



WRITERSTALK

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Monthly Newsletter of the South Bay Writers Club™

OCTOBER SPEAKER

Publishing— Who needs it?

by Dave LaRoche

Yes, we writers need to be published. We want what we write to be read: our wit, research, orientation to life to be the vicarious enjoyment of others. Ask even the most reclusive writer, and he or she will say, "Of course, I want someone to read what I've written."

Whether it's a copy in the hands of every bookseller's customer, or only a few for your awaiting family, you need a book. And you need one for that neighbor glaring arrows as your old Dodge Dart, tires low, leaks its oil on the street while your offer of "demands of the book" becomes weaker and fading until finally he threatens the Blight Patrol. At a point you need to produce a book, and it needs to be published and read.



Elizabeth Kracht

Of the many ways to get our book to readers today, the oldest, perhaps most successfully used, is "traditional publishing." Our finished manuscript goes from us to an agent, who shops it to publishers who see to the rest as we dream about royalties throughout the duration. Our relationship with that agent is crucial to our well-being. She/he, an extension of ourselves, will represent us to the publisher; negotiate on our behalf the way our book looks, how it's distributed and the checks that will flood our mailboxes later. Within this context, our agents

are family and best we know their "ins and outs." Best we choose wisely.

Elizabeth Kracht is such an agent. She works out of Kimberley Cameron & Associates located in Tiburon. Elizabeth will tell us about that relationship, what is needed from us, and what she can offer. She will provide us the nuts and bolts of cost and process, contracts and commissions, what royalties might be expected, and what help in promotion we can expect. She will tell us about acquisition, how closely an agent gets to our story with editing, cover design, title, and format convention; that some agents are hands-on with the content while others, maybe not. She will answer our questions. Let's have them available.

Elizabeth represents both literary and commercial fiction as well as nonfiction. She brings experience as an acquisitions editor, freelance publicist and writer. With a BA in English, she began her career as a copy editor in Puerto Rico and has since advanced through the industry's ranks. She appreciates writing that has depth, an introspective voice that offers wisdom for contemporary living. She is compelled by urban and multicultural themes, and loves settings that are characters unto themselves. Elizabeth has been with Kimberley Cameron & Associates since 2010.

Join us on October 13. Get an inside view of a publishing agency, the answers to all of your lingering questions, and of course, a big helping of Harry's delectable protein and wine. —WT

SEPTEMBER RECAP

Facing the future of authorship

by Karen Sundback

I have always imagined that Paradise will be a kind of library.

—Jorge Luis Borges

If indeed paradise may be found in a library, then Mark Coker is creating a new kind of paradise, a larger one with more new authors.

Mark Coker is the CEO of Smashwords, the world's largest independent (indie) e-books distributor. He is a man who knows how hard it is to get published. He started Smashwords after trying to publish his and his wife's book, an insider's look at the drama behind the scenes of television's top soap operas. Their book suffered the misery of rejection for two long years.



Mark Coker

As Mark Coker tells it, "Ten years ago, publishing was 100% print-centric. Publishers were the bouncers of the pearly gates of authorhood. If a publisher rejected you, you were a failed writer."

He decided to leave a public relations company in Silicon Valley to start his own publishing company. At that time, the worth of a book was based on its commercial value. However, people treasure things that have no commercial value. How about those family recipes handed down from Great Grandma Sue that fortify every family reunion? What about a book of your own family's genealogy?

Continued on Page 6

President's Palaver

by Colin Seymour
President, South Bay Writers

When lyrics matter less than the music



Rita Beach does it for a living and just wrote a book about it. Mike Freda did it at SBW's June dinner meeting. Frank Johnson (and Bob Orr) did it at our July picnic. I was prevented from doing it by our August and September dinner meetings.

I'm talking about music-making, of course. I'd like to see more of it connected to the collective mindset of our club. We've got some fine artists as well, and I admire the way Carolyn Donnell, Nader Khaghani, Tina Glasner, Maddy McEwen-Asker and Betty Auchard, among others, have integrated it with their literary pursuits.

But most of the time the writing and those other activities are separate, and for a lot of us, the writers club comes second or third. And that's fair enough.

Nothing completes me like those two-hour rehearsals on Monday evenings with the Bear-A-Tones. I feel a void whenever I miss one, especially if my absence prevents a rehearsal from taking place, as it did in September.

We're a vocal octet consisting primarily of former members of the elite UC Berkeley Men's Octet. We sing jazz and pop standards, several in tribute to the Four Freshmen, as well as barbershop, cowboy songs, and five or six Cal songs, all in multi-part harmony. We are pretty much the only Cal alumni octet.

I didn't go to Berkeley, but I sing top tenor in the Bear-A-Tones because, well, I can sing top tenor. And because I wanted to be in the group for about a dozen years before I finally was able to join.

The go-between was longtime, much-beloved *Mercury News* copy editor and historian Willys Peck. He had sung in the Cal glee club in the day with several future Bear-A-Tones/or their fathers. Willys' annual birthday party at his Saratoga compound each August became a favorite of the newsroom social set as we mixed with Saratoga folks, the aforementioned Old Blues, and even the occasional SBW member.

The Bear-A-Tones were the entertainment at least once in the early 1990s, and my reaction was that this was exactly the kind of singing I should be doing as often as I used to. Unfortunately until the late 1990s, working evenings and weekends at newspapers, primarily the *Merc*, totally precluded my being in any ensemble.

I've been able to carry my part in a small ensemble since I was 4 and learned backup parts while attending church with a black family. Although I stopped attending church, I was the star alto of my grade-school chorus and a member of elite ensembles in high school and college.

And then, almost nothing for thirty years, except for song parodies I wrote for the occasional gridiron show or newsroom colleagues' going-away ceremonies. And those weren't usually in harmony, which is the element that makes the Bear-A-Tones so gratifying to me.

So when I began complaining last year as SBW was forced by logistical problems to shift the dinner meetings to Monday nights, I wasn't sure I was making it clear how unhappy the resulting schedule conflict makes me. But it does.

