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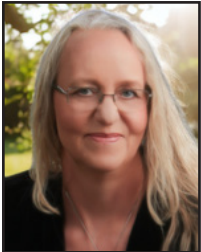
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The Art and Science of Procrastination



And a Simple Tool to Reprogram Your Brain

by Kerry Schaffer

Procrastination is one of my superpowers. I can put a project off right up until the very last minute and then power-stress my way through getting it done just in the nick of time (whatever a nick of time is). Usually. Sometimes deadlines sneak past me.

In part, this happens because I am spinning way too many plates:

- The novel I’m writing and the required social media and other promo I need to do if I want people to actually find my books.
- The projects I’m working on for my Author Genie clients.
- Recording and producing the One Happy Thing podcast.
- And all the other life things, such as paying bills, buying

groceries, doing yard work, and attending to our menagerie of cats and dogs.

I’m constantly working to deadlines, triaging which things really do need to get done next, which provides a convenient excuse for procrastinating. “Obviously,” I tell myself, “I’m not getting that thing done because there are so many other things I have to do first.”

But the truth is, there are projects I manage to avoid even when there is nothing else that needs to be done. Sometimes these are projects that are unpleasant (taxes, anyone?), but more often they are actually things I want to do, but they feel hard, or stressful, or they activate a stream of not-so-helpful commentary from my inner critic.

Here’s a confession: I procrastinated on this article. In fact, I’ve procrastinated on every article I’ve written for the Huckleberry Press. Every month I start out assuring myself that I’ll start writing early, finish early, and surprise the publisher by sending him my work at

least a week in advance. This has yet to happen.

And it’s not just the Huckleberry Press articles; it’s writing in general. I love to write, but I’m also often avoidant about working on my novel, creating a newsletter, or even writing an email.

Why? A combination of things. First up, writing is hard sometimes. It requires my thoughts to be clear, concise, and organized; three things that my natural thought processes never are. My brain is a fantastic random-idea generator. It loves finding connections between random events and ideas and gets excited about things that are weird and strange. Which is great fun and all, but lining up my thoughts in a logical order that, hopefully, makes sense to a reader feels like trying to get ducks in a row while also herding cats.

It also feels vulnerable and a little dangerous. My internal critic gets all wound up, especially when I’m writing something like this, flooding me with comments like,

“You do know people are actually going to read this, right? Strangers. Worse, possibly people you know. What are they going to think? Are you sure you actually want to tell the whole world about your procrastination problem?”

So, I tend to let all manner of things keep me from putting my butt in the chair to write. Once I do manage to get started, I inevitably hit a spot where my thoughts are muddy or I can’t find the right word, and before I know it, I’ve shifted to a task that is either easier or feels safer or is completely mindless, like scrolling reels on Instagram.

Every time I give myself permission to put something off until later, my brain rewards me with a nice little cascade of happy chemicals. I feel relieved. On the flip side, going back to the task feels just a little bit harder, because I’ve strengthened the neural pathway system that said it was hard in the first place.

...continued on page 11

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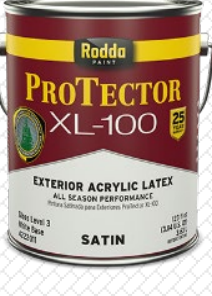
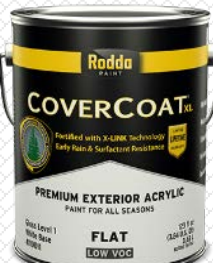
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Taste Budz Review: Nina’s Thai



By Zack & Brooklyn Bolin, Facebook: Taste Budz, Instagram: tastebudz_spokane

Chewelah recently hit the jackpot when Nina’s Thai opened up in the General Store.

- What we enjoyed:
- Egg Rolls
 - Drunken Noodles with Beef
 - Chow Mein with Beef
 - Pork Kra Pao

This was the second time we had dined at Nina’s Thai; however, it was the first time we had the opportunity to have a sit-down

dinner instead of ordering takeout. We are happy to report that the food is phenomenal.

It’s been extremely hot, so while I would normally get curry, I opted for a noodle dish. The Drunken Noodles were spicy, chewy, and packed full of tender beef chunks.

Zack ordered the Beef Chow Mein, which he got last time, and it is one of the best things on the menu. It has a delicious umami flavor, and each bite is more addictive than the last.

We also ordered the Pork Kra Pao to try something totally different. It is made with spicy ground pork sautéed with basil, served with steaming-hot white rice, and topped with a fried egg. We got the egg over-hard because we don’t love runny yolks. However, I have a feeling it would be like carbonara pasta, adding rich creaminess to the dish.

Not only is the food absolutely divine, but the prices are extremely



reasonable. There is no upcharge for different types of protein, even shrimp!

We sat at the bar with our friend. The barstools are extremely comfortable, and the bartender, Jack, will take good care of you. They have an excellent selection of beer and wine, including wine-based margaritas.

Of course, no dinner is complete without some dessert. They serve ice cream cones. I got a scoop of cotton candy in a waffle cone, and Zack got a double scoop of chocolate and mint chip. The ice cream was delectable and the perfect way to end the dinner.

Chewelah has needed a new spot like this, and it checks all the boxes. Next time you’re in town, make sure to stop by and show them some love.

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Huckleberry Press

The *Huckleberry Press* began in the Fruitland Valley, nestled in the shadow of northeastern Washington’s Huckleberry Mountains. Since 2003, “Huckleberry Country” has expanded throughout the Inland Northwest to the 12 counties of Adams, Benewah, Bonner, Douglas, Ferry, Kootenai, Lincoln, Okanogan, Pend Oreille, Spokane, Stevens, and Whitman.

The *Huckleberry Press* is dedicated to **celebrating and connecting people with their communities** by featuring stories of people making major contributions as individuals, with new or expanding businesses, and through special, community events. Also included are small business advice, lifestyle, humor, and seasonal features. The *Huckleberry Press* is dated the 1st of each month.

