



WRITERSTALK

Volume 21
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December 2013

Monthly Newsletter of the South Bay Writers Club™



**California Writers Club
South Bay Branch
HOLIDAY BASH
Wednesday, Dec. 11, 2013
6 - 9 PM**

POTLUCK

Please bring a dish according to your last name:

- A - H Salad or Side dish
- I - R Dessert or Appetizer
- S - Z Main dish

The Club will provide beverages.

GIFT EXCHANGE

Please bring a gift for the exchange in the \$10 range.

PARTY PLACE

Gisela Zebroski Residence

RSVP vp@southbaywriters.com

For address and directions,

email vp@southbaywriters.com

Wishing everyone Happy Holidays

FLASH: Jordan Rosenfeld Workshop

See Page 7

Structure is . . .

by Grace Tam

How do I keep my readers' noses glued to my book? Why did my ending get away from me? Structure is the answer, according to Charlotte Cook at Harry's Hofbrau on November 13. Charlotte Cook, a writer of fiction and nonfiction with multiple publishing credits, is a master storyteller, and she told us how to connect a compelling story and engaging characters with structure and narrative arc.

"My favorite word is BS," Charlotte said, which made us all laugh. As a great believer of finishing a manuscript before editing, she emphasized nixing our knee-jerk reaction to edit while we write. "Don't find reasons not to write. Just get it all out there."

Once we begin the writing process, how do we write with structure? Charlotte demonstrated by dropping an orange tennis ball to the ground; structure dictates the ball will drop to the ground and may bounce. "Structure isn't something you apply in writing, but you find;" something not visible but sensed. "There should be some squeak to it," Charlotte said, as she squeezed the toy tennis ball.

Structure stays with the story and moves it forward, compelling a reader to continue the story. She warned against using structure as a way to get unstuck. Instead, she advised asking a set of questions to help in unjamming writer's block: What's the story? Whose story is it? Is the story plot-driven or character-based? Who is the Point of Narration PON? Have you written the ending?

In a plot-driven story, the tale is more important than the individual characters; think adventure story or science fiction.

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President's Palaver

by Colin Seymour
President, South Bay Writers

Facts get in the way of the best of stories



My still-unpublished political novel about a liberal sports-caster who runs afoul of his conservative constituency keeps getting overtaken by current events. For every occurrence that makes me think I've already missed the boat on this novel, another arises to convince me I've had the right idea all along.

We all experience this problem writing non-fiction, and you know that going in. But how many of you fiction writers find this problem just as vexing? I do. I believe it applies to both disciplines.

I got discouraged last summer when 7-foot basketball player Jason Collins became the first gay male in a team sport to come out. Although I'm not gay, the gays-in-team-sports issue is prominent in the novel and has lost some impact with Collins' announcement.

Damon Bruce to the rescue: By complaining last month (November on his KNBR 1050 AM sports talk show in San Francisco that the man-cave world of sports has been overly "feminized," Bruce was invoking a political schism many in sports think they scrupulously avoid.

That's precisely why, along with a need to justify more than 20 years of involvement in sports journalism, my novel might have something worthwhile to say.

Bruce was moved to comment on the punishments and criticism directed at Miami Dolphins lineman Richie Incognito for bullying and hazing younger, smaller teammate Jonathan Martin. The resulting anti-hazing media attention struck Bruce as too namby-pamby.

He may complain that the left-wing always gets the last word on these issues, but the second half of my novel focuses on a series of sports and political events during my career that unfairly received a decidedly right-wing spin in the day.

The point is, the only reason anyone thinks the sports world is apolitical is that it's so thoroughly right-wing that dissidents are considered aberrations. There's a presumption that sports would at least seem perfectly pristine if the loyal opposition, liberals like *Ball Four* author Jim Bouton, feminist harpies and other "sensitive types," as Bruce put it, would just shut up.

That's reason not to shut up.

Liberal-feminist sports fans should take to heart what Bruce said. For one thing, we're probably 25 to 30 percent of the fan base, and the NFL claims 40 percent of its fans are women. The lefties are propping up their political enemies by supporting sports and seem to be under the illusion, even more than Bruce, that the sports world is apolitical.

That knowledge might not induce them to eschew sports, but they ought to be aware of it, and they ought to thank Damon Bruce and his cave-man attitude for calling it to their attention.

I hope, somehow, they thank me after reading my novel when the time is right to publish it.

And, by the way, the gays-in-sports angle is still in play. Jason Collins is not on an NBA roster this season. — WT



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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. Electronic submissions should be text or attached MS Word file sent to newsletter@southbaywriters.com

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)

Accolades

accolades@southbaywriters.com

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by Marjorie Bicknell Johnson
Managing Editor



Ask a Pint-sized Digital Pro

This year I know how to help you with your Christmas shopping. Every child on your list *needs* an iPad or other tablet computer; if she has one already, then give her an ebook or an app. And if you're stuck figuring out your mobile device apps, just ask your favorite toddler. These days, even little kids are digital pros.

According to Common Sense Media's new study, "Zero to Eight: Children's Media Use in America 2013," seventy-two percent of children younger than 8 have used a mobile device, and thirty-eight percent of children under 2 have used one.

If you're wondering what these tots do on a smart phone, here are some answers. Babies play Angry Birds; a two-year-old girl plays an alphabet-animal game before breakfast; my ten-month-old great-grandson likes Pocket Pond; a beginning reader can read and/or hear an interactive illustrated book. There are educational apps for everything from numbers to music to foreign language. An autistic child I know was assigned apps on an iPad by her teacher in a special school; her progress has been amazing.

There are apps for all ages and all interests. In addition to many games and ebooks, one finds Shakespeare in Bits; Desktop Poet; Art Authority; Solar Walk; Frog Dissection; Mathemagics; Essential Skeleton; and Garage Band. There are apps for aviation, everything from private pilot preparation to instrument proficiency and charts for navigation. And don't forget the camera and Wikipedia.

So, what does all this mean? Parents in particular and society and the education industry in general would do well in considering how to approach shifts in media consumption. In the future, will children read at a younger age—or not read books at all? Will children receive implants to receive data wirelessly? From research cited in earlier *WritersTalk* editorials, we know that their brains are changing.

Now that you have finished your Christmas shopping for the children on your list, don't forget yourself—you need a tablet computer or a mobile phone. A smart phone has Google maps and provides directions to your destination, both written and verbal by a patient computer voice, as well as your address book, your appointment calendar, your email, Internet access—and even a flashlight. Treat yourself to an ebook on writing, and give yourself an early Christmas present—registration for the South Bay Writers' winter workshop on December 8. Afterwards, allow yourself some holiday "down time" and come back in January energized and ready to write.

Happy holidays! — WT

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New Members

by Sally A. Milnor



Sally Milnor

I am very happy to announce that South Bay Writers Club has four new members this month.

Merry Cohn found us online, and she is interested in writing children's picture

books. Merry has stories to share, and she wants to share them. She joined SBW to gain knowledge about writing.

