



WRITERSTALK

Volume 21
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October 2013

Monthly Newsletter of the South Bay Writers Club™

OCTOBER SPEAKER

Crafting voice and theme

Speaker: Victoria M. Johnson

by Dave LaRoche

Theme can be an underlying message. It can be revelatory or intend only to entertain. It may support the euphoric feeling of a new marriage, or the relief in seeing one finally dissolve. Voice relates to style, the author's writing or textual presentation. Theme can be enhanced or destroyed by voice, and it's important to find harmony between the two.

"It did no good. Leticia stopped her hysterical crying, though tears continued to roll down her face. While she consciously fought it, she frequently shuddered. Fred should be home. He was due yesterday. There was no message. He had never changed plans without telling her. She checked the news, no word of a crash. She called the airline but no one could, or would, tell her whether he was on his



flight. She paced. She sat. She picked up the phone, then cradled it. She curled an index finger and bit at it nervously. Was he staying another night with a customer, a powwow with his boss? He'd checked out of his room—could it be another woman. She thought about what he had packed."

Worry and suspicion, and for this very short piece, we'll call that our theme. Even as we read too quickly and miss many words, we can feel the concern in the voice—its staccato beat, frenetic rhythm and quick pace. The voice tells us immediately that this is a problem for Leticia, perhaps a symptom of something less visible. Our voice is congruent with and supports our theme, and gets it across to the reader.

Victoria M. Johnson is a master at voice and theme, and she will relate what she knows to us at our membership meeting, October 9. Her presentation will include discussion of these elements of craft:

- Ways to identify your voice
- Ways to recognize and instill themes that matter to you
- How to find the five areas of story where theme can have the greatest impact
- How to weave these elements together in your novel.

Victoria is a published author and filmmaker, both writer and director of four short films and two micro-documentaries, and she served as assistant director on a feature length horror film. Her published works include *The Doctors Dilemma* (Avalon Books), the nonfiction work *Grant Writing 101* (McGraw-Hill), and a collection of short stories as an independent publisher. Her poetry, published this year, appears in the online journal, *When Women Waken*, and two print anthologies, *Red Wheelbarrow* and *Song of Los Gatos*.

Mark your calendar—come exchange with your friends, enjoy the repartee, and hear another good session on craft with Victoria M. Johnson on October 9 at Harry's Hofbrau. —WT

SEPTEMBER RECAP

Grow your characters

By Grace Tam

Martha Engber specializes in "growing characters from the ground up." Instead of telling us how to do that, at our South Bay Writers dinner meeting on September 11, she showed us how to do it ourselves.

With Martha's guidance, we created a character, a 45-year-old man living in San Francisco, and concocted trivial details about him. We named him Dino and decided he had a pet lizard named Barney Frank. But that's not what brought Dino to life.

What makes a fantastic character? "He should be consistent, believable, and admirable," Martha said.

A crucial step in fleshing out an intriguing character is narrowing down what she calls "the defining detail," which Martha described as "a trait that affects how we look at the world and explains who we are."

So we set about explaining who Dino was. Dino was gay—but he didn't know it yet, we decided.

"What happened in his childhood that gave him the idea he's gay?" Martha asked. We then took Dino back 30 years and created 13-year-old Tito, Dino's best friend while growing up. Dino first knew Tito as the boy who saved him from committing suicide by drowning.

Continued on Page 6

Fire up your imagination

Join the fun at our October 9 literary costume contest. Come dressed as a literary figure—an author, a favorite character, even a famous place. Prizes for most imaginative, brightest flare, or whatever!!!



President's Palaver

by Colin Seymour
President, South Bay Writers

East of Eden: not to be forgotten



Early October was when we used to bask in the afterglow of our East of Eden Writers Conference in even-numbered years or ramp up production in odd years for the next one.

It is becoming apparent, however, that the Club would be hard-put to stage East of Eden in 2014. We had to abort the 2010 event, and we never launched a 2012 event. America's economic doldrums, of course, are the main reason for this discouraging roadblock to our goals and our eminence. In retrospect, we were lucky the 2008 event in Salinas went as well as it did.

That was the year I joined South Bay Writers, mostly because of our East of Eden auspices.

Even that recently, most writers seeking book publication were crammed on a narrow path, which writers conferences may even have perpetuated.

If you were an author, you were seeking a publisher, of course, but you were taught by *Writers Digest* and other sources of publishing industry protocol that your best bet was to land an agent. Querying agents from afar brought a low rate of return on the prospective author's efforts. But pitching to agents at a writers conference increased my positive responses from agents from about two percent to better than fifty percent.

That didn't get either of the two books I was shopping published, but it offered lots of hope my work wasn't a lost cause.

Agents weren't the only attraction during the three-day conferences. Dozens of 90-minute workshops and seminars offered intensive instruction. Attractive, sometimes well-known dinner speakers added glamour that perhaps also encouraged us to feel that we weren't so obscure ourselves.

Some of the workshops at the 2008 East of Eden were trumpeting the changes in the publishing marketplace, including seemingly futuristic ventures like e-publishing that would democratize the process by making fewer writers rich but letting more of us in on some measure of success.

Now, lots of us are e-published and more of us have found a way to produce a good old-fashioned book.

SBW hasn't found a way to produce another East of Eden. But rest assured that we think we can pull it off if the economy truly recovers. And rest assured that the more things change, the more East of Eden will still be worthwhile. — WT

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Join Us

We have a membership category that fits you. Dues are \$45 per year plus a one-time \$20 initiation fee. Contact the Membership Chair, Sally Milnor, or sign up online southbaywriters.com.



WritersTalk

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Submissions

Members of the South Bay Writers Club are encouraged to submit their creative works for publication in *WritersTalk*. Please prepare your work as carefully as you would for an agent. All submissions will be copyedited to uphold our publication standards. The Managing Editor decides which submissions to publish.

Submission deadline is the 15th of the month.

Suggested word limits are not absolute; query the editor. Electronic submissions should be text or attached MS Word file sent to newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Anything Goes—Almost (300 words)

News Items (400 words)

Letters to the Editor (300 words)

newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Creative Works

Short Fiction (1500 words)

Memoir (1200 words)

Poetry (300 words)

Essay (900 words)

Accolades

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Announcements and Advertisements

newsletter@southbaywriters.com

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by Marjorie Bicknell Johnson
Editor



Cyber-bullying

Bullying is a widespread and serious problem. From the playground to the classroom to the Internet, bullying can happen anywhere at any time. A recent national bullying study found that 40% of educators consider bullying to be a moderate or major problem in their schools and that 32% of students ages 12-18 have experienced bullying at some point.

Acts of bullying are not isolated incidents. There are almost always peers, adults, and other community members aware that the bullying is taking place. Constant name-calling, threats, physical abuse, and gossip can leave a child seriously hurt and depressed. A child being bullied does not have the power to make it stop.

Bullying involves an individual or group of people repeatedly abusing another person physically (e.g. hitting), verbally (e.g. name-calling), and/or socially (e.g. spreading rumors). However, bullying is not limited to students.