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August 2025

The Gist of the Medical Matter



by Bob Johnson

I have a theory. Stop! Do not turn the page. This theory is far more... theoretical than most of the hair-brained observations I foist upon with *Huckleberry Press* readers.

It has been 17 months since I shared details about my journey with thyroid cancer — specifically, a rare affliction known as hurthle cell carcinoma. Why it’s called a “journey,” I have no idea. That word should be reserved for fun things such as whitewater rafting on the White Salmon River in the Columbia River Gorge or the Lochsa River in Idaho’s Clearwater National Forest, taking a scenic excursion on a train, or exploring a national forest.

The “journey” associated with cancer (or, as I prefer to call it, the “C-word”) involves far fewer miles but far more trips. Trips to local labs for blood draws. Trips to local medical offices for consultations. And, every so often, trips to hospitals for surgeries.

Since we moved to the Inland Northwest, the surgeries have taken place at Sacred Heart Medical Center for two reasons: my surgeon “practices” there, and the waiting area includes a news rack with a stack of the latest edition of the *Huckleberry Press*. During the month of my last surgery, my mug that only a mother could love was right on the front page, which made remaining anonymous nearly impossible, even with a fake nose and sunglasses.

But I digress — something regular readers had been anticipating. As my medical team — and it’s a great team — works to come to a consensus on the next step of my (insert better word than “journey”), I’ve been thinking about why some medical professionals are ists and why others are gists.

C’mon, admit it: you’ve thought about it, too.

I certainly can’t speak to all professionals who carry such credentials, so I’ll stick with those I’ve encountered since turning 60 — which, for those who may not know, is the age everything starts falling apart.

I began regular skin check-ups when I was 40, having heard that the “tanning” I’d done in my youth with the help of Coppertone and Ban de Soleil probably had ensured a future with skin cancer. Two months after my 60th birthday, I had my first Mohs Micrographic Surgery on my left cheek and was sent home with a half inch-thick bandage pressure-taped to my skin.

Two days later, the bandage came off and two weeks of daily wound cleaning, Vaseline application, and rebandaging began. After that, the stitches were snipped off, leaving me with a cool scar that could get me inside any biker bar in America, if only I had a motorcycle.

The original diagnosis had been made by a medical dermatologist, while the Mohs procedure was performed by a surgical dermatologist. Both gists; no ists.

If you’ve never had a Mohs procedure, here’s how it works in layman’s (that would be me) terms: they scrape a small sample of skin off the area suspected of being cancerous and take it to an in-house lab for analysis. If it tests negative, you’re good to go. If it tests positive, they

take off another layer and test it. They continue making small cuts until the cancer is gone, and then they clean you up, stitch you up, apply the pressure bandage, and send you on your way.

While waiting for lab results, you have plenty of time to think about other ists and gists. Although I’m told I was delivered by an OB-GYN (obstetrician-gynecologist), my earliest memory of an encounter with an ist or a gist involved a dentist.

I had one of those mouths that brought plenty of business to dentists no matter how long I spent brushing, flossing, and water picking. As a result, at various times, I found myself in an elevated chair tucked close to dentists for general work, endodontists for root canals, and periodontists for gum disease. Prior to those adventures, as a kid, I spent three years having my teeth straightened by an orthodontist.

When it came to my mouth, it was all ists. Until, that is, we made the decision to invest in full dental implants, and that process required a maxillofacial surgeon to remove the teeth (a few of whom exhibited strong anti-extractionist personalities), prep the jawbone, and do some bone grafting. Interestingly, the surgeon was neither an ist nor a gist.

Shortly before that treatment, when we could still afford it, the lovely Michelle and I signed up for a cruise featuring “outlaw country” and “Americana” artists like John Prine, Lucinda Williams, Lyle Lovett, and Rodney Crowell. We flew overnight across the country to board a ship in Florida. I do not sleep on planes. After a few hours at sea, the ship stopped at an island where two blocks of shops obviously set up for tourists awaited. Our little group walked around, past the shops, in hot and humid weather for two hours, then headed back to the dock. As I boarded the skiff that would take us back to the ship, I blacked out briefly.

Fellow travelers said it looked like I’d had a seizure, and the ship would not let me reboard without being examined by a doctor. I felt fine, other than slightly dehydrated, but had to be taken to a nearby hospital. There, everything was checked out and all my vitals were normal.

Still, out of an abundance of caution, I visited a general practitioner when we returned home and was referred to a neurologist. For a dozen years since, I have visited him once per year, when he performs the DUI test (“Watch my finger without moving your head”) and hits one knee, and then the other, with a small hammer. We spend the rest of the 30-minute appointment talking about how he’d love to go

on a cruise but can’t talk his wife into it. Please don’t tell any of my other doctors, but he’s my favorite gist.

Now, as our primary focus has turned to my hurthle cell carcinoma, I have an endocrinologist (who monitors and manages my “numbers” since the removal of my thyroid), an otolaryngologist (a surgeon who specializes in conditions found in my neck of the woods), and a team of oncologists (who stand ready to act with appropriate treatments should additional surgeries be deemed not useful). Also, whenever a scan is needed to see what’s going on inside my noggin, we turn to a radiologic technologist.

My late dad, who lived to the age of 98 years and 364 days with only rare visits to ists and/or gists, always said, if I ever had an X-ray taken of my head, they wouldn’t find anything. That was his sense of humor, and it has largely become my sense of humor. Sadly, in this case, he was not correct.

And let’s not forget my anesthesiologist, perhaps the most underrated and underappreciated of all gists because, as he once laid it out for me, “It’s my job to make sure you wake up” after undergoing surgery.

It has been an interesting few years, to say the least, having gone from a few ists to a whole bunch of gists. I went online to see if there is an actual defined difference between an ist and a gist and found a few interesting theories (some involving ancient history and others related to preferences at given times) but no hard evidence.

Here’s one thing I can say with certainty: compared to where we came from — a city where the population has overrun the medical system, causing long delays in scheduling scans, consultations, and surgeries — the medical system in the Inland Northwest is a breath of fresh air and a source of relief, even when one is dealing with the C-word.