Bridget Correia is a marketing writer by day, and her work has been published in local newspapers and magazines. Bridget has a passion for storytelling and an innate desire to express her thoughts through writing novels. She reads two books a month and spends all her free time writing; she wrote her first book when she was fourteen years old. Her first novel, *Rebecca & the Crocodile's Mouth*, is complete, and she is looking for an agent. Her website is www.BridgetCorreia.wordpress.com.

Lorraine Haataia, PhD has loved writing from the time she learned to write the alphabet. She is a freelance writer and healthy humorist; she blogs regularly on www.DrLorraine.net. She's an advocate for natural remedies, healthy homes, and sustainable communities. When it comes to writing or training, she has three core beliefs: jokes are pills, laughter is medicine, and comedians are the best teachers. Dr. Lorraine has experience as a professor, teaching ESL and creative and technical writing in the US, France and China. Her background in business leadership includes various industry experiences, such as transportation, technology, construction and interior design. She earned her PhD from the University of Florida. When she isn't writing, Lorraine enjoys biking, yoga, vegan/vegetarian cooking, and traveling. After recently moving back to the US from China, Lorraine joined SBW to network with other writers, especially those who have monetized websites, or blogs, or an interest in healthy living.

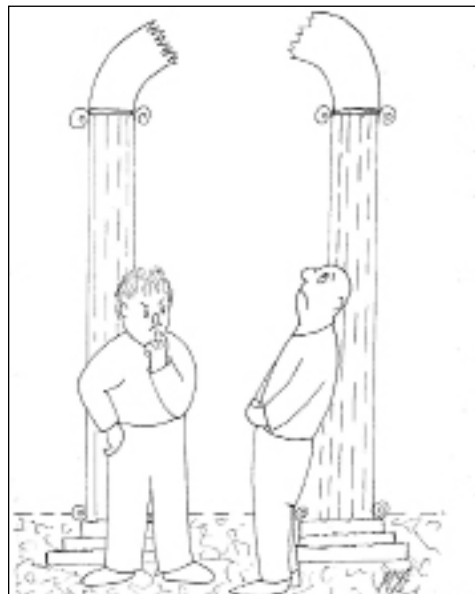
Sheri O'Sullivan writes both fiction and non-fiction. She finds inspiration for her writing by listening to people talk about their lives and the experienc-

es that shaped them. Many of her characters have a touch of a real person in them. In her junior year of high school, she started a monthly byline column for the *Fremont News Register*, giving a teenager's perspective on diverse subjects, such as movies, books, local bands, the first Be-in, Civil Rights Protests, and the assassinations of Martin Luther King Jr. and Robert Kennedy; her column ran for two years. In 1998, while a member of the Willamette Writers in Portland, Oregon, she was a winner in their screenwriting contest for *The Toymaker's Son*; and, in 2000, she was a winner for her short story, "Two for One." Sheri is putting the finishing touches to her novel, *The Paradise Inn*, "where there's rock and roll past midnight, fishing at dawn, murder, betrayal and love gone wrong. You might find true love or even a new kin, cuz' everybody's going to The Paradise Inn."

We hope your membership brings you inspiration and enjoyment, and to all of our wonderful SBW members: Have the very Happiest of Holidays! — WT



Shelf Life — Maddie McEwen-Asker



Gordon worried that something fundamental was missing.

From the

New Writers Group

Following is a short story from the New Writers Group. The goal is to write a complete story of approximately 650 – 700 words – creative practice without the intimidation of developing an entire book. The group selects a new writing theme each week. The NWG meets Thursdays at 6:15 pm at the Coffee Society in Pruneyard Shopping Center. RSVP at meetup.com. Come join us!

The Churchyard

by Kimberly Malanczuk

Minister John, his narrow shoulders bent by the knowledge of too many sins, stood amidst the graves and leaned on a garden rake. He surveyed the thin slabs of stone poking from the ground like crooked teeth. Below him lay Dutch parishioners long dead and forgotten, their carved names nearly erased by time. "Everything is meaningless," the gentle breeze seemed to admonish on Ecclesiastes as it rustled autumn leaves, gently spilling them to the ground. "What do people gain from all their labors at which they toil under the sun? Generations come and generations go, but the earth remains forever."

Mary Helen Blauvelt sat hidden in the shadow of an apple tree and watched him, pondering the merry blue eyes set amidst a face creased and worn. "I will get his attention today," she giggled to herself. At ten years old, she was just mischievous enough to get into trouble.

On her way home from school each day, she skipped by the Old North Reformed Church at the southwest corner of Washington and Madison avenues. Pushing her face through the tall spiked posts of the black metal fence surrounding the cemetery, she would look for Minister John. Then she would prance – blond curls and pink bow bouncing atop her head – around the back of the church, stealing unnoticed through the gap in the fence and into the churchyard.

Mary Helen watched the minister place his garden implements on the faded wood bench behind the church. First, he set down his gloves, then his pruning shears, followed by a small shovel and a

Continued on Page 5

Accolades

by Andrea Galvacs



Andrea Galvacs

After 30+ years of persistence **Hi-Dong Chai**, a Korean engineer, finally has a printed version of his story, *Shattered by the Wars But Sustained by Love*, on Amazon.com.

Bob Garfinkle completed his 1691-page manuscript for a major lunar Observer's Handbook to be published by Springer Publishing.

Victoria M. Johnson was selected as one of eight authors to participate in the town of Los Gatos' first Local Author Day on December 3 at 11:30 a.m. at the Los Gatos Library.

In 13 days **Kate Russell** completed over 26,000 words for NaNoWriMo.

Bonnie Vaughan's short story "An Unexpected Blessing" will appear in the *Things that Go Bump for the Holidays* anthology to be published by Black Opal Books this month.

It was a pleasure for Andrea Galvacs to report lucky members' successes. She wishes everyone a happy holiday season, and that in 2014 writing may become as easy as pie. —WT



Kate Russell and Bonnie Vaughan

— Photo by Carolyn Donnell



Robert Garfinkle

— Stock Photo



Members' Books November 13

Marjorie Johnson, Valerie Lee, Bonnie Vaughan, Rita Beach, and Judith Shernock

— Photo by Carolyn Donnell

The Churchyard

Continued from Page 4

three-pronged rake. It was all he needed to tend the old stones. Mary Helen, her cornflower-blue eyes twinkling, picked up an apple, shined it against her ruffled, floral-print dress, and threw. Falling short, it rolled to Minister John's toe. He jumped with a start. Without his spectacles, he could not see more than a few feet in any direction, but he looked around anyway. Mary Helen fell to the ground and rolled in the autumn leaves, her hands covering her mouth to stifle a peal of giggles.

