



WRITERSTALK

Volume 27
Number 08
August 2019

Monthly Newsletter of the South Bay Writers Club™

AUGUST HOLIDAY BBQ

Potluck Barbecue 2019

by the South Bay Writers



GRILLIN' & CHILLIN'

SUNDAY, August 18, 2019, 3 PM

Let's ketchup! Join us for our annual summer Potluck BBQ. Enjoy tantalizing food and good company – both provided by you! Relax, chat with old friends and make new ones.

Please RSVP to pres@southbaywriters.com for party location address (Edie Matthews' home).

POTLUCK

Last names bring:

A-K: Salad

L-R: Appetizer or Dessert

S-Z: Main Dish or Side Dish

The club provide the meat and drinks, no charge.

DON'T FORGET – Jim & Edie have moved.

RSVP and receive the new address (in Santa Clara near the University).

JULY RECAP: JOAN GELFAND

Becoming a Winning Writer

by Bill Baldwin

At our July dinner meeting Joan Gelfand, Amazon Best Seller, author of *You Can Be A Winning Writer* (July 2018), spoke to us on her "4 C's" approach to writing success: Craft, Commitment, Community, and Confidence. She elaborated on how to use these four tools to achieve success in writing.

First, you want to build your Writer's Resume, including such details as "where you have been published." Focus on your writing, but also include related activities, such as how you have participated in writing organizations (like South Bay Writers)! Got that? Participation in such groups can be cited as writing credit!

Be flexible when it comes to agents, publishers, and so on. Agents and publishers are generally only interested in your book if they think you can sell over 5,000 copies. If selling that many copies seems "iffy," have a Plan B ready in case you are unable to find an agent or publisher. But don't rush into Plan B; give yourself awhile before you resort to it. Remember that many well-known books were rejected many times at first. A 4% acceptance rate is typical. Until you've been rejected around a hundred times, try not to get discouraged!

In writing your book to begin with, commit to producing the best work that you can. Give yourself the time and labor necessary. Remember that Hemingway wrote ten drafts of his novels!

While working on your book, remember that it is useful to also write articles on the topic of your book. This helps

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Between the Lines

Edie Matthews



Moving

Curiosity prompted me to stop. Ahh, Open House for an English Tudor, a style I've always loved.

Parking the car, I recalled back in the 80s, I had been here—at least in the front room. I worked at Channel 11 News, and we were sent to do a story on an elderly man who'd had wandered off. On the way to the assignment, the crew complained. "This isn't hard news!" When we pulled up, I said, "I always wanted to go inside this house." The crew's attitude changed. However, we were only there a short time before the father was found.

Now here I was years later exploring the entire home. I thought—this would work for me. It had a large formal living and dining rooms, a huge family room, a sweet kitchen nook, and spacious bedrooms, each with walk-in closets. As I left, I said to the realtor, "I would buy this house if it weren't for the taxes on capital gains."

Each weekend like birds to Capistrano, I returned to the house. I took my son, my girlfriends, my granddaughters. My husband wasn't interested—though I showed him pictures—all 92 on the realtor's website.

I learned that the house was built in 1935 by Peter Pasetta. He was a respected contractor who built both custom homes and tract houses in the county. This had been his home for 18 years—until he purchased four acres and constructed a larger version in Saratoga.

The Park Avenue house was sold to his sister-in-law, and eventually, her daughter took ownership and lived alone in it for the past 15 years.

Needless to say, the house has many charming features: arched doors, carved mantle, unique windows, oak plank floors, etc. However, an 83-year old house has issues, and some are doozies, which was one of the reasons it wasn't selling. (The other reason was the seller was asking too much.)

Still, I was intrigued. I kept trying to figure out how could I purchase this fabulous house?

After two months of rollercoaster negotiating—and no one else crazy—I mean brave enough to take on the challenge, we made a deal.

When people heard I was moving, they inevitably asked, "Are you downsizing?"

I laughed. I'm not a downsizing kind of gal. I have a large family: four children, eight grandchildren, and other relatives and friends who visit. Though my current house is sizeable, it's crowded when my daughter visits with her three teenage children and her siblings drop by.

Still, moving is a challenge. Fortunately, we're not going that far (four miles to the other side of Santa Clara).

Although packing is overwhelming.

I admit it, I do have trouble parting with things. My shoe collection, for example, is expansive and historic! (Good thing there's three walk-in closets.)

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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, 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

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Deadline

Submissions are due by the 20th 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

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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.

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Fanning a Little Spark

This summer, I went to Disneyland for a family vacation and came home with a fiery impulse to sit down and make a blog. On our drive back to the Bay, I started jotting notes on my phone, scribbling prose in a notebook, and tagging mental comments on the piles of photos I snapped during the trip. I didn't just want to chronicle what we were doing, where we were going, what we were experiencing; I wanted to gather up all my thoughts, scattered or straight, and slap them down on digital paper. Why the sudden creative burn? Maybe it was all that quality time with my in-laws, or the nostalgic joy of watching my daughter witness Disney magic for the first time. Maybe it was the churros. I really don't know.

Creativity is fickle. If you're serious about writing (or art of any variety – literally any creative venture requires this), you know that sitting around waiting for inspiration to strike will get you very little in the long run. You have to work for inspiration, and, once you have it, you have to make inspiration work for you. A few years ago I found a great resource for harnessing creative moments in Dr. Shelley Carson's book: *Your Creative Brain*. A Harvard psychologist, Carson insists that all human brains are capable of generating and fueling the fires of creativity, citing that brains are "literally built to generate creative ideas." But how do we keep creativity blazing after the sparks have lit the fire?

One of Carson's suggestions is pretty straightforward: **Keep learning**. To create the best and most engaging stories, we need a constant stream of new material that engages us. This material doesn't need to be literary. Sometimes we learn the most inspiring lessons during experiences or events; the Disney trip proved that for me. Your learning style can dictate what variety of material impacts you the most. Ever shuffled a playlist, or flipped to a random radio station to hear something fresh and new? What about films from directors or genres you don't normally watch? I'm an auditory learner, so podcasts—especially anything with comedic or historical themes—fill my brain with new facts and interesting ideas that are guaranteed to last longer than anything I read from a book.

These suggestions tie into another of Carson's creativity building steps: **Surround yourself with creative works**. She advises that eager creators fill their daily lives with music, art, literature and good food. Granted, we can't attend every concert or museum exhibit or listen to NPR all day. Most creators make do absorbing artistry where they can. I don't think this step should discourage anyone who enjoys a more minimalist lifestyle, either. After all, Steve Jobs is credited with this apocryphal advice on a good creative environment: "All you needed was a cup of tea, a light, and your stereo."