Every day, we count our blessings that we found this special place, which is populated by a dedicated group of medical professionals — ists and gists alike.

Honestly, it’s quite possible I might not be around to entertain and annoy readers had we not made the move here.

And that’s the gist of my theory.

National award-winning writer Bob Johnson and his national award-winning photographer-wife Michelle are not gists of any kind (that they know of), but Bob takes pride in being a columnist, while Michelle is an erstwhile clarinetist.

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Adventures in Having a Yard Sale – Mom’s Version



by Amy McGarry

Don’t you just love a good yard sale find? When you come across something unique, quirky, and one-of-a-kind? Or something that you just really love and that you got for “a steal.” “One person’s junk is another person’s treasure,” is one of my late mother’s many aphorisms. Although I think she got that one from someone else.

While my mom passed away 16 years ago, some things still really make me miss her. Like yard sales. My mom loved yard sales. She had come from humble origins. She loved a good deal. She became downright angry when she wandered through a garage where she considered the items “over-priced.” Furthermore, those high prices were non-negotiable in her mind, since she refused to ever haggle, or what she called “dicker.” To negotiate a deal just wasn’t in her DNA.

I rejected some of my mother’s influences. Others I embraced. Like my mother, I love yard sales. Like my mother, I hate to dicker. And somehow, bestowed by my mom, I have a deeply ingrained problem taking money from people.

My daughter is moving away to the University of Washington this fall. One of her endearing yet frustrating traits is that she has always been what my mom would have affectionately labeled “a pack rat.” My kid prefers to call herself “a collector.” From the time she was really little, she started collecting toy Shopkins, and then it was everything Garfield. By her teen years, it became mugs with Looney Tunes characters. Luckily, she’s also thrifty; almost everything she collects, she buys second-hand.

My daughter is also the most sentimental person I know. I’m not going to use the word hoarder here, but she values every little thing anyone has ever given her. Or that she has found on a hike. Or that she found traveling on vacation. On our last vacation, she filled a jar of shells, a jar of rocks, and a jar of sand that she wanted to bring home as “souvenirs.” She wanted pieces of the place she’s been. I don’t know if that’s even legal. She feels emotionally attached to things in a way I only partially understand.

I thought that going away to college just might be an incentive to let go of at least some of the stuff she has acquired through the years. Luckily, my daughter is motivated by money. So, I suggested that this summer, considering she would be moving out of her overflowing room that has spilled out into the hallway, would be a good time to sell and make money off of some of her items that she feels less attached to these days. Yes, I was treading lightly.

Full confession: despite regular drop-offs of my stuff that I donate to local charities, I have still somehow managed to amass way more than I need. This is another influence from my mother, who didn’t believe in throwing anything away.

I was excited to get rid of stuff. I didn’t plan to put prices on my things. That’s way too much work. I could just verbally tell people low prices on things or tell people to make me an offer. My mom’s voice was in my head. I didn’t want to make the cardinal sin of overpricing.

I knew my daughter would price her own things and I was happy to keep

my nose out of that. She has a much better mind for business than I do, more like her dad who is the epitome of businessman. Furthermore, he comes from a country where people are trained from birth for business and haggling. Almost every single thing for sale in his country is priced for negotiation. Our daughter has had the benefit of his influence.

For the sake of keeping the peace, my husband (mostly) stayed out of this yard sale. He did help a bit with the heavy lifting and occasionally snooped around here and there.

I promised myself I wouldn’t stress out. I promised myself I would stay calm. But the first morning of the sale, I started panicking when the “early birds” started arriving while I was still bringing items out of the house. I was letting my daughter sleep in, so I was on my own. As I was distracted setting up a different table, a woman asked me how much I wanted for two pairs of brand new earrings. They were gifts and didn’t look cheap to me. Surely, this woman would make me a fair offer.

She didn’t hesitate asking, “Would you take \$2 for each?”

My heart sank and I said, “Sure.” It occurred to me I could have said, “I was thinking \$5.”

I reminded myself, “Amy. Your goal is to get rid of things, not make money.” So why did I get disgruntled when I got low-balled? I might not be a good businesswoman, but I don’t like feeling taken advantage of, either.

Shortly after that, a large, intimidating man was asking his phone the worth of different items we had for sale. I asked myself why I didn’t do that to price my stuff. (Oh yeah, because my goal was to get rid of things, not make money.)

My husband happened to be snooping around just as this man yelled across the yard, asking me how much for a pair of sneakers. My husband started to tell me that they were very expensive shoes and like-new. He literally cringed and slapped his head when he heard my yell back, “\$2!”

“Mom doesn’t want to make money,” my daughter teased. I became disgruntled again when this man, who was clearly looking to resale our stuff for a profit, asked for an even lower price on everything he wanted. My daughter haggled with him and I reminded him, “You already got a great price on those shoes.”

I finished the first day of the sale exhausted, earning a whopping \$17 with dampened spirits. My mom always said, “It’s a dog eat dog world.”

A couple of hours after we’d closed shop for the day, which meant covering up everything with tarps and blankets, the doorbell rang. I went to the door in my pajamas and saw a small boy, maybe 7 years old at the most. He was holding a gallon-sized Ziploc bag full of coins. He said he had \$10 in coins he’d been saving and he wanted to buy the racetrack. I really had no idea what was going on with my daughter’s table of toys so I yelled for her to come and help me with this little guy. I know my kid has good business sense, but \$10 for a used racetrack?

We uncovered the table and I could see the sign clearly marked 10 cents per piece of the track. He hadn’t yet learned the difference between dollar signs and the cents symbol. There were less than 10 pieces. That little guy was willing to pay \$10 for a \$1 racetrack. What’s more, he could have just taken that track without us even knowing.

Just like that, my faith in humanity was restored. Despite a couple more instances of low balling, the sale ended up teaching me much more about the goodness of humanity than the dog eat dog world. Sure, some people will try to rip you off for a couple of dollars, but some will round up when they pay. Many more are trying to make the world a better place. They told us their stories as they shopped, explaining what they were looking for.