Shaking his head, the minister took his pruning shears and clipped blades of grass hugging the headstone of a soldier who died in the 1780s, a tiny angel carved above his name. No matter the weather, Minister John spent hours on his knobby knees tending the tiny cemetery, working a few headstones each day, pulling weeds, removing leaves, and restoring bare patches of lawn with a sprinkle of grass seed. Mary Helen would patiently watch and wait for the old minister to notice her, wondering when he would put in his hearing aids or wear his spectacles with the glass lenses as thick as the bottoms of Coca Cola bottles.

She tiptoed to the bench, took Minister John's gloves and tools, and placed them underneath. When he returned to retrieve his shovel, he stopped, once

again puzzled. He shook his head and, for a moment, smiled in recollection. It reminded him of his twin, dead these many years, who hid his ice skates, gloves and scarf when they were children.

His gaze drifted to Coopers Pond, lying just beyond the churchyard. Each winter, he and his twin eagerly awaited the first snow, when the pond would freeze, and they would skate for hours across the frozen sheet. One year his twin refused to wait for town officials to measure the ice's thickness and headed off to skate alone on the virgin expanse. By the time townsfolk arrived at the pond, ice skates slung over their shoulders, there remained only a hole in the ice and his twin trapped beneath, weighed down by a wet woolen coat.

Mary Helen hid behind the church wall and wondered at the sudden sorrow that crossed the minister's face. She bit her lip, suddenly regretting that she hid his tools.

Minister John put on his garden gloves and returned to his work, lovingly caring for one particular headstone. Gently he touched the stone, wiping bits of blown grass and dry decayed leaves from his sister's name.

"I'll see you soon, Mary Helen," he whispered. —WT

Structure is . . .

Continued from Page 1

In a character-based story, a character is the central focus and drives the plot; the story is the characters themselves, how they change, what they learn.

The point of narration (PON) is the character's eyes through which the reader sees the story. To create a PON, the character must be developed and defined. Although multiple PONs can exist in a story, Charlotte advised that structure defines a degree of predictability between narrations. The reader must be able to sense each change in narration as the story progresses. "Structure isn't about making sense, but it's about predictability so that the readers can feel they are being guided in good hands." Charlotte gave Tim O'Brien's novel *In the Lake of the Woods* as an example. The novel is experimental literature and teaches the reader how to follow the structure of the book.

Charlotte introduced the idea, "the end informs the beginning," the structure of a story where the ending is known. Often writers say the ending they imagined "got away from them;" that occurs when authors lose track of the structure. Her midpoint theory is that halfway into the story, all the information should be revealed. The reader accumulates knowledge in the first half but doesn't understand what it means. In the second half of the book, all cards are revealed and no new information is introduced. For example, if the protagonist discovers he has a twin brother, structure must guide the reader by providing rumors of a twin brother in the beginning.

As the meeting adjourned, we left with new inspiration and cheered with Charlotte's good humor. —WT

From Grammar to Glamour

by J. Shernock

In his 2011 book, *The Story of English in 100 Words*, David Crystal, who has written or edited over 100 books on English and linguistics, amazes and amuses us. He chose 100 words ranging in time from the 5th through the 21st centuries. Each selection tells a story. As an example, the kissing cousins grammar and glamour both originate from the same root word.

According to Crystal, grammar is derived from the Latin *grammatica*, from *gramma*, a written mark or letter. In the 14th century very few knew how to read or write. The educated included monks, scholars and those who practiced astrology or magic. The Middle English word *grammarye* came to mean occult learning or necromancy, divination through invocation of the dead.

In the 18th century, the Scots took *grammar* to mean an enchantment or spell, and when they said the word, it sounded like *glamour*. Crystal writes, "Devils and wizards were said to cast the glamour over the eyes of onlookers." This eventually became an alluring charm surrounding someone or something and received the spelling we use today — glamour.

This book and many others by David Crystal — twenty books listed just on the first two pages that come up on Google — are available on Amazon.com. And for those who need a daily dose of words and their history, the website wordsmith.org offers five words a week. Funny and interesting. —WT



"Structure is like gravity . . ." — Charlotte Cook

— Photo by Carolyn Donnell

Cannery Row A Patchwork Quilt for Doc

by Pratibha Kelapure

After listening to Charlotte Cook's presentation at the November SBW meeting, I thought about the structure of the novel *Cannery Row* by John Steinbeck. The novel is certainly not plot driven. To some extent it is character driven, but even more so, it is about the place called Cannery Row. The novel opens with this description: "Cannery Row in Monterey, California is a poem, a stink, a grating noise, a quality of light, a tone, a habit, a nostalgia, a dream."

Readers get to know the characters who inhabit Cannery Row through vignettes of their lives. Connectedness among the seemingly unconnected people and episodes is the essence of the novel, and the quilt crafted by Dora's girls for Doc is a major metaphor for the structure of the novel. The personal histories of the novel's characters are like the colorful scraps of fabric in the quilt.

First, the patchwork metaphor applies to the myriad characters: young Andy and the old Chinaman; intelligent Doc and mentally challenged Frankie; naïve Hazel and shrewd businessman Lee Chong; and the ensembles of social misfits, Dora and her girls and Mack and the boys.

Next, the physical spaces in the novel also have the quality of a patchwork. For example, at Lee Chong's grocery, "A man could find everything he needed or wanted to live and to be happy — clothes, food, both fresh and canned, liquor, tobacco, fishing equipment, machinery, boats, cordage, caps, pork chops. You could buy at Lee Chong's a pair of slippers, a silk kimono, a quarter pint of whiskey and a cigar." The store is a convenient and familiar place offering the same convenience and utilitarian value that a quilt offers.

Finally, the objects echo the patchwork theme as well. Eddy's wine jug is a mixture of rye, beer, bourbon, scotch, wine, rum, gin, a few drops of stinger, and anisette. An interesting and surprising punch! This punch offers comfort and support to Mack and the boys — both inside the Palace Flophouse and on the road.

The colorful patterns of a quilt, the history of each piece, and the skillful caring nature of the quilter, are the three significant aspects of a quilt. *Cannery Row* embodies all three, making Dora's quilt a potent metaphor for the novel. —WT

The expanded version of this article is available at <http://pratibhaswords.wordpress.com/>

Make Your Scenes Support Your Plot

Drive Your Story

Convey Your Ideas

Satisfy Your Creativity

Learn **how** at our South Bay Writers workshop

SCENES DO IT WITH PLOTS

With Jordan E. Rosenfeld

Sunday, December 8, 2013

9:30 a.m. – 3:30 p.m.

Three Flames Restaurant

1547 Meridian (near Hamilton), San Jose

Hurry! Seats still available

Registration:

- 11/14 – 12/7: CWC Member, \$59; Nonmember, \$67
- Student (18—25 with ID): \$29
- At the door: \$67 if seats available
- Includes continental breakfast and plate-served lunch

Register online at www.southbaywriters.com or send a check to CWC South Bay Writers, P. O. Box 3254, Santa Clara, CA 95055



Jordan E. Rosenfeld, MFA

Websites for Writers

by Carolyn Donnell

From *Writer's Digest*: "The 15th Annual 101 Best Websites for Writers."

