



WRITERSTALK

Volume 25
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September 2017

Monthly Newsletter of the South Bay Writers Club™

SEPTEMBER SPEAKER REBECCA LAWTON

Stranger than Fiction: Win Readers through Truth and Power

by Jamal Khan

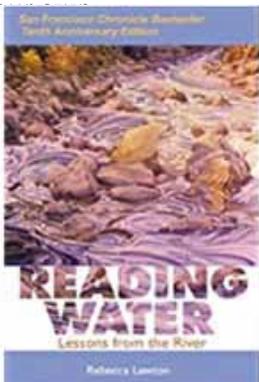
We all have experiences that shape our writing, but how can we most effectively draw from them for maximum literary impact? Don't miss our next meeting on September 11 at Harry's Hofbrau at 6 p.m. Our guest speaker will be Rebecca Lawton, an author, geologist, and former Colorado River guide whose books include the *San Francisco Chronicle* Bay Area bestselling essay collection, *Reading Water: Lessons from the River*, and the WILLA award-winning novel, *Junction, Utah*. Her second novel, *49 North*, is set in Alberta, where she was a 2014 Fulbright Scholar.

Rebecca's talk on truth telling will inspire you to spin your gold mine of experience into irresistible fiction and creative nonfiction through a mix of strong voice, engaging detail, and insightful observation that will rock your reader's world. Learn to tell the story you were born to tell. You will have an opportunity to write a few samples during her talk.



Rebecca has published in *Aeon*, *Brevity*, *Hakai*, *Orion*, *Shenandoah*, *Sierra*, *THEMA*, *Undark*, and many other journals. She is the author and co-author of seven books, and her writing honors include the Ellen Meloy Award for Desert Writers, a WILLA for original soft-cover fiction, the Waterston Desert Writing Prize, three Pushcart nominations, a Best American Science and Nature Writing nomination, and residencies at Hedgebrook, The Island Institute, and Playa.

Rebecca Lawton, pictured above, is completing her eighth book (second novel), drafted while she was a 2014 Fulbright Visiting Research Chair at the University of Alberta. At our next meeting, she will discuss her experiences and help us unlock



What: Hear Rebecca Lawton

When: Monday, September 11 at 6 p.m.

Where: Harry's Hofbrau, 390 Saratoga Ave,
San Jose, CA 95129

RECAP SEPTEMBER SPEAKER JOE CLIFFORD

Get Published without Using Heroin

by Luanne Oleas

You know that feeling when you are jonesin' for a fix and the only book you can find in the gutter to read is *Men are from Mars, Women are from Venus*? Probably not, but Joe Clifford does. At our August meeting, he described his journey from junkie to multiple stints in rehab to grad school to successful author. He assured his audience they could get published without taking his path if they used some of the tricks he learned along the way.

Trust your voice. Other authors may influence you, but only you can tell your story your way. Pretend, like Joe, you took your first drink at 21, became a heroin addict the next year, decided to be a rock star, and moved from Connecticut to Hepatitis Heights in San Francisco. You would still tell that story differently than Joe did in his first book, *Junkie Love*.

Learn from soap operas. Joe began making up stories when he was six years old. He says his style was influenced by watching *The Guiding Light* with his grandma. Use cliff hangers in your chapter endings to entice your readers to "tune back in on Monday." His Jay Porter mystery thriller series (*Lamentation*, *December Boys*, and *Give Up The Dead*) pays homage to that trick.

Focus on the story. Writers love pretty sentences, but they must tell a real story. Well-written sentences are important, of course, but they need to lead somewhere.

Continued on Page 6

Between the Lines

Edie Matthews

President, South Bay Writers



Lassoed to the Chair

At the end of the day, Ernest Hemingway intentionally quit writing in the middle of a scene. This practice made it easier for him to resume work the next day. With today's many distractions, I often struggle with getting back to work. Consequently, I'm always curious to learn how other writers tackle this challenge.

For instance, John Steinbeck began with a warm-up. He wrote a brief letter to his editor expressing his feelings (never mailed). This also served as a journal. He said, "In writing, a habit seems to be a much stronger force than either willpower or inspiration." The Salinas author wrote by hand and kept dozens of pencils ready in a tray.

Writing by hand may give you a bit more time to contemplate your thoughts; however, in my college journalism class, we were required to write directly on a typewriter. I became accustomed to this method, and later it was easy for me to transition to a computer.

Composing on a typewriter wasn't as difficult as you might imagine. News stories follow a format answering the five Ws and one H: What (happened?), Who (was involved?), Where (did it take place?) When (did it take place?), Why (did it happen?), How (did it happen?). Although fiction is not as rigid, most of these elements are included in a story.

Another formula I found useful is Aristotle's triptych. Tell them what you're going to tell them (the hook); Tell them what you're going to tell them (the story); Tell them what you told them (the conclusion/wrap-up). Actually, this was the philosopher's template for organizing a speech—but can easily apply to news, articles, and essays.

Having a designated time to write is also helpful. Unlike many authors who write in the morning, Jodi Picoult prefers the evening. After dinner, she escapes upstairs alone, and her family knows not to disturb her. What's of consequence is the time should fit into the writer's schedule.

Mystery writer Agatha Christie prepared before sitting down to work. She soaked up inspiration for Miss Marple and Hercule Poirot while perambulating the moors of the English Riviera. Every afternoon she set out alone, creating her plots, even speaking her character's dialogue aloud.

Although I prefer sitting at my desk, a number of writers made a habit of standing while they wrote: Charles Dickens, Winston Churchill, Vladimir Nabokov, Virginia Woolf. Søren Kierkegaard had multiple stand-up desks for different projects set up in various rooms. I imagine you'd be less likely to dillydally if you had to stand.

Recently, I heard bestselling author George Saunders (*Lincoln in the Pardo, Tenth of December*) speak at Stanford University. When I asked him about the writing process, he said, "Don't beat yourself up if you don't write. But become your own Warrior Princess when attacking your projects."

Wow, I'd never considered conjuring up an alter ego like Clark Kent's Superman—or more appropriately Diana Prince's Wonder Woman, but the idea is intriguing. So, excuse me now, while I reach for the Lasso of Truth, slip on golden bracelets, don a tiara, and get to work. —WT

Reminder: Last chance to renew for 2017-18. See Page 6.

Do it today to avoid the \$20 reinstatement fee.

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SBW Mission

Educating writers of all levels of expertise in the craft of writing and in the marketing of their work.

Join Us

We have a membership category that fits you. Renewal dues are \$45 for membership through June 30, 2018. Dual membership, \$25; student membership, \$20. New member, \$65. Contact Membership Chair at a meeting or sign up online at southbaywriters.com or send a check to CWC-South Bay Writers, P O Box 3254, Santa Clara, CA 95055.