There was the mom whose daughter just left her husband. He was abusive towards her and her two very young children. The daughter had left without anything, so the shopper needed to stock her house with everything the children needed.

And I’m feeling sorry for myself because I could have charged \$3 more for a pair of shoes? Humbling, indeed.

We also had several bittersweet Toy Story 3 moments, when my daughter tenderly showed little children how to play with the toys she was letting go of.

My mother never had a yard sale. Like someone else very dear to my heart, she was too sentimental to let go of the things she held dear. I’m realizing now how much my daughter has in common with my mother. I wish they could have known each other. I think they would have been the best of friends. Think of the fun they would have had yard saling together.

Amy McGarry grew up in Spokane Valley, Washington. After a 20 year hiatus, she moved back to Spokane Valley where she lives with her husband, daughter and two cats. She is the author of *I am Farang: Adventures of a Peace Corps Volunteer in Thailand*, available on Amazon.com.



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Adventures in Having a Yard Sale – Daughter’s Version



by Alex Chaoukouri

Letting go can be hard. And in different ways. It can be letting go of emotions, letting go of people in one’s life, or maybe even letting go of that pair of jeans that don’t fit anymore. For me, it’s hard to let go of stuff. My parents would describe that stuff as “junk,” although that nomenclature implies that the things I hold on to don’t have value, and to me, they do. You can call me nostalgic, or you can call me obsessive-compulsive, as my therapist does, but everything that I keep has sentimental importance to me. The piece of bark that my uncle gave me before dementia kept him from his daily nature walks, the CDs from my ill godfather that I likely will never listen to, the dolls I played with before all my friends convinced me I was “too old” to be doing that. Heck, I even cherish the Mickey Mouse mug that I got at an estate sale because, while it holds no personal significance to me, it did to the person who owned it before they passed away, and that gives it value. It wasn’t junk to that little old man, so why should it be junk to me?

For those reasons, getting rid of the stuff that I collect is incredibly challenging. Seeing as I am going to college, however, a yard sale was inevitable. My bedroom is jam-packed with vintage toys, craft supplies, globes, and various things that I enjoy, and, unfortunately for me, a dorm half the size of my bedroom at home that I will be sharing with two other people is not compatible with my collecting habits. While I do donate to Goodwill on occasion (with persuasion from my parents), when my mom suggested a yard sale, I jumped at the idea to at least get something out of the traumatic process of parting with my stuff.

The easiest part of the process was picking out clothes to get rid of; even so, it was really hard to decide what I was ready to give up. I like to think of my closet as a sort of time capsule, holding pieces of my past in the form of tacky chokers and thrifted graphic tees. I would pick up a Nickelodeon shirt and be reminded of the 2020 quarantine, a time where I struggled so immensely and one of the only places I found comfort was in cartoons. I would pick up another shirt of some metal band, the dusty smell of it sending me right back to the concert I got it from and the memories associated with it. The people who buy it from my yard sale will pick it up and feel none of those feel-

ings, have none of those memories, and I’m just supposed to be okay with that?

I had thought that would be the case. After every guy with a Facebook Marketplace account bargained with me for collectibles to resell for profit, I lost more and more hope that my stuff was going to get a good home. However, when the two little girls from across the street came running over to our yard with their little coin purses, squealing and giggling about all the games they could play with the old toys I had set out, I realized I had been gravely mistaken. While those children may not love my stuff the same way that I did when I was their age, they will give them more love than a box in my garage. As I disappeared into the garage to look for one box in particular, I felt as though each movement was spliced with scenes from Toy Story 3. Like Andy, there was a specific line of toys that had been my absolute favorite throughout my childhood: Shopkins.

Oh, Shopkins. They really don’t make them like they used to. Seriously, the manufacturer discontinued them six years ago. For their nine years of production, though, I was always first in line to buy the newest figures, dolls, and sets. The gimmick was that they were figures of things you could buy in a shop, then the kid could fill up their own shop. Fun, right? To me, absolutely. I would spend hours arranging them around in the several shop playsets I owned, never growing tired of the repetition.

They were the very last toy I clung to as all of my friends grew up around me, and that little piece of my childhood each of those chunks of plastic held was enough for me to be convinced that I would never part with them.

The unfiltered glee on those little girls’ faces seemed to return that little piece of childhood back to my heart. These girls don’t know all the memories I have with Shopkins and will not experience the same feelings or love them exactly like I did, but they will make new memories, feel new feelings, and love them in their own ways. I sat there on the concrete of my driveway and showed them all my favorite Shopkins, explained which ones came in the same sets and couldn’t be separated (like Jessie and Bullseye), then waved them off as they went to go play with their new toys.

Letting go is hard, really hard. There are still a lot of things that I’m not ready to let go of. Yet, I let something go, something huge, and in the process, I breathed brand new life into my stuff. When I leave for college at the end of

the summer, I won’t be bringing my toys with me, but I will be bringing something much more valuable: knowledge that I managed to grow as a person while simultaneously making two little girls smile. If you take anything away from this, it should be that, in the yard sale world, there are two different types of people: the scummy resellers and the excited kids. Be an excited kid.

Alex Chaoukouri just graduated from Central Valley High School with honors and will be attending the University of Washington in the fall to study law.

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Making the Home Place Safe for Wildlife



by Ray Bilderback

As cities and towns expand in this finite place we call home, each acre we inhabit means wildlife loses an acre. Fortunately, it is possible to share.

There are big benefits to be had from sharing. One morning, my wife called me to the kitchen window. There, briefly, was a hummingbird at our feeder, deer and robins on the lawn, and an osprey diving for a fish in Curlew Lake. Such simultaneous combinations are rare, to be sure, but they wouldn't happen if we didn't have an urge to share.

Our house sits on what remains of a resort property and is large enough to provide a corridor to Curlew Lake for deer. It also provides a lot of opportunity for nesting and feeding for a variety of birds and other critters (lots of brush along the lake shore, stands of conifers, and other trees and lots of weeds).