The good news is that the octet has taken this problem in stride. The way we're aging and evolving, the Bear-A-Tones are grateful to be meeting at all, much less regularly—kind of like SBW. They understand SBW is important to me. —WT

California Writers Club
South Bay Branch
www.southbaywriters.com

— O —
Executive Committee

President—Colin Seymour
pres@southbaywriters.com

Vice President—Dave LaRoche
vp@southbaywriters.com

Secretary—Sylvia Halloran
secretary@southbaywriters.com

Treasurer—Bill Baldwin
treasurer@southbaywriters.com

Members-at-Large—Nader Khaghani,
member-at-large1@southbaywriters.com
Michael Hahn,
member-at-large2@southbaywriters.com

Central Board Rep, Norcal Rep—Dave LaRoche
dalaroche@comcast.net

Directors

Programs—Dave LaRoche
vp@southbaywriters.com

Publicity and Public Relations—Kim Malanczuk
publicity@southbaywriters.com

Hospitality—Maddie McEwen-Asker

Membership—Sally Milnor
membership@southbaywriters.com

Outreach—Edie Matthews
outreach@southbaywriters.com

Open Mic—Bill Baldwin, WABaldwin@aol.com

Web Presence Chair—Vacant Position
webpresence@southbaywriters.com

Webmaster—Media Designs
webmaster@southbaywriters.com

Workshops—Dave LaRoche and Nader Khaghani
workshops@southbaywriters.com

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WritersTalk

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

Managing Editor

Marjorie Johnson
newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Contributing Editors

Pat Bustamante
Carolyn Donnell
Victoria M. Johnson
Linda Judd
Pratibha Kelapure
Sally Milnor
Brenna Silbory
Karen Sundback

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)

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Words from the Editor

by Marjorie Bicknell Johnson
Managing Editor



From Russia with love

I'm on vacation, but my muse never sleeps. I'm editing my novel while I travel from St. Petersburg to Moscow. How can that be?

I have finished my first edited draft. By taking some time off, I hope to view my manuscript with fresh eyes.

Members of South Bay Writers have recently finished a year with emphasis on craft. It's time to think about how to edit that masterpiece. I plan to let members follow me on my editing journey.

Remember: creativity first, editing later. I will never finish if I try to perfect each chapter before moving on to the next.

At the September 8 SBW meeting, Mark Coker shared several secrets to "indie" publishing success. "Good isn't good enough," he said. "Write super awesome." His first two tips were to use professional editing and to hire a professional cover designer.

However, before hiring that editor, clean up the manuscript. The more mistakes I remove, the smaller the bill for editing. Follow me as I attempt to self-edit my novel.

When I finish each chapter, I reread it the next day to correct typos and to get in the mood for that day's writing.

Toward the endgame, I check the structure by making a list of chapters with their contents. If some chapters are too long, I split them. I make sure that events proceed in logical sequence. I fill in chapters that are thin on description and/or emotion. I write beginning paragraphs for each chapter to draw in the reader and ending paragraphs to lead to the next sections.

Along the way, I present some chapters to a critique group and/or readers and incorporate their suggestions into the work. No, I don't use every comment—only those that fit with my vision of the book.

Proofreading is the next step. I read the entire manuscript to correct errors. While doing that, I try to read through the eyes of a reader and to look for structural flaws or obvious errors. The words should flow smoothly.

Only after those steps is the manuscript ready for further editing—and for letting my mind take a vacation.

Next month, I will share with you my next editing steps, and I hope you will share with me your submissions for *WritersTalk*. — WT

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A Planning Retreat – Really?

by Dave LaRoche

On the east side of the Coast Range, on the road to Madonna, lies a gorgeous bit of landscape: small hillside vineyards amongst bountiful stands of madrone, various oaks, and eucalyptus. Blossoming wild flowers dance in a breeze off the mountains, and the sun shines brightly throughout the day. My God, I thought, who in this group of South Bay members can focus on planning while in the midst this astonishing offer from ol' Mom Nature.

We: Colin Seymour, Bill Baldwin, Marjorie Johnson, Carolyn Donnell, Michael Hahn, Kim Malanczuk, Nader Khaghani (with his wife, Elizabeth, our hosts), and yours truly, gathered for the full day of September 6 to consider our branch—now and into the future. Where we are today, where we want to go, and how we might get there.

Two groups of four each sat on Nader's inviting deck—with monumental concentration, able to divert our attention from this solicitous environment, their lovely home filled with original art, its breathtaking surroundings, and get to the business at hand.

One group took the near term: activities, events, membership make-up, and all things of today. Are they working and what might we change? How do we capitalize on the things we do right and how best to drop or modify the rest. Generally, and looking at growth throughout the past year, much of the ongoing needs to continue. A touch-up here, trimming there, round out the staffing and maybe some (contemporary) round tables at Harry's that would foster our interplay.

The other group looked to the future. Membership size: focus on our existing demographic or seek a younger set? Are we a classroom or professionals set there to show our achievements? This group looked at community involvement while fostering writing, like partnerships with schools. They looked at salons catering to fewer and held in cozier places; play writing and production, poetry slams, writing collaborations with those living in confined situations, like prisons and nursing homes. They considered a more fulfilling engagement with sister branches, the NorCal Group and the Central Board. Our venue? Does Harry's really remain in our future, I mean really? Will we stand in that line while the meeting advances without us? Writing contests were considered with favor, and receptions that tend to promote the club—like those old smokers but without the cigars, dammit. This group used vision and imagination while looking toward tomorrow.

Two hours in, the groups exchanged targets. The here-and-now folks considered tomorrow while the visionaries returned to today. When another two hours had expired, we gathered all-in-one to review the items of top priority and those gaining exceptional favor. Mike took notes.

Sometime amongst all this, and I don't recall exactly, we lunched—and what a spread it was! Home cooked with mid-east tones and succulent. I started to praise Elizabeth on her culinary expertise when she interrupted, "Oh, Nader's the cook. He loves it and, believe me," she smiled, "I don't mind at all."

What were these notions we adopted? I'm not talking, but your board of directors meets every month and there, as they discuss



SBW Planning Retreat September 6 —Photos by Dave LaRoche

merit and cost, will come the selection and implementation. So, as resources accumulate and timing is right, you can bet your epilog, things will happen. We are an active club. We have all that it takes to broaden our opportunities, and we mean to do that.

