



WRITERSTALK

Volume 23
Number 7
July 2015

Monthly Newsletter of the South Bay Writers Club™

South Bay Writers Annual BBQ



Spirits of Picnics Past

— Photo by Carolyn Donnell

summer potluck bbq

When: Sunday, July 12, 2015 at 3 pm

Where: Edie Matthews' home
(See Page 6)

Bring: A dish to share. SBW provides meat and drink

If your last name begins with:	Please bring a:
A - H	Salad
I - R	Appetizer /dessert
S - Z	Main Dish

RSVP to PARTY@southbaywriters.com.

No charge for this event. No regular meeting in July.

Y'all come now

No regular July meeting. The next SBW dinner meeting will be Monday, August 10, at Harry's Hofbrau in San Jose.

RECAP: JUNE SPEAKER PAT HANSON

The Healing Power of Memoir

by Sylvia E. Halloran

Living through it...

Have you noticed that the toughest lives make the most interesting memoirs? Dr. Pat Hanson brought her story to the June 8 meeting of SBW and showed how heart-break can be turned to healing.

Hanson's determination to stay connected to her son's children led her to a letter writing project that became her first book, *Invisible Grandparenting: Leave a Legacy of Love Whether You Can Be There or Not*. Her heartfelt messages for these children paint a portrait of the author and capture her essence, as any successful memoir does.

Deciding to use fictitious names and locations eased the trauma of sharing the family's rocky story in public. Dr. Hanson shared the manuscript with the story's main characters before publication, but



Dr. Pat Hanson

advised the audience Monday night to "write as if your mother was dead."

She labeled her work "an embellished memoir:" close to the truth but spoken from the heart.

...And writing about it

Deadlines work. Develop a personal writing discipline and stick to it, including chances for your body and soul to rebuild with periods of exercise, rest and retreat.

Continued on Page 6

Inaugural Presidential Address

by Patrick McQueen
President, South Bay Writers

My Vision for the 2015-2016 Season



Dear Members of South Bay Writers,

Chartered in 1987, South Bay Writers has proudly and faithfully served California's South Bay for nearly thirty years. This club has seen booms and busts, enduring each as a beacon of consistent encouragement to its members. The newly elected board of directors commits itself to the preservation of the club's faithful traditions, while dynamically leading our members into the next season of our story.

As your president, I look forward to welcoming many new members into our fold. Increasing membership, however, is not my primary concern. I consider the club's value to individuals, distributed fairly for the benefit of all members, to be my highest priority.

From my perspective, the club exists to educate and empower writers for greater success in their individual goals. I am committed to identifying your goals, providing answers to your questions, and offering solutions to the inevitable obstacles you face. I foresee this club providing more opportunities for the improvement, publication, and distribution of your written works through the creativity and efforts of members like you.

SBW currently offers numerous programs designed to meet the club's needs, including:

- Monthly guest speakers experienced in the writing profession
- A monthly newsletter, *WritersTalk*, featuring member contributions
- Feedback and critique groups
- Discussion groups, including TalkShop and SBW Underground
- A book club, TalkBooks, featuring published books by our members
- Regular announcements and involvement in competitions and celebrations, including the San Mateo County Fair's "Literary Stage"
- Networking and relationship building with fellow writers.

My goals for growth over this next year include:

- SBW-hosted writing workshops
- More club-hosted writing competitions
- More member-organized groups
- Laying the groundwork for a future writers conference.

As we partner in the service of one another and our club, bringing together our literary passion, energy, and commitment, I am confident we will write a brilliant future for South Bay Writers.

Sail On!

Patrick McQueen
President, South Bay Writers



California Writers Club
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www.southbaywriters.com
— o —
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Join Us

We have a membership category that fits you. Dues are \$45 per year plus a one-time \$20 initiation fee. Dual membership: \$25. Contact the Membership Chair, Sally Milnor, or sign up online at



WritersTalk

is the monthly newsletter of the South Bay Branch of the California Writers Club.

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Submissions

Members of the South Bay Writers Club are encouraged to submit their creative works for publication in *WritersTalk*. Please prepare your work as carefully as you would for an agent. All submissions will be copyedited to uphold our publication standards. The Managing Editor decides which submissions to publish.

Submission deadline is the 15th of the month.

Suggested word limits are not absolute; query the editor. Shorter submissions are given preference. Electronic submissions should be text or attached MS Word file sent to newsletter@southbaywriters.com. Send graphics separately as jpg files.

Anything Goes—Almost (300 words)

News Items (400 words)

Letters to the Editor (300 words)
newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Creative Works

Short Fiction (1500 words)
Memoir (1200 words)
Poetry (300 words)
Essay (900 words)

Member Achievement and News: newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Announcements and Advertisements
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Words from the Editor

by Marjorie Bicknell Johnson
Managing Editor



Publish your book— you spent 5 years writing it

My as-yet unpublished novel, *Lost Jade of the Maya*, is written, copyedited, and proofread. While a few rough places remain, I would say it is 97% complete.

Agents and publishers come next. So, how to find them? This job is much more difficult than finding an editor to work with you on your book. I don't want an agent — I want to self-publish my book. Where do I go from here?

As some of you know from the panel at the April SBW meeting, I chose a "print on demand" publisher from the Internet. In 2007, Infinity Publishing seemed a good choice.

I painted the artwork for the cover, took care of editing and proofreading, and formatted the book using Microsoft *Word*. I used none of their special services, and I knew I was responsible for marketing and sales. For a flat fee (\$499), they designed the cover, formatted for both soft cover and e-book, and put the book on Barnes & Noble and Amazon. They arranged for ISBN, copyright registration, and books-in-print listing. You could order any amount; no garage full of books for me. Since I had no clue about how to do any of the jobs they did for me, I was happy with that.

Infinity made a good-looking product and shipped promptly; in fact, they did their own in-house publishing. And best of all, I could talk to a real person when I contacted them. They charged authors a lot per book ordered, but I didn't expect to get rich. Opening that first box of published books was one of the biggest thrills in my life.

When I published my second book in 2011, I used the same publisher. Service was slower. Bookstores wouldn't let me have book signings nor would they shelve books from Infinity or from other Internet POD publishers. Lately, when I order more books, service is extremely slow: they subcontract their orders rather than printing in-house. So, what to do with book number three?

Predators & Editors list several hundred publishers at pred-ed.com. They show no problems with Smashwords and CreateSpace, but they issued warnings about the worst ones, such as Publish on Demand Global, iPublish.com, American Book Publishing, Zatz, and many more I had never heard of. But they listed as "not recommended" publishers some of my friends have used: iUniverse, Xlibris, Dorrance, Author House, Noble House, and — horrors — Infinity Publishing.

