



# WRITERSTALK

Volume 26  
Number 07  
July 2018

Monthly Newsletter of the South Bay Writers Club™

NO JULY SPEAKER. COME AND PLAY INSTEAD.

## South Bay Writers Potluck Barbecue



It's time for our SBW Annual Potluck BBQ. Come!  
Enjoy tasty dishes and jovial company.  
Chat with old friends, and make new friends and contacts.

Sunday, July 8, 2018, 3PM

## POTLUCK

Last names beginning with:

A - H: Salad

I - R: Appetizer or Dessert

S - Z: Main Dish or Side Dish

No Charge. The Club will provide meat and beverages.

Location: Request location of BBQ when you RSVP

RSVP: [president@southbaywriters.com](mailto:president@southbaywriters.com)

JUNE SPEAKER RECAP: DONNA LEVIN

## Hooked on Page One

by Alfred Jan

Donna Levin, the speaker at our June dinner meeting, showed us how to capture that elusive reader. The following summary is based upon her handout "Hooked on Page One—Committed on Page Twenty."

- What keeps a reader reading? No magic formula exists. We need to learn from successful writers and make their techniques our own.
- The narrative hook, or story question: the very first sentence, or soon after, must present the conflict or character which piques the reader's curiosity.
- Foreshadowing: either blatantly or subtly, hinting at what is to come sustains reader interest.
- The rising stakes: as the story moves forward, characters become more invested in plot unfolding.
- Pace: rate of plot movement, which can vary, but usually quickens in the final third of the novel.

She gave examples of first sentences that draw in the reader from several novels, including those by Jane Austen, Franz Kafka, and George Orwell.

Levin gave an extended example of foreshadowing from Flannery O'Connor's "A Good Man is Hard to Find." She instructed the reader to read the story on line and then refer to the examples given in the handout to see how O'Connor anticipates the ending.

Regarding critique groups, Levin said they are not zero sum games, meaning if one member succeeds by getting a novel published or getting a movie adaptation, it does not mean another member will not. Also, works presented for critiques are works in progress, so do not be discouraged by negative criticism. —WT

# Between the Lines

Edie Matthews

President, South Bay Writers



## What's in a Name?

"That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." (*Romeo and Juliet*.) Maybe so, but readers don't smell a name; they rely on two other senses, sight and sound.

Here's where the poetry of the language plays a role. Do you want the name to come trippingly off the tongue like Romeo and Juliet? Or slap the ear like Ebenezer Scrooge and Hannibal Lector?

I began my fascination with names after I started writing. In hardware stores, I'd notice the salesman's badge: Todd, Carlos, Hank. At graduation ceremonies, I'd scan the program: Benjamin Jeffrey Guzman, Robert Joshua Rios, Anna Monique Graham, Zaneb Mandeep Khan. In movie theaters, I'd linger after the film and study the credits: Mark Parrish, Keith Nussbaum, Teebone Mitchell.

I recall hearing about Elmore Leonard meeting a man in Florida named Chili Palmer. Impressed, Leonard told the bearer that he'd use it someday. True to his word, the writer dubbed the protagonist in his bestseller, *Get Shorty*, with the snazzy name. Later, the book became a hit movie starring John Travolta, and the real Chili Palmer was rewarded with a cameo in the film.

In your search for the perfect name, don't overlook those you've encountered in life. Many names in my childhood have stuck with me. I'll never forget Sharon Rutherford. In fifth grade, instead of doing the assignments, she hunched over her desk and drew pictures of horses. When she walked, she pranced on the balls of her feet. It's no wonder the kids nicknamed her Sharon Horsaford.

In junior high, I recall a handsome rogue named Rudy Zamora. He combed his dark hair in a pompadour like Elvis Presley. (Now there's a name!) Once a week he wore his favorite red sparkly shirt to school. I liked the terse sound of his first name, Rudy, and the rhythm of his surname, Za-mo-ra. I found the "Z", a seldom-used letter, very appealing. I named one of my characters after him, and in the same novel, called another fellow Zachary.

Dickens was a master at creating names that alluded to the person's dominant trait. The reader knows to be leery of men dubbed Fagin, Artful Dodger, and Uriah Heep.

Although today Dicken's choices may seem heavy handed, in pursuit of humor, Joseph Heller took it a step further. His satirical novel, *Catch 22*, is filled with an array of farfetched and wacky titles: Captain Aardvark, Captain Flume, Nurse Duckett, Major Major Major Major. Heller also used alliteration for comical effect: Milo Minderbender, Doctor Daneeka, Colonel Cathcart, Colonel Korn.

The Bible is good source of inspiration. Herman Melville turned to it when he created Ahab and Ishmael. I was unfamiliar with these minor biblical figures, but who can forget the obsessive Captain Ahab or the opening line, "Call me Ishmael?"

Others like J. K. Rowling have relied on Arthurian times and English kings: Will (William), Charlie (Charles), Percy (Percival), Ron (King Arthur's spear Rhongomyniad); and flowers: Lily, Lavender, Petunia, Rose.

The iconic hero, Atticus, in Harper Lee's *To Kill a Mockingbird* is derived from a lesser known Greek philosopher. I suspect pairing it with Finch ties it to the book's title and theme.

Continued on Page 4

California Writers Club  
South Bay Branch  
www.southbaywriters.com

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### SBW Mission

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

### Join Us

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

## WritersTalk

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

email: [newsletter@southbaywriters.com](mailto:newsletter@southbaywriters.com)

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Sally Milnor

### Deadline

Submissions are due by the 15th of the month.

### Submissions

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

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

**Suggested word limits** (less is more):

**Member Achievement / News** (200 words)

**News Items** (400 words)

**In My Opinion** (300 words)

**Letters to the Editor** (300 words)

### Creative Works

Short Fiction/Memoir (1800 words)

Poetry (200 words)

Essay/Nonfiction (1000 words)

### Reprints

Authors retain all rights to their works. *WritersTalk* gratefully acknowledges the authors' permission to publish their works here. Contact individual authors for permission to reprint.

### Announcements

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

### Advertisements

Advertising of workshops, conferences, and events is accepted from other branches of California Writers Club. We cannot accept political advertising of any kind. *WritersTalk* does not accept unpaid advertising of events or services that benefit an individual. Advertise in *CWC Bulletin* or in the *Literary Review*. See Page 14.

**Change of Address:** Send changes of address to [membership@southbaywriters.com](mailto:membership@southbaywriters.com)

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J. K. McDole

*Managing Editor*

**Our Editor, J. K. McDole, is on leave. She fell and is recovering from a concussion.**

## "Little Red Hen" for Writers

*by Marjorie Johnson*

Aesop's parables have wisdom for everyone. Children love the repetition in those classic tales, but writers cluck and shake their heads. This retelling of a fable is for writers, even though there will be more telling than showing.

