



WRITERSTALK

Volume 27
Number 02
February 2019

Monthly Newsletter of the South Bay Writers Club™

FEBRUARY SPEAKER: MARLA COOPER

Cracking Creativity: Coming up With Good Ideas, and Lots of Them

by Jamal Khan

Creativity occurs when two ideas are connected that were not previously connected. The recently departed Stan Lee revolutionized comic book storytelling by infusing classic mythology with modern psychology. Stephen King's first published novel *Carrie* seamlessly blended teenage insecurities and supernatural phenomena, resulting in a multi-layered narrative that was greater than the sum of its parts. The analytical mind breaks concepts down into their constitutive elements, and the creative mind reassembles those elements into new, intriguing combinations. As Arthur Schopenhauer once observed, "Talent hits a target no one else can hit; Genius hits a target no one else can see."

Ideas can come from anywhere — but what if you don't have time to wait for inspiration to strike? In our dinner meeting on February 11th, Marla Cooper will guide you through a more active creative process. Learn brainstorming techniques that will help you generate ideas on demand, make associations, bust through writer's block, and supercharge your writing process. We'll talk about how to generate multiple ideas, decide which ones are worth pursuing, and weave them into a narrative you'll love working on.

Marla Cooper is a mystery author and freelance writer whose day job is coming up with ideas for other people. Marla has written all sorts of things, from advertising copy to travel guidebooks to the occasional haiku, and it was while ghostwriting a guide to destination weddings that she found inspiration for the Kelsey McKenna *Destination Wedding Mysteries*. Her debut novel, *Terror in Taf-feta*, was a Lefty and Agatha finalist for Best First Mystery Novel, and book two, *Dying on the Vine*, was a Lefty finalist for Best Humorous Mystery. Originally hailing from Texas, Marla lives in Oakland, California, with her husband and her polydactyl tuxedo cat. Learn more at marla-cooper.com and chicksonthecase.com.



WORKSHOP RECAP: DAVID CORBETT

The Spine of Crime

by Marjorie Johnson

David Corbett exuded energy and enthusiasm throughout his entire presentation at the South Bay Writers January 27 workshop at Hometown Buffet. His 21-page handout, "The Spine of Crime: Building Structure in Detective, Crime, and Thriller Stories," forms the outline for his online course. He likes to teach and he's good at it.

He began with the general layout and reader expectations for three basic subgenres: mystery, crime, and thriller. Mystery is the most cerebral and least violent, characterized as pursuit of truth. Crime stories have justice as the main theme, "cops and robbers," who committed the crime. The thriller is the most emotional — how to survive in a dangerous world where the villain attacks the hero at every turn. There are legal, medical, and technological sub-subgenres; suspense is quiet, creepy, and psychological.

Corbett used many movies as examples: *Chinatown*, *Vertigo*, *The Maltese Falcon*, *LA Confidential*, *Fargo*, *Strangers on a Train*, *Michael Clayton*. He interspersed his talk with words of wisdom and humor, such as "Never is a word that never should be used," and "Beginning, Muddle, End describes too many novels." We should avoid too much research, lest it become a sophisticated form of writer's block.

Surprisingly, he said, "I'm not your teacher. Your teacher is the books you love." He advised going back to a writer who inspired you, reread, and teach yourself to write. He also gave us

Where: Hometown Buffet, Santa Clara, CA 95051
When: Monday, February 11 at 6pm; talk begins at 7:30pm
Admission: \$15 for members, \$20 for nonmembers. Proceed to banquet room and pay.

Continued on Page 6

Between the Lines

Edie Matthews
President, South Bay Writers



Valentine's Day

My favorite Valentine's Days were in grade school. Anticipation began the week before when the teacher printed each child's name on the blackboard. Carefully, we copied the list and brought it home.

Next was a trip to the dime store (a.k.a. Woolworth's) to select my Valentines. With the intensity of an art critic appraising the Mona Lisa, I examined the packages of cards. Hmm, did I want the cards featuring children? Examples included:

A boy in a plane, caption: "You rate SKY-HIGH with me! Let's be Valentines."
Boy thumbing through a thick book: "According to my 'REFERENCES' you'd make a swell Valentine."
A girl hanging hearts on a clothesline: "I'm PIN-ning my hopes on YOU."
A boy standing on his head: "I'm 'HEELS over HEAD' in love with you."
Secretary typing "I love you." Caption: "You're just my TYPE, dear Valentine."

Maybe animal Valentines would be cuter:
Cuddly white kitten: "I think you are purr-fect."
Rabbit: "Some bunny loves you."
Camel: "I can go without water, but not without you."

Disney cards were enticing, too:
Pinocchio: "'WOODEN' you be my Valentine? It's no lie."
Bambi: I think you're a LITTLE DEER!"
Donald Duck: "I'm QUAKY for you."

Not all of those early Valentines would be considered politically correct today — like the ribbon-wrapped hammer. Caption: "I get a BANG out of you!"

Most packages came with an extra Valentine for the teacher and messages like: "You're just WRITE for me!" or "Without teachers, we wouldn't know how to spell LOVE!"

Who could forget the ubiquitous ditty:
*Roses are red
Violets are blue
Sugar is sweet
And so are you.*
Along with a cynical version, like:
*But the roses are wilting
The violets are dead
The sugar bowl's empty
And so is your head.*

As silly as the sentiments may seem, artists used literary devices to create them. On closer examination, you can identify rhymes, hyperboles, double entendre,

Continued on Page 4

California Writers Club
South Bay Branch
www.southbaywriters.com

SBW Officers

President—Edie Matthews
pres@southbaywriters.com
Vice President—Jamal Khan
vp@southbaywriters.com
Secretary—Marjorie Johnson
secretary@southbaywriters.com
Treasurer—Trenton Myers
treasurer@southbaywriters.com
Member-at-Large1—Tatyana Grinenko
member-at-large-1@southbaywriters.com
Member-at-Large2—Alfred Jan
member-at-large-2@southbaywriters.com

SBW Representatives

Central Board—Bill Baldwin
WABaldwin@aol.com
NorCal—Dave LaRoche
policies@southbaywriters.com

SBW Committee Chairs

Bylaws/Policy&Procedures—Dave LaRoche
policies@southbaywriters.com
Hospitality—Carole Taub
hospitality@southbaywriters.com
Membership—Sally Milnor
membership@southbaywriters.com
MRMS Admin—Dick Amyx
mrms@southbaywriters.com
Newsletter—J. K. McDole
newsletter@southbaywriters.com
Programs, Workshops—Jamal Khan
vp@southbaywriters.com
Publicity and Public Relations—Tatyana Grinenko
pr@southbaywriters.com
Web Master—Dick Amyx (Interim)
webmaster@southbaywriters.com
Web Editor—Tatyana Grinenko
webeditor@southbaywriters.com
Member News—Marjorie Johnson
membernews@southbaywriters.com

SBW Events

Open Mic—Bill Baldwin
WABaldwin@aol.com

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, 2019. 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

Managing Editor

J. K. McDole

Contributing Editors

Marjorie Bicknell Johnson

Carolyn Donnell

Sayantika Mandal

Sally Milnor

Jana McBurney-Lin

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 (1200-1800 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

Circulation: 200

Copyright © 2018 CWC South Bay Branch

J. K. McDole



Spark Joy, Spark Something

"Are you familiar with Marie Kondo?" my husband asked me the other day. Yes, I told him, I had heard about her Netflix special on how to organize your home. Had I read her books? No, though I knew many Clean and Organized People swore by them; since I was raised by overbearing military types who liked to bounce quarters off taut bedsheets, I flew under the Kondo radar. When Netflix suggested her New Year's special on my list of recommendations, I tabbed past it and opted to binge-watch *The Haunting of Hill House*.