With the rise of social media, bullies can now reach their targets from behind their computers and cell phones. According to a study by McAfee, "Technology Fuels Cyber-bullying and Cheating in Teens," 25% of teens claimed to be a target and 2/3 of all teens have witnessed cyber-bullying online. Facebook has become the new schoolyard for bullies, with 93% of teens saying that cruel behavior takes place there.

Cyber-bullying happens to adults as well. I sent an edited piece to someone for approval and/or rewriting; without consulting me, that person posted a vicious public complaint on Facebook, saying that *WT* had edited all the life out of it. Bad publicity for our Club! SBW Board members also have received verbal abuse via email disguised as Board business. I have found such ugly missives uncomfortable and disturbing as well as unprofessional. I have not replied in kind because doing so escalates the situation and rewards the bully, who seeks power.

I researched cyber-bullying and what can be done about it. I learned that adult bullies get into physical or verbal fights; are increasingly aggressive; don't accept responsibility for their actions; and are competitive and worry about their reputation or popularity. Nothing new there.

However, what can we do about it? Make sure the bully doesn't win—do not lower yourself to his/her level and do not respond in kind. Better yet, do not respond at all, but if you must, recall the proverb, "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

Report the incident to the SBW Board and we all will discuss how to handle that particular situation. Please send any suggestions for remediation of a bully to *WritersTalk*. —WT

Who are we, those who have joined South Bay Writers?

Out of 181 members of SBW listed on the *WritersTalk* mailing list, 86 writers are working on novels, 46 are interested in nonfiction, and 16 write poetry. Why not share your writing with us?

What's your novel about? You need a 250-word description for your query letters, your interviews with agents, your back cover, your blurb on Amazon. Send that 250-word piece to us here at *WritersTalk* for publication in a new column coming next month, "Members' Works in Progress."

Call for novel descriptions, fewer than 250 words

View from the Board

by M. Johnson for S. Halloran

Nine of us – President Colin Seymour, Vice President Dave LaRoche, Newsletter Editor Marjorie Johnson, Member-at-Large Nader Khaghani, temporary Webmaster Dick Amyx, Publicity and Hospitality Chair Kimberly Malanczuk, Open Mic Chair Bill Baldwin, Membership Chair Sally Milnor, and interested member Carolyn Donnell met in Santa Clara on September 3.

The Board ratified the appointments of Bill Baldwin as Treasurer and of Nader Khaghani as Program Chair.

Moved: (LaRoche/Baldwin) to enter into an agreement with Blake Webster for his services in maintaining the SBW website. Passed, unanimous.

The Board discussed MRMS (the statewide CWC Membership Records and Management System) and its coordination within our Branch as well as meeting venue alternatives. The Web Presence Committee made an extensive report. Dave LaRoche has been working on a policy for dealing with cyber-bullying.

Board members continue to be enthusiastic. Stay tuned. – WT

Editor's note: SBW Secretary Sylvia Halloran has been absent from Club activities because she has been practicing! She and her husband will appear in Gilbert & Sullivan's *Ruddigore*, or *The Witch's Curse*, at the Lyric Theatre, October 5 – 13. For more information, go to www.lyrictheatre.org – WT

New members

by Sally A. Milnor



Sally Milnor

I am pleased to announce that, during this past month, our South Bay Writers Club has added six new members.

Dennis Amoroso found us online. He writes both fiction and nonfiction. His work has appeared in newspapers and in *History of the Economy of California*, and his novel, *Crystal City*, was published by Tate Publishing. Dennis hopes his writing will tell the world some things he thinks should be said.

Catherine Dowling joined us online. Her primary area of interest is nonfiction books. Her work has appeared in various magazines, including short stories in *Ireland's Own* published in Ireland and an essay in *R.Kv.ry* online magazine. Catherine's book, *Rebirthing and Breathwork*, was published in the UK by Piatkus in 2000, and *Getting to One: Five Practices for a Fully Lived Life* will be published by Llewellyn Worldwide in 2014.

Dan Jensen joined SBW at our August meeting. He is a computer programmer and a lover of science, nature, and the humanities. He writes both fiction and nonfiction, in prose and in verse, about a variety of topics. He has worked for years on a self-published novel about the Sierra Nevada and fire, titled *Igneous Range*, available on Amazon and soon to be in its twenty-third printing. Dan also plans to compile a small book of poems.

Craig Johnson found us online. He works as an analyst and wants to write a thriller novel. His work has appeared in the *Hanford Sentinel Newspaper*.

Tom Marlow is a software engineer and a sailor. Tom is interested in writing fiction. His novel, *Better to Know Where*, was self-published through Lulu. His website is www.KETCH22.com.

Dick Yaeger also found us online. He is a retired physicist, a former Marine, an artist-blacksmith, a competitive rower, a bagpipe player, and a duplicate bridge player. Dick is interested in writing novels and says, "Writing is like reading a new book. Although it's been outlined, sometimes in detail, until I start typing, it's a mystery and always a surprise."

To our new members: We wish a warm welcome to each and every one of you, and we hope your membership brings you inspiration and enjoyment. – WT

Coming events

by Dave LaRoche

Throughout the year we will focus on the craft of writing. Successful writers know the techniques and devices that fascinate, bringing interest and cash. Why not us?

SBW meeting programs

October – Victoria M. Johnson will speak to us about theme and voice – the backbone of story, its message, and the style that best suits you and carries the story.

November – Charlotte Cook will bring us arc – what that means and how it is structured. The story is like a symphony from the pianissimos of flutes to the crescendo of tympani and all that supports it.

December – Gisela Zebroski will host the branch at her home to celebrate the holidays. Wine will be present, a gift exchange is traditional, and no one leaves without a smile on his face.

January – Ransom Stephens will take us from craft (all the basics) into publishing, what we must have on the page to have our work published, the differing requirements for different paths, and which path will bring us success.

SBW workshops and retreats

December 8 – Jordan Rosenfeld will spend the day discussing in depth the development of scenes and their support of plot. See page 7.

Late Spring – A writers retreat in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Two spots under consideration: Pema Osel Ling Retreat near Corralitos or Mount Madonna Center off Highway 52. Dates and details to come. – WT



California Writers Week

Thanks to efforts by the California Writers Club, the State of California observes California Writers Week every third week of October (see calwriters.org for details). – WT

Accolades

by Andrea Galvacs



Andrea Galvacs

Victoria Burlew came from Wisconsin to announce the publication of her first novel, *What Nightmares are Made of*.

Del Coates's article, "Design Analysis of the New Corvette," appears in the October issue of *Corvette Magazine*.

Sherrie Johnson finished the booklet *Your Best Friend*, which the District Attorney's office will distribute at the upcoming "Bark in the Park" event.

Victoria M. Johnson published poetry for the first time this summer. One poem appears in *When Women Waken*, an online literary journal, and two more were published in the print anthology *Red Wheelbarrow*. She participated in the "100 Authors for Literacy" reading and signing at the Martin Luther King Center in San Mateo and an open mic at the Sacramento Poetry Center. Victoria also provided workshops for two nonprofit groups based on her nonfiction book, *Grant Writing 101*.

