

Steve's Log for 2014:

Steve's Log: Jan. 2nd Whoa, 2014!!!!

That's right, Happy New Year Folks! Wow, another one bites the dust huh. I'm making some New Year's Resolutions, but don't want to start spewing off the usual and obvious ones... not yet anyways. There's the obvious, keep writing, trying new genres and styles, keeping active, trying to shed off some unwanted pounds too. ;)

Got a few titles I want to E-publish as well as introducing some new characters I've been working on. Not in story format yet, but working on it.

Well, hope everyone's New Year is starting off awesome and will continue along the same path for all of eternity!

Keep warm out there, New Year means spring is coming. Come on Groundhog, don't disappoint us!

Steve's Log: Jan 18th 2014

The weathers been up and down more than a rollercoaster this past week, so it shouldn't be a surprised so many people are sick. Not me (knocks on wood) I managed to stay free from the grasp of the flu bug, but don't think I've lowered my guard, every corner I turn, every step I take I hesitate, keep a keen eye open, constantly checking over my shoulder, because he/she is out there, ready to make you sick too.

Why is it that when we get sick, we're miserable and hate the healthy ones around us? Coughing in their general direction, saying "I hope you catch it too, so you know how I feel." That's just mean, I've been sick before, I understand the suffering you're experiencing, no need to join the club, I'm already a lifelong member. We get so whiney too when we're sick, it's understandable, we feel vulnerable, weak, powerless, it's a scary thing to have to go through.

And we pop pills, chug medicine, but none of it seems to work, we're stuck bedridden, unable to focus, but unable to sleep because the world around us is loud and obnoxious. Also, it doesn't help with our conscious in the back saying, "We have to work to pay bills, I feel the need, I should be doing something." But the fact is, sleep and rest are the best thing when sick, it lets the body fight off what's affecting us, but in a world that's fast paced, it's hard to believe it sometimes.

Anyways, stay healthy, avoid the flu and stay warm. Go away winter, you had your stay, check out!

Steve (Keep on writing)

Steve's Log: Feb. 10th 2014

Been writing what feels like around the clock lately. I saw a cool contest that I want to enter but needed a manuscript completed by then. It starts on the 16th of February and I saw the post for it on the 18th of January. I also need to write a less than 300 word pitch for it. Only having 300 words to describe your 50000+ word novel is something else. You need to sell it, but don't want to give too much away either. You need to describe the starting scene, the protagonist and why he's on his journey all under 300 words! You need to hook the reader and give them a reason to open your book. See; don't judge a book by its cover is baloney when it comes to actual books. People I agree, don't judge them based on looks, we shouldn't with book either, but we do. We need catchy 300 words to draw them in. But like a movie trailer, those words can be deceiving; so many movie trailers I see where I'm like "Oh God, that movie looks awesome!" And it doesn't.

Or for comedies, they show all the funny moments in the trailer to draw you in, but when you watch the actual movie, it's boring because they gave you everything. Where do you draw the line, when is it not enough but too much?

I guess I'll be spending the rest of my night figuring that out,

Until next time, stay inside where its warm and read, game and socialize in person.

Steve

Steve's Log: Mar 29th 2014

Well, my "Supers" pitch didn't get me into the second round. I'm not upset, I mean I was, but I'm over it, chalk this up as a life lesson in writing. I like these lessons because, for one, they're free and two, as long as you learn something/take away something from it, it isn't all bad. I get it now, I may think I'm a decent writer, and I'm told I am, but marketing, self promoting, it's hard to condense a story and find the right grab to pull in readers. How do you, in 500 words or less, get the basis of your plot, main character and make it interesting? It can be done, people do it, this is what I need to focus on now.

So I say, to the back of my mine pending stories, I need to focus on how to promote the ones done so we can continue on with you. No point in having dozens of stories written if we can't sell the first one. Well, there is, but let's not pile too much on the plate shall we?

I also decided this month to change the site name. When I first started, I didn't want to use my name, I wanted to be "different" "unique" "push the envelope" but as I'm getting into this, maybe, just maybe I aimed too far "out there". So www.steveantonette.com it is, truth be told, I do like it better actually, I just wish I can tell 3 years ago self that. I do like my "desktop" feel though, maybe make a few changes on the site overall look, but keep the idea...