Then my husband pointed out the many conversations happening across social media about Kondo, most centering around KonMari: her method on decluttering and organizing living spaces. I started to do some research. The first thing I learned about KonMari is that it's simple: there are only a few guidelines to follow when tackling the task of cleaning your home. The second thing I learned that the method works, and thus Kondo has quite the following. Her books are best-sellers. Look on Youtube and you'll find a ton of 'before and after' videos of tidy, pristine homes whose owners worked KonMari's magic.

The third thing: Kondo's method is less about tidying up than it is about getting rid of stuff. She encourages followers of her method to categorize the items in their home according to a checklist of categories: clothes, books, komono (or miscellanea, e.g., utensils, electronics, linens, decor, etc.), and sentimental objects. Followers are encouraged to hold each object in their hand and question whether or not it "sparks joy" in them; if it does, they keep it. If not, it goes in the trash. This makes the KonMari method somewhat controversial--especially among people who own a lot of books. For many of these so-called 'book people,' the idea of evaluating your personal library and culling down to titles that "spark joy" was an absurd proposition--an inflammatory one, even, given all the angry rants that I read on Facebook and Twitter.

Well, I'm a Book Person. When my husband and I moved to the Bay Area six years ago, we packed, loaded, and transported over 150 pounds of books. Our house has nine completely full bookshelves, and there's unopened book boxes still collecting dust in our garage. You could safely sort me into the category of "Someone Who Ought to Read Marie Kondo's books and See What KonMari Can Do For Her." So I bit the bullet and began slowly following the method. At first, I responded to the notion of getting rid of books with the same startled concern that sparked so much

Continued on Page 4

INSIDE

View from the Board: M. Johnson	4	Off the Shelf: E. Matthews	10
Change of Venue	4	Children Teach French: R. Burns	11
SF Writer's Conference	5	Stardust the Cat: K. Boyd	11
The Karma Riddle: C. Weilert	6	Contests and Markets: C. Donnell	13
Memories + Pain: T. Mach	7	Conferences & Events: M. Yee Webb	13
Tall Tale...: L. Oleas	8	Calendar	15
New Beginnings: L. Smith	9		
Cartoons: M. McEwen	9		
Saved By The Bear: C. Donnell	10		

View from the Board

by Marjorie Johnson



Marjorie Johnson
SBW Secretary

There are no current updates for View from the Board. The Board will officially meet on February 5 at Edie Matthews' home.

SBW Board meetings are open to all interested members of South Bay Writers, RSVP to Edie. Come and learn what's happening and how to be a part of the action. — WT

Spark Joy, Spark Something

Continued from Page 3

Twitter vitriol. "Books should be exempt from the requirement of sparking joy," I explained to my husband, pointing out our personal copies of *The Kite Runner* by Khaled Hosseini and Cormac McCarthy's *The Road*. "We keep around a lot of books that make me sad or even angry. A good library will always have titles that provoke thought and arouse discomfort."

"That's not KonMari's point," he replied. "Even if the content of the book perturbs you, the experience of reading the book was enjoyable. It had an impact, and that impact is what sparked the joy. The joy was enough that you kept it, and continue to keep it."

Well, that made a lot more sense to me — and, sure enough, it was more in line with Kondo's original intent. The fourth (and perhaps most important) thing to consider about KonMari is that it's tied to spirituality. As a teenager, Kondo volunteered at a Shinto shrine; here she applied and perfected her organizational techniques. She implores that followers of KonMari pause to visualize the inner landscape of an organized space and connect to it through both the mind and the spirit. The Book People backlash on Twitter prompted an official response from Kondo around mid-January. Her explanation was simple: if getting rid of your books — or any possessions, for that matter — inspires anger or revulsion, then they are items which must be kept. The anger indicates that joy is present somewhere in your attachment and makes the book relevant, even if she, personally, would advise you to consider otherwise.

I started thinking about this while I cleaned out our bookshelves. What kind of attachments did I have to certain titles? Was it the prose or the themes that made them memorable, worth keeping? What was I experiencing when I first read this book, and, if I picked it up and attempted a re-read, how different would it be from that first time?

Did you start 2019 off with KonMari? What are your thoughts on personal attachment to books and the sparks they create in you? I welcome your thoughts, and hope you'll consider checking out Kondo's guide, *The Life-Changing Magic of Tidying Up: The Japanese Art of Decluttering and Organizing* — currently available on Amazon. — WT

Valentine's Day

Continued from Page 2

nerisms (phonetic mix-ups of initial sounds or letter for humorous effect), and the ever-present pun — all techniques prevalent in Shakespeare's comedies.

In the afternoon of February 14th, our class had a party. Valentines were distributed, while room mothers served punch, cookies, and heart-shape candies in pastel colors. Each candy had a concise message like: Be Mine, Sweet, Hot Stuff, Dear Heart, Cutie Pie, Pick Me, Real Love, True Love, Say Yes, Miss You, My Baby, All Mine, 4 Ever, and the perennial: I love you.

What fun opening the Valentines accumulating on your desk. You knew Bobby really liked you when he gave you two! (The number of cards in the package rarely coincided with the number of classmates.)

In those days, romance was uncomplicated. Eight-year old girls held candid conversations while walking to school or jumping rope. "Who do you love?" We answered seriously or giggling, depending on the depth of our emotion. "I love Tommy." Or "Ricky is so cute." Or "I think Harry loves you." Of course, it was rare for Tommy, Ricky, or Harry to learn of our sentiments.

We were fickle, too. Our crushes vacillated from week to week without drama or heartbreak. "I've decided I love Norman the best."

Secretly you hoped he sent a cute Valentine — maybe a rocket ship, caption: "Valentine, you are out of this world," or a bouquet of flowers, caption: "You're the best in the bunch, Valentine." Not a Jersey cow saying "You're Moo-velous."

Ah, with a nostalgic smile, I recall those grammar school days and the delight of reading through a trove of cards asking me: "Will You Be My Valentine?" — WT

CLOSURE OF HARRY'S HOFBRAU (SAN JOSE LOCATION)

We regret to inform our readers and club members that Harry's Hofbrau in San Jose has permanently shut down. The February meeting will occur at **HOMETOWN BUFFET**:

2670 El Camino Real,

Santa Clara, CA

Future meeting location is TBA. For further updates, please check your SBW-registered email or check the club website:

southbaywriters.com

Plan to join us at the 16th annual Celebration of Craft, Commerce & Community

SAN FRANCISCO WRITERS CONFERENCE

February 14-17, 2019—Presidents Day Weekend

Pre & Post Event Master Classes (on February 14 & 18.)

It's all happening at our new venue...the **Hyatt Regency Embarcadero**



Keynoters will include:

CATHERINE COULTER

Queen of romantic thrillers and *New York Times* bestselling author of more than 80 books returns to the SFWC!