Pratibha Kelapure received an honorable mention in micro-fiction contest #38 online at *Flash!Friday*, and her poem "Stranger" was published in the online literary magazine *Sugar Mule*: 43.

Leon Lam just finished a novel written in Vietnamese. He will translate it into English, but he needs help; contact him at leonpen@gmail.com.

Karen Llewellyn's poem, "The Garden," has been published in *No Ordinary Language*, the latest anthology of The Willow Glen Poetry Project.

Audry Lynch has been invited to lecture at the Moldaw Residences in Palo Alto, the Retired Teachers Associations in Santa Clara and in Burlingame, and the Los Gatos Yacht Club. In addition, her books are on display at the Local Authors Hall of Fame currently at the Saratoga Library. The show opened on September 4 and features 200 writers.

Tom Marlow just published *Briefed on Arrival*; his website is www.ketch22.com.

Claire Mullin interviewed last month's speaker Nancy Curteman on TV.

Larry Pratt has just published his novel, *Dark Deception*.

Gisela Zebroski and **Valerie Whong** have published the nonfiction book, *The Long Road to Death Row*. — WT

Four Beats to Every Measure

by Rita Beach

Rita Beach is pleased to announce that after 3 years, 224 days, 18 hours, and 32 minutes, her labor of love, *Four Beats to Every Measure*, has been delivered and is available on Amazon.



Rita's memoir is the story of a young girl, raised in poverty in rural Kentucky, who finds she has one gift to connect her to the world. That gift is her ability to sing. For the next five decades, performing on stages across the country and in a variety of venues, she observed life at its best and at its worst. The author's road stories are not empty tales, but lessons learned about life through the medium of music. This is not just one person's story, but the stories of others who touched her life and influenced her music legacy. — WT



Members' successes, left to right: Leon Lam, Tom Marlow, Claire Mullin, Larry Pratt, Pratibha Kelapure, Victoria Burlew, Del Coates, Karen Llewellyn, Gisela Zebroski, Victoria M. Johnson. Not shown: Sherrie Johnson. — Photo by Carolyn Donnell

Fiction vs truth

Fiction is obliged to stick to possibilities. Truth isn't.

—Mark Twain

Without books . . .

Books are the carriers of civilization. Without books, history is silent, literature dumb, science crippled, thought and speculation at a standstill.

I think that there is nothing, not even crime, more opposed to poetry, to philosophy, ay, to life itself than this incessant business.

—Henry David Thoreau

Grow characters we admire

Continued from Page 1

Martha said that was Dino's defining detail because it changed the way he viewed the world. The physical representation of the defining detail, she said, is the lizard Barney Frank.

With that, we could grow Dino, Tito, and Barney Frank in our own development of characters, applying other pointers Martha had given us.

A member asked if the reader needs to like the character. "No, but they do need to admire him," Martha said. She explained that humans have an instinctual appreciation for admirable people as they are often successful. Martha advised the importance of receiving feedback on characters. Your character may not be translated completely on the page and feedback is vital to discover what is missing.

A great character can provide an internal plot, involving only a limited group, and an external plot—an event that affects many people.

Martha urged us to take five minutes in developing our own characters' defining details. One member stepped forward and presented a college student who had just graduated with an Environmental Science degree and had a passion to save the world. However, the character grew up poor and had to rob banks to fund his education. He

made the conscious decision to help the world in penance for stealing money. The character was admirable for his honor, but in moral conflict because of his thievery.

Although the defining moment is not explicitly stated to the reader, Martha said the author must recognize which moment shapes his character. To capture a reader's attention, a hint of the defining detail must be in the first chapter.

With the defining-detail concept imbedded in our brains, Martha presented three situations in which we had to guess how our character would react. What if he went to Las Vegas? Or attended a party in fancy dress? What if he climbed a mountain? With our character's defining detail as the focus, we explored how he would react in each situation.

Our final exercise was to identify our character's greatest fear. She stressed that each obstacle should push the character toward the fear until the climax—the point where the character can no longer run.

And with that she no doubt had many of us moving to push our own characters' development. —WT



Martha Engber
—Photo by Carolyn Donnell

Fewer vs less

by Victoria M. Johnson

I'll admit I sometimes misuse the adjectives "fewer" and "less." I looked up the rule and discovered some tips that you might find helpful.

"Fewer" is used with nouns that are countable. There are fewer fish in the aquarium. I had fewer husbands than Elizabeth Taylor. With the explosion of eBook sales, it seems that fewer readers are buying books.

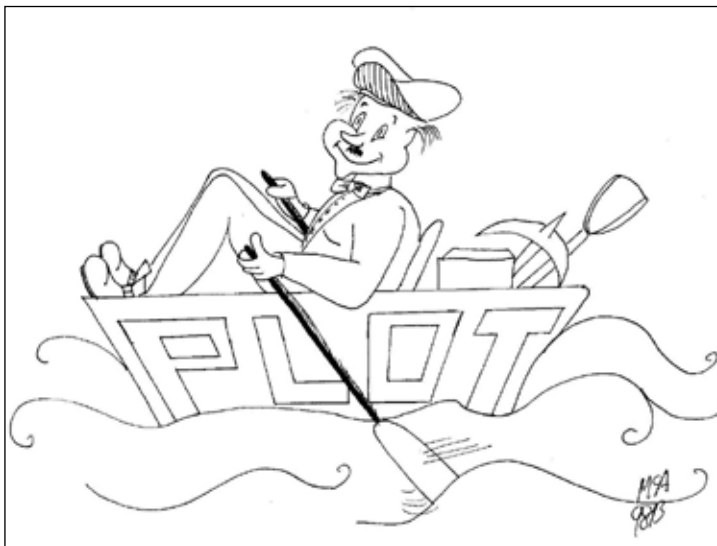
"Less" is used with uncountable nouns, adjectives and adverbs. Fish are less happy than turtles. Dropouts earn less money than graduates. The president is less popular than he once was.

"Fewer" is used with amounts that are countable. I vow to consume fewer margaritas this weekend. There are fewer calories in a diet coke. We experienced fewer outbreaks of cholera in the United States than in South America.

Use "less" with uncountable amounts. His wife promised to talk less during the football game. The clouds are less fluffy today. Australia has less smog than the United States.

The tricky part comes with plurals. Use "less than" in front of a plural noun that refers to a measure of distance, amount, or time. San Francisco is less than 100 miles to San Jose. The Mayor has less than a 10 percent approval rating. She has less than a year to retirement.

The "10 items or less" dilemma. Half the sites I visited said, "10 items or fewer" was correct. The other half said "10 items or less" was correct. Each side pointed to a rule. One site also pointed out the use of "answer in 50 words or less" and that makes me lean toward the "or less" faction. —WT



Character drives plot: Martha Engber

Cartoon by Maddie McEwen-Asker
Photos by Carolyn Donnell



Do Your Scenes Support Your Plot?

Do They Drive Your Story?