To welcome visitors and residents alike, we set up feeders, bird nests, and bat houses. As for visitors, we often feed migrating birds in both fall and spring. We try to follow Audubon guidelines on feeding practices. So, when migrating birds have had a couple of days to rest

and feed, we stop feeding for a day or so. It's not an exact science, but we try.

We keep a small, metal garbage can on the back step that contains sunflower seeds, and in a cupboard near the back door we keep suet for the nuthatches and woodpeckers (actually, everybody seems to like suet). We scatter seeds on the snow trying to give the birds a clean plate.

A word here on hummingbird feeders: putting less in the feeder at a time and cleaning it more often seems to make the birds happier.

The front lawn is irrigated and attracts deer, especially in August and September when the woods dry up (this year they showed up in July).

A doe with a split ear is a recognizable regular customer. In the spring she brings her new fawns and they grow up regarding our place as part of their territory. One such buck, once a spotted fawn the doe brought by, now sports a magnificent set of antlers still in velvet.

Not everybody welcomes the deer. They can be a nuisance and even a threat to pets and children. A neighbor recently heard a scuffle in her front yard and had to rescue her dog from a doe that had a fawn nearby. The dog is recovering from his bruises. No telling when his ego will recover.

The neighbor lives next to a nice

bit of forest and can expect such visitors again. So, she has plans to "deer-proof" the backyard, as we did of our own backyard some years back. Next year she can have flowers, her dog can have a place to stretch his legs, and the deer can graze the front lawn.

Avoiding hazards

In the little town of Sprague, where I once lived, some people were feeding quail by scattering seeds on the street at dusk. Quail came out of the adjacent scabland by the hundreds to enjoy the feast. We had a great horned owl living in our elm trees and it was getting fat and lazy. Turns out that feeding the quail that way made them easy pickings. If you have ground-feeding birds such as quail, pheasants, or doves, try to feed them under bushes or a shelter of some kind.

We had to cover our big living room window with a net because it was a real wildlife hazard. Under some light conditions it appeared to be a dark opening. One day, a woodpecker flew directly into it, breaking its neck in the process. That bird had been a regular at our suet feeder. We miss it and feel like we could have avoided the accident. The net prevents such an event from recurring.

A cavity-nesting duck was the next victim of our house. It managed somehow to get down alongside the chimney. We could hear a scrambling that seemed to come from a closet, and it sounded like it had feathers. Couldn't be.

At times during the night, we could hear the same feathery struggle. The next day, I removed a panel in the closet. A very tired hen duck was stuck in the wall. My fearless wife grabbed it, and I held the door open for her. She scrambled down to the lake and let the thing go. And it did. Go, that is. Tired as she was, she half-flew, half-paddled away. We fixed that hazard (knock on wood), and we are trying to antici-

pate the next hazard and eliminate it before some other visitor comes to harm.

Other hazards

We try to keep the place free of poisons. If you have pets that roam your yard, they will be thankful. If you have a well, the water will taste better, and, here's a plus, you will have more pollinators.

We have quail on the place. They are cute and eat lots of weed seeds and bugs. Quail are "easy keepers." They love cover and a bit of feed in the winter. Their chief predators are owls, hawks, and house cats.

Another neighbor told us of a different sort of a hazard. This time it was not a hazard to the wildlife as much as to our neighbor. She had a pair of dogs and a pet door. One day she came into the house from the garden and saw a skunk waddling down the hallway. She opened her front door really wide, got out of the way, and the skunk waddled out the big door just as pretty as you please. It was a polite skunk (didn't raise a stink about being shown the door).

If you want birds, give them cover. Turns out that can be a hazard for you. How do you set the home place up with shelter for critters and still keep your place fire-safe? That's a challenge we all must take up.

Ray Bilderback, creator of the Reuben Braddock novels, was born and raised in the Sierra foothills of California. He served in the U.S. Navy Seabees during the Korean War and taught for many years in the west. He makes his home in the mountains of eastern Washington with his archeologist wife, Madilane Perry. "In the 1930s and 1940s, where I lived, we still used horses and hand tools, canned and preserved what we grew or raised, lit our kerosene lanterns, stoked our woodstoves. In my writing, I draw from those times like water from a sweet well."

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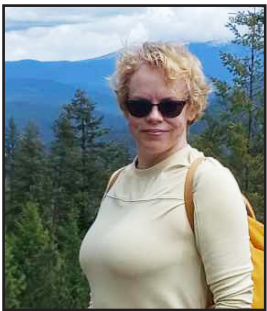
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Hit the Trail with Soph: New Trail, New Hike



By Sophia Mattice-Aldous

Outdoor trekkers, rejoice. A new trail, all 9.6 miles of it, awaits on the Colville National Forest. The Salmo Passage Trail opened last month in north Pend Oreille County

with a small ribbon-cutting ceremony that featured the trail’s benefactors, Seattle City Light, the U.S. Forest Service, Kalispel Tribe of Indians, and recreation and conservation groups. The trail connects the northern Peewee Falls Overlook to the southern Riverside Canyon Overlook, and is open year-round for hikers, class 1 e-bikes, and mountain bikes.

The new trail follows part of the journey the Kalispel people took from present-day Cusick to the Salmo River, a culturally significant site located just over the U.S.-Canada border in British Columbia. For thousands of years, the Kalispels traveled to the Salmo, the far northwestern boundary of the tribe’s 200-square-mile ancestral homelands, to seasonal fish camps. Later, European trappers, settlers, and miners used parts of the same route to travel along the Pend Oreille River.

The Kalispels lost access to their traditional salmon runs in the early to mid-20th century when the hydroelectric dams subject to the federal regulations were built without fish passage facilities on the Columbia and Pend Oreille rivers. The biggest is Grand Coulee Dam, which was built in 1941.

“It’s hard to describe how much this land and river meant to our



parking lot.

