



WRITERSTALK

Volume 22
Number 12
December 2014

Monthly Newsletter of the South Bay Writers Club™

South Bay Writers



JINGLE BASH



Sunday
14th December 2014
4:00 pm

Home of South Bay Writers member Carole Taub

For details, email JingleBash@southbaywriters.com

POTLUCK

Bring a dish according to your last name:

A-H APPETIZER OR DESSERT
I-R MAIN DISH
S-Z SALAD OR SIDE DISH

PLEASE RSVP TO

Carole Taub
JingleBash@southbaywriters.com

GIFT EXCHANGE

Please bring a \$15 wrapped gift to participate

NOVEMBER RECAP

Yaeger in the Trenches: the Nuts and Bolts of CreateSpace

by Linda M. Judd

The South Bay Writers crowd was waiting. He was one of our own, out in the trenches writing novels and having fun.

On November 10, Dick Yaeger was on a mission to share his good and bad experiences with CreateSpace. "My basic point," he told me, "is there's no downside risk using CreateSpace. Use it as a means-to-an-end or an end-in-itself. See for yourself. Go online and test it. It's free."

After publishing two books with CreateSpace, Dick has postponed the third urban fantasy in a trilogy to write historical fiction. He held up a press proof of

his unfinished *Walls of Wilusa*, created to re-familiarize himself with CreateSpace, for his talk – total cost: \$8.24, delivered in four days. "It's motivating to hold that creation in your hands," he said.

CreateSpace, he explained, is a print-on-demand publisher; you buy one book or five hundred. After your files are built and approved, a single button will publish it onto Amazon.com, at your price, in about a day. Push another button and a Kindle version joins it.

He covered the whole nine yards with a swift stride, leaving 'em hanging for a story about a book cover. I heard it later – funny and fascinating.

Setting up your book's files is a three major-step process, involving title/author information, inside text, and a cover. Starting a "Title" requires your book title, name, and choice of ISBN number: a free CreateSpace one or one of your own. Plus book size and paper color.

At step two, download your text in a Word, PDF, or RTF format so CreateSpace can transform it into a printable PDF file. Conversion from Word is almost perfect with a couple of simple caveats such as removing a "page break" symbol when the last sentence in your chapter completes a page. Using "Black, Text1" for your font

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President's Palaver

by Colin Seymour
President, South Bay Writers

Bad doggerel often not worth showing



Not coincidentally, I didn't get to review theater and classical music for the *Mercury News*, where I was a copy editor from 1983 to 2007, until my song parodies became popular. One of my best early on was written on command for a features editor who had previously been unimpressed by my talents, but now I was golden.

If I were to die tomorrow, I'll bet my *Mercury News* obit would lead with the song parodies, mostly about departing colleagues and sung around a going-away cake in the newsroom, that I wrote and performed during my final decade there.

That sort of cleverness is a fine asset to have, since I'm missing many other talents. For example, I'm clever but I'm just not funny.

So I don't blame others for trying. But it is not for everybody, and too many people present their limericks and doggerel before they've sufficiently mastered the forms. (By the way, kudos to the club's Haiku contest arbiters for enforcing the 5-7-5 standard.)

Bluntly, if you don't have a feel for meter, a strong sense of rhythm, and a good ear, don't be bringin' that weak stuff in here.

"Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse," said the Hatter, "when the Queen bawled out 'He's murdering the time! Off with his head!'"

That's where mangled meter can get you, and rightly so.

If your song parodies and limericks don't scan, or your dialect-writing is off, they CANNOT be truly artful or clever, no matter how much you imbue them with your many good qualities and talents.

Your audience should be able to reproduce aloud the rhythm of your lyrics on the first try if they know the tune. The reader should not have to perform a hop-skip-and-jump to make the rhythm fit.

If it's a limerick, the rhythm must be, roughly:

Duh-DUH-duh, duh-DUH-duh, duh-DUH.
Duh-DUH-duh, duh-DUH-duh, duh-DUH.
Duh-DUH-duh-duh-DUH,
Duh-DUH-duh-duh-DUH.
Duh-DUH-duh, duh-DUH-duh, duh-DUH..

There is some leeway for one-syllable deviation from that pattern, but not nearly as much as I see and hear all too often.

I think the reason I have a feel for this stuff, aside from inherited traits, is that I learned my craft from the best: Lewis Carroll, Edward Lear, the song parodies of Allan Sherman in the 1960s and the thousands of gems produced by *Mad Magazine* throughout my boyhood.

Sherman's songs and *Mad's* parodies were impeccable, meter-wise, so it's obvious that someone at Warner Bros. records and *Mad* was upholding the unyielding standards I'm espousing here.

I was chagrined in recent years to notice that the limericks portion of *Wait, Wait, Don't Tell Me*, the erudite National Public Radio program, were messy metrically, but they fixed that problem a few months ago, just in time to avoid getting a request from me to become their limericks editor.

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



WritersTalk

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

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Submissions

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

Submission deadline is the 15th of the month. Suggested word limits are not absolute; query the editor. Shorter submissions are given preference. Electronic submissions should be text or attached MS Word file sent to newsletter@southbaywriters.com. Send graphics separately as jpg files.

Anything Goes—Almost (300 words)

News Items (400 words)

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

Creative Works

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

Member Achievement and News: newsletter@southbaywriters.com

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by Marjorie Bicknell Johnson
Managing Editor



Edit for Dynamic Dialogue

In your self-editing journey, dialogue needs its own trip through the entire manuscript. We each write differently. I “hear” the dialogue first. I have to work to picture the scene, write description, and show the character’s emotion. Some writers picture the scene first, like watching a mental video. Whatever way we write, we need to

pay close attention to dialogue.

Who is speaking or thinking? Reading dialogue aloud helps to check attributes, said or asked. No adverbs, lest we tell rather than show the reader. Use the word “said” — it becomes invisible in your story — but don’t use it too much. You can show an action and omit the “said.”

- “Out of the way,” Bob said. He shoved John into the wall.
- “Out of the way.” Bob shoved John into the wall.

However, don’t let your characters say too much. If one of them has more than two lines of dialogue, break it up.