Do They Convey Your Ideas ... Satisfy Your Creativity?



If the answer to any of these questions is:

"I dunno ... hope so ..."

"Not always, but I try ..."

"Gosh, are they s'posed to?"

You will certainly want to consider our South Bay Writers workshop,

Dec 8th with Jordan Rosenfeld,

SCENES DO IT WITH PLOTS

Maybe you understand the relationship, and the way scenes carry the story and you ordinarily get it right. Good! Now build on it. Make your scenes vivid, unusual, eye-opening, and cleverly composed. Make them stand out, and carry your personal memorable mark.

Join me! Together we will generate scenes that brighten your story—help you create a compelling read



Location — Three Flames Restaurant, 1547 Meridian (at Hamilton), San Jose — see southbaywriters.com for detailed directions.

Time — December 8, Registration begins at 9:30 AM, Continental Breakfast at 10:00. Class and plate-serve lunch thru 3:30 PM

Fees — CWC Member Early Bird (through 11/13): \$49, Sleepy Bird (11/14–Dec 7): \$59, At the door: if seats available

Non-Member Early Bird: \$57, Sleepy Bird: \$67, At the door: if seats available

Student (18–25 with ID) Either Bird: \$29

From *Shattered by the Wars*

Police station, Korea

by Hi-Dong Chai

"Captain." Officer Kim saluted the thin-eyed policeman, who sat with his feet on his desk. "I brought the mother and brother of Chai Hi-Bum."

"The mother of the traitor and his brother?" Captain said in his squeaky voice, pulling the cigarette out of his mouth. He glared at us.

"Yes, Sir," Officer Kim replied.

"You two, stand over there." Captain pointed to the wall next to the door.

I stood there with my head down. *Is he going to order Kim to give us the pencil torture? Or prick our fingers with a needle? Or hang us on the ceiling upside down with our feet tied to a rope?*

"So was your husband a Christian minister?" Captain asked.

"Yes," Mother said, looking down at the floor.

"And does your Christian minister have a communist son?"

Mother did not respond, putting her folded hands over her bosom as in prayer.

"Answer me, Woman," Captain's voice turned loud. "Is your communist son a Christian?"

"No." Mother's soft, resigned voice.

Captain's voice turned cynical. "How can a minister, who can't save his own son, save others to be Christians?"

He laughed and pointed his cigarette finger at Mother. "And you said your husband was kidnapped by the communists?"

"Yes."

"And your communist son did nothing to save him. Do you think we are that stupid — to believe you?" Captain shouted in his high-pitched voice, "You communist whore!"

How can he call my mother a communist whore? I wanted to shout at him, but I knew what would happen if I did. Angry but fearful, I said, "She is telling the truth, Sir."

"Shut up, you brat," Captain growled. "You, come over here."

I walked over and stood by his desk.

"Boy. Look straight at my eyes."

From my childhood, Mother had taught me not to look into the eyes of elders. That sign of respect had become my

habit. I kept my head down.

"I told you to look straight at me!"

"Captain," Mother said. "He does that as a sign of respect."

"Shut up, you communist whore!"

He called my mother a whore, again! I straightened myself, looked at him straight in the eye, and said in a defiant tone, "She is not a whore, Sir."

"Are you talking back to me?" Captain shouted, standing. Then he reached over the desk and slapped me with his calloused hand. The force of his hand made me jerk.

"Please." I heard Mother's pleading.

"Shut up!" The captain sat down and lit another cigarette. "You are communists and liars. Your husband is a communist in a preacher's garb. He is not kidnapped. He escaped to the north. You know where your communist son is, and you don't tell us."

"OK, you brat. Where's your brother?"

"I don't know, Sir."

"I am getting sick of listening to your lies. Where is your worthless communist brother?"

Continued on Page 8

Walks with Grandpa

By Karen Hartley

Almost every day my Grandpa walked from the house on 71st Street down to 18th Avenue, which is still a bustling shopping district in the Flatbush neighborhood of Brooklyn. When I was very young, I would walk with him. At the corner, we crossed 17th Avenue and passed blocks and blocks of markets, shops, bakeries and all manner of stores. Although time has passed, and both the demographics and the nature of the shops have changed, the memory has not faded.

My walks with Grandpa were a highlight of my days. Grandpa had a tall slender frame and twinkling eyes. One of my dearest memories is the way he walked on our travels to The Avenue, as we called it. He wore a baseball cap and always had his hands folded behind his back. I often tried to mimic his walk; I'd clasp my hands behind my back and try to keep abreast of him. He slowed down so I could walk beside him, and I delighted in seeing our feet move together!

Every time we walked to 18th Avenue,

I saw something exciting. As soon as we made the turn from 71st street, the corner meat market appeared, an old redbrick building with a step up into the shop—sawdust on the floor, white cases with the reddest meat I'd ever seen. Italian butchers stood behind the large glass cases. Shouting in Italian, they'd be calling someone's name, an order ready. All the butchers knew my Grandpa since he came there almost every day to get what my Grandma needed for dinner. My little chest burst with pride when his turn came and I heard them call his name.

What stands out most in this memory is the Coca-Cola icebox in the back corner of the meat market. I remember the green glass bottles. The red case had a built-in opener to remove the metal caps which slid down into a pocket on the side for disposal.

In the summer, even by mid-morning when we usually arrived at the shop, it was quite warm. The two of us had "our secret," because both my Mother and Grandma felt I shouldn't drink so much Coke. Grandpa thought I should

have whatever I wanted, so whenever we went to meat market, he would get me that special treat—a chilled cola. I eagerly watched him put a coin in the red box's slot and pop off the cap. I laughed at the sound when it plopped into the pocket; then Grandpa would smile down at me, and I would giggle. We had other stores and shops to visit before our walk back home, and even though I finished the icy treat well before we returned, I always had the feeling Mother and Grandma knew.

I walked down 18th Avenue again a few years ago and looked for that meat market. The redbrick building still stands on the corner, but it no longer echoes the shouts of the butchers. Peeking in, I did not see the red Coca-Cola ice box, but the years slipped away. I could feel the sawdust under my feet, see the meat cases with that meat, the reddest I'd ever seen, and hear the butchers shouting in Italian. I imagined the red Coca-Cola icebox in the corner and remembered my magical Grandpa, our special walks to The Avenue, and the secret taste of that icy cold drink. —WT

Police station: Korean War

Continued from Page 7

"He really doesn't know, Captain." Mother spoke from behind me.

"Shut up. I didn't ask you," Captain screamed. "That does it. Officer Kim!"

I saw Kim pull his revolver out of its holster and heard him cock it. He placed the barrel against my temple. It felt cold and hard.

"Where's your brother?" Captain asked.

"I don't know, Sir." That was the only answer I knew.

"Where's your brother?" Again.

"The night before the U.N. soldiers entered Seoul, he took his belongings and left. He didn't say where he was going."

"I didn't ask you to explain," Captain yelled. "Now, for the last time. Where's your brother?"

I closed my eyes, ignoring his question.

