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Spring is Sprung Edition

I Zoomed with my West Coast Elderotica group last week, and the prompt from my buddy Lynx Canon was to write a piece with as many uses of the word “spring” as possible. All of us brainstormed before we wrote:

- Springs in a mattress
- Irish Spring
- Springy curls
- Sprang from my bed
- Spring cleaning
- Spring fever

...and so on, and then we did a ten minute free write. The results were fun and varied. It’s a great prompt you might want to try. Here’s what I got:

What Springs to Mind

She sprang from bed, bored with sleep, bored with everything. It was the first day of Spring, but when she opened the curtains it looked like winter: brown dry leaves and the only hint of the season was the frog that sprang away, shocked at the sound, when the curtains slipped across the rod.

The rod. That was what she wanted: the sort of penis that springs to attention. Where would she find one? Hope—she thought—springs eternal, like a mattress that springs up when the lovers are finished, when they slink off to wash themselves with Irish Spring and resume their regularly scheduled programming.

She sat in her favorite chair and pondered. Irish Spring. Why did that particular scent spring to mind? Must be that Irishman who sometimes gave her the eye down at the library. But since when was the library a pick-up spot? She imagined herself sitting across from him, meeting his gaze. “I’ll spring for lunch,” she would say, “If you can spring yourself from your books.”

She felt her nipples spring up at the thought of him. Would he be there today? Did he even eat lunch? And what kind of rod did he have?

There was only one way to find out. She sprang from her chair and raced into the balmy Spring morning.

A fun silly sort of piece. And that frog, the sexy mascot from my book, [The Erotic Pandemic Collection](#), makes a guest appearance here.

Want to give this prompt a try? It’s just right for the season, and everyone who writes to it comes up with something totally different. Write for ten minutes to find out

what's on your mind and, if you'd like, send me the results at www.stellafosse.com. I'd love to see what you come up with.

Most of the month I've either been sick (Last antibiotic for grotty sinuses today! Yay!) or editing my upcoming book, *Write & Sell a Well-Seasoned Romance*. Today I'm editing the part on Publicity and Marketing. The feedback I get when I share chapters with other authors is: **this is the book they wish they'd read at the start of their writing careers**. That is exactly my goal: To write a book that will take a new writer (or an experienced writer in other genres) from creating a Romance premise all the way through to marketing their Seasoned Romance. I'm excited to launch *Well-Seasoned Romance* in May to support other writers in the fun revolution. Let's tell our vivid stories and shift the cultural narrative about older women, one Romance novel at a time! I'm planning a cover reveal soon and will let you know when you can pre-order your copy. Can't wait to read your novel!

Speaking of reading, I also want to mention several cool books that are newly published:

- Lyn Slater has a new memoir, [*How to Be Old: Lessons in Living Boldly from the Accidental Icon*](#). If you don't know her from social media, Lyn is a [retired professor](#) with a Ph.D. in social work who became a New York fashion influencer and huge media presence. She stepped back from all that and wrote her memoir in the cabin she shares with her partner Calvin in upstate New York. Lyn is a savvy woman with lots to say about remaining visible in our sixties and rethinking what it means to be old.
- Over on Substack, [Deborah Copaken](#) interviewed Roxana Robinson about her new book, [*Leaving*](#), which Copaken calls "a brilliant novel about the complexities of late-in-life love." In the interview, Robinson, who has been married for decades to the same guy, says she discovered there is a whole other life out there and decided she needed to write about it: older "living in sin" or marrying late, and older couples who live apart—even while being full-fledged members of the bourgeoisie. "There's stuff going on that I've not been paying attention to," Robinson says in the interview.
- By contrast, Dorothy Freed (whom I interviewed for my book [*Aphrodite's Pen: The Power of Writing Erotica after Midlife*](#)) has been paying close attention. Dorothy's new [memoir](#) at age 73 is [*Life After Promiscuity: A BDSM Love Story*](#). In her book, Dorothy writes about her decades as both a submissive and a Domme in the San Francisco BDSM community. This book is a collection of

vignettes that captures the evolving scene in San Francisco and Dorothy's own relationships.

Lots going on in the vivid lives of creative crones! And Spring is only just starting.



Please keep the pen moving (or the keys clicking) as the world turns green again.

