

Chapter 1 : Fiction Acquisition/Fiction Management: Education And Training by Georgine N. Olson

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In the mornings they would take tea and in the evenings they would break bread. At night, they would share a bed and dream together. On Sundays they would walk along the edges of the backyard hand in hand. Through the years, they would create four beautiful children with one another. They made a good team; my father was the figurehead and my mother was the support and combined they were the body. Her ears were tentative, more persistent than the lapping waves of her homeland. The only soft spots on my mother were her hands and her heart. She was the sun and the wind at the same time. My father was the harbor. A large purse that I slung over my shoulder and a travel bag that was strapped to my chest proved to be mildly cumbersome right up until the very end of my journey. Many eyes followed me from the moment I arrived, but I noticed a seldom few who chose to whisper in my wake. Speculation about a woman traveling alone by foot, the sun beating down on my black clothes, and the lackluster of my light eyes followed me. I was not in London any longer, a place where I could often go unnoticed in many crowds. I passed tailors, blacksmiths, barbershops, produce stands, and bars before I came across the bakery that was wedged between a butcher and a sweets shop. The display window had three perfectly frosted cakes in front, just as Anja had described. The letter was curled in my hand. I know decorating has only ever been a hobby for you and that you took dearly to working with father, but I often imagine that it is you who ices the three scrumptious cakes that the kids and I pass every day. Admittedly, they have less attention to detail than you do, but they are still beautiful. I daydream that when they are older, their tiny hands will curl into my skirt, making pleas to stop and pick up sticky buns. Personally, I would have loved to see my niece and nephew named after any of our grandparents. The most fondness for those names I had was that they were both arguably Swedish, like our own names and our mothers, who was a Romani from Sweden herself. Another sentiment I was apprehensive of was the fact that Anja believed I would love it in Birmingham. Looking around me, I saw smoke and mud. London always left a bittersweet taste in my mouth. At the least, Birmingham was quieter. Of the three cakes, only two were decorated. Without any regard to the people who were inhabiting the shop- two men and their wives, four children, and an elderly woman- I put down my bags at an empty table and filed myself into the short line at the counter. My eyes glazed over as I regarded the sugar-topped scones and cinnamon rolls. Smiling to try to ease the tension, I replied, "May I please have a sticky bun? Also, might I ask how much a three layer cake with plain white frosting is? Fifteen if you change your mind," she went and grabbed a piece of bakers parchment and plucked up the treat. After quickly procuring the seven pennies, I carefully counted out fifteen shillings on the counter with a click each. Which one did you have in mind, then? Having been the one to deal with applicants for a position before, I knew the words he was ready to say to me. With crossed arms, he took a step closer to the counter and I. And neither is Alice. I also bring my own piping materials. He still did not look convinced. He glanced at his customers, who made a point to look away hurriedly with the exception of the wide-eyed children. I have only just arrived, but I am ready to work. With Jack married and moved out, things have been different. We have got a bed to spare and work to be done. The hardheaded nature, that is. Now listen, Robbie is sweet. After all, we are bakers. But he is no joker. When he came back, he had a small wooden table held in one hand and a spinning platform in the other. With a thunk he set the table to the far left of the counter, the platform soon after. Alice ducked out from behind the counter and went to the display window to carefully take out the plain white cake for me. Thank you both for this chance. I hope to not disappoint," I called after him as he went to grab the frosting and sugar. Just as four other customers walked through the door for their baked goods, Alice set down the cake on the platform with a wink. Reaching for two small blackboards on miniature easels and blue chalk from my bag, I set to writing two signs. Come inside to witness its decoration! The second read, "Please stay three paces back as the decorator works. I then ate my sticky bun, set my bags under the table and out of sight, and washed my hands. Without further delay I set out