"That does it," Captain said. "Detective Kim. Go ahead."

I heard the pulling of the trigger and the barrel of the gun jerked on my temple. I imagined the bullet speeding through my head, making holes through my skull and flying out the other side, covered with blood and brain matter. But I felt nothing. I heard no blasting sound. Instead, dead silence.

Oh my God! I heard someone falling—Mother was on the floor. Slouched. Staring at me with her sunken round eyes. Her bent arms reaching out toward me. Trembling. I rushed to her, knelt down, and put my arm around her shoulder. She stared at me with round eyes as if she was seeing a ghost.

"Mother, I'm OK," I said. "I'm alive."

She didn't say a word. She stared at me with her mouth open.

I heard a creaking sound and saw Captain getting out of his chair and crushing his cigarette butt in the ashtray. He went to the back door, opened it, and walked out without a word.

That night in bed, questions swirled

around in my mind, keeping me from sleep. *Does the world have to be this way? Why does a kind and caring person like Mother have to suffer?*

I was tired of seeing Mother harassed by the Japanese, South Koreans, and North Koreans. I was frustrated and felt helpless—Mother and I belonged nowhere. I was angry at Hi-Bum, who brought us suffering for his political stand. I was angry at Father, a Christian minister who brought us suffering because of his faith in God. I was angry at God. I thought that God would reward those who honored Him and punish those who ignored Him. What I witnessed was the opposite. The communists and the Japanese who scorned Him prospered while those who followed Him suffered. God seemed far, far away! —WT



One weird sister and me

by Jamie Miller

Forsooth, I bethought myself, it would be fun to write in archaic English, maybe Shakespeare into contemporary life. Unfortunately, I have no understanding of archaic grammar, so here I offer my humble effort and hope it does not displease the Club as to cause me to be exiled from our dinner meetings, for, as is well known, we can't have archaic and eat, too. —JM

I was settling down to a quiet night of reading my new Susan Dee mystery when it started. Her work is kind of spooky, so when I heard humming and drumming, I first supposed I was imagining things. No way, I realized. It must be those dang kids in the house behind mine, playing some of their weird music. I tried to ignore them, but I couldn't, so I stepped to the back door to tell them to cool it. But it wasn't those kids. What the hell *was* this? There was a fire burning right in the middle of my back lawn!

"Hey! What are you doing? Put out that fire!"

The humming and drumming went on, and as I looked closer, I saw three figures dressed in black, and in the middle of them was the fire. Hanging over it on a tripod of sticks was a kettle. I recognized that arrangements of sticks: we used something like it in Boy Scouts to cook a stew. But in the middle of my lawn? NO WAY!

"Get out of here! That's my lawn you're burning up!"

"Shhh!" a voice said. "We're trying to say the sooth!"

"YOU'RE WHAT?"

"Soft! We're trying to say the sooth," the voice came back. It was gentle, feminine, seductive.

"OK, I'll be quiet," I whispered back, "but who are you?"

"We are soothsayers." The voice was soft and tempting. "Let us say the sooth of the night, and we shall be gone, as quickly as we came. And ..." Her voice softened still more, and I felt it caressing my ears and my soul. "You won't regret it."

"I regret it already, but OK, do your thing, whatever it is. Just don't make a lot of noise. We have a neighborhood association controlled by a bunch of old grouches."

I heard them whispering among themselves. "Forsooth, they will trouble you no further. We shall disappear them, and then be about our magick."

"Can you really do that? Disappear them, I mean?" This could turn out really well. "Would they stay disappeared?"

"We can, with succor from you, and they would. Can you furnish us a firkin of water from your well? We were unable to find it. The well, I mean." There was more whispering, and she said, "Correction. We need not a firkin. A gill would be generous to our needs."

"I can do that. Now, how much is a gill?"

"Lead me to your well, and we shall drink deeply and sweetly." She stepped up under the porch light. She was beautiful! A babe! I'd drink a gill with her any time!

"Uhhh, I don't have a well. Not here at least. But if you follow me, I will lead you to my uhhh, well, well, well, and there we

may drink deeply. And you may have a gill for your friends. By the way, who *are* your friends?"

"Sisters. We are sisters. Eolinh, over there; Escrith, there; and I'm Oedrich. And you're?"

"Ed. Short for Oedward, I suppose. Oedward Oeastman. OK, let's get your gill of water." I filled a pan from the kitchen faucet and asked, "So, would you like anything else?"

She returned to the shadows of the backyard, which, somehow, stayed dark despite the fire burning in the middle of my two-thousand-dollar lawn. No matter. For a babe like her, I'd gladly sacrifice my lawn!

She was back in a moment. "Our seeking for the sooth would be greatly aided if you were to come up with a few ingredients which seemeth to be in short supply."

"Well, yeah, this is Bakersfield, and lots of things are in short supply here. Let's see the list." The list reminded me of the spell cast by the three weird sisters in *MacBeth*:

Double, double, toil and trouble, fire burn, cauldron bubble.
Fillet of a fenny snake, in the caldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, toe of frog, wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, blind-worm's sting, lizard's leg, owlet's wing.

When Miss Martini made me learn this in ninth grade, I had never imagined that I would use it someday, but the idea was gross enough to appeal to fourteen-year-old boys.

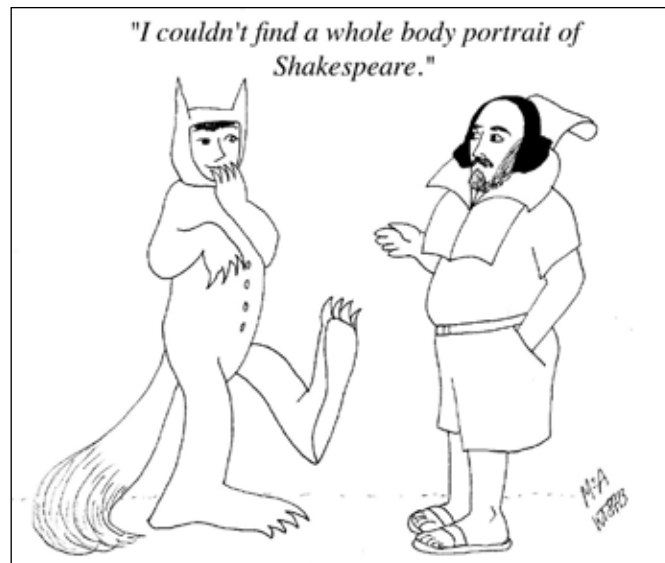
"I don't think I can help you," I told her, looking over the list again. "I mean, you want a 'goat's beard'? And 'wool of bat'? And 'adder's fork'?"

If I didn't get butted by the goat or bitten by the adder, or get rabies from the bat, I'd likely be in trouble with the SPCA or People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals. "Sorry, Oedrich, I don't think I can help you."

She laughed, a merry little laugh that seemed out of place with the black robe and hood. "Oh, Oedward, didn't they teach you anything in school? We don't use animal parts in our spells. Our spells are vegan!" She laughed again. "Completely vegan!"