To reach the northern trailhead at Peewee Falls Overlook, take State Route 31 north from Metaline Falls for 11.5 miles, then turn left onto Eastside Road. Look for the turnoff to the overlook about a mile before Vista House.

Sophia Mattice-Aldous is not a doctor, dietician, extreme sports enthusiast, or a mini-Sasquatch, though some of her exes may disagree with that last one. She just enjoys the opportunity to be outside and hike. If you have any recommendations where she should go next, email sophiamatticealdous@gmail.com.

people and still does,” said J.R. Bluff, director of language and culture for the Kalispel Tribe of Indians. “Not just the Kalispels but the Colville Tribes, too. And it still holds deep meaning for all of us here today, Native and white alike.”

If you’re a fluffy marshmallow, like myself, this trail will provide some cardio with over 1,700 feet of elevation gain (one way) and the highest point at 2,853 feet, but you better believe it’s worth the extra lactic acid in your calves. The real treat is that the trail eventually opens up on gorgeous views to rival any Instagram model’s Only Fan’s page. Thoreau I am not, but it’s hard not to feel the spirit when you get to cast your eyes on panoramas like the Pend Oreille River and Z Canyon from angles you didn’t have access to before.

To reach the southern trailhead at Riverside Canyon Overlook, continue north on State Route 31 from Metaline Falls for approximately 6.1 miles, then turn left onto NF 172. Continue for approximately 1.2 miles and turn right into the

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LobsterRoll
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TurkeyClub
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Sudoku
Puzzle
Instructions:

Each Sudoku has a unique solution that can be reached logically without guessing. Enter digits from 1 to 9 into the blank spaces. Every row must contain one of each digit, so must every column, as must every 3x3 square. Puzzle difficulty level is "Medium." Good luck!

SUDOKU ANSWER

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Berry Funnies

Jokes curated from the Internet and books, and created by Thea Cruden

Why do cats like August 12? It ends the dog days of summer.

What makes August so hot? The sun.

What does Taylor Swift say to August? You need to cool down.

National Watermelon Day
Kid: Dad, did you know August 3rd is National Watermelon Day? Dad: Nope, but if I see a melon I will water it!

Why did Beethoven get rid of his chickens? All they ever said was, “Bach, Bach, Bach!”

What did 20 do when it was hungry?
Twenty-eight.

Why is grass so dangerous? Because it’s full of blades.

Why are mountains so funny? They’re hill areas.

The Cup of Coffee
A waiter gives a gentleman a cup of coffee. The gentleman takes a sip and spits it out. He turns to the waiter and says, “Waiter! This coffee tastes like mud!” The waiter, looking surprised, turns to the gentleman and says, “But, sir, it’s fresh ground!”

Why wasn’t the cactus invited to hang out with the mushrooms? He wasn’t a fungi.

Why shouldn’t you fundraise for marathons? They just take the money and run.

Why does it take pirates a long time to learn the alphabet? Because they can spend years at C.

Why can’t a nose be 12 inches long?
Because then it would be a foot.

Why can’t you put two half-dollars in your pocket? Because two halves make a hole, and your money will fall out.

Why does a moon rock taste better than an Earth rock? It’s a little meteor.

How much do rainbows weigh? Not much. They’re actually pretty light.

A slice of apple pie costs \$2.50 in Jamaica, \$3.75 in Bermuda, and \$3 in the Bahamas. Those are the pie-rates of the Caribbean.

The Wish
A kid finds a magical lamp. He rubs the lamp, and a genie appears and says, “What is your first wish?” The kid says, “I wish I were rich!” The genie replies, “It is done!”

What is your second wish, Rich?”

Why did the football coach yell at the vending machine? He wanted his quarter back.

What kind of job can you get at a bicycle factory? A spokesperson.

What does a condiment wizard perform?
Saucery.

What’s the difference between spring rolls and summer rolls? Their seasoning.

What’s the difference between a poorly dressed man on a unicycle and a well-dressed man on a bicycle? Attire.

What’s the difference between a \$20 steak and a \$55 steak? February 14th.

What’s the best thing about Switzerland?
The flag is a big plus.

What do you call a happy cowboy? A jolly rancher.

What word can you make shorter by adding two letters? Short.

What falls, but never needs a bandage?
The rain.

Which is faster, hot or cold? Hot, because you can catch cold.

What does a pickle say when he wants to play cards? “Dill me in!”

How much money does a pirate pay for corn? A buccaneer.

Where do young trees go to learn? Elementree school.

Why do bees have sticky hair?
Because they use a honeycomb.

How did the student feel when he learned about electricity?
Totally shocked.

What do you call a bee that can’t make up its mind? A Maybe.

Naptime
A man comes home after a hard day’s work and opens the refrigerator to get a soda. Inside, he sees a squirrel taking a nap. “What are you doing in my fridge?” the man asks. The squirrel opens one sleepy eye and says, “Isn’t this a Westinghouse?” “Um, yes,” the man

replies. “It is.” “Well then,” the squirrel says, shutting his eyes again, “I am twying to west.”

Why was six afraid of seven? Because 7-8-9.

How do you organize a space party? You planet.

Why couldn’t the bicycle stand up by itself? It was two tired.

Why did the student eat his homework?
Because his teacher told him it was a piece of cake.

What did one hat say to the other? You wait here, I’ll go on ahead.

What’s a cat’s favorite instrument? Purr-cussion.

Why did the crab cross the road? It didn’t – it used the sidewalk.

What’s the difference between the bird flu and the swine flu? One requires tweet-ment and the other an oinkment.

What is the most popular fish in the ocean? The starfish.

What’s the difference between ducks and dine-and-dashers? Ducks take care of their bills.

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Procrastination

...continued from page 1

I'm sharing all of this with you because this, my friend, is how a procrastination habit is made, and chances are good that you too have a procrastination habit of your own.

Every time we give ourselves permission to “just do it later,” we get rewarded by a positive feeling (relief) and strengthen the avoidance pathway. Which makes it just that little bit easier to put it off again when later comes. And so on.