my bowls, power, and piping tips and got to mixing. The bell above bakery door rang again. Behind them, a crowd of ten or twelve people had gathered. The bakery bell had been going off frequently through the last hour and many feet had stopped to watch me work. Several of them had baked goods in their hands, much to my anticipation. No need to squabble. We used to fight all of the time. I began rolling it out with my walnut rolling pin. The boys oo-ed softly. I then reached for my powders, my fingers nimbly dancing over their caps, "What color do you think we should make the sugar on the ribbon, Katie, was it? I showed the children the contents with a raised brow before tossing it into the air and catching it again three times in a row, "How old are you today? I grabbed a baking sheet with parchment on it and set it close for use. The bowl with the sugar still was in my grip as I looked playfully at the kids. Taking up a measured cup of chilled water, I held it out for Katie, "Well, that makes you practically an adult. I thanked her and took my wooden spoon out of my apron, stirring and pouring the small excess liquid back into the cup. The sugar was set out to dry on the pan before taking white frosting into a new bowl and putting blueberry juice into it. I made quick work of stirring it up, my eyes watching the street outside the window. The sun hung showing it to be nearing half past ten. The white became a light indigo frosting and I filled my piping bag with the new mixture. The kids stood quietly, their eyes wide and their hands holding biscuits. It was then that I noticed adults in the bakery were looking between myself, the kids, and two men standing near the bakery entrance. They wore nice suits and caps, but I did not let myself get distracted for long. With a new tip, I began to finish the top pattern. The icing fell off the top surface to hang down the high sides of the cake. I made quick of my work, sure to not sacrifice quality for prompt completion. With the piping complete, I shuffled up the sugar I had dyed pink and laid it out evenly on the table before picking up my prepared fondant with careful hands and laying it over the sugar. The pin pressed the sugar into the fondant with one roll and a wet brush got it ready for application. Alice came up behind me and spoke into my ear over my shoulder, "Marie, you need to be careful with those children. They too regarded the two men as if they were contagious, giving them wide berth and keeping their eyes down. With a flourish, I picked up the ribbon and then gingerly applied it to the cake in the middle. Happy with my masterpiece given the two and a half hour limit I gave myself, I wiped my hands on my apron and turned back toward the crowd with my hands crossed behind my back. Many of the on-lookers brought their hands together to clap. Alice came to stand next to me and even Robert traveled from the back of the bakery to join us. I noted that he begrudgingly was impressed with the cake and when I caught his eye, he nodded his approval. After a moment, I brought up my hand, "Thank you for coming and watching me work today. I think they also deserve an applause. Robert took Alice around the shoulder and they smiled at their customers. When they wound down, I spoke once more with my hands out in front of me, palms up, "From your response I get the sense that you like the finished product. Do I get passing marks? I shared a look with the crowd and pulled at the collar of my shirt. A few laughs filled the room. I put my fingers to my lips and looked expectantly at Katie. My smile slipped, "If it were my cake to cut, you could have the first piece.

Chapter 2 : Popular Read Non Fiction Management Books

Fiction Acquisition/Fiction Management: Education and Training provides librarians and library managers with the most current information on how to successfully maintain or start a fiction collection that serves the needs of your patrons. You will learn about suggestions for further education of.

Here, have some peanut butter. In its early days of commercial use, the Skippy brand had the corner on the market. Then Jif was introduced to the world, apparently named just enough differently from Skippy as to not cross trademark barriers. A missionary returned from overseas and later reported his biggest meltdown upon re-entry. And thatâ€”in a nutshellâ€”explains why novelists have a hard time finding readers. Thanks for stopping by. Have a great week. This one looks interesting. Just something to read! More than a million options. More than one million self-published books hit the market in , and among those were hundreds of thousands of novels. Add in the traditionally published novels in that single year, plus all the books written in the past decades, plus the classics from previous centuries, and the options are nothing less than overwhelming. Several recent articles in industry publications have discussed falling fiction sales in the years. See this article in Publishers Weekly for opinions and observations on the trend. Of interest to authors are these points noted in the article, among others: Fiction, more than nonfiction, depends on readers discovering new books by browsing. Now, with the number of physical stores down from five years agoâ€”publishers cannot rely on bricks-and-mortar stores providing customers with access to new books. Review space in mainstream media has been slashed, cutting off another possibility for readers to learn about new fiction. Publishers have found breaking out new writersâ€”never mind developing new franchise authorsâ€”increasingly difficult. Creating authors who can draw readers via name recognition alone is crucial to selling novels. Create a quality product. Observe what other varieties are doing well. Observe what other varieties novelists are doing poorly. Entice readers to try your novelsâ€”appealing, professional cover; samples; solid marketing; building a reputationâ€” Watch for and take advantage of review opportunities. Consider a scratch-and-sniff feature on your social media pages. And, in many ways, no laughing matter. But understanding a little more about contemporary challenges of getting your novel noticed by agents, editors, publishers, and the reading public is not so unlike the process of converting peanut butter from a protein source for the toothless to a staple on the pantry shelves of all but the allergic. What IS that innovation? Comment below with your genius suggestions.