At this point, I'm wearing my reading glasses, and I have a copy of Dan Poynter's *Self-Publishing Manual* in my hands. — WT

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2015/16 SBW Officers:

Jenni Everidge, VP; Patrick McQueen, President; Sheena Arora, Member-at-Large 2; Robyn King, Member-at-Large 1. Not pictured: Sherrie Johnson, Secretary, and Bill Baldwin, Treasurer

–Photo by Carolyn Donnell



l to r: Outgoing President Colin Seymour passes the gavel to 2015/16 President Patrick McQueen. –Photo by Dick Amyx

Happy New Fiscal Year 2015/16

by *WritersTalk Staff*

South Bay Writers has a new slate of officers who bring us renewed energy and enthusiasm.

- President, Patrick McQueen
- Vice President, Jenni Everidge
- Secretary, Sherrie Johnson
- Treasurer, Bill Baldwin
- Member-at-Large 1: Robyn King
- Member-at-Large 2: Sheena Arora

News from the outgoing Board: Dave LaRoche announced the SBW annual summer BBQ: 3 p.m. on Sunday July 12, at the home of Edie Matthews. Tentatively, Margie Scott Tucker from Books Inc will speak to us on August 10 about independent bookstores and authors.

Patrick McQueen reported from Central Board: California Writers Club has added its twentieth branch: Coastal Dunes. The 6th Annual California Writers Club Picnic is scheduled for Saturday, July 25, 1 – 4 p.m. at Joaquin Miller Park, Oakland. See details at CalWriters.org. Note: CWC is statewide; SBW is the South Bay Branch of the California Writers Club.

Next SBW Board meeting: Wednesday, July 8, at the home of Marjorie Johnson. – *WT*



Membership Chair Sally Milnor (above left) at front table –Photo by Carolyn Donnell

Sally Milnor says: Still time to renew for 2015-16



To renew for the fiscal year July 1, 2015 through June 30, 2016, please write a check for \$45 to South Bay Writers and mail it to South Bay Writers, P O Box 3254, Santa Clara, CA 95055. Or pay online on our website southbaywriters.com

Now is the time to suggest your ideas for speakers you want to hear and topics for workshops. Send your ideas to vp@southbaywriters.com SBW Board meetings are open to all.

July Member News

by WritersTalk Staff

We applaud and celebrate your writing successes. Please send news for this column to newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Bill Baldwin's poem, "The Bookstore of My Dreams," was a runner-up in the 25th anniversary poetry contest from Book Buyers Used Books & Media in Mountain View.

Helen Vanderberg won First Place in Book Buyers Writing contest. Helen said, "First time I ever entered such a contest, and thrilled to bits, since my original 'handle' on Amazon was British Bookworm."

Eighteen members of South Bay Writers have work appearing in the anthology *Carry the Light: Volume 4* from the Literary Division, 2015 San Mateo County Fair: **Sheena Arora**, **Bill Baldwin**, **Carolyn Donnell**, **Sylvia Halloran**, **Karen Hartley**, **Marjorie Johnson**, **Nader Khaghani**, **Chris Knoblauch**, **Dave LaRoche**, **Audry Lynch**, **Jamie Miller**, **Edie Matthews**, **Luanne Oleas**, **Lawrence Platt**, **Judith Shernock**, **Dave Strom**, **Carole Taub**, and **Mimi Vaillancourt**. Congratulations to all eighteen writers—you're all winners!



Edie Matthews with her Blue Ribbon
—Photo by Frank Johnson

Ten SBW members were "in the money" at the San Mateo County Fair. For chapters from their novels: **Audry Lynch**, HM: *Ruben's Tales of the Amazon*; **Edie Matthews**, First: *House of Comedy*; **Luanne Oleas**, Second: *Squirrel in the Intersection*; and **Dave Strom**, HM: *Fanboys Shrugged*.

For short literary works: **Sheena Arora**, HM: "A Single Stroke of the Pen;" **William Baldwin**, Third: "So Here I Come" and HM: "Oddball Dancer;" **Carolyn Donnell**, First: "The Once and Future Queen;" **Marjorie Johnson**, First: "Weenie Roast," and HM: "Taking My Imagination for a Ride;" **Audry Lynch**, Second: "Steinbeck and His Wives;" **Edie Matthews**, First: "Haunted by the Past;" **Jamie Miller**, Third: "Needle Shy;" **Luanne Oleas**, First: "Why Gladys Turned to Crime;" and **Judith Shernock**, Third: "Imago—The Final Stage."

Margie Yee Webb, *Cat Mulan's Mindful Musings*, joined in on June 13, Authors' Day at the San Mateo County Fair.

Other SBW authors, whose published books are listed on Amazon.com, also appeared on June 13: **Valerie Frankel**, *From Girl to Goddess* and a dozen more; **Marjorie Johnson**, *Jaguar Princess*; **Jill Pipkin**, *Under the spell of a Dragon in Istanbul*; and **Judith Shernock**, *Sammi the Seahorse*.

All of the fair events listed above took place on the Literary Stage, Fine Arts Galleria. —WT



Carolyn Donnell's First:
All firsts receive a blue ribbon and \$100.



Marjorie Johnson's First:
Entries are posted around the room, and winning stories wear ribbons.



Bill Baldwin signs away at the 2015 Fair anthology launch for *Carry the Light: Volume 4*.

Opening Day San Mateo Fair Literary Division June 6, 2015



Judith Shernock reads her winning short story entry, "Imago," on the Literary Stage at the San Mateo Fair.

View SBW Pictures

from our June 8 meeting and other events at southbaywriters.com, Events tab, Event Gallery. Or visit southbaywritersgallery.shutterfly.com/

More pictures from San Mateo Fair appear on Facebook: California Writers Club - South Bay

—Photos by Carolyn Donnell

Healing Power of Memoir

Continued from Page 1

Hanson recommends that we ask ourselves each day, “What needs to be done *now*?”

Do not fear to take the steps needed to finish.

Publishing the book

Details of her journey to publication reiterated Dr. Hanson’s admonition to write what needs to be said without aiming for financial gain. She chose self-publication over an offer from a name publisher.

The promotion tasks loomed equally, and by producing the book herself, her per-book profit jumped from eleven to eighty-five percent. She highly recommended her “Bible,” *The Essential Guide to Getting Your Book Published* By Arielle Eckstut and David Henry Sterry.

Put aside any “delusion of grandeur” that you’ll get rich, she says. Hire a good copyeditor and find experts to help with the book layout and cover design. Above all, review your proof copy carefully – and don’t expect perfection.

Promoting the Book

The chase for promotion takes as much time and effort as writing and finishing the book, according to Dr. Hanson. The AARP Convention in San Diego proved an expensive and fruitless experience, but connecting with independent distributors such as Ingram or Baker and Taylor has met more success. She has promoted the book at writers’ festivals and entered it in contests. Coming from a generation less at ease with the Internet, Dr. Hanson hired a media consultant to manage online accounts like Twitter and Linked In. More importantly, her consultant



Speaker Dr. Pat Hanson, June 8, 2015

designed Hanson’s web presence for Search Engine Optimization (SEO) so she and her book are easy to find.