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View from the Board

by Marjorie Johnson



Marjorie Johnson
SBW Secretary

On July 10, seven of us met at Secretary Marjorie Johnson's home: Edie Matthews, Jamal Khan, Inga Silva, Janet Patey, Alfred Jan, Tatyana Grinenko, and Marjorie.

President Edie Matthews announced the date for the SBW summer BBQ: Sunday, August 18, 3 p.m., to be held at Edie's new home. There will be no August dinner meeting and, therefore, no speaker.

Vice President Jamal Khan announced a slate of upcoming speakers:

- September 17, Kate Farrell, "A New Age of Fire: Storytelling Focusing on Public Speaking"
- October 15, Kirk Glaser, "Mastering the Short Story"
- November 19, Dave Denny, "Mechanics of Imagery and Metaphor"
- December: Holiday party. WritersTalk Challenge winners will be announced.
- 2020: February 18, Lisa Mendelman, "Sex in Popular Cultures"

Next board meeting: 7 pm, Wednesday, August 14, at Edie's new digs.

Next dinner meeting: Tuesday, September 17.

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

August Member News

by Marjorie Johnson

Carolyn Donnell received a friendly email from Kathi Hiatt, CWC North State Writers regarding her short stories, "The Black One" and "Night of the Silver Moon." Kathi wrote: "We are happy to inform you that your incredibly awesome short story submissions have been accepted by the NSW for publication in *Curious Things, A Compilation of Curiously Disturbing & Sometimes Horrifying Short Stories*. We apologize for the long delay in this response, but the aftermath of the Camp Fire has been overwhelming and has, consequently, put all of our NSW projects behind schedule. Our target date to have *Curious Things* in paperback and available on Amazon Books is the middle of September. Now that the dust has settled (literally) we promise to keep you all posted. Your patience has been appreciated more than you could know. Thank you again for your submissions; they are proof positive that the CWC is inundated with imaginative and talented writers."

Judy Field writes, "My story called "The Foster Child" was just published in the Summer 2019 issue of *Shark Reef*. Pretty exciting!"

All of this is pretty exciting. It's a pleasure to report your writing news. Please send more to membernews@southbay-writers.com. — WT

Becoming a Winning Writer

Continued from the front page

promote your book. This can impress agents and publishers. And this can be added to that Writer's Resume we mentioned above.

Make time for your writing career, and make time to develop a supportive community of writers. And make a point, yourself, of doing nice things for other writers: Reviews, tweets, shout-outs.

Develop "ambassadors," people who want you on their team, and that you want on your team.

Publish excerpts of your Works in Progress on sites like Wattpad.

Promote yourself. Build a promotional network, build a fanbase. Use social media, but carefully. Cultivate more than just a few followers on places like Twitter.

Post-publication, continue your efforts. Get reviews on Amazon, get professional reviews. Find lists of reviewers online. Find lists of prizes and apply for them—it is always worthwhile to submit!

One caution: There is still a stigma associated with self-publishing. Bookstores and libraries may not accept your book. You can find it harder to get reviews. You also miss out on the resources provided by a publisher, especially the distribution resources they provide.

On the whole, it is still preferable to publish with a traditional publisher, if you can.

That said, go out and devote yourself to the work necessary to succeed. It can be done! — WT

Moving

Continued from page 2

And my books! I could open my own library—or at least I have plenty to fill a bookmobile.

Deep in bowels of our basement closet, I've encountered cartons of items that aren't even mine! It seems I've become a free storage unit for my children's mementos: trophies, school projects, yearbooks, audiotapes, clothing.

At least those are easy to part with. I'll be boxing them up and dropping them off at their homes. "Hi, guess what I brought you!" — WT

Carolyn Donnell

by Marjorie Johnson

On Sunday, July 21, Carolyn Donnell received the 2019 Jack London Award for her years of service to South Bay Writers. Joyce Krieg, President of California Writers Club, presented the plaque to Carolyn at a luncheon attended by representatives of every branch of CWC.

California Writers Club is the largest and oldest professional writing club on the West Coast. By awarding the Jack London Award every two years, CWC recognizes the value of dedicated, outstanding, and in many case sustained, service to their mission to support members pursuing writing, publishing, and marketing goals.

Carolyn, retired from the tech world, has been a dedicated member of SBW since 2002. She is behind her camera at all South Bay Writers functions. She makes a photo collage for every issue of *WritersTalk*, and she also finds an extensive list of current contests for our writers every month. Carolyn is a regular contributor to *WritersTalk* with both her contest column and occasional recaps and articles on grammar. Every month, she helps to proofread WT. Behind the scenes, she assists Dick Amyx in updating the *WritersTalk* cumulative index for all back issues since 2005. Yes, all back issues of *WritersTalk* from 2005 are on our website, southbaywriters.com, and Carolyn has helped with that for years.

Besides that, when the club needs something done, Carolyn can be depended upon to work on it. She has worked as a volunteer at our East of Eden Conferences and has helped set up and photograph workshop meetings. — WT



Pictured above: winners of the 2019 Jack London Award from all branches of CWC.

Pictured below: Carolyn Donnell with CWC President Joyce Krieg



Rabid Redemption

by Linda Borloff

Sometime during her thirteenth summer, Charlene became convinced that she had contracted rabies and had only two weeks to live. Thirteen is an addled age anyway, a sort of staging ground for adult neuroses; she had read that her brain was sprouting synapses at a blazing rate, and that all this additional circuitry not only spawned weird anxieties, it stored them away in spacious new quarters for quick access and long shelf life.

Looking back, Charlene could easily see the traits that would someday make her more Emma Bovary than Emma Woodhouse; more Lily Bart than Jo March. But even at thirteen, worrying oneself into a frenzy over rabies when one had not even been bitten crossed the line from eccentric into full-blown neurotic. She knew that her anxiety was ridiculous and told herself so by the hour. Yet, the fear persisted, its teeth deep and locked on, shaking the girl like a rabid wolverine.

Charlene attributed some of her hypochondria to being an early and indiscriminating reader. As a small child visiting the neighborhood library, she had not turned left and descended into the children's section with its perky decorations and gentle, rhyming tales. She went straight up the stairs and took her seat amidst brutal adult reality.

