage of this opportunity. I packed my bags and hailed a cab to Wichita Falls which would in turn lead me to the Dallas Fort Worth airport to start the adventure.

After two uneventful flights I arrived in Baltimore to settle in at the National Center since I would be spending two nights there. After that, I was taken to a wonderful restaurant called the City Cafe for a very good meal. I know some of you will know it. The thing I remember about the restaurant is they have absolutely stunning Crème Brulee. Stuffed to the gills, I made my way back to the center and then settled in for an evening of streaming on the iPhone, unpacking and finally sleeping. The next day would be a busy one. It was the day we would meet Congressman Thornberry and present our issue.

The morning started out with a Starbucks breakfast. Returning to the Center I spent time writing out a letter in braille I would present to Congressman Thornberry in the meeting scheduled for that afternoon. Then, it was off to a meeting with President Riccobono. The conversation covered subjects as varied as Oscar the blind cat and my recent publication of Trespasser my first full length novel. Amid advice about the day's meeting and a little bit of personal history he encouraged me to submit a copy of my book to the Center for inclusion in the NFB's collection of books by blind authors. I will oblige soon. I will send my first novel along with my second which was just published this year.

After planning, eating, introductions, and hopefully some sleep, the big moment was about to present itself. We prepared to take the hour ride on the Amtrak train to Washington DC and the Capitol. It was the first train I had been on since moving to north Texas in 2015. I am a train enthusiast so this was one of the highlights of the trip for me. Sitting by the window listening to cell phone conversations around me and feeling the rhythmic passage of wheels over steel rails did much to calm me after preparing for an afternoon spent on Capitol Hill.

We arrived in Washington to have lunch at an Asian restaurant in the sprawling high-ceilinged Union Station. Finally, it was time to go to the Capitol.

The thing that stopped me from coming to Washington and Baltimore nine months earlier had been the blizzard that cancelled flights all over the country. Now, the opposite prevailed with high humidity and soaring temperatures. Instead of a brisk walk to the Capitol we chose a cab for our mode of transportation. We made our way through heavy traffic and soon were at the Capitol, a place I had visited 32 years earlier as a high school junior on a trip to historical sites sponsored by the American Studies Club.

Posing for a picture on the corner outside the building is the only photographic memory I preserved but certainly walking into the wide entrance of the building and going through security brought back those high school memories. I love that entrance.

From that entrance it was a descent to the lower level of the building for, of all things, ice-cream. Years before when touring the Capitol as a high school student I remembered that the cafeteria serving the representatives and those advocating for their interests had good food. Somewhere in my secret heart I wanted to eat in that cafeteria. Here I was years later sitting there eating ice-cream. I don't remember what kind it was, I only remember I was there. Sometimes you never know how your dreams might come true.

After ice-cream and a final review of the meeting plan, it was off to Congressman Thornberry's office furnished with padded chairs and spacious conference tables and friendly staff. We relaxed, put papers in order and spoke with the assistants as we waited for Mr. Thornberry. Sitting at the table was Darrick Manners who at that time was instrumental along with John Pare. Mr. Pare coordinates the efforts to keep the NFB's legislative agenda in front of Congress. We waited for Mr. Thornberry to appear so that we could present our issue. After a brisk and cheerful handshake, I explained that I have friends in Texas who have spoken with him about the Farm Bill.

"But we're here to talk about Space Available," I told him.

I got down to business. As a former Toastmaster I know about keeping speeches in limits. So, we went to work.

My role was to read a letter that had been written on behalf of veterans and NFB members, each one signed by an individual. As part of our presentation we presented him with over one hundred signed copies. This was the letter I had written out by hand earlier that morning. In the letter was expressed the reasons why we supported the amendment to the Space Available program. IN short, their service to our country should automatically qualify them for this privilege.

Our presentation was well timed. As I finished reading the letter he was called away to vote on an issue in the House of Representatives. We made our way back to the train station where this time the ride back to Baltimore had the same effect as the earlier trip. These kinds of meetings put me in a reflective and perhaps slightly agitated state though there is nothing inherently undesirable about them. I just wanted to do a nice job since the NFB had asked me to undertake the task of meeting with him.

The last event of the night was a meal and debrief at a local Mexican restaurant called Papi's Tacos. . We arrived in good form, ready for fun and food and fellowship. Though the energy was high, I wasn't as impressed with this restaurant as I was the first one. But the company was great.