Recently, Dr. Hanson recorded *Invisible Grandparenting* for release as a four-disc audio book. This exhausting three-day, fifteen-hour marathon uncovered editing mistakes, as reading aloud invariably will. The cost of the project through studiointheforest.com was between \$2500 and \$3500; the audio books will sell for \$29.95 each.

Happy Ending

Dr. Hanson’s quest for interaction with her grandchildren has produced a memorable book and CD set. By writing the book, she has settled her anger and soothed her disappointment. And to end on a cheerful note, following good news from her son, she goes into the future with hope of becoming, at last, a visible grandma! – WT



SBW Potluck BBQ

3 p.m., Sunday, July 12, 2015

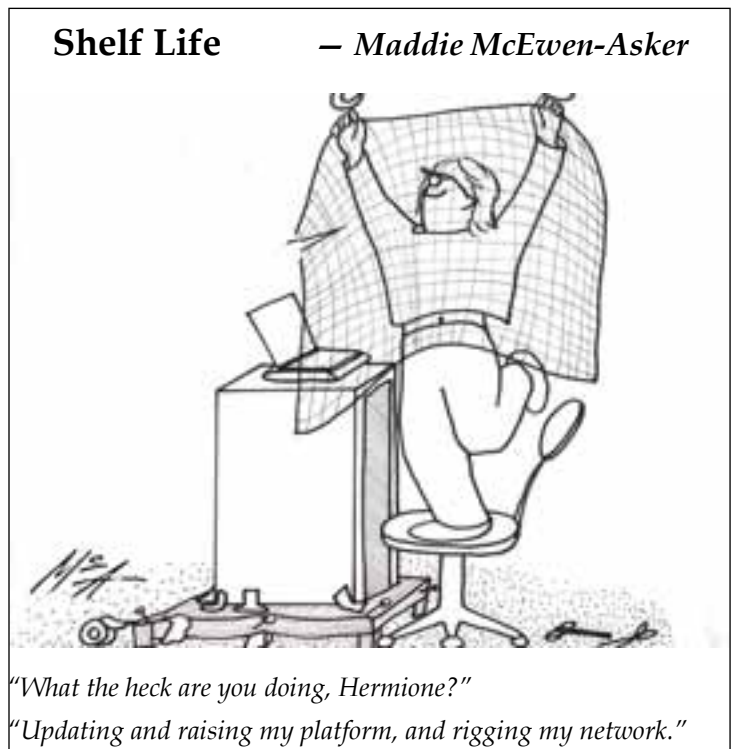
Location: Send email to

PARTY@southbaywriters.com

The Board of South Bay Writers hopes that the lack of printed location does not discourage you from coming. We no longer use personal addresses, emails, or telephone numbers while advertising SBW events. Also, you must have noticed warnings that pictures may be taken during our meetings. All of this is supposed to prevent nasty people from pestering SBW members. It works as well as preventing acts of terrorism by removing our shoes while passing through airport security.

Shelf Life

– Maddie McEwen-Asker



“What the heck are you doing, Hermione?”

“Updating and raising my platform, and rigging my network.”

New Members

by Sally A. Milnor



Sally Milnor

I am pleased to introduce our nine newest members.

Sheena Arora - is a former member of our Fremont Branch, and she has joined our Club now that she has moved

to San Jose. At our June meeting, Sheena was elected as a Member-at-Large to our Board of Directors. She has a Bachelor's Degree in Architecture and a Master's in Landscape Architecture. On her membership questionnaire, Sheena says, "I write primarily about my tumultuous and abusive upbringing in India. I also write about social issues in India. Some of my writing is a comparison of Indian and American lifestyles, thinking and culture. I am starting to write about my adjustment and assimilation in America." Recently, Sheena received an award in a contest at the San Mateo County Fair for her short memoir, "A Single Stroke of the Pen," which is published in the *Carry the Light* anthology. Sheena's website is sheena.arora.com

Sejal Badani - joined us online. Sejal writes novels, and his *Trail of Broken Wings* is a best seller on Amazon Kindle.

Mark Gelineau - writes novels and short

stories. His writing is inspired by a love of good genre, particularly fantasy, science fiction and horror stories. Mark is a writer and an educator; and he writes with his writing partner, Joe King. Among his publications are *The Hanged Man: The 13 Coils in High Adventure History*; *Tales of the Hanged Man: The 100 Bones*; and "A Little Southern Hospitality" in *Once Upon a Sixgun*. Mark's website is gelineauandking.com

Pamela O'Leary - is interested in politics and feminism. Pamela writes nonfiction articles and memoir. Her work has appeared in *The Daily Californian*; *Forbes Woman*; and *The Los Angeles Times*. Pamela's email address is oleary.pamela@gmail.com

Marie Pflager - writes poetry and fiction. Marie is a microbiologist and works in the medical device/pharmaceutical field. On her membership questionnaire, she says that writing is a creative outlet for her and that language, writing, and painting are her escapes from reality. Marie is currently in the process of writing a fantasy novel.

Jerry Rodrigues - joined South Bay Writers at our June meeting. Jerry writes novels, and he is interested in learning about publishing from people who have

been published. Jerry's email address is jerryrodrigues@gmail.com

Katie Stewart - also joined our Club at our June meeting. Katie is actively writing, and her primary area of interest is memoir.

Denise Thornton - writes nonfiction and memoir. On her membership questionnaire, Denise says, "I am an ex-career flight attendant who has retired her wings but still enjoys anything aviation themed. My life with my husband and four-legged boys since 2002 has consisted of participation in hot air balloon events with our own hot air balloon. I enjoy a nicely aged red wine and travel to different wine passport weekends throughout the year. I started writing my first creation in 1991; and, since then have initiated two others. Nothing is finished or even close to completion. Like quite a few writers, I need to dust off my notes again. I hope to do this by joining this group." Denise's email address is dmt0011@yahoo.com

Patricia Torello - writes short stories, articles, memoir and humor. Patricia has a journalism background, and she enjoys nonfiction (but whimsical) articles. In addition to her writing, she also enjoys hiking and volunteer working with animals. Patricia's email address is pattorello@sbcglobal.net

Literary Stage, San Mateo County Fair, June 6, 2015



To Our New Members: We wish you a warm welcome and hope your membership brings you inspiration and enjoyment. **And To all of our South Bay Writers:** Thank you to those of you who have renewed your membership for the coming year (7/2015 through 6/2016). Thank you also for helping to keep our Club flourishing. **To those who have not yet renewed:** we hope you will do so soon as we don't want your membership to lapse. We appreciate and need your continuing presence and support. - WT

I see like artists.
I want to paint but cannot,
so I will haiku.
- Stephen C. Wetlesen

Winners Panel, San Mateo County Fair, Literary Division
New SBW Member-at-Large Sheena Arora is seated third from the right.
Moderator Laurel Anne Hill is seated third from the left.