Of course, the writer’s golden rule is “Show, don’t tell.” With that in mind, it is essential to keep the six functions of dialogue in mind when reading and editing the manuscript:

- Reveal character in what is said and in what isn’t said.
- Provide pertinent information that does not repeat what has been said in narration.
- Drive the plot by building tension and drama.
- Reveal the chemistry and relationships between characters.
- Provide an emotional outlet for the story’s characters.
- Create white space on the page to break up the story for the reader.

Finally, punctuate dialogue professionally. Make sure that dialogue:

- Begins on a new line whenever there is a new speaker.
- Uses quotation marks around the words and punctuation *inside* those marks.
- Ends with a comma before a dialogue tag or with a full stop before an action.

Note the form of the bits of Bob’s dialogue above.

Now the manuscript is ready to be read by an editor or by trusted readers, and after that, more rewriting. I didn’t say self-editing was easy.

I think it helps to practice by editing your flash fiction. While you’re at it, send your short stories and memoirs to *WritersTalk* along with essays on topics of interest to writers, and of course, don’t neglect your poetry. —WT

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View from the Board

by S. Halloran

Eleven of us – President Colin Seymour, Vice-President Dave LaRoche, Treasurer Bill Baldwin, Secretary Sylvia Halloran, Newsletter Editor Marjorie Johnson, Membership Chair Sally Milnor, Publicity Chairman Kim Malanczuk, Hospitality Co-Chair Carole Taub, Member-at-Large Nader Khaghani as well as Carolyn Donnell and Apala G. Egan met in Santa Clara Wednesday night, November 5, 2014. We were more than would fit around the table, and the room was alive with spirited discussion and creative energy. Luckily the cookies held out.

The ideas and decisions from the September Retreat are taking shape as we begin to schedule their implementation. Watch for creative improvements in the club throughout the new year.

To encourage our visitors to join the club, the price of the dinner meeting will increase from fifteen to twenty dollars for non-members beginning in January.

The Winter Holiday Party, the Jingle Bash, will be on Sunday, December 14, at 4:00 p.m. at Carole Taub's place in South San Jose. Please add to the festivities by bringing potluck fare and a white elephant gift \$15 or less. Wine and tableware will be provided.

There is no dinner meeting in December – come to the Jingle Bash instead. Our regular meeting on January 12 will feature Dan Poynter, who promises to spotlight attention on publication in today's world. Be sure to come early!

- **Moved:** (Johnson/LaRoche) to accept October minutes. Passed, unanimous.
- **Moved:** (Milnor/Malanczuk) to accept officers' reports. Passed, unanimous.
- **Moved:** (LaRoche/Malanczuk) to accept committee reports. Passed, unanimous.
- **Moved:** (Johnson/Khaghani) to raise the price of non-member dinner admission to \$20 effective January 1, 2015. Passed, 7 yes, 2 no.
- **Moved:** (LaRoche/Malanczuk) to allocate \$300 for the purchase of a CWC state banner and stand for display at dinner meetings and workshops, similar to the banner and stand used by Norcal. Passed, unanimous.

Our board meetings are guided by a unanimous wish for the success of the South Bay branch of CWC. The club's long history has proven that members rise to leadership and seek to meet branch aspirations and goals.

Are you ready to rise? It's not too early to begin consideration of office. Remember, this board is terming out in June, and we'll need to find the next combination of volunteers to take the helm! – WT



Bad Doggerel

Continued from Page 2

The most abused work? In my experience it's definitely "The Night Before Christmas," which seems to present a takeoff point for many news columnists and laymen alike.

Since I've again refrained from invoking the infamous "Man from Nantucket" limerick in this essay, allow me to cite instead a bawdy stanza from a most artful takeoff on Clement C Moore's famous poem:

Ma (back from the cathouse) and I, out of jail,
Had just settled down for a good piece of tail,
When up on the roof, there came such a clatter;
I jumped off of Ma to see what was the matter."

Hilarious, and it scans beautifully. – WT

Member News

collected by WritersTalk Staff

Bill Baldwin's article on polyamory was posted on Georgia Platt's blog. The article was picked up by The Good Men Project site, which now gets 3 million hits a month.

Solstice Publishing has placed **Nancy Curteman's** new novel, *Murder on the Seine*, on Amazon. Both the e-book and the print version were released on November 11th. *Ed.: Nancy's blog contains many writing tips.*

Audry Lynch's article, "I Lived for a Year in the Sanborn Mansion," appeared in the fall issue of the *Blackhorse Tavern Review*, the newsletter for the Winchester, Massachusetts Historical Society.

Carole Taub's short story, "Traveling Grannie," placed 3rd in the Fault Zone: Diverge writers' contest from SF Peninsula Branch and will be published by Sand Hill Review Press.

Margie Yee Webb, co-creator of *Not Your Mother's Book ... On Cats*, is proud to announce the book's release in October 2014 with her "Cat Mulan" story included. *NYMB ... On Cats*, the ninth book in the fun, daring, smart and different *NYMB* anthology series, is available at your favorite book retailer. For a taste of the *NYMB ... On Cats* stories, see those posted on Publishing Syndicate's blog, www.LaughUntilYouPee.com

We applaud your successes – published works, talks given, book signings – any small or large triumphs related to writing. To be included in this column, please send a short paragraph to newsletter@southbaywriters.com – WT



SBW's oldest member, Emma Hooker, joined us at Harry's on November 10.

– Photo by Carolyn Donnell

Who I Write Like

by Linda M. Judd

I like to do research on the Internet. If I don't find some answer, I'll rewrite my search words until I find what I'm looking for. A few years ago, I came upon a site that I now visit yearly. According to the "I Write Like" website (<http://iwl.me>), the writing in my story, "Anniversary Adventure," is like the writing of David Foster Wallace. I don't know who he is; he was younger, so I think he wrote like me! I know that visiting "I Write Like" is a little ego boosting, but it makes me think and takes my head out of what I've been writing.

I go on a fun break and visit <http://iwl.me>. I copy and paste my writing into the web page, press the button, and see what they report. Here's a short list of some of my work, and who I reportedly write like. I looked up some of the following famous authors. In my findings you may note that the phrase "reported as" is code for "I'm not familiar with the author's work." I submitted selections from my short stories written since 2009.

Here's a list of my work, and who I write like.