Once upon a time, there was a little red hen. She lived on a farm with her good friends the lazy dog, the sleepy cat, and the noisy yellow duck. One day the little red hen found some wheat seeds on the ground. She had an idea — she would plant the seeds.

The little red hen asked her friends, "Who will help me plant the seeds?"

"Not I," barked the lazy dog.

"Not I," purred the sleepy cat.

"Not I," quacked the noisy yellow duck.

"Then I will do it myself," said the little red hen. So she planted the seeds and watered and weeded and ate any bugs that bothered her plants.

When the seeds were grown, the little red hen asked her friends, "Who will help me cut the wheat?" Their replies were exactly as told above.

When the wheat was cut, the little red hen asked, "Who will help me take the wheat to the mill to be ground into flour?" Of course, she got the same help as before. When she carried home the flour and when she baked, again no one helped. But, everyone was ready to help her eat.

"No!" she said. "I will eat it myself." And the little red hen ate the bread, sharing only with her chicks.

Aesop's moral: If any would not work, neither should he eat.

South Bay Writers' moral: Left for you to determine. Surely you are not the lazy dog, the sleepy cat, or the noisy yellow duck.

The little red hen didn't let her friends' apathy kill her spirit — she moved on to better things. But apathy kills a club. I hope that you will volunteer when there is work to be done. Next June, please consider taking on a club office.

Right now we need more editors for *WritersTalk* to line edit and proofread. You might write an occasional speaker recap or submit articles on grammar or of interest to writers. Please contact me at [membernews@southbaywriters.com](mailto:membernews@southbaywriters.com) — WT

## INSIDE

New Members: S. Milnor	4
New SBW Board 2018-19	4
Accolades to Robert Garfinkle	5
Tribute: C. Knoblauch	5
What's in THEIR Wallets?: M. Vogel	5
Member News: M. Johnson	6
June Meeting Collage: C. Donnell	7
A Very Long Reach: L. Woerner	8
The Rolls and the Rattler: M. Johnson	9
Off the Shelf Cartoon: E. Matthews	9
Angels of Death: P. Cole	10
Shelf Life Cartoon: M. McEwen	11
Virtual Graduate: J. Hasling	11
Applegate River: S. Wetlesen	11
Contests and Markets: C. Donnell	13
News from CWC & Conferences	14
Calendar	15

# South Bay Writers Board 2018-2019

The South Bay Writers Executive Board for 2018-2019 was elected on June 11:

President, Edie Matthews  
Vice President, Jamal Khan  
Secretary, Marjorie Johnson  
Treasurer, Trenton Myers  
Member-at-Large 1, Tatyana Grinenko  
Member-at-Large 2, Alfred Jan.

The first meeting of the new board will be 7 PM, Tuesday, August 7, at President Edie Matthews' home. Everyone is welcome.

If you have any questions or concerns, contact your members-at-large Tatyana Grinenko and Alfred Jan. Their emails are in the righthand box on Page 2.

Contact [president@southbaywriters.com](mailto:president@southbaywriters.com) if you have any questions, and please do attend a board meeting once in a while to learn what we are up to. —WT



Left to right: Marjorie Johnson, Tatyana Grinenko, Alfred Jan, Edie Matthews, Jamal Khan, and Trenton Myers.  
—Photo by Carolyn Donnell

*Continued from Page 2*

## President's Message

Finding the right name is essential. Would *Gone With the Wind* have been a success if Margaret Mitchell had used her first choice, Pansy, instead of Scarlett O'Hara?

Finally, when the right name in the right story fits, it conjures up an image and leaves an indelible impression. Who can forget Holly Golightly, Ichabod Crane, or Sherlock Holmes? However, you don't have to go the lengths of Dickens or Heller. A simple moniker can be just as effective—like Bond, James Bond. —WT

## New Members

by Sally A. Milnor



I am pleased to introduce two of our newest members.

Sally Milnor  
Contributing Editor

**Joanne Blum** joined SBW online, and she writes nonfiction. On her membership questionnaire, she said her writing interest is fueled by her desire to share a story. Her nonfiction publications include her book, *Blessings and Betrayals*. In addition to her writing, Joanne enjoys knitting and quilting.

**Phylis West Johnson** joined us online, and she writes poetry, fiction and non-fiction. On her membership questionnaire, Phylis said she has been writing since she was six years old, and that her writing interests are fueled by various events and things she has experienced. Among her many publications are *Moving Sounds: A History of the Car Radio*; *Machinima: Arts and Practice in Virtual Filmmaking*; *Second Life, Media, and the Other Society*; and *KJLH FM and the Los Angeles Riots of 1992: Compton's Neighborhood Station in the Aftermath of the Rodney King Verdict*. These, as well as her many additional publications, are available on Amazon.

**To Our New Members:** We wish you a warm welcome, and hope your membership brings you inspiration and enjoyment. **To all of our South Bay Writers:** Thank you to those of you who have renewed your memberships for the 2018-2019 fiscal year. To those who have not yet done so, please renew your SBW membership soon. We appreciate and need your continuing presence and support. Thank you for helping to keep our Club flourishing. —WT





## Accolades: Robert A. Garfinkle

Former CWC Board President and current South Bay Writers member Bob Garfinkle has received an out-of-this-world honor. In May 2018, Bob received word that the International Astronomical Union (IAU) has officially adopted the name “(31682) Garfinkle” for a Minor Planet (asteroid) located in the main asteroid belt between Mars and Jupiter. The object is about 6 km in diameter and has a visual magnitude of 20.5. Bob is also a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society and a best selling author of astronomy books. He is nearing completion of the proofing stage of his major lunar observers’ handbook, which will be published by Springer in the near future. — WT



*Bob Garfinkle at Lick Observatory, 2016*

## Privacy Alert

*by Marjorie Johnson*

While you are checking out your passwords, please do not overlook your privacy settings on FaceBook and Twitter and any other social media website that you use. Some settings have changed recently. Beyond that, exactly what do you want the whole world to know? Those mega-computers mine Facebook for information like a vein of pure gold.

For your information: The Internet privacy question is why we do not print the address of events held in members’ homes in the electronic version of *WritersTalk*. You will not find that information on our web site or in the back issues file. It comes to you only in the printed version of *WT*.