And a promise: the next time you see this byline, you will see the planning reduction: what we've taken from our retreat and intend to implement. We also mean to continue these planning retreats and hopefully at Nader's. I'm ready next week. —WT



Upcoming Events

October 13: Literary costume contest. Come dressed as your favorite author, favorite character, or favorite book. Prizes for funniest, scariest, most unusual, most outrageous.

November 10: SBW dinner meeting will feature Amazon's CreateSpace. Dick Yaeger will divulge his personal experiences using CreateSpace. Rest of program TBA. —WT

Classic California Writer

Ina Coolbrith (1841-1928): "The Captive of the White City"

by Pratibha Kelapure

Ina Coolbrith was the first California Poet Laureate. She was, in fact, the first poet laureate of any American state. She led a fascinating albeit a difficult personal life, and her poetic evolution followed the arc of her personal life. Her early poems were lyrical and were written in traditional verse form, and she drew inspiration from California landscape, flora, and fauna. A striking example of this is her poem "Mariposa Lily."

The *Find a Grave* web site says: "Her poetry was written at a time when women were supposed to write either melancholic or uplifting poems, but Coolbrith surpassed this expectation by including a wide variety of themes in her work. Her sensuous descriptions of natural scenes foreshadowed the Imagist school and the work of Robert Frost. Coolbrith broke new ground for women poets."

Her later poems display a mature sensibility and address socio-political issues. One prominent example, "The Captive of the White City," appeared in her collection *Songs from the Golden Gate* (1895).

Set in 1893 World's Fair in Chicago, the poem deals with the captivity of the Lakota Warrior, Rain-in-the-Face, who was displayed and kept under guard in the log cabin once owned by Sitting Bull and brought to the fair for that specific purpose. The humiliation of captivity of the Indian Chief was vividly captured in the poem that asks as many questions as it answers. The lines,

Wonderful, mystical, vast,
The great White City stands;
And the banners of all the lands
Are free on the western breeze,
Free as the West is free.

have double meanings. The word "white" stands for the White City constructed with white stucco and brightened with lights

Read the poem here:

<http://allpoetry.com/The-Captive-Of-The-White-City>

Editor's note: California Writers Club has named its most prestigious award after Ina Coolbrith.

and also for white domination. The swaying banners give the illusion of freedom, as free as "the West is free" in popular lore.

Coolbrith questions the rationale for this spectacle and wonders if the Judgment Day is upon the world:

When slayer and slain shall meet
In the place of the Judgment seat
and voice the belief in the ultimate justice.

She then returns to her immediate concern and reminds the readers of the Indian history of the land dispossession:

For the beautiful City stands
On the Red Man's wrested lands,
The home of a fated race;

She draws a vivid picture of the captor along with his history with General Custer:

Shut from the sunlit air,
Like a sun-god overthrown,
The soldier, Custer, lies.

She likens Rain-in-the-Face to the tiger ready to attack his prey, perhaps, General Custer or the larger race that he represents:

Lure from his jungle-lair
The tiger, crouching there
For the leap on his sighted prey.

The narrator asks the captive, one of the last descendants of the "dying race," for his tale, his history, and his future. Perhaps the narrator implies that the future is just as uncertain for the Indians as for women who have been marginalized.

But what is the word in your heart
O man of a dying race?
What tale on your lips for mine,
O Rain-in-the-Face?

It's remarkable that the question still remains unanswered. — WT

New Members

by Sally A. Milnor

We were happy to welcome four new members in September.

Tim Archer is interested in writing novels and short stories.



Sally Milnor

Prashant Bhatnagar writes fiction. He writes: "I am an information technology techie and have no writing background as such. But, I participated in Nanowrimo around two years back, and after that my interest in writing developed."

Kymberlie Ingalls is a dual member with CWC Berkeley Branch, and she writes fiction.

Diane Jones writes short stories and poetry.

I am also pleased to introduce **Linda Judd** who joined us online, and she has also joined our *WritersTalk* staff as a contributing editor. Linda volunteers her publishing expertise for a writing

group, Silicon Valley Writers Forum, which publishes books as gifts for friends and family. She contributed stories, poetry and artwork to the Forum's self-published anthologies: *Reflections of Ageless Muses* and *Heartfelt Moments of Ageless Muses*. The group is now working on its next volume, *Life's Journey of Ageless Muses*.

Besides writing and editing, Linda enjoys playing pool. She writes: "For the past few years, I've been polishing my pool game. I really enjoy making combo shots and hearing that kerplunk of success. I even created a new pool game and used it in a story. Surprisingly, my work in graphics design allows me to visualize a straight line from the cue ball to the object ball. The angles of my shots are improving, so I sink more combo shots. Love that kerplunk! In writing, I look for the best flow of words that take me straight to the heart of the thought."

We hope your membership brings you inspiration and enjoyment. See you in October. — WT

Facing the future

Continued from Page 1

In 2008 when he launched Smashwords, according to Mark Coker, e-books were an insignificantly minor slice (0.005%) of the publishing pie. By the end of 2008 he was losing \$10,000 a month. He was hemorrhaging money so severely that he positioned himself to the unsavory humiliation of asking his mother for money.

Nevertheless, Smashwords strode forward. During 2009, Smashwords achieved a working relationship with all the major retailers. Finally by 2010, it reached profitability. Mark Coker attributes this success to the fact that his company allows writers a fast, free, and easy way to publish.

These are some of the trends of e-books:

- E-books have grown to 30% of overall book sales, based on value.
- The stigma of self-publishing is disappearing as indie authors hit the best selling lists.
- While indie authors are earning more than they would with traditional publishers, print-on-demand publishers are fattening their wallets by selling extraneous services to authors, rather than printing their books. Mark Coker feels that these charges to authors are a dire disservice.
- The rise of subscription services, such as Oyster Books (unlimited books for \$9.95 a month), brings online publishing to readers on a regular basis and increases sales of indie books.
- E-books are going global through Apple, which serves 54 countries.

Many feel that self-publishing leads to a tsunami of crap hitting readers. Smashwords is not a gatekeeper of quality, but rather allows readers to decide for themselves.