Until next time, someone needs to find Spring up here, it's missing. Maybe call the milk company and place it on some cartons. Steve

Steve's Log: April all month long

Oh no, I've been so busy with exercising to shed off some pounds, editing my next story, that I completely forgot to update the old journal for an entire month! My bad, poor sad lonely journal, just lying down on the cluttered desk, underneath piles of random bills and scrap paper, just hoping, praying it wasn't forgotten. There you were, ready for me to write some incoherent scribbles about nonsense and random boring anecdotes about my personal experiences, not asking how it was.

Like my old pal Bic, I like to talk to my writing implements so that way, they feel a sense of purpose and not like hookers, come and go without considering their feelings and thoughts.

But when I asked how the journal was, I just got the same blank expression I always get. Maybe the books made, maybe it doesn't feel I've been punished enough. So I turned to the next blank page and began writing... but then I drew a blank, well technically I didn't draw/write anything, I meant in my mind. My mind was blank, I couldn't think of anything to write down. Was this my guilt telling me to apologize to the journal before allowing me to continue? I said my deeply sincere apology and still nothing, so I wrote nothing down and this is what I came up with.

See, nothing... I've hitting some trails, seeing nature, but kept forgetting to bring some writing stuff to sit down and feel inspired. That's not how I find my inspiration, I know it works for other writers, but I was walking for a purpose, to lose weight, gain muscles and get back into some kind of shape.

Some listen to music when they walk, I can't, subconsciously I think it's because I don't want to drown out the sounds of the woods, dark neighbourhoods, creepy thugs to get the upper hand... No, that can't be it; it's because when I walk I talk to myself, picture scenes on pending stories and talk out how the conversation might go. And I want to make sure I'm not talking too loud to make myself look crazy.

I must say though I'm pretty proud, I know I'm just starting, and I've got a long road ahead (I made quick the journey spending those nights in front of the computer, being lazy and playing that popular multi-player RPG that millions have experienced.) Now I need to work on getting back down, the past month and a half, I've trimmed off 20 lbs and upped my weights twice! Not bad so far, getting more energy to keep pushing forward.

So until next time, enjoy the weather, it's spring, it's supposed to rain, but singing in the rain can be fun. I remember going out and playing in the rain, fond memories...

Steve's Log: May 15th 2014

Been a long week, with my Ducks fighting to go on to the conference finals, working out, going for walks, writing and editing new exciting stories... what happens, my sciatic nerve decides to strike. Man it's a painful thing to have happen. From my lower back, down my butt is just killer. I hate taking pills, but I was forced to and of course, they don't really do anything. So I'm lying in bed, looking for a comfy spot so I can rest, but still, ugh, what a setback. I'm in too much agonizing pain (I'm a writer, I'm dramatizing it ok), still I'm finding hard to focus on any story project, can't go for a power walk or lift weights. So I'm not getting anywhere, well I guess some much needed catching up on my shows I've been neglecting since I decided to exercise... maybe this is life telling me to slow down and enjoy the lazy things in life too?

But there just soo much to get done and I'm definitely not getting any younger (just handsomer ;)

And the weather is grungy, I know its spring time, and rain is good, but can't it rain during the wee hours of night when I'm sleeping. Walking in the rain isn't so bad... who am I kidding, yes it is.

Steve's Log: May 27th 2914

Even though the Ducks are out of the playoffs, I'm still finding ways to make me smile. 40 lbs behind me, my goals to lose weight are looking good... not, they're looking great!

Yeah, it's a hard road, but if it was easy, it wouldn't be worth it .

What am I doing to lose that weight? Let me explain. I'm going for 1 hour "power walks", with hand weights and walk hard, making sure you're sweating all the way through... sweat is the key to losing weight. And when I get home, it's a 25 minute workout with free weights (the best way to lift weights in my opinion) 6 days a week, 3 alternating days, chest and back, the other 3 days, arms and shoulders. Finishing that up with 2 x 25-30 crunches with a ten lb weight and between those sets, 20 leg lifts.

My diet really is just portion control. You body will let you know what it wants/needs and you'll find, as you get into it, you won't crave, desire those fatty greasy foods. If you do, have a single patty, small fries, and go for an extra 30 minute walk ;)

Well, those are my secrets, I hope you enjoy it as much as I am.