JANE FRIEDMAN

Author—*The Business of Being a Writer* and *Publishing 101*—and former editor-in-chief of *Writers Digest*



JOSE ANTONIO VARGAS

Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist, Emmy-nominated filmmaker, founder of **Define American**, a non-profit that fights hate through the power of storytelling, and author of *Dear America: Notes of an Undocumented Citizen*.

- Network with 100+ presenters—**authors, literary agents, editors, publishers**—and fellow writers.
- Enjoy any of **70+ sessions and workshops** at the main event. Go to sessions that fit your writing needs and goals.
- Also includes three breakfasts, a keynote luncheon with Catherine Coulter, SFWC Gala party, Poetry & Jazz, SFWC reusable Goodie Bag, creativity walks in SF & pitch sessions.
- ‘**Practice Your Pitch**’ with the Tri-Valley Writers and the **Ask-a-Pro** session...both included.
- Consult with an **editor or publicist/book coach**. (Yes...It's included.)
- Attendees' books can be in the on-site bookstore (on consignment)
- Optional 15-minute **Agent One-on-One Consults** & a one-hour session of our signature event **Speed Dating with Agents** are available for attendees only!
- In-depth **pre/post event Master Classes** (Thursday & Monday) are open to all writers.

This is a life-changing event that will help writers launch their writing career—and become successfully published authors.

For event details, current presenter list, and online registration, go to:

www.SFWriters.org

\$850 through January 31st. (Full price will be \$895)

Speed Dating with Agents is still only an additional \$75 and available to attendees only.

Reserve a room at the **Hyatt Regency Embarcadero** with code **WR19** until 1/21 (based on space available). 415-788-1234

Learn about the SFWC Writing Contest, SFWF Auction, SFWC Scholarships, and more on the website.

Produced by the San Francisco Writers Conference—a 501(c)3 nonprofit.

2019 Sponsors include: BookBaby, Smashwords, Draft2Digital, BetaBooks, Bublish, PublishDrive, Book Expo, *Writers Digest*, Joyce Turley, Harvey Pawl, Ellen Taliaferro, WNBA-SF, Tri-Valley Writers/California Writers Club, BookShop West Portal.

If you want to be a sponsor or scholarship benefactor, please write to Barbara Santos at Barbara@SFWriters.org.

Questions about the event or SFWC? Contact us at registrations@SFWriters.org

FREE! Journaling Workshop with **Marissa Moss** Friday, Feb. 15.

Sorry...it's full!

rg

NEW! On SATURDAY, February 16
SFWC POETRY SUMMIT

Get Your Poetry Published!

Followed by Poetry & Jazz featuring celebrity poet band—COPUS.

This track is Included with SFWC registration or available as a one-day event for \$195. See the website for details.

The Karma Riddle

by Chris Weilert

I am not a deep thinker. I am glad that there are smart people who can sort things out for us less-evolved folks. I call it a revelation when I can figure out the remote control, any cell phone, and my wife's wants and needs. I get by in this world on instinct, and it has guided me well enough for me to live into my fifties.

There have been days when I ponder how I have escaped danger and doom. Maybe I am lucky that way. Maybe I am walking through life blindly. I admit I don't believe in most things and I'm skeptical of everything. Over the years of buying late night television info commercial products and listening to get-rich-quick hucksters, my BS detector has been refined. Unfortunately, you can't always count on your BS detector to pull you from the perils of calamity.

One of the biggest revelations that entered my inner cortex was when I heard about this thing called karma. It didn't start to sink in until my twenties and thirties. In fact, I had to keep looking it up in the dictionary. Webster says, 'the cosmic principle according to which each person is rewarded or punished in one incarnation according to that person's deeds in the previous incarnation. When I first read these words, the light bulb went on for a change in the dark recesses of my skull. All I have to do is perform noble deeds and good fortune will boomerang back to me?

I didn't run out too quickly to become a boy scout or Mother Teresa. I would perform random acts of kindness but still I wondered when does the karma take effect. There had to be a piece to this riddle that I wasn't seeing. Maybe this takes many years to manifest into prosperity. I asked an old Indian man who walked down my street how karma worked. He said,

"Young man, karma is not a thing or idea, it just is. You live it every day. It's not a scorecard like some game of soccer. If you live a good life and be a giving individual, then you will be rewarded every day."

I thanked him and found out later he wasn't Indian but Mexican. He was still one wise fellow.

I have this flaw that resides in my personality that causes me problems at times. Part of this problem is a mixture of self-destruction and lose-interest-quickly syndrome. Sometimes it's the other way around where I lose interest first then I blow myself up. This showed up early in my life when I would ruin all of my plastic models I built all year long just to be detonated during Independence Day. I still give up on karma now and then but also hope that bad karma boomerangs hit some other guy, but unfortunately it has a way of finding me.

As I have grown wiser, but mostly older, I have realized that staying committed and focused is part of the karma riddle. Having a lifetime of half starts and lofty unfilled dreams is the stuff that will turn you into a bitter old person. I don't want to be that old geezer on the block yelling, "Get off my lawn, you dumb kids." I know what happens to these old coots. Those kids they yell at are the same ones who shove a potato in those grumpy neighbor's car tail pipe and watch as they start their engine. They laugh their tails off when their car backfires and scares the living hell out of them.

I am not always sure how the karma wheel turns, and I hope I'm doing good deeds for the right reasons. For instance, if I tell my neighbor that they left their car lights on, I would expect him to return some good deed in the future. If he doesn't ever reciprocate then the next time I get his Sports Illustrated swim suit edition by accident, I'm going to be keeping it for my own entertainment. I should know better this is not how Karma works. I better realize that I might not get repaid for good deeds until I am on my death bed. My neighbor might finally come around and bring in my garbage cans while I'm lying there in the hospital. In all honesty, the karma code is a simple thing for my little brain to digest, and I will follow it no matter where it leads me. Sometimes ... no, a

lot of times, you have to do things you hate performing, but you do them because it's the right thing. I'm just hoping all of those honorable actions will eventually get paid back... like fifty-yard seats at the Super Bowl. Okay...maybe I

The Spine of Crime

Continued from Page 1

Jim Frey's ten rules of writing, from his *How to Write a Damn Good Mystery*: 1, 2, 3: Read; 4, 5, 6: Write; 7, 8, 9: Suffer; and 10: Not too many exclamation

In summary, each subgenre has unique beats or story elements that provide readers and audiences with reliable cues they expect and deserve. The key to writing a great story within any of the subgenres is to find a fresh, unique way to supply those story elements so that you both fulfill expectations but also generate surprise.

Needless to say, David Corbett's presentation was well received and helpful to aspiring mystery, crime, and thriller writers. Thank you, David.

For further study, see his articles in recent issues of *Writer's Digest*, "Changing the Face of Crime Fiction," February 2019, pages 34 - 38, and "Stick Figures," January 2019, pages 34 - 37. Also, he has written several books available on Amazon. — WT



Memories + Pain = Lessons Learned

by Tom Mach

One of my favorite quotes comes from Omar Khayyám: “The moving finger writes, and having writ, moves on; nor all thy piety nor wit shall lure it back to cancel half a line.”

Omar was right. I can’t change my past, but I can look back if I need to remember ten lessons I learned over a five-decade painful learning period.

I learned to trust in God.