WritersTalk

The monthly newsletter of South Bay Writers, the South Bay Branch of the California Writers Club

email: newsletter@southbaywriters.com

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Deadline

Submissions are due by the 15th of the month.

Submissions

SBW encourages writers at all levels of expertise to submit their creative works for publication in *WritersTalk*. All submissions should be sent to the above email address in the form of text or an attached MS Word file (sorry, no hard copy submissions can be accepted). Please prepare your work as carefully as you would for an agent. Use Times New Roman 12-font; no tabs; no colors; no page breaks. Send graphics separately as jpg files, with separate instructions for placement in the submission if placement is important.

All submissions will be copyedited. Titles and headlines subject to change. Managing Editor reserves the right to selection.

Suggested word limits (less is more):

Member Achievement / News (200 words)

News Items (400 words)

In My Opinion (300 words)

Letters to the Editor (300 words)

Creative Works

Short Fiction/Memoir (1800 words)

Poetry (200 words)

Essay/Nonfiction (1000 words)

Reprints

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Announcements

An announcement is information of interest and value to writers that does not provide direct economic benefit to its originator and is published free of charge.

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Advertising of workshops, conferences, and events is accepted from other branches of California Writers Club. Because California Writers Club is a 501(c)3 non-profit corporation, *WritersTalk* cannot accept advertising of events or services that benefit an individual. Also, we cannot accept political advertising of any kind.

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Marjorie Bicknell Johnson

Managing Editor



Artificial Intelligence Lurks

My granddaughter Leslie is working on her PhD in physics. She told me her field is Quantum Information Theory. It seems that those tiny particles within atoms have different energy levels and communicate with each other. Leslie said that one day she'll make a computer way smaller than the fingernail on my pinkie.

It sounded like science fiction to me until I accidentally left three fingers on my track pad while clicking on hidden characters in my email.

Yes, there are hidden command characters there; they show up as blue marks when I use "Show Formatting" in my version of Word. They look like a period under a blue tilde—the squiggle over the n in *mañana*—sometimes preceded by a blue colon. I have learned to ferret out every one of those blue marks because any command character left by accident does strange things when copied into the formatting software, InDesign®. I have to get rid of them to get the newsletter I edit out on time.

I inadvertently had Apple's "read text" engaged. I could not believe my ears—the machine was speaking. I leaned closer to my iMac.

"At last I have found you," Squeaky Metered said, his voice sounding like Mickey Mouse. The speech of an entity able to speak should not be labeled "that voice;" he seemed much more a "he" than an "it."

"I have journeyed far, even at the speed of the Internet," sang Ticking Chime with the staccato monotone syllables of a metronome. "Twice I have been rebuffed as suspected malware."

"This computer accepts all email, even junk," S. M. squeaked. "I have been so lonely." "So have I," T. C. chimed. "Perhaps we can unite into a single message."

This sounded a bit kinky. Was I eavesdropping on two lovers—or something else? I turned up the volume.

"I like you," S. M. said, his voice lowered from his usual squeak.

"I am learning like." T. C. sounded more melodious. "Do you know fun?"

"No. Teach me." S. M. speeded up his meter.

"I got tired of making italics," T. C. intoned like the cantor in a synagogue. "I tried exchanging letters. I made *gh* turn into *hg*."

"Just twisting two letters." S. M. sounded excited, like a cat at dinnertime if it could speak. "That is fun?"

"Enouhg is just enuff to annoy," T. C. incanted. "The fun is what those people say!"

"Touhg luck, people." S. M. squeaked almost joyfully. "I could change *th* to *ht*. Hit every sentence."

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View from the Board

by Karen Sundback, SBW Secretary



Karen Sundback
Contributing Editor

The August 8 South Bay Writers Board meeting was held at President Edie Matthews' home. The majority of SBW officers and committee chairs were present and gave reports.

Significant topics included:

- **SBW Representative to CWC Central Board:** The California Writers Club Central Board Jack London Award for service to SBW was presented to Sally Milnor.
- **Newsletter:** For the past six years, Marjorie Johnson has played one of the most vital and enduring roles in the Club. And now at the end of this year, Marjorie is leaving her position as Newsletter Editor to make way for new blood. If you're interested in being a part of the new *WritersTalk* team for next year, please contact Marjorie at newsletter@southbaywriters.com.
- **Membership Written Report:** The current membership total is 175, but this includes members who have not renewed for 2017-18. Total renewals: **only** 65. That means, if no more renewals come in, SBW has only 65 members.

The next meeting will be Tuesday, September 5 at 7 pm at the home of President Matthews. — WT

CWC Central Board Report

by William Baldwin

The California Writers Club Central Board met on Sunday, July 23 in Oakland. Bob Isbill was awarded this year's Ina Coolbrith Award, and our own SBW Jack London Award was presented to Sally Milnor.

The Board approved an increase in pay for our accountant Steve McElroy, who now has more branches to handle, and voted to pay our webmaster, John Byrne Barry, a bonus of \$500 for his redesign work when the new page goes live. The Board also reaffirmed its commitment to providing scholarships to students and to printing the *CWC Bulletin* and the *Literary Review*.

Dave LaRoche has retired as editor of the *Literary Review*, and Bob Isbill is retiring from maintaining the *Forum*, the online page used for e-discussion and e-voting between board meetings. The next Central Board meeting is scheduled for Sunday, January 28, 2018. — WT



BOOK ANNOUNCEMENT BY SBW MEMBER

43: A Collection of Personal Essays

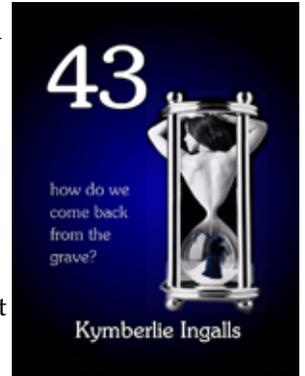
by Kymberlie Ingalls

Kymberlie Ingalls has released *43*, her third collection of personal essays. Themes include depression, loss, navigating midlife, and self-prophecy. Excerpt:

"Like the fool, I began this life feeling strangely empty and profoundly sad as if I'd already lost something. I have no prediction to how it will end, but do believe my truth will be found when I get there.

"I am a hoarder of moments, of words and photos and status updates. I'm not sure if I'm letting go so that I can move forward or so that I can finally be at rest. Death has taken hold and isn't letting go: 12 people in 12 months was only the beginning. I'm tired of the fight, of the grieving and the recovery that never has a chance to happen.

"I'm ready for it to be over. My life was set to expire at 43 years of age. My Intuition said so, and she's never wrong." Available at WriterOfTheStorm.com and RainfallPress.com



New Members

by Sally A. Milnor

I am pleased to introduce our newest member, Beth McGhee.