At age nine, browsing the science section, she came upon *The Merck Manual*, that handy, authoritative guide to afflictions major and minor. The Merck had no bedside manner, minced no words, softened nothing, and comforted never. Her mouth dried as she read the lists of diseases and symptoms: she had leprosy, she realized, in addition to glaucoma, trichinosis, acromegaly and, just possibly, sleeping sickness. She was riddled with tumors, all inoperable. Turning to the mental illness section, Charlene identified her manic depressive psychosis, incipient schizophrenia and progressive megalomania.

Charlene's two uncles, younger brothers of her father, attended medical school at the University of Minnesota. They would drop by sometimes to grab a lunch, stethoscopes swinging like whips from their necks, throwing around words like dextrinosis and saccharomycetaceae and Paget von Schrötter syndrome. At the arrival of these two family princelings, a cold chill would lift the hairs on the back of Charlene's neck. What if they noticed her lesions? Her lassitude and malaise? She tried to breathe normally around them, but it still sounded like rales and stridor.

Usually, with time, the mundane issues of school and social life would distract her, and her fears would eventually fade or be replaced by others. In later years, though, she could see that she was only banking them up like glowing coals; they lay dormant but alive, awaiting only an inadvertent remark, a minor irregularity, a newspaper article, or some other summons to kindle and erupt again into a conflagration of fear.

For a hypochondriac, rabies just may be the perfect storm: rare but incurable, agonizing beyond belief, and capable of hiding in plain view. When it came to sheer horror, rabies rang the bell, thanks to the evolutionary genius of the rabies virus.

The disease (Charlene read, barely breathing) was nearly always spread by the bite of a mobile creature. The virus acts on the victim's brain in such a way as to bring about – in dogs, for example, still the overwhelmingly commonest host – an irresistible

urge to bite. As a child, she had sat weeping in the theater at the fate of Old Yeller; the finest dog that had ever lived, transformed by rabies into a snarling death's head, raging to destroy the boy who loved him. This evil metamorphosis was the work of the most cunning virus that had ever set its perfidious endoplasmic reticulum on planet earth.

Rabies, as Charlene learned, was actually a trio of deadly sisters who went by the elegant stage names Lyssavirus, Ephemerovirus and Vesiculovirus. With their non-segmented, negative-stranded RNA genomes, the sisters turned heads and dominated the red carpet at any danse macabre. Despite their age – thousands of years – they were eternally fresh and deadly, reliably contagious, forever renewing themselves.

One particular summer, having completed eighth grade, Charlene had joined her mother and younger sister for a visit to her aunt, who lived in semi-rural Long Island.

The visit began benignly enough. Aunt Elinor had two daughters; the older, who was Charlene's age, had recently adopted from some unknown source, an amiable German Shepherd named Wolf. Strays were fairly common there, and Aunt Elinor was indulgent about pets.

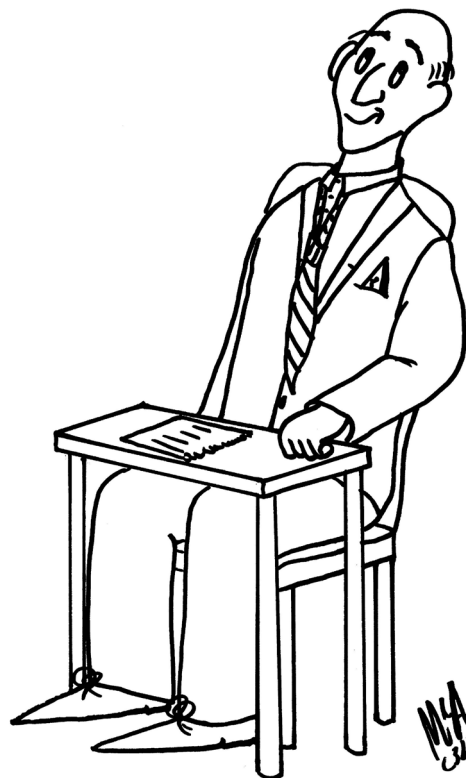
Five-feet-ten and as skinny as Olive Oyl, her detested nickname, Charlene loved dogs with the fierce, desperate love of the outsider, the misunderstood. And so it fell to poor Wolf to provoke her worst ever episode of hypochondria.

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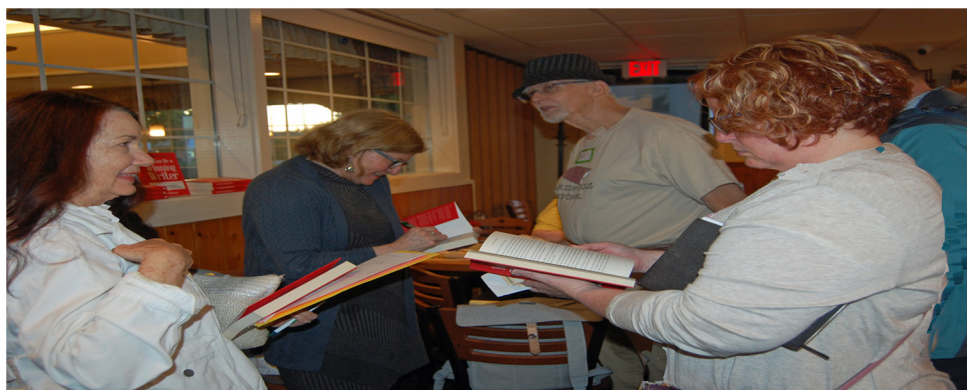
Cartoons

by Maddie McEwen

Adopting a less formal writing style, Algernon loosened his tie.



South Bay Writers July 2019



FICTION
The Patsy

by Russ Towne

The little man eagerly read the obituaries as he did every day. Many people read the obits, and for a variety of often fine, or at least understandable, reasons, but Eddie's reason wasn't fine. In fact, whatever reasons the others had, his was likely to be the worst of all.

From Eddie's perspective he merely helped to prove the truth in the old saying, "A fool and his money are soon parted." In Eddie's case, the "fools" were not just anyone, but lonely, widowed, little old ladies who had no living next of kin and likely received a sizable life insurance payout on their recently deceased husbands. The older, weaker, and more desperate they were, the easier it was for Eddie. They were ripe for the picking. Eddie believed no one on the planet was a better picker of that fruit than himself. His string of successes stretched back many years and left in its wake more than fifty despondent and destitute elderly women.