Back in the 1970s through the 1990s, I believed that psychics can predict the future and tell me things about my so-called “past lives.” I continued to believe in them during troubled times. In 1995 when a man sued me for money that my business partner stole from his aging sister, I turned to a psychic who gave me no help. During my panic, I then visited a lawyer to help defend me, but while I knew I couldn’t afford his costs, he agreed to pray with me in his office, and that memory lingered in my mind to this day. On the day I was scheduled for arbitration, I begged God for help—and indeed He did.

I learned the importance of true forgiveness.

My wife stayed with me during my difficult times—and more importantly, she forgave me. Some people in my life have greatly offended me—such as my business partner’s lies and criminality. Then there was a scammer who bilked me out of \$2,000. After that, an employer fired me because I had made an unkind comment to a woman who had asked for my help in finding her a job. This employer sat me down in a low chair which he placed at a 30-foot distance away from him. He proceeded to berate me before ordering me out of the building, which caused me great distress. I remember someone telling me at one time that we are not expected to forgive the actions of any person, but we must forgive “those who trespass against us...” It’s in the *Our Father*.

I learned not to be selfish.

My selfishness did not really make itself evident until I got married. I centered our marriage on “me” rather than on



Tom Mach

“us.” When it came to job moves I just naturally assumed that where I needed to relocate was totally my decision. While I did tell Virginia about the benefits of each move (my benefits, to be more precise) I didn’t sit down with her and ask her to honestly review this with me and tell me what we both thought I ought to do. It is only after we retired and both wanted to relocate somewhere that Virginia and I made a joint decision as to where to go.

I learned to be more honest.

When it comes to money, I think I am generally honest to the extreme. If a cashier gives me a few cents more than I am supposed to get, I would inform the cashier of the mistake. There was one glaring exception to this in that while my wife allowed me to contribute a specific sum of money to invest in a new venture involving a partner, I soon discovered I had to invest more money into the venture. I had not told my wife about the additional revenue I took from our bank account. I also lacked total honesty when it came to not being completely truthful on a résumé. I also cheated once in school (It was the only time I ever did that.) I used to lie once in a while, but don’t any more.

I learned not to be envious of someone’s success.

This is one I am still working on. Being “Number One” was always important to me, and I wanted to win in every competitive situation. I remember not being selected as valedictorian in my high school class. Later when I went to college, I en-

vied those students who did remarkably well in class. My jealousy didn’t reach its peak until I began writing in earnest and found that no matter how hard I tried, someone else would find a mainstream publisher. I’ll always remember an author who attended a writing workshop with me years ago when I lived in San Jose. He got an agent immediately and went on to publish several novels with a major publishing company. I attended many writing workshops, read books on how to get successfully published, and always failed. Even though I had five different agents throughout my life, none of them was able to find a publisher for me. I resented going to conventions where authors would talk about their success. I used to feel a tinge of jealousy when I learn of a local writer who got published with a mainstream press. These days, I suppress those feelings.

I learned that I am happier in giving than in receiving.

I never knew how good I would feel when I freely gave something to someone. While receiving an occasional gift can be nice, giving something to someone (even if it’s just a kind word) gives me far more contentment, and I don’t need that person to say “Thank you.” In addition, I find pleasure in not telling anyone that I’ve been kind to someone, because it’s between God and me. I helped two female writers publish their books and felt happy that I did that before they passed away. I discovered that when you see a street beggar, it is always good to ask for their name and engage in pleasant conversation before giving them financial aid. It is especially meaningful to me if I can give someone something anonymously, since only God needs to know what I’ve done.

I learned money ought not to be my objective in writing.

At one time my major purpose in writing was to earn money. But I felt no real satisfaction whenever I did that. For instance, when I wrote advertising and promotional copy for technical firms, I had to struggle with my writing since I was not enamored with the products they were marketing. I sometimes came in contact with authors who would brag about the money they earned from the sale

Continued on Page 10

Tall Tale in the Airport Bar

by Luanne Oleas

Tony stepped out of his car at sunset, and the wind at the local airport styled his black curls. It was Friday, and he had cashed his final paycheck from the flight school. The roll of bills bulged in the front pocket of his tight jeans, pressing against his thigh like a wad of confidence. He swaggered toward the terminal building wearing his denim jacket with the fake sheepskin collar with his log book jammed in one pocket. His potential boss for a cropdusting job usually drank at the Skyport Bar and Grill. Tony's reflection in the glass door reminded him to remove his sunglasses.

"It's show time," he said in a sly whisper. He entered and headed into the dark bar, taking the first seat by the door. His penetrating eyes adjusted to the dim lighting, and the establishment's fixtures and occupants came into focus. A craggy voice sounded from across the room.

"This beautiful blonde comes in one night and sits right there," Hartley Bolger said and pointed to Tony's bar stool.

Most Friday nights, Hartley flew the next to last stool at the far end of the SkyBaG's bar. He was fat and feisty, five-foot-five, and his face reminded Tony of one those dried apple dolls. Bill stood by the old guy, buying him one for the road. Bill, Tony's young, bespectacled friend, had said Hartley was a fighter pilot in WWII. Hart currently worked as the head mechanic at AirRaid Ag. The regular crowd seemed to only be half-listening to his familiar story.

Tony looked from the storyteller to a nearby table. Sam, the old boy's boss, was gabbing with some guy. Sam looked fairly happy for having just fired a pilot. Was he in the mood to hire another? Tony hoped so, feeling for his logbook even though he knew he had it.

"She had chi-chis like grapefruits and a neckline split to her navel," Hart continued after a sip. "A doctor was buying her drinks while a lawyer lit her damn cigarettes. So I bets Sam she'd walk away with me, didn't I, Sam?"

"Bet one gin, no ice," Sam said, never lifting his balding head. He looked more

interested in stirring his drink.

"Did she?" Bill asked, knowing the answer.

"I hope to shit in your flat hat on Sunday morning," Hart answered.

"O-o-o-o..." Tony said, leaving his stool with a fresh screwdriver and approaching Bill and Hart. Tony could feel a tall one coming on. He'd heard enough of them to know.

"I looked at them two city boys and said, 'But, can you fly an airplane?'" Hart's gravelly chuckle led to a cough that required a long sip from his drink. "Then the blonde says, 'Can you really fly?'"

"Like hell she does," Tony said, moving closer to the storyteller.

"Like hell she doesn't," Hart said, sounding like he enjoyed a little disbelief in the crowd. "I offers her a ride and she can't get off that bar stool fast enough."

"Oh, sure," Tony said, half turning away.

"We walks out to the flight line," Hart said, "and I stuffs that tart between my legs in a one-holer Stearman. Each of those high-class palookas steps up on a separate wing and grabs a strut, like they's daring me to take off. At the end of the taxiway, I gives 'em one last chance to let go."

"But they don't," Bill said with a smile. Tony thought it sounded like a line Bill had said before.

"That's right," Hart said. The wheezy laugh that followed prompted an even worse cough. "I don't know how she ever broke ground with those two fools on the wings, but—"

"Like hell she did," Tony said again.

"Like hell she didn't," Hart answered.

"Sam saw the whole thing, didn't you Sam?"

"Yep," he answered, disinterested but on cue. Tony tried to read the expression on Sam's face, but he was more discreet than a veteran poker player.

"How did you do it?" Bill asked Hart. Tony could tell Bill loved this story. He

liked that about Bill. "Did you have a head wind? Did you go full power?"