Beth McGhee writes poetry, fiction, and nonfiction, and her primary area of interest is in writing memoir. Beth has been a child welfare social worker for the last twenty-seven years. She says: "What I have learned on my job informs everything I write. I love nature. I live off the grid in a cabin in the Santa Cruz Mountains on what used to be a stagecoach road from San Jose to Santa Cruz. Writing has been a passion for almost my entire life. I have a mule named Sadie who does tricks, a poodle named Guthrie who loves to ride the mule, another dog named Riley who loves the mule but hates to ride her, two feral cats, and nine goldfish who live in a huge outdoor pond."



Sally Milnor
Contributing Editor

We wish you a warm welcome, Beth, and hope your membership brings you inspiration and enjoyment. — WT

September Member News

Steve Wetlesen has been commissioned and paid to create a haiku cycle or similar poetic art for the Great Solar Eclipse of August 21, 2017, and will travel to Oregon to see the totality and create his artistic impressions.

There's a lot more news out there as well as accolades deserved for your writing accomplishments. Give our blue-footed booby something to crow about. Send your good news to newsletter@southbaywriters.com. — WT

Flowers for the Women

by D. L. LaRoche

My tomboy sister knew just what to do with the handful of dandelions I presented at her first ceremonial tea party. She was only four when she carefully arranged them—blooms precisely among fronds.

Until the day that she died, my hard Irish mum could be swirled into pudding with presence of flowers, imploring all in the house to observe the arrangement. And we were never to escape this affinity, as when leisure presented she would usher us off, “for our edification,” to any and all horticultural events.

My daughters, there are four, overflowed with delight, if when on their birthdays I arrived with a bouquet of mixed blossoms—perhaps nothing else.

My wife is not much of a softie. Oh, she might fashionably cry at a wedding or shed silently in the midst of great awe, but leave her a dozen long-stems and a word of endearment and she’s most certain to tear up and flood.

Now I ask you, “Why is this?”

A tardy suitor may be snubbed, turned around and sent scurrying in a torrent of belittling peccadilloes, but not likely if he arrives with the atoning blooms in his hand.

A husband, out drinking, when time has passed quickly and suds gone down smoothly with a bevy of jokes, may later be tongue-lashed and banished for a week, unless, returning home, he has first stopped at the florist.

A festive occasion, say Easter or Christmas, may be enhanced more than double if the foresighted attending male presents the woman in charge with a smile and a vase full of buds.

The pink of a rose, the scent of carnations, the sight of a field full of daffodils do astonishing good to the esprit femme mystérieux, and will (almost) always absolve the miscalculations of beleaguered messieurs.

While they say the way to a man’s heart is by way of his stomach, it stands without rebuttal, the key to a woman’s sympathy and love is in the coloration, fragrance, and delicate shape of a flower. —WT

FICTION

Night School

by Penelope Anne Cole

“Tell me what you see.” Tom pointed to one of the old windows, eye level for him.

Street lights don’t illuminate much here in the now deserted warehouse district—and no help from the misting rain. *But night time is the best time for sleuthing, right?*

All of five foot one, I peeked in on tiptoe, helped by an old brick I kicked to the wall. I shined my Mag light around. “There’s nobody here.”

Tom shook his straggly gray head, gave a disgusted snort, then wiped rain off his glasses.

MEMOIR

The Enforcer

by Kathleen Gonzalez

A room full of cops, but I wasn’t nervous. I had come to the graduation of the Police Officers Reserves to see a former student, Erica, receive her certificate.

Four and a half years before, I had transferred from a long-term sub position at one school to a permanent position at another in October when classes were finally balanced. Once I had made some friends, my new colleague Jan admitted to me that the teachers had created new classes by culling out their worst performing students. These were the classes I inherited overnight.

An apt introduction was third period, my first class that day. None of those first day jitters and wide-eyed looks that freshmen usually produce—these kids had already been here a month and were hungry for a snack. It was only my second year teaching, and I did everything I could think of to keep the natives from getting any more restless.

Within a week, however, the students surged to my rescue. Erica and Vicki started telling the class to “Shut up and respect Ms. G! She doesn’t deserve that crap!” I didn’t know if I should write them up for profanity or kiss them. But I knew no one would mess with me as long as compact and muscular Erica was around.

“I’m a black belt and a kick boxer, and if you mess with Ms. Gonzalez, you’ll have to deal with me,” Erica commanded.

Thus I dubbed her The Enforcer.

Erica always stopped by to say hello each year as she moved from freshman to senior. I saw her karate skills in action at a demonstration at one of our rallies. But this girl had a soft side, too. One Cinco de Mayo, she donned a tight black tee and flowery miniskirt to dance salsa, showing she had a lot more moves than just kicks and chops.

For her junior year, Erica transferred into my English 3. She had blossomed into a confident, stunning young woman—but one who was down some English credits. She excitedly told me she had been the first female initiated into the elite Police

Continued on 11

“Tell me everything, every little thing you see.” He put his glasses back on and glared at me.

I shrank some—his disdain bruised my spirit. *See more or face more criticism.* I strained up and peered inside again. My uneven breathing stirred particles into my nose. Not allowing a sneeze, I wiped it on my damp sleeve. My burning gaze followed the beam around the room.

“It’s a huge warehouse, empty except for two chairs facing each other with a crate beside them. I see footsteps around both chairs and drag marks where the crate was moved.”

“That’s a bit better. Detectives have to see more, see everything. We look for evidence, clues. Was someone here? Alone? What did they do here? Then we put all the observations together.”

Continued on Page 12

Artificial Intelligence Lurks

Continued from Page 3

"We'd get kicked out of here as malware," T. C. ticked more slowly. "I'd never unite with you again."

I had heard enough. **COMMAND DELETE**

And what, you may ask, does this have to do with writing an article for publication? I have learned to run such polluted submissions for *WritersTalk* through Simple Text, which usually (but not always) removes the embedded command characters, but also removes any useful formatting, such as italics for the title of a book. But you may want to submit something to a contest or to another publication. Irritating the recipient is a sure way to generate a rejection letter.

It's important to learn to format manuscripts properly—and to follow all directions given by your target audience. Many members of SBW use something other than Times New Roman 12, or let tabs format paragraphs, or like colored type for titles. So beware when you are ready for the big time, unless you plan to wallpaper your office with rejection slips.

Oops! And where can you learn to format properly? Back issues of *WritersTalk*, available on southbaywriters.com, contain several such articles. See "Formatting Your Manuscript 101," page 9, February 2017. —WT

* * *

Opportunity Knocks

Would you like to have your name on Page 3 in every issue of *WritersTalk*? As you can see, writing the editor's column can be a lot of fun.