Don't get me wrong, I wish this was like a Rocky scene and my montage kicks in, the music starts blaring and sure, at first, I'm struggling, taking rests, struggling to reach the top... but as the songs coming to the climatic end, I'm buff, sexy and running up the stairs like it aint no thang!

Until next time, stay frosty out there, weathers getting muggy and warm.

Steve's Log: June 9th 2014

The weather is looking gorgeous, I'm preparing and entering in lots of contests, hoping to not only win, but just getting my name out there, having people read my work is a prize in itself. Don't get me wrong, I would love to win, winning would be the cherry on top.

I'm getting great feedback for my poems and short stories such as, Bic, the Ballpoint Pen (Click/tap on the pencil cup on my desktop for the pdf.)

I'm cramming my poor brain, trying to perfect my Supers: Heroes pitch for another contest, since I didn't get through the last contest because of it; I figure it needed serious reworking/tweaking. And I think it's on the path to greatness. Just some polishing up and bam, winner spot (hopefully)

Another 10lbs to add to the tally of "Bye-bye" Yes, I played Queen's "Another one bites the Dust" after I weighed myself last night. I still wouldn't mind the weight loss montage, but I'll take it. I'm on the right path.

Back to the editing and gorgeous weather, can't miss out on it, you know who's just right around the corner. (Starts with an "S" and ends with a word that rhymes with blow.) The vicious routine, "it's too cold, can't wait for summer." "It's too damn hot, need some chill.." Ok, maybe not too many say the latter, but most of us are thinking it. You can only drink soo many cold ones before passing out due to the heat and then wake up in a warm pool of sweat and drool... there's only so many layers we can legally take off and still strut around in public. And I remember the major power outage what, a decade ago, where people were out of power for weeks? Could you imagine kids these days without power for a single day? Heck an hour? I know, they'd be lost. I'd just pull out old Bic and a pad of paper and sit close to a candle.

Until next time, stay cool, but don't overuse those AC's. We wouldn't want a pandemic ;)

Steve's Log: June 25th 2014

Rain, Rain, go away; come back at night when I'm sleeping and water the world. Don't get me wrong, I like the rain, we need the rain, it drops the humidity in the air, it waters the crops, provides drinking water... But does it have to rain while we're awake? It makes going for walks on trails dangerous. I slipped and twisted my ankle on a damn tree root because of the rain/dew. Ok, maybe I should be more careful, more conscientious on where I'm stepping... it's a tree root! I was walking on the sidewalk after it rained too; I slid on the concrete slab that is the sidewalk... I'm not safe anywhere I go when it rains. Yes, brand spanking new shoes, so the tread is nice and meaty. I don't get it either. But even with the sore ankle, I still managed to sweat off those pounds.

But even with the rain and injury, I still find the time to edit and write. Coming sooner than later, Larry and Harry's second story! I'm excited, I love those two guys. Been writing little stories about them for well over twenty years now... wow, has it been that long already?

Well, I better get back at it, you all take care and be careful out there walking, you can slip on anything. I'm surprised I haven't slipped on nothing yet, it's the only thing left!

Until next time, stay cool and hydrated! Steve

Steve's Log: The Day after Canada Day (July 2nd) 2014!

Happy Canada Day, sorry it's a day late, meant to post this the night prior but got caught up with other things; I wanted to make sure that my old, but newly released "That Canada Day" choose your own path book was out on time for the big day. You can get it for free all this week until July 5th for absolutely FREE!

See, sometimes you need to put things up for free to attract readers, who if they like your book, will see what else you have out there and potentially buy them. So make sure the free one just isn't something you don't care about, it needs to be great, it needs to be, "Oh my God, what else has he written?? I must go see!"

Hopefully with this fun filled story, they'll get that feeling. Although it's my first ever, choose your own adventure and I now know how difficult they are, I'm hoping people see that and don't critique too much on that, because, like I said, it was my first time.

And I've sold 20 copies just on the 1st day, I'm rather excited!

Enjoy the week, hopefully this nice weathers here to stay and enjoy the fun read!