"You know, son, I don't really know," Hart answered, shaking his head. His jowls wiggled in response. "I might've had a few that night. No one counted back in those days," he said, jingling the ice cubes in his waning drink. "Stearmans are just that kind of plane. You ask 'em to perform and they do. Every pilot has his dream plane—"

"Mine's a Buchmeister Jungman," Bill said, smiling at the thought.

"Mine's a Waco," Sam added from his table, proving he was aware.

"A Great Lakes," Tony said, imagining the agile biplane known for its twitching tail.

"And mine's that homely old Stearman," Hart said, thumping his chest. "But thanks to this old ticker of mine, I'll never fly one again."

The room grew still. Tony knew Hart had busted his medical years ago, but the old boy seldom mentioned it. Something like that, if it happened, would be too painful for Tony to talk about too.

"I'll rent a plane tomorrow and we'll go up," Bill said, lifting his drink to seal his promise.

Tony looked at Bill, knowing his young friend couldn't afford flying time for himself. Giving it to some old geezer with a sorry heart was crazy, Tony thought, but right on. The rest of the patrons sensed it, and the chatter resumed.

"I just might take you up on that," Hart said with a melancholy smile. —WT

SAD ABOUT HARRY'S HOFBRAU CLOSING?

Send in your thoughts, memories, food reviews...We always want your pieces in WritersTalk!

Remember to keep an eye on your email and the South Bay Writers website for updates about meeting locations for upcoming meetings and events!

New Beginnings

by Lucinda Smith

"Holly, I'd like you to meet Ginger."

I forced a smile in Ms. Norman's direction. Wouldn't want my cheerleader and psychological "Big Brother" — or sister, in this case — to think my attitude had gone south. Truth was, I didn't give a rat's patootie about Ginger or Ms. Norman. If one more person told me how lucky I'd been, I'd scream.

"Hi Ginger," I said, to oblige Ms. Norman.

"I'll let you two get to know each other," Ms. Norman said. The door clicked behind her and Ginger and I sat in silence. 'Get to know each other.' I gave a mental snort.

Ginger made a sound like a question mark, then shoved her wet nose against the back of my hand. I turned it over and she pushed her warm muzzle into my cupped fingers. I slid my hand up to her soft, floppy ears and scratched. Ginger panted in appreciation. "Poor girl, stuck with a job like this." I moved down to the leather halter and stiff, rectangular handle. I'd seen them before but had never paid attention. It hadn't been important before the accident. Bitterness swept over me. "Well, you don't have to take the job," I said.

I sat back and folded my hands in my lap. Ginger promptly flopped down on my feet and leaned against my legs. I laughed in spite of myself. "Not easily discouraged, huh?" I jostled her with my foot and she stood but didn't move away. Finally I said, "Okay, come here."

The halter grip felt awkward in my hand. On the first several turns around the room, I tripped over Ginger every time she veered to avoid a chair or wall. She stopped each time I stumbled, letting me regain my footing and direction. After a few passes, I started catching on.

"Okay," I said. "Once more." I started walking, concentrating on the pressure in the handle and on Ginger's movements; slowing for obstacles, leaning into me or pulling away when we needed to turn. Finally, we stopped in front of the couch and Ginger sat. I knelt down and hugged her, burying my face

in her soft fur. "Oh Ginger, we did it!"

The door opened and Ms. Norman bustled in. "How are we doing?" she asked with a smile in her voice.

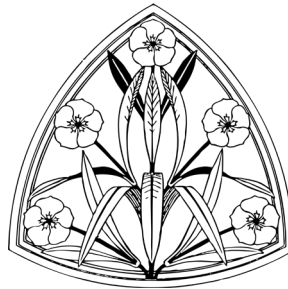
I nearly gagged on the royal "we", but decided she didn't sound so snooty and all-knowing this time. She wasn't so bad. "We're doing great, aren't we, Ginger," I said. "I think we're ready for a trial run outside."

Ms. Norman hesitated. "I'm not sure that would be a good idea just yet."

"I didn't mean outdoors, just the hallway — outside this room."

"Oh, well, I'm sure that would be fine." I heard her walk to the door and open it.

We strutted past her and out into the hallway. When I sensed we were far enough away, I whispered to Ginger, "Today, the hallway — tomorrow, who knows?" — WT



NEW YEAR, NEW CHALLENGE!

Submit your work to WritersTalk and you will be automatically entered into the yearly **WritersTalk Challenge!**

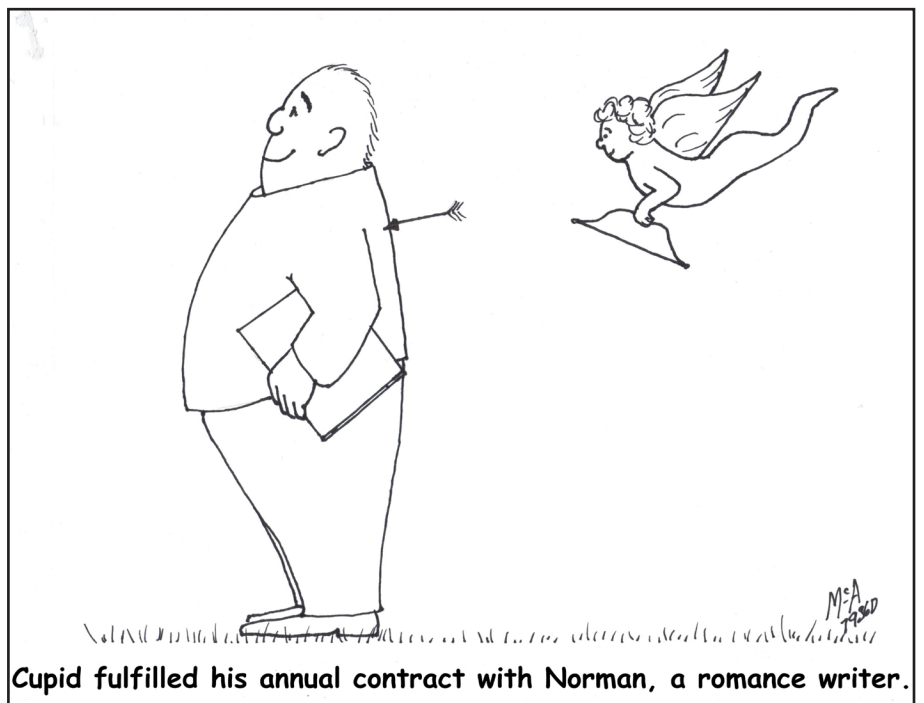
Prizes to be awarded for categories of

- Poetry
- Fiction
- Nonfiction/Essay
- Memoir

Send in your submissions by the **15th of every month** to:
newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Cartoons

by Madeline McEwen



Cupid fulfilled his annual contract with Norman, a romance writer.

Saved By The Bear

by Carolyn Donnell

*Author's Note: Four times a year Writers Weekly (<https://writersweekly.com/>) runs a short story contest. You register (\$5 fee) and they send a prompt, usually on a Saturday morning. You have 24 hours to write and submit (by email) an original short story utilizing the prompt – doesn't have to be the exact wording, just the idea. Below is their latest prompt and my story that resulted, with a few edits post submittal after my critique group looked at it. Several members of SBW have entered this over the years. No big wins that I know of (if any of you won, let us know), but I have found this contest to be helpful in generating material. I have had a couple of short stories that resulted from earlier contests published and even awarded little prizes. One of my novels – *Deeper Colors* – also came from a story originally written from one of these prompts.*

Prompt:

He should have found the first one by now! He walked faster. Father had told him to take care of his mother and sister. He had to check the traps! His head turned left, right, and then left again. Identical snow-laden branches stretched far into the darkening forest. Trying not to cry, he sniffed, and then stopped, his nose in the air. Was that smoke? He squinted through the trees, and saw...