On Thursday it was time for the tour of the Center itself. I visited the International Technology Center, the library, the auditorium where city government debates have been held, the break rooms where you could get freshly brewed coffee, and make your own snacks and lunches.

The tour ended with a relaxing half hour in the lounge with Parnell Digs of Washington Seminar fame. Time spend in a rocking chair and talking about past conventions. The warm night, the whir of the vending machines, the gentle to and fro movement of the rocker helped prepare me to take my single suitcase and head back home. It was a nice way to end the trip.

At this writing the Space Available program is receiving continued attention from the NFB. I hope the amendment is approved. Whatever happens to it I know that I had an opportunity presented to me that was informative and fun.

**With Every Passing Day; High School Poetry Honorable Mention by Jessea Vaughn**

With every passing day,

Except for stating feelings gray,

There is little else to do or say,

As we face many dangers great.

Amid these, there are happenings strange,

And one often can find no hour or day

When life in one place in times of gray

Does not another theme contain.

With this said, however, I must say.

What is to become of this with every passing day?

Many things which vary in size

These fabrics of mixed thoughts comprise.

All contribute their fair share

In the thoughts of people everywhere.

In catastrophic times as these,

Who’s to say there will not be

A way to avoid wading through

This present phase of untold gloom?

But there is no way of knowing today

What is to become of this with every passing day.

Oh, the deserts within seas,

The difficulties within ease,

The tears amid a summer haze,

The wild dog among the tamed.

All these wild and untamed things

That rouse the world’s great shortcomings

Have worked together, or so it seems,

To cause these uncalled for tragedies.

A world in this state just cannot stay.

What is to become of this with every passing day?

Such brutalities as this, as previously stated,

Put the culprits in the position of being eternally hated.

They shatter the peace of the Earth

And to the masses, peace is worth

More than the sun and moon,

More than the afternoon…

These idiots, these criminals should cross the Divide,

And nevermore disrupt the lives on the other side.

The criminals should live in a fire of their own hate.

Oh, what is to become of this with every passing day?

Look all around you and what will you see?

A world littered with war and its debris.

Conflict won’t end hunger and nor will it cure cancer.

Hatred and tyranny will never be the answer.

Religion is not hate, as hate is not religion.

The very idea it is makes the minds of many fidget.

If only those lost could rejoin those alive,

For they did not deserve to be dragged across the Divide.

All I’m trying to bring is peace today.

But what is to become of this with every passing day?

**“Does This Bus Go Downtown?”; Adult Non-Fiction Honorable Mention by Jeffrey Johnson**

**“Does This Bus Go Downtown?”**

By Jej3

I awoke to the sound of a stranger calling my name. Sitting upright, and rubbing the sleep from my eyes, I heard the same voice asking, “Are you Jeff?” It was all coming back to me now, the events of that morning. I turned my head in the direction of the voice and focused on the desk clerk. “Yes, I’m Jeff. Jeff Johnson, that’s me.” I had fallen asleep on a sofa in the lobby of the downtown Edmonton hotel where my family had been staying for the past day. I was eight years old, and I was alone. I had never been so alone.

The taxicab whisked me, my father, and the travel bureau representative to the horse racetrack on the city’s outskirts. The bureau man paid the cabbie and we made our way to the track’s entrance gate. I was handed a ticket and we passed through the turnstile. Following my father, he turned abruptly and said: “Why don’t you wait here for your mother and the other kids? They’ll be along any minute now.” “Okay,” I said, and my father left with the bureau guy.

The track was a hubbub of activity and I was beginning to get a feel for Edmonton. Edmonton was one of those *western* Canadian cities: modern, cosmopolitan, and exciting. So I didn’t mind waiting a few minutes for the others to arrive. I could simply watch those slender, attractive, Canadian girls—to pass the time.

The problem was that too much time had passed. I had waited for what seemed like hours, but probably was closer to forty-five minutes. Where were they? Their cab was right behind us, I thought. Were they in an accident? Did they make a stop, or go back to the hotel? I was tired of waiting, so I went into the racetrack.

I entered the grandstand’s lower level and there were some booths set up at which commercial vendors displayed their wares. One of the vendors was K2 Skis, a company I was familiar with. Even though I had never skied before, I knew something about the sport because I liked to look at *Ski* magazine; and the alpine events at the Olympics were my favorites. They had the complete line of K2s: the red, white and blue racing skis; the white “ladies” skis; the elongated downhiller’s model; and the shorter, blue, “junior” model. I ran my fingers down one of the racing ski’s smooth polypropylene base and pulled my fingernail across its steel edges to test their sharpness: much like I would do with my Cub Scout knife. “How much are these racing skis?” I asked the vendor.