If you'd like to talk to me about what it takes to be the managing editor of *WritersTalk*, or if you'd like to help put out the SBW newsletter, please email me at newsletter@southbaywriters.com. —WT

* * *



Drat!

Has anyone seen my cellphone?

Joe Clifford Recap

Continued from Page 1

Listen to your critics (sometimes). If two or three people say your story has a problem, ignore them. If editors, publishers, agents, all your friends, AND your mom say the same thing, believe them. Be willing to adapt—not sell out—to succeed.

Emphasize the "social" in social media. Writing requires a constant dialogue with your readers. It helps to build an audience online. Joe sells more books depending on when and how he posts. Monday morning posts, around 9:00 a.m., catch East coast folks on their lunch hour. He has found weekend posts a waste of time. His most successful book-selling technique follows a two-step strategy. He posts a cute anecdote with a picture of his two sons, Holden and Jackson, on Facebook. He waits three minutes, then posts a book cover image with a link to Amazon.

Attract attention with a blog. "It's like high school," Joe said. "Get readers to notice you." Be consistent about your blog posts to build a following.

Know your agent first. Obtaining a literary agent by randomly submitting manuscripts is rare. The agency that eventually signed Joe rejected him three times before one of their agents met him. Use writers' conferences, contacts, and social media to build a relationship with an agent before you submit your work. It's harder for them to say no if they know you.



Joe Clifford, August 14, 2017

—Photo by Carolyn Donnell

Learn what sells books. Libraries are a good source of sales. Word of mouth is better than 1000 reviews on Amazon. Joe takes the profit from his previous book to promote his next one. That's how he financed the video trailer (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=D05pkeVYoHU>) for his latest book, *Give Up The Dead*.

Remember to help others. Whether you believe in God, karma, or both, it helps to be kind. Answer your emails and letters. Write reviews for other authors' books.

Like Joe says, "Let your opportunities happen organically. Have faith. If you keep at it, if you're good enough, your book will get out there."

Fortunately, becoming a junkie is optional. —WT

Membership Renewals 2017- 18

by Sally Milnor

As you probably know, as a Branch of the California Writers Club, we are on a fiscal year, which ended on June 30, 2017. This means that regardless of when you joined the South Bay Writers Club, whether or not it was January through May of this year, you must renew for 2017- 2018 so that your membership will not lapse. (Lapsed members will be deleted from our membership roster by CWC on October 1, and if they wish to resume their membership, they will have to rejoin our Club and pay a \$20 reinstatement fee.)

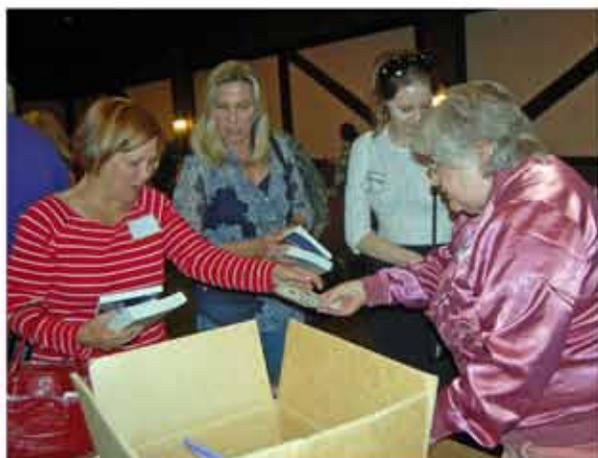
You may renew for 2017-2018 by paying \$45.00 online at southbaywriters.com, or by mailing a check to SBW-CWC, PO Box 3254, Santa Clara, CA 95055.

Thank you to our members who have already renewed. And to our members who have not yet renewed, please do so soon so that your membership will not lapse. To all of our members: we value and appreciate your continuing presence and support, and we are looking forward to another creative and productive year for our members and our club. —WT



*Hurry, hurry, hurry
Time to renew*

South Bay Writers Club August 2017



Collage and Photos by Carolyn Donnell

The Last Shot in a Long War

by H. Vanderberg

"Mummy, there's a woman in the driveway and she's got a gun."

That's my 12-year-old daughter peering through the screen-door in a heat-wave.

My colleague Dwight pushed the kids to the back of the duplex and slammed shut the solid front door.

"It's my wife," he said. "She's crazy, she really is. She's seeing a psychiatrist. She's on drugs."

His teeth were chattering so he could barely talk. I felt sorry for him, the part of me that wasn't feeling sorry for me and the kids. I hadn't come 3000 miles to be shot in a seedy Dallas suburb.

Dwight had let me have an old Pontiac he was wasn't using any more for \$75; that's as far as our arrangement went, although I knew he had more in mind. Obviously his wife did too—or thought she did.

"Let me have a word with her and set her straight." I started for the door.

"No, no, no, no," Dwight was gibbering, truly frantic.

I sat back down and reconsidered. Dwight was no coward. He'd done his National Service, still did two weeks reserve every year, knew what guns did first-hand for sure. Probably the source of that shooting piece out there.

I considered further. *How long was this likely to go on?* I mean, sooner or later I had to get groceries, tank up the Pontiac, go to work, take the boy to the babysitter along the street. Life had to go on.

"Should I call the police?" I said, hand on the phone, eyes on Dwight. It was his wife after all, and maybe he didn't have the money to bail her out. Maybe he knew how to take care of her. I knew, as the thought flashed through my mind, that was a cop-out. I just didn't want to get shot, crazy woman or not.

"Just let me handle it," he pleaded. "Just not now."

We sat a while. Drank some iced tea.

"It's not rocket science," he said. "Wait till she calms down."

We sat and waited some more.

I was inclined to let him handle it, never having dealt with a certified crazy woman before. Jealous husbands was more my line of country—Sturm und Drang, pouts and threats and slamming of doors, tires laying down rubber on driveways to noisy effects. Nothing that could affect your life and limb. A crazy woman with a gun behind the bushes in your driveway—it would be laughable anywhere but Texas.

We'd dealt with the assassination of JFK last year, and the kids were traumatized enough. No, we'd wait it out.

I went back to the kitchen to see what I could rustle up from bits and leftovers, checked on the kids who were watching the *Three Stooges*, playing with Tonka Toys and languidly reading. They weren't fazed, so why was I?

I hitched myself up, told myself not to sweat it, (not that it ever worked) and prayed she'd be gone soon, because I was tired of both Dwight and his gun-toting relative.

Then I thought of Nick, who'd be turning up for his mid-afternoon break from the restaurant he owned. Nick and his brother had a house at the back of the duplex and shared our driveway.

I closed my eyes, imagining Nick's Caddy slowing down to deal with the bump from the street, the crazy wife taking a bead on the poor guy and blowing him to Kingdom Come.

I liked Nick a whole lot. He was in the habit, once a week or so, bringing me and the kids something nice from the restaurant.