Continued on Page 10

Shakespeare's portrait —Maddie McEwen-Asker



One weird sister and me

Continued from Page 9

"You mean there are plants called by all those names?"

"Forsooth! Will you help us find them?"

"Yea, forsooth. But how will I know them, even if we can find them in the dark? And do they grow here? After all, Bakersfield is hardly the Scottish highlands."

"Hast thou not a book of plants useful in magick?"

"No, and I doubt that there is such a book this side of the University of California. We could start with Google. People say you can find anything on the net."

"Then shew me now this net that holds everything!"

I led her to my computer and brought up Google.

"This is a net?" quoth Oedrich. "Seriously?"

"Yea, verily! Just watch. Let's start with adder's fork and see what we find." It didn't take long to find adder's fork, the fern *Ohioglossum vulgatum*.

"See, that was easy. I know where ferns grow. Does it have to be that exact species? Maybe they don't grow here."

"We can only search and hope. Now shew me the other ingredients."

We recognized several of them. For the really weird ones we decided to look on the shelves of the local health food store. And then we were away to search for that *Ohioglossum*.

We drove to the edge of town and out to where the road crossed a sluggish little stream that rollicked more boisterously during winter, then parked alongside the road. Oedrich stretched out in the seat. "Nice wheels," she said. "Homely. Verily, a room fit for a palace."

"Thanks. Ummm, I've been wanting to ask you, do you come here often?"

"Where? The Baker's Fields? No, this is our first time, but I really prefer the highlands."

"Yeah, I'm sure I would, too. And, ummm, are you three like the weird sisters that Shakespeare wrote about in *MacBeth*?"

"Oh, that story by Shake? Forsooth, it doth bedevil us whithersoever we go. Aye, that was us."

"But people play it like the weird sisters were old hags."

"Well, that was a long time ago, and we were much younger then. I'm cold. Wouldst thou not throw thy doublet over me for the nonce?"

I did, and we cuddled together for a nonce or two, but soon enough I said, "Hey, shouldn't we go look for ferns?"

We found some growing at the edge of the stream. The stream was hidden from the road and from passersby by a grove of willow, and within that grove we disported ourselves for a goodly time. "Oh God, Oedward, that was good!" she said as we finished disporting ourselves. She lay back and purred contentedly.

"It *was* good! Stay with me. I would disport myself with you every evening, if thou wilt."

"I cannot, for I must away before the dawn. OhMyGaahd! I forgot all about my sisters. They await our return with the adder's fork. Let us haste!"

We grabbed a handful of the first ferns that our flashlight revealed, then bolted for home. We parked in my driveway and kissed fervently, as my hand strayed hungrily over her tabard and kirtle—or whatever those clothes were called. And then she dashed off to rejoin the other weird sisters.

I sat on my back porch, listening as they chanted softly. Now and then, they did something to the fire and sent a cascade of sparks toward heaven. Finally the chanting stopped and the embers of the fire burned themselves out on the ruins of my lawn.

Oedrich came shyly to my porch. "Oedward, I promised you would not regret it if you helped us. I have seen the sooth, but I know not what it means."

"That's all right. I guess oracles never give straight answers. Tell me."

"It said, 'Sell STLD. It's going no place. Ditto HMC, HDM, and PWX. Put it all on TSLA, at market. But hasten! Within the week TSLA will begin a big move up. Buy and hold. It will top 200 ere long.' Do you understand these mysterious words?" Without waiting for an answer, she turned and ran back to rejoin her sisters.

"Are you sure about this?" I called to the darkness. Then, "Yes, I do understand. I believe you. Hurry back to me, Oedrich! Please. Hurry back."

The pale light of dawn was outlining the mountains around Tehachapi Pass, and my lawn was silent. "Hurry back," I said again.

And then, softly, almost to myself, "I love you." —WT

Off the Shelf

Edie Matthews & Marina Menendez-Pidal



"... Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!
Quoth the pigeon, 'Nevermore.'"

October: Terse on verse

by Pat Bustamante



Pat Bustamante

October Sober

Fun and games, romps and jokes
So the sober side goes up in smoke.
Fun is what we like to poke:
All the same respect the folks
Who have something sad to say.
Reality's often all work and no play.

— Pat Bustamante

My prejudice toward humorous prose is very obvious. The world might end with a bang but I'd like my part of it to end with a giggle. When I recommend the sea-going novels by Patrick O'Brian to my friends, I always mention that although crews on battleships of the 19th century suffered a shocking amount of painful deaths and maiming, there was always something humorous to contrast with tragedy.

Gallows humor? I confess: I'll laugh. I do respect tragedy and the pain in a solemn description of some horror that perhaps the author experienced first-hand. The great tragedies in fiction and in histories do move me; perhaps I have been lucky in life to have never been an actual witness to one. I am old enough to have lost many beloved relatives (and many pets, also bringing me to tears). Deaths are tragedies in the sense of eternal loss. One of my sisters died untimely, by her own hand. I have never attempted to write about it. Some day, perhaps.

I salute those who write to engage the sorrows and sympathies of readers. As I put down these words I learn that singer Linda Ronstadt, MY age, has some serious problems. I have a back injury--nothing to what Linda has--I might write a poem about tragedy/comedy or life on a stage. Perhaps we are all performing on a stage for some unacknowledged audience? If so, bravo to you! — WT



Weird

Weird: Eerie, strange, unnatural — a good Halloween word. However, in Shakespeare's time, it meant *wyrd*, the Old English word for fate. The three weird sisters in *MacBeth* are the Three Fates: Past, Present, and Future.

things it begs to have another one (like two parentheses) at the caboose of the group. If your list is longer every item needs its comma unless you stick in "and" at the end.

My current novel in progress is *A Devil's Ad* which is the clue that lets you know I am not 100% grammarian. I tell stories and they are as wicked as I can make them. Use the advice above referring to the subordinate clause and appositive phrase — or don't. I want to hear or read the words that bled out of you carrying some great emotions and I promise that will stay in my mind long after I have forgotten to count your commas.

By the way, how many commas appear in this article? — WT

Comma-tarry

by Pat Bustamante

Suppose you never used a comma you just went on and on and put your words out like Niagara Falls without taking a breath a pause or ... Didn't some famous novelist do that already?

The comma separates words into phrases. Two clauses and a conjunction beg for that pause: a comma. A semicolon is a taller symbol so don't confuse the two when you have independent clauses in your sentence. And if you have one comma at work on sorting out two categories or titles or groups of

Poetic Art

Haiku String

Great Leonid Meteor Shower November, 1966

I was eleven.
Now well in my middle age,
it seems like last night.

God's silent light show —
psychedelics were nothing.
Divine glow blizzard.

Half the sky clouded.
Seen through the patches, firestorm,
Fleeting white flashes.

One sphere becomes three,
each fragment spark just as bright,
heading its own way.

Luminous rain drops.
Ignited pebble flurries.
Countless eons old.

Hypersonic contrails,
quicker than an eyelash blink
crossing cold heavens.

Endless ion streaks,
more than the eye could follow,
never repeated.