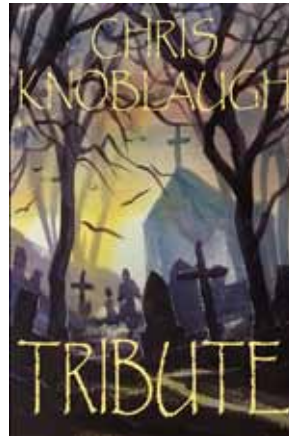
You can get the address of the BBQ when you RSVP. — WT

## BOOK ANNOUNCEMENT

### *Tribute*

*by Chris Knoblaugh*

South Bay Writers member Chris Knoblaugh published her debut novel, *Tribute*, on April 13th. The young adult horror novel is set in 2005 in San Jose, California.



In the novel, twelve-year-old Miguel’s paranormal possession attracts demons, doppelgangers, and an ancient soul slayer from the depths of Hell — all of whom must be vanquished if Miguel is to live.

Chris gave an open microphone performance of the first chapter at a fundraiser for Castillero Middle School, where she teaches sixth and seventh grade language arts.

The book is available on Amazon and has an online review and interview at <https://www.wordrefiner.com/book-reviews/tribute-the-cleaners-series-book-1-by-chris-knoblaugh>.

— WT

## ARTICLE OF INTEREST TO ALL WRITERS

### What’s in THEIR wallet? Do you know who’s got your email addresses?

*by Mark Vogel*

I work for a website and in a phone meeting with our engineering team we learned that there was currently a brute force hack attack on our website. That’s not unusual these days with the multitude of email address thefts. We had to re-enable the Captcha security measure to distinguish human from machine input, as a way of thwarting automated extraction of data from our website. That attack came from computers in Vietnam, but we’ve also seen them come from Central America and Russia.

There are databases out there on the dark web containing stolen or collected email addresses. A brute force attack uses automated software to generate a large number of consecutive guesses of the passwords connected to an email. With today’s supercomputers, this can be done many times a second.

Whenever you use an email for a website, it is in danger of being stolen. It is as “private” as the weakest website you are using it for. You can learn if your emails were involved in a leak or hack and known to be stolen via this free service operated by a former Microsoft employee at <https://haveibeenpwned.com/>.

What can you do?

1) Un-register at websites and services you no longer use.

*Continued on Page 12*

## Member News

by Marjorie Johnson

**Penelope Anne Cole:** "My member news is that I was on the 60s – 70s panel on June 14 at the San Mateo County Fair with other SF Peninsula writers of that period."

**Bob Garfinkle:** "While Kathy and I were in Toulouse, France (May 17, 2018) for the European Lunar Symposium, I received a notice that an asteroid (Minor Planet) has now officially been named for me. We arrived home last Sunday (May 27th) and I received the attached certificate indicating that minor planet 2000 EY70 is now officially (31862) Garfinkle. I just hope that it is not a Near Earth Object heading our way." A jpg of Bob's certificate for the official naming appears on this page.

Robert A. Garfinkle has been a member of SBW for many years, since before 2002 when I joined. He is a dual member with Fremont Area Writers, which group he founded. He has been studying the moon for years and years. His book, *Luna Cognita: A Comprehensive Observers' Handbook of the Known Moon*, has a publication date of February 2019 and is available for preorder on Amazon. He has also written *Star Hopping: Your Visa to Viewing the Universe*; *Backyard Astronomy*; and *Advanced Skywatching*.

## Hooked on Page One ...



June Speaker, Donna Levin

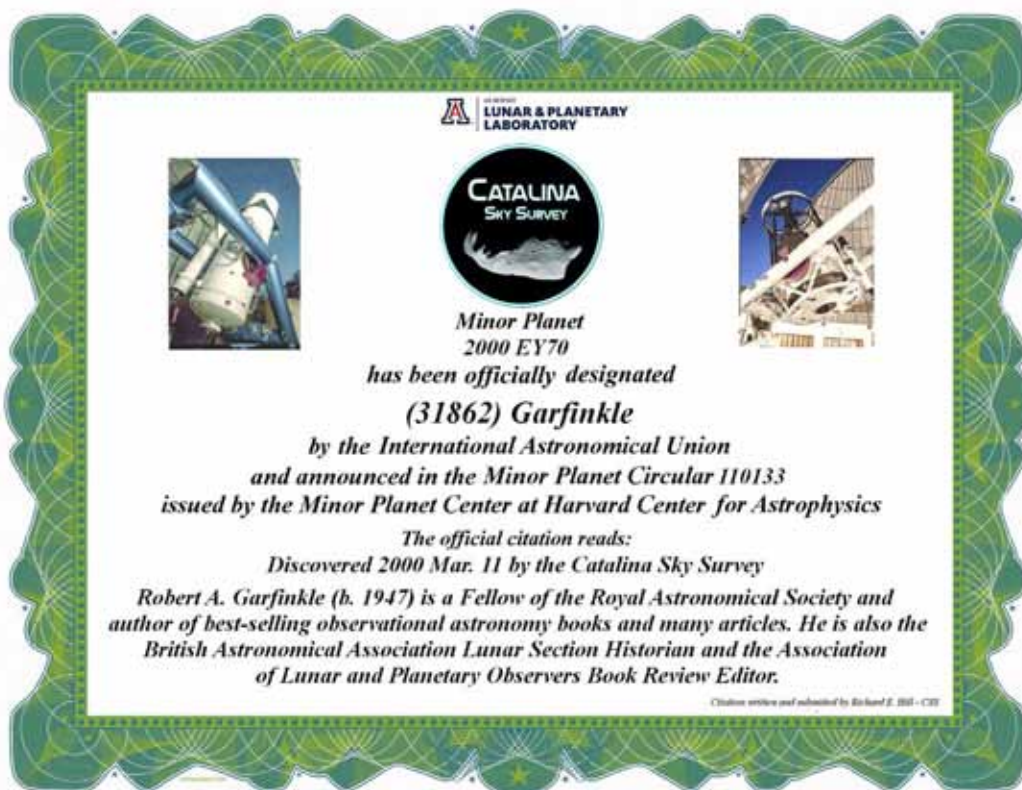
photo by Carolyn Donnell

## More Member News

**Marjorie Johnson's** story, "The Case of the Nicotine Aspirin," was accepted for publication in the 2018 CWC Literary Review.

**Dr. Audry Lynch** spoke recently on the subject of John Steinbeck's writings to the San Jose Book Club. The meeting was held at the Saratoga home of author Jan Eby. Each guest was encouraged before the meeting to read any Steinbeck book of his choice. This led to a varied and lively interaction with Dr. Lynch. The San Jose Book Club members have a 30-year history of book discussions.