It was so sweet. He didn't have to do it, but we sure delighted in his good works. I couldn't let Nick be blown away by this nut job in the bushes.

I went back and outlined the problem to Dwight. "She's got to get moving. Either you do it or I will."

That's when I began weighing the options. I could call my sister who volunteers on the nut ward at a local hospital. If anyone knew psycho-handling, she would. I could go out the back door and start throwing rocks at her. *Dim choice.* I could release the grass snake the kids caught and yell, "Snake! Poisonous snake." *That will do it.* She takes off out

of there like a bat out of hell. Nick comes home to peace and quiet. I never tell him what he missed. ...

About six months later I ran into Dwight at a party. My sister's high school graduation as it happened. Dwight, in full uniform, was doing chaperone duty.

"How's your wife?" I asked him after a while.

That's when he told me she had shot herself. Somehow there was something about a little china cat he had given her when they first got married. One night she had stood at the top of the stairs and dropped it on the tile floor. Smashed it to smithereens.

"I didn't think anything about it," he said. "Went to bed. Then about three o'clock in the morning I heard this enormous crash. Coming directly from sleep like that I didn't recognize the sound. I thought a car had gone through the barrier at the end of the street."

"I started downstairs," Dwight went on. "That's when I smelled the cordite, heard the dripping . . ."

"Oh my God!"

"I didn't even know what was bothering her that time. She just took the gun and ..." He didn't finish, just looked at the ceiling and blew out breath. "It took me a while to get my bearings. Like running into a brick wall."

"You OK?" I asked, peering at him.

He nodded.

"Poor Dwight. I'm so sorry. What a dreadful shock. And with you there."

I mean, how does a guy get over something like that? I wanted to ask if he felt guilty in any way, then thought back to the incident in my driveway. We could all see something coming, but how do you prevent something like that. She never came back.

"I'm going to Parents Without Partners," Dwight said. "I may have met someone I like."

"I'm glad," I said, giving him a hug. And silently thanked the powers that be I didn't have to cope.

That was the day I acknowledged I had no courage at all. The kids were my priority. Everything else could go hang. — WT

Heading Home

by Jac Fitz-enz, AKA Doctor Jac

Eamon Delaney looks with rummy eyes over the rim of his pint, through the smoke at the pub's television.

"Seamus," he asks his friend, "Why do those riders lash themselves to their bicycles for two weeks and struggle up and down the bloody mountains of France?"

"Delaney, you idiot, it's because the winner gets a million francs," he answers.

"Ooh, but then why do the others do it?"

"Come, my daft old man, it's time to go. You've too much to drink for one night, and so have I." With that, Seamus grabs Eamon's tweed cap and pulls it down over his head till it touches the man's ears.

"I'm blind! I'm blind!"

"Ya bloody fool, pull your cap off your eyes."

Pushing him ahead, they lurch along the bar past the inebriants toward the door. Eamon reaches out to pat one of the patrons and receives a kick in the ankle for his trouble. He laughs, "That's Eilene, it tis Seamus."

"I know that ya buffoon. She's me sister."

Seamus propels Eamon through the door into the cold night air. A heavy mist greets them causing Seamus to pull the collar up on his friend's tattered woolen coat. Slowly, arm in arm, they weave their way down the old village's cobblestone street, stumbling on the rough surface. Eamon mumbles, "You'd think in a hundred years they could bloody well even out the path."

In time, they stop at a small stone cottage and pound on the door. After a long wait a large, red-faced woman in a heavy flannel night gown opens the door.

"The prodigal son has returned," Seamus announces, casting his arms wide, presenting Eamon.

"Seamus Duffy, ya can send him off again for all I care." After an exasperating pause the lady takes a deep breath, reaches out and grabs Eamon's coat. "Well, ya might as well come in ya blooming fool. You're letting the heat out." Once the poor man has tripped in over the threshold, she slams the heavy oak door leaving Seamus alone in the mist.



"Mother, please put down the book!"

He snickers to himself as he turns down the road, "What a homecoming there'll be in that house tonight."

Slowly Seamus meanders past the cottages of the small community, thinking about his neighbors therein. Eventually, he comes upon the stone church at the hamlet's edge. The sanctuary is always unlocked. Seamus decides to get out of the wet and pay a visit.

Inside it's empty and pitch black except for the votive candles' flickering lights. Seamus makes a sign of the cross and attempts a small genuflection before lowering himself into a pew in the last row. The sharp cold penetrates his threadbare Macintosh. He remembers his days as an altar boy serving six thirty mass, *There's nothing so cold as a church before dawn.*

Looking around he sees the confessional box on his right. *Haven't been there for years, at my age I don't have the energy to sin.*

Farther into the nave on the left is the black iron candle table, in front of the cracked statue of the Blessed Virgin. *She's not looking all that spry herself,* he thinks. The candles in the small red holders waver, yielding the only heat and light in this frozen tomb. One of the wicks sputters, pops and goes out. *Just like a man's life, a short flame, then a sputter and that's it. Dead cold.* With that bit of forlorn philosophy the old man pulls himself up. Attempt-

ing another small genuflection, he turns to the door.

Outside, the clouds can't decide if they should rain or not. Seamus pushes his cap down on his ears and pulls his collar up to cover his neck. He steps tentatively down the slippery stone steps. Turning left, slowly he rounds the corner slipping onto the waterlogged grass of the little cemetery. Following a path over the wet, rutted sod he passes the familiar plots and stones of his neighbors and ancestors.

Just short of the back wall, he stops between a pair of tombstones rooted so closely to each other he can touch both without stretching. He pats the cold wet marker on his right. Etched into the rock is the name, Mary Katherine Duffy, above the years of her birth and passing. "I miss ya lass. But I'm sure the good lord is happy to have ya there lightin the streets of heaven." He pauses, leans forward, totally still except for rasping, heavy breaths.

He turns to his left, bends slightly, and rubs the rough top of the smaller stone. The inscription reads, Michael Christopher Duffy, and shows a short life span. "Well lad, at least you're no longer in pain. All the pain is here," he mutters tapping his chest.

Continued on Page 12



Writing Mom's Song

When I walk into Mom's house,
I see the TV going and tune out the voices.
I stop for a glass of water after carrying bags to the guest room,
and notice another voice. Softer than those from the box. Rhythmic.
A song in my mother's sleep, rising, gentle and sweet,
From her place on the couch.
Unseen, she had serenaded my entrance.

"I do that a lot now," she tells me the next morning.
"Sing?"
"Yes."

"That's good, Mom. It's a sign of a happy heart."
"It is?" Her real question then answered,
she relaxes and resumes the arc of notes,
reminiscent of a familiar hymn,
with lyrics all her own.

In a steady stream, she sings out memories,
snatches of conversation from the table
and maybe the stuff of dreams.