Hundreds of thousands,
so they say, for we lucky few,
those deep souls who look.

— Stephen C. Wetlesen



Stilettos

Stilettos on a woman's feet.
I wonder why.
Feet bent out of shape
just to stand higher
than nature intended.
Back thrown out of alignment,
begs a podiatrist's bill.
I've always been tall.
Never needed to stand
on tiptoes to see
through the crowd.
Slumping to be shorter
brings its own complaint.
But wearing stilettos
is one mistake
I've never had to make.

— Carolyn Donnell

My first alcoholic

By Judith Shernock

In April a new boy moved to Seventh Street. Jim lived with his dad and had no mother or siblings. His face was small and freckled, his nose upturned; he wore glasses, which he called "specs." Jim's clothes were either a tad too small or so overly large that the sleeves were rolled up into a thick, unruly band of dark cloth that covered his spindly arms.

Sometimes Jim was lots of fun. He ran very fast and never ended up as "it" when we played "tag" or "capture the flag." He was nine, a year older than me. At first he tried to challenge ten-year-old Eddie for leadership of our group, but he soon realized that wouldn't work and appeared to adjust to the way things were done on our street.

Though Jim was Catholic he didn't go to the local parochial school. Like me, he went to public school, and we often walked there together. Twice a week my mother gave me a penny for the candy store. Jim had perfect intuition as to when those days would occur and would be waiting for me at the corner, his face wreathed in a crooked smile.

When we entered the tiny candy store with its myriad smells, colors and unending choices, Jim was right by my side.

He whispered in my ear; "Choose Sugar Dots." These were little drops of colored sugar in pink, blue and yellow. For your penny you received sixty dots, ten multicolored rows of six, which Mr. Eghart, the owner, tore from a long, long paper roll on top of the counter.

"Divide them carefully," Jim warned me. He meant equally, thirty for each of us. Jim gobbled them up so fast that I felt awful savoring my candies slowly while he was gazing at me hungrily. "Sharing is a blessing," he said. "My Mom used to say that before she died." "How old were you when she died?"

"Five." For a second the always upbeat Jim looked crestfallen and we walked the rest of the way without any of his funny remarks.

In June, the school year ended and we sang, "No more pencils, No more books, No more teacher's dirty looks."

One lazy summer day, Charlie, Janie, Jim and I were discussing whether to go hunting for scrap metal to help the war effort or to the railroad yard and sneak into the boxcars and pretend to be hobos.

Suddenly Jim piped up, "Have you ever seen a real drunk?"

Three pairs of eyes turned to stare at him.

"It's very funny," he continued. "They do strange things. Sometimes they even dance."

"Where can we see it?" Janie asked.

"I can show you one, but it'll cost two pennies—that's two pennies each." He grinned charmingly at us.

Charlie wanted to know when we could see this unusual sight.

"Sunday afternoon at two. We'll meet right here."

Janie shook her head. "I only get one penny a week. I won't have two by Sunday."

"I get a penny every day and I'll give you one." Charlie smiled at Janie who turned red. She knew how much he liked her.

I can save up my two pennies, I thought. "No candy for us this week," I said to Jim.

Sunday at 1:30 we were anxiously waiting for our guide. Each of us had something to say about alcohol.

Janie confided about her big brother, Johnny. "He came home drunk once and Dad yelled at him that the next time it happens he'll be living on the street and not in a house."

Charlie said, "I heard in church that liquor is a sin."

"My parents say only really bad people drink and get drunk," I added.

Finally Jim came sauntering along and led us to a four-story walk-up. It was

built in a curious manner, becoming narrower and narrower as you approached the top. The fourth floor landing was tiny and we were all pushed together. Before us was a brown door whose paint was peeling.

"Who goes first?" Jim asked, and Charlie volunteered.

"Two cents, please." Jim's hand shot out to collect the coins.

Charlie handed over the money. Jim gave a glance through the keyhole and then said, "Go ahead."

Charlie put his eye to the keyhole. After a few minutes he silently walked away and sat on the steps.

"Who's next?" Jim asked.

Janie poked me in the ribs to take my turn before her. I put my two pennies into the outstretched palm and put my eye to the keyhole.

Before me was an emaciated gray-haired man sitting at a wooden table on which there was a bottle. He filled a glass with amber liquid, brought it to his mouth, and finished the whole thing in one gulp. Then he got up, stumbled, started cursing, fell down, and crawled on hands and knees back to the chair. His shaking hand poured out another glassful.

Having seen enough, I moved away from the keyhole. With a confused mind and a sad heart I sat down on the steps next to Charlie. Neither of us spoke a word or even looked at each other.

Janie paid her money and looked through the keyhole. In a shocked voice she cried, "That's your *Father*, Jim!"

The three of us silently walked down the stairs and back to our homes. Jim remained alone on the landing, tightly clutching his pennies.

I had met my first, but not my last, alcoholic. He, like so many others, was somebody's parent. — WT

Sentences

Sentences are simply nouns and verbs trying to relate while adjectives and adverbs find their place and prepositions are making propositions with articles helping make sense of it all.

— Jerry Mulenburg

Contests and Markets

More Writing Contests

Poets & Writers lists more writing contests than any other source, and all of the contests listed in their database at pw.org/grants have been carefully reviewed and benefit writers.

While you're perusing the listings, please take a look at the entry for *Tuscum Review's* annual literary prizes, which offer \$1,000 and publication to winners in poetry and fiction.

An extensive list of contests appears on preditorsandeditors.com and on writersdigest.com/competitions/writing-competitions. —WT

To win, you first must enter.

Short-short contest

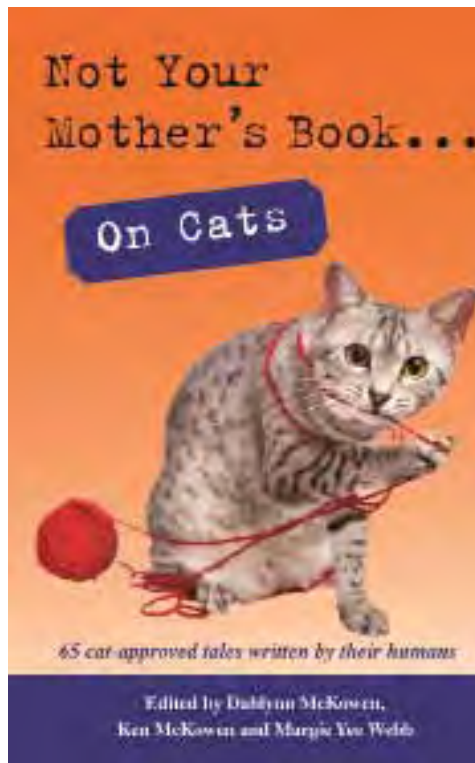
Writer's Digest is looking for short stories! Short, short stories, that is. Make it fewer than 1,500 words and enter the 14th Annual Writer's Digest Short Short Story Competition for a chance to win:

- \$3,000 in cash
- Story published in *Writer's Digest* magazine's July/August issue
- A paid trip to the *Writer's Digest* Conference in New York City
- A copy of the 14th Annual *Writer's Digest Short Short Story Competition Collection*
- A copy of the 2014 *Novel & Short Story Writer's Market*
- A copy of the 2014 *Guide to Literary Agents*

Early-Bird Entry deadline is November 15 and fees are \$20 per manuscript. Go to writersdigest.com/competitions/short-short-story-competition for more details. —WT

Got the Purrfect Story?