Until next time, Steve

Steve's Log: July 20th 2014

Summer time is a glorious time of the year. Between the warm weather and the cooling thunderstorms, inspiration just seems to be everywhere. I love watching the crackling lightning brighten the dreary night sky. The heavy rain pelting down, the roaring thunder, the intoxicating aromas of the moisture, thunderstorms are truly a magnificent treat for all the senses. Well except for those ones that knock down trees, destroy homes and cause extreme damage... those aren't cool.

It's amazing, the awesome power of Mother Nature and the effects she has on us. Up here is the frosty North, we get snow, lots of snow. Not as much as they do further north, but enough to be cautious in the winter months. Ice and snow make the roads slippery, and if you are going too fast and need to stop on a dime... well you won't. Last year we had the surprise of finding our cars surrounded and shield by ice... ice so thick I broke my scrapper and said "F*%K it, I'm taking the bus to work!"

In the spring, we have high winds, tornadoes, but nothing compared to those people in Tornado Valley... A place where I'm still confused to why people stay... like the ones who build cities at the bottom of volcanoes, active or dormant, it doesn't matter... it's a damn VOLCANO!

Places like Miami, gorgeous weather, except for the hurricanes that make you board up and flee your homes because if you stay... you die. Then there's San Francisco vault line... Earthquakes, they actually build structures that are, Earthquake "resistant" not "Earthquake proof" but resistant. Ever have that water resistant watch that if you go into the pool, it stops working... resistant isn't 100%

So yeah, with all those other places, molten magma, winds capable of destroying buildings, the ground shifting and opening from beneath you... shoveling a few feet of snow doesn't sound so bad now does it?

Just something to look at while boiling in the heat, figured we'd talk about the pending future that is winter. If we think about cool weather, we'll stay cool... right? Nope, doesn't work for me either.

Until next time folks

Steve's Log: July 31st 2014

Well, another chapter in my life is coming to an end. The current job I'm at is closing down for good. I'm not too heartbroken about it, it was merely a part time gig that turned into semi-full time that I didn't think I'd be around long enough anyways. But, sadly, it's been almost five years. Where has the time gone? I stuck with this job for one simple reason; it was easy enough to do which allowed me to focus on my writing. So I came in, wrote during the slow periods of my shift, designed and built my website and got it up and running.

So no, I don't regret this job, it enabled me to get the writing aspect of my life well on the way. So with that said, I want to say "Thank you Island Inkjet and I bid you a hearty farewell."

What's next for this aging writer with a witty sarcastic attitude, well hopefully more writing opportunities, but until then, the bills must be paid and hopefully I won't be without work for too long (Long enough to enjoy a much deserved and needed vacation, collect some of that EI I have built up) and move on. Let's keep our fingers crossed that the next door I step in to is better than the last one I stepped out of.

Hmm, trapped in a dark everlasting hallway filled with closed doors of opportunity and I must choose my next one to walk into... It's a great sounding start to a thrilling story if I don't say so myself.

On that note, until next time
Steve

Steve's Log: Aug 9th 2014

Well it's been just over a week since I became officially jobless. Man, I thought I would enjoy the small vacation between jobs, just sitting, relaxing, getting in some writing. But as I wake up, realize I got nowhere to go for the day, besides going for a walk and the usual routine, I hear myself whispering behind me, "This needs to get done, remember when you said you'll get around to doing that, fixing this?" So yeah, feels like work but around the house. Cleaning, cleaning, fixing and tinkering... where's the relaxing vacation?? it's Saturday now and Monday's right around the corner and I should be job hunting. Maybe perhaps I shall take another week off? I mean, it'll take a week or two to actually find a job, but the mental strain of searching, preparing for the evitable "interview", trying to think of the right thing to say, what you presume they want to hear, in hopes that out of the dozens, if not hundreds that have applied, they pick you is almost work in itself... right?

