



WRITERSTALK

Volume 22
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March 2014

Monthly Newsletter of the South Bay Writers Club™

MARCH SPEAKER

The Writer and the Law with Speaker Rick Acker

by Dave LaRoche

We hear it often, know it applies, but what does it mean? One thing we know, it's a government thing created by Congress, and that might start us a quiverin'. Copyright is a legal term. Legal terms often belie the layman (and laywoman) because the language is strange and we don't understand it.

Some say copyright is a way of protecting your words as they're assembled, that no one else has permission to use, sans your release. Any words? On paper or spoken? For how long are they protected and what does "protected" mean? Will someone marshal forces, activate the National Guard? Moreover, what does "using my words" mean?

There's a rumor that we need do nothing, that as soon as I type this revealing, solicitous article, character by character, it's mine and protected. But then I've heard that registration is best—a seal, I suppose, of government approval. Who do I talk to about that?

There are other legal concerns a writer might have: slander and libel, trademarks, the First Amendment and how it applies. Where are our boundaries? What can I say about that asshole who reviews my work and how does a trademark apply? I thought trademarks were for tires and stoves.

Most believe, and I certainly do, that a writer has pretty much free rein, and within the truth, most anything goes. On the other side of that hand, however, is the cost of defending that right, how long it might take, and when it is worth it.

Rick Acker will reveal all on March 10. These questions and others related to writers and law will be answered. Rick is an author and an attorney, Deputy Attorney General in the California Department of Justice. His unit prosecutes corporate fraud of the type described in his latest legal thriller, *When the Devil Whistles* (#1 Kindle bestseller). His other

novels include *Dead Man's Rule* (Top Pick, RT), *Blood Brothers* (4 stars, RT), and the *Davis Detective Mysteries* for young adults.

Rick holds law degrees from the University of Oslo and the University of Notre Dame, where he graduated with honors. In addition to his novels, he's a contributing author on two legal treatises published by the American Bar Association.

Cruise over to Harry's on the tenth and listen to this erudite man fill us in on the intricacies of the writer and law.

I'll be there, will you? —WT



Rick Acker

Coming Attractions:
Martha Engber Workshop
March 30, 2014

Don't miss it!

See page 7

FEBRUARY SPEAKEER

Taming the Grammar Grumps

by Pratibha Kelapure

A talk on grammar? For writers? "The horror! The horror!" That was my first reaction upon hearing the topic of the February South Bay Writers dinner meeting.

Aren't writers supposed to be good communicators and ergo, good grammarians? Grammar has rules—but only to be broken, argue some. Others want hard and fast rules, but with grammar, one learns never to say always. The best of us will falter at times, even the recognized grammarians, so maybe the topic would be beneficial. However, after reading the author's bio, I was convinced that it would be an entertaining and informative talk.

As a middle and high school teacher of English, Arlene Miller learned that people make the same mistakes over and over again. She lists these common mistakes and how to correct them in her easy to read and use books on grammar: *The Best Little Grammar Book Ever!* and *Correct Me If I'm Wrong*. She founded the website bigwords101.com and writes blog articles on the site. Also, she has appeared as a guest on the Ron Owens show on KGO Radio in San Francisco.

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President's Palaver

by Colin Seymour
President, South Bay Writers

As leaders get nearly all of the credit in America, here's a job worth trying



My presidency of this club can't be considered fully successful until I've groomed, or at least found, a suitable successor – and believe me, I'm trying. I was dragged into this presidency under mild protest, you may recall, and despite a rather more successful regime than I envisioned, I'm eager to get shed of it.

I may deserve a share of praise for the Club's recent successes – the increased membership, the increased turnout at dinner meetings and the high quality of the presentations, the improved ambience at the dinner meetings and, even more so, the improved atmosphere at our board meetings. I would rank myself No. 5, No. 6, No. 7, perhaps among those responsible. Someone else deserves and will win our Matthews-Baldwin Award.

But in corporate America these days, my role would get 99 percent of the credit and rewards, and my reluctance to remain in charge would enhance my perceived value all the more.

How ridiculous. I thought it was ridiculous before this positive management experience, and I more emphatically think it's ridiculous now.

One of the drawbacks to management is that the leader's job is to make others perform. As a writer and editor, I always want to cut out the middleman and do the performing myself. If I have to be a manager, I want to be a player-manager, and corporate America doesn't think that's a good idea.

I suppose I am performing, in a sense, in this presidency. I've always seen myself as an emcee, moderator or announcer. In fact, that was my original attraction to sports journalism. It's a big plus if the president is good at that stuff. But surely my performance in that sense has only moderate value for the Club, if any.

My chairmanship of the board meetings has a lurching quality to it, but I am organized and I know how to keep the train running. The meetings are ending on time and with far less acrimony than in years past. Several folks are pleased about this.

To that end, there were several diplomatic maneuvers to pull off during the first three months, and skating through that mess successfully might be the one achievement that would justify a major chunk of aggrandizement.

But 99 percent of the credit? Even if I were a rainmaker, or a jobs-creator (a bill-of-goods corporate America has sold to the don't-tax-me wing of the electorate), I would deserve way less than half the pie.

But it is what it is.

Fortunately, it simply can't be that I'm the only man or woman for the job. Others have run our club successfully, and surely there are five or six worthy presidents among our current members.

It can be a very rewarding job – for you. Yes, you. It could even become the best thing on your resume. –WT

Martha Engber Workshop: Build Characters Coming March 30. Sign up online today.

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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. 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. 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)

Accolades

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Announcements and Advertisements

newsletter@southbaywriters.com

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by Marjorie Bicknell Johnson
Managing Editor



Listen like Steinbeck

I garnered ideas for writing on a recent visit to my old stompin' grounds, Nevada County, where I grew up, by listening to what people were saying over their beers. I overheard concern for the current dry spell, since Folsom Lake is at only 20% capacity, and the old settlement at Mormon Island, last seen in 1956, is emerging from its watery grave, "God willin', if'n the crick don't rise."

Come summer, people say, no water for lawns means less work for landscapers and those who mow-and-blow, and "All that dry fuel. Fire season's gonna be a humdinger." In the central valley, they'll cut back on row crops and use what water is left to keep orchards alive, which means "less work for those poor Mexicans who harvest our crops," while those canals bound for Southern California supply "rich guys, dousing their golf courses three times a day."