What are the best websites for writers? The answer is dependent on the need. Are you looking for help with grammar and structure? Is your book finished and you need to get it published and sold? Is it a steamy novel or children's fare? Prose or poetry? Where do you start? One good place to begin is *Writer's Digest's* list of 101 Best Websites.

Writer's Digest website is itself a treasure house of knowledge, ranging from writer advice and education, interactive forums, listings of events, conferences and competitions to advice for finding agents and marketplace listings, just to name a few. See writersdigest.com/ (Must subscribe to their free newsletter to download "101 Best Websites.")

#11 on the WD list is Grammar Girl. Mignon Fogarty provides tips to im-

prove your writing. The site says, "Your friendly guide to the world of grammar, punctuation, usage, and fun developments in the English language." quick-and-dirtytips.com/grammar-girl

#12. How to Blog a Book. SBW member Nina Amir helps writers build a business around their blogs and their books. She also gives workshops and talks in the Bay Area. howtoblogabook.com

#14. Jane Friedman's blog. Advice for "Writing, reading and publishing in the digital age." janefriedman.com

20. Plot Whisperer for Writers and Readers. California Bay Area's own writing instructor Martha Alderson posts useful tips to solve plot problems. She has given talks and workshops for SBW. plotwhisperer.blogspot.com

#25. WOW! Women on Writing. They promote communication between women writers, authors, editors, agents, publishers and readers. wow-womenonwriting.com

#50 United States Copyright Office. Register a work or record a document. Information on what every author needs to know to protect his work. copyright.gov

#62. Resources for Children's Writers. Rachelle Burk has links to hundreds of articles for children's writers, from craft tips to publishing advice to strategies for networking with other authors. resourcesforchildrenswriters.com

#75. The official website of the Poetry Society of America (PSA) with information on events, annual contests and awards. It's also the source for Poetry in Motion and Poem in Your Pocket Day. poetrysociety.org/psa/

Almost last at #99, but certainly not least, is Goodreads. Read about others' works, vote for your favorites, and keep track of your own books as well. Read interviews with bestselling authors and get a chance to have live chats with them. goodreads.com — WT

Chinese Mungo Sungo

by Valerie Lee (author of *The Jade Rubies*)

Chinatown at one o'clock in the afternoon was noisy and filled with activity. Shoppers stopped on the street to talk, cars honked their horns, and children of all ages shouted and chased each other.

Five-year-old Horne was sad. He knelt on the living room couch and stared outside at the children playing. He didn't have any friends. Boys on the street avoided him and called him names because he walked with a limp. He climbed down and went into his room to find something to play with.

Half an hour later, his father, Ray Chan, came into the kitchen. He worked as a night janitor in a downtown movie house, but today was his day off. He had just awakened and was ready for something to eat when he saw Horne playing with colored blocks on the kitchen floor. He could hear children shouting at play outside and wondered why his son wasn't out there among them.

"Horne, it's a nice day. *Joe mut ya?* Why don't you go outside and play with Watson from next door?"

His son continued to pile another block on top of three others and said, "Baba, I don't want to. *Mmm sern.* I'd rather play here by myself."

Mrs. Chan wiped her hands on a dishtowel. She and Horne had had lunch earlier and — knowing that her husband would want lunch — she had kept the chicken broth hot. She added noodles, spooned some into a big bowl, handed it to him, and said, "He rarely goes outside. The children make fun of him."

Mr. Chan raised one eyebrow and said in a harsh tone, "What? Why they make fun of him? *Dim guy?*"

Tears rolled down Horne's face. He limped over to hide behind his mother's skirt. He was afraid when Baba spoke loudly. His mother patted his head. "Come, *lie la.* Let Baba eat quietly. I'll play with you in your room."

Using chopsticks to eat his noodles, Baba eyed his son when he followed his mother out of the room. It wasn't right for the boys on the street to tease Horne; it wasn't his fault that he was born with a limp. Children could be so mean. If he went to the parents and insisted their boys play with Horne, that wouldn't work because the boys would resent Horne and call him a sissy. Besides, he would lose face; he had never begged for anything and he did not intend to do that now.

Suddenly he had an idea. The large kitchen clock with Chinese figures hanging on the wall chimed 1:30. Yes, he had time. He gulped his food, drank some oolong tea, and placed his dishes in the kitchen sink. Then he searched his catch-all drawer for an old washer. He picked up a stack of old newspapers, evened them out, and cut vertically with scissors making certain that each cut was only 1/2" wide with a 2" top border. Finally he folded it, gripped it tightly, and secured it with the washer. Resembling a shuttlecock, the paper fanned out wide like a feather fan. He tossed it up, and it was just light enough to stay in the air. It was perfect!

He remembered the story of the shuttlecock-kicking game that his father had told him when he was Horne's age. Huang Ti, the first emperor of China, invented this alternative to

Chinese soccer as a way to keep his foot soldiers physically fit for the continuous century-long battle against the Titans. This exercise improved coordination of the waist, feet and knees.

Now Ray looked at the paper shuttlecock in his hand and wondered if it could help his son. Pushing the table to one side, he turned his right foot at an angle and began kicking the shuttlecock with his heel. He laughed loudly, then flashes of happy memories consumed him.

Horne ran in to see why Baba was making so much noise. He was kicking a feather-like paper object!

His mother walked in and giggled. "What are you doing?"

Baba stopped, grabbed the object in mid-air with his right hand, and handed it to his wife. "Lili, it's your turn."

She blushed and laughed. "But Ray, it's been so long. Besides, we don't have enough room in here."

"It's okay, but doing this outdoors is best." He walked into the living room and pushed the black-lacquered, teak coffee table aside. Lili followed, and he motioned her to kick.

Horne's eyes bulged when his mother, dressed in dark slacks, kicked the paper shuttlecock. She was smiling, enjoying herself. He had never seen her like this. She was always quiet and soft spoken, but now his parents were going insane.

Suddenly Mama was out of breath and stopped. She left the shuttlecock on the floor and said, "Ray, we have to stop this nonsense. We must set a good example." She dusted off her slacks and tucked her blouse in securely.

Ray laughed. Not missing the confused expression on his son's face, he placed Horne on his lap and handed him the shuttlecock. "Son, I want to tell you a story about the shuttlecock-kicking game." His eyes sparkled with excitement as he spoke of what his own father had told him.

Horne found it hard to imagine that Baba was once his age. He listened, careful not to miss a word; he liked to sit on Baba's knees and hear him talk. "This is what we call *mungo sungo*. I want you to learn how to kick it just like we did."

Horne's eyes lit up with happiness at the challenge. At first, he just tossed it in the air. Then he tried to balance on his left leg and kicked it with the inside of his right heel. So absorbed in what he was doing, he failed to see Baba whispering to his mother, who smiled at him.