So how do we change this pattern?

One of my favorite methods is this: choose one action that can be taken in five minutes or less and is so easy that you can't fail at doing it. Open the document. Locate that paperwork you stashed somewhere. Stand on your treadmill. Put your exercise gear on. And then – that's it. You have completed the task that you assigned yourself. Celebrate! Yay! Let your brain be flooded with all the feel-good chemicals of success. You did it! You're golden!

Then – and this is important – set yourself another tiny goal and commit to a time to do it. And again, celebrate when you complete it. Over time, this changes up that pathway in your brain. It learns to reward completion, rather than procrastination. And you really can get a big project done in a series of tiny little steps.

For this article, my first step was to spend five minutes jotting down words and ideas. Easy! No stress. Once I got started, the words came easily, the ideas connected with each other, and my brain was having a little feel-good party about starting four days before the due date. Look at me being all on top of things for once. So I kept working longer than the five minutes.

There was much less resistance to the next small step, which was to come back to it for another five minutes the next day. My perfectionistic streak and my internal critic relaxed for a minute. Nothing to see here, folks, I'm just getting words and ideas on the page, not completing the whole thing in one go and turning it in.

The result? A finished article, sent in on time. Even better, I've already got a start on next month and maybe this time I'll really get it done early. Stranger things have happened.

Colville resident Kerry Schafer (who also writes as Kerry Anne King) is the bestselling author of 15 novels, the co-host of The One Happy Thing Podcast, and a licensed mental health counselor. Find out more at allthingskerry.com.

Bringing Back Orange Julius for the Summer

By Cassie Patton

In honor of August being the “Sunday” of the summer, what better way to go out with a bang than by slurping down the O.G. of smoothies...the deliciously bright Orange Julius!

Some may remember the excitement of meeting up at the mall after a harsh day of final exams in high school. That first sip of that sweet, slightly tangy, bright Orange Julius took all that anxiety away. For readers who don't remember this classic drink, the base does in fact start with orange juice, and then add in milk, water, sugar, vanilla extract, and, in some instances, even raw eggs have been noted to be a staple of the original recipe, giving it a creamsicle-like flavor. So, for all the curious cats that are interested in how this drink became one of the top summer drinks of the century, let's dive down this rabbit hole together.

The year was 1926, when a guy by the name of Julius Freed opened an orange juice stand in Los Angeles. Freed hoped he could take advantage of the extraordinary output of the citrus production that occurred throughout the 1920s. For the first few years, Freed's vision of his idea of an orange juice stand had not been as hopeful as intended as the standard orange juice is quite acidic and can lead to stomach distress in certain individuals. However, in 1929, Freed got together with an old business associate by the name of Willard "Bill" Hamlin, who would go on to be the chemist of the juice-making company. Hamlin experimented with palatable staples that would rarely be found in a 21st century kitchen, such as sweetened syrups, milk powder, and egg whites. These ingredients would help create a frothier milkshake-like consistency. Because of Hamlin's help, Freed's Orange Julius company kicked off with massive sales daily, leading to the beloved drink today, which is still a fan favorite, no matter one's age.

By the 1950s and 1960s, the Orange Julius was booming everywhere, from county fairs to the malls, even being recognized as the official drink of the 1964 New York World's Fair. It's safe to say the Orange Julius was just as much a part of American life as the poodle skirt and classic Swanson TV dinners. By the late 1980s, Orange Julius intertwined with the Dairy Queen franchise, incorporating the popular drink into the Dairy Queen menu, and marking the end of an era for stand-alone Orange Julius stores. While the Orange Julius can still be found at select DQ locations (Hello, last-minute trip to Spokane!), new, healthier recipes are making it easier to whip up this classic summer treat right from your own kitchen counter.

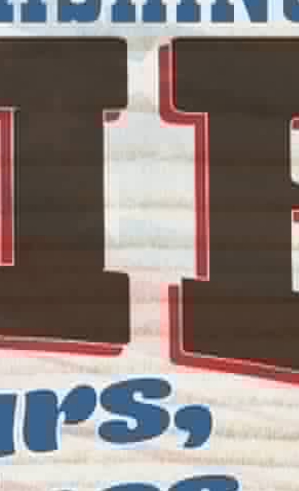
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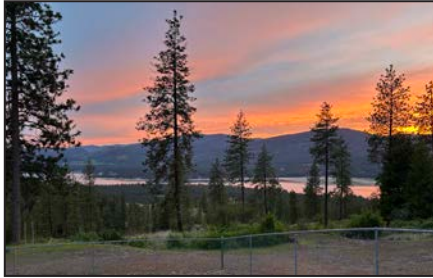
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MLS# 45824 **\$699,000**

space with 2 additional bedrooms and full bath. Large garage with an enclosed room from the garage to the main house. Front and back decks. The back deck is covered and has a fenced yard for your family. Additional 30x40x14 shop that is 90% insulated and has a wood stove. It's all here!

Outstanding Lake Roosevelt and mountain views from this incredible triplewide on 23 acres of private land. Home features primary ensuite with jetted tub, tile walls and walk-in shower plus sitting/living area. Open living, dining and gourmet kitchen with expansive counter space and beautiful views. Stone fireplace and built in wood storage adds to the glamour of this home. Extra living



MLS# 44881 **\$579,000**

basement with patio and a propane stove to heat the home if you have to leave. There is even 220 amp in the carport for an electric car hook up. You have to see this home to appreciate the beauty!

Peaceful setting in a very private location. Crafted log sided home with covered deck, large carport, workshop with loft, separate dry cabin, garden shed and a 14-ft door RV shop. Beautiful double fenced garden with 2 sets of grape vines. Local rock landscaping around the house. Open kitchen, dining, and living area on the main floor with easy access to the deck. Wood cabinets and built-in pantry. The woodstove will keep you warm all winter. Upper level hosts a very spacious bedroom with full bath, easy access closet with built-in amenities, there is a total of 3 bedrooms, 2.5 baths. Daylight



MLS# 45526 **\$799,000**

kitchen, bath and huge bonus room with pool table and room for several sleeping areas and includes 2 car garage. In-ground sprinkler, huge woodshed with storage, Screened gazebo and shed. Custom wood working throughout this home, radiant heat, wood stove and a mini split is included and the pad is in it just needs to be installed. Generator stays, 220 on the outside of the garage and STAR Link service stays - you just have to sign up.