Then the conversation turned to 1986, when Sacramento was on flood alert and they worried about "all those expensive houses in Folsom but never about the *campooties* (ramshackle dwellings) along the river." But now, even though Folsom Lake is leaving all that lakefront property high and dry, "Eddie Murphy's old mansion at Granite Bay is going for \$12 million." Yes, Folsom Prison is still there, not many miles away; in 1956, Johnny Cash made it famous with his hit song, "Folsom Prison Blues," and did you know that Bakersfield is a center for country music, "the Nashville of the West?"

Conversations ramble like that, like this editorial. But writers should listen to the manner of speaking; my high school English teacher could tell what part of Nevada County a student came from by his speech. Careful attention to dialogue and following how families are affected by situations such as California's drought can lead to some magnificent writing; think about how John Steinbeck uses dialogue when he follows the Joad family from the Midwest Dust Bowl to California in the *Grapes of Wrath*. Fifty years later, I still remember the Joads.

To put this water discussion into perspective, *San Jose Mercury News*, February 9, reports that Sacramento, where 58% of residents have no water meters, uses twice as much water per person as San Jose. However, that's nothing compared to the Big Guzzlers. "Palm Springs, land of big desert lawns and verdant golf courses gulps down a staggering 763 gallons (of water) a day per person, five times as much as residents of San Jose."

I encourage writers to keep their ears to the ground and notice how the day's news affects people. These are stories that need to be written.

Special call to poets: April is National Poetry Month. Send your April poems by March 15 – They're automatically entered in the *WT* Challenge. See Page 13. – *WT*

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View from the Board

by S. Halloran

Eight of us—President Colin Seymour, Treasurer Bill Baldwin, Secretary Sylvia Halloran, Newsletter Editor Marjorie Johnson, Member-at-Large Sherrie Johnson, Membership Chair Sally Milnor, Publicity Chair Kimberly Malanczuk, and Web Presence Advocate Pratibha Kelapure—met in Santa Clara on February 4, 2014.

- Club membership continues to grow, thanks to diligent enthusiasm from your board members.
- The post-meeting afterglow with speakers and dessert sends us off with the inspiration that comes from good networking.
- Although we did not choose the Monday night timeslot, Harry's Hofbrau is less crowded and more quiet in that part of the week. It has remained cost-effective.
- The board is seeking members interested in helping with the hospitality committee.
- A wide assortment of SBW-related merchandise will be making its way into the meetings.
- The upcoming workshop March 30, **Character Building with Martha Engber**, promises to be excellent. Be certain to register early, as spots will fill up (and cost escalates!)

Moved:(M.Johnson) to accept December minutes. Passed, unanimous.

Moved:(Milnor) to accept December officer reports. Passed, unanimous.

Moved:(Baldwin) to accept December committee reports. Passed, unanimous.

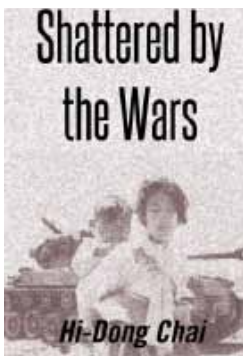
Moved:(S. Johnson) to approve purchase of two banners with the SBW logo, one small for the door and one large for the table.. Passed, unanimous.

It is not too early to think of how to become a leader in the group! A special NorCal Leadership Conference is being planned for 3 May 2014. The club will cover the full all-day conference cost for six members. The SBW Board encourages you to consider attending this informative, inspiring meeting of the minds. — WT

BOOK ANNOUNCEMENT

Shattered by the Wars

by Hi-Dong Chai



I am thrilled to announce the publication of my book, *Shattered by the Wars*, a story of love, sacrifice, faith, and suffering, all wrapped in one package. The heroine in the story is my mother, as seen by her youngest son.

My childhood in Korea was a very happy one with loving parents and an elder brother who loved me dearly. Then the wars came: WWII and the Korean War.

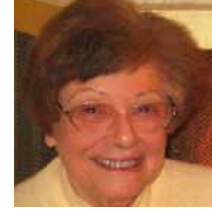
During World War II, under Japan, my father was imprisoned because he was a Christian minister who refused to bow to the picture of the Japanese emperor. My brother volunteered to join the Japanese military in the hope of having his father released from the prison. He left home as

a vibrant, fifteen-year-old boy and returned home as a worn-out, injured, eighteen-year-old man after WWII; he died a year later. Then, during the Korean War, two North Korean officers came to my house and took my father away because he was a Christian minister. He never returned.

Mother prayed without ceasing. Through her unceasing prayers, she was able to walk through the dark tunnel of trials and tribulations and lead us onward with love and grace and absolute faith in God. Without Father, she struggled to feed me and educate me. Then in February 1953, Mother put me, a sixteen-year-old boy, on a boat heading for America, where I could be safe and get a good education. — WT

March Accolades

By Andrea Galvacs



Andrea Galvacs
Contributing Editor

Ellen Anders contributed one chapter, "Le Marketing c'est Moi" to *Global Fashion Branding of Leisure* published this month by Intellect Publishing, London, UK and by University of Chicago Press in USA.

In January 2014 **Victoria M. Johnson's** essay was published in the print anthology *Best of Books by the Bed*, from Bright City Books. Prompted by the workshop she herself taught, she also "indie" published a booklet, *The Last Techniques I Learned Before Selling Fiction*.

Audry Lynch will present a "World of John Steinbeck" workshop on Saturday, May 3, 2014 at the Hyatt Regency, Santa Clara. This will be part of a large selection of special interest sessions at the Chi State Convention. Chi State is part of the Delta Kappa Gamma Society International whose main focus is to honor and celebrate the work of women educators.

Maddy McEwen's short story "Mom-speak" has been accepted for publication in *Not Your Mother's Book on Being a Mom*, most likely coming out in the spring.

Suzy Paluzzi contributed one line to the video version of the poem, "Family Album." Last month it was read out loud, accompanied by photo images, at the De Anza College Visual and Performing Arts Center.

Cal Stevens published a book in January 2014, now available through Amazon, entitled *On the Other Side of Brokeback Mountain*. The author says, "This book was written primarily in response to the movie version of Annie Proulx's famous story which showed Wyoming, except for the mountains, as incredibly desolate and populated by mostly very unpleasant men. This book does not shy away from the issues presented in the original book, but is meant to paint a more realistic picture of the state and its people." — WT

Classic California Writers

Toshio Mori (1910–1980): Silence

by Pratibha Kelapure

Silence means absence of sound, not absence of voice; it can be eloquent when skillfully employed. The concept of silence is alluring to people around the world. Writers like Poe and London have explored silence in their poems and stories.