- "Whoms' Delight": Bram Stoker, master of horror fiction. Oh my, and I'm only two pages into my mystery story.
- "Potshot Eight Ball": Steven King, that's scary. I wrote a growing-up teen story. Part of it was scary; her mom died.
- "Tales of the Lucky Tuna": William Gibson, reported as author of the extraordinary. Well, my tuna did wink at the leading lady.
- "Serving at Foursquare": Ursula K. Le Guin is a great writer, and I love her science fiction. Aw shucks, well, I can see the connection.
- "The 50-Cent Tour": Douglas Adams, much-loved author. He's quite funny. My story is a traveler's narrative, and I'm a little tongue in cheek retelling the adventures of a visit to my hometown.
- "Picnic by Coast Starlight": Cory Doctorow, reported as master of speculative fiction. Okay, I'll have to re-read my story, find the speculation. It was about a 34-year family reunion.
- "Once Upon a Lily Pond": Anne Rice, reported as magnificent, compulsively readable, thrilling; her power of invention seems boundless, charged with eroticism and magical style. Hmm, I only wrote a fairy tale in a short story style. I submitted this work to *WritersTalk* for an upcoming edition.
- "Your Voice": James Joyce, reported as having a "stream of consciousness" style. I wrote a short poem, no room for a stream, but it does require inner contemplation!
- "Driving Mr. Daisy": Neil Gaiman, reported as a master storyteller. Yes, I was story telling, with a bit of tongue in cheek humor. I submitted this too, for your perusal in *WritersTalk*, printed on this page.

If you are familiar with any of the writers listed below, let me know. I'll share my story with you, and you can tell me if, indeed, I write like David Foster Wallace, William Gibson, Cory Doctorow, Anne Rice, Neil Gaiman, or James Joyce. I can be reached at lindyjudd@yahoo.com. — WT

Driving Mr. Daisy

by Linda Judd

He was told that he was not allowed to drive home after his colonoscopy. "Will you be my designated driver?"

"Okay." So I did.

We left Wednesday morning for the hospital. When we got there, they ushered Carl in, and I waited in the surgery lobby with my novel.

During the prep for his colonoscopy, a nurse came out and said that Carl was asking for me. I followed her to the ward of pre-op rooms. I walked down the aisle of small "rooms" delineated by blue drapes. Upon the ceiling, large photos of peaceful wooded glens and flowery meadows covered the neon lights. Nice effect.

The nurse showed me into Carl's room. He had just been given a shot to make him drowsy, but he was still just conscious enough for me to read to him. Another nurse was entering his stats into a computer that she wheeled into his room. I sat down and looked around at the machine readouts of his blood pressure, blood rate and blood gases.

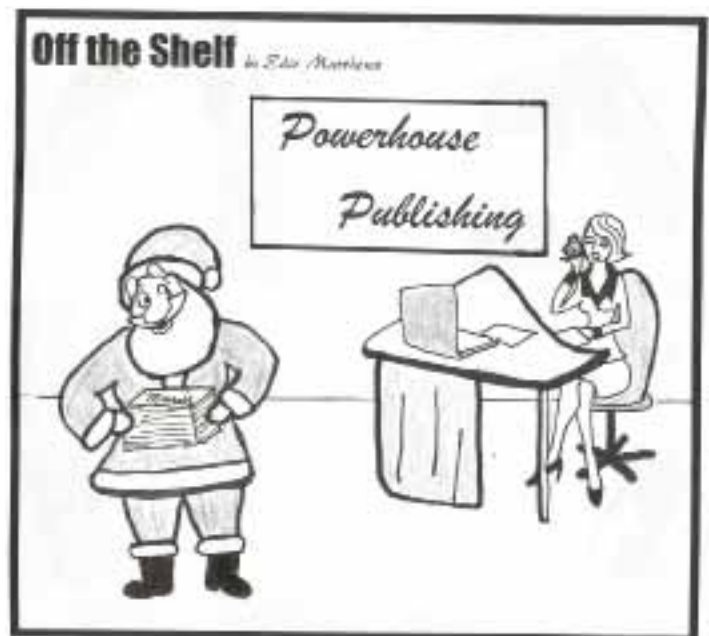
"Look at that, his heart rate is going down. Is he falling asleep?"

The nurse looked up. "Yes, that's normal, his rate will go up and down right now." She finished her typing and handed me a sheet of paper. "This is a list of all the things Carl needs to do after surgery today. He needs to read it."

I said, "Carl, honey, you need to read this." He looked at me groggily and I asked where his glasses were. The nurse said they were down in his clothing under the bed. I started to get them, and she said, "You can read them to him."

"Okay." So I sat back down and started reading, "For your protection, your doctor recommends that you read and follow the instructions."

Continued on Page 12



I know everybody's writing a memoir, but you're not going to believe who's here.

South Bay Writers hosts annual Jingle Bash

New Speaker Series season kicks off 2015

by Kimberly Malanczuk

South Bay Writers will host its annual “Jingle Bash” holiday party in San Jose on Sunday, December 14. This year’s potluck bash caps a year of illuminating monthly speakers and insightful workshops and celebrates the spirit of the club’s camaraderie.

“I so look forward to December’s Bash: happy conversation, wine, and those palate pleasing delectables; the absence of all that technical stuff, like craft and publishing, intended to help with my writing,” said Dave LaRoche, Vice President of South Bay Writers Club. “Whew! Glad that’s over for a while – though I will miss Harry’s.”

South Bay Writers President Colin Seymour agreed. “This is a chance to share some laughs, for a change,” he said. “We don’t get to socialize with our fellow club members as often as we’d like, and it’s not always easy to progress from associates to friends. The better we know one another, the more we can help one another.”

POTLUCK DETAILS

The potluck event will be held in San Jose at the home of South Bay Writers member Carole Taub. Attendees should bring a dish according to the first letter of their last name: A – H, Appetizer or Dessert; I – R, Main Dish; S – Z, Salad or Side Dish. The club will provide beverages, including wine. The event will feature a “Gift Exchange.” Members wishing to participate should bring a wrapped gift valued at \$15 or less.

EVENT RSVP

Please RSVP to Carole Taub at JingleBash@southbaywriters.com and include the name of the dish you plan to contribute. Carole’s home address is given on page 1 in the press version of *WritersTalk*.

JANUARY 2015 SPEAKER

Please remember, SBW’s monthly “General Meeting & Speaker Series” will not be held in December. The club’s new “Speaker Series” season kicks off the New Year on Monday, January 12, 2015 and features well-known author and publisher, Dan Poynter. The series is held the second Monday of every month except July and December.