It was all a game to him, and he fancied himself the master of it. The game proved quite lucrative. He enjoyed the money, but he loved even more seeing the look in the old ladies' eyes when they realized how foolish they'd been, how weak they were because they couldn't stop him, and how much bleaker their future had just become.

"These lonely old ladies are such patsies." Eddie Fitzgerald smiled wickedly to himself. "They're all the same. Flash a smile, listen to their boring sob stories, show off some fancy brochures about some non-existent gold mines, lie about how another little old lady got rich investing in the same mines, talk them into giving their life savings to you in cash so they 'won't have to deal with those greedy IRS agents,' and then split."

He'd already bilked three little old ladies in the last six weeks and was now about to take nearly every penny this one had.

"It's almost like shooting fish in a barrel, only easier," he gloated to himself.

Over the years Eddie had perfected his "I'm an honest and helpful man" facial expressions. The snake-in-men's clothing found that some lonely, elderly ladies were particularly easy to trick, especially if they were afraid their money would run out and were desperate to find ways

to grow what money they had left. His silver-tongued compliments worked like magic, but he always had a back-up plan just in case. If his victims showed him the cash and then tried to back out, he would just bash them, grab their life's savings, and run.

Although only of average height, Eddie still towered nearly a foot taller than his new victim. He'd carefully selected every item of his clothing to give the impression that he had money but was humble and modest instead of flashy. He needed his image to broadcast, "You can trust this man."

He looked around the woman's modest, tidy apartment. The furniture looked far from new but was well taken care of. Family photos hung on the walls. A wedding photo showed two smiling young people; it appeared to be several decades old. She'd been a beautiful blonde bride.

"I'm so sorry at the loss of your husband, Mrs. Marston. I'm glad you at least received a large life insurance payout to help you. It can be very expensive for elderly people, especially if you get seriously ill or need to be hospitalized. I'd hate for that to happen to you! Fortunately, I have just the solution to your needs. You're lucky that we learned about you just in time! We only have room for one more investor and a waiting list has already been started. You need to act today, or we'll have to give the opportunity to the first person on the waiting list. Now that I know you, I can see you are a good and honest person, and can really use a financial break, so I want you to be the one who gets in on this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity!"

The confidence man flashed his best, trust-inspiring smile as Faith Marston held the large bag of cash with shaking hands.

With a trembling voice, Faith spoke so softly it was almost a whisper. "But this is all I have. I don't know what I'd do if I lost it."

Fitzgerald couldn't tell whether she was talking to herself or to him, nor did he care. His gambling debts were piling up and the man to whom he owed money had a reputation for impatience and violence, a painful combination that would end badly for Eddie if he didn't quickly repay his loans.

"There's nothing to worry about, Faith. I gave you a written guarantee that your share in this gold mine will double your money in less than six months, didn't I? How could I do that unless gold was already gushing out of the mine?"

"Well, since I have your written guarantee, and you are such a nice man, I guess it's safe." She held out the full bag. He put his hands on it, but she didn't let go. He tugged firmly, so firmly that she rose onto the tips of her toes and began to tilt toward him, still holding on to the bag.

He smiled with a mouth full of sparkling white teeth. "You won't regret this."

The elated man grabbed the bag and rapidly turned toward the door. He crashed into all six feet, four inches, and 239 pounds of Detective John Marston who'd been waiting in a coat closet near the front door for just that moment. Crunch! The crook's smile vanished as his nose smashed into the bigger man's sturdy sternum. Blood spouted from the startled man's nose.

The cop none-too-gently cuffed Eddie and read his rights to him. The bleeding from Eddie's nose eventually stopped, but not before the front of his shirt and pants were covered in sticky crimson.

Detective Marston looked at him and laughed. "Don't worry about your clothes. You'll soon be getting a set provided by the state that you'll be wearing for a long, long time."

He added with a menacing growl, "But you better not let a drop of your blood get on any furniture or the carpet. Understand?"

The smaller man's eyes grew wide as he rapidly nodded his head.

The hulking detective handed him off to a uniformed policewoman who had waited around the block in her patrol car.

Faith looked at the detective and smiled. "Well, John, how'd I do?"

The cop smiled and carefully wrapped the tiny lady in his muscular arms. "You did great, Aunt Faith. You should have been an actress. You helped save other women from this creep. I'm proud of you."

With a twinkle in her eyes and a beaming smile, she said, "That was fun. Can we do it again sometime?" — WT

ESSAY Be Here Now

by Chris Weilert

It could have been any weekday commute, but on this chilly December morning, I rolled down the car window. All the way down. The cool rush of air punched me in the face with a sobering reality. I sat in the numbing traffic on Highway 101, crawling along, stop, start, brake lights and fifty yards of freedom to be immediately followed by the same repeating cycle. I thought, like many drivers before about the loss of precious time while stuck in this bubble.

The trick is to break up this monotonous pattern with some clarity and fun. Blue Oyster Cults' "Don't Fear the Reaper" played on the stereo, in dire need of a volume adjustment. I turned the music up louder and louder until I heard the cow bell. More cow bell please. I sang the words even though I didn't know them. Fellow drivers glanced over to see why my window was rolled down with my arm resting on the opening. Most of them turned their heads quickly when I looked back at them. They didn't want to make a connection.

Finally, on the last stretch of my commute, a dark-haired woman in the next lane over caught my eye. I turned my head to give her a good gander and saw she was in a rapture of singing. Full animation. We gave each other a smile and a wave then we were back to our business. I turned right to exit, she proceeded into the abyss of commute anguish. A bond was made with another human being from the insulated world of our auto cocoons.

As we maneuver through our lives, the hours we squander when we are on autopilot add up. Days are lost, weeks and years fly by as we go through the motions of our day to day routines. The only way to slow down this cycle of repetition living is to deny the miseries from setting in.

Your life unravels slowly when the concept of time is not something you are conscious of. The cliché of "living in the moment" is right up there with "have a nice day" as meaningless words when one has no intent in pursuing. What does it mean to live in the moment? Thousands of books and teachings exist about how to achieve this state.

I didn't want to read a thousand books, so I read only one. I took away a lone sentence I could use right away. It said, "Focus less on what's going on in your mind and more on what's going on in the room, less on your mental chatter and more on yourself as part of something."