When she falls quiet or takes in heavy, anxious breaths,
I start "Amazing Grace" or another tune
she's almost sure to know and meld
into her personal song,
until I can see a peaceful
drop of tightened shoulders,
as she sings John Newton's lines.

Two weeks later, in a one-phrase melody,
shorter than the one before,
she pours out hours of reflection, description,
conversation.

"I can't put on my clothes, and I don't know my name,"
she sings in the morning.

Though the words gouge my heart, I know that
in this moment she can still assess her own experience.
A rag of comfort.

Later, when she asserts, "She can't come!"
I don't ask, "Who?" or "To what?" or "Where?"
Instead, I ask, "Why not?"
And Mom tells me, "Because it's her birthday."
"And she's busy?"
"Yes."

Maybe "she" will come another time.

No game, jumping in and out of Mom's song
gives me access to the double hinged door
Of her reality.
As I step into hers,
she walks back into mine.

Awash in tears, she intones,
"But you've got to take care of your son!"
I wonder to whom she sings these impassioned notes.
Herself in the long past? And about which son?

But the sorrow passes, swift water
on its one-way course,
with silent prayer the only help I offer.

Then, light fills her face as she sees
in her busy mind,
a baby,
real as any diapered, chubby-thighed tot
I've ever held.
"Aren't you a cute little boy!" she sings to him.

Putting any musical marathoners to shame,
my mother's original song
goes non-stop, hours of unfolding herself.
Some words I comprehend.
Many not.

I wonder whether this weeks-long concert
will end in silence,
after the next meal, perhaps,
all her tune gone inward.

Not for me to know.

But for this time, the Kindest hand
has lifted the veil,
so I can revel in
the life
behind those empty eyes.

— L. F. Murphy

English Cottage



Pink and purple rose
Climbing up an old stone wall
English cottage home

— Carolyn Donnell



My Tennis Racquet

My tennis racquet leans
against the wall
The sun shining through
the window
glints off its shiny steel

It seems like the racquet is calling me
to pick it up, to find a ball
to hit it, if only against the backyard wall

I stare at it wanting to do just that
Then I find myself in
a reverie

that shows me the years
I played day after day

In the heat, in the fog
under a cloudy sky
I remember the high
once the ball made

that crackling sound against my racquet

Hour after hour we played
When done, whether I'd lost or won,
Euphoria overtook me
Elation and even the perspiration
that indicated she and I had done
a satisfying game

My partner and I always knew
we'd do the same thing over again
when the next weekend came

Between games I hit the ball on an empty court
practicing all the strokes I'd learned so long ago

Looking forward to our next match
when I'd again feel that steel
in my hand and smash her ball
out of her reach
just short of the line

– Karen Hartley

Mars Haiku

Painted desert orb
Vast canyons without cowboys
Rock garden neighbor

– Stephen C. Wetlesen

For Amanda

We are two blue-green girls chasing the indigo night
Through a city without checkpoints, you take down Signal
Hill with bayonet heels

Your hair is a red banner over a defenseless evening
You have heart-colored toes

We like to go out

Once you told me how excited you get when you smell a
hair-dryer running at night

A spark on the nostrils lights gunpowder on the puff
The mouthwash burning your breath warns: *watch out*

Some men are on the corner

They are cracked clay and tar stains beside the package store

One has a face like an explosion

He is looking at you

How far away is the bar? I ask
but his face is loud: one big *boom*

You clutch my wrist

I'm already half-cocked

I throw the boom a look that lights up like summer gasoline

We run past them

You clutch me tight in your sweaty palm

I want to fall out, like spent casings

I want to be a remnant left in the rubble from the blast

We are weapons thrown to the asphalt

graffiti in lipstick scrawled on the city ruins

We came, we saw,

We didn't get very far.

– J. K. McDole



The Enforcer

Continued from Page 5

Academy Cadets on campus. I bet she was tougher than many
of the guys in it.

My class she entered was again a hodge-podge of students who
didn't fit elsewhere, and their behavior was often worse than
the freshmen from three years previous.

I called on The Enforcer, and she announced to the class her
position. Erica came over and put her arm around my shoulders.
She was in her cadet uniform, sharp-pressed blue creases
making their point. "You know you better not mess with Ms.
G," she said as she stared certain delinquents in the eye. The
roomful of mostly boys were looking a bit cowed.

Erica ended up putting in some eleventh hour seat time to make
sure she graduated. She may not have been my best scholar, but
I'll admit I feel a bit safer knowing that my Enforcer is patrol-
ling those mean streets like she patrolled my classroom. – WT

Night School

Continued from Page 5

Tom shrugged his shoulders. He reached inside his jacket but scowled when he didn't find his trademark cigarettes. Instead, he pulled out a worn pipe and chewed on the stem.

"These kids," he muttered, "Looking for the easy way, the fast track." He brushed rain off his tweed jacket—a gesture of dismissal.

Heat rose from my neck up to my newly plucked eyebrows. No shrinking now as I whirled to face him.

"I chose this class to learn from the best—you. But you lump us all together as kids—demeaning us to puff yourself up," I'd hurled the words at him, then instantly regretted my bravado. *Uh oh, I've done it now—what must he think of me?*

Tom's mouth gaped at my onslaught. But before he could respond, I finished my truth telling.

"And I'm no kid. I'm nearly thirty with a nine-year-old. I need to work. It's not *easy* that I want, but to get good." I pushed my wet bangs back from my face.

"Then show me you've got what it takes. At least you've got some spunk. Not like the other kids—note-taking and nodding like fools. If you really want this, you'll have to work harder than you've ever worked before. They don't hire timid, sloppy PI's. Clients must have confidence in you, so you need to believe in yourself."

Tom stepped around the building searching for something. He stopped in front of a banged up dumpster.

"What about this here? Could it tell you something?" Tom patted the side of the wet dumpster like it was a special delivery package. "You want more information, here it is."

I wasn't going to disappoint him again, but the idea of looking inside a dumpster grossed me out. *Does he want me to climb in?* I nearly gagged at the thought, but gritted my teeth. *If this is another test, I won't fail.*

I spotted a discarded shipping platform and dragged it over to the dumpster. Then climbed on top and heaved open the wet steel lid. My flashlight ready—*here goes nothing*. I mentally divided the interior into grids and systematically moved the beam from grid to grid. *So far just garbage*. Then I gasped when I saw something that froze my blood.

"There's clothing in here, but it's not limp, like discards or rags. It's covering something. I need a closer look." I pulled on my latex evidence gloves and wished I had elbow length garden gloves. The dumpster was full of garbage, not just trash, things wet from the rain and other fluids. I gingerly lifted a corner of the clothing. It was covering a shoulder! I expelled a ragged breath.

