

I had scoured the entire *Writer's Market* for the previous year and found eight publishers where my story sort-of might fit and where each promised to return any rejected submission if a self-addressed stamped envelope (SASE in the vernacular) was included. I made eight copies of the story, bought eight big envelopes and eight slightly smaller envelopes, placed identical postage stamps on all sixteen and sent them on their way. As one might expect the story was rejected by all, but the curious outcome was that only four of the eight returned the rejected story, which brings me to the lesson for my life agenda. *Half of all publishers are liars* and the real world percentage may be higher. *Not* knowing that half of all publishers are liars *could* mean that one could spend a lifetime screaming at doors which were open a moment before until they were slammed shut in one's face. Spending a lifetime screaming at closed doors can get one institutionalized, by the way. Further, should one wish to get published, one will need to know someone on the other side of that door. Otherwise, one is wasting one's time. Does one have time to waste? Forget all those who “magically” get published from abject obscurity. Most have a sympathetic spokesperson on the other side of that door and thus were never truly obscure. The rest are the relentless screamers—the equivalent of a five-year-old screaming “look at me” incessantly—who simply wore down an editor or someone on the other side with their petulant, spoiled, narcissistic behavior and whose publications, without exception, are such garbage they are more suited for tearing apart to place under the kindling as starter for the fire in the wood stove. The last, though, *are* the truly deserving but their number is so small and infinitesimal as to render them, quite literally, statistically irrelevant. No, you need someone who believes in you on the other side because *at least* half of all publishers are liars to begin with.