DID YOU KNOW?

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Special Note: The Jingle Bash is on a Sunday, not a Monday.



Dick Yaeger in the trenches
– Photo by Carolyn Donnell

Want to see more photos?

More pictures from South Bay Writers meetings and activities appear under the Events Tab on southbaywriters.com and at <https://southbaywritersgallery.shutterfly.com/>



SBW camaraderie at Harry’s Hofbrau

– Photos by Carolyn Donnell



Speaker Dick Yaeger
and VP Dave LaRoche

Yaeger in the Trenches

Continued from Page 1

color will prevent light print in the PDF.

Finally, for your own free cover, Createspace offers an expansive collection of templates, color/font options, and thousands of pictures to meld a unique personal cover. Less daunting than it sounds, just six or eight buttons navigate the choices flawlessly. "Even if you later choose to use an outside-designed cover, spend time with their Cover Creator," he advised. "It's both fun and educational."

For those terrorized by computers, CreateSpace offers paid professional services for editing, formatting, and cover design with nominal prices of \$200 to \$600, depending on the sophistication level.

In a rare moment of dissatisfaction, Dick said his opinion was that the paid services lacked real value. Instead, he strongly suggested, take a class at your community college to master Word and Photoshop. That's what he did. "It's an investment," he said, "that will pay off for all your future books."

As time ran out, Dick explained CreateSpace's pricing schemes. The typical cost of a three hundred page book would be about \$5 to \$7. Add your markup onto that and collect 60% of it for your royalty: a \$2 markup is a royalty of \$1.20.

If you have more questions, contact Dick Yaeger at dyaeger@aol.com. —WT



Just Desserts

by Chess Desalls

The buzzer goes off. I wipe sweat from my forehead and grin. They're ready.

Travis doesn't think I have it in me. All the better. He won't see it coming.

"Hey! Meg! Turn the stove off, will you?" he calls from downstairs.

"I got it," I yell back. Smiling, I click off the timer and open the oven. "They're perfect," I whisper. He won't notice a difference. Not until he takes a bite.

As I transfer the golden-brown cookies from the pan to the cooling rack, I think of Travis' latest stunt: whipped cream poured into my hand while sleeping. A stupid college prank, I know. But I won't forget it. Not that or the time he hard boiled all the eggs in the fridge and put them back in the carton. Or the birthday cake he'd made me—a car sponge decorated with frosting.

I am done.

Travis yells up to me again. "What's that smell?"

"Cookies," I say. "Chocolate chunk, your favorite."

He doesn't answer, likely assuming I'll bring him some. I will. Oh, I will.

I pour milk into a microbrew glass etched with our school mascot, a viper. The snake grins knowingly, showing its fangs and forked tongue. I pause, wondering whether I should add something else—white paint, crafting glue, chalky liquid antacid. No. That would be overkill.

I select two cookies and frown, knowing the rest of the batch would go to waste. The second cookie is just for show. Travis won't make it past the first one.

With the plate in one hand and the glass of milk in the other, I make my way downstairs.

Blasts of ammunition sound over the background music. Travis sits at his desk, fully absorbed in his computer game.

"Thanks," he says, reaching for the plate. He never takes his eyes off the screen. His other hand busily controls his gaming mouse, sliding back and forth. Clickity click.

Travis takes a bite so huge that only a quarter of the cookie remains in his hand.

He chews.

I hold my breath.

Travis' mouse hand stops clicking. Gunfire ceases.

Two words light the screen: GAME OVER.

Travis chokes, but he swallows. (Good. One less mess to clean.)

He turns to me and frowns. "What did you do to the cookies, Meg?"

"Secret ingredient," I say. "One to get back at you for all the pranks, tricks, and embarrassment you caused me!"

His face is green now. "What *was* it?" he asks.

I laugh. I just barely manage to get the words out of my mouth. "Baker's chocolate. It's—they're unsweetened chocolate bar chunks."

He winces, glancing at the glass of milk still in my hand.

I hold it out to him. My mouth stretches in a wide, toothy grin. "Need to wash it down?"

Travis takes one look at the milk, considers it, and bolts upstairs.

I sit in front of the computer, wink at the viper on the glass, and drink.

—WT

Reticence

by Chelsea Cheng

The string of bells tinkle delicately as the girl pushes open the glass doors of the toasty café on the street corner. Before they swing closed behind her, she turns, draws a smiley face on the frosted glass, and gives it an oversized Santa hat.

A chuckle resounds from the far side of the room, and she looks up to see the auburn-haired barista who works here on weekends.

"Afternoon," she greets pleasantly, and he returns it with an amiable smile.

When she slides onto the tall stool in front of the espresso machine, the boy's hands move almost automatically to the shelves below the granite counter. He knows what she'll ask for, and she knows he knows. Caffè latte; it's what the girl always orders on colder days. The boy never meant to memorize her favorite coffees, nor the way she likes them made. He wonders when they—and her presence, too—had become a given.

The conversation starts at his fingertips, seeps into the bittersweet aroma of coffee beans and the warmth of the percolator. His words amalgamate with the hum of the steam wand and dance around the lip of the white coffee cup; they flow into the tulip pattern atop her latte and melt in with her laughter and the faint steam swirling up in tendrils.

"First snow. Pretty, isn't it?" He points to the scenery behind the frosted windows, the flurries of white in amorphous masses. But when she turns to look, his eyes flicker back to her, a subconscious proclivity. *Pretty.*

Outside, the December snow drifts listlessly, dots the bare branches and constellates in the pavement crevices and the roof tiles: a city veiled in white. The pale skyline in the distance coalesces into a colorless backdrop and softens behind intermittent flurries of snow.

The boy leans idly on the countertop, closer to the girl's proximity. He likes the way she fits into every picture, the way she completes them—adorns, even. The coffee shop has a lingering tranquility from all the times she's visited, and he relishes the ambiance.

She turns back, and the words slip past

his lips before they fully congeal in his mind, on his tongue.

"Merry Christmas," he says, and stops himself just in time. An ingenuous holiday greeting, a deeper sentiment almost divulged: *I wish you could spend it with me.*

"To you, too," the girl rejoins, and hides a smile behind the rim of her coffee cup. He doesn't miss it, and laughs at her diffidence.