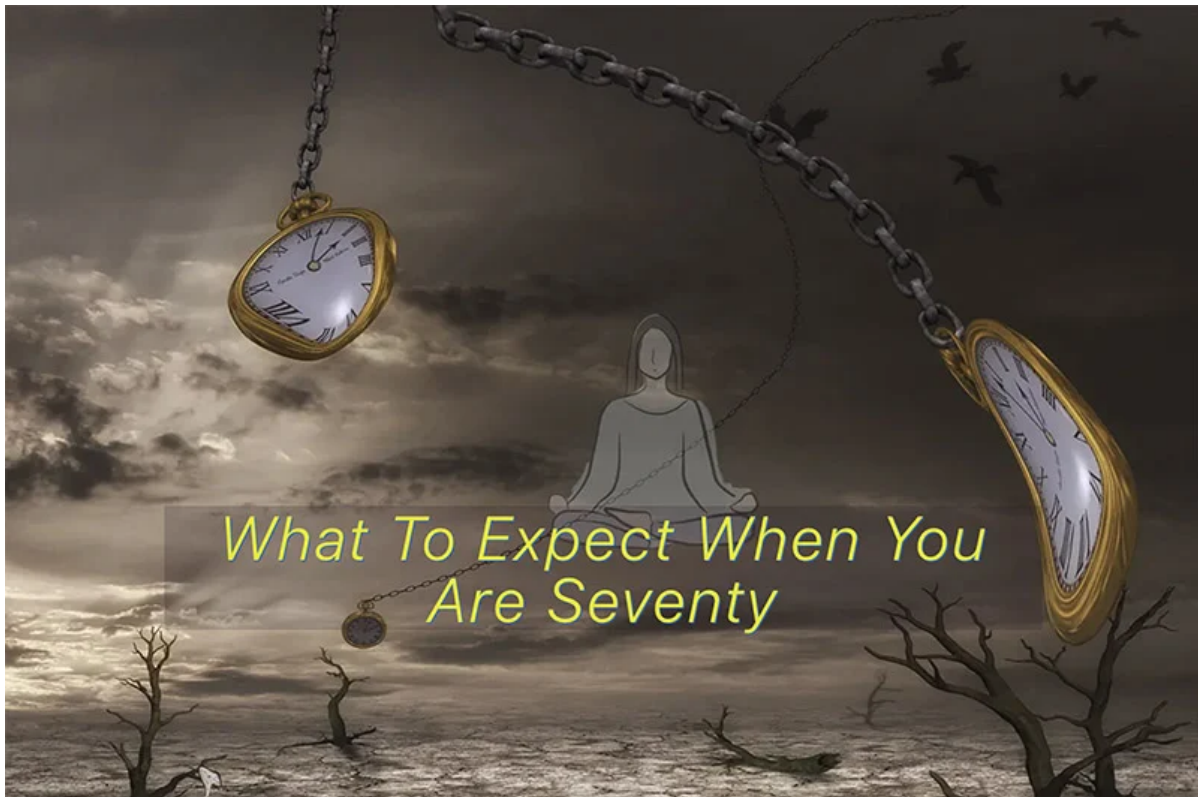
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From the blog this month



What to Expect When You Are Seventy

Stella Fosse

Having been in my seventies for all of six months, I am only marginally qualified to write about this decade. But never having been reticent about sharing an opinion, whether informed or not, here is what I know so far. If you're a Crone in Training in your forties through sixties, please consider this essay a missive from the future.

First of all, the stereotype of the [Frail Old Woman](#) is even more off target now than it was in my sixties. Granted that I have the advantage of good genes, with centenarians on both sides, I spend zero time each day in a rocking chair on the porch. I lift weights, run a writers' organization, hike, and two of my books will launch this year. Yes, granted, writing books does involve sitting in a chair, but it is emphatically a chair without rockers.

When you are Sixty.

Having said all that, my seventies are different than [my sixties](#), philosophically, energetically, and physically. I started my sixties as a fledgling erotic writer, a Late Bloomer intent on blooming. I had more energy than in my forties or fifties, probably

because my children were mostly grown and I was leaving an overly demanding corporate career (As I've ranted in the past, I believe [Americans work too damn hard](#)).

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Embracing Sensuality in Midlife

Rachel Peru

If you would have asked me in my twenties and thirties to show up on social media and modeling campaigns in my bra and knickers, I would have run a mile! I wasn't comfortable looking at myself in the mirror, never mind letting a total stranger see me. So how did I end up becoming a lingerie model in my forties?

As for so many other women, divorce at 40 was a catalyst for change. I slowly started to unravel the layers and find out who I really was. I stepped out of my comfort zone, from jumping out of airplanes doing tandem skydives, volunteering to work in orphanages in Uganda and India, and finally going to university, gaining a degree in Education Studies at 42. Every time I took on these challenges, I realized I was caring less about the number on the scales and dress size. I liked myself for the first time in my adult life. What I saw in the mirror was a woman who was blossoming and growing, and I liked her.

Sensuality in Midlife

When the opportunity to start a new career as a model came around at 46, I was ready for it. I admit I had no idea what to expect and assumed work would be based around lifestyle and fashion. Lingerie and swimwear modeling never crossed my mind. As with starting any new job, it takes time for your confidence to grow.

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