**Steve Wetlesen**, poetic artist, has once again been commissioned to create material for a concert of the San Jose Chamber Orchestra (SJCO). His material will appear in their Sunday, Nov. 4 program for SJCO's "Tricks and Treats" Halloween-based concert in the Trianon Theatre. He hopes members of SBW will come to hear music by Bach and others; people are invited to dress like Bach or wear his wig style. —WT





# ***South Bay Writers Club June 2018***



**Collage and Photos by Carolyn Donnell**

## A Very Long Reach

A memoir by Lucinda Woerner

*On Christmas Eve 1971, two men robbed the convenience store where my husband of nine months was working during winter break from college. During the robbery, one of the men raised a shotgun from under his coat and fired it into my husband's abdomen. The thieves ran from the 7-11 with a handful of cash and a few cans of beer.*

My mother had been an RN for twenty years before she accepted a teaching position at Flint's Hurley Hospital School of Nursing where she taught intensive care nursing procedures to senior students. From the night my husband Patrick was admitted to the ICU, my mother did her best to take care of him and watchdog the doctors and nurses so they did likewise. After each of Pat's surgeries, a doctor came out to explain the procedures that had been necessary, his condition, and prognosis. My mother was always with me and as she understood the medical information, she asked the questions. I only ever had one question, *Was he alive?*

If Pat came out of surgery alive, I assumed the problem was fixed and I expected him to improve. In my mind, he had survived the shooting, and as he was surviving the surgeries, he would get well and come home. Since the first night I paced the waiting room, I convinced myself he would come home. He was going to have health problems forever due to the extensive damage to his digestive system, his spleen and stomach had been removed and he required a colostomy bag, but I never allowed myself to think he might die.

Pat's hospital stay lasted seventy-five agonizing days. Days in which he was confined to a bed, unable to eat a meal or drink a liquid, and never able to shower or use a toilet. Seventy-five days during which my strong, twenty-five year old Army veteran husband remained catheterized, humiliated by a colostomy bag, and restrained to keep him from escaping the discomfort of a frigid hyperthermia pad placed beneath him to reduce his spiking fevers. Seventy-five days he was wired to multiple noisy machines, fed 8000 calories a day through an IV, stuck hourly with needles taking blood or

delivering massive doses of antibiotics. Seventy-five sleepless, sometimes hallucinating days and nights filled with unrelenting pain and terror, a terror visible in his hollowing eyes and sinking cheeks despite the high calorie intake of glucose. Seventy-five days of a gut-wrenching, gut-destroying ordeal during which both Pat and I stayed optimistic. To be anything else was to entertain the possibility he might die and that was unthinkable. Inside my head was the constant pleading, *God don't let him die*, but I stayed out of my head and in the moment where Pat was alive and with me.

Pat's own words and positive attitude kept me from ever thinking he might die. He told me he was going to be fine and I believed him completely. He never complained, but instead he expressed concern for me and asked my mother to look after me. Unless heavily sedated, not often the case given the increasing dysfunction of his damaged liver, Pat fought hard to stay awake. It occurred to me later, his refusal to sleep might have been out of fear he would not wake up, but he never once spoke of any fear of dying. There were signs that Pat was not improving, but I ignored them. His obvious weight loss, his lethargy, the jaundiced skin color, and especially the desperation and sadness in the faces of his nurses, all indicators the battle for Pat's life was being lost. And I still believed he would survive, until the day came my belief had to be relinquished while I was in a little room with my mother.

That day was March 6th— a day I had prayed would never come. The day my mother called and said, "Come quickly." It was a day I would relive many times throughout my life and for Pat West it would be his last day, he would not live at all. My mother told me as much while we sat together in the drug closet she took me into when I arrived at the ICU. Months of desperate measures were supposed to save Pat's life, but then I was told he was going to die. Scores of people, who had been helping Pat stay alive, were helpless and forced to watch him die. I didn't want to believe what my mother had told me, but I did believe it. My mother only told me the truth, no matter how awful, and I knew to listen to her.

After my hysterical rant ended and my crying slowed, I dropped back into the chair and faced my mother. I was ex-

hausted, numb, and calm enough to ask her what I should do. She gave me one simple directive, "Go in and be with Pat, and be an actress." She thought it best for him that I pretend this day was like any other and not tell him he was dying. I was too spent to think of an alternate plan, so I did as I was told. I went into Pat's room, sat with him, and noticed things I had refused to see on previous days. He looked shrunk, his eyes were yellow and set deep in hollows, and he looked frail.

Pat was glad to see me, but with his face was so thin his smile was more of a grimace. I held him and tried to comfort him, but I didn't know what I was doing.

For the next 20 hours, I sat with Pat, stared at his face, and tried to memorize every movement he made. His eyes followed mine and there was such pain and sadness in them. I could see he was dying, and I felt I was dying with him, but I betrayed nothing.

*Continued on Page 12*





## The Rolls and the Rattler

by Marjorie Johnson

My husband Wayne's first steady job was in the kitchen at the six-hundred-bed tuberculosis hospital at Weimar, fifteen miles from the nearest town. In those days, TB was so feared that patients were not allowed to leave, and visitors had to obtain a pass from the guard at the gate. Employees worked split shifts for the minimum wage, one meal included. On Sundays, Wayne smuggled part of his steak home to me beneath his underwear. I hoped they wouldn't catch him. Jobs were hard to come by and so were friends.

Wayne's new friend Fred, another kitchen worker, invited us to spend the day. I was excited about meeting somebody, anybody. Fred lived far into the hills in a cabin leased for a dollar per year in return for keeping out poachers. We took a gravel road that forked into dirt byways with ruts so deep that two wheels of our Chevy coupe had to ride the center hump to avoid scraping the oil pan. We forded two creeks, both dry at this time of year.

Three dusty miles later, we approached a small cabin with a metal chimney and tarpaper roof, the walls rough unpainted lumber. The driveway circled it as did a barbed-wire fence, completely covered with towels and shirts and draped clothing. The yard in the background looked like the city dump, heaped with discarded tires, pipes and wires, and rusted and blackened coil springs from a sofa or the rear seat of a car.

Wayne parked behind a polished sedan and a dented pick-up too dusty to distinguish the color. Three children, all with dirty round sunflower faces and ragged petal hair, played in the dirt yard. They turned to stare, and a tall man ran towards our car. A smiling round-faced woman wearing jeans and a man's shirt waved from the doorway.

Our new friend Fred, lanky, popping brown eyes in a lean face, brown hair starting to recede, beamed as he introduced everybody. "This here's my wife, Zora," he said and pointed at each person in turn. Chuckie, the oldest, was five; Linda, four, and Stanley, two going on three. I didn't meet the baby until I went inside.