The next time you find yourself sitting in a wall of traffic, take a deep breath, turn off the air conditioner, roll down the window, put on some Beethoven and be part of a long snake of cars and slowly slither. Fighting the timekeeper will only make the driving experience worse. Your state of mind will transform, and you can..."have a nice day." — WT

ESSAY Letter to the Editor

by Dave LaRoche

In reading Evelyn Preston's piece, "Old But Not Out... Yet! — June Writers Talk," I was amused by her take on obituaries, and how they glorified with love and honor everyone who had died. He or she was at peace, left a loving family who had achieved this or that. Through their life, the one passed away, had been kind to animals, charitable, and gracious; had served here or there—many in uniform, protecting the nation's peace and tranquility. They had left high marks on the humanity scale, and took loving care of all who depended upon them. Many were philanthropists, others, Eagle Scouts.

Seeing her end in the distance, Evelyn wondered, did she live up? Could her obituary be so endearing? Had she led such a deserving life; moreover, how was it that those she knew, still remaining erect, bore no similarity to those who had passed? Many, among those nearing their end, were not quite so virtuous, even occasionally practiced if not intentionally one or two of the "deadly sins."

And, then it occurred to me—she needn't worry: those obits are not biographies written by admiring friends, but letters of recommendation to be passed on with a resume to the guy at the gate—Saint Peter being his name. — WT



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ALL current members need to renew for 2019-2020, even if you purchased a half-year membership in January or February or March.

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CWC South Bay Writers Club

P. O. Box 3254

Santa Clara, CA 95055

A Dream Bed and Breakfast Inn

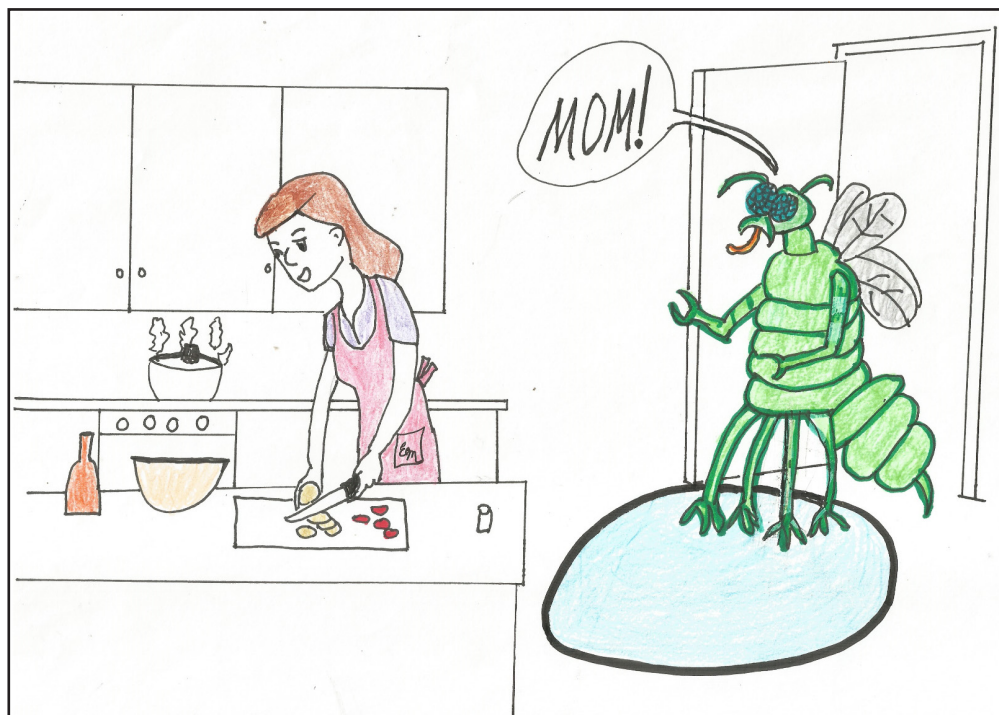
by Penelope Cole

There was a time when I day-dreamed about running a bed and breakfast inn. Why not? My favorite meal to fix—the most important of the day—has always been breakfast. I love home furnishings, decorating rooms, and gardening. Elegant Victorian houses have always appealed to me. I don't even mind meeting people—as long as they didn't stay too long. And at \$100-150 a night, they'd probably not stay too long. I even thought about opening my bed and breakfast inn just for weekends and then enjoying my "mansion" the rest of the time guest-free.

At the time it was such a romantic idea. I'd read a romance novel about a woman in her late twenties or thirties who finally found and purchased her dream property for a bed and breakfast inn. It was an old farm house, without the farm. It still had a couple of acres and a barn where she could have a few horses—picturesque and romantic. Or maybe she divided the barn and put a couple of hot tubs there? I don't remember. But she had so much fun decorating the bedrooms into truly romantic getaways, plus cooking with her home-grown fruits, veggies, and fresh eggs from her free range chickens. She'd host afternoon wine tastings and bedtime hot chocolate with homemade cookies. What a perfect life that was. I'd forgotten that the young woman found the love of her life to share her dream innkeeper life. But I was a single mom, with no partner to share the dream and the work. So I guess that wouldn't have worked for me and my child.

Still, I spent a lot of years dreaming and looking at possible properties. It had to have a good layout—I wanted an entry hall, a nice living room with a fireplace and a large dining room. It would have lots of bedrooms and easy-to-add bathrooms—if there wasn't one for each bedroom. And I wanted a nicely laid out kitchen—maybe with an island or breakfast bar. I'd want a huge front porch, and maybe a wrap-around porch. I'd want a beautiful shaded yard, with lots of flowers and bowers, garden benches, and a fountain or a pond—some peaceful water feature. Maybe I'd have a hot tub under an arbor. I'd need an owner's unit. I didn't want a basement or top floor apartment—no stairs, but a sweet cottage at the back of the property—so I'd have a little distance from my "work."

Sometimes I'd want my B & B to be in the country. Sometimes I wanted the mountains. Or near the beach, or a lake, or a



"Franz Kafka, quit bugging me."

river—a serene or refreshing view. Other times I wanted a retreat in the city—a romantic resort within walking distance to everything the city has to offer. A person could go crazy with so many options. Then all I would need was a personable and hard-working partner and a big pile of money. So the B & B dream remained out-of-reach.

Then my daughter reached high school age. I didn't want to have to drive her across town to school every day. I found a little yellow bungalow three blocks from her high school and bought it with my inheritance. I thought the two of us would live happily ever after there. I had a good job teaching at a private school. Well, it was a good job until I accused them of age discrimination. After that I was persona non grata. I had to leave.