Waterfront Oasis: Listen to the sounds of the Kettle River from this stunning, custom built home situated on 6.52 acres bordering the Kettle River. Large open floor plan with views from the kitchen, dining and living room. Plenty of windows to bring the beauty of outside inside. Main floor living with radiant heat, laundry and primary bed and bath. A beautifully finished basement includes wet bar, stone floors, a wood stove, bed and bath, lots of windows and an outside entrance. Two decks for your entertaining enjoyment & oversized 2 car garage. Secondary house for family and friends, that includes a

Over 3,000 Sq. ft. 4 bed/3.5bath on a large corner lot - within an hour of Spokane, with golf course & ski hill as a part of your new community. This home highlights custom craftsman build including a theater stage and full screen wired for sound, lights and projector for all your family and entertaining possibilities. Chewelah's Peys Creek babbling through the front yard, under your very own bridge, lighted pathway and established native and elaborate landscaped yard. Fully fenced back and side yard in addition to a 2-car attached garage with workshop. This home has it all and the room and design to accommodate a multitude of living enjoyment and options! Come see it today.



MLS# 44403 **\$535,000**



MLS# 46027 **\$575,000**

Charming 1911 farm home with new 28'x32' shop and functional barn. Additional outbuildings all on 28 acres. Just about 5 miles from Bradbury or Daisy boat launch and day beach. Bay and dormer windows along with elegant dining room. Year-round pond w/ the Quillisas Creek running through. This home has been restored and preserved and is ready for its next owners. All updated windows. Updated wiring and plumbing in 2009. Re-roofed in 2018/19. Basement is partially finished and includes utility room and canning storage. Wood cook stove, front door screen, front porch swing and greenhouse don't convey.

Beautiful updated one-level living. Only 7 miles to town, with a fenced yard, garden area and fruit trees. New mini split and new hot tub add to the comfort of this home. Expansive living room with a wood stove and open to the dining and kitchen. Primary bedroom has a new bathroom and walk-in closet. Updated laundry room and 2 additional bedrooms with main bathroom add to the ease of living. Mountain and territorial views from the front of the home are beautiful. There are plum, cherry, apple, pear and nectarine trees in the mini orchard.



MLS# 45832 **\$425,000**



MLS# 45880 **\$670,000**

2017/2026. The list goes on. Pellet and electric heat w/cooling for main living & main floor bedroom. Add the 2-car garage/shop with additional covered parking. All buildings have a metal roofs.

Peace and tranquility. Wildlife abounds w/13+ acres of seclusion on the 1310 line of Lake Roosevelt, less than 1/2 mile from French Rock Boat Launch. Lake views from all main living spaces and bedrooms. 2 bd/2 bath main floor, fully finished walk out lower level w/pellet stove, in rec room w/2 additional bedrooms (non-conforming) & 3/4 bath. This home has been well maintained including a new pressure & H2O tank! One owner. Triple pane windows in basement and upstairs slider. New flooring

Kettle River waterfront paradise - it's like buying your own park! Elegantly built home with an open floor plan, vaulted ceilings with lots of windows to let the sunlight and views. Floor-to-ceiling tiled wood stove in the living room with a spacious redwood deck to watch the river flow. Special crafted kitchen with Acacia wood counter tops from Africa, hickory cabinets with an abundance of counter space and storage, large dining room with a private viewing deck. Primary bedroom with jacuzzi tub, walk in shower and closet plus electric fireplace. Plenty of bathrooms for entertaining and sleep overs. Separate cabin with running water, electricity and private outhouse. Plenty of water with a private well and 2 car carport with storage room, plus a RV carport and the well house has an additional storage room. Level and private acres for your recreational needs.



MLS# 44847 **\$789,000**

Single family residence ready for you to move in and make your own. This 3 bed 2 bath has a large living room, a large kitchen and dining area. Sits on a large, partially fence lot with plenty of room to garden or entertain. Mud/utility room, enclosed front porch, and newly redone covered back patio with ramp if you need to bypass the stairs. Many upgrades have been done: The back patio/porch was repaired/rebuilt, new exterior paint, a new hot water heater, and more. Alley access with plenty of parking, RV parking and boat parking. The home is located in the small town of Marcus, WA and just minutes from Marcus Island boat launch and Lake Roosevelt.



MLS# 45921 **\$260,000**



MLS# 46031 **\$279,000**

This home is located in the Deep Lake recreational area. 3 bed, 1 on the main floor and 2 upstairs with main floor bathroom and upper bathroom, Rustic setting with a creek right off the deck. Lots of space with 2 living areas. Laundry is on the main level. 3.27 acres with creek and woods for your backyard enjoyment. Needs a little TLC to make this your own.



MLS# 45774 **\$629,000**

Small town living at its finest. This 3 bed 2 bath 1,680 sq ft home sits on almost a 3rd of an acre with a fenced yard and a 30x40 shop split in 2 with half man-cave/she-shop with pellet stove and cold room for food storage, and half for 2-car/toy parking. Covered front and back patios, plus hot tub for relaxation. This home is just minutes away from the beautiful Lake Roosevelt and Marcus Campground and boat launch.

Mission Lake Waterfront at its best. This custom-built home has everything you need. Beautiful gourmet kitchen with open dining that lets the views of the lake inside to enjoy while you're cooking or dining. Huge primary ensuite with screened in porch for your outdoor pleasure. Large laundry room, covered deck with access to the lake, daylight basement has 3 bedrooms and full bath plus additional storage area. Walk out and fish from your private dock. Extra-large 2-car attached garage. The house sits down from the road for extra privacy.

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MLS# 45910 **\$334,900**