*I need to set the record straight.*

"Come on in and set a spell," Zora said. She pumped up a kerosene camp stove and put some ground coffee in the bottom of an enamel coffeepot with cold water. When it boiled up, she dropped in an eggshell left from breakfast to settle the grounds. The unscreened windows were open for air. Flies swirled lazily, crawling across the dried-on egg yolks on unwashed dishes. The walls and ceiling were painted glossy dark green. A drug-store calendar hung from a six-penny nail. The baby lay flat on her back in a crib, sleeping and sucking on a propped-up bottle. The back of her head was flat, like the heads of her siblings.

Zora plunked the coffee cups onto a Formica and chrome kitchen table across the room from an upholstered chair and a matching but filthy couch. Dregs filled the bottom half-inch in my cup. I thought of my mother's spotless windows and snow-white tea towels. I hoped boiling would kill whatever germs my stomach acids didn't digest.

"Babies, all they know is eating, sleeping and pooping, but I love them all," she said. "I think I'm pregnant again."

"I'm pregnant, too," I said. "I got a job in the kitchen, but I only lasted a week.

Every time they brought in the breakfast to serve, I had to throw up."

"It's a bitch, isn't it?" Zora would rather talk about having babies than anything else. She was only twenty-three but already missing several teeth and getting heavy. Would I be just like Zora in only six years?

Somewhat later, Zora needed something for supper, and Fred said he'd give us all a ride. Outside, he pointed out the automobile's polished wooden dashboard, the shining brass knobs, and the leather seats. I saw my reflection in the bumper.

"Zora's father won it in a poker game," he said. "Have you ever ridden in a Rolls Royce?"

Wayne said, "No." I had never heard of one. Four adults, three children and a baby all piled into the car, the smaller persons sitting on laps. The men sat in the front. Zora nodded toward the junk heap and whispered, "Fred took that there wire out of the TB hospital on a garbage truck, hid it in plain sight, he did."

Zora charged the groceries and packed everything into cardboard boxes, lots of boxes: disposable cardboard playpens for babies who wore diapers only at night to

*Continued on Page 11*

# Angels of Death

by Penelope Anne Cole

"Angels of Death? How is that even a choice for a pathway? What about Guardian Angels, Angels of Mercy, or even Prayer Request Angels—all are better choices, aren't they?" Flo read the course title posted on the hallway bulletin board and grimaced. She raised up and bumped into Sarai and had to readjust her temporary halo.

"I wouldn't want to be a Prayer Request Angel. That's got to be the most unrewarding of the pathways. Can you imagine the daily disappointments those angels experience when they can't answer all those prayers? Boggles the mind, it does," Sarai said and shook her head as if to shake off images of millions of unanswered prayers. Then her provisional halo needed readjusting.

"Yes, that would be so frustrating. I like the idea of becoming a Guardian Angel. That's more fulfilling—protecting a child through his entire life. Why, almost like a mother or father." Flo sighed and pictured herself holding the hand of a toddler, guiding a teenager, and finally watching over and protecting an adult through their lifetime. "Yes, it would be very satisfying."

Anna, the smallest one, pushed in to see the choice list and heard the last part of the conversation.

"I really think an Angel of Mercy is another one that would be especially good—being there to give comfort to someone in times of deep need and distress. That would suit me well," Anna said.

Bella joined in and said, "I think they're all good choices for pathways, but why are they different? Don't all angels do all of these things?"

The four novitiates fell silent as Celice, their preceptor, glided up to see what they were discussing. A willowy angel with a blue flowing drape, Celice moved with grace and purpose.

"You see before you our current needs. You will choose your own pathway. If you have questions, you know I am always near to help guide you." Celice's warm smile set her charges at ease.

She spoke in the benevolent and gentle manner the novices depended upon.

"I think I know what a Guardian Angel or an Angel of Mercy does," Flo began, but was interrupted by Sarai.

"And a Prayer Request Angel, does just what the name says—responds to prayers—right?" Sarai said quickly.

"Sorry for interrupting. But what about Angels of Death, what do they do? It sounds grim." The other three nodded with the same quizzical look on their faces.

Celice gathered them to her and led them to a bower filled with soft cushions and flowers.

"Let me give you some examples to help you understand. Each of these angels has an important role. At your birth, you were each given a Guardian Angel who watched over your growing up, helped you make good choices in difficult times, and protected you, if they could. Then as people mature and have children of their own, they would pray for others. That's where Prayer Request Angels are essential—to help people see what they can do to help beyond their intercessory prayers. Not all prayer requests can be answered, of course, so Prayer Request Angels guide people to learn ways to help each other. It takes perseverance and fortitude to keep answering and un-answering prayers in a helpful way."

"I see, kind of like a heavenly guide or mentor," said Bella. Celice nodded and continued.

"Angels of Mercy have important roles, too. In especially difficult and trying situations, sometimes all we angels can do is to provide the comfort and mercy of the heavenly spirit, giving uplifting relief for people in extreme emotional and severe situations. It requires great strength to be an Angel of Mercy. They have to lighten their petitioners' burdens by taking them upon themselves."

"Please tell us about Angels of Death," Anna said timidly, stumbling on the 'D' word.

"We all like to believe that death will come naturally to people in a deeply moving way. We think that at the end

of a long and fulfilling life, death will be welcomed as a dear friend taking us home to our Father. But that is not always the case. Sadly, not all people will have such a peaceful and beautiful ending, surrounded by dear friends and family, then guided through the transition tunnel toward the light. That kind of death is easy to oversee." Celice paused and tears formed in her far-seeing eyes.

"No, some people will experience the kind of death that wrenches with such unbearable pain and suffering that we wouldn't wish it on another living being. It could be as sudden and random as the young mother buried by a cement truck, or the child on the way to school struck down in an intersection or at a school shooting. There are whole families destroyed in an instant in unthinkable acts of war. These are the hard cases Angels of Death minister to. They must be supremely vigilant, responsive, and sustaining. They often have barely a moment's notice before they are called upon to give their people that final gift, that glimpse of heavenly peace and glory, to surrender their souls to."

The four fledgling angels breathed deeply, now fully aware of the formidable responsibilities of their choices. Flo chose to become a Guardian Angel—she was the young mother buried by the cement truck in her driveway. Her last memory was the image of her smiling toddler. Sarai signed on as an Angel of Mercy—her whole family was blown up in an instant, but she remembers being altogether in their warm home. Bella became a Prayer Request Angel—she was a teacher gunned down protecting her students. Her final memory was of her students' faith. And little Anna chose to become an Angel of Death—she was the child struck down on her way to school. She knew that her last thought of being cradled in her mother's loving arms was tenderly given by her Angel of Death. —WT





## The Rolls and the Rattler

"to keep plenty of fresh air on those tender bottoms," she said. The boxes went into the trunk.