Pratibha Kelapure
Contributing Editor

Songwriters have written about it; who can resist the floating melody of the Simon and Garfunkel song, “Sound of Silence,” wafting on the waves of cool evening air or the quiet drizzle of rain in the middle of a silent night? Silence leads to introspection, and the sages across the globe practice it to gain enlightenment. Silence is present in Toshio Mori’s short stories to the extent that it is not an exaggeration to say that silence is the subject of Mori’s short stories.

Mori announces to his readers that silence is the subject of his writing through his narrator in “Confessions of an Unknown Writer.” The protagonist/narrator secretly harbors the desire to become a writer while carrying on the mundane tasks of life. He wonders, “What do I want to say to the world?” and the answer comes to him: “The magnificence of a traffic roar and the grandeur of a stinking city. The lovely silence of death and the lovely silence of life: irresistible, and irritable.” He chooses to write about silence. Mori, the writer, chooses the same subject.

The choice of silence as the subject is deliberate. But, we don’t have to rely on the word of the fictional narrator; the claim is further supported by Mori himself in a note at the end of *The Chauvinist and Other Stories*. He writes about the woman, known only by the initials A.M., whom he met at an Ethnic Writers’ Conference in Hawaii:

“The other character in Hawaii I know goes beyond gender. A.M., Hawaiian Nisei, is limited of schooling but learned from much suffering. Her steady, piercing eyes tell me much, and I need very little conversation from her to understand and communicate. We are conscious that we are members of a group who translate with a wordless language.”

Another form of silence is omission. Mori uses omission to persuade readers to his point of view. By omitting narrative commentary to expose the subtext, he strengthens his argument by its absence. In “Sweet Potato,” the protagonist and his brother Hiro spend a carefree day at the fair. During the course of the day, the two brothers meet an old woman and her son. The duo, who had lived in Japan for a long time, are eager to share their experiences with the two young Japanese men. Ironically, the brothers have never set foot on Japanese soil. So, delicately treading through a strange space-warp situation, the four people manage to form an invisible bond. The language and descriptions are terse; the dialogue lingers on facts and never strays into an emotional territory. By omitting authorial commentary and without putting it onto characters’ tongues, Mori succeeds in conveying the common bond among the people of different ancestries and generations.

Silence manifests itself in yet another form, lack of dialogue. Many of the stories, “Confessions of an Unknown Writer,” “He Who Has a Laughing Face,” and “The Woman Who Makes Swell Doughnuts” among others, are written primarily as interior monologues. It is as if Mori has realized the futility of all superficial human communication. The words are inadequate to carry any meaning. His protagonists and their friends are able to impart meaning with silence, without intrusion of dialogue.

Summarizing the arguments, Mori uses silence in his stories to make a point. He actively chooses silence as his topic, and uses it at three different levels. The “wordless language” that he refers to is the language of silence, and to speak it, one needs to look inwards and apply intuition. — WT

New Members

by Sally A. Milnor

I am pleased to introduce our Club’s four newest members.



Karen Dickenson is now a dual member of the CWC Peninsula Branch and our South Bay Writers Club. Karen is interested in writing novels.

Sally Milnor
Contributing Editor

Brigitte Doss-Johnson has written two short stories and

three novels, which are, as yet, unpublished. Brigitte says, “My imagination fuels my fiction, and my need to teach fuels my non-fiction.” In addition to writing, she designs and manufactures stencils and also teaches piano and voice in her home. On her questionnaire, Brigitte further states: “I am a singer and will sing for you any time.”

Mike Keirstead is interested in writing fiction. His novel is yet to be published, but he has written consumer information articles for newspapers and journals. Mike will soon retire from a business that he has run for thirty-eight years. Until injuries forced him to retire, his hobby was playing in Mickey Mantle baseball camps. As to his writing, Mike says, “I like creating characters around a tale that I’ve conjured up in my mind. As I breathe life into their personalities, they end up leading me on a journey to tell their stories.”

Greg Underhill joined South Bay Writers at our February meeting. He is employed at Intel as a production planner, and he enjoys sailing, biking, camping and reading. Mike has been interested in writing novels for quite a while. He completed his first novel fifteen years ago; but, he says: “I was too nervous to go back and edit it or try to get it published. So finally I am trying to work on this goal of mine, and I have another novel in the works that I am very excited about.”

To our new Members: We wish you a warm welcome and hope your membership brings you inspiration and enjoyment. **And to all of our South Bay Writers:** We appreciate your continuing presence and support. We’re looking forward to seeing you on March 10 at Harry’s! — WT

Recap: Grammar Grumps

Continued from Page 1



Arlene Miller
Photo by Dick Amyx

The talk itself consisted of a grammar quiz administered in classroom style, so the talk was more didactic than entertaining. Regardless, the experience was amusing since the entertainment came from unexpected sources: people arguing about the rules and a few occasional bursts of wisdom from the group. *WritersTalk* Contributing Editor Andrea Galvacs remarked that, "The whole English language should be abolished." Another moment of chuckle came from board member, Sylvia Halloran, who during Dave LaRoche's introduction of the speaker, told him to "hold the mike like an ice cream cone."

Yet another one came from Arlene herself. After a lengthy discussion on punctuation and quotes, Arlene threw her hands up in the air and uttered, "I am confused right now!"

Nevertheless, Arlene proved her mettle in answering some audience questions. In discussing whether to write possessives of words ending in s as in "the Jones' house" or "the Jones's house," she said never to use the "apostrophe with s" to form a plural. A wise guy in the audience said that you need an apostrophe and an s in the sentence, "The word skiing has two i's." She answered that a's, i's, and u's are exceptions because without the apostrophe, they form the words as, is, and us.

After the talk, I surveyed the room and found the members divided into two groups. One group could not stop raving about the talk. These people learned that they have a lot to learn about grammar and appreciated Arlene's help. The second group expected more

WritersTalk Challenge Contest

by Andrea Galvacs

Andrea Galvacs managed the first of the biannual *WritersTalk* Challenge Contests, and at the last meeting, Marjorie Johnson had the pleasure of announcing the winners in the various categories:

- Fiction: "Churchyard" by Kim Malanczuk.
- Memoir: "My First Alcoholic" by Judith Shernock.
- Poetry: "The Lone Saxophone" by Karen Hartley.
- Essay 1: "Cannery Row" by Pratibha Kelapure.
- Essay 2: "The Worst Day" by Gay Bachmann.

The club has never awarded prizes to two writers in the same genre. However, these two essays received the same number of votes and are worth more than a "runner-up mention." The winners receive a certificate and \$40. Congratulations to all, and a big thank you to the judges who gave their time. —WT



Left to right: Marjorie Johnson, Kim Malanczuk, Andrea Galvacs, Gay Bachmann, Pratibha Kelapure, Judith Shernock. Unable to attend: Karen Hartley. —Dick Amyx



Arlene gives Bill the sack—actually, he won a book in her drawing. —C. Donnell

information about grammar resources and the nuances of applying grammar rules to fiction writing. Arlene touched briefly on the topic, but only in passing.