For the next two weeks, Horne continued playing with the paper *mungo sungo*. He was getting good at it. His face beamed with pride when he beat Baba's record of 100 kicks.

On Saturday morning, Horne wanted more space to kick his *mungo sungo* so he went outside. Head down, he stood alone in front of his apartment on Keefer Street. Children were playing tag on one side of the street. Girls were skipping rope, and some boys were playing marbles. At first no one paid attention to him. He took his *mungo sungo* out and began kicking it. He was so engrossed in what he was doing he didn't notice that Watson, Bill, and Fong had circled him.

Suddenly Watson yelled, "Hey, Horne, what you got? How you do that?"

Continued on Page 13

Regret

From the novel, *Rebecca & The Crocodile's Mouth*

by Bridget Correia

I trudged into the funeral parlor on that gray rainy day, warmed over by the death of two empty bottles of red wine from the night before. I was greeted by a thin woman with ashy hair and over-styled bangs. An open cardigan hung over her shoulders, and a tight, closed smile hung over her face.

"Welcome to Greener Pastures, Rebecca," she said. "My name is Connie, and we hope to make this difficult time as easy as we can for you. Come with me, please." In the room stood a large rectangular table, a hutch, and a brandy table. "Hello Rebecca," a man said. "I'm Tom." He took my hand and shook it, placing his left hand on top of my right, so there were three hands shaking instead of just two.

"Would you like a drink?" Tom asked. I looked at my watch. I had to remind myself that by most people's standards, eleven o'clock was probably too early to start in. A normal person would say no thank you. The brandy was staring at me through a nubby glass decanter. I averted my eyes and sat down.

"We knew your grandfather," Tom said. "He arranged with us long ago to reserve a place for himself and your father on our Mound of Serenity. You will need to pick out an urn for Roger's final resting place." He smiled at me solemnly. I felt sick.

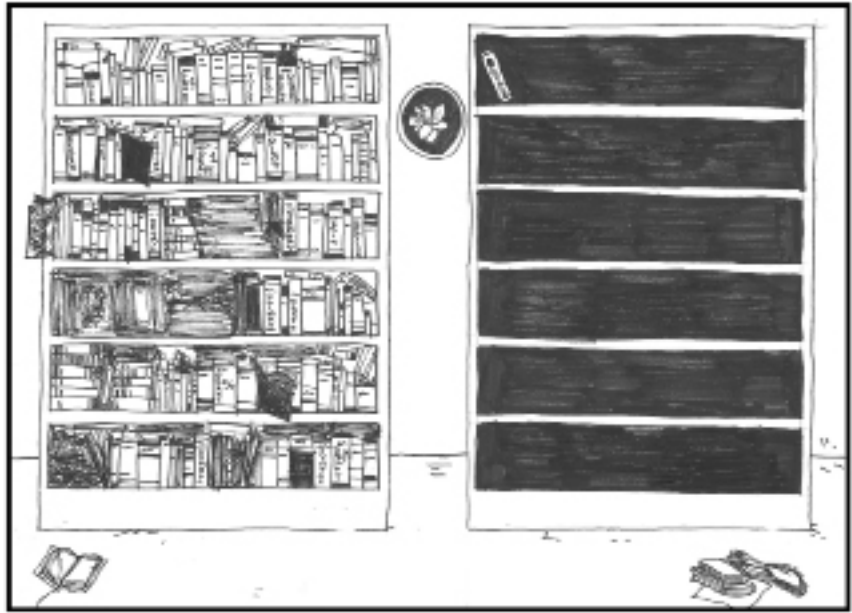
"Let's go over what you'd like to do, then." A sales-y twang rang in Tom's voice and I went on the defensive. As I stood up, I tripped over the leg of the chair. I was shaking. God, I should have said yes to that drink.

"On our Mound of Serenity, we will mark your father's gravesite with a lawn-level marker like this one." Tom pointed to a cement marker on display next to the hutch, engraved with Jack Doe, 1900-1980, Beloved Father. "You have room for three written lines."

Connie was poised with her pen and a form, ready to capture whatever I said.

Off the Shelf

Edie Matthews & Marina Menendez-Pidal



The Writer's Library

Books on Writing

Books Published

"Well," I began. My throat went dry. "I'll put his name, Edward McKenzie Ravensdale, 1948-2000, and then, um," I looked down. Tears filled my eyes. *Oh Dad. I'm so sorry. It was too late.* "Just write, I love you, Dad," I said. That was it. Connie finished her writing, her lips pursed tightly as she did so.

"Now," Tom said, "You'll need to choose from these." I let the bile roll from my gut up to my throat, and then I swallowed it back down.

Tom removed each of the urns from the hutch and lined them up on the table in front of me, neatly in a row. The first one he set down was made of black stone, edged with ribbons of gold. Then a cream-colored stone box outlined in silver, a white box that looked like marble, and finally, a reddish wooden box with a simple etching.

Connie was looking at me, observing. I felt my cheeks flush with heat. Sighing, I scraped my hair back with my fingernails and then let my hand drop.

I ran my fingertip over the cool smoothness of the black stone box, shiny and obviously just polished. "How much is this one?"

"That's our finest urn," Tom said.

"It's \$2,200. It's made of Australian onyx and inset with 24k gold. It will last for eternity."

"Does that mean that some of these others may not last for eternity?"

Tom fingered the wood box at the end of the row. "This pine box will last for many years, but not eternity. The price is fifty-five dollars."

I could see just by looking at the pine box that eventually the elements would break it down. Holes would form in the wood, leaving it porous, and the ashes would sift out while worms and insects crawled in. I was clawing at my throat without realizing it. *Don't worry Dad. I won't do that to you,* I thought. Not this time. Not after all he'd done for me. All the begging for rent money, the tuition he'd spent on classes I'd failed, the ninety days in rehab. And the DUI, for which he paid over \$10,000.

"Are you okay, Rebecca?" Tom asked, breaking my thoughts. I was not okay. Not at all. I would die before I laid my father to rest in a pine box.

Tom's hand hovered over the two remaining boxes, telling me that the marble box cost \$180, and the one of rose quartz was \$1,500.