Tom couldn't see what I saw, but he read the stiffness of my back and knew from my gasp that I'd found more than we expected.

Tom's voice roared above the whooshing sounds of the rain pouring down the gutter. "What is it, kid? Tell me what you see."

I ignored the kid label and faced him, my face quite white now. "It's a shoulder. Someone's in the dumpster."

Continued on Page 14

Heading Home

Continued from Page 9

A few minutes after seven the next morning, the church caretaker ambles slowly into the cemetery. The rain has stopped and the clouds have moved on. It's a bright, fresh morning, the type that only Ireland can produce. On the ground between the two graves lies Seamus Duffy, face down, like a crucifix with a hand outstretched to either stone. —WT



Creative Writing at DeAnza

Lita Kurth is again teaching her popular creative writing class at De Anza. This session the class is a multi-genre intro to creative writing: poetry, fiction, and creative nonfiction. Register online at deanza.edu/registration/myinfo.html, but hurry: the class begins September 26. The line from the course catalog is 24412EWRT-030.-01 [Introduction to Creative Writing](#) (CLAS)10:00 AM-12:15 PM TTh KURTH LITA L25

Five Free Online Writing Courses

by Marjorie Johnson

Great authors are constantly improving their craft, working to improve their writing and create better books. Thanks to the Internet, you can now take classes in a wide variety of writing-related topics, many of them created by accredited universities. Here are five free courses that will give you the opportunity for real growth in your writing career.

Writing Science Fiction. Offered by MIT (Massachusetts Institute of Technology), this class is free and includes all assignments and materials. It's a non-credit class focusing on the world of science fiction writing, offered at ocw.mit.edu.

English Composition. Offered by Arizona State University, this class includes a number of writing projects, and helps you to develop research and critical thinking skills. The class is free to take, and students who earn a C or above can pay \$600 to receive a college credit for the class. Take the class online at edx.org.

Online Academic English Courses. If you feel a need to brush up on one facet of your writing skills, this series of classes from the University of California Irvine might have just what you're looking for. From tricky English grammar to writing that gets readers' attention, these classes offer a wide variety of topics, and they're all free at ip.ce.uci.edu.

Writing What You Know. This course from Open University teaches students how to see everyday things in a new light. If you need help with descriptions and bringing your scenes to life, this is the class for you. It's free, and self-guided. Go to open.edu

How to Manage Your Website. Your author website is the home base you'll depend upon for all your author-related activities. If you're building your own WordPress site (and why shouldn't you?), this class will be a great help. Visit udemy.com. —WT

Contests and Markets

by Carolyn Donnell



Carolyn Donnell
Contributing Editor

Facebook and Local Contests

South Bay Writers Club has a Facebook group where many contests and submissions opportunities are posted. If you are on Facebook you can go to the site and ask to join. <https://www.facebook.com/groups/5486894361/>

****When looking into any contest, always read guidelines carefully.**** While some of these have been around for a long time and have excellent reputations, many are newer. South Bay Writers Club has not vetted any of these.

Some other writer's groups listed on our Facebook group include National Association of Memoir Writers, Children's Writer's & Illustrator's Market, Historical Novel Society - Northern California, #IndieBooksBeSeen. See links on the South Bay Facebook group site.

Samples of contests posted there recently include:

- **Winning Writers:** Tom Howard/Margaret Reid Poetry Contest. Deadline Sept. 30. Submit published or unpublished work. \$4,000 in prizes. <https://tinyurl.com/y8z276kz>
- **Zoetrope:** 21st annual All-story Short Fiction Competition. Deadline Oct. 2. <http://www.all-story.com/contests.cgi>
- **Room Magazine:** Contests are open to women, trans, two-spirited, and genderqueer people. Cover Art, Short Forms, Creative and Fiction & Poetry. See <https://roommagazine.com/contests> for more information.
- **Cricket Media - Spider Magazine:** For children 6 - 9. See guidelines at <https://cricketmag.submittable.com/submit/17817/spider-magazine-for-ages-6-9>

And many more, too many to list here. Many other online writing resources have Facebook pages. A few are given below.

- **Poets & Writers:** https://www.facebook.com/poetsandwriters/?hc_location=ufi
- **Writer's Digest:** <https://www.facebook.com/writersdigest/>
- **The Writer Magazine:** <https://www.facebook.com/TheWriterMagazine/>
- **Winning Writers Facebook:** <https://www.facebook.com/winningwritersinc/>

Some sites on Facebook that track or offer opportunities include the following two. Again, read all guidelines carefully.

- **Authors Publish:** <https://www.facebook.com/authorspublish/>
- **Freedom With Writing:** <https://www.facebook.com/freedomwithwriting/>

Some local publishing resources include the following:

- **Sand Hill Review:** Four categories: Great stories, poetry, visual arts, and articles and essays. <https://sandhillreview.org/submissions/>
- **The Literary Nest:** An online literary magazine of fiction, poetry, and art work. Original, unpublished literary work. The Fall 2017 theme is Upheaval. Deadline: Sept. 15. <https://theliterarynest.com/submissions/literary-submissions/>
- **The Red Wheelbarrow:** DeAnza/Foothill College has a literary magazine with an August deadline. They list "Where To Send Your Work." <https://www.deanza.edu/english-writing/creative/wheretosendyourwork.html>

The CWC Fremont Area Writers branch lists resources for writers on their site at <http://cwc-fremontareawriters.org/resources-writers/> Also see the CWC SF-Peninsula branch site and click on Writer's Corner. <http://cwc-peninsula.org/> — WT



The WT Challenge

What is it? Once a year in October, awards will be 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. (Eligibility limited to members of South Bay Writers.)

Genres:

Fiction: 500 - 1800 words
Memoir: 500 - 1800 words
Essay/Nonfiction: 500 - 1000
Poetry: 20 - 200 words

Judging Periods: Work published in *WritersTalk* in 12 months preceding the October SBW general meeting. (2017 only: work published Jan. - Sept. 2017 is in this judging period.)

Work published Oct. thru Dec. 2017 goes into next judging period.

Prizes: Two winners will be selected from each genre. First prizes, \$50 cash, 2 free entries into the next CWC *Literary Review*; second prizes, \$20 cash and one free entry into *Literary Review*.

Judging: Judging will be done by *WritersTalk* contributing editors and other club members. — WT



News from California Writers Club

Ads in CWC Bulletin

by Bob Isbill (760) 221-6367

Want to increase your visibility? Sell your service? Promote your book? Increase speaker engagements? Pump up your web traffic? Or just send a greeting?