Chapter 3 : Inland moves into Saskatchewan and Manitoba with recent acquisition “ AUTOMOTIVE FIC

Fiction Acquisition/Fiction Management: Education and Training provides librarians and library managers with the most current information on how to successfully maintain or start a fiction collection that serves the needs of your patrons.

Is miss Eight comfortable? Now drop the disguise and listen. The captured earthpony looks at him and shivers. I messed up so much A strange sight from somepony of his size who looks as if he could split a tree in half with a good buck. With some love, probably. After a moment, he calms down, his eyes now showing a dim green hue. I get ready to tear through his neck as he grabs Three, but he just holds him like he would a fresh nymph. You are a colt, right? Did you mean my pitchfork? Even after I wanted to stab you with it? It would look awesome if miss Eight could make it glow. I have a better one for work at home. The earthpony returns it. Thank you, mister pony. That goes on for about a minute, by the end of which she has to put the pony down as he loses all control over his body. The flow of love and now added lust is completely different from when Three was feeding - faster, stronger, and more forceful. In the end, the earthpony is out cold just like the others, only without the bruises. I look at Three dozing off, propped against a heap of some broken furniture, and then the three ponies. Hmm, is that so? The King wants to name you or give you a rank. T-t-t-that means I can get permission to what is the highest noble in this place? My speciality is royalty. The possibilities, the influence, the mares. All the power I can ever want. Sweet, soft, supple noble flesh, not tainted by work. I can always just rip his head off I understand rudimentary infiltration. What do we do with the real one? Now, help Eight drag the earthponies up. Can you dose her with enough venom to keep her out cold for that long? Come on, Eight is the warrior. You might be rank ten now, but Eight got her place under Chrysalis. That really IS a double-disguised infiltrator. Real Three as well, right? I KNOW they can mask their presence even from other changelings. I wonder if he could change your brain so that you go not for nobility, but for the lowest common ponies. Eight will help you.

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The bases of its legs were not, in fact, real hooves at all. The unit knew many things. It often, however, did not understand its maker, just like so many other things. Unlike many of those things, Creator would often go against the very logic program she had given Unit Sweetie. One such oddity was that it was programmed to request power, despite the presence of a storm in the area. It determined that could be dangerous to its systems, something it was also programmed to protect. It typically spent very little power or time processing Creator or her decisions. Creator was simply, Creator. Without the power outlet, Unit Sweetie would shut down. Without the power outlet, it would fail a primary directive; that directive simply being to remain active at all times. Perhaps odder still, Unit Sweetie was not allowed to fulfill the powering action itself, and was unsure why its maker had made that so. It was just a program, no more alive than any other computer or software. The twin cameras that Unit Sweetie used for vision registered the darkness filling the house. It was difficult to see with the lack of normal light parameters, but that was acceptable; it could still make out obstacles. It was important to avoid them. If necessary, programming allowed discouraging them from interference with the unit. The cats especially liked to mewl and pester the unit. And protecting such things required power. For now, the cats made no move against the unit, which was fortunate. The unit did not have power to spare chasing cats or utilizing the 4 mW laser diodes which they would chase without pause. It knew the distance separating itself from the room well, but busily recalculated the floor length to ensure success of power acquisition. The memory storage backups were refreshed with the new measurement, though it was the same. It monitored its power dwindling by the second. It had waited approximately one hour; forty-seven minutes; twelve seconds and fourteen nano-seconds longer than usual to request power. The processor cores could not come up with an explanation for Unit Sweetie upon request. The processors moved onto step two of power acquisition, which was to drop the power cord linked to its left flank from its mouth, onto the ground. Despite the bizarre nature of the order Creator herself had programmed, Unit Sweetie carried it out, nudging the power cord gently. It then moved onto phase three. Creator, designation Stephanie, snorted loudly on the couch, but did not rise or react outwardly. Once apparent she would not, in fact be waking up, it began initiating the fourth, and final phase of power acquisition. In the case of Creator Stephanie undergoing nightly sleep phase, it was programmed to bite and pull on cloth in the near vicinity of Creator Stephanie for approximately ten seconds. If Stephanie did not awaken after allotted time had passed, Unit Sweetie was to enter low power-mode until inevitable shutdown. Shutdown was fine, of course, to something that lacked emotion; but it was still empty. Unit Sweetie could find no cloth in reach. Its vision did not detect the objective laid down by its maker. Quickly, it began seeking out what was required to fulfill its programming. The motors in the rear leg joints whirred tiredly, barely fueled by the remaining two percent of power stored in the primary battery. The secondary computing unit complained a second time, repeating its message to the central processors without fail. Unit Sweetie chose to deactivate the secondary computer. It would save power. Secondary computer was unnecessary. Without wasting anymore time, as time was of the essence, Unit Sweetie pulled itself up onto the couch. Its front legs reached up and began to pull the rest of its chassis up slowly. A jump was no longer feasible under current situational conditions. There was little more than one-point one percent of power left, and by proxy, low power-mode. Unit Sweetie leaned down a full point-seven seconds faster than protocol allowed, and bit into the objective as programmed, then initiated pulling for the called for ten seconds. The breach of parameters was archived as an unforeseen error. It calculated twenty eight seconds of full power-mode remaining once the power acquisition request was complete. It would use that time to remove itself from the furniture. Unit Sweetie was not allowed on the furniture. The processors had failed to remember that. Well, I started another new story.