A strong advantage of e-books is that while print books go out of print quickly, e-books never go out of print.

Tips for authors as to how to reach the global market of readers:

- Respect your readers. Write well enough to give them an emotionally satisfying experience.
- Write more books. Each book is another chance to reach readers.
- Employ best practices in editing and preparing your book. Smashwords' website gives free editing help and lists consulting designers to help you with the all important book cover.

On September 8, Mark Coker closed with such thoughts as "Take risks and fail often. Never give up. The only way to fail is to give up." And "Dream big. Salvador Dali once said that intelligence without ambition is a bird without wings."

If you'd like to learn more about Smashwords, please visit their website at www.smashwords.com —WT



Mark Coker at the microphone
—Photo by Dick Amyx

FICTION

Prophecy

by Meredy Amyx

There are some truths about life that I feel pretty much on top of. Others I just have a hard time remembering and have to keep relearning. One of those is this: there's nothing so stupid that somebody won't believe it.

That's my own formulation, based on plenty of direct observation and reinforced by mountains of evidence on all sides. Yet somehow I keep being taken by surprise when I run smack into a concentration of gullibility dense enough to stop me like a wall. And I'm not just talking about politics, religion, fortunetelling, or which celebrities are really down-to-earth nice guys.

A time or two I've actually been the one shoveling the load of baloney. In my defense, I have to say that I didn't expect anyone to believe me. I was joking, you see? Somehow I keep forgetting how important it is to bear in mind whom you're joking with. Unless I'm sure we're all on the same wavelength, I shouldn't even risk it.

But, as I say, I forget.

For instance, you can make a lot of goofy prophetic statements that no one remembers because they were wrong. Some people even have the audacity to charge money for them or issue public announcements as if they were news, and they don't know

any more about what's going to happen than you'd learn from casting a bag of noodles and reading the patterns. Somehow they build a reputation on their lucky hits. Maybe it's because people have been watching too much television or confusing the stuff in movies with what we are pleased to call reality, or else they're just desperate to think that somebody has an answer.

No matter how stupid it is.

I once worked under a department director named Roger who liked to start weekly staff meetings by asking if anyone knew what had happened on that date in history. This was in the early nineties, well before ordinary people had access to the Internet, so unless you had special resources or an annotated calendar, it was basically a memory quiz just to get things rolling.

When I attended the staff meeting my first Tuesday on the new job, I didn't know Roger's game. But the date just happened to be August 28th, and that date stood out boldly in my memory as the anniversary of the 1963 March on Washington. I had watched the event live on TV, heard the words "I have a dream" when they were first spoken from the steps of the Lincoln Memorial. So when Roger asked, "Who knows what happened on this date?" I called out the answer without hesitation.

People turned and stared.

Instant reputation.

Continued on Page 12



Where did all the photos go?

To view pictures from South Bay Writers meetings or activities, look under the Events Tab on our web page southbaywriters.com - Event Photo Gallery. Or directly at <https://southbaywritersgallery.shutterfly.com/>



Shelf Life

— Maddie McEwen-Asker



"After reading your first five chapters, I think it needs a period at the end."



The Story Lady

by Judith Shernock

When I was eight, I lived in Brooklyn and belonged to the "The Seventh Street Gang." In those days gang meant a group of friends who hung around together. Our territory extended from the two story brick houses where we lived to the large white private dwelling with the immaculate rose garden owned by the story lady.

The next lot that came after her home was a huge abandoned property with two derelict structures, overgrown bushes and rotting trees. A rusted NO ENTRY sign, half fallen over, was its only protection. Nevertheless, none of us had ever entered that eerie place.

Every Sunday morning at eleven, children from all over gathered at the story lady's home. We sat on chairs and pillows and little rugs listening to her mesmerizing voice reading beautiful stories from a large book. Her words enchanted us as the scent of roses wafted in through the large open picture window.

Upon our arrival, a tall thin woman named Maude greeted us at the door bidding us welcome. When we left, we stood in a long line, as she said to each of us in turn, "Thank you for coming." Then we could choose a delicious cookie from a large box. The treat was encased in a little white paper skirt and tasted so much better than the biscuits I was used to.

At first Annie, the white-haired story lady, read sitting up. Her words transported us to a magic world where each of us grubby kids could become a princess or a knight on a white steed.

As the months passed, Annie's skin became paler. She read to us propped up in bed, four lacy pillows, embroidered with tiny roses, at her head.

One Sunday in October we arrived to a sad, different Maude, wearing a black dress and hat. She told us the story lady had died, and we were invited to sit with the body, if we chose to do so.

Indeed we stayed and were served a glass of lemonade and a slice of cake. Annie was really dead, and a ring of silent children sat round her bed. Her lovely hands were expressionless, her cheeks brightly rouged, and her white hair spread out like a halo on her special pillows.

The cuckoo clock struck twelve, and four burly men entered the room with a coffin. "You may touch her before you leave," Maude said.

I put a finger on her hand. It was icy cold, and I inadvertently shivered.

We watched as the men put the casket into a black hearse waiting outside. When they opened the doors, it seemed like a hungry beast opening its jaws to swallow its prey. Maude, a veil covering her face, followed the coffin into the long auto.

"The hearse will eat her too," I thought.

As the black car drove away, Janie pointed out that Maude had left the front door wide open.

Eddie, at ten our chosen leader, said knowingly, "There's nothing to steal. She hid all her treasures in the haunted house. We're going to find them!"

"When?" little Eugene asked.

Eddie blinked a few times, as if in deep thought. "Next Sunday is Halloween. It's the best time."

The following week we walked towards the haunted house, our steps lagging a bit. As we passed the story lady's house, the garden looked sad and forlorn. Weeds sprouted between the roses.

"I bet she's in heaven," Eugene announced fervently.

"Telling stories to the angels?" retorted Janie, his nine-year-old sister, in a sarcastic voice.

"Do you think the hearse ate her?" I asked.

Charlie, in his quiet, reassuring manner said, "When my Grandpa died, the grave in the ground swallowed him up."

Eddie scowled. "Gang, we gotta get going if we want to find the treasure." He marched forward, his freckles and red hair glowing with determination.