Arlene is a delightful speaker, unassuming and approachable. If you missed the chance to attend, her books can be found on <http://bigwords101.com/> If you missed taking the quiz and are itching to take it, one is available on her website. —WT

Editor's Note: Arlene Miller sent SBW a Valentine's Day greeting along with the opportunity to subscribe to her free newsletter at info@bigwords101.com

We all need copy editors and proofreaders. February WT's lead story included at least one error that slipped by us. Thank you for your presentation, Arlene. —WT

South Bay Writers
Spring Writers Workshop

March 30, 2014, Sunday
Harry's Hofbrau, 390 Saratoga Avenue, San Jose

8:30 am (registration) to 4:00 pm (close)
Continental Breakfast & Lunch

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Grow your characters with Martha Engber

By Dave LaRoche

I've heard the cries, listened to pleas, read the reviews, and I get it. We want Martha back for a day and we want to build characters again—from the ground up.

And we want that 45-year-old Dino back with his pet lizard. Martha Engber builds her characters organically; that is, she starts at the beginning with the psychology of childhood: the trauma, the love, the forming of personality. When Dino arrives on our page, we know his behavior; he's as familiar as toast and jelly—and he is real. We remember him from 'way back in September 2013!

We know the character in our story is the story. Without a Dino, there is no life of Dino—no adventure and narrow escapes, no challenges to overcome, no discoveries. There is no story.

This workshop is a must if we want readers to believe our characters are real—their loves and hates, their internal strife—all familiar and understood. That, and that alone, will keep our readers turning the pages.

So, spend the day with Martha developing real people you will put in your books—believable folks we call characters.

I'll see you there at 8:30 AM for croissants and coffee. —WT

On creating character

Since good writers define reality through the eyes of their characters, *WritersTalk* asked famous authors about building their characters, with a little help from Google.

First, find out what your hero wants. Then just follow him.
—Ray Bradbury

I try to create sympathy for my characters, then turn the monsters loose. —Stephen King

A good novel tells us the truth about its hero, but a bad novel tells us the truth about its author. —G. K. Chesterton

It begins with a character, usually, and once he stands up on his feet and begins to move, all I can do is trot along behind him with a paper and pencil trying to keep up long enough to put down what he says and does. —William Faulkner

The test of any good fiction is that you should care something for the characters; the good to succeed, the bad to fail. The trouble with most fiction is that you want them all to land in hell, together, as quickly as possible. —Mark Twain

Believable characters are the most important feature of any book, whether fiction or nonfiction, because even if you're a genius at telling a story, readers won't follow for long if they find the people you're writing about dull, one-dimensional, or unbelievable. —Martha Engber

A good character is consistent, believable, and admirable, but we do not need to like him. Every character needs a defining detail, something that defines who he is. —Martha Engber

The Passenger

by Rita Beach

"Lilly, you have to stop this. It's not healthy mentally or emotionally." He saw the fire light up in her dark brown eyes as she whirled around to face him.

"What do you care? Why is any of this your business? I'm not hurting you or anyone else." She opened the car door and slid into the driver's seat. "Stay the hell out of the affairs of my heart."

"What good does this do, Lilly? You drive him around everyday. He is so out of it, he doesn't even know where he is. What good does it do?"

"You think anybody who isn't handling issues of grief by self-medicating the way you do, must be off her rocker," Lilly said. "Is that it?"

"Why, why do you always have to make my drinking a subject?" Then he spoke softly saying, "Yes, maybe sometimes that is my coping mechanism."

"Sometimes! You must have a heap of issues the way you hit the sauce." She was in a rage by this time, springing from the car into his face like a lion upon her prey. "I should have known when I married you that this is how things would turn out. You think you can judge my state of mind. Carl, what gives you the right—thirty years together? Wrong! Do not assume you

know me. You have never known me."

His face morphed into a submissive, wounded casualty, incapable of fighting back. His tone softened. "You two enjoy your drive. I'll see you when you get back." He paused beside the car door. "I worry about you. That's all, Lilly. I just worry."

Lilly did not look at him. She backed slowly out the driveway onto the neighborhood street and then turned right at the first light towards Crow Canyon Road.

"Boy, what a gorgeous day for a drive!" Her passenger let out a little moan.

"You okay?" she asked the emaciated bag of bones sitting in the seat next to her. She drove for an hour. Her passenger never lifted his eyes or raised an eyebrow. He slumped further down in his seat, wilting to one side, unable to sit up straight—making no sound other than occasionally whimpering out loudly in pain. Lilly looked over at him. "There is a county park right up here. We can take a nice walk. You always loved your walks."

She turned in and found a spot under a shade tree. Coming around the car, she opened the door, and literally had to grab her passenger to prevent him from falling to the ground. "It's okay, it's okay ... I got you. A nice walk ... that's what you need." She struggled trying to help him stand on his own, but it

was no use. He was too weak.

"Goddammit, try harder! Don't you want to live?" she shouted at him in desperation. She wrestled with the inert body and managed to return him once again to the passenger seat. Suddenly, he let out a loud, awful cry of pain.

Lilly did not bother to wipe away the tears flowing down her face like an overflowing fountain. As she turned into the driveway, Carl walked quickly out of the house to assist the passenger.

"That won't be necessary, Carl. He is suffering. Will you go with me to have him put to sleep?"

"Are you sure you want to go, Lilly? I can take him if you want."

She did not seem to hear his words at first. "Do you realize, Carl, he has been with us for over half of the years we have been married."

"Yes, Lilly. He has been a remarkable companion."

"Yes, he has," she said with a quiet in her voice close to a whisper. "Maybe, if you don't mind, I'll wait here."

"Of course, dear. I'll take care of this."

"Carl," she called as he closed the door.

"What Lilly?" he asked tenderly as he rolled down the window.

"I'll have a drink fixed for you when you return." — WT

The Listener

By Judith Shernock

It happened in a seventh grade class in Brooklyn N.Y. I was a conscientious student—popular and secure, with a boyfriend who was captain of the football team.

Miss Nellis, our music teacher, had flaming red hair and an abrasive personality. She was one of the leftovers from the period when school teachers weren't allowed to marry. If they did, they had to give up teaching. She had chosen her profession above all else and had high expectations of her students.