Ok maybe not, but it's a good excuse, well a decent excuse to procrastinate the whole "Job hunt." This is not one hunting trip I like taking, not that I go hunting or anything, but now as I'm typing this, hunt, stalking some wild blood-thirsty carnivore, or sneaking up on some poor innocent fawn with a bow and arrow, or rifle, doesn't get my thrills on. I think I'd rather job hunt, put on the safari hat, grab a Nerf gun and get out there and nail me a buck job. (A big job that pays well, a real trophy :))

Until next time, wish me luck on the hunt
"Hi ho, a hunting we will go" Steve

Steve's Log: Aug 30th 2014

The job hunt continues on, along with the walking, lifting weights and the most important one of all; the writing. I left it last on the list because these days, it feels and sadly is, the last thing on my list. Finding a new income is number one, for obvious reasons. I'd like to collect EI, take that much deserved vacation to enjoy the end of summer, but seven years ago, I had the same epiphany and wound up heavier than needed. I took the months off to enjoy WoW, (World of Warcraft) and there encouraged laziness, bad dieting and sitting for uncharted hours in raid, wiping, stressed... just not a good overall picture let's just say.

But I know the mistakes I made and will not make them again, I know that. But deep down, I know I made them once, I have the ability to make them again. Plus, exercising, going for the good old trail walk, shopping, just doing the everyday stuff, keeps me busy.

But the hunt for a better job is stressful, being told that you're not qualified enough, sorry, sucks. I mean, with my experience, 12 years in the kitchen, I'm sure I could walk in and get one no problem. But the kitchen life, nothing against it, is just... demoralizing for little pay. The hours suck, no consistency, the hourly wage just isn't enough and the picky rude customers, it just makes it next to impossible to smile and be polite back. I'm ready for a mindless factory job where the pay is better.

But hearing the stories, knowing some people who have done the job, claiming "Monkeys could do it" and then being told by the HR department that you're just not qualified enough, puts a damper on you. If I'm not "qualified enough" to do "what a monkey could do" why am I even on this planet? Why bother exercising and losing the pounds? Should I just check into the zoo and start swinging from the trees? Eat others hair bugs, toss my feces at the people laughing and pointing at me? Wait no, I'm probably not qualified for that either.

Also, the CBC Canada Writes contest just put up their "Long list" of contestants. Yeah, I guess the Baker" didn't make the cut. Things aren't looking very cheerful for some of us as this summer comes to a muggy, hot close. But cheer up right, things can't get any worse from the bottom right?

Until next time, Steve

Steve's Log: Sept 15th 2014

It's been a rough few weeks since my last log post and a lot has happened since. First, my Grampa unexpectedly passed away. That was rough, he wasn't just a Grampa, he was my father figure, my role model in life. People ask me what it was like growing up without a "dad" and I say, "I didn't, I had 3 great men to whom I looked up to. Who helped chisel me to become the man I am today. I am actual grateful that the man who was supposed to fill that role failed, because I don't know if I would be the same person."

R.I.P Grampa, I will miss you and always remember what you taught me.

Second, I didn't win, or come runner up and get posted in the Rattle poetry contest I entered earlier in the summer. Two consecutive losses, maybe it's time to rethink some things in my life.

Still nothing on the job front. Still hurts the ego knowing I'm not qualified to do what supposedly "monkeys" can do. I might have to bite the bullet and go for some meaningless minimum wage job that'll get me nowhere except for maybe backwards in life. Yay for me.

Also on the down side of life, no pounds lost. Still at the old 65lbs. I know, still a great achievement, but two month with no new results and I've altered and changed the routine like I'm supposed to. Maybe that's another sign there.

Enough being sorry for me, this is just something I'm going to have to overcome and push forward.

Until next time, stay cheery and enjoy the last moments of summer we have left.

Steve's Log: Sept 29th 2014

I was out for my nightly power walk and I rarely listen to music, instead I use this time to think; brainstorm plot ideas and scenes. I talk over character interaction out loud. I'm sure glad it's at night where the streets I walk aren't terribly busy, I must sound like a freak sometimes!

I was conversing to myself on how a character would say, up that way, down there and it got me thinking. I always interpret up as in leaving, going up there, up that way and down as in coming back, like gravity. Down that way or let's head down. But it's all in context, which words we use with those ones. Back up this way, head down there. (with specific hand gestures help with the meaning as well.)

Just staying positive and getting ready for November, or NaNoWriMo for us writers and inspiring ones. Figuring out which story is going to be worthy enough to write out, prepping, mapping out some basic ideas, characters so come November 1st, I'm all set! Hopefully I can hit 50K words by the end, sadly I haven't done it yet.

Until next time, getting ready for Halloween!!!