The door to the haunted house opened with one push of Eddie's hand.

Huge gossamer cobwebs covered the walls. The rotting furniture was covered by dirty white bedsheets. There was just enough light to see the pack of big, black rats scurrying by us.

Janie grabbed her brother's hand and said, "We're late for Sunday dinner" as

they hurriedly skedaddled.

Eddie, in a shaky voice told us, "Let's come back next week with flashlights to scare the rats and search for the treasure." He fled out of there, Charlie and I in his footsteps.

The following week, only Charlie and I went on the hunt. When we arrived, we convinced each other that treasure is usually buried in the ground. That would be the first place to search. We needed something to dig with.

Peeking in the dirty window of the garden shed we saw tools. The door was stuck. Charlie picked up a large rock and said, "Get out of the way!"

He tossed the rock through the window, which shattered with a loud bang. The noise startled us, and we ran for cover behind a rotting oak, our hands clasping the crumbling bark. No angry person, no ghost or spirit, came out to chastise us. Charlie bravely crawled through the gaping window and came out with two rusted garden tools.

He began to dig near the house. I chose a spot much farther away, close to the sidewalk. Both of us silently scraped away at the earth until I screamed, "I found a silver dollar! Come and look."

Charlie came running and began digging next to me. We found five more old coins. None of them was a silver dollar, but still, wonderful. For reasons I've forgotten, the two of us swore not to tell anyone else about our discovery. We joined our little fingers for the pinky oath, "Pinky, pinkie bow bell, whoever tells a lie will sink down to the bad place and never rise again."

We never went back. The silver dollar stayed with me, as hidden among my things as if it were still in the ground.

Many years have passed. Still, when Halloween comes around, I remember how it was when the supernatural melted into my reality. What was the real purpose of our search?

We'd been left a legacy of wonder and sadness by the story lady and were trying to retrieve the irretrievable. She was gone, but the coins were a small token to remind us of that world of myth and magic that can only be felt by the young, before the world tears away all illusions. —WT

What a Clown Reads

by Chess Desalls

I settled into evening with a perfectly ordinary-looking book that I'd purchased at Trixie's Gags and Gains, a magic shop filled with card tricks, disappearing ink, wax moustaches and soap-flavored candies. The cashier, Trixie herself, had pointed her chin at me and smiled, confirming that my selection had been a good one. It was the shop's last copy to boot, she'd told me. She wouldn't be ordering any more. What fortune! I could hardly wait to read it.

The clown that graced the book's cover had a tiny pink nose and a garish smile. In his gloved hand, he held a book that matched, in every way, the book I'd bought from Trixie. Across his shiny gray shirt that just barely stretched across his belly, it read "What a Clown Reads" in bright red scrawl. What a clever little clown, I thought. What a clever little title.

I opened the clever little book and read.

The silver-clad clown wore a silver-clad frown as he took up the Sunday paper. "Good news, bad news, old news, new news," the clown muttered. He feverishly turned pages, looking for the funnies, something to cheer him up. When he reached the last page, however, he began to shake. And then tremble. And quake.

"This isn't the Sunday paper," he said. "It's that fake newspaper I bought from that tricky damsel by the lake." He flipped over the last page and sighed. Then his nose twitched. He lifted a hand to scratch an itch. While scratching, his eyes bugged out and his frown stretched into a scowl. He tapped his nose with both hands. "Why, this isn't my nose!"

He ran to a mirror and looked inside. His round pink nose had beaked to twice its size, and was as pale and ghastly as the rest of his face. Sharp fangs poked out between blood-red lips. His breath quickened. His heart pounded –

"The joke's on him!" I cried, laughing at the clown's folly. He'd been tricked! And what a clever little trick it was!

I sipped from my teacup, shook my head and read on.

A pale white hand turned the page, blotting out the clown's memory of the matters previously described. There, in the silence of midnight, hours before the sun would rise, the silver-clad vampire sat over his diary to reread his entries by candlelight. Arching a dark eyebrow, he narrowed his eyes. The first page was blank, as was the second ... and the third.

"Where are my entries?" he asked of the book, flipping forward through its pages. "My victims, my sanctuaries, my drawings of the sea backlit by the moon. Where have they gone?" He thought for a moment. "Surely yesterday's freshly penned entry remains." He bit his lip, taking care not to draw blood, as he slid the ribbon that marked the page where he'd last written.

The vampire drew in a sharp breath. His marked page was unmarked, a fresh blanket of snow.

I slapped my knee with my hand and guffawed. "Disappearing ink! What a fool the vampire was not to see that coming!"

The vampire continued turning pages until he reached the end of the diary. After turning the last page, he howled. And then growled. Furious with himself for having lost his words and his

voice, he stalked off to his washroom to gargle. Nearing the sink, he shuddered. Someone else was there – inside the mirror above the sink. But I am a vampire, he thought. I do not have a reflection.

With his heart pounding in his eardrums, he moved in for a closer look. The reflection peered at him too, until its wet black nose at the end of its long furry snout bumped the mirror. The vampire and the monster recoiled in surprise. The vampire touched his nose. So did the reflection. Both growled, and wiggled their pointed ears.

I furrowed my brows. An interesting trick, I thought. I lifted my teacup for another sip, but had trouble keeping it steady. Instead of hazarding a shaky slurp, I thought better of it, set the cup back down and continued to read.

A hairy gray paw – thick with claws – turned the page, blotting out the vampire's memory of the matters previously described. The silver-haired werewolf grunted where it hid in the darkness, using its night vision to decipher –

I stopped reading and rubbed my eyes. I knew where this was going, for I was no fool. Flipping ahead, I mumbled whatever phrases caught my eye as I turned pages. "The silver-clad witch read from her recipe book of potions ... The silver-beaked crow ... silver-tailed skunk ... silver-clad reaper." Yes, I could see the pattern, and on and on it went. I skipped ahead to the last page and, finding nothing of further interest, I turned it over.

Yawning, I glanced at my watch, then started. I couldn't make out the time. A reflection in the watch face looked back at me, chilled my blood. It wasn't me. It couldn't be! I ran to my bedroom and flicked on the light.