During the first month of class, we had learned to read notes and words to songs. There was a grand piano in the music room, and Miss Nellis often played along as we sang. That training would have a deep effect on my life, but

I was as innocent as a water sprite and gave it no thought at all.

Each of the forty pupils went in turn to sing for the teacher, a scale and part of a song. Thirty-five students became part of the school choir. Five of us, myself included, were dubbed "listeners." This meant that on auditorium days, every Wednesday and Friday for the next two years, we were to sit in the front row of the hall, our hands clasped properly in our laps—and we were to listen.

At first my shame and mortification knew no bounds. However, slowly but surely, I really began to listen. I listened to the voices of the singers and of the piano player who accompanied them. I learned to watch how Miss Nellis used her baton to lead the choir. I saw the looks exchanged between the conductor and the accompanist. I heard the difference in pitch between the bass and the

soprano and between the altos and the tenors.

I became the very best listener I could be. Then high school came along, and there was no music at all. I was one of the normal crowd again, but I had gained an irreplaceable gift: I knew how to listen.

What does a listener do for a hobby? She goes to concerts and operas and chamber music. What does a listener do for a profession? She becomes a psychotherapist. For years and years I have listened to people tell their tales without judging them. I just listened.

Each client speaks his own song in a tune as individual as a Mozart or Bach concerto. Some speak cantatas, some folk songs, and others tired old tunes that I have heard many times before. I listen to the nuances, the pauses, the

Continued on Page 13

Snoopy

by Gerri Tiernan

It was July 1957, a few days after my ninth birthday. The day promised to be a scorcher in a string of many, with the kind of Connecticut humidity that made my short dark hair curl and beads of sweat drip from my forehead into my eyes. Mom was on the warpath. It seemed it didn't take much on those hot summer days to set her off, maybe because she was a widow with three little kids under foot, and it was our summer vacation from school. My brother, a year older than me, was already in *time out* when Mom banished me to the outdoors, too. I took my breakfast toast, smeared with strawberry jam, and joined him sitting under the shade of the maple tree on the crumbling stonewall that bridged our dirt driveway to the grassy side yard. My four-year-old sister came out next, crying and clutching her baby doll. She found her stone alongside mine. I wiggled my bare toes, digging them into the uncut grass, still damp with dew. I wanted to run and play, not sit in time out.

Slowly, after a respectable amount of time, we each inched away from our punishment. My brother picked up a stick to draw pictures in the dirt driveway. My little sister drifted to a quiet corner of the yard to play with her doll. I saw a Monarch butterfly flit through the tall grass separating our property from the neighbor's field and ran to chase after it.

After a while, Mom hung the clothes out on the line to dry, and the air smelled fresh and clean. The warpath was over, our punishment forgotten. "There's a Fair on The Green today. You can go if you want," my mother said. My brother and sister said no, but I had gotten two dollars for my birthday a few days before, and it was burning a hole in my pocket. Maybe I could find something to buy there. I went racing to The Green by myself.

I wandered around, looking at all the wares, until I found a section of items waiting to be auctioned off to the highest bidder. If Mom were there, she'd have liked browsing through the stacks of old records in the box near the old Victrola phonograph. There were oil lamps and old canning jars, a mahogany table, and all kinds of junk like that. I saw some baby bunnies in a cage, and then I saw something that made my heart beat fast and

Off the Shelf

Edie Matthews & Marina Menendez-Pidal



"Fifi, how do you say bow-wow in French?"

furious. She was the cutest little brown and black puppy, a beagle mix. She was in a cage and wanted to get out. "How much is that puppy? Will two dollars buy that puppy?" I asked some people milling around.

"I wouldn't give you fifty-cents for that mutt," I heard someone mumble.

"You have to bid," another someone said. I wasn't sure what *bid* meant since I'd never bought anything at an auction before, so I sat next to that little cage and waited and waited. I petted the puppy by sticking my finger inside the cage. I knew she liked me because she licked my finger. Finally the time came. The puppy became the star of the show. The auctioneer used his very fast singsong voice to call, "Is there a lucky person taking this puppy home today? Do I have a bid?"

"If you want that mutt, you have bid," a man coached. "Wave your money in the air and shout out how much you want to pay."

I was a shy little girl, and scared to death, but I wanted that little puppy more than anything. Did I want her enough to overcome my shyness? Could I shout out my bid and win my puppy?

No one bid. They were all looking at me. "You have to bid if you want the puppy."

The voices rang in my ears. It was sweltering hot. I wanted that puppy, but could I do it; could I shout out my bid?

Finally, I mustered up my courage. "Two dollars!" I shouted, waving my money in the air. Laughter and applause followed. I'd won my puppy.

Someone took her out of the cage and handed her into my outstretched arms. I carried that wiggly little thing home, so happy and proud. She licked my face over and over, smelling like puppy food and fur. I couldn't wait to get home with my prize, never once thinking that maybe my mother wouldn't be quite so thrilled.

"A puppy!" my mother yelled. "Who sold you a puppy?" She was madder than warpath mad, and sent my brother running off to The Green to find out who sold me the puppy. She said I had to give her back. Meanwhile, she said I could play with her. I named her Snoopy. I set her on the grass and fed her some bologna from the fridge. My sister helped me pet her and said she loved her, too. Snoopy wagged her tail. At least we had her for now.

When my brother came home a long, long time later, he said, "Everyone is gone. There's nobody to take the puppy back." Later he confessed to me, he wanted to keep the puppy, too. That's how I knew

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Jeremy Lee

How jolly a man he be
 My good old Jeremy Lee.
 His love pulls me in,
 Anon to begin
 Our precious life akin.

Stay! Stay the day
 When he went so far away.
 He's gone for good.
 Now it's understood
 That he's never to come this way.

Sleep, sleep, the elixir of life,
 Come and ease my strife.
 Our love was so pure
 That I now need a cure
 For my lonely broken heart.

My heart! My heart! It flows in my veins
 In pieces and pains
 Me, so tragically torn apart.
 Apart! Apart!
 So tragically torn apart.

Slowly! So slowly! The pain passes by.
 But what if I die
 Before my heart's free
 Of the terrible loss of Lee?
 What's to become of me?

Such a shame! Such a shame!
 The doves join the refrain.
 Their cries die in the air,
 Sadness spreads everywhere-
 The terrible loss of Lee.

Then bury me deep
 In a place where I seek
 Eternal comfort and release.
 As my body gets older
 And continues to molder,

Stay my last words with me.
 But how can it be?
 For my heart's lost to Lee,
 Yet I curse Lee
 And will evermore.

– Karen Sundback

Snoopy

Continued from Page 9

he didn't really try very hard at all, but
 I didn't tell my Mom.