And in that moment, they both wonder if things will change this winter, an inceptive interface of their parallel lines. Perhaps it will involve a certain boy who loves making coffee and a girl who loves visiting the boy's coffee shop. Perhaps it will digress from the her habitual routine of drinking hot cider in front of her TV, or him falling asleep by a chimney fire. Perhaps there will be a casual stroll down light-filled streets as night seeps in quietly above their heads. Perhaps they'll stop on street corners and listen to the silvery carols. Perhaps she'll pick out a present for him, and he one for her.

The girl clasps the half-empty cup a little tighter in her hands, and peeks up at the boy as the mellow aroma of her coffee settles between the two of them, sweeter than usual.

Behind the espresso machine, the barista inhales deeply, and endeavors to find the right words, to piece together a coherent sentence.

Will you spend Christmas with me? — WT



Broken

Broken, but not forgotten
Oh, how my heart longs to hear
these words that mend a soul
to touch your presence near

This life once bright and new
still tarrys of old
and lingers to once again to know
the joys of your precious hold

And deep it sometimes be
so that others cannot tread
the darkness of a spirit
alone to fear the 'stead

Soldiering, soldiering on
until the work be done
You as no other mindful
Of gifts given until we've won

There is one sure place aware
that heart echos can fall
to Jesus, King and Savior
from each person should he call

Broken, but not forgotten

— Barbara A. Johns

WTC FICTION

David With The Smiling Face

by Esmeralda Aldrete

I've always been a sucker for a man who could lie and smile at the same time. The usual damage is an empty bed and an empty wallet the next morning.

Michael Olsen was different. He was preparing a wonderful breakfast when I woke up. I was greeted with black coffee and a hug. We spent the rest of the day together.

He moved in the next week. He continued to excel in the kitchen and the bedroom. The man knew all the right buttons to push, but what I enjoyed most was our talks. He listened to all my ramblings. He made me feel important. I let down all my defenses and thought this time it's really different.

It would be months before I discovered just how different. My awakening was finding out that my bank and brokerage accounts had been hacked and emptied out. The police informed me that Michael Olsen was really David Schmidt.

His specialty was preying on fools like me. — WT

How 'P' Became President

by Judith Shernock



Once upon a time a strange fight took place. Twenty-five letters of the alphabet ran their co-letter 'P' out of town. They claimed she was proud, pugnacious and pestered people about the perfection of her personality. Besides, she perpetually perspired, which perplexed her mates. They usually said, "Phew."

"Oh, you will be sorry when I punish you!" she purred as she packed her possessions in her large purple purse.

"Soon you will be pegging me to return." She spoke with a slight Peruvian accent.

"We are twenty-five." 'A,' leader of the other letters, announced loudly, "One letter, more or less won't affect us. Twenty-five is a good round number for an Alfabet."

'A' watched as 'P' vanished. "Now we can all be ha**y, ..., all be hay." He forgot that there is no ha**iness without *. The word became hay, not what he meant at all.

'A' turned to his twenty-four friends and found them very u*set. "What's wrong?"

"Where are all the *lants? How barren without them. Look at the children. They can't *lay anymore. At least everyone is rich since they can't be *oor."

'G' grunted. "The *igs are gone. Can you imagine them red or green since the color *ink isn't here anymore?"

The king came by with a sad face. "I'm homeless. No *alace, the *rince and *rincess gone. My *rime minister left. He sent a telegram since all the *hones have vanished."

The letters felt sorry for him but their faces showed no *ity. There was only *ity, not the same at all.

"Time to eat!" 'E' exclaimed.

The twenty-five rushed into the dining hall but alas, since there were no *ots and *ans to cook in, they had only cold food. There were no *lates to eat on and no one was being *olite.

Some of the letters had second thoughts about the letter they had chased away. How could they contact her? No *ens or *encils. No *a*er to write on and the *ost office had closed. Computers had turned into comuters, not the same thing at all.

The children ran wild with no *arents to tell them how to act. They missed their favorite foods: *ie, *izza, *asta, *ickles, *eaches, *o*sicles, and cu*cakes. Their teachers were confused since there was no *rinci*al to direct them.

At the daily meeting of the letters, 'M' moaned, "What should we do? *eo*le are vanishing. Soon the *lanets will be gone. Let's bring Meany back."

'Q' questioned where she might be. 'Y' yelled her name. 'S' screamed, shouted and screeched for her to return.

They agreed that they would make her *resident if she returned. "Yes, they yelled, you will be *resident!"

A pretty pink Pinto pulled up and out stepped the new President. A peal of laughter preceded her pronouncement.

"I told you that I was permanently important and I will become your President. Perhaps I shall change our name to Palphabet." 'P' had pictures painted of herself and posted everywhere and took the name "Permanent Presidential Peer." Prominent photos appeared in all the papers.

The other letters never mentioned her posturing and perspiring any more.

Then one day another letter was banished. But that i:. another :.tory. — WT

Six Ways to Create Powerful Verbs

by WritersTalk Staff

Based upon a blog found at NancyCurteman.wordpress.com

Powerful verbs are to writing what powerful engines are to airplanes. They are one of the elements needed to propel your story forward. To energize your writing, you need to use a variety of powerful action verbs. They should appeal to the reader's senses of sight, sound, touch or smell. Verbs outrank adjectives and adverbs in their ability to provide realistic visuals and evoke feelings in your readers. Here are six ways to create powerful verbs:

- Replace simple verbs with picturesque verbs. Characters can walk, but it's better if they **saunter, stride, strut, swagger, vault, skulk, or sashay**. They can see, but it's better if they **gawk, gape, glare, eyeball, laser, or study**. Characters can cry, but it's better if they **wail, bawl, bleat, yowl, blubber, weep or bleat**.
- Use one concise verb rather than a verb phrase. You can change "He did not remember to take his list" to "He forgot his list," and "She didn't pass the paper screening" to "She failed the paper screening."

- Verbs ending in -ing weaken the impact of your verbs. Change "The sun was burning her" to "The sun burned her," and "He was going to pass her in a moment" to "He would pass her in a moment."
- Replace most of your passive verbs with active verbs. However, there are times when it is better to use passive verbs, such as when the story calls for a change of pace, to slow down the action, reduce tension, or stretch the narrative. Also, use the passive voice when emphasis is on the object rather than the subject: Multistory buildings, residences, radio towers, and bridges were flattened by the earthquake.
- Replace your adverbs with verbs that are so powerful they don't require modifiers.
- Invent interesting verbs from other word forms. She **skunked** the car up with her Limburger cheese. He **snaked** through the hallways of the old house. She **wormed** her way out of the exam. She **doctored** the paper until it was perfect. Old man Jones **policed** his yard with a shotgun at his side. They **tabled or shelved** your idea.