Margie Yee Webb invites you to submit true, entertaining, funny, fun and silly cat stories for *Not Your Mother's Book . . . On Cats*. December 1, 2013, is the new deadline. For submission guidelines and to submit stories, see <https://publishingsyndicate.com/>. For a flavor of this daring, different and hilarious NYMB anthology series, review the book samplers, including *NYMB . . . On Dogs* at www.publishingsyndicate.com



Tell us!

Heard about a good contest or a good market? Send us a brief notice.

San Francisco Writers Conference

Dates: Feb. 13-16, 2014

Fee: \$650 until January 1. Prices rise afterwards, until \$795 at the door

Website: <http://www.sfwriters.org>

Participants have access to more than fifty "how to" sessions, panels, and workshops. An *Independent Editor consultation* and *Ask a Pro* are included in the registration fee. *Speed Dating for Agents* is \$50 to pitch to a room full of agents. And there are plenty of one-on-one opportunities to pitch to well-known publishing professionals during the weekend. The conference features large and small traditional publishing houses, but also gives attendees the latest e-publishing, social media, and self-publishing information.

SBW Members: This conference is the local "biggie." Don't miss it.

WRITERSTALK Challenge

What is it?

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

Genres

Fiction, 500 – 1500 words
Memoir, 500 – 1200 words
Essay/Nonfiction, 500 – 1200 words
Poetry

Judging Periods

January 16 through July 15
July 16 through January 15

Prizes

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

Judging

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

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

From a letter re Bookkaholic

Hannah Sheldon-Dean, Editor
hannah@bookkaholic.com

The online magazine *Bookkaholic* is on the lookout for sharp new contributors to help us cover every aspect of the wide world of books and reading. In particular, we're eager to spotlight up-and-coming writers, so if you're a passionate reader and love working with words, you could be just what we're looking for.

We're dedicated to providing online readers with thoughtful, interesting, and humorous content about books, book trends, the book industry, and reading in general. We also publish honest and unbiased book reviews, and we're especially interested in reviews of books published by independent publishing houses or those that are self-published. Please have a look through our website bookkaholic.com.

Directory of experts

Do you have specialized knowledge that might help a writer bring authentic detail to a scene? Send a message to newsletter@southbaywriters.com and we will add your listing to our directory of experts.

Astronomy, History of Astronomy

Bob Garfinkle ragarf@earthlink.net

Banking

Pam Oliver-Lyons polpap@prodigy.net

Counseling/John Steinbeck

Dr. Audry L. Lynch

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Engineering: Mechanical, Aerospace

Jerry Mulenburg

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Growing Great Characters from the Ground Up

Martha Engber martha@engber.com

Internal Medicine/Addiction

Disorder/Psychology

Dave Breithaupt dlbmlb@comcast.net

Marketing and Management

Suzy Paluzzi, MBA jomarch06@yahoo.com

Mathematics/Fibonacci Sequence

Marjorie Johnson marjohnson@mac.com

Teaching and the Arts

Betty Auchard Btauchard@aol.com

Telecommunications Technology

Allan Cobb allancobb@computer.org

Television Production

Woody Horn 408-266-7040

ROOM LEFT FOR YOUR LISTING

CWC around the bay

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

Berkeley: 1:30 third Sundays, Oakland Public Library Main Branch. cwc-berkeley.com

Central Coast: 5:30 third Tuesdays, Bay Park Hotel, 1425 Munras Avenue, Monterey. centralcoastwriters.org

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

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

Mount Diablo: 11:30 second Saturdays, Hungry Hunter, 3201 Mount Diablo Boulevard, Lafayette. mtdiablowriters.org

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

Redwood: 3:00 first Sundays at Copperfield's Books, 2316 Montgomery Dr., Santa Rosa. redwoodwriters.org

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

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

Tri-Valley: 11:30 third Saturdays, Oasis Grille, 780 Main, Pleasanton. trivalleywriters.com

Ongoing critique groups

Our Voices

Meets at Coco's on Hamilton in Campbell every other Sunday 11 am. Genres: Fiction, non-technical nonfiction, memoir. Contact: Dave LaRoche — dalaroche@comcast.net

Valley Writers

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

Emperor's Mystery Circle

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

Karen's Critique Group

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

Your Critique Group

For consideration, send information to newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Conferences

Upcoming—THE BIG ONE
San Francisco Writers Conference, Mark Hopkins Hotel
February 13 – 16, 2014, sfwriters.org

Workshops

Big Sur Writing Workshops
December 6-8, 2013



Ongoing writing and reading groups

Writing Group: A Chapter at a Time

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

Reading/Book Group: Several people have expressed an interest verbally. Needs a member of SBW to take charge.

Want more?

Listings for contests, conferences and workshops commonly appear in *Writers Digest* and *The Writer*. Check their websites and also the websites of other CWC Branches listed above. Please send contest/conference/workshop information to newsletter@southbaywriters.com

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
October		1 7:30p SBW Board meeting	2	3	4 7:30p Open mic B&N Almaden, San Jose	5
		6	7	8	9 6:00p Dinner Meeting and LITERARY C O S T U M E CONTEST	10
11	12	13	14 Deadline <i>WritersTalk</i>	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31 Bo-o-o!
2013						
Future Flashes						
November 5 SBW Board Meeting	November 13 Reg. Dinner Meeting	Coming December 8 Jordan Rosenfeld Workshop on Scenes				

South Bay Writers open mic

Read from your own work, from your favorite authors, or just come to listen. See calendar for schedule.

Note third Friday location: Willow Glen Library, 1157 Minnesota Ave, San Jose

Contact Bill Baldwin (408) 730-9622 or email WABaldwin@aol.com

Your ad could go here

\$7 per column inch for SBW members

\$10 per inch for nonmembers



New and oh, so cool

South Bay Writers mugs with CWC logo. See them at the next meeting



SBW mugs: Only \$10 each

CWC bags: Only \$10 each



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

South Bay Writers Anthology



\$10

At the meeting or on amazon.com

Poetry readings

Poets@Play

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

Poetry Center San Jose

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

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



Stay informed

Read the Constant Contact notices in your email to receive meeting and event announcements. If you are not receiving those announcements, send your name and email address to webmaster@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
October Regular Monthly Meeting
6 p.m. Wednesday, October 9**

Harry's Hofbrau
390 Saratoga Avenue, San Jose

**Victoria M. Johnson
Crafting Voice
and Theme**

WritersTalk deadline is always
the 15th of the month.

Regular dinner meetings are
second Wednesdays 6 – 9 pm



Harry's Hofbrau

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