"Dust to dust. Ashes to ashes," Peter muttered as he pitched the last shovelful of dirt on the makeshift grave. I've failed, he thought as he slipped down to the ground and leaned back against the tree. He had taken on the job of checking the traps in the forest near the home he shared with his mother and sister after his father died. He promised his father not only to take care of his mother and sister but also to continue the job of keeping the forest trap free. They had rescued many animals together and reported illegal trappings to the authorities more than once but the problem still persisted. Today he had been too late.

The late autumn forest fires had swept through this part of the woods only days earlier and prevented a possibility of the cub's rescue. Trying not to cry, Peter sniffed but then stopped, his nose in the air. Was that smoke? He peered through the trees and saw a hazy gray – in the direction of his house.

Oh god! Not again. He dragged himself up and headed to the path that would take him home.

He ran into the house. "Mom! Cindy!" Seeing no one, he went to the bottom of the stairs. "Mom!" he yelled. Nothing. He finally found them out-



"Wow! She has such a vivid imagination!"

side, eating sandwiches on the patio.

Mom looked up. "Peter," she mumbled through a mouthful of cheese and lettuce. She laid the sandwich down and wiped her mouth. "What are you doing home at this time?"

"Haven't you heard anything?" Peter pointed to the hills behind the house.

His mother looked in the direction of his finger. "Heard about what?"

"Hasn't there been anything on TV?"

"Anything on TV? No. Damn power's out again. Cindy and I decided to enjoy the sun and eat outside."

Cindy walked up to the table. "What's the matter, bro?" She punched his arm.

Peter brushed her hand away. "Stop it."

"Oh, what's the matter, Petee?" She continued to tease.

Peter grabbed her by the shoulders and turned her to face the back fence.

"Ow!" Cindy tried to wrench herself away.

"Look! Just look."

"Look at what? You're hurting my shoulder," Cindy complained.

"Can't you see the gray at the top of the trees? There." He let go of his sister

and pointed to where forested hills rose beyond the back fence. "Smoke."

His mother squinted. "I don't see anything."

Cindy moved away from her brother. "I don't see anything either."

"Look again. It's there. I was out checking traps. Found a bear cub caught in one evidently during last week's fire. I stayed longer there than usual to free the body and bury it or I might have gone farther into the forest and not noticed. I smelled the smoke first."

"A cub?" Cindy asked. "Caught in one of those damned traps?" She looked again at the hill line by the back fence. "I do see something there. Are you sure it's smoke?"

"Positive."

"Smoke?" Their mother's voice rose.

"Not another fire." She started to shake. "Oh, god, please not another fire. Not here."

"Mom, calm down." He gestured to Cindy. "Help Mom. Are the disaster backpacks still ready to go?"

Cindy nodded. "I think so."

"I'll get them. Help Mom to the car."

Continued on Page 11

POETRY PAGE

Children Teach French

by Richard Burns

Monday in Grenoble,
The town tucked in snugly, cradled by noble Alps.
The sky around clear, nature's fairest blue.
The same sky I've seen shine on my San Francisco, too.

The carefree sound of kids carried away at play.
Everything's going to be okay,
Like being home, young again, renewed.
How sweet the frantic chasing of kids after friends,
The organized games, the shouting of names,
The skipping of rope, dodging the ball,
The rhythm of youngsters' voices,
Sound good in any language.

And so, in a quick minute, frolicking French kids
Get through to me
More than a career of musty meetings,
More than file drawers full of forgotten memos.
My mid-life mind flies back home,
To my kids' school at recess time.

Our business meeting goes well.
The school kids had made the town even friendlier,
My heart relieved, lighter, glad--
These kids and our kids are so nearly the same.
I hold, now, revitalized hope
That they keep this natural innocent amiability,
That around the world, in all countries,
This sound of French children lifts us high above
The dark and dated teachings of our parents,
Some hopeful day...when we all grow up.

Stardust the Cat

by Kathy Boyd

When first she saw him online on the screen,
A blue point, nine months old, so sweet and lean,
It started then an online cat romance.
To not love those blue eyes, she had no chance.
Then after Easter time she brought a crate;
A new beginning for them, no more wait.
This Meowmie made his cage and heart unlock.
What stories he could tell if he could talk.
A friendly dog and other rescued cats
Are now his roommates and they share their mats.
There's Chrissy, Charlie; they're both older now.
And Maggie dog blends in with them somehow!
The four of them all warm their Meowmie's heart
And hearth and home and every little part.
The memories of shelter days are gone.
They are replaced with new ones every dawn.
Exploring rooms and finding all things new.
Like water in the sink and shower, too.
The windows are reality TV,
With rabbits low and birds up in the tree.
And when he's tired and thinks he needs a nap,
The best place he has found is Meowmie's lap.
They interviewed him for a magazine;
The cutest written thing you've ever seen.
He has his toys, milk ring and his pink socks,
But nothing can compare to Charlie's box.
He watches the computer just to see:
Could she be typing something about me?
His Meowmie found he really likes big shrimp.
He eats so much that he gets full and limp.
He sleeps in pools of sunlight in the day
And shares "his" bed with Meowmie where he'll stay.
The moon and stars dust him with beams of light
As both of them dream happy dreams all night.

Saved By the Bear

Continued from Page 10

Cindy looked around. "What about Sparky?"

"Where is he? Off tomcatting as usual?"

"Probably."

"Take a quick look around, but if you don't see him, we will have to go without him."

"No!" Cindy cried out. "Not my Sparky. I won't leave him." She turned toward the back yard.

Peter shook his head. "Your job is to get the backpacks and help Mom. I'll look for the cat."

Cindy hesitated but finally said, "Ok."

Peter retrieved a box of Friskies from the kitchen and took that and the cat carrier out the front door. "Here kitty" he called as he shook the box. When he got no response, he ran to the back yard and repeated the actions. Still no response. "Damn cat," he muttered.

"Peter!"

He returned to the front yard to find his mother sobbing and his sister coming toward him.

"Where's Sparky?" she demanded.

"Nowhere to be found. Damned cat

always going off somewhere."

"Don't talk about Sparky like that. You never liked him, I know." She grabbed the box of Friskies and ran toward the house. "Sparky. Here, kitty." She shook the box so hard that the bottom came loose and crunchy bits spilled out on the ground.

"He's not here, Cindy," he said and tried to pull her to the car.

"I won't go."

A gust of wind blew the smoke closer.
"Cindy, we have to go now."

Continued on Page 12

Memories + Pain...

Continued from Page 7

of their books. At first I was impressed, but now I'm not. What pleases me today is when I hear from a reader who has read something I wrote and has a comment to offer. I admit I still sell my books but only because I want readers to make an investment in reading what I have to say.

I learned not to take myself seriously.

I find that people need humor. Sometimes, I think, just saying something funny to someone who is downcast can give relief to someone who is depressed. I think maybe that's the reason I also first read the comics in the daily newspaper before I read anything else. If something funny stirs in me I want to share it with someone else. There is no point in sharing ugly news. There's much to be said about sharing something uplifting that will bring a smile to a person's lips.