Continued on Page 12

The Lone Saxophone

A rainy night in the city
Mournful notes rose
From the slick pavement
Illumined from above
By the golden light of
The street lamps
The soulful tones of a
Lone saxophone
Somewhere in the distance
Seemed to beckon us
Step by step the solitary
Melody drew us
It was as if that instrument
Knew us
On we walked
Our feet sloshed
The rain washed
Over us
We could not stop nor
Abandon the search
The lone saxophone called us
As if to church
We walked almost hypnotized
Following the unbroken rise
And riffs of the music
That song drawing us
Along the streets
Until finally
There he stood
The Player leaning back
Against the building wall
Looking upward in
A kind of reverence
I wondered if we should
Call out to him
We decided to stop a
Short distance away
And listen as he continued
To play
We stood for awhile unseen
And watched him silhouetted
By the amber light's gleam
His fingers danced across
The buttons on his horn
We wondered if he ever felt
Worn out
Playing for the people or
Like on this night
For himself alone
Just him and his instrument
His talent
His lament
We walked away into the night
The notes fading with each step
Until finally
The music of the street

Became the only sound
The streetlamps our only light
Today, sometimes when I
Close my eyes and listen
I can still hear the
Mournful tones of
That lone saxophone glisten
Through the falling drops
Of water
On a rainy night
In the city
— Karen Hartley

Take Me Back

Ride in a carriage o'er gray stone bridge
that spans a gently flowing ridge
of rock walls winding through the fields,
marking boundaries of my dreams.
Sand curves round soft flowing sea.
Rain clouds cover mountains green.
Thatched-roof cottage, walls of white.
Pray, take me back to Ireland tonight.
— Carolyn Donnell

My Redwoods

Oh,
I have
walked--so lucky
am I--in their sorrel-carpeted
cathedral groves of the coastal mountains
through my redwoods, walked under those
fabulous sun-seeking
canopies,
heavy
branches and needle-sharp leaves,
starting their sprouting outward more than 100-feet overhead.
They hurt my neck to look at them in wonder. I am a miniature
man among humbling groves where
I've so often felt the God
of our ancestors' beliefs and
sacredly-held
myths fill me,
if not with their
magical faith,
then with many
a reverent
sent out by mystic telepathy thank you,
but these lordly groves of I suppose, to no one
their pine and redwoods,
fir tree neighbors,
the fecund soil,
and cool misty
air. These are the
prettiest, loneliest
forests, where once
upon a time, black-
tailed deer, by the flock,
vaulted high, as though
in slow motion,
where bear and bobcat ruled.
I miss the animals, although mine
was not the age of their kingship. Still, I do
count our blessings and those of my grandchildren,
proud that we are the women and men who have largely
put the lumberjacks' saws away in a few protected spots.
Oh, that we might manage our forests
this well in the eons yet to come.

—Richard A. Burns

December Terse on Verse

by Pat Bustamante



Pat Bustamante

Dec-Athlon

If you tried “Na-No-November”
Your novel sits ready in December.
Your speed as an athletic writer
Is Olympic-style, yes you’re a fighter,
A contender!

— Pat Bustamante

I cannot say enough praise for all the energizing contests! Each one, no matter what time of year, is a Christmas present for me whether or not I win.

I hope a lot of writers spent November embedded in a novel, or perhaps a slightly fictional memoir; I like fiction because “anything goes.” I have pretty much nailed at least an outline for each of my four unfinished novels. I also like to look back on the past and list all the exciting or humorous or soul-stirring events that I witnessed. I suggest anyone reading this, if you have not already done so, list the unforgettable moments of your life that stand out from all others.

I call each unforgettable moment an “Aha.” The time I was targeted by a sexual predator: I escaped. The time I was “personally” invited by Chairman Mao to visit China’s capitol city at his expense: I had to decline; my passport would have been revoked, making it a one-way trip—I was all of 17 years old and still tied to parents who were very conservative politically. The time that the racehorse I adored committed suicide on his last gallop (sans me) down Sunset Boulevard in Pacific Palisades due to horrible kidney-pain, which took him off the racetrack and placed him with a 14 year old: I had dismounted just before he took off and collided with at least three cars before hitting a truck.

Make your own “Aha” list. At the top of it might be times in your life you barely avoided death or severe injury. Or you had a murderer for a neighbor? And tried to get him to confess to it? Well, December should be a time of happiness, passing the hump of midwinter; make an Aha about the best things that ever happened to you! And may an equal time of happiness descend on you now. — WT

Correction Please

Correction please, you speak, not a lie, but right
Correction please, say it, another way, shed light
Correction please, so some other, not understood
Correction please, change to understand, I could
Correction please, someone tell say, I don’t know
Correction please, you correct it, say, it will show
Correction please, I said it with love from above
Correction please, I said it, look to find, out love
Correction please, you want to be heard as a friend
Correction please, let me say, I’m yours never bend

*Let right come out of wrong
May this, happen, all along*

Correction please, Correction please
Correction please, and with all, ease

— Clarence L. Hammonds

The Waste of War

I cry for us who watch the insanity of men
who resort to killing ...

Those men who could not wait for a
peaceful resolution.

Those who cheat the less fortunate,
who steal their energy and
their life and treat them as a
commodity.

Those men who lied to us, who made
believe that we are invincible.

Those men need to answer to those who
have suffered ... the killed, the maimed,
and their families whose lives have been
split asunder.

But those men who lied to us,
They keep on lying,
They keep on killing.

— Jill Pipkin

Day after pumpkins -
Christmas already in stores.

I recall lost love.

— Stephen C. Wetlesen

Little Shauna

How are you, my little Shauna?
How are you, my little girl?
How your eyes get wide and wondering
‘Bout our wild and wondrous world.

Mem’ry pictures last for ages,
You, with ice cream on your chin;
Tiny fingers turning pages,
Talking, pointing, while I grin.

You go ‘round important, stomping,
Tell me things I ought to know.
I like to see you run and romp
While I play beast and chase you slow.

Wish I knew what you were thinking
‘Neath your locks of fine, soft hair.
Why are you at nap time sleeping,
Covered rump up in the air?

How are you, my little Shauna?
Let me make just one thing clear:
I only want to be your Daddy,
Thrilled to have you playing near.

— Richard A. Burns

Regret

Continued from Page 9

I had no money to pay for any of these boxes. But I did have one last credit card. Connie was eyeing me carefully, watching.

"I'll take the onyx box," I said.

Tom smiled. "Very good, Rebecca. That's the same box your grandfather is resting in, and the one your father would have liked best. Our credit card machine is not functioning today, but we'll put the charge through tomorrow. In the meantime, please sign this authorization form."

I stopped by the liquor store on my way back home. I went inside and locked the door, staying like that for the next two days, until the day of the funeral. The phone rang constantly. The home phone, my cell phone. I didn't pick up. Eventually, I just shut them both off.

Barely able to walk, I went to Greener

Pastures that Wednesday morning to say goodbye to my father for the last time. I was late. As soon as I arrived, Tom came jogging toward me.

"Rebecca," he said, "I've been trying to get ahold of you."

Oh, I thought.

"Umm, Rebecca," Tom stammered.

Then the priest began to speak, cuing everyone to gather around my father's gravesite. Connie called for Tom from across the lawn, and he dropped his gaze from mine, put his hands in pockets, and left.

An old woman came up to me, softly gripped my arm with her small withered hand, and said, "This must be so hard, Rebecca. I know Roger was all you had left."

When the priest picked up the urn that held my father's ashes and began to bless it, I was dumbstruck. The urn the priest was laying into the ground

was not sleek and shiny black. It was pine. Pallbearers began shoveling dirt over it. *No! Dad! No!* I screamed in my head.