Powerful verbs can make the difference between a slow-moving novel and one that is a page-turner. — WT



**The Santa Claus Family
Monte Vista Elementary School
The Early 1960s: The Gracia Kin**

In the deepest sense,
fantasies are real,
They are everywhere,
yet also seen,
with crystalline clarity,
in a few special times,
in each of our lives.

I flash back to my long ago schoolhouse,
semi-rural those days,
where my mind's eye still sees,
pulled by an old 1920s
putt-putt car,
coming down from the hills above,
Santa Claus,
his wife and elves,
all decked up in bright Christmas garb
to show us children,
that,
after all,
such myths are solid.

They did this every year.

The memory lives forever,
save that I most fervently wish
the children of today
could continue to see
my true story of my tender years.

When a sweet man and his kind family
decide to be Santa Claus,
who are we to say
that they are not?

– Stephen C. Wetlesen

The Object of My Affections

Last April's NaPoWriMo (National Poetry Writing Month) prompted poets to write a love poem – to something inanimate: your favorite pen, your teddy bear, or anything else, so long as it's not alive!

I chose my viola. – Carolyn Donnell

An Apology to Karen Hartley
Last month, *WritersTalk* published only the first half of "The Wedding Silver." The entire poem appears on this page.

The Wedding Silver

In the middle drawer
Of the bureau
Rests a shiny cherry wood box
Surrounded by women's things:
Slips and scarves and boxes
Of pearls on strings
And lace handkerchiefs
Softly laying next to it
As if they all are protecting
The wedding silver

One can only imagine the guests
Whose fingers caressed the
Embossed rose point filigree
Year one it was used for
Family brunches
Year two it graced the table
For ladies lunches
By year five it still survived
But now the wedding silver was
Only used when the parents arrived
When year ten came it
Wasn't the same
For the wedding silver



Eulogy to Lost Songs

My heart aches even
More than the pain
Of arm smashed
When feet betrayed
One minute whole
And next the fall
A loss not to be borne.
My longest love is gone
My never failing lover
Who sang sonorous melodies
In spring time and
In winter's gloom

Tarnish had tinged the rose point
Couldn't see the intricacies
Through the blackness
What was to become of this
Cherished tradition?
Would not another meal be graced
With the wedding silver?
Would its gleam and glow slip
Into oblivion?
Then one day the cherry wood box
Was in her daughter's hands
Soon the wedding silver would
Have another chance
To shine
She placed the cherry wood box high
Up on a cupboard shelf
And waited until her golden ring
allowed her the joy of using
The wedding silver
She dreamed and envisioned
Her dining room table
Set with this cherished gift
And every so often opened
The box to lift a piece
And feel the joy of its
Connection to her mother's past,
like a benediction now on her future
The day finally came when
She changed her name
And the wedding silver once again
Starred at many a meal
The rose point in all its glory
Shone brilliantly for
Awhile
Dinner parties and cocktail soirees
The wedding silver was
Hardly put away
Then all at once life became
Day to day
And in the middle drawer
Of her bureau
Rests a shiny cherry wood box
– Karen Hartley

I dream of you
To hold you once again
To have your wooden curves
Reverberate in resonance
Of bow across the strings
A melody that flowed
Like waves upon the sea
Now ebbs away from me
Must I live forever pained
Without viola's songs
To soothe my soul again?
– Carolyn Donnell

December Terse On Verse

by Pat Bustamante



Pat Bustamante
Contributing Editor

December Splendor

Merry days to you all, fellow scribes
May you joyfully weather the season.
I rejoice for this best blessed of tribes
Cause its cheery warmth
Keeps me from freezin'!

— Pat Bustamante

Deck the halls with boughs of holly,
Fa lalalala. la la la la.
'Tis the season to be jolly ...

Not my poem, of course, but I like it because it starts out with no special religious identity. December itself was a challenge to ancient man before the religions we now know were named. You, as a cave-person or tree-slinger could die in the month of the faintest sun. So, dance and sing and make sure that the sun knows it's welcome to come back! Then prepare to make the new year better than this one.

Song lyrics are often born as a poem that is eventually put to music. "Music" we know comes from the "Muses," and the oldest songs own a beat and a way with matching words. Play with words; play with rhythms and rhymes. (Note: Those last words, rhythms and rhymes, are related also.)

The free verse poem is free from rhyming, and recently *The New Yorker* magazine included a two-page poem that could have been mistaken for a short story. I think this is why free verse is so popular with writers. You can say anything — just don't make the lines too long. You are more likely to sell it than if you simply submitted it as a story.

Words and music are anciently related. Think of the wolf's howl: it's a song, it's a language. The discovery that wild gorillas have their own "sign language" isn't a huge surprise. Koko, the famous human-raised gorilla, was taught OUR sign language. She learned to talk! What an accomplishment! Gorillas have spoken in sign for eons.

Your words, your emotion, your wish to share: this month is for giving.
Give *WritersTalk* something fabulous! — WT

Frankie was a Human Cat

Born in an alley, black but all love,
His real name Kitty but he tolerated
My choosing his label, "Frankenstein" I stated
It's literary you know and I'm not above
Playing with words. "Mary Shelley," his sister,
A tortoise-shell color (she adored him)
Was the cause for the naming of Mister
Frankenstein, who scored in
Top grades for gentle affections
He loved a wild skunk, both of them
black complexions.
Insisted on nights-out
While fearless about
The streets and fast cars (and skunks)
Liked cars too much. Darn those speeding punks!
He'd climb in any car's open trunks.
Or he'd hide from me, sleeping between wheels.
Ran out of luck. I heard brake-squeals,
The requiem finally for my human-cat.
Fifteen years of love, then that's that.
His trust and his body crushed flat.
— by Pat Bustamante

When Winter Comes

The start of December,
Autumn sighs
A harbinger of change,
for him, a blight
The air congeals,
the branches shed
And the children forget
all his gold and red
But what can he do?
He has never won
In front of Winter
he's forever undone
For when she arrives
in all her white
He can only vacate
as the rest abides
— Chelsea Cheng



The Grammar Bug

Horrid art thou Grammar Bug!
Dare I compare thee to a slug?