I learned the value of humility.

Humility presents a paradox to me. If I take pride that I am humble, I am no longer humble. In my case, I was proud to have been named president of the Peninsula branch and the South Branch (which I helped found). I bragged about such things as having my article make the cover of a major writing magazine. I recall being self-absorbed when I was named editor of a national magazine and won several writing awards. I bought a suit with a vest, posed with a conceited smile for publicity shots, and bragged to people about my job and my writing accomplishments. My wife used to tell me to quit talking about myself and to listen to what other had to say about themselves. I thought the world revolved around me. It doesn't and it shouldn't. It revolves around God and He should get all the credit.

I learned to never give up.

There were many times in my life when I could have given up either in my career or as a writer. But persistence was, and still is, part of my DNA. Maybe it's stubbornness on my part. Maybe it's remembering that large banner my pastor had on the side of his church which said "Never Give Up." Maybe it's because I believed life cannot be a succession of constant failures; there has to be a success somewhere down the line. Whatever the reason, I hope to always keep the following in mind when I am faced with difficulties:

Giving up is easy... but stupid.

Not giving up is challenging yet wise. — WT

Saved By the Bear

Continued from Page 11

"No. No."

"Meww."

"No— What was that?"

"What?"

"Shhh."

"Cindy—

"I said shhhh! Sparky," she coaxed.

"Treats. Come on kitty."

A feeble meow came from the corner of the house.

They hurried toward the sound. Peter bent down and looked behind the bushes. The rectangular wire screen that normally covered the small opening on the side of the house was bent to one side. Another meow came from under the house.

"How on earth did you manage that?" Peter rolled up his sleeve and stuck his arm in the opening. He felt the cat's fur but as he closed his fingers, Sparky pulled away. His arm scraped on the loose side of the wire covering and began to bleed. "Shit!"

Cindy knelt down beside him. "Here, let me try. Go get the carrier." She turned back to the opening. "Come on kitty, treats." She dropped a few of the Friskies just inside of the opening and ripped off the rest of the screen. She clicked her tongue a couple of times. "Come to mama."



Furry gray ears appeared in the dark hole. Cindy touched the cat's head and offered more treats. After a couple of crunches, she rubbed the cat's head again and moved to the scruff, grabbing the neck with one hand and following with the other. Sparky yowled in protest but Cindy managed to keep her grip. She wrapped the front of her shirt around the cat as Peter returned with the carrier. They shoved the squirming ball of fur inside and returned to the car.

The layer of smoke was closer than ever and the aroma of burning wood grew stronger. Their mother's voice continued to rise. "Why aren't we moving? I can smell the smoke! Is our house burning?"

Cindy took the carrier to the car. "See Mom, here's kitty. It's going to be OK."

Peter ran back to the house and locked all the doors. He returned to the car with a sack. "Extra water and canned stuff, just in case." He started the car and pulled away from the house. "I was so sad today when I buried the little bear, but it looks like he saved our lives." He could see flames at the top of the trees in the rearview mirror but he didn't mention it to anyone.

Sparky meowed as the car sped down the road just ahead of the approaching wildfire. — WT



David Corbett at the SBW Workshop, Jan. 27 (Photo by Carolyn Donnell)

Contests and Markets

by Carolyn Donnell



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!

If you are in the Facebook Group for the South Bay Writers Club, you can find some listings in the Files section. The Files section can be found on the left-hand column of the page. If you aren't already a member, check us out on Facebook and ask to join!

- **The Literary Nest:** A local online publication. On their Facebook page: "So few women poets in this issue. Women, won't you help me by submitting your poetry to us?" See at <https://theliterarynest.com/>
- **Sand Hill Review:** Stories, non-fiction articles, and poems. <https://sandhillreview.org/>

FOR POETS

- **Third Wednesday Magazine Annual Poetry Contest:** \$5.00 Entry Fee. Three Prizes of \$100.00 and publication in Third Wednesday's Spring Contest issue. Entry open through February 15, 2019
- **The Thimble Magazine:** A quarterly online journal. Submissions for Issue 5 will open in February and March. <https://www.thimblelitmag.com/2018/12/10/the-golden-age-of-whaling/>
- **Poetry Pacific:** "Literary e.zine for true lovers of words & wisdom" 2 issues per year-Spring and Fall. Published and unpublished welcome as long as you still have the rights. <http://poetrypacific.blogspot.com/>
- **Sequestrum: Literature & Art. Two submission sections - Poetry and also Fiction/Non-fiction.** One prize of \$200 and publication in Sequestrum will be awarded in each category. A minimum of one runner-up (in each category) will receive \$25-\$50. Finalists will be listed on the site. Contest closes April 30th (or earlier dependent on submission volume, so submit as early as you can) Entry fee is \$15. Winners announced in August. <https://www.sequestrum.org/contests>
- **Poetry East is currently reading for the Fall 2019 issue.** Typed manuscripts only. They do not accept email submissions. See <http://poetryeast.org/submissions/>
- **Wergle Flomp Humor Poetry Contest.** No fee to enter. 1st Prize: \$1,000 plus a one-year gift certificate from co-sponsor, Duotrope (a \$50 value), 2nd Prize: \$250, Honorable Mentions: 10 awards of \$100 each. <https://winningwriters.com/our-contests/wergle-flomp-humor-poetry-contest-free>
- **Freedom With Writing:** 78 Poetry Manuscript Publishers Who Do Not Charge Reading Fees: <https://tinyurl.com/yccuwzj6>

OTHER CONTESTS AND SUBMISSIONS

- **Writer's Digest 88th Annual Writing Competition:** Deadline May 6, 2019. One Grand Prize winner will receive: \$5,000 in cash, an interview with the author in Writer's Digest, a paid trip to the Writer's Digest Annual Conference, including a coveted Pitch Slam slot, and a one year subscription to Writer's Digest Tutorials.

<https://www.writersdigest.com/writers-digest-competitions/annual-writing-competition>

- Also, see **Self-published Book Awards.** Deadline: April 1, 2019
<https://www.writersdigest.com/writers-digest-competitions/self-published-book-award>
- **The Writer:** The Writer magazine 2019 essay contest will launch in January. Grand prize is \$1,000, though every essay will be considered for publication in the magazine. The next short story contest will launch in late spring 2019. See for details - <https://www.writer-mag.com/contests/>
- **Winning Writers:** Lists poetry and prose contests that are free to enter. <https://winningwriters.com/the-best-free-literary-contests/free-winning-writers-newsletter>
- Their list of contests to avoid <https://winningwriters.com/the-best-free-literary-contests/contests-to-avoid>
- **The Citron Review:** An online publication seeking poetry, flash fiction, micro fiction and creative non-fiction. <https://citronreview.com/>
- **The Blue Nib:** Editors are now reading for issue 37. They are looking for exceptional poetry, literary fiction and essays. and also publish reviews and feature articles. The reading period for this issue will close on February 25th 2019. Submission guidelines are onsite at <https://thebluenib.com/>
- **Zizzle:** An "international short story bookazine devoted to publishing quality, innovative fiction for young minds." Print and online. Submissions on a rolling basis. Flash fiction 500 - 100 words. \$3 fee per story. Flat rate of US \$100 for each accepted piece. Submit and guidelines at <https://zizzlelit.com/submit/>

— WT

Conferences and Events February 2019

by Margie Yee Webb

How to Write Stunning Sentences with Nina Schuyler

February 2, 2019, San Francisco CA

<https://www.milibrary.org/events/how-write-stunning-sentences-nina-schuyler-feb-02-2019>

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

Class co-sponsored by Mechanics Institute and San Francisco Writers Conference/San Francisco Writers Foundation.