I looked up and scanned the crowd for Tom. He had been watching me, and walked over quickly, his eyes wide and his lips tight. "Tom!" I said, wringing my hands. "That's not the right urn! I paid for the onyx box!"

Tom lowered his face. "No, Rebecca, you didn't. That's why I tried to reach you for two days. Your credit card declined the charge for the onyx urn."

I put my hand to my mouth, clutching my own face.

"We had to put your father in something. I'm so sorry."

Oh God, no, I thought. This can't be! But it was. And there were no more chances left. My father was gone, and it was all too late. —WT

The Worst Day

by Gay Bachmann

The worst day of my life began like every other, or at least like so many before. It was a day between "Yeah, whatever," and "When I get around to it," an ordinary day. I awoke to an unwanted alarm for an unwanted day. I glugged my coffee and ate my uninspiring breakfast, not tasting the food I hurried to consume. I ate standing up, racing around the kitchen, rushing the family through the morning ritual and out the door. I watched the news as I fed the dog, barely blinking at just another shooting, at all the rest of the bad news reaching out to me from my big screen TV. The traffic, the weather, just like all the other days.

It was like so many, uninspired and unknown. I didn't linger with my husband over coffee. I didn't tell my son how strong he was getting or tell my daughter that her hair looked nice. I didn't walk the dog. I didn't return the email from my mother or open yesterday's card from my friend who always sent family pictures.

I worked through my lunch hour, like most days. I didn't take a walk and

notice the changing weather, the new flowers or budding trees. I didn't read that book I was anxious to get to. I didn't daydream about tropical vacations or time away just-the-two-of-us.

The worst day of my life was just like so many other days. It was un-lived and it was my last. When I realized it was over, when I saw that I was no longer there, I couldn't believe that I had wasted it. I was devastated. How could I have spent that day not living, when it was my last chance? How could I have missed the opportunity to tell my kids how much I cared about them? How could I have missed my last chance to be held by my husband, to share a kiss?

The worst day of my life was spent not living. Not paying attention to what mattered most to me. It was spent unexamined and unappreciated. If I had only known. If I could have made it the best day of my life, I could have spent it in joy, doing what was important to me. Sharing myself with those who mattered. Caring for myself enough to do what I loved. I could have read that book and taken the time to appreciate that sunrise. I could have sat at the table for breakfast and told my kids what

was great about them. I could have lingered at the door with my husband and whispered in his ear, leaving a kiss on his neck. I could have surprised the lonely dog at lunch and enjoyed the quiet neighborhood on a walk with him. I could have called my mother just to say hi.

I want to go back and tell them all. Tell them that each day is either the worst day of their lives or the best. They get to choose. If I could relive that day, I would make it the best day of my life. If I could relive that life, I would have a lifetime of best days. I would live and sing and read and dance and bounce and jump and smile. I would kiss and hug and compliment and walk and ride and see the world. I would write and share myself. I would wake everyday joyously expecting the best day of my life and sleep peacefully each night knowing I had finished one. —WT



Contests and Markets

More Writing Contests

Poets & Writers lists more writing contests than any other source, and all of the contests listed in their database at pw.org/grants have been carefully reviewed and benefit writers.

While you're perusing the listings, please take a look at the entry for *Tusculum Review's* annual literary prizes, which offer \$1,000 and publication to winners in poetry and fiction.

An extensive list of contests appears on preditorsandeditors.com and on writersdigest.com/competitions/writing-competitions. —WT

San Francisco Writers Conference

Website: <http://www.sfwriters.org>

Dates: Feb. 13-16, 2014

Fee: \$650 until January 1. Prices rise afterwards, until \$795 at the door

Participants have access to more than fifty "how to" sessions, panels, and workshops. An *Independent Editor consultation* and *Ask a Pro* are included in the registration fee. *Speed Dating for Agents* is \$50 to pitch to a room full of agents. The conference features large and small traditional publishing houses, but also gives attendees the latest e-publishing, social media, and self-publishing information.

SBW Members: This conference is the local "biggie." Don't miss it.

Mungo Sungo

Continued from Page 8

Horne grabbed the *mungo sungo* just in case anyone tried to take it from him and said, "Baba made it for me."

"Wow! You're lucky! What is it? Can we play with you?" Watson's eyes focused on the *mungo sungo*.

Bill touched Horne on the shoulder and said, "I wish my Baba would make one of those for me."

Horne looked towards his kitchen window and beamed when he saw his parents staring at him. "Yes, Baba made it real fast too. Can you believe he did this when he was a little boy like me? But I'm better, I beat him."

Fong laughed and pointed to the *mungo sungo*. "Is it easy to kick? Can we play with you?"

A big smile flashed across Horne's face. "Yes, please play with me. I'll show you how it's done." He turned his heel outward to show the boys the proper kicking technique, and they stood in line waiting to try his new game. —WT

Dream Quest One

The Dream Quest One Poetry & Writing Contest is open to anyone who loves expressing innermost thoughts and feelings into the beautiful art of poetry and/or writing a short story that is worth telling. The contest welcomes all having the ability to dream. Write a poem or short story for a chance to win up to \$500 in cash prizes. All works must be original.

Guidelines: Write a poem, thirty lines or fewer on any subject, style, or form. And/or write a short story, five pages maximum length, on any subject or theme, fiction or non-fiction or creative nonfiction, including essays and short plays. All submissions must be typed or neatly hand-printed. **Postmark deadline: January 16, 2014.**

Prizes: Writing, First Prize \$500; 2nd, \$250; 3rd, \$100. Poetry, \$250; \$125, \$50. **Entry fees:** \$10 per story; \$5 per poem.

To send entries: Include title(s) with your submission(s), along with your name, address, phone#, email, and brief bio on the coversheet. Add SASE for entry confirmation. Pay fees to **DREAMQUESTONE.COM**. Mail to: Dream Quest One, Poetry & Writing Contest, P.O. Box 3141, Chicago, IL 60654. Visit www.dreamquestone.com for details.

Tell us!

Heard about a good contest or a good market? Send us a brief notice.

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

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

SAVE THE DATE!

A workshop presented by
Victoria M. Johnson

How To Write Your Novel In Two Weeks!

Discover techniques to write fast and get your first draft written in two weeks. Learn how to prepare for the two-week event, how to execute during the two weeks, and how to fine-tune your masterpiece.

For beginners or pros, this is an exciting and motivating workshop that will help you improve your storytelling skills. Don't waste years trying to get your novel written. Learn secrets to avoiding writer's block and write your novel once and for all!

January 25, 2014

9:00 AM to 2:00 PM

Los Gatos Adult Recreation Center

Directory of experts

Do you have specialized knowledge that might help a writer bring authentic detail to a scene? Send a message to newsletter@southbaywriters.com and we will add your listing to our directory of experts.