So went back to substitute teaching, which worked well for a couple of years. Then gradually my back and hip arthritis got so bad that my hip finally gave out when I was walking my dog. Only I thought it was my back because it hurt more and more to walk my dog. She pulled and it wrenched my back. One night when I was out dog walking, no one was home to pick me up. So I had to side step—with painful mincing steps—the last two blocks home. I thought it was my bad back.

I went in for X-rays and an MRI—though

the MRI hurt my back so badly that they only got a small picture of my hip. I was still sure it was my back. After looking at the X-rays, the doctor even said that my back was messed up. "Your back is pretty bad, but so is your hip. I can't fix your back, but I can fix your hip." I didn't want to believe him since I know surgeons like to cut.

He said "Look, try another cortisone shot in your hip. If it helps with the pain, you'll know it's the hip." I'd already had one painful cortisone shot that hadn't helped. The second shot did help. Then I knew it was my hip. But, because of the shot, I had to wait three to four months for the shot to wear off before the hip replacement surgery. I suppose that was okay, since it gave me time to get used to the idea of such a life-changing surgery. But little by little, day by day, the pain returned until I could barely walk again. I had to quit subbing. I started tutoring instead since I could sit and tutor. After the surgery, it took me two years to be able to walk without pain. I still can't walk any distance without a stroller, shopping cart, or my trusty cane. That's just how it is now—my aging body is degenerating.

That's where I am now, tutoring part time. But tutoring was a third of the income I had when I taught full time and about half of my subbing income. So I resurrected my

Continued on Page 12

Poetry Page

Right Here

by Russ Towne

I see you're a survivor and surrender's not your way
I know the courage it can take just to face another day
I know too well how horrible some things in life can be
And the cost of all you've lost so devastatingly

I'll help you find forgiveness for those who did you wrong
So you can purge the pain and hurt that's festered for too long
Poison from a wound so deep it's slowly killing you
I know the symptoms all too well because I've had them too

From all your grief and torment I'll help you find release
For you deserve a life of joy and greater inner peace
I'll hold you tightly in my arms and whisper in your ear,
"You are safe, you are loved, and I'm staying right here."

POETIC ART - MONARCH HAIKU CYCLE

by Stephen C. Wetlesen

*Haiku Art for Butterflies
That Nest in December,
In Memory of Bob Small
Migrating Monarchs,
ceaseless fluttering sculptures-
Natural Bridges.*

*Haiku for Natural Bridges Summer
June 27, 2012
Countless butterflies -
only one Monarch spotted now.
Santa Cruz ballets.*

*Haiku for Santa Cruz Beach Forests
Monarch Butterflies.
Winter angel tree cities.
Natural Bridges.*

*Haiku for the Winter Trees of Natural Bridges State Park
Near the Beach in Santa Cruz, California
Monarch Butterflies:
"Stemless flowers" - Chinese phrase.
Are there other words?*

*Haiku for Monarch Trees
Natural Bridges State Park
Santa Cruz, California
Fear of butterflies -
so one writer confesses.
I desire thousands.*

Harnessing a Little Spark

Continued from page 2

Carson's book contains five other steps to maximize creativity, but the one I try to apply the most (and used to set the topic of this month's editorial) is the hardest for me to follow: **Don't censor your ideas.** Too often I've been seized with a creative thought — "hey, wouldn't it be cool if..." or "you know what I should work on? Insert new project idea here" — only to discard it later because it feels too green or immature. When I got back home from Disneyland, I went through that slow decompression that started to flicker away that spark of blog-writing inspiration. "Everyone's got a blog these days," I would tell myself. "Yours would probably be scattered, uninteresting, or formulaic at the least. What makes your thoughts and writing so special that they deserve to be put out there?" I really got down on myself. But Carson has a note of advice in her book: "Some of the world's most innovative products have been derivatives of fairly foolish-sounding ideas." Self-deprecation is a personal brand of censorship, and I knew I had to put those discouraging thoughts aside.

So, I convinced myself to make a blog. With the right focus and attention, I'll keep it concise and updated, maybe even iron out a general theme for its content other than 'slice of life' and 'everyday writing.' There's a wealth of resources out there to help harness your sense of innovation; I like Dr. Carson's book even moreso now that her steps helped me center myself after this big burst of creativity.

Do you have any tips on centering a spark of inspiration? Advice on making your creative moments really last? We'd love to hear them. Send us your thoughts. You might be able to get some blog material out of them; after all, that's what I just did! — WT



Give Me Your Hand

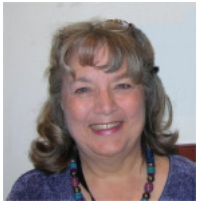
by Richard Allan Burns

Give me your hand, Sweetheart, this is the night.
Quickly, come hold me my bride.
Now let us be in our own little place,
Closing our eyes and whirling in space.

How we have dreamed of it, this our big day:
The wedding cake and the kiss.
A flame in your eyes begging, "Now, can we start?"
We bare our souls and I give you my heart.

Contests and Markets

by Carolyn Donnell



Let us know if you have any success with any of the contests listed in Writers Talk. (Or any other contest for that matter.) Send your writing victories to membernews@southbaywriters.com

and any new stories, poems, articles, etc. to newsletter@southbaywriters.com.

You can also check other branches for their current contests, submission, anthology, etc. requests. See a list of other CWC branches at

<https://calwriters.org/cwcbranches/>

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.

CONTESTS WITH NEARING DEADLINES:

- Writers Digest Awards for 2019
- Popular Fiction Awards. Deadline: **September 16, 2019!**
- Poetry Awards - Deadline: October 01, 2019
- Short Short Story Competition - Deadline: December 17, 2018

<https://www.writersdigest.com/writing-competitions-pricing-and-deadlines/>

ONGOING LOCAL PUBLICATIONS:

- The Literary Nest - A local online publication. Submission period for Fall is July 16, 2019 to Sept. 30, 2019 Theme - Free Will. Send visual art submissions in high resolution .jpeg, .gif, or .png format to theliterarynest@gmail.com.
<https://theliterarynest.com/>
- Sand Hill Review - Stories, non-fiction articles, and poems.
<https://sandhillreview.org/>

OTHER CONTESTS AND SUBMISSIONS:

- The Writer Magazine - They list contests, articles, resources and you can subscribe to their newsletter. A free downloadable guide - Summer 2019 Guide to Writing Contests - is available at <https://www.writermag.com/contests/explore/summer-writing-contests/>

- The Write Life - 31 Free Writing Contests: Legitimate Competitions With Cash Prizes

