

TULSA WORLD

— SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 2018 —

Police arrest bomb suspect

He appeared to be fervent supporter of the president

By Michael Biesecker and Stephen Braun
Associated Press

WASHINGTON — Cesar Sayoc is an amateur body builder and former stripper, a loner with a long arrest record who showed little interest in politics until Donald Trump came along.



On Friday, he was identified by authorities as the Florida man who put pipe bombs in small manila envelopes, affixed

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If it bleeds, it leads



Multiple Killed in Synagogue Shooting



Caitlyn Jenner on Trump: I Was Wrong



Around the W



Lifestyle Fox News / Thinkstock

Thousands Petition To Move Halloween To A Different Date

Could the spookiest day of the year no longer be on Oct. 31?

Tulsa Night Writers 2018



6. End your story with a good kicker

“Mr. Syme, this is Ponyboy. That theme—how long can it be?”

“Why, uh, not less than five pages.” He sounded a little surprised. I’d forgotten it was late at night.

“Can it be longer?”

“Certainly, Ponyboy, as long as you want it.”

“Thanks,” I said and hung up.

I sat down and picked up my pen and thought for a minute. Remembering. Remembering a handsome, dark boy with a reckless grin and a hot temper. A tough, tow-

headed boy with a cigarette in his mouth and a bitter grin on his hard face. Remembering—and this time it didn’t hurt—a quiet, defeated-looking sixteen-year-old whose hair needed cutting badly and who had black eyes with a frightened expression to them. One week had taken all three of them. And I decided I could tell people, beginning with my English teacher. I wondered for a long time how to start that theme, how to start writing about something that was important to me. And I finally began like this: When I stepped out into the bright sunlight from the darkness of the movie house, I had only two things on my mind: Paul Newman and a ride home . . .

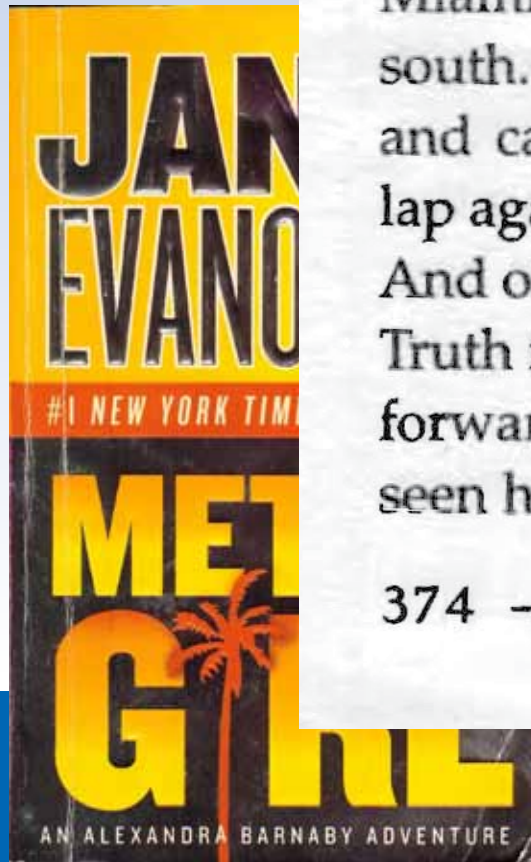
The Outsiders, S.E. Hinton

Tulsa Night Writers 2018

6. End your story with a good kicker

Overhead, the sky was a brilliant blue. The hot Miami sun warmed hearts and minds and points south. A late-afternoon breeze rattled in the palms and caused the water of Biscayne Bay to gently lap against the boat hull. Life was good in Florida. And okay, so I was going back to working on cars. Truth is, I was pretty happy with it. I was looking forward to working on Hooker's equipment. I'd seen his undercarriage and it was damn sweet.

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