Astronomy, History of Astronomy

Bob Garfinkle ragarf@earthlink.net

Banking

Pam Oliver-Lyons polpap@prodigy.net

Counseling/John Steinbeck

Dr. Audrey L. Lynch
glynch0001@comcast.net

Engineering: Mechanical, Aerospace

Jerry Mulenburg
geraldmulenburg@sbcglobal.net

Growing Great Characters from the Ground Up

Martha Engber martha@engber.com

Internal Medicine/Addiction

Disorder/Psychology
Dave Breithaupt dlbmlb@comcast.net

Marketing and Management

Suzy Paluzzi, MBA jomarch06@yahoo.com

Mathematics/Fibonacci Sequence

Marjorie Johnson marjohnson@mac.com

Teaching and the Arts

Betty Auchard Btauchard@aol.com

Telecommunications Technology

Allan Cobb allancobb@computer.org

Television Production

Woody Horn 408-266-7040

New Writers Group

by Kimberly Malanczuk

Are you a new writer? A writer changing genres? A procrastinator who needs a kick in the pants? Need the camaraderie of writers facing the same challenges? The goal of the New Writers Group is to support and encourage you to follow your bliss and get down to the business of writing.

To hone our skills like the fine edge of a samurai sword, we will write a 650-word themed story each week. The story must have a beginning, middle, and end (including climax). A new theme will be chosen each week. Submit your 650-word piece to publicity@southbaywriters.com for distribution to the group by noon Tuesday before Thursday's meeting. We meet every Thursday at 6:15 p.m., at Coffee Society, Pruneyard, Campbell. —WT

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 204, 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 11 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

Karen's Critique Group

Meets at The Hick'ry Pit, Campbell, 10 am to Noon, second and fourth Tuesdays. Fiction, non-fiction or memoir only. Three openings. Contact Karen, Sew1Machin@aol.com

Your Critique Group

For consideration, send information to newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Ongoing writing groups

Writing Group: A Chapter at a Time

Mondays, 9 a.m. to noon, Barnes&Noble Almaden. Contact Nader Khaghani, workshops@southbaywriters.com

Writing Group: New Writers

Thursdays, 6:15 p.m., Coffee Society, The Pruneyard, Campbell. Contact Kim Malunczuk, publicity@southbaywriters.com

Open position: Networking Chair, committee members. Contact SBW President.



Want more?

Listings for contests, conferences and workshops commonly appear in *Writers Digest* and *The Writer*. Check their websites and also the websites of other CWC Branches listed above. Please send contest/conference/workshop information to newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1 11A Our Voices	2 9A Chap at a Time 1:30P Mystery Circle 2P Valley Writers	3	4	5 6:15P New Writers	6 7:30P Open mic B&N Almaden, San Jose	7
8 J. Rosenfeld Workshop 9:30 to 3:30	9 9A Chap at a Time 2P Valley Writers	10 10A Karen's Critique	11 6:00p Holiday Bash	12 6:15P New Writers	13	14
15 Deadline <i>WritersTalk</i> 11A Our Voices	16 9A Chap at a Time 2P Valley Writers	17 7:30p SBW Board Meeting	18	19 6:15P New Writers	20 7:30P Open mic Wil- low Glen Library, 1157 Minnesota Ave	21
22	23 9A Chap at a Time 2P Valley Writers	24 10A Karen's Critique	25	26 6:15P New Writers	27	28
29	30 9A Chap at a Time 2P Valley Writers	31	December 2013			

Future Flashes						
January 8 Reg. Dinner Meeting						

South Bay Writers open mic
Read from your own work, from your favorite authors, or just come to listen. See calendar for schedule. Contact Bill Baldwin (408) 730-9622 or email WABaldwin@aol.com

Your ad could go here
\$7 per column inch for SBW members
\$10 per inch for nonmembers

CWC bags: Only \$10 each



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


Where is it?
For locations of critique and writing groups, see Page 14.

South Bay Writers Coffee Mugs
Available at Meetings



\$10 each or three for \$20

South Bay Writers Anthology



\$10
At the meeting or on amazon.com

Poetry readings

Poets@Play
Second Sundays: Check for times
Markham House History Park
1650 Senter Rd., San Jose

Poetry Center San Jose
Willow Glen Library
3rd Thursdays, 7:00 p.m.
1157 Minnesota Ave., San Jose

Free and open to the public. For more information, contact Dennis Noren at norcamp@sbcglobal.net or go to poetrycentersanjose.org/calendar



Stay informed
Read Constant Contact notices in your email for meeting and event announcements. SBW members are listed automatically; nonmembers who wish to be listed go to <http://southbaywriters.com/wordpress/ mailing-list/>



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
January Regular Membership Meeting
6 p.m. Wednesday, January 8

Harry's Hofbrau
390 Saratoga Avenue, San Jose

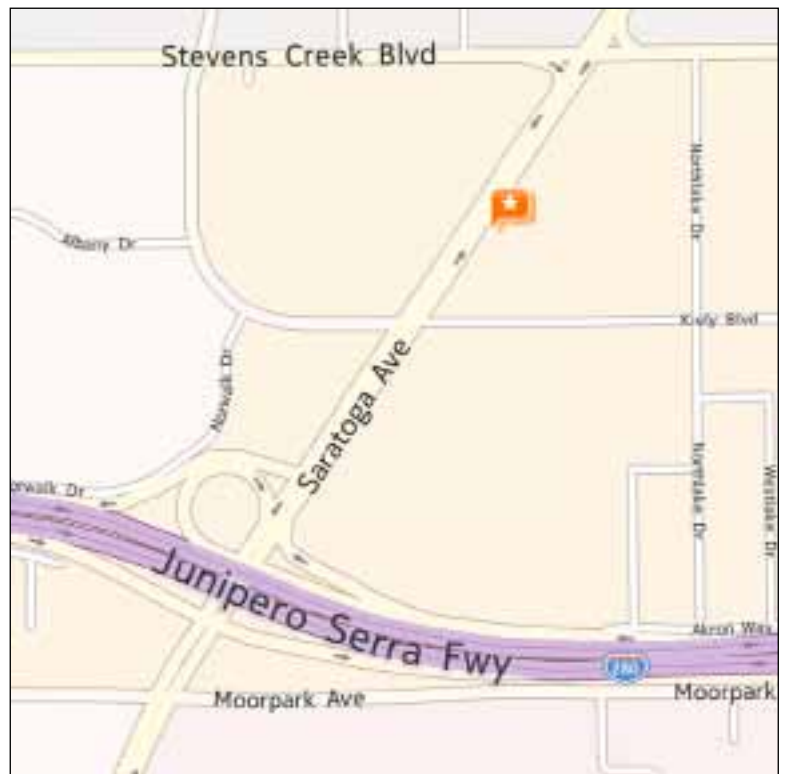
Speaker: Ransom Stephens

No regular meeting in December

Holiday Bash
December 11
See Page 1

WritersTalk deadline is always
the 15th of the month.

Regular dinner meetings are
second Wednesdays 6 – 9 pm



Harry's Hofbrau

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