- Photo by Carolyn Donnell

Havasupai Rising

by Chris Knoblaugh

The car rattled along Highway 95 as Raven struggled with incoming Las Vegas traffic. Motorcycles roared past in herds of ten or twenty bikers, truckers hauling double loads blasted her with tidal waves of wind as they rushed past, and her fellow lost tourists hit the brakes over and over while looking for their exits. The beads of sweat on her brow were from a combination of 108 degree heat and sheer terror.

She had not expected the old rental car to have a faulty air conditioner. Her grandmother had told her Arizona would be hot, but since she had never been to Supai herself she thought she would also see Las Vegas over in Nevada before heading into a culture she had only heard about. She had not expected her grandmother to pass; her grandmother was supposed to be her guide to this culture, but the heart attack had taken her. Raven was on a mission to explore her American Indian side and would be an immigrant into her own culture's lands. She let out a little scream as a semi came too close while it passed her. The car shook in the truck's tailwind, leaving her completely unnerved.

Meanwhile, her husband slept like a peaceful baby in the passenger seat. She could have choked him, if she had had the courage to release her white-knuckled grip on the wheel. As it

was, every ounce of energy poured into keeping the rental car in her own lane. Vacation? Maybe, but at that moment she was fighting an epic highway battle. Just another of the multitude of hopefuls spilling into the casinos in search of a little luck and a break, she was overweight, middle aged, and tired.

Back in her youth, when she wrestled with how to spend her future, she worked as a database builder organizing mountains of news and medical information into searchable text. When the Internet first began, she used Arpanet to send files of information to other research centers long before the Web or browsers ever came into being. She was one of the original spinners who wove knowledge from information, seeing patterns of light and shadow reminiscent of a weaver's loom. That was how she thought: in patterns. Some patterns were bright and hopeful, while others sank into dark decay. She tried to focus on the light images, both to keep her own spirits up and the spirits of those around her. Her grandmother had said she had "the sight."

Her ability to focus was impeccable. Scant shadows of implied relationships were quickly traced, analyzed, and categorized. Always looking, always seeking, she hungrily sought more knowledge on a myriad of topics. Relentlessly curious and tirelessly patient, she pecked through facts and assembled them into interpretive patterns—tiring both friends and family with her constant analysis and stoic composure. Her grandmother had said she would have made a good weaver. Her grandmother had said a lot of things.

Continued on Page 11

African Lessons

by Carole Taub

Journeying over to Africa is not for the faint of heart. Everything about it, however, titillated me. From the wildlife to African culture, my interest was overflowing. And it was a dream come true when I finally advanced to go. With my laptop in tow, I decided to put one foot in front of the other and see what followed.

Having no previous experience in the African nations, I needed plenty of research to fine-tune my adventure. And as it turned out, South Africa, Botswana, Zambia, and Zimbabwe were the areas of choice.

The safaris were plentiful. And though not daily, the drives were always early morning and late day. Like any smart animal, we took siestas during the afternoon heat. It was always a challenge to find the *big five* during any given outing. I was satisfied just to find a herd of elephants. My guides were greedy, however, and wanted to find the rhino, buffalo, leopard, and lion as well. They'd track paw prints and dung, fresh or stale. The direction of the prints was paramount. Lions were devious and hard to find. On one particular drive, I felt as if we were driving through a maze.

My guide had tracked fresh dung. A lion. He parked the vehicle. "Not a word," he whispered. "Follow close." I obeyed without question and stepped onto the dirt. Tracking on foot was exhilarating—I felt as if I were truly in the bush. The sound of my boots crushing the dry dirt was the only noise. I ducked low, weaving in and around the dense bush. My eyes peered

in every direction. Keeping myself inches from my guide, my elation was on high. He was relentless. It was cold. Dank. Still I'd broken into a sweat. Walking and watching. It seemed to go on forever. And then suddenly he stopped. Flung his arm out and waved his hand.

"There he is!" he said in a hush.

Holy moly! I covered my mouth. We took another step forward, deeper into the bush. There was no trail. I leaned forward. Looking with utter disbelief. *Oh my God*, I gasped. Again my guide waved his hand behind him. He turned and looked at me with intensity. He placed his fingers to his lips and shook his head. I pursed my lips and nodded.

My heart was pounding. A joy I'd never known. I feared taking a picture. I feared any motion would cause retaliation. I knew we were trespassing on their turf. But I had no idea what one does in a situation like this; what we'd found. Still I held nothing other than respect. Never ever doing anything to abolish their rights. But never ever did I expect to find the family that I was witnessing. The regal father lion lay lazily in seeming comfort. The proud mother oversaw her two young ones as they played and chased each other. Just like any family on an early morning outing.

Suddenly, the father decided it was time to go. He gracefully rose to his feet and trod through the terrain. The rest of the clan followed, no questions, no squabble. I watched until they were out of sight and strained my neck to see any last remnant. Even the tip of one of their tails would do me well. But I'd found that the respect goes both ways.

Continued on Page 11

Unholy Conduct

by Karen Sundback

Once at the trailhead, Jessie sped away on her lighter mountain bike. She and the trail disappeared into the desolate ponderosa forest. I looked down as my own front tire foundered into the dark mire and pushed, but it only remained rooted in the muck. As I put my back into it and groaned long and slow, my bike finally inched ahead. And so, my bike and I plodded down the lonely trail, forgotten in the north woods.

Jessie watched me approach as she rested by the banked trail. Sweating in the cool air, she stripped down to her jersey and tights. I eased myself onto a soft hummock nearby, busied myself with my knapsack, and said, "I'd do well with an early lunch. How 'bout you?"

"I've an appetite. I also got myself enough mud to last a lifetime. So, when does the fun part start?"

"I'm weary of it myself. We're about done with the uphill climb. When we hit Junction, it's all downhill and a cool breeze to your back on the leg to Susanton."

As we ate lunch, gathering thunderheads peeked down at us over the western tree-tops. The gentle breeze brought a piney crispness. But then, fresh cougar tracks mixed in with deer tracks on the trail added a touch of dread to the air. After lunch, as we stood by our bikes, I asked, "Should we stay together?"

"Let's."

The long awaited Junction came and brought only misery to greet us with deeper mire and treacherous ice. Not far to the east, a massive tree fall across the trail stopped us dead. I told Jessie to check our bikes as I surveyed the trail ahead. I returned and rested on a downed tree, "I paced off 50 feet to the end of this tree fall and beyond that I could see more ice and more fallen trees. We can't go on, Jessie. We gotta go back."