<https://thewritelife.com/writing-contests/>

- Winning Writers - Lists poetry and prose contests that are free to enter. Usually accepts previously published work. Tom Howard/Margaret Reid Poetry Contest. Submit April 15 - Sept 30. They also list contests to avoid: <https://winningwriters.com/the-best-free-literary-contests/contests-to-avoid>
- Hidden River Arts - Many different book award deadlines listed at <https://hiddenriverarts.wordpress.com/awards-deadlines-and-guidelines/>
- NewPages Classifieds - Writing Contests & Book Contests. Announcements of new and current writing contests. <https://www.newpages.com/classifieds/calls-for-submissions>
- Jack Grapes Poetry Prize, - \$1200 in prizes, Deadline Aug 31, 2019. See this and other submission opportunities at <https://trishhopkinson.com/category/call-for-submissions/>

SOME SITES FOR POETS:

- Up The Staircase Quarterly - Submit 3-6 poems in a single document. Submit up to 10 .jpgs for art. No previously published poetry, but previously published artwork is okay. <https://tinyurl.com/yc6e26ru>
- Poets & Writers - lists poetry and other contests.
<https://www.pw.org/grants>
- The Thimble Magazine - A quarterly online journal.
<https://www.thimblelitmag.com/submissions/>
- Poetry Pacific - Literary e.zine - 2 issues per year-Spring and Fall. Published and unpublished welcome as long as you still have the rights.
<http://poetrypacific.blogspot.com/>
- Poets.Org Recommends several book and magazine contests. Read at "Entering to Win: Poetry Contests"
<https://poets.org/text/entering-win-poetry-contests>
- Freedom With Writing - 78 Poetry Manuscript Publishers No Reading Fees. <https://tinyurl.com/yccuwzjo>
- No Fee Calls for Poems - A Facebook Group that lists contests that don't charge fees.

Other resources that list contest and submissions:

- Poets & Writers:
<https://www.pw.org/grants>*
- The Writer
<https://www.writermag.com/contests/> (* The Writer Magazine)
- The Write Life
<https://thewritelife.com/writing-contests/> *
- Freedom With Writing
<https://www.freedomwithwriting.com/> *
- Authors Publish
<http://www.authorspublish.com/>*
- The Best Writing Contests of 2019 curated by Reedsy
<https://blog.reedsy.com/writing-contests/>
- Get Free Write - a list of the writing contests in 2019
<https://getfreewrite.com/blogs/writing-success/2019-writing-contests-the-complete-guide>

* On both the Internet and Facebook.

— WT

A Dream Bed and Breakfast

Continued from page 10

B & B idea in the form of converting the garage into a micro-mini studio. The conversion cost me \$15,000, but then I had extra income coming in every month and after two years, it was paid for. I thought I'd be okay financially, but then my spending got out of hand. Or maybe I made a mistake on my budget. Or there were too many unbudgeted repairs and a few vacations I couldn't afford.

I got another idea to move my daughter and her boyfriend into the sun room and rent out their master bedroom. I added a private entrance and furnished it. Then I had more income each month. So now I am an innkeeper. I don't cook breakfast for them, but I provide everything else in fully furnished rooms. That's the only way that my daughter, her boyfriend, our four pets, and I can continue to live here in Santa Clara - with me tutoring and renting rooms. And that's how my daydream of running a bed and breakfast inn came true in a roundabout way. — WT

Conferences and Events

August 2019

by Margie Yee Webb

Annual Greater Los Angeles Writers Conference

August 16-18, 2019, Los Angeles CA

<http://www.wcwriters.com/aglawc/index.html>

23rd Conference for Writers --

"AGLAWC uniquely presents individual tracks for Aspiring, Active, and Accomplished writers (what we call the 3-A's).

The Author Website:

Building a Site That Works with Linda Lee

August 17, 2019, San Francisco CA

<https://www.milibrary.org/events/author-website-building-site-works-aug-17-2019>

and

WordPress Bootcamp:

Creating a WordPress Website and How to Use It with Linda Lee

August 17, 2019, San Francisco CA

<https://www.milibrary.org/events/wordpress-bootcamp-creating-wordpress-website-and-how-use-it-aug-17-2019>

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

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

Book Passage Mystery Writers Conference

August 22-25, 2019, Corte Madera CA

<https://www.bookpassage.com/mystery>

"The four-day Book Passage Mystery Writers Conference has a strong tradition of great authors and teachers. It covers everything mystery writers need -- from developing ideas and writing skills to finding a publisher."

Intro to Memoir with Brooke Warner

September 6, 2019, San Francisco CA

<https://www.milibrary.org/events/intro-memoir-sep-06-2019>

and

Advanced Memoir:

Craft and Techniques with Brooke Warner

September 6, 2019, San Francisco CA

<https://www.milibrary.org/events/advanced-memoir-craft-and-techniques-sep-06-2019>

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

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

San Francisco Writing for Change Conference

September 14, 2019, San Francisco CA

<http://sfwritingforchange.org/>

"At the 11th San Francisco Writing for Change Conference you will discover how what you write can change the world ... and how to get your writing published."

Central Coast Writers Conference

September 26-28, 2019, San Luis Obispo CA

<https://www.cuesta.edu/communityprograms/writers-conference/>

35th Annual Conference

— WT

Rabid Redemption

Continued from Page 6

It began with a teensy, nagging doubt. Did that hangnail on her thumb qualify as an open wound to admit the virus? It had bled, she recalled. She stared at the tender scab until her teeth began to chatter. An invitation to the Viral Sisters? Wolf and she had played catch with his saliva-drenched tennis ball; they had rolled about on the floor and shared snacks. Had the dog been vaccinated? Her cousin seemed to be ignoring her tentative queries. She knew Charlene well, that particular cousin, and she was something of a sadist, not above tweaking Charlene's anxiety just a little bit.

"I would sure miss you if you died," said her cousin with a teasing sidelong glance. She sighed and gazed at Charlene from pale blue eyes of infinite concern. "Please don't die, okay?"

So Charlene tried to ignore the growing drumbeat -- anyway, she told herself, rabies had been all but eradicated in the U.S. Practically. Nearly. Almost. So it was not impossible, but merely unlikely that she was infected. "Unlikely" sounded too much like a roll of the dice to offer much comfort. Lying alone in bed, Charlene's efforts to reassure herself collapsed before the onslaught of full-fledged panic.