Steve's Log: Oct. 17th 2014

Halloween is almost here, ghostly spirits are in the clear. Ghouls and goblins prowl the streets, go door to door and say "Trick or treat!"

I love Halloween, the thrill of the fear, suspense and horrors. And next month is Nanowrimo! So much going on, so little time.

Up to 75lbs gone now too! The strengths getting there too. Slow and steady, but as long as you stay on track, that's what's most important. Yeah, there will be times you won't "see" the weight drop, but that's what some refer to as, "The Plateau" meaning your body hits a point where it's changed so much, it needs to catch up. This is usually where you'll see the inches drop and feel the change over seeing the results. If you don't get discouraged and keep doing what you do, you'll see the weight continue to drop until the next plateau. And forewarn it'll be sooner than the first time.

Until next time, Have a ghoulish evening and enjoy this warmish fall weather while it's still here

Steve's Log: Nov. 8th 2014

Well, the tally of weight loss is up to 80lbs! I'm happy with that. It's going strong still, even with the minor setbacks. The one new job I hurt my back and had to take it easy to prevent a major injury and it's also getting really chilly/wet and leafy out on the trails. I wouldn't want to slip on a power walk and hurt my ankle like I did in the spring.

Started a new job at a factory. Oh the mindless meaningless repetitive work of the average worker. Sure beats the minimum wage job, and I thought I could mindlessly work while drifting off into creativity land and plan out scenes and story ideas for the entire 8 hour duration. But currently, for some bizarre unknown reason, I can't seem to do that. I'm so fixated on how boring the job in front of me is, I can't "space out." What's wrong with me? Maybe my brain needs time to get "used" to the job and in time I will be able to drift off and work. It's not like I can't do the job as it is without thinking, I just can't think about other things while standing there in front of the machine. It's hard to explain, I just can't seem to focus.

Other than that, Nanowrimo for me, isn't going that great. It seems my mind would rather think about other story idea's instead of the one I planned out for the month. So needless to say, it's going slowly.

I'll update next Saturday with more Nano news, until then, Stay clam and read/write on! (get it, I made a mistype ;))

Steve's Log: Nov. 16th 2014

Another week through NaNo and I hit the writer's block wall. No words written down, none whatsoever! Between the new job, losing the weight, searching for a new place, so add packing and sifting through old boxes to downsize my stuff, writing has been put on the back shelf, collecting dust.

I think I will attempt my NaNo challenge in the new year when things settle down and I can devote my 100% undivided full attention to the story. Which I strongly think is best. I don't like too many things crowding my plate, so I need to scrap some off and tuck into either a napkin, or under the table and hope the family dog licks up the leftovers; so to speak.

So, the recap, I'm bowing out of NaNo this year, but will try my own in the new year. So sorry, but I rather postpone the project then to make a crummy boring story.

I need to focus and prioritize my needs for the moment. And although I love writing, it's not high on the list. But don't fret, I'm still writing, just not on the strict schedule.

Until next time, stay warm and cozy by a close crackling fire and find a good book (cough, or e-book) to take you away from this chilly frosty weather.

Steve's Log: Dec. 26th 2014

Merry Christmas Everybody, I hope Santa treated you all great and if not, you must have been one naughty person this year. But don't worry, there is always next year to make up for it. He clears the naughty list each year and starts fresh.

Ugh, time to clean the keyboard or get a new one. The F key, along with some others, are sticking. I just gave it a quick clean a month ago, I think it's just being finicky and it's time. I've had the same keyboard for almost ten years, maybe it's time.

New job at the factory is going good. I took the rest of this year off from working out. I hurt my back at the one job, so I wanted to take it easy to ensure I don't aggravate it any more. But 80lbs since March, it's nothing to be ashamed of. I'm going to aim for another 80 for next year.

As for the new year, time to reflect on the previous one and see the goals you set and the ones you achieved. But in all honestly, it isn't about completing all the goals, just making sure you're healthy, happy and moving forward.

I'm setting some new personal goals and getting my life back on the track I made myself years ago. I somehow drifted away from it, but I'm slowly pieces it all back together again. Just takes a little time, patience and will power. Sure, I have to make some sacrifices, but in the end, should be all worth it.

Until next year, stay frosty.