"What? What was all this work for? Nan, I..." she stopped. The yellow pine forest echoed with the trill of the woodland birds as I examined the sludge caking my bike and legs. She outlined the bark on one of the fallen pines with her pea green varnished fingernail, "What's the plan?"

"Return to Junction and catch a logging

Off the Shelf

— Edie Matthews



road back to Eastwood. It'll be a lot faster than this trail. At Eastwood, catch a bus back to Susanton."

"That's not what I meant."

Jessie has been under my care for more than ten years. I met her mother Carol while I worked as a waitress in the Dry Gulch Hash House—the ravishing Carol with the easy laugh and seemingly not a care in the world, but also with a troubled life, so troubling that it was not long before Jessie came to live with me. Although Carol and I hatched into barflies in our youth, Jessie emerged in her teens as a fledgling who rose high above this terrible quagmire of life—summa cum laude at high school graduation last week and off to college in the fall. Despite it all, Jessie had flourished—until yesterday—when everything disappeared without a trace—her father's will and his legacy for her. While Jessie stared at the lawyer like a bird smashed against a window, I could take no more. I grabbed my purse, Jessie's hand, and we left. And so, my Chevy plied the 300 miles here to the Northwoods Trail.

Now here at the Northwoods Trail, testing our muscles against the mud and using our sweat to try to soften this awful blow, I did my best, but Jessie's eyes were as

distant as the smoky horizon. I threw her an energy bar, "I have some money saved away. We'll get you through college." She answered me with a curious gaze that searched far beyond me.

An exhilarating ride down the dirt logging road brought us to Eastwood, an old lumber town nestled in the forest plantation. It was a friendly town that brought us so much—our destination bus stop and the nearby Eastwood Pizzeria with a pretty timbered front and enticing aroma of roasted garlic that grabbed our stomachs and pulled us in. Once inside, Jessie slid behind a table, while I bee-lined to the counter. After getting the attention of the men beyond the counter, I asked about the buses, "We've been riding the Northwoods Trail to Susanton, but it's blocked, so now we need a bus back to our car." I eyed the menu.

"The buses?" The man in the white apron puzzled as he tossed the dough.

"It comes by in about two hours," volunteered the teenage boy behind the register.

I thanked him, ordered, and then left for the restroom to freshen up. The mirror showed that my sweat had turned my hair into serpentine wisps reaching for

Continued on Page 12

Empty Chair

I am disappearing
right before your eyes
but you don't really see me
you are so blinded by my lies

Entranced by the illusion
of my seeming strength
all the while life hovers
here upon the brink

I waste away with longing
hope dying
for lack of feeding
my heart crying out
from hunger
denied by love receding

I always mean to ask you
I always mean to say
has it not occurred to you
how much I fade each day

And I often wonder
will you even notice
will you even care
when you finally end up speaking
to an empty chair

— Elaine Brady

Lost

But Not in Thought

Why don't I write
I wish I knew
Ideas a plenty
But words are few
I've heard of blocks
But this ain't good
I just don't feel
The perfect mood
To scribe away
What's in my mind
I toss and turn
But still can't find
The way to start
My perfect opus
What's wrong with me
It seems so hopeless
If I were honest
With one and all
My spirit feels trapped
In a nearly black hole
Out I will climb
Just don't know when
Please be patient
One day I'll win

— Diane Jones

Birth of the Immortal

I am not ordinary...
I was hemmed flesh after flesh majestically, majestic
By the hands that comfort the fiercest fierce waves of
the prodigious sea
Hence nestles the colossal stars like gems and
pebbles to the heavens vastly vast degree.
Henceforth, I am not by chance...
I was planned and spanned hundreds upon hun-
dreds of years and innumerable years.
And formed before the depths of the prime deep
glorious oceans spurt and ruptured forth
Before the mighty gale proclaimed forth its power
upon the immense earth's port and worth!
Wherefore, I am not worthless...
My hands can tender and tender the Methuselah
tree's leaf after leaf and branch after branch
My step can lead a myriad, multitude throngs upon
throngs to victorious march!
My testimonies seize burden after burden of much
more desolate wearied hurts and hearts.
Yes, it is I, I have come!
Carefully molded and salted cell upon cell, circum-
cised wholly breath upon breath
Trailed by the blazing sun and radiant moon step
after step after birth
My days counted to limitless existence immortally,
day after day after life, hence to life after death!
— Elinel Rabara

WTC FICTION

Invincible

Thank you, ICU nurses

by Michael Shipp

He had never prayed so hard for anything in his life. Every night in the hospital he prayed alongside the young man's mother, gave it his all, and knew it was nothing compared to her devotion. No machine on earth can measure the intensity in a mother's heart when her children are in trouble. Man can split atoms or photograph a cluster of stars a million light years away, but no microscope, X-Ray machine, or MRI can detect soul.

The young man was hooked up to a respirator and other machines that measured his vital signs: blood pressure, heart beat, oxygen saturation, and other things with numbers and more numbers. The nurses did everything within their power to keep him alive and comfortable even though they probably felt he didn't have a chance of recovering. They'd seen it too many times before.

The young man was his daughter's fiancé and he prayed for a miracle because he didn't want her to live with the pain. His own little sister had lost her husband at a young age; he had seen the toll it took and didn't want that for his child. Maybe his prayers were selfish, but so what, what prayers weren't?

He didn't know the kid all that well, but the kid was in love with his daughter, so he prayed for a miracle, and he wasn't the only one. A lot of people were praying: his mother, father, sister, and extended family. Every once in awhile a nurse would shine a flashlight in the patient's eyes looking for signs of life; it was all too real and too much and he had to leave the room to wander the halls alone with his thoughts.

There were a lot of nurses, all wonderful, but there were only two male nurses, and he felt a special affinity towards them. If anything, they helped restore his faith in humanity. He'd always believed in a woman's capacity to love and nurture, but as a man himself, he knew that a lot of guys were nothing but pure assholes, and watching these two men tenderly care for

a total stranger touched him deeply.

The young man struggled daily, by the minute and by the hour. The mother was at the hospital day and night and slept only now and then; she prayed every waking moment, and he was awestruck by her strength.

The young man was in a coma and got thinner every day while his beard grew fuller and somehow he looked more and more like a saint taking a nap. He was under heavy medication and the nurses insisted he wasn't suffering, and they encouraged the mother to talk to her son.

Before he went into the hospital, the young man had visited his fiancée every day at her parents' house. Reserved by nature, the young man was quiet, and the older man guarded, and they never said much to each other, other than hello. Simple comments about the weather would have been a long conversation.

The mother slept in a chair next to her son and sometimes she would wake up and talk to her son. He would leave the room to give them their space.

Continued on Page 12

July Terse on Verse

by Pat Bustamante



Pat Bustamante
Contributing Editor

July-On

Dear lion, leopard, cougar, wildcat,
Then cheetah and tiger, don't forget.
So many cats, can't think I've all named—
Oh! Felix, little rascal, the one we tamed!
One sits in my lap, all contented and fat,
Slowly stretches toward snack-plate.
Will I let her have some?
I move the plate, playing deaf and dumb.
Um, there's bobcat and lynx,
And half-human cat called the sphinx.