So, Snoopy got to stay. Mom said she
 wasn't making any promises, but
 Snoopy was a very special puppy, and
 even Mom learned to love her once she
 got used to the idea. She was mostly
 well behaved, but also rambunctious
 and naughty sometimes, like in the fall
 when she followed me to school when
 she wasn't supposed to. Then the prin-
 cipal had to call Mom to come get her.



Poetic Art: Baja Peninsula

A Circle of Haiku

Pure purple ridges.
 Crimson Ocotillo blooms
 tip twisting branches.

Cactus near seashores.
 Jagged barren red mountains.
 Did we land on Mars?

Playful porpoises,
 creatures that glow in the dark
 and bright green lizards.

Arts and handicrafts,
 music feasts fit for kings –
 parties on beaches.

Stars of Paradise,
 celestial structures –
 pristine Milky Way.

Never in this life
 do we behold such strangeness,
 reflecting Heaven.

Baja is not soft –
 hardscrabble agriculture,
 fishermen struggle.

Summer is furnace,
 poverty never ceases,
 yet children still smile.

– Stephen C. Wetlesen



Sometimes, she'd go to Mr. Johnson's
 General Store and eat Wonder Bread
 off the lowest shelf. Then Mom would
 have to go to the store, pay for the bread,
 and get Snoopy out from under foot; but
 after school, she never got in trouble
 because she played with me. She fol-
 lowed me everywhere I went. She raced
 after me when I rode my bicycle as fast
 as I could, her ears flying in the wind.
 Once, when she slept in my bed, she
 chewed up my blanket making shreds,
 but otherwise, Snoopy was my most
 very perfect pet. –WT

Statistic

There was a bench on the sidewalk
 An old bench
 The kind made of concrete
 With wooden planks
 For the seat

It stood under a tree and
 The sun shone down through
 its leaves

Casting dappled shadows
 onto the crude waiting place

My heart wrenched when
 Inches from that bench
 I saw a name in capital letters and
 Two numbers next to them
 On the mutilated license plate
 in the frame from which

The screws that had
 held it in place were missing

Ripped from
 The holes when it was
 Torn away

Now unattached it
 Lay there in the dirt
 In its own black shadow
 Still as the air that day

A short distance away there was
 A bottle-small with a dark cap
 and labels to say
 what to do

There were twigs on the ground
 And rocks and stones
 And a name and two numbers
 On that mangled license plate

Statistic
 Name and numbers
 And Person
 Unknown

– Karen Hartley

Ode to Grammar School

Words I always had a-plenty
 So a school that favored that
 It seemed to me should help to mend me.
 And my childhood errors. "She's a brat,"
 My sisters would announce
 And on my every speech-mistake would
 pounce.

I read, at four years old,
 A dictionary, or any pages that would
 unfold.

What a surprise to learn
 "Grammar" covered a good deal more
 Than heaps of words
 For which I yearn!

– Pat Bustamante

March Terse On Verse

by Pat Bustamante



Pat Bustamante
Contributing Editor

March To Mars

Private research corporations
Are asking folks: "Sign up for that station
We plan to build on Mars?"
Who hasn't dreamed of floating toward stars!
Mars has no banks, no checks, no tax.
Sit around and write all day. Or just relax.

— Pat Bustamante

You'd think I'd have all day to write: retirement as of last year. The phone rings. A tree falls outside. Oops, get it off the phone wires. Next, time to shop for groceries or whatever, and so forth and so on. Write all night? Sometimes. Sleep next day. Then the phone rings ...

I'd rather write than, well, just about anything. So why isn't the novel/the poem/the short story finished? A serious case of the "Honey-dew-later" blues. In fact, nobody but me does my chores. The cats just sit and watch. How do you force yourself to plunk down and create? (Or if you were a classically famous writer from the South you'd stand and handwrite on some paper laid atop your refrigerator. You are very famous so you submit handwritten stuff your publisher adores!)

Let's daydream—or let's write? Writers' critique groups help to inspire. Contests are motivators, too. Any sort of deadline is a spur to get those words moving. Of course, I'd prefer to have some famous publishing group or high-level agent beg me for my superb artistic product. Offer me high biddings! Remind me I could win prizes. Hey! The *WritersTalk* yearly prizes are a good start, so keep submitting to *WT*. Next time any of us win anything, high-five it, do an accolade report—and now I get to daydream my speeding-along-career and at least a day or two on Mars.

Hooray for optimism! — *WT*

Study: Cotula Plant

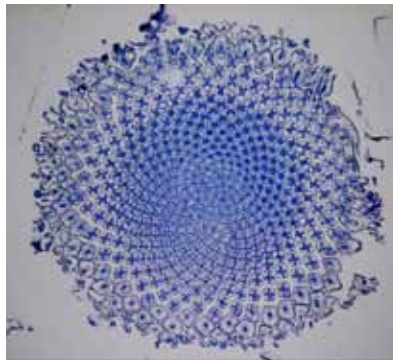
by Marjorie Johnson

The tiny Cotula flower (big ones are half-inch diameter) has all the Fibonacci characteristics of the sunflower. That is, its florets are arranged in spirals, each containing 13, 21, 34, 55, 89, ..., buds.

C. P. Spears, MD, Head Oncologist at Sutter Memorial in Sacramento, has been using the state-of-the-art instruments in his laboratory to make thin slides of Cotula flowers, stain them, and photograph them under the microscope. Then he makes videos—a new idea in the science of studying cancer cells—and they are amazing!

He has hundreds, if not thousands, of still photos of horizontal stained cross-sections of the Cotula plant—entirely new to the plant science of phyllotaxis. He is using his "sequential slide video microscopy" to ask more biologically relevant questions, and he sent this example from his Cotula video series, "Fibonacci paired floret spirals, with no chaos in the middle."

As an aside: His poems have appeared on this page. — *WT*



Titles

by Pat Bustamante

Now I dub you, the Princess of . . . No, not that kind of title. Your work will be remembered, when published, by its title as well as by your name. Are you aware that titles of stories, poems, or books cannot be copyrighted?

You may use the Internet to see if your title is already in use and by whom. I recommend you do so; also have a few back-up titles for your work just in case.

You might use a secret language, create a word only you know the meaning of, but somebody else can "steal" it. *Fictioneer*! Google tells me that *Fictioneer* is not currently in use for a story or book but is a copyrighted magazine title. However, I prefer *Victioneer*. Merriam-Webster does not recognize it as a word, but I do.