"No!" I screamed at the reflection in the mirror. "I'm not supposed to have a little pink nose or silver painted lips that frown!"

A gloved hand, fringed in silver, quietly turned the page. – WT

Godzilla

– Edie Matthews



"In the sequel, call me Godfrey."

Lost in the Fog: Then and Now

by Carolyn Donnell

I wrote the first “Lost” poem back in the days when we still had colored newsletters. *Lost in Salinas* was written after getting lost trying to find my way back to the hotel during an East of Eden Conference. *San Jose – I Think* was written last April as a National Poetry Month challenge. The prompt from Writer’s Digest said to write a city poem. Seems the cities out here haven’t changed – still confusing mazes. – WT

Lost in Salinas

I found the way.
The map was clear.
Straight south, then left and left again,
and I arrived at Steinbeck house.
It was daylight. Problems none.
A snap.
But getting back
was not the same.
No right, then right, and turn to north.
A one-way street, a dead end there,
and circle back where I began.
Twice.
No other route
was on my map.
Lost in darkness. Swirling mists
brewed my mind to panicked tears.
Alone in a new universe.
Rudderless.
Police cars scream,
rush by, to where?
Can’t stop. Murky neighborhood.
What menace lurks in this unknown?
Consumed with fear I turn around,
have to get away from here.
Anywhere.
My compass says
I’m going west.
That’s not right. Oh Lord please help!
Finally – a street I’ve seen,
leads me back to bright North Main.
Safe again.

– Carolyn Donnell 2004

San Jose – I Think

The streets wind round
and round
and round again
and come out
somewhere else
from where
you thought you were.
A right hand turn
should take you
ninety degrees away
from where
you were before,
wouldn’t you think?
Not in San Jose.
Just because you
got off the freeway
doesn’t mean
you can get
back on again,
ever.
Welcome to the streets of San Jose.
Like mating snakes
in heat of summer nights,
they slither, twist and turn
into somewhere else.

– Carolyn Donnell 2014



Dreams while growing old

Dreams are the gateway to the unconscious. – Sigmund Freud

Snippets of talk
Heard on a walk
Morph into cats
Then into bats
Screeching from a knell
As they fly back to hell.
A scene on TV
I didn’t want to see.
Wild animals dance
Wearing pink pants,

Hungry mouths agape
As they pillage and rape.
On a magazine plate
Fruits that hate
Shining and bright
Becoming a blight,
Wrinkled and brown,
A decaying crown.
I awoke with a scream.
What could it mean?

– Judith Shernock

WTC MEMOIR

Fright At Night

by Pat Bustamante

My best friend Shellie lives alone nearby. She phoned me at 5:30 a.m., frantic.

“Somebody broke into my house!” Shellie worries me because she’s 80 and has nobody helping her. Her grown children and grandchildren live in other states. Her mind is clear but she would be safer in a retirement community somewhere. Her house has floor-to-ceiling windows; a burglar could easily break in.

“What, what? Slow down.” I think I hear hysteria. “Did you call the police?”

“Not yet. I’m not sure. Remember, I told you about the ghost?” Shellie is convinced that her sixty-year-old house is haunted by a man, long ago drowned in a nearby creek. Her TV turns itself on or off without warning, and she has a clothes dryer in her kitchen that does the same thing. “Famiglio,” her ghost, is harmless enough, never speaking or spooking her cats or visitors.

“Calm down now, Shellie. Tell me exactly what happened.”

She breathed heavily for a minute, then said, “He came into my bedroom and shook the bed to wake me up. I couldn’t get a word or a squeak out to save my life! Then, I heard the door rattling. I guess he ran off. I keep my bedroom curtained, dark as Hades, you know.”

“Did you check all your doors?” I fumbled with my glasses on the shelf next to my bed, accidentally bumping the little radio. I turned it on low. “Call the police.”

“No. They’ll think I’m batty! You’re so lucky – you sleep through anything.”

Too true. I’ve also been told I snore like a buzz-saw. It took only a twist of the radio dial to a news program, and I had solved Shellie’s dilemma. She’s asking me, meanwhile, which is worse: a stranger breaking in or a ghost refusing to let a person sleep!

“Shellie, calm down. No ghost, no burglar. It was a 6.0 earthquake that shook your bed.” I was amazed I had slept through it. I hoped my knick-knacks did, too.

Shellie turned on her radio, her lights, too. “What a relief! *Only* an earthquake.”

Those poor people in Napa would never look at it her way. – WT

October Terse On Verse

by Pat Bustamante



Pat Bustamante
Contributing Editor

Oct.-Toward-Punity

Opportunity is a wonderful word.
Do you make words? I make words, some absurd,
Some useful just for me.
A punity (not punitive) could be reverse
Of purity, or could be punishment, you see?
Or else a puny soul unable to converse
Intelligently in the language we call English.
Some of England's people brand ours washy-wish.
Poetic license, verses and some Rune-ity:
Do you agree? Poems are the funnest opportunity.

— Pat Bustamante

The first telegraph was likely a drum or a hollow log being beaten on, in a jungle. We continue to improve communications. A writer, in any genre, in any language, is reaching out to contact people he/she may never meet. Drumming!

The words I mean are like those alphabet blocks you may have played with as a child. A structure or a word, not just play. Even with a (perhaps unintended) mistake in language, what you are doing with your words is sharing a part of your soul.

In the month of the "Hallowed Eve" (Halloween) some thought is given to communicating with spirits. Can you? Should you? I happen to be very fond of the speculation that a ghost might try to communicate with the living.

Come on, ghost! I never met a ghost I did not like.

The scientifically educated part of me isn't sure I ever did, or could, meet a ghost. I am, however, absolutely sure that in playing with words I can connect with something refreshingly new. Make a new word. Don't blame it on a mistake — label it as creativity!

New words constantly appear; for instance "blog" is now known all over the world. And a "selfie." What fun!

My first self-made word I have never forgotten: the "ight." I had one heck of a time convincing my family that there was an IGHT, a very important "ight." They called it "the moon." I was in love with that IGHT probably because my mother could not turn it off at my far-too-early bedtime.