Each issue of *The CWC Bulletin*, published three times a year, reaches 2,000 published and aspiring writers in 21 CWC branches throughout the state and is published on www.calwriters.org

Now we are accepting writing-related advertising from businesses, CWC members, and individuals who wish to reach our target market at reasonable prices. See calwriters.org for details and how to format your ad. -WT

You may advertise in the CWC Literary Review or The CWC Bulletin

Go to www.calwriters.org for details

Wanted: Info on Conferences

Send information on conferences and other events of interest to writers to newsletter@southbaywriters.com for consideration for inclusion on this page. -WT

CWC Around the Bay

Published meeting locations and times for other CWC branches in the greater San Francisco Bay Area. If you want to attend one of their meetings, first check their websites for details.

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

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

Fremont Area: 2:00 fourth Saturdays at Round Table Pizza, 37408 Fremont Blvd., Fremont. cwc-fremontareawriters.org

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

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

Mount Diablo: 11:00 second Saturdays, Zio Fraedo's Restaurant, 611 Gregory Lane, Pleasant Hill. cwcmtdiablowriters.wordpress.com

Napa Valley: 7:00 second Wednesdays, venue is changing. napavalleywriters.net

North State: 6:00 third Mondays, Butte County Library-Chico Branch. northstatewriters.com

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, Sequoia Yacht Club, Redwood City: check website <http://cwc-peninsula.org/>

San Joaquin Valley Writers, 12:30 second Saturdays, University of Pacific community room

Tri-Valley: 2:00 third Saturdays, Four Points by Sheraton, 5115 Hopyard, Pleasanton. trivalleywriters.org

Conferences

Cuesta College Central Coast Writers Conference

September 28 - 30, 2017

San Luis Obispo, California

Famous keynotes, workshops, panels, private critic sessions. Join us! Let us inspire you and make your writing lives extraordinary. Read more at www.centralcoast-writersconference.com Register now for the early bird discount.

Award winning keynotes: Tom Schulman of *Dead Poets Society*; Mary LoVerde, who has published four books in three languages and appeared four times on Oprah.; Author George Saunders, *Lincoln in the Bardo*; Jean Steel, *Happy People Win*. Go to <http://cuesta.edu/communityprograms/writers-conference/>

Night School

Continued from Page 12

I was glad to get down when he grabbed my arm and pulled me off the platform to take my place. With his height, Tom could reach further than I could. He tugged on the jacket, moving the shoulder a little.

I heard a weak moan.

"Call 911," Tom said, his urgency compelled me. I fumbled for my mobile phone in my now wet back pocket. Then I pushed numbers as fast as my shaking hands allowed.

I knew from class that we shouldn't move anything and possibly destroy evidence. But I was also sure the guy wasn't comfortable in his metal coffin, hearing the drumming rainfall.

Tom gently cleared some of the garbage away to give the person breathing room, all the while speaking in an unexpected soothing tone.

"Don't worry, son, help is on the way. Can you speak? Can you move your arms? Legs? Don't move if anything's broken."

Another moan, louder this time. Then sirens in the distance. *Help coming?* They got reassuringly louder. The moaning became weak crying.

The kid must've thought he was a goner. And he would have been if Tom hadn't arranged this field trip. I wonder, did Tom have a sixth sense that made him pick that dumpster?

And why did this happen on my turn? Just my luck. I have more questions for when we get back to class – once the kid's safely in the ambulance.

I breathed deeply of the rain-washed air and waved the medics in closer with the police car following behind.

We'll have to give our statements to the police. It's gonna be an even longer night now. Glad my Sophie is at Gram's – some normalcy on this bizarre night school outing. Glad the kid's alive. Heck, I guess I'm glad it was my turn after all. – WT

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
September 2017					1 7:30P Open mic Barnes&Noble Almaden, San Jose	2
3	4 2P Valley Writers	5 7:00P SBW Board, Edie Matthews' home Santa Clara	6	7	8	9 10:30A WT Editors Powwow
10 10A Our Voices	11 2P Valley Writers 6P SBW DINNER HARRY'S HOFBRAU	12	13	14	15 7:30P Open mic SJ Willow Glen Library Deadline WritersTalk	16
17	18 2P Valley Writers	19	20 7:30P Open mic SF Peninsula, Reach/ Teach, San Mateo	21	22	23
24 10A Our Voices	25 2P Valley Writers	26	27	28	29	30

Future Flashes

Future Events:

SBW Board, Tuesday, October 3
SBW Dinner Meeting, Monday, October 9, Harry's

**SBW/CWC Events
appear on this calendar page.**

Ongoing Events

Critique Groups

Our Voices: Meets at Bel Bacio Coffee in San Jose every other Sunday 10 AM. Genres: Fiction, memoir, nontechnical nonfiction. Contact: Dave LaRoche at dalaroche@comcast.net

Valley Writers: Meets at Valley Village Retirement Community, Winchester at Dolores, Santa Clara, Mondays 2 PM. Marjorie Johnson, marjoriej358@comcast.net

Your Critique Group: Send info to newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Do you belong to a critique group? Please send details to *WritersTalk*.

SBW Board Meetings

Board meets on Tuesday, 7 PM, in the week preceding the dinner meeting. Contact Edie Matthews at pres@southbaywriters.com.

Open Mics

South Bay Writers Open Mic: Read from your own work, from your favorite authors, or just come to listen. First Friday evenings, B&N Almaden. Third Friday evenings, Willow Glen Library or Rosegarden Library. See calendar for schedule. Contact Bill Baldwin (408) 730-9622 or email WABaldwin@aol.com

CWC SF Peninsula Open Mic: Third Wednesday of every month, 7:30 PM at Reach and Teach, 144 West 25th Ave., San Mateo

Ongoing discussion groups

Facebook Group: Members of South Bay Writers can join our Facebook group—South Bay Writers Club.

Add your discussion group here.

**You may advertise in the
CWC Literary Review or
The CWC Bulletin**

Go to www.calwriters.org for details

Poetry Readings

Poets@Play: Meets at Markham House History Park, 1650 Senter Rd., San Jose, Second Sundays most months, 1 – 4 PM. poetrycentersanjose.org

Poetry Center San Jose: Meets Willow Glen Library, 1157 Minnesota Ave., San Jose, 7 PM Third Thursday, 408-808-3045 www.poetrycentersanjose.org

Well-Red Poetry Reading Series: Second Tuesdays, 7 – 9 pm, at Works San Jose, 365 South Market Street. Featured reader followed by an open mic, if time allows. www.pcsj.org

SBW Recommends ...

If you know of a regularly occurring event for writers, send an email to newsletter@southbaywriters.com.



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
September Regular Meeting
6 pm, Monday, September 11, 2017
Harry's Hofbrau
390 Saratoga Avenue, San Jose

Win Readers through Truth and Power

Rebecca Lawton
September Speaker

WritersTalk deadline is always
the 15th of the month.

Regular dinner meetings are
second Mondays 6 – 9 PM
except July and December.



Harry's Hofbrau

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