— Pat Bustamante

A dry spell in writing: I try to think ahead. July, dry and hot, usually. July: fireworks and picnics. Oh, and extremely important: my new cat's first birthday! (The 4th of July.) Cupertino cannot have a skyrocket-display this July; the only area usable for the explosions would need gallons of water and we are now all about saving gallons of water.

What to do, when you have a dry spell in your writing? I insist on trying to write a poem every day as I was advised in a college class. Topics to inspire: Alzheimers—I'm in a family that has to deal with that. So I wrote a poem about it. I write about cats, dogs, wild birds and all the various animals passing through my yard or just through my mind.

Dry spell with a novel? I work on quite a few novels at once. Not inspired today for the NSA spy-novel, *Nasty Secrets Anonymous*? Go to the "How computers wreck your brain" novel, or to "the aliens came to Earth and changed us." I've noticed many paperback novels that re-hash successful old plots. In the poetry line it also happens: memorialize a time of emotion or tragedy or joy. Don't despair that it's already written about—you are you: look in a mirror if you doubt me. Or, as a dear cousin of mine would have it: close your eyes, with pen or pencil in hand and write whatever comes. No peeking until you're done. A ghost may be dying (pardon the pun) to tell you something! — WT



Dream Catcher

Dream Catcher awaits
dreams with magnificent view
I soar to skies blue

— Karen Hartley

Bedtime

Would you believe there's a pig in my bed?
There is, Dad, I promise! He's big, and he's red,
And he snores something awful! Like halfway between
A grunt and an oink, if you know what I mean.
And I not only can't get him out of my bed,
He won't even move over!

So what if instead
Of trying to deal with this pork chop with feet,
I stay up, watch TV, have a little to eat,
Or go do some homework, I know you'd like that,
'Cause I'm not really sleepy!

— and besides, there's this bat
That keeps flying past my window all night!
And I wouldn't mind that, it just makes me up tight
The weird funny way that he stares at my neck,
And he talks kinda foreign, and

— okay, what the heck,
I'm going! I'm going! Just don't you blame me
If you wake up tomorrow morning to see
That your very own son has changed into
A vampire kid, or a pork chop stew,
Don't say I didn't warn you, Dad!

(Now why'd he have to get so mad?)

— E. Michael Lunsford



Havasupai Rising

Continued from Page 8

Right now, however, panic filled her as realized she had missed her freeway exit. She could see the distinctive shape of her casino in her peripheral vision as her car crept forward in the snarled middle lane, a solid line of trucks occupying the desperately desired exit lane on the right. No breaks appeared in the line, no opportunities to escape the crowd. She was stuck in the middle of everything—traffic, life, and the day at hand—as her husband snored away beside her in the Vegas sun. — WT

African Lessons

Continued from Page 8

The lion family was completely aware of me and my guide, and the mutual respect was omnipresent.

And though I wanted more, I knew and understood this very satisfying moment. I needed to learn and trust that there would be more, but I mustn't be greedy. Simply trust that these moments will come to me.

Dissecting this *trust* a bit further confirmed its connection to writing. Grace, patience, truth, and respect all play roles in the merry-go-round of writing. The cohesive result will follow naturally. — WT

Unholy Conduct

Continued from Page 9

chaos. But the delight of sweat was that it also quieted my racked nerves.

When I returned to the table with our food, there were two men in khaki uniforms with Forest Service patches on their shoulders at the next table. Jessie studied the older one, talking with him carefully. He glanced in my direction and extended a hand. "Good afternoon, Ma'am. I'm Henry Olson and we're looking for some good people for job openings around here."

I carefully composed my face into pleasant banality and introduced myself. My quieted nerves riled up. I despised him for doing this, but he and Jessie continued.

"You say you can lift 160 pounds?"

"Yes, sir, I trained for our town's volunteer fire department."

She's throwing away her talent with this job. No matter how many questions he asks her, he'll never learn about her fine arm that earned her an athletic scholarship and caused me so much pain. In Dry Gulch, whenever I worked afternoons at Hash House, those fine ladies of the town would enter majestically and sit in my section. While they ordered, they

fluffed their scarves and shoulders like hens settling their feathers. At the end of the ordering, Mrs. Cockerel would raise her beaklike nose and shake her wattle indignantly as she fulminated on Jessie's filthy unholy conduct. I understood Mrs. Cockerel's and the other ladies' humiliation to find that their sons couldn't hit a girl's pitches. But I also understood that no matter how much these ladies pained me, I'd rather Jessie pitch on a boys' baseball team than have her continue to throw rocks at her mother's pictures behind our trailer park. What could I do but get their club sandwiches and send them on their way?

As I pointedly ignored this mistake of an interview, I studied the pizzeria's dark wood interior—lit brightly by the high arching front windows, a desolate bar tucked away in the back, a line of customers patiently waiting for their take-out orders at the counter—when a sight hit me that threw my heart to my knees. He was sitting across from the older man, only slightly older than Jessie, well built, and earnest. But his eyes! As much as he played at being professional and disinterested, he couldn't take his eyes from Jessie. As the sands of time slip through my fingers, I felt Jessie slipping from me.

An angry sun rose and turned the sickly sky blood red. Only the birds rejoiced at the new day. My Chevy's heater was broken, so we sat in the frosty silence until the white Forest Service pickup truck drove up. She turned to me before leaving, "Nan, will you stay here in Eastwood with me, please?"

"No, child, if I stay, you'll forget about college. Work for one year, but your scholarship expires after that. No, I can't stay or you'll never come back to Dry Gulch."

I watched Jessie walk with supreme self-assuredness to the truck. With each step, I counted the roots of her extraordinary confidence.

As her crimson tennis shoe crunched the gravel, I knew that all burden of responsibility hung on me. If Jessie was foolhardy, the fault was mine; for no matter how wrong she was, I had always stood by her. Even now, as she threw her future away on a lark, she had no tears, no regrets, because despite my words, in her heart, she knew I would stay.

I rolled down the car window to clear the fog from the glass and watched Jessie and the truck disappear down the lonely road into the ponderosa forest. —WT

Invincible

Continued from Page 10

You can only pray so much; sometimes he sat in the lobby and read a book and other times he went to the cafeteria for a cup of hot chocolate from the vending machines. Most of the time he tried not to think too much because there weren't any answers.

He was between jobs, and had the time, so he went to the hospital at midnight to sit with the mother for a while because he didn't want to leave her alone. In the silence you can think clearly, but it isn't always something you want to hear. If it had happened to his own daughter, he would have been destroyed, and his prayers became more and more for the mother.