See "the ight" and make a word today for your very own self. Poets are especially good at this. — WT



Small Bites

I used to while away my days
Dreaming of sipping red wine
In Parisian sidewalk cafes
Basking in the applause of the literati

I used to while away my days
Dreaming of accepting an Oscar
On Hollywood's biggest stage
Preening in front of the movie elite

I used to while away my days
Dreaming of being Lady Coltrane
In the arena at Monterey
Filling the night air with sweet sounds

Cotton candy dreams
Pretty and pink without any substance
Foolish dreams of a girl
Unwilling to do the hard work

Now I live my dreams in small bites
A poem written and submitted
A pleasant afternoon with my aunt
Lunch and movie with a friend

My days are full of small bites
Tasty morsels to savor and delight
I welcome whatever comes my way
Small bites to fill my heart with joy

— Esmeralda Alderete

In A Cost(ly) Tomb (is Pat Bustamante)

A
So
Tip
Topo
Point
I make
pyramid
Mirroring
In an image
I sing a poem:
"Imagination.."
Running a ways,
Rhyming, so says?

— Pat Bustamante

Ed. note: The full significance of this poem
will be revealed on October 13.

OOO! Scary!

Old haunted house lured
Screaming howls heard from
inside!
Skulls lined the walk

— Karen Hartley

Haiku for Relativity

No seasons in space,
so I dispense with kigo.
Stars shine forever.

Hototogisu –
Japanese for cuckoo bird.
What of Einstein's clocks?

— Stephen C. Wetlesen

Horror Story — Maddie McEwen-Asker



Yes, we'll publish it. We'll send you all
5,000 copies and leave you to market, pro-
mote, and sell every one — or none.

Prophecy

Continued from Page 6

I discovered the following Tuesday that my departmental coworkers had no idea my blue-ribbon answer had been a fluke. They must have formed some extraordinary notion of my memory for dates or my ability to read minds because they started urging me to speak up. Heck, I had no idea what might have ever happened on September 4th, and for some reason this surprised them.

So, just to play along, I started researching staff meeting dates in advance.

Sometimes I couldn't find much, but I usually came up with something and often hit the bull's eye. Roger took to calling on me or at least looking my way with an expectant grin, and I didn't like to disappoint him. I never even thought about the impression I was making on my coworkers.

One week, just for fun, I seeded the group with a bunch of phony made-up past events, knowing that Roger was a smart guy with a sense of humor. Things like "Elvis Presley's face appears on a tortilla, Nacogdoches, Texas, 1961" and "First recorded instance of the use of bunny slippers to foil a burglary attempt, Toledo, Ohio, 1974." But no one had the nerve to call them out, even though I'd assured them that Roger would get the joke. I guess that should have tipped me off not to try to play with this bunch, but it didn't.

So when the staff meeting fell on a date that was particularly undistinguished in whatever chronicle I could squeeze out of the *World Almanac* (it happened to be October 9th), I didn't settle for a shrug. Instead I went with a sudden impulse.

"Nothing much has happened on this date in the past," I said, "but something's *going* to happen." I thought my silly twist on Roger's history game would get a laugh.

Silence. Somebody turned to stare at me. "What do you mean?"

Didn't slow me down. My invention button had been pushed, and I let the machine run.

"A year from today," I said, shading my voice with what I thought was a corny parody of a portentous pronouncement, "this will become a date to remember."

Still no laughs. What was the matter with my gag?

My coworkers were turning around and looking at me with wide, worried eyes. Finally someone asked in an awed tone, "What's going to happen?"

I laughed then, but nobody else did. If anything, the furrowed brows deepened.

So I said, "I can't tell you, but it's going to be big. October 9th of next year—just wait."

How would they have looked at me if I had told them I was a drug dealer or a serial killer, or I collected rodents' skulls or hated Eeyore and Tigger, or something equally dire and antisocial? That's probably the same look they were giving me, but I didn't notice. I was too confident that they'd all catch on any second and think it was funny.

Instead Roger quickly aborted the quiz and hurried on to his first agenda item.

But with Halloween coming just few weeks later, I thought I

saw a way to extend the joke and maybe get my laugh after all.

My personal library includes a rather broad collection of books on world religions, mythology, and magic. Taken as a whole, this portion of my library reflects a fascination with the theme of mystical beliefs, spiritual practices, and the psychology of religion. But, as lawyers and statisticians and journalists well know, isolating a few pieces of otherwise accurate information out of context can create a powerful false impression.

On Halloween I arrived at the office laden with props, just for atmosphere. Halloween is all about atmosphere. Isn't that why we love it, the creepiness and the scares? In addition to a small black plastic cauldron filled with treats and a couple of gangly rubber spiders, I parked a dime-store broomstick and a conical black plastic hat by the opening of my cubicle. And I cleared all the reference books off my conspicuously displayed bookshelf, replacing them with every book I had on magic and witchcraft.

Innocuous enough as part of my larger collection, when separated out they had a striking effect: Robbins's *Encyclopedia of Witchcraft and Demonology*, Cavendish's comprehensive *The Black Arts*, Huson's practical handbook *Mastering Witchcraft*, Crowley's very serious *Magick in Theory and Practice*, and LaVey's self-consciously wicked *The Satanic Bible*. And quite a few more. I think I even threw in a copy of the *Book of Mormon* just to show some scope. This was long, long before Harry Potter made it all sound like fun, and even I thought my bookshelf looked pretty shivery.

I guess I was expecting that people would stop by for a handful of Hershey's Kisses, pause to admire my collection, exchange a few wisecracks about magical powers, and leave with a smile and a chuckle.

Sometime during the day I did begin to notice that people were not coming for my treats. In fact, they were avoiding my cube. And after all the trouble I had taken to get into the spirit of the occasion.

Finally sometime in the afternoon my manager came to see me. She was a fretful soul, sweet-natured and kind, who loathed confrontations. Her palpitations were almost visible as she spoke to me:

"Meredy, I'm going to have to ask you to take down your display."

I was stunned.

"You're scaring people," she said. "Some of them are very upset. Josephine in particular. She's very religious, you know, and you're frightening her."

"They're just props for Halloween!" I protested. "It's just for effect. They're part of a large collection I have on all kinds of beliefs and religions. They're books! There's nothing scary about it. What do they think?" I was too floored even to imagine.