San Francisco Writers Conference

February 14-17, 2019, San Francisco CA

<https://sfwriters.org>

"Join us for the 16th San Francisco Writers Conference! A Celebration of Craft, Commerce and Community for Writers." PLUS Optional Pre/Post Event Master Classes.

Continued on Page 14

News from the California Writers Club

Ads in CWC Bulletin

by Bob Isbill (760) 221-6367

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

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

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

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

Go to www.calwriters.org for details

Conferences and Events

Continued from Page 13

Poetry Summit

February 16, 2019, San Francisco CA

<https://sfwriters.org/poetry-summit>

"The Poetry Summit at the San Francisco Writers Conference is a one-day comprehensive track. It's included with your registration for the main conference-but also available as a stand-alone single-day conference."

2019 San Francisco Writers Foundation Master Classes

February 14, and February 18, 2019, San Francisco CA

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

"The Master Classes at the SFWC are . . . designed for writers who want an intensive class on a single subject."

WNBA SF Pitch-O-Rama 2019

March 23, 2019, San Francisco CA

<http://wnba-sfchapter.org/pitch-o-rama-2019/>

"Women's National Book Association—San Francisco Chapter presents Pitch-O-Rama: Meet the Agents and Editors"

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: 3:00 third Sundays, 1204 Preservation Park Way, Oakland. cwc-berkeley.org

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

Fremont Area: 2:00 fourth Saturdays, 42 Silicon Valley, Fremont. cwc-fremontareawriters.org

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

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

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

Napa Valley: 7:00 second Wednesdays, Napa Valley Unitarian Church, Napa. napavalley-writers.net

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

Redwood: 2:00 second Sundays, Flamingo Conference Resort & Spa, 2777 Fourth Street, Santa Rosa. redwoodwriters.org

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

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

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

Tri-Valley: 1:30 third Saturdays, Four Points by Sheraton, 5115 Hopyard, Pleasanton. trivalleywriters.org

Wanted: Information on Conferences

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

Poetry Workshop

Application Deadline: March 28, 2019

June 22-29, 2019, Alpine Meadows CA

<https://communityofwriters.org/workshops/poetry-workshop/>

<https://communityofwriters.org/wp-content/uploads/2018/12/2019-Download-Brochure.pdf>

Presented by Community of Writers at Squaw Valley—"The Poetry Program at the Community of Writers is founded on the belief that when poets gather in a community to write new poems, each poet may well break through old habits and write something stronger and truer than before."

The Writers Workshops in Fiction, Nonfiction and Memoir

Application Deadline: March 28, 2019

July 8-15, 2019, Squaw Valley CA

<https://communityofwriters.org/workshops/writers-workshops/>

<https://communityofwriters.org/wp-content/uploads/2018/12/2019-Download-Brochure.pdf>

Presented by Community of Writers at Squaw Valley—"These workshops assist serious writers by exploring the art and craft as well as the business of writing." —WT

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
February 2019					1 7:30P Open mic Barnes&Noble Almaden, San Jose	2
3	4 2P Valley Writers	5 7P Well-RED at Works 7P Board Meeting	6	7	8	9
10 10A Our Voices	11 2P Valley Writers 6:00P SBW Dinner Hometown Buffet	12	13	14	15 7:30P Open mic - Willow Glen Library DEADLINE: <i>WritersTalk</i> Submission	16
17 1P Poets@Play, Markham House	18 2P Valley Writers	19	20	21 7P Third Thursday, Poetry Center	22	23
24 10A Our Voices	25 2P Valley Writers	26	27	28		

Future Events:

SBW Board Meeting: February 5, E. Matthews' home
Dinner Meeting: Feb. 11, Hometown Buffet

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

Ongoing Events

Critique Groups

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

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

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

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

SBW Board Meetings

Board meets on Tuesday, 7 PM, in the week preceding the dinner meeting. Contact Edie Matthews for more information on how you can attend at pres@southbaywriters.com.

Open Mics

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

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

Ongoing discussion groups

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

**Add your discussion group
here!**

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

Go to www.calwriters.org for details

Poetry Readings

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

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

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

www.poetrycentersanjose.org

SBW Recommends ...

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



California Writers Club
South Bay Branch
P.O. Box 3254
Santa Clara, CA 95055
www.southbaywriters.com

MAIL TO

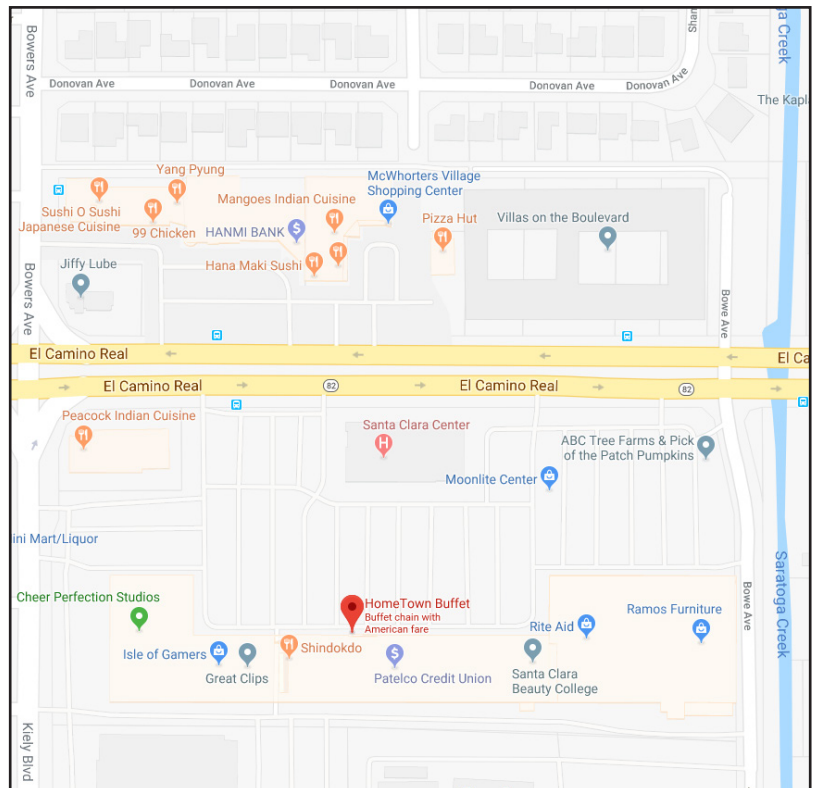
Address Correction Requested

**South Bay Writers
Regular Dinner Meeting
6:00 - 9:00 p.m.
Monday, February 11, 2019
Hometown Buffet
2670 El Camino Real, Santa Clara**

Cracking Creativity: Coming up With Good Ideas, and Lots of Them with **Marla Cooper**

Please send contributions and submissions for *WritersTalk* by or on the 15th of the month!

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



Hometown Buffet

Located on El Camino Real between Lawrence Expressway and San Tomas Expressway.