“One hundred twenty-five dollars, Canadian,” he replied. I had one one-hundredth of that amount on me. (And, as it turned out, I would need it for more immediate concerns.) I looked at some of the other displays, got bored, and made my way up to the seating area. The roar of the crowd grew louder as I drew nearer.

I found a vacant seat amidst a sea of adults holding pieces of paper in their hands. I began to watch the races. They were cheering for the horses they’d bet on. The slips of paper were their betting slips. I didn’t know much about the betting aspect of horse racing, and I think one had to be eighteen to bet—even in Canada! Anyway, I wasn’t about to blow my precious $1.25 on a silly horse race. I might need that money!

Apparently I didn’t find the racing action as exciting as all of the adults surrounding me, because I made up my mind that I was going to leave. And I was beginning to get scared. I was hungry and I wanted to go back to the hotel. I needed a plan. I had been abandoned.

I was an experienced bus rider from riding the number 5 line in Minneapolis. I took that line downtown every Saturday to swim at the YMCA; so I knew the routine. I certainly had enough change for bus fare to downtown. But where was the hotel? What was the name of the hotel? Luckily, I had some experience as a traveler and was smart enough to remember the name and general location of the hotel. I needed to find a bus that was going downtown. I approached a ticket-taker at the gate we had entered and inquired about where I could catch a bus downtown. He pointed in the direction of the parking lot, and voila, there was a bus! “Thank you, mister,” I said, and ran to the bus. I jumped on board and asked the driver: “Does this bus go downtown? And if so, do you stop near the Crowne Plaza hotel? And how much is the fare?”

The kindly driver replied: “Yes, this bus does go downtown and I have a stop two blocks from your hotel. The fare, for you, is ten cents.” I felt in the pocket of my dungarees for the correct change and came up with two Canadian nickels, the ones with the beaver (or is it a buffalo?) on one side. I dropped the coins into the machine and listened to the familiar whirring, clicking, and buzzing sounds it made while it counted my fare. “I’ll let you know when it’s your stop, and I’ll point you in the right direction,” said the driver. What would I have done without him?

I got off the bus two blocks from the hotel and walked the rest of the way. When I got into the hotel I went up to the adjoining rooms that my family were sharing and knocked on the door, but no one answered. I then went to the hotel’s restaurant and attempted to order a meal and charge it to the room, but they wouldn’t serve me. Attempting to get a room key from the desk clerk, I had no luck there, either. Since my stomach was growling and I hadn’t eaten for about eight hours, I went to the gift shop and spent most of the $1.15 I had left on candy bars and the pop machine. Tired and lonely, I fell asleep in the hotel lobby.

“Are you Jeff? Your mother’s on the phone. She wants to know if you’re alright.” It was the desk clerk—the one who wouldn’t give me a room key—waking me up.

I grew up in a hurry that day. The realization that, ultimately, I was alone in this world, hit me hard. Sure my parents and siblings would watch out for me, but there be would times when things don’t go as planned. I knew this now; I knew that wherever I went I needed to have a dollar and some change in my pocket. Just in case things didn’t go as planned. And I knew that wherever I went, I needed to keep my wits about me. You see, the taxicab driver that drove my mother and my siblings to the racetrack dropped them off at the *other* entrance gate. That was something my father hadn’t considered. That day I learned that a simple error in judgement can have major consequences.

**Along the Road, Adult Poetry Honorable Mention by Lynda McKinney Lambert**

Not all days in August

Are sunny and warm.

There are those days

Too dismal

Even for photos

Lonely days

Come with old age

Dark days

Driving alone

When old memories

Mingle among

The Queen Anne’s Lace

And chicory

Blooming along the road

**Raw Vegan Pumpkin Cheese Cake by Eve Sanchez**

**Crust Ingredients:**

1 cup raw cashews

5 Medjool dates

¼ cup shredded coconut, unsweetened

A pinch of salt

1 Tablespoon of water in case your dates are too dry.

**Filling ingredients:**

¼ cup pumpkin puree

1 cup cashews

¼ cup full-fat coconut

¼ cup maple syrup

1 lemon, juiced

½ tsp pumpkin pie spice

Pinch of salt

**Extra ingredients:**

Maple syrup

**Pre-preparation:**

The first thing to think about is that the 1 cup of cashews for the filling needs to be soaked overnight in water or for at least 6 to8 hours before making. This is an important step for a creamy filling to be achieved.