As the incubation period and Charlene's lifespan shrank by the desperate hour, she still could not muster the nerve to tell anybody. Confessing her fear would be a double whammy: not only would she be denied the lifesaving vaccine, but her distorted mental architecture would be exposed before all the world. The adults, with indulgent grins, would first try to reassure her. Her mother would use the opportunity to flog everyone with Charlene's high reading level. She would explain to Charlene that she could not possibly have rabies and needn't worry over such things for one more minute. The reassurance would contain a hint of warning that Charlene had better not embarrass her mother any further in this preposterous way. Her mother and aunt together would dismiss her anxiety -- sealing her fate. Charlene pictured them at her bedside as she lay in restraints foaming and convulsing. "She tried to tell us," they would wail. "We didn't believe her."

Somebody must have coaxed Charlene's fear into the open at last, and word quickly spread: Crazy Charlene was worried that Wolf was rabid. She quickly became a figure of welcome fun in a visit that had begun to grow dull.

That evening, her cousin approached Charlene, holding out a tepid glass of milk. "Here," she said, with faux sweetness, "this will calm your nerves." Charlene seized the milk with

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

Rabid Redemption

Continued from Page 13

rabid fury and hurled it at her cousin's new canopy bed. The canopy was decorated with lilacs and green tendrils above a border of cotton lace; its beauty and feminine elegance were the wonder of the family. The ensuing fracas brought the two mothers running to see milk pooling in the center of the canopy and dripping from the posters onto the mattress. The cousin widened her eyes to their absolute limit of innocence, insisting that she had "only been trying to comfort" her frightened guest. Charlene, wounded and defiant, called her very own cousin a liar and a sadist.

Charlene's mother set her chin and narrowed her eyes. Hopeless, Charlene realized that she was responsible for ruining their visit and abusing her aunt's hospitality. That very night, she was packed up and shuttled off to the home of another relative, there to wait out her span on earth. "I forgive you, I hope you get well soon," her cousin had whispered in her ear as she departed.

Sometime after the dreaded Day 14 had

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.

come and gone uneventfully, and back now in her own bedroom, Charlene awakened and looked around at the scuffed linoleum floors and faded blue walls. Her father's chronically unstable business had left nothing in the budget for updating the décor of Charlene's early childhood, so the wall still sported a series of painted wooden hangings: a footsore Cinderella racing home from the ball, her coach morphing back into a pumpkin—what if Cinderella got sealed inside, Charlene had always wondered—and the footmen sprouting disturbing mouse tails that bulged from their livery. Dr. Seuss characters capered mockingly across her curtains.

But the utter mental clarity that she felt that morning told Charlene, and for certain, that she was not rabid. In her relief she grasped, vaguely, that such good fortune carried with it a sort of mandate that she rise and encounter the world that awaited her—today, and on Day Twenty, and even, perhaps, on Day Thirty Thousand Seven Hundred and Seventy-Five. Whatever be-

fell her in life, it would almost certainly not be rabies, which was, after all, only a guarantee that it would be something. —WT



Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
August 2019				1	2 7:30P Open mic: Almaden B&N	3
				8	9	10
4	5 2P Valley Writers	6 7P Well-RED atWorks	7			
11 10A Our Voices	12 2P Valley Writers	13	14 7P Board Meeting (Marjorie's House)	15 7P Third Thursday, Poetry Center	16 7:30P Open mic: CANCELLED	17
18 SUMMER BBQ 1P Poets@Play, Markham House	19 2P Valley Writers	20 DEADLINE: <i>WritersTalk</i> Submission	21	22	23	24
25 10A Our Voices	26 2P Valley Writers	27	28	29	30	31

Upcoming Events
SBW Summer BBQ:
Sunday August 18; Edie's House

Board Meeting (Marjorie's home): • Wed. August 14	Dinner Meeting (Holder's Country Inn) • Tues. September 17
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SBW/CWC Events
appear on this calendar page.

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

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 Wednesdays, 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!

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

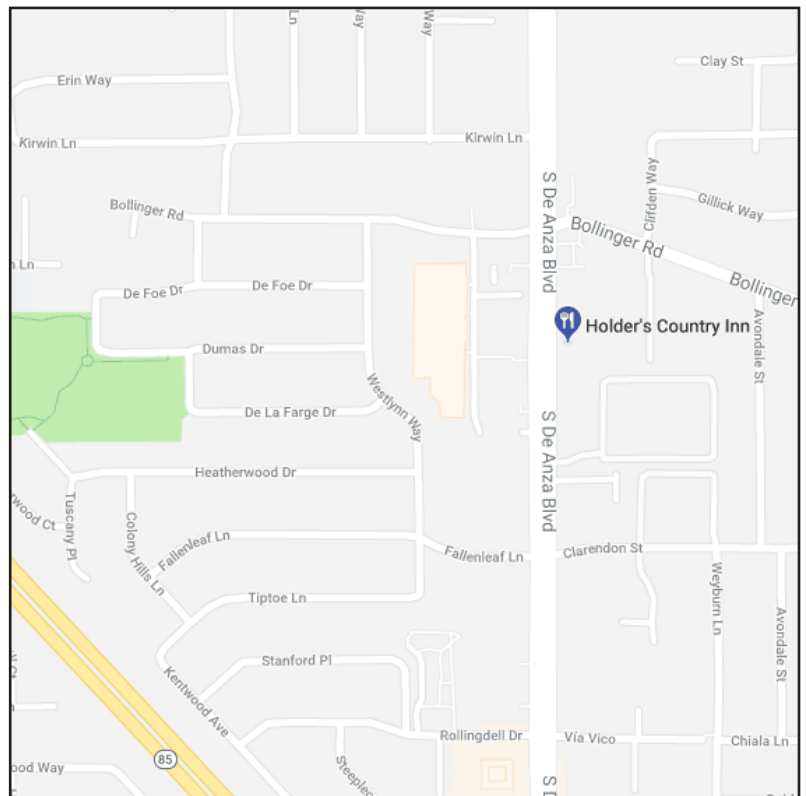
Address Correction Requested

South Bay Writers will not have a regular dinner meeting for the month of August 2019! Instead we ask you to join us at our annual:

Summer Party and BBQ! **Sunday August 18, 3 PM** (RSVP for Details)

Please send contributions and submissions for *WritersTalk* by or on the 20th of the month!

Regular dinner meetings are third Tuesdays 6 – 9 PM of every month except Summer BBQ, December, and workshop months



Holder's Country Inn

Located on South De Anza Boulevard after Bollinger Rd.
Accessible from Stevens Creek Blvd. or 85 (Mineta Hwy)