Crawling into my writing,
Sentences always blighting.

Thou art but a tiny beastly
On apostrophes you feasty.

Commas are your daily stew,
Italics your favorite brew.

Oh, I would pay a load of cash
To know where goes an em-dash.

Parentheses leave me crying.
Is it really worth my trying?

Oh, beastly, beastly tiny thingy,
Relieve me of thy awful stingy.

Grammar Bug won't conquer all!
Computers will be his downfall!

Alas he titters at my rage
Remains King of my page.

— Judith Shernock



Illustrations by Donald Shernock

Lipogram

As defined by *Wikipedia*, a **lipogram** is a kind of constrained writing in which a particular letter or group of letters is avoided — usually a common vowel, and frequently "e," the most common letter in the English language. One of the most remarkable examples of lipogram is Ernest Vincent Wright's novel *Gadsby* (1939), which has over 50,000 words but not a single letter "e."

Judith Shernock avoids the letter "p" on page 9 in "How the Letter 'P' became President." — WT

Driving Mr. Daisy

Continued from Page 5

I looked at Carl to see if he was listening; his eyes were slightly open. I continued. "You may feel bloated for a few hours and experience some gas pains. We encourage you to pass gas to relieve pressure/ or gas pains."

I commented, "Oh, look honey, you have permission to fart, just this one time."

I started to read again, but the nurse had burst out laughing. I looked up again not realizing what was so funny, but her laughter was contagious and I laughed too.

After a bit, I continued reading the list of eight things he had to do, or call, or not take, during the next seven days of recovery. When I finished, I gave Carl a kiss and

said, "I'll see you in a little while, honey."

I waited back in the lobby, reading my novel, and glancing occasionally at the computer readout of patient statuses. Carl was just moved to post-op.

Another nurse came to the lobby for me. Surprisingly, we went to the same room where he had pre-op. When I got there, a nurse handed over some photos of Carl's colonoscopy and a copy of the post-op report. Then the doctor came in, explained how the surgery went, and found the photos, he pointed at various places telling us about what he had removed.

On the way home, Carl told me that he had been listening, and watching me read the post-op recovery instructions. He said, "It was your straight face and dead-

pan voice that caused the nurse to laugh when you said I had a license to fart."

"I didn't say you had a license to fart."

"Yeah you did."

"I said you had permission to fart—just this one time."

"Same difference!" He grinned.

When we got home, I read the post-op report. At the bottom of the page were the results of the operation, "Removed today: 4 polyps, 3 rocks, 2 apple seeds, and a monkey wrench. Next visit – three years."

Oh boy, three years, driving Mr. Daisy. I can't wait!

That's an inside joke.

—WT

CWC Tri-Valley Writers Conference

Focus: Self-Publishing, Marketing, Craft

Saturday, April 18, 2015, all day, at Four Points by Sheraton, 5115 Hopyard Road, Pleasanton, CA 94588. Discount Prices for Early Bird Registration: Members, \$115; Nonmembers, \$140; Students, \$80

The Tri-Valley Writers Conference is a full day event on the art and business of writing for writers. Held Saturday, April 18, 2015 from 7:30am to 6:00pm, it will feature three tracks of speakers, events, writing contests, and networking opportunities for people who share a passion for writing. The event is organized by the Tri-Valley Writers Branch of the California Writers Club and sponsored by a grant from the Alameda County Arts Commission to promote and nurture our vibrant community of writers. Our speaker lineup includes authors, editors, marketing experts, and innovators in e-publishing. Visit www.trivalleywriters.org —WT

CWC Redwood Writers 2014 Play Contest

A reminder that entries are now being accepted for Redwood Writers 2014 -15 Play Contest: Deadline, 9 p.m. Dec. 15, 2014. The contest is open to all California writers. Winners will be announced at the Feb. 8, 2015 Redwood Writers general membership meeting at the Flamingo Hotel, Santa Rosa. Winning plays receive full production at the 6th Street Playhouse/ Redwood Writers fifth annual play festival, "New Voices on the Vine: A Wine Country Play Festival," May 22-June 7, 2015. For more information on this and other contests, go to <http://redwoodwriters.org/5th-annual-redwood-writers-play-contest>. —WT

SF Writers Conference

The 2015 San Francisco Writers Conference will be held at the Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco, February 12 - 15. Keynote speakers include Judith Curr, Publisher, Atria at Simon & Schuster; John Lescroart, best-selling author of *The Keeper*; and Yiyun Li, author of *Kinder than Solitude*. This four-day event includes many prominent presenters, agents, and publishers. Visit sfwriters.org —WT

Save The Date: January 24, 2015

Workshop Write Your Novel in Two Weeks

Saturday, January 24, 9 am - 2 pm

Los Gatos Adult Recreation Center,
(408) 354-8700, www.lgsrecreation.org

Bay Area Book Festival

by Jill Pipkin

Calling for Exhibitors at the 1st Bay Area Book Festival to be held June 6 and 7, 2015 in Berkeley. Would you like to display and sell your book? You must be present at the Festival at the exhibitors' booth for both days to sell your book. Cost to be divided by participants. Total cost \$300, if I meet the early bird price deadline: December 15.

Aiming for 5+ participants. Email SBW member Jill Pipkin at jillpipkin@gmail.com if you have an interest in joining this event. Particulars can be found on line at www.baybookfest.org —WT

Self-Publishing 101

by Linda Judd

Self-Publishing 101 classes with Linda Myro Judd, Book Designer, start in January 2015 at San Jose's Willow Glen Community Center. Bring your polished short story, a poem, or an excerpt from your book manuscript. Bring your laptop or your notebook and work in class. Learn how to use Word to make your work look like you hired a professional. Preview your work online. The cost of this 50+ program is \$10 for Willow Glen members and \$18 for nonmembers.

Classes are on Fridays for 12 weeks: January 9 to March 27, 1:30 - 3:30 pm at Willow Glen Community Center, 2175 Lincoln Ave, San Jose, CA 95125. Register at (408) 448-6400 or sanjoseca.gov/prns. —WT

Contests with December Deadlines

by Carolyn Donnell



Carolyn Donnell
Contributing Editor

Attention POETS! Here are a few poetry contests for you from Winning Writers' Highly Recommended list. See winningwriters.com. (You have to be a member to get to their complete listings, but membership is free.) Several of their contests this month are from The Poetry Society of America. Deadline for all PSA contests listed here is 12/22/14.