"Well, they're having an effect, all right," she told me. "People are asking me if you're a witch or something. I told them of course you weren't. You're—you're not, are you?"

"Certainly not!" At that time I didn't know any Wiccans and thought we were talking about throwbacks to Salem or the Middle Ages. In fact, the obscurity of such occult practices was one of the reasons that I was a bit proud of the collection I'd taken the trouble to gather.

Continued on Page 14

Contests and Markets

by Carolyn Donnell



Carolyn Donnell

California Writers Club Literary Review submission period for the 2014-15 issue is still open. Deadline: October 31. Send entries to Dave LaRoche at dalaroche@comcast.net with "CWC Lit-Review" in the subject line.

See September *WritersTalk* for more details and instructions or go to calwriters.org/?s=literary+review. Complete guidelines appear inside the back cover of the Summer 2014 *Literary Review*.

Several *Writers Digest* competitions are still open. See writersdigest.com/competitions.

- *Writer's Digest* Popular Fiction Awards: Deadline October 15. writersdigest.com/popularfictionawards.
- Short short stories! Deadline: December 15.
- 8th Annual *Writer's Digest* Poetry Award. Deadline October 31.

Winning Writers has more than 30 free poetry and prose contests with deadlines between September 15 and October 31, but you need to be a member (membership is free). Some contests are best suited to writers at the early stages of their careers. Others are better for writers with numerous prizes and publications to their credit. See winningwriters.com/the-best-free-literary-contests. They sometimes spotlight contests based upon a writer's level of experience. Here is October's selection of Spotlight Contests:

- Emerging Writers: North Carolina State Short Story Contests (due October 13)
- Intermediate Writers: Consequence Prize in Poetry (poem on culture and consequences of war, due October 1)
- Advanced Writers: Amy Lowell Poetry Travelling Scholarship (October 15)

Ongoing lists of contests and other monetary opportunities. Some are free to enter, some are not. Be sure to check all deadlines and carefully follow all rules.

- *Poets and Writers*: pw.org/grants
- *Writer Magazine*: writermag.com/writing-resources/
- *Writer Advice*: writeradvice.com/markets.html
- *Funds For Writers*: fundsforwriters.com/contests/
- *Fan Story*: fanstory.com/index1contest.jsp
- *10 Literary Journals That Pay Their Writers*: publish.com/10-literary-journals-that-pay-their-writers/

Other resources:

- *Poets & Writers* say you can use their Small Presses database to research publisher interests, contact information and submission guidelines. See pw.org/small_presses
- *The Writer Magazine* keeps an ongoing list of publishers at writermag.com/market-directory/publisher/
- *Writer's Digest* has Writers Market, but it is a paid service: writersmarket.com/PaidServices/
- Vermont Studio Center has some resources listed for writers. See vermontstudio-center.org/ to check out their fellowships and resource list.

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

Halloween

... is just around the corner.

Come to our SBW October 13 meeting in literary costume — favorite character, author, book, or? Win a prize.



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

Every haiku
is both novel and painting –
flash tales never end.

– 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

Prophecy

Continued from Page 12

I had my laugh then, but it was a very quick one. She was serious. "I'm afraid you're going to have to put them away."

I didn't even bother to argue that it was just my version of the bloody skulls, grinning ghosts, and leering bats that others were cheerfully exhibiting in their cubes. Clearly my idea of fun was not of the popular variety. Chastened and embarrassed, I loaded my books back into shopping bags and replaced them on my shelf with *Webster's Collegiate Dictionary*, the *Chicago Manual of Style*, a reference on technical terms, and any number of other mundane little volumes that served my workaday life. And I ate the Hershey's Kisses myself.

And that was indeed the last time I risked any real humor with that crowd.

Nobody else said a word about being spooked, but for a while there I really made an extra effort to appear normal in as many ways as I could reasonably manage.

As the following October 9th approached, I found myself hoping for a day without news. That day I avoided making eye contact with any of the crew, but nobody seemed to remember a thing about my prophecy. And nothing remarkable did happen, then or on any other October 9th since, to the best of my knowledge.

Nobody really thought it would, did they? — WT

CWC around the bay

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



The Pumpkin Coach — Maddie McEwen-Asker



"In my version, the pumpkin coach doesn't take her home but swallows her whole and descends to the underworld."

"Mine's better. The pumpkin coach morphs into a rocket and launches her onto the planet Zorg."

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 — dala-roche@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

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

Writing Group: A Chapter at a Time Mondays, 9 a.m. to noon, Barnes & Noble Almaden. Contact Nader Khaghani, workshops@southbaywriters.com

Your Critique Group

For consideration, send information to newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
October 2014			1	2	3 7:30p Open mic B&N Almaden, San Jose	4
5	6 9A Chap at a Time 1:30p Mystery Circle 2p Valley Writers	7	8 7:30p SBW Board meeting	9 Noon: Riders do Right	10	11
12 10A Our Voices	13 9A Chap at a Time 2p Valley Writers 6:00p SBW Dinner Harry's Hofbrau	14	15 Deadline for <i>WritersTalk</i>	16	17 7:30p Open mic Wil- low Glen Library, 1157 Minnesota Ave	18
19	20 9A Chap at a Time 2p Valley Writers	21	22	23	24	25
26 10A Our Voices	28 9A Chap at a Time 2p Valley Writers	29	30	31		
Future Flashes						
October 13: Ir-Regu- lar Dinner Meeting Literary costumes	November 11 Regular Dinner Meeting	SBW Board Meeting November 5				

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 Karen Phan at
phan_karen@yahoo.com or go to
poetrycentersanjose.org/calendar

Your ad could go here

\$7 per column inch for SBW
members

\$10 per inch for nonmembers

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

CWC bags: Only \$10 each



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

South Bay Writers Anthology



\$10 at the meeting or on
amazon.com

South Bay Writers Coffee Mugs



\$10 each or three for \$20



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
October Regular Meeting
6 p.m. Monday, October 13**

Harry's Hofbrau
390 Saratoga Avenue, San Jose

**Elizabeth Kracht
Kimberley Cameron & Assoc.**

**Publishing—
Who needs it?**

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.