You also want to be sure to buy a full-fat coconut milk and not the watery stuff you drink. You can find this canned milk in the Asian section of your grocery store. When you have this, place it in your refrigerator upside down the night before you plan on making your cheese cake. When you are ready to begin you will gently turn the can right side up, open and scoop off the fatty coconut to use in your cheese cake. Keep the liquid part though, it is great in your smoothies or just drink it as is. It is super hydrating.

**Making the crust:**

In a food processor, pulse the cashews for about 10 seconds or until they form a crumble.

Next add coconut, dates and salt and pulse for about 30 seconds. This is when you may want to add the water if the dates appear too dry. You should be able to reach a sticky consistency that holds together when pressed. \*Note; all food processors are different and the time may be increased or decreased depending on your equipment, but we can adapt.

Press your mixture into the bottom of your chosen pan. I prefer a spring form pan for presentation and ease of removal. If you desire individual tarts though, place a bit of parchment paper along the bottom that will extend above the edges of the tins so that you could pull the tarts out by the paper. Whatever you choose to use, spread evenly, pressing firmly to fill the bottoms with a layer of yumminess.

Place this in the freezer to set up while you are preparing your filling, at least 15 minutes.

**Making the cheese cake:**

Drain the cashews. In a high speed blender add the cashews, pumpkin puree, coconut milk, pumpkin pie spice, lemon juice, salt and maple syrup. Blend on high until silky smooth. You will want to keep the sides of the blender scraped down until all is incorporated and it is smooth.

Remove your pan(s) from the freezer and fill. Gently tap on counter to remove any air bubbles and smooth tops with a spatula or the back of a spoon to be sure it is evenly spread. Return to freezer for approximately 3 hours or until set. This will depend on the pans you have chosen.

**Ready to eat:**

You want to remove from freezer 10 to 15 minutes before serving, slightly longer if slicing is needed. Again, this will depend on your pan of choice. Drizzle the top with some more maple syrup for a pleasant glaze and a bit more sweetness.

Now enjoy without the guilt. This is not at all unhealthy and it is one hundred percent cruelty free.

2017 WRITING CONTEST GUIDELINES

The annual youth and adult writing contests sponsored by the NFB Writers’ Division will open January 1st and close April 1st for all aspiring writers whether blind, sighted or visually impaired.

Adult contest categories are: short Fiction, non-fiction, stories for youth, and poetry.

Youth contest categories are: Short fiction and poetry. The youth contest is divided into three groups, determined by grade level – elementary, middle, and high school.

As always, in both adult and youth contests, there may be up to three prize winners (1st, 2nd, 3rd), and one or more receiving honorable mention. Additionally, a prize winning entry may be published within the Writers’ Division’s magazine, Slate & Style.

All contest winners will be announced during the first week of July, at the Writers' Division business meeting, during the NFB national convention to be held in Orlando, Florida.

PRIZES

\*Youth contest winners will receive $30 for 1st place, $20 for 2nd place, and $10 for 3rd place.

\*Adult contest winners will receive $100 for 1st place, $50 for 2nd place, and $25 for 3rd place.

SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

YOUTH CONTESTS

\*This is a contest for students who use Braille.

\*Note: if you are 18 years old, or older, you must enter the adult contest.

\*Entries must be submitted in hand embossed Braille, either with a slate and stylus or Braille writer, and there are no exceptions.

\*Submissions must be Brailed by the entrant.

\*All submissions, no matter your grade level, must be in contracted Braille. Let us know if you “know” or are “learning” contracted Braille. Additionally, let us know if you have chosen to use UEB, or not.

\*Each entrant must provide an identical electronic copy of the cover letter and contest entry as a Microsoft Word file [doc] or as a Rich Text Format [rtf] file).

\*Attach the electronic copies to an email and send them to- EvaMarie Sanchez at thirdeyeonlyinaz@gmail.com.

\*Send your hardcopy Braille and cover letter to:

EvaMarie Sanchez, 1901 N Wilmot apt 1239, Tucson, Az 85712

COVER LETTER

Entries must be accompanied by a cover letter containing entrant's information: Name, address, phone, e-mail, title of the entry, school, and grade of entrant.

ENTRY REQUIREMENTS

\*We will consider only unpublished original entries.

\*Youth short fiction stories submissions cannot be more than 1,000 words, and poetry of no more than 50 lines.