On the return trip, Fred braked so hard that we almost spilled onto the floor. He waved his arm and pointed down the dirt road. "See that? See that big king snake there?"

"Let's catch him," Wayne said.

The men jumped out and dashed after the rapidly departing reptile. Fred reached down and snatched the snake behind its head with his right hand and grabbed its tail with his left. He put the three-foot squirming snake into a grocery box in the trunk and asked, "Ever see a king snake and a rattlesnake fight? The king snake always wins."

Back at the cabin, the men carried in the boxes of groceries, the snake still in one of them, and went out to catch a rattlesnake.

"They'll never find one," I said. I didn't volunteer to unload the boxes.

"Fred says he's gonna bring home a rattlesnake, I reckon that's what he's gonna do. I don't want nothing to do with no snake." Zora washed the dishes using cold water and I dried. Grease left an oily film on plates and flatware. We finished cleaning that mountain of dishes, and darned if Zora wasn't right.

The men drove back in the pick-up, red dust twisting behind them. Fred came in carrying a covered bucket and said, "Wayne got us a rattlesnake, just pinned him behind his head with a forked stick and picked him right on up. Now where's that there king snake?"

Fred and Wayne emptied everything out of the grocery boxes—not very neatly, either—but the king snake wasn't there. They looked under everything and moved piles of clutter around. No snake.

"He must have crawled out of the box," Fred said. "It couldn't have made a dash for the door or the dog would have let us know."

"It's in the couch springs. I'm not setting there 'til you find that snake."

"Ever see a dog kill a rattlesnake?" Fred moved the bucket to the front yard. I was glad to see it go outside.

"This old dog is really fast," Fred said. "Knows how to kill a snake by instinct."

"What if the snake bites his nose?" I asked. The men laughed at me. Zora took the kids into the house.

"Get 'em, Jake. Get 'em, boy!" Fred uncovered the bucket, swung it up and over, and tossed out the snake. Immediately, the rattler coiled up.

The dog moved in, jumped back when the snake struck, grabbed it behind the head, shook it hard, and dropped it in the dirt. The dog barked and ran around the rattlesnake, the dog darting in and out, the snake undulating. The snake coiled again and struck, the dog jumped out of the way. The dog caught the snake and shook harder. The snake wriggled and slithered; the dog attacked a final time. The dog pulled back and his drooling tongue hung out. The dying snake twitched.

Fred wanted the rattles, which he called *buttons*.

That evening, I was glad to get home un-bitten to our two-room cabin with no flies and its good clean smell. I couldn't help comparing our lives. Zora had a kerosene lantern. We had a single light bulb hung from the ceiling. While I worried about burning the house down whenever I looked at the frayed wiring and remembered that penny in the fuse box, our house didn't smell like kerosene or dirty diapers. I also thought about Zora's grocery bill. They owed their souls to the country store, similar to Harry Belafonte's song. I vowed not to live like that. —WT



## The Virtual Graduate

To graduate from college now  
you'll need the Internet,  
A computer or an iPhone—  
after that you'll be all set.  
You'll never have to worry when  
your funds begin to dwindle  
Since all the textbooks that you read  
will always be on Kindle.  
The professors are on YouTube,  
not in the lecture hall.  
And TA's will be Tweeting—  
they won't bother you at all.  
Libraries are obsolete  
because they are so slow;  
Just go on line and Google  
anything you want to know.  
And labs—well, there are programs now  
that reconstruct the studies.  
Seminars are chat rooms  
where you can always find your buddies.  
You can simulate most everything—  
the ball and senior dance.  
You can even go to iTunes now  
for "Pomp and Circumstance."  
And then at graduation  
you won't have to fight the mob,  
Just download your diploma  
and start lookin' for a job.

— Jack Hasling

## Applegate River

Shiner fingerlings swarm  
I snorkel for lunch money  
Art before treasures  
— Stephen C. Wetlesen

## A Very Long Reach

We held each other, played hangman at times (a word game of course), and greeted a steady stream of friends and family who came and went. Many of Pat's ten siblings were able to visit with him one last time, my brother and sister visited, and his friend Bill came and stayed with us in the room.

The priest who had married us less than a year before came to give him last rights, and I sent away the technician who tried to draw blood from him. I pleaded with my mother to get the hyperthermia pad out from under him to allow him to be warmer. Life extending procedures were curtailed, and Pat's comfort became the goal. We all knew his death was near, we could see he was fading, but no one spoke of death and no one said a real "Goodbye."

In his final moments, I held Pat's hands in mine, and leaned closed to his face. Getting past the lump in my throat I said to him, "I love you."

Holding eye contact with me from inside his sunken sockets, he said, "I love you."

I stretched out my arms and said, "I love you this much. How much do you love me?"

Pat gave me a weakened smile and whispered back, "How far can you reach?"

Moments later, Pat's brown eyes went blank, his lips drained of color, and I felt life leave his body. The machines nearby displayed the flat line and emitted the unmistakable tone of deadness that told me Patrick West was gone. He had survived seventy-five days on the strength of his fitness and his will to live, and when those were depleted he was gone. I had watched for death to come, and I saw it when it did, but I couldn't believe what I had seen. I couldn't believe Pat had died. He wasn't breathing anymore, nor was I. His hands were in mine and I could feel his warmth leaving. *Where was he going? Take me with you!*

My mind offered me the solace that Pat was no longer suffering, but I was dying inside and wanted to go with him. My desperate cries of "don't leave me" were muffled in his chest as I held his lifeless body. I stayed there lying across him until my mother gently pulled me away. She held me together with arms tight around my shoulders, and guided me out of the room. I was vaguely aware of other people crying in the room as I left it.