A title is important—you desire readers to remember what you wrote. And, face it: pride is involved in your baptism of precious words, your words. Your title must not be too long and should suggest your topic. *Gone with the Wind*—so many readers and movie-goers know that one that it's music. May you succeed in making music too! — *WT*



Be Exuberant

Look, do you want to be, exuberant, you do? See You see, what it will cost, if anything; be carefree O' that is one of your first steps; then be outgoing You are now on your way. Then you be rollicking You make it right now. Remember, be extroverted You can handle all of it, when you are, uninhibited Spread your invisible wings, and you will, fly high Very high, if you want to, just be determined. Bye

Let me look at another way to be exuberant. Be bold Being bold will do, being exuberant; don't ever, fold And no, don't fold up, be ecstatic; try being boisterous And so, you will reach up, you will then be rapturous Look, never worry about anything, wait; be sprightly Once you have conquered it, you will become so lively We say being lovely is joyful and it is also effervescent Keep going on, and be brash, you'll then be insolvent

— Clarence L. Hammonds



Redwood Writers Conference
April 26, 2014

From Pen to Published

Register now for early bird savings

Register by March 15 for the upcoming CWC Redwood Writers' Conference, From Pen to Published, and receive early bird savings. The conference takes place on April 26, 8 AM to 5:30 PM., at the Bertolini Student Center, Santa Rosa Junior College, Mendocino Avenue, Santa Rosa.

Cost for the conference is \$125 for California Writers Club members, \$155 for nonmembers, if registering before March 15. After that date, prices go up to \$155 for CWC members and \$185 for nonmembers. Student fee: \$80. For more information and listing of presenters or to register, go to www.redwoodwriters.org.

Fault Zone: Call for entries

Fault Zone: Diverge, the fifth in the anthology series edited by the SF/Peninsula Branch of California Writers Club, will be published by Sand Hill Review Press in 2014. Nonmembers of SF/Peninsula Writers are eligible to participate by entering the **Fault Zone short story contest**.

First Prize is \$250 and publication in our next *Fault Zone* anthology; **Second**, \$100; **Third**, \$50. **Reading fee:** \$15.
Deadline: August 1, 2014

Guidelines: *Fault Zone* isn't only about earthquakes. It's about personal faults, shortcomings, and the foibles of being human. In a way, we all live on a fault zone. Write from the heart. Be edgy. Be wild. But make sure your story has an arc. Stories involving California are always appreciated. Previously published work will be considered; let us know where it has appeared. Your piece

should relate to the anthology's theme in some way. We can't wait to see your work!

Please, when submitting: Submit only .doc or .docx files; Times New Roman or similar font, 12 point, double-spaced; maximum word count, 2,500. Include the name of the story and page number on each page; your name goes on the cover sheet, **not** on your manuscript.

Submission Process:

Online (Preferred Method): We use Submittable to accept and manage submissions. Please visit <http://cwc-peninsula.submittable.com/submit> to submit your entry. (Scroll down to the Contest category). If you do not have a Submittable account, you will be prompted to create one.

Snail Mail: Mail two (2) copies of your submission plus the \$15 entry fee to the address below. Must be postmarked by August 1, 2014. Include a cover sheet

with contact information, your e-mail, address and phone number. Even if you win, we may request edits to your manuscript and will need to contact you right away. **Submission address:** SF/Peninsula CWC, P.O. Box 853, Belmont, CA 94002.
Note: Do NOT send your entry by Certified Mail. If you want notification of receipt, enclose a self-addressed, stamped postcard.

2014 San Mateo County Fair Literary Contests

Cash prizes for poetry, short stories, novel chapters, essays, memoirs; special contests for writers over 55 years of age. Become published in the third volume of the *Carry the Light Anthology*. For more information and entry procedures, go to www.sanmateocountyfair/contests/literaryarts or email literary@smeventcenter.com or call 650.574.3247.
Deadline: April 1, 2014; \$10 per entry.

Classes and Workshops

Write Your Novel in Two Weeks

With published author and filmmaker Victoria M. Johnson you'll discover techniques to write fast and get your first draft written in two weeks. Beginners or pros: this motivating workshop will help you improve your storytelling skills. Saturday, March 29, 9 AM – 2 PM, Los Gatos Adult Recreation Center, (408) 354-8700, www.lgsrecreation.org.

Fiction Writing Class

Learn the secrets of creating dynamic characters, compelling plots, riveting dialogue, and comedy writing techniques with Edie Matthews. Spring quarter, April 7 – June 23, Monday and Wednesday, 1:30 – 3:20 PM. De Anza College, www.deanza.edu.

Creative Writing, Memoirs Writing Classes

Mountain View/Los Altos Adult Ed offers the writing classes listed below. Register Online at www.mvla.net or call the school office at (650) 940-1333.

Creative Writing: Maximize your creative energy and discover a supportive forum for growth in your writing. Facilitator: Sylvia Halloran. Hillview Center, Los Altos. Wednesdays, 3/26 – 6/4, 9:15 AM – 12:15 PM.

Memoirs Writing: Rediscover your own history while hearing the histories of others. Read your memoirs aloud for class feedback on clarity, logic, and style. Facilitator: Sylvia Halloran. Hillview Center, Los Altos. Fridays, 3/28 – 6/6, 9:15 AM – 12:15 PM; and Thursdays, 3/27 – 6/5, 12:30 – 3:30 PM

2014 Senior Poet Laureate: Contest open to all American poets age 50 and older. Deadline June 30. Rules at www.amykitchenerfdn.org. — WT

Contests/Markets: Some Website Listings

by Carolyn Donnell



Carolyn Donnell
Contributing Editor

Here's a list of major sites that keep an ongoing list of contests and other monetary opportunities. Some are free to enter; some are not. Be sure to check all deadlines and follow all rules.

Poets and Writers: pw.org/grants

Fan Story: fanstory.com/index1contest.jsp

Writer Advice: writeradvice.com/markets.html

Funds For Writers: fundsforwriters.com/contests/

Writer Magazine: writermag.com/writing-resources/

Writer's Digest: writersdigest.com/competitions/writing-competitions

Winning Writers: winningwriters.com/the-best-free-literary-contests

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

CWC Sacramento Branch Short, Short Story Contest

Category: Open. Length: up to 750 words. Open to everyone.

Awards: First Place, \$100; Second, \$50; Third, \$25, to be presented June 2014; winners published in our newsletter.

Entry Fees: \$10.00 per entry, payable by check to CWC Sacramento Branch. Multiple entries OK, but entries must be original and unpublished in any format.