Some contests require membership (PSA \$45 per year, \$25 for students) but some are for anyone. See more at poetrysociety.org/psa/awards/annual/individual/

The following ones are free to PSA members but open to nonmembers with a fee:

- George Bogin Memorial Award: Individual Poems, \$500.00
- Robert H. Winner Memorial Award: Individual Poems \$2,500.00
- Louise Louis/Emily F. Bourne Student[High School] Poetry Award: Individual Poems \$250.00

Only Poetry Society of America members may enter the following:

- The Writer Magazine/Emily Dickinson Award Individual Poems, \$250.00.
- Alice Fay Di Castagnola Award Fellowship, \$1,000.00.
- Lucille Medwick Memorial Award Individual Poems, \$500.00
- Lyric Poetry Award Individual Poems, \$500.00
- Cecil Hemley Memorial Award Individual Poems, \$500.00

Some other contests highly recommended by Winning Writers with deadlines in December:

- **Anisfield-Wolf Book Awards:** \$10,000.00. Deadline 12/31/14.
A fiction or poetry or a nonfiction book, published in the current calendar year and that has made "important contributions to our understanding of racism or our appreciation of the rich diversity of human cultures." anisfield-wolf.org/submissions/submission-guidelines/
- **Griffin Prize For Excellence In Poetry:** 65,000.00 CAN. Deadline 12/31/14.
Poetry book published in the current calendar year. One prize to a living Canadian poet or translator, the other to a living poet or translator from any country. griffinpoetryprize.com/how-to-enter/rules/
- **J. Anthony Lukas Work-in-Progress Award:** \$30,000.00 Fellowship. Deadline 12/07/14.
Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism. Fellowship to aid completion of a significant work of nonfiction on a topic of American political or social concern. Must already have a contract with a publisher to write a nonfiction book. journalism.columbia.edu/page/169-lukas-prize-project-awards/170
- **L. Ron Hubbard's Writers of the Future Contest:** Short Fiction, \$6,000.00 total. Deadlines March 31, June 30, September 30, and December 31.
For **emerging** writers of short science fiction, fantasy, and horror. writersofthefuture.com/Contest-Rules-Writers/
- **St. Martin's Minotaur/Mystery Writers of America First Crime Novel Competition:** \$10,000.00 advance. Deadline 12/15/14.
A crime novel by an author with no previously published books. mysterywriters.org/about-mwa/st-martins/

If you receive an opportunity in your email to enter a contest, by all means check it out on its website. Find out if it is a true contest, or a publisher's promotion, or — sad to say — a scam.

Good luck, and be sure to let us know if you have any good news. — WT

WRITERSTALK Challenge

What is it?

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

Genres

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

Judging Periods

January 16 through July 15
July 16 through January 15

Prizes

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

Judging

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

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

Painter without oils.
Photographer with no lens.
Words form my pictures.

— Stephen C. Wetlesen

Words Drawing Music

Words Drawing Music is an ongoing open mic opportunity at Works San Jose and it's at a time SBW doesn't have one — second Thursdays, 7 to 9 p.m. They advertise a friendly environment where artists and others can enjoy inspirational poetry and music while exploring artistic creativity. They provide paper and drawing materials or you can bring your own (no paints please). An open mic is open to all! They invite all you artists, poets, musicians, and comedians to show your talents at Works, 365 South Market Street (downtown San José on the Market Street edge of the San José Convention Center). — WT

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

Curriculum Development

June Chen junech@gmail.com

Counseling/John Steinbeck

Dr. Audry L. Lynch

glynch0001@comcast.net

Growing Great Characters from the Ground Up

Martha Engber martha@engber.com

Internal Medicine/Addiction

Disorder/Psychology

Dave Breithaupt dlbmlb@comcast.net

InDesign (book format)

Linda M. Judd lindyjudd@yahoo.com

Marketing and Management

Suzy Paluzzi, MBA jomarch06@yahoo.com

Mathematics/Fibonacci Sequence

Marjorie Johnson marjohnson@mac.com

Private Investigator/Police work/Crime

M. J. Hahn mirror3314@mypacks.net

Teaching and the Arts

Betty Auchard Btauchard@aol.com

Telecommunications Technology

Allan Cobb allancobb@computer.org

Television Production

Woody Horn 408-266-7040



The portable bulletin board keeps us up-to-date on news about publishing or other topics important to writers.

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 10 am. Genres: Fiction, nontechnical nonfiction, memoir. Contact: Dave LaRoche — dalaroche@comcast.net

Valley Writers

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

Emperor's Mystery Circle

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

Riders Do Right

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

Your Critique Group

For consideration, send information to newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Ongoing writing groups; Open Mic

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

**Come to meetings.
Stay informed.**

Happy Holidays



Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	1 1:30P Mystery Circle 2P Valley Writers	2	3 7:30P SBW Board	4	5 7:30P Open mic Barnes & Noble Almaden, San Jose	6
7 10:00A Our Voices	8 2P Valley Writers	9	10 Noon Riders Do Right	11	12	13
14 4:00P SBW Holiday Bash	15 2P Valley Writers Deadline <i>WritersTalk</i>	16	17	18	19 7:30P Open mic Wil- low Glen Library, 1157 Minnesota Ave	20
21 10:00A Our Voices	22 2P Valley Writers	23	24	25 Christmas	26	27
28 2P Valley Writers	29	30	31	December 2014		
Future Flashes						
No regular December dinner meeting	January 7 SBW Board Meeting	January 12 SBW Regular Meeting				

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

For more info, contact Karen Phan
at phan_karen@yahoo.com or go to
poetrycentersanjose.org/calendar

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\$7 per column inch for SBW
members
\$10 per inch for nonmembers

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/](http://southbaywriters.com/wordpress/ mailing-list/)

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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
Next Regular Meeting
6 p.m. Monday, January 12**

Harry's Hofbrau
390 Saratoga Avenue, San Jose

SBW DECEMBER MEETING

JINGLE BASH

4 p.m. Sunday, December 14
Party announcement on page 1
Story on page 6

WritersTalk deadline is always
the 15th of the month.

Regular dinner meetings are
second Mondays 6 – 9 pm



Harry's Hofbrau

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