One night, when the mother woke, she went for a walk, leaving him in the room and he knew it was time. He took the young man's hand in his.

"Marie loves you so much you have to get better. Everybody is praying for you.

She loves you so much and you just have to get better."

The young man squeezed his hand ever so slightly. It wasn't the firm grip of a handshake between friends nor was it as light as a twitch, but it was there, and he felt it.

It shocked him something fierce, and just then, when the mother returned to the room, he left, not wanting her to see him cry.

He questioned himself if it had really happened, trying to relive the moment, and the answer was always the same. It did, and there was no denying it. He struggled with telling the mother, but decided it was between him and the boy and he should keep it to himself.

Minutes dragged into hours, into days, and into weeks. The young man suffered one setback after another, and the nurses reassured the mother that her son didn't feel a thing, but he wasn't so sure.

He met the boy's father and didn't know

what to say, as there wasn't anything that would make it any better. Every morning his daughter asked him how the night went before she drove to the hospital and he tried to say something positive. His admiration and love for his daughter grew and he found himself praying for her to drive safely.

It was taking a heavy toll on the mother and one night she had a meltdown. "I just don't know anymore, maybe I should just let him go. Take him off the machines."

"You can't give up on him when he's still fighting for his life." He instantly regretted saying it, wishing he could take it back. He had no business saying anything.

A nurse came into the room and he went out to the long brightly-lit hallway. Should he go to the cafeteria or outside for fresh air? He stared at the red exit sign at the end of the hall and knew there would be no happy ending—only another day, another test of faith, and the need to carry on. —WT

Contests and Markets

by Carolyn Donnell



Carolyn Donnell
Contributing Editor

Summer Contest Deadlines

Some contests at *Writer's Digest* have deadlines coming up in the next few months:

- Self-Published eBook Awards: Deadline 08/03/2015
- Popular Fiction Awards: Deadline 09/15/2015

See these and many more at writersdigest.com/writers-digest-competitions

Here's one for creative nonfiction writers I found at Poets & Writers:

- Hunger Mountain: hungermtn.org/contests/creative-nonfiction-prize

This month's search located several more resources:

- newpages.com/classifieds/writing-contests
- thewritelife.com/27-free-writing-contests
- thereviewreview.net/classifieds/contests

If you hear about intriguing writing contests, markets, or events, please share the information by sending it to newsletter@southbaywriters.com.

Ongoing list of contests and other monetary opportunities: Be sure to check all deadlines and follow all rules.

- awpwriter.org/contests/overview (Assoc. Writers and Writing Programs)
- *Poets & Writers*: pw.org/grants
- Fan Story: fanstory.com/index1contest.jsp
- Writer Advice: writeradvice.com/markets.html
- Funds For Writers: fundsforwriters.com/contests/
- *Writer Magazine*: writermag.com/writing-resources/contests/
- *Writer's Digest*: writersdigest.com/competitions/writing-competitions
- Winning Writers: winningwriters.com/the-best-free-literary-contests
- 10 Literary Journals That Pay Their Writers: www.authorspublish.com/10-literary-journals-that-pay-their-writers/
- *The Literary Nest*: Submissions ongoing; unpublished literary work. Go to theliterarynest.wordpress.com/submissions – WT

NEW: Poets & Writers Reading Tour

Writers told us they wanted help promoting their work, and we've delivered! The newest addition to our online suite of tools is the Reading Tour Manager at pw.org

Whether you're organizing a reading tour to promote your new book or just scheduling a few readings from a manuscript in progress, the Reading Tour Manager is a fast, easy way to plan and promote your events – and it's free. You can also use the Reading Tour Manager to find out where authors with new and forthcoming books are reading. Check it out at pw.org today. – WT

Early Reader Mystery Writing Contest

Submit an original, unpublished early reader mystery story, 700 words or fewer.

Prizes: \$500 First; \$250 Second; \$100, Third through Fifth. Reading fee of \$15 includes a free eBook: *Powerhouses of Children's Publishing*. Winners will be announced in a September *eNews* newsletter, sent free to all entrants. Go to writersbookstore.com/sc/wbs_order.htm Then put in "I am ordering from the United States." What you are "ordering" is an entry. **Entries must be received by July 18, 2015.** – WT

WRITERSTALK Challenge

What is it?

Twice a year, in February and August, awards are given to contributors to *WritersTalk*. You need take no special steps to enter this competition; if your piece in one of the designated genres is published in *WritersTalk*, you are a contestant in the Challenge.*

Genres

Fiction, 500 – 1500 words
Memoir, 500 – 1200 words
Essay/Nonfiction, 500 – 1200 words
Poetry/Haiku

Judging Periods

January 16 through July 15

July 16 through January 15

Prizes

One winner will be selected from each of the eligible genres. Each winner will be awarded a cash prize of \$40.

Judging

Judging will be done by *WritersTalk* contributing editors and other Club members whom the contributing editors may ask to assist.

* Eligibility for the *WritersTalk* Challenge is limited to members of the South Bay Branch of the California Writers Club. – WT

Calling All Memoir Writers!

Pacific Grove's weekly newspaper, *The Cedar Street Times*, is looking for true-life stories, 500-750 words, for the "Keepers of Our Culture" column. Author gets a blurb, including link to website, blog or Amazon sales page. Submit as Word.doc by 15th of each month to pacificgrove-joyce@gmail.com (Editor for Park Place Publications) – WT

Play on Words

Play on Words, San Jose's collaborative arts series, is seeking submissions for its July 14 show. We pair emerging writers and actors to produce short (5 minute or fewer than 2000 words) prose pieces, poetry, monologues, and one act plays. We like funny, absurd, thought-provoking, original work. If this sounds like you, email us at playonwordssj@gmail.com or check out playonwordssj.wordpress.com to learn more. – WT

Beta Reader Exchange

You have finished a book or a story. It's had the benefit of critique and careful copy editing. But is it a good read?

Your Beta reader finds story distortion and missing or excessive passages. He looks for that certain appeal that keeps readers turning the pages. The Beta reader's only interest is story.

The Beta Reader Exchange is a place in the newsletter for the names and contact information of those who will read and those who need. To be listed here, send your interest in participation in an email to newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Reader and author will establish all of the details between themselves. *WritersTalk* and the SBW will provide only the Exchange information. —WT

Beta Readers: Listing

Members needing a reader:

David Strom: Action heros
dave.strom@gmail.com

Dick Yaeger: Historical, YA Fiction
dyaeger@aol.com

Hans Hansen: sci-fi/crime
shamough@yahoo.com

Members willing to read:

David Strom: anything
dave.strom@gmail.com

Dick Yaeger: Fiction, no poetry
dyaeger@aol.com

Jenni Everidge: Fiction
everidge.jenni@gmail.com

Add your name to this list. Send email to newsletter@southbaywriters.com

What goes here?