Submissions: Four copies of each entry and a cover sheet must be mailed with payment to Contest Chair at the address below. Entries must be double-spaced, 12-point Times Roman, standard 1" margin, page numbers in upper right, printed on one side of paper only. The cover sheet must include story title, author's name, address, phone number, and email address. The cover sheet is the only place where the author's name is to appear—Name must NOT appear on manuscript.

Send submissions to: CWC Sacramento 2014 Writing Contest, Contest Chair, P.O. Box 582138, Elk Grove, CA 95758.

Deadline: Postmarked by Monday, March 31.

Questions? Please contact Margie Yee Webb at Margie@CatMulan.com — WT

Pitch-O-Rama 2014

Are you ready to pitch your book? Would you like access to agents and acquisition editors in a friendly environment? Here's your chance to pitch and chat, be coached and mentored, and enjoy a stimulating panel discussion in the heart of the hip Mission District! The price is a steal and space is limited to first 55 sign-ups. Time and place: Saturday, March 29, 8:00 AM – 12:30 PM; Women's Building, 3543 18th Street, San Francisco. Sponsored by Women's National Book Association. For more information or to register, visit <http://wnba-sfchapter.org/> — WT

Sand Hill Review 2014

Sand Hill Review is taking short fiction submissions (electronic only) until May 2014; sandhillreview.org — WT

The Listener

Continued from Page 8

worry, the sorrow, the pain. Each person's song—some short, some long—is worthy of deep contemplation. I listen with my brain and my heart and with the attention of one who trained to be a listener.

However, not all stories end tied up with a pink bow around them. But all stories have two sides.

Our class spent eight hours a week with Miss Nellis, four hours devoted to music and four to grammar. We learned parts of speech, gerunds and adjectives, adverbs and verbs and how to diagram sentences. For me, an A student, meeting this fire-breathing dragon of a subject was my first realization that there are things in this world my brain

WRITERSTALK

Challenge

What is it?

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

Genres

Fiction, 500 – 1500 words

Memoir, 500 – 1200 words

Essay/Nonfiction, 500 – 1200 words

Poetry

Judging Periods

January 16 through July 15

July 16 through January 15

Prizes

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

Judging

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

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

refuses to absorb. It wouldn't expand to learn this new subject, which seemed to me to lack all logic, reason and purpose.

Of course, I now realize that grammar is a highly organized subject with rules, laws and exceptions to those laws.

In Miss Nellis's classroom, I simply thought I was stupid. In order to get a C average, the lowest grade I had ever received on a report card, I studied nonstop, passing tests with a 70% average. As soon as the test was over, almost everything flew from my brain as if it were a flock of birds leaving the nest to go south for the winter.

I had met my nemesis, and it was grammar. Still today, I feel like its victim rather than its conqueror. We live side-by-side, grammar and I; he on his side of the fence, and I on mine.

Miss Nellis had made me a music lover and a grammar hater. I'm glad it wasn't the other way around. — 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

Engineering: Mechanical, Aerospace

Jerry Mulenburg

geraldmulenburg@sbcglobal.net

Growing Great Characters from the Ground Up

Martha Engber martha@engber.com

Internal Medicine/Addiction

Disorder/Psychology

Dave Breithaupt dllbmlb@comcast.net

Marketing and Management

Suzy Paluzzi, MBA jomarch06@yahoo.com

Mathematics/Fibonacci Sequence

Marjorie Johnson marjohnson@mac.com

Teaching and the Arts

Betty Auchard Btauchard@aol.com

Telecommunications Technology

Allan Cobb allancobb@computer.org

Television Production

Woody Horn 408-266-7040



Poetry readings

Poets@Play

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

Poetry Center San Jose

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

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

CWC around the bay

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

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

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

Fremont Area: 2:00 fourth Saturdays at DeVry University, 6600 Dumbarton Circle, Room 204, Fremont. cwc-fremontareawriters.org

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ongoing critique groups

Our Voices

Meets at Le Boulanger in the Pruneyard in Campbell every other Sunday 11 am. Genres: Fiction, nontechnical nonfiction, memoir. Contact: Dave LaRoche – dalaroche@comcast.net

Valley Writers

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

Emperor's Mystery Circle

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

Karen's Critique Group

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

Your Critique Group

For consideration, send information to newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Ongoing writing groups; Open Mic

Writing Group: A Chapter at a Time

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

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

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

Need a critique group? An article on DIY critique groups is scheduled for April's *WritersTalk*. In the meantime, contact Dave LaRoche at vp@southbaywriters.com

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
March 2014						1
2 11A Our Voices	3 9A Chap at a Time 1:30P Mystery Circle 2P Valley Writers	4 7:30P SBW Board Meeting	5	6	7 7:30P Open mic B&N Almaden, San Jose	8 10:30A WT Editors' Powwow
9	10 9A Chap at a Time 2P Valley Writers 6:00P SBW Dinner, Harry's Hofbrau	11 10A Karen's Critique	12	13	14	15 Deadline <i>WritersTalk</i>
16 11A Our Voices	17 9A Chap at a Time 2P Valley Writers	18	19	20	21 7:30P Open mic Wil- low Glen Library, 1157 Minnesota Ave	22
23/30 Martha Engber Workshop 8:30 AM MARCH 30	24/31 9A Chap at a Time 2P Valley Writers	25 10A Karen's Critique 7:30P SBW Board	26	27	28	29
Future Flashes						
April 8 SBW Board Meeting	April 14 SBW Regular Dinner Meeting	April is National Poetry Month	May 3 CWC Leadership Conference TBA			

Wanted:

Do you have copies of *WritersTalk* for January through May, 2011? If so, could you donate them to Marjorie Johnson, who is trying to build a file of hard copies of past issues?

Same question, for *WritersTalk* issues prior to 2011. Send an email to newsletter@southbaywriters.com or see Marjorie at a SBW meeting.

Wanted: Someone who knows Photoshop to advise the editor on how to remove the dark background from the map on Page 16.

CWC bags: Only \$10 each



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

South Bay Writers Coffee Mugs

Available at Meetings



\$10 each or three for \$20

South Bay Writers Anthology



\$10

At the meeting or on amazon.com

Where is it? For locations of critique and writing groups, poetry readings, and meetings of other California Writers Club branches, see Page 14.

Your ad could go here

\$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/mailling-list/>



California Writers Club

South Bay Branch
P.O. Box 3254
Santa Clara, CA 95055

www.southbaywriters.com

MAIL TO

Address Correction Requested

**South Bay Writers
March Regular Membership Meeting
6 p.m. Monday, March 10**

Harry's Hofbrau
390 Saratoga Avenue, San Jose

**Rick Acker
The Writer
and
The Law**
Note date: Mar. 10

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.