\*Authors of either poetry or fiction are encouraged to submit multiple pieces.

Youth ENTRY FEES – None

Are you the best Brailler in the contest? Be sure to double check your work. Remember to use Braille paper so the Braille is easy to read. Good luck!

ADULT CONTEST

\*Note: this contest is for everyone 18 years old, or older. One need not be blind to enter.

\*We will consider only unpublished original entries.

\*Fiction short stories can be of any main stream genre, and cannot exceed 3,000 words.

\*Non-fiction entries should be either a memoir or personal essay, and cannot exceed 3,000 words.

\*Stories for youth are stories with content written at an intellectual level appropriate for the younger reader, and cannot exceed 3,000 words.

\*Poetry: We will accept poetry of any length

\*Authors of either poetry and/or prose are encouraged to submit multiple pieces.

\*Adults are required to submit all poetry, fiction, non-fiction, and stories for youth as attachments to an E-mail message.

\*The attachments must be in either Microsoft Word (doc) or Rich Text Format (rtf).

\*Fiction, non-fiction and stories for youth should be written in a normal prose style, with paragraphs being left justified, lines are single spaced, and having a 14 point font of Aerial, regular.

\*No hard copy submissions will be accepted.

COVER LETTER

Along with your entry or entries, include a cover letter providing the following:

\*Your name, mailing address, phone number, and e-mail address.

\*List the titles of all submissions, including the category in which they are being entered.

\*State your method of payment for the entry fee (check or PayPal).

\*Finally, the cover letter could be your e-mail message, or a separate document attached along with your submissions.

CONTEST ENTRY FEES PAYMENT AND METHODS

Adult Fees:

\*The fee for each short story, non-fiction piece, or story for youth is $15.00 for members and $20.00 for non-members.

\*The base fee for poetry will cover up to three poems, if the combined line-count of all three pieces does not exceed 108 lines - additional poems require a second fee, following the same fee payment scheme. Base fees are $15.00 for members and $20.00 for non-members.

PAYMENT

\*You may use PayPal from the Writers’ Division website, http://writers.nfb.org

\*Alternatively, you may mail a check made out to NFB Writers’ Division, with a note in the memo line relating to the contest. Send to:

Shawn Jacobson

19541 Olney Mill Rd.

Olney, MD 20832.

\*E-mail submissions should be sent to EvaMarie Sanchez at: thirdeyeonlyinaz@gmail.com

\*\*\*\*We look forward to seeing your words. \*\*\*\*

If you have questions write EvaMarie Sanchez, Writers’ Division President: [thirdeyeonlyinaz@gmail.com](mailto:thirdeyeonlyinaz@gmail.com)

**Let’s Write the Lives We Want**

Slate & Style is a quarterly publication of the National Federation of the Blind Writers' Division. It is dedicated to writing pursuits such as literary pieces, resources, and information about various writing styles. A majority of Slate & Style's contributors are blind, but we welcome submissions from any contributor. We also accept submissions touching on any subject matter. We encourage submissions from both experienced and beginning writers with our goal being to hone our writing craft and share our thoughts.

Slate & Style accepts short fiction, short creative nonfiction, poetry, articles discussing and providing tips for various writing styles including literary, technical, editing, public relations, and academic, literary criticism, resource information, and book reviews.

Subject matter is not limited but will be up to the editor's discretion to publish.

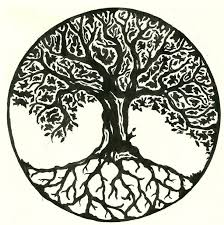
S & S accepts material from adults and children. To find the submission guidelines; go to writers.nfb.org/Slate&StylePage Include an attached cover letter and a short biography. This should be no more than 150 words. Keep your bio to the key items you feel are important for the readers

Multiple submissions per email are fine, but all must be listed in the required cover letter. Use Microsoft Word or RTF. No other formats are accepted. Send all submissions and questions to [s-and-s@nfbnet.org](mailto:s-and-s@nfbnet.org).

Please read through all the guidelines carefully. Submissions that do not follow these guidelines may not be considered for Slate & Style.

Though submissions are welcome at all times, if your submission is specifically about a particular season or time of year and you would like your submission to appear in that corresponding issue, please read the dates and submission deadlines in the guidelines.

For the Spring issue, which will come out on June 21st, the closing date for acceptance of submissions is May 31st.



***Enjoy the beauty of all that Earth provides and find your writing inspiration.***