In the hallway, the agony inside of me seeped out when I saw the nurses hugging each other and crying for the young man they could not save. My mother and the entire medical staff had made their best effort to save Pat from his wounds, but it was a futile effort in the end. Their public grief was evidence to me that Pat's death was real, I couldn't deny it, and it touched many more hearts than mine. After watching the months of suffering my husband endured, and watching his determined effort to survive, I had now watched him die. The previous summer I had become his bride, nine months later I became his widow. I lost my love, and life could never be the same. At that moment, my own survival seemed doubtful, and unnecessary. —WT

## More Contests and Markets

### Websites with writing advice:

- Finding reviews: <http://www.selfpublishingreview.com/2018/04/how-to-get-book-reviews-in-2018-without-going-crazy/>
- Finding reviews: <http://www.clkmg.com/ddrum/brthome>
- Amazon ads: <https://writeforkids.org/blog/2018/01/amazon-marketing-services-offers-cheap-ads-self-publishers/>
- Kindle keywords: <https://kindlepreneur.com/how-to-choose-kindle-keywords/>
- Sell internationally: <https://kindlepreneur.com/selling-kindle-books-internationally/>
- Writing groups: <http://www.authorspublish.com/the-surprising-ways-writing-groups-open-doors/>
- Book readings: <https://www.writermag.com/2018/04/25/tips-for-boosting-attendance-book-reading/>
- Self-publishing courses: <http://www.ingramspark.com/self-publishing-courses>
- Google marketing: <https://offers.hubspot.com/digital-marketing-with-google>

**That's all, folks. — WT**

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Continued from Page 4

### What's in THEIR Wallet? Who has your email?

2) Create a new email address for your critical and financial websites. Create new passwords for them. Set up Two Factor Authentication.

3) Re-evaluate what emails you are using. You might want to use one email for family, friends and critical websites and another for newsletters and less important websites — this can be your "public" email.

4) Make your online life easier and more secure by subscribing to a password vault. I have been using LastPass for years, I only need to remember **one** password. I can use all my email+password logins on any device. I can also store files securely in the vault. Another popular vault service is Dashlane. There are also local data encryption programs such as 1Password and KeePass which store the password information on your computer or on a thumb drive.

Thousands of hacking attacks are hitting major and minor websites every minute of the day. You'd probably rather spend your time on other activities, but using secure passwords and managing your sign-ups may save you time and money in the long-run. —WT



# Contests and Markets

by Carolyn Donnell



**Are you looking for contests or other places to submit your work? Here you go!**

## Local Publications Seeking Submissions:

- **Literary Nest:** Local publication. Submissions for Fall should open in July  
<https://theliterarynest.com>
- **The Red Wheelbarrow:** (De Anza/Poetry Center San Jose) Deadline Aug. 15.  
<https://redwheelbarrow.submittable.com/submit>
- **Caesura 2018:** Call closes July 15, 2018 for PCSJ Members.  
<http://www.pcsj.org/caesuracall.html>
- **Sand Hill Review:** Stories, non-fiction articles, and poems.  
<https://sandhillreview.org/>
- **North State Writers Halloween contest:**  
<http://www.northstatewriters.com/contests.html>
- **Redwood Writers 2018 Memoir Contest:**  
<http://redwoodwriters.org/2018-memoir-contest/>

## Another contest:

### 28th Annual Jeffrey E. Smith Editors' Prize

*The Missouri Review:* Entry fee, \$25. Unpublished only.

\$5,000 Fiction | \$5,000 Nonfiction | \$5,000 Poetry DEADLINE: October 1, 2018

<https://www.missourireview.com/contests/jeffrey-e-smith-editors-prize/>

*The following listings are for information only. No vetting has been done by South Bay Writers Club. Some contests have been around for a long time and the reputation is known but some are newer. Please read all guidelines carefully before submitting. And please share any experience you have with them. Good or bad.*

## Websites That List Contests:

- Writer's Digest: <http://www.writersdigest.com/writers-digest-competitions>
- Writer Magazine: <https://www.writermag.com/writing-resources/contests/>
- The Write Life: <https://thewritelife.com/writing-contests/>
- Winning Writers: Apr 15 – Sept 30. <https://winningwriters.com/our-contests>
- Poets & Writers: <https://www.pw.org/grants>
- National Association of Memoir Writers: <http://namw.org/>
- Freedom With Writing: <https://www.freedomwithwriting.com/freedom/>
- Authors Publish: <https://www.authorspublish.com/>
- WOW! Women On Writing: <http://www.wow-womenonwriting.com/>
- Women's Fiction Writers Association: <http://womensfictionwriters.org/Contests>
- Funds For Writers: <http://fundsforwriters.com/contests/>
- Reedsy Writing Competitions 2018: <https://blog.reedsy.com/writing-contests/>
- Funds for Writers: <http://fundsforwriters.com/contests/>
- Writer's Write: <https://www.writerswrite.com/contests/>
- Writer Unboxed: <http://writerunboxed.com/2017/04/09/fiction-writing-contests-worth-your-time-april-may-june-edition/>

**See More Contests and Markets on Page 12.**

# The WT Challenge

**What is it?** An ongoing contest. Once a year in January, awards will be given to contributors to *WritersTalk*. You need take no special steps to enter this competition; if your piece in one of the designated genres is published in *WritersTalk*, you are a contestant in the Challenge. (Eligibility limited to members of South Bay Writers.)

## Genres:

Fiction: 500 – 1800 words

Memoir: 500 – 1800 words

Essay/Nonfiction: 500 – 1000

Poetry: 20 – 200 words

**Judging Periods:** Work published in *WritersTalk* in the preceding year. 2018 only: Work published in October, 2017 through December, 2018.

**Prizes:** Two winners will be selected from each genre; first prize, \$100; second, \$50. Judging by *WritersTalk* contributing editors and other members of SBW. —WT

Send your edited creative work to [newsletter@southbaywriters.com](mailto:newsletter@southbaywriters.com). See submission requirements on page 3.



## Some Facebook pages and groups for writers:

- Writers Post Call for Submissions
- A Path To Publishing
- SCBWI CA North/Central
- Historical Novel Society – Northern California
- Children's Book Writers and Illustrators
- #IndieBooksBeSeen
- Indie-Visible Community Lounge
- National Association of Memoir Writers
- Children's Writer's & Illustrator's Market
- The Writer Magazine

**Have Fun Browsing. Let us know if you find other sites of interest. —WT**

# News from California Writers Club

## Ads in CWC Bulletin

by Bob Isbill (760) 221-6367

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

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

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

Space is limited. Appropriate ads will be accepted on a first come, first served basis. — WT

# CWC Around the Bay

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

**Berkeley:** 2:00 third Sundays, Oakland Public Library Main Branch. [cwc-berkeley.org](http://cwc-berkeley.org)

**Central Coast:** 5:30 third Tuesdays, Point Pinos Grill, 77 Asilomar Boulevard, Pacific Grove. [centralcoastwriters.org](http://centralcoastwriters.org)

**Fremont Area:** 2:00 fourth Saturdays at DeVry University. [cwc-fremontareawriters.org](http://cwc-fremontareawriters.org)