Is the Beta Readers Listing effective?

No one seemed to use the column, "Ask the Experts," that used to appear here.

If you have an idea for how best to use this column, please send it to newsletter@southbaywriters.com

If you would like to write something for this column or for one on an earlier page of *WT*, query the managing editor.



CWC around the bay

These are published meeting locations and times for other CWC branches in the greater San Francisco Bay Area. If you're thinking about attending one of their meetings, be sure to check the website first for details.

Berkeley: 2:00 third Sundays, Oakland Public Library Main Branch. cwc-berkeley.com

Central Coast: 5:30 third Tuesdays, Point Pinos Grill, 77 Asilomar Boulevard, Pacific Grove. centralcoastwriters.org

Fremont Area: 2:00 fourth Saturdays at DeVry University, 6600 Dumbarton Circle, Room 120, Fremont. cwc-fremontareawriters.org

Marin: 2:00 fourth Sundays, Book Passage in Corte Madera. cwcmarinwriters.com

Mendocino Coast: 6:00 third Wednesdays, Mendocino Hotel. writersmendocinocoast.org

Mount Diablo: 11:30 second Saturdays, Zio Fraedo's Restaurant, 611 Gregory Lane, Pleasant Hill. mtdiablowlriters.org

Napa Valley: 6:30 second Wednesdays, Napa River Inn. napavalleywriters.net

Redwood: 2:30 first Sundays, Flamingo Conference Resort & Spa, 2777 Fourth Street, Santa Rosa. redwoodwriters.org

Sacramento: 11:00 third Saturdays, Cattlemen's Restaurant, 12409 Folsom Blvd., Rancho Cordova. cwcsacramentowriters.org

San Francisco/Peninsula: 10:00 third Saturdays, Belmont Library, 1110 Alameda De Las Pulgas, Belmont. sfpeninsulawriters.com

Tri-Valley: 11:30 third Saturdays, Four Points by Sheraton, 5115 Hopyard, Pleasanton. trivalleywriters.com

Ongoing critique groups

Our Voices

Meets at Le Boulanger in the Pruneyard in Campbell every other Sunday 10 am. Genres: Fiction, nontechnical nonfiction, memoir. Contact: Dave LaRoche — dalaroche@comcast.net

Valley Writers

Meets at Valley Village Retirement Center, Winchester Blvd. in Santa Clara, Mondays 2:00 to 4:00 pm. Contact: Marjorie Johnson at marjoriej358@comcast.net

Emperor's Mystery Circle

Meets at Emperor Norton's, 7508 Santa Teresa Blvd, San Jose, 1:30 pm., first Mondays. Mystery genre. Contact Pam Oliver-Lyons, polpap@prodigy.net

Riders Do Right

Meets at Vallco Shopping Center, second floor, Food Court near Burger King, Noon, second Thursdays. Any genre. Contact Pat Bustamante, patatat@hotmail.com

Your Critique Group

For consideration, send information to newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Ongoing open mics

South Bay Writers Open Mic: Read from your own work, from your favorite authors, or just come to listen, first and third Friday evenings. See calendar for schedule. Contact Bill Baldwin (408) 730-9622 or email WABaldwin@aol.com

Ongoing writers discussion groups

Talkshop: Discuss topics of interest to writers — challenges, problems, and tips. Meets last Tuesdays, 6 – 9 pm. Contact Carole Taub at 777777ps@gmail.com

SBW Underground: Come to exchange ideas on non-mainstream art and writing, past and present. Meets at Coffee Society, Stevens Creek Blvd, across from De Anza, 7:30 pm, third Tuesdays. Contact Bill Baldwin (408) 730-9622 or email WABaldwin@aol.com

TalkBooks: New SBW discussion group focusing on books written by our SBW members. We will read and discuss books written by SBW members. Meets last Wednesdays, 7:00 p.m. For information, email: newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Check out all these opportunities and others available from CWC and SBW.

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
July 2015			1	2	3 7:30P Open mic Barnes&Noble Almaden, San Jose	4
5 10:00A Our Voices	6 1:30P Mystery Circle 2P Valley Writers	7	8 7:30P SBW Board Meeting	9 Noon Riders Do Right	10	11 1:30 P <i>WT</i> EDITORS POWWOW
12 SBW BBQ 3 PM	13 2P Valley Writers NO GENERAL MEETING	14	15 Deadline for August <i>WritersTalk</i>	16	17 7:30P Open mic Willow Glen Li- brary, 1157 Min- nesota Ave	18
19 10:00A Our Voices	20 2P Valley Writers	21 7:30 PM SBW UNDERGROUND	22	23	24	25 CWC picnic (See below)
26	27 2P Valley Writers	28 TalkShop 6 - 9 PM	29 TalkBooks 7 PM	30	31	
Future Flashes Note: Read Page 14 for details related to calendar listings. Next general meeting: Monday, August 10						

Your ad could go here
\$5 for an ad this big for SBW
members, \$10 for nonmembers



Send WT your ad for something of interest to writers – but not something that earns money for an individual

6th Annual California Writers Club Picnic

Saturday, July 25, 1 – 4 p.m., Joaquin Miller Park, Oakland. The sixth annual CWC picnic will include readings, networking, and a “Lit Cake” competition. More details will be announced and posted at CalWriters.org
Note: CWC is statewide; SBW is the South Bay Branch of the California Writers Club.

Poetry readings

Poets@Play: Meets at Markham House History Park, 1650 Senter Rd., San Jose, Second Sundays, 1 – 4 pm

Poetry Center San Jose: Meets at Willow Glen Library, 1157 Minnesota Ave., San Jose, Third Thursdays, 7 pm. poetrycentersanjose.org/calendar

Words Drawing Music: Ongoing open mic opportunity at Works San Jose, 365 South Market Street, on second Thursdays, 7 to 9 p.m.

Ongoing write-ins from NaNoWriMo


Two ongoing write-ins (For Nanos and non-Nanos):
Tuesday Mornings at Barnes & Noble (near 85 and Almaden), 9am – noon
Thurs. Afternoons, Chromatics Coffee, 5237 Stevens Creek, Santa Clara, 12 – 4pm.

CWC bags: Sale Price \$5




Offered during our monthly meetings.
Collect yours before supplies run out!

South Bay Writers Anthology



Sale Price: \$5 at meetings

South Bay Writers Coffee Mugs



Sale price: \$5 each



California Writers Club
South Bay Branch
P.O. Box 3254
Santa Clara, CA 95055
www.southbaywriters.com

MAIL TO

Address Correction Requested

South Bay Writers
NO July Regular Meeting
Join us at the



SBW Barbecue

Sunday, July 12, 3 p.m.
Details on Page 1

Next Regular Meeting
Monday, August 10



Harry's Hofbrau

From Highway 280, take Saratoga Avenue North.
Harry's is on your right near Stevens Creek Blvd.