Chapter 5 : Chapter 1 : Power Acquisition Request - Thunder Struck - Fimfiction

This article discusses the need for education and training of librarians in the skills necessary to successful fiction acquisition and fiction collection management.

What does that look like to you? Interesting, varied word choice and use of the English language in a way that is appropriate to era, setting, characters, etc. Non-generic narrative Distinct voices for POV Point of View characters Delivering back story without info dumping Foreshadowing without telegraphing Clear character arcs for main characters Secondary characters come alive Pacing that neither drags nor makes awkward, abrupt jumps Clear, compelling conflict Paints the picture of a setting. A very simplified example: What is one thing that makes an author stand out to you besides the writing quality of the manuscript? Publishing savvy always makes authors stand out to me. Do they understand the world of publishing to some degree? Have they researched the industry? Have they read broadly in the industry? Do they have a realistic grasp for what sets them apart? Do they understand the aspects of being an author beyond simply writing a manuscript? Do they have ideas for helping to promote their book? Do they have connections or unique qualities we can leverage to help spread word of mouth? Do they have endorsements of themselves as an author or of their manuscript? What is one mistake you often see beginning writers make? Beginning writers often start their stories at the wrong place. Many times the story would be much stronger and more interesting if the reader is dropped right in the middle of a situation rather than having to wade through three chapters of set-up that explains how the characters got to where they are. And sometimes, but less often, beginning authors may start their stories too late. In general, conflict can be a big hang-up for beginning authors. Conflict needs to be believable and compelling enough to drive a reader to keep turning pages all the way until the end of a book. New authors might set up a good conflict but then not deliver on it, or they might have all external conflict and no internal or vice versa. Also, I always find the comparable titles section to be telling. On the other hand, if an author misses all the natural comparisons she should make or compares her novel to novels that are either nothing like her book or extremely out of date, I can tell she lacks an awareness of the market. Or, heaven forbid, if an author says there have never before been any other books like hers. How can writers best improve their craft? Make time for reading, both in and outside of your genre. Literary agent Rachelle Gardner has a great list of Resources for Writers on her blog. One I would add is Fiction University , a blog I follow and find often has great tips and resources. The Christian Writers Market Guide is always a good standby for general industry information. Most of your favorite authors will list their best writing resources on their own websites. In general, I advise authors to learn as much as they can about the craft and technique of writing and then go out and make their writing their own. Everyone is going to have different rules and non-negotiables, so authors should do what makes the most reasonable sense for them. Thanks for having me on the blog today. She grew up reading Christian fiction and enjoys being able to work with the kinds of books she always loved.

Chapter 6 : Manitoulin acquires Express Havre St-Pierre –“ AUTOMOTIVE FICTION

Fiction Acquisition/ Fiction Management: Education and Training Georgine N. Olson Guest Editor The Acquisitions Librarian Number 19 The Haworth Press, Inc. New York.

Chapter 7 : Acquisition Chapter 1: Alice and Robert, the Bakers, a peaky blinders fanfic | FanFiction

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Chapter 8 : Onwards to takeover! - An Exercise In Management - Fimfiction

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Chapter 9 : The Peanut Butter Approach to Fiction - Books & Such Literary Management

TORONTO, Ont. — Manitoulin Transport has acquired Express Havre St-Pierre (EHSP) of Quebec. The acquisition builds out Manitoulin's coverage in Central and Eastern Quebec, particularly in the province's rural areas, the company said in a release.