**Marin:** 2:00 fourth Sundays, Book Passage in Corte Madera. [cwcmarin.com](http://cwcmarin.com)

**Mendocino Coast:** 6:00 third Thursdays, Mendocino Hotel. [writersmendocinocoast.org](http://writersmendocinocoast.org)

**Mount Diablo:** 11:00 second Saturdays, Zio Fraedo's Restaurant, 611 Gregory Lane, Pleasant Hill. [cwcmtdiablowriters.wordpress.com](http://cwcmtdiablowriters.wordpress.com)

**Napa Valley:** 7:00 second Wednesdays, venue is changing. [napavalleywriters.net](http://napavalleywriters.net)

**North State:** 6:00 third Mondays, Butte County Library-Chico Branch. [northstatewriters.com](http://northstatewriters.com)

**Redwood:** 2:30 first Sundays, Flamingo Conference Resort & Spa, 2777 Fourth Street, Santa Rosa. [redwoodwriters.org](http://redwoodwriters.org)

**Sacramento:** 11:00 third Saturdays, Cattlemen's Restaurant, 12409 Folsom Blvd., Rancho Cordova. [cwcsacramentowriters.org](http://cwcsacramentowriters.org)

**San Francisco/Peninsula:** 10:00 third Saturdays, Sequoia Yacht Club, Redwood City: check website <http://cwc-peninsula.org/>

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

**Tri-Valley:** 2:00 third Saturdays, Four Points by Sheraton, 5115 Hopyard, Pleasanton. [trivalleywriters.org](http://trivalleywriters.org)

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## Conferences and Events

Collected by Margie Yee Webb

**Elements of the Book Proposal** with Andy Ross

July 14, 2018, San Francisco CA

<https://www.milibrary.org/events/elements-book-proposal-andy-ross-jul-14-2018>

<https://sfwriters.org/mil-classes>

**Making Your Writing Unforgettable** with Constance Hale

July 21, 2018, San Francisco CA

<https://www.milibrary.org/events/making-your-writing-unforgettable-finding-literary-voice-makes-your-readers-keep-turning>

<https://sfwriters.org/mil-classes>

**A Personal Branding Workshop** with Jess Ponce III

July 28, 2018, San Francisco CA

<https://www.milibrary.org/events/everyday-celebrity-personal-branding-workshop-jul-28-2018>

<https://sfwriters.org/mil-classes>

**How to Become a Competitive Creative:** Building a Full-Time Career as a Writer in the Digital Age: Jane Friedman

August 10, 2018, San Francisco CA

<https://www.milibrary.org/events/how-become-competitive-creative-building-full-time-career-writer-digital-age-jane-friedman>

<https://sfwriters.org/mil-classes>

The above four classes are co-sponsored by Mechanics Institute and San Francisco Writers Conference/San Francisco Writers Foundation.

**38th Napa Valley Writers' Conference**

July 29 – August 3, 2018, St. Helena CA

<http://www.napawritersconference.org/>

A Project of Napa Valley College

**Mendocino Coast Writers' Conference 2018**

August 2 – 4, 2018, Mendocino CA

<http://mcwc.org/>

**Publishing Bootcamp** with Jane Friedman

August 5, 2018, Mendocino CA

<http://mcwc.org/oneday-bootcamp/>

Jane Friedman, ex-publisher of *Writer's Digest* and the established authority on new paths for authors in the digital age

**Worldcon 76**

August 16-20, 2018, San Jose CA

<http://www.worldcon76.org/>

Worldcon (World Science Fiction Convention) is the annual gathering of science fiction and fantasy fans, writers, artists, musicians and other creators, first held in New York City in 1939.

**The 2018 Writing Workshop of San Francisco**

August 25, 2018, San Francisco CA

<https://writingworkshopsanfrancisco.com/>

A full-day "How to Get Published" writing event

**San Francisco Writing for Change Conference**

September 8, 2018, San Francisco CA

<http://sfwritingforchange.org/>

Writing to Make a Difference: how what you write can change the world; how to get your writing published — WT



Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1	2  2p Valley Writers	3	4	5	6  7:30p Open mic Barnes&Noble Almaden, San Jose	7
8  SBW Summer BBQ 3p.m. 10A Our Voices	9  2p Valley Writers	10	11	12	13	14
15  D e a d l i n e W r i t e r s T a l k	16  2p Valley Writers	17	18	19	20  7:30p Open mic SJ Rosegarden Library	21
22  10A Our Voices	23  2p Valley Writers	24	25	26	27	28
29  2p Valley Writers	30  2p Valley Writers	31	July 2018			
Future Flashes						

#### Future Events:

SBW Board, 7 PM Tuesday, August 7, Edie's house  
SBW dinner meeting, 6 - 9 PM, Monday, August 13

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

## Ongoing Events

### Critique Groups

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

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

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

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

### SBW Board Meetings

Board meets on Tuesday, 7 PM, in the week preceding the dinner meeting. Exception: No July Board meeting. Contact Edie Matthews at pres@southbaywriters.com.

### Open Mics

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

### Ongoing discussion groups

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

**Add your discussion group here. We're waiting to hear from you.**

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

Go to [www.calwriters.org](http://www.calwriters.org) for details

### Poetry Readings

**Poets@Play:** Meets at Markham House History Park, 1650 Senter Rd., San Jose, Second Sundays most months, 1 - 4 PM. [poetrycentersanjose.org](http://poetrycentersanjose.org)

**Poetry Center San Jose:** Meets Willow Glen Library, 1157 Minnesota Ave., San Jose, 7 PM Third Thursday, 408-808-3045 [www.poetrycentersanjose.org](http://www.poetrycentersanjose.org)

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

### SBW Recommends ...

If you know of a regularly occurring event for writers, send an email to [newsletter@southbaywriters.com](mailto:newsletter@southbaywriters.com).



**California Writers Club**  
South Bay Branch  
P.O. Box 3254  
Santa Clara, CA 95055  
[www.southbaywriters.com](http://www.southbaywriters.com)

## MAIL TO

Address Correction Requested

**NO MONDAY MEETING IN JULY**  
**South Bay Writers**  
**6 – 9 p.m.**  
**Monday, August 13, 2018**  
**Harry's Hofbrau**  
**390 Saratoga Avenue, San Jose**

## Summer Barbecue

**3 – 8, Sunday, July 8**

**Details Page 1**

**(No Monday meeting in July)**

*WritersTalk* deadline is always  
the 15th of the month.

Regular dinner meetings are  
second Mondays 6 – 9 PM  
except July, December, and  
workshop months



## Harry's Hofbrau

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