



INK SPOTS



*The Newsletter of the Fremont Area Writers, A part of the California
Writer's Club*

Myrla Raymundo, MBA, Editor

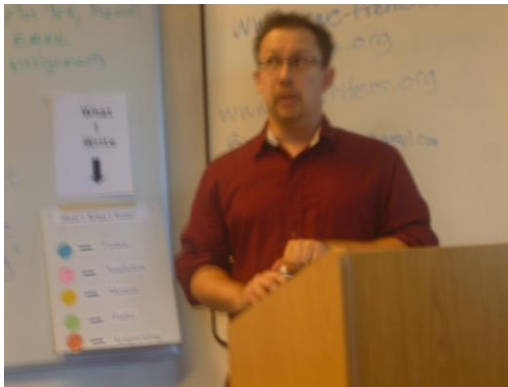
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MISSION STATEMENT: For the purpose of providing a forum for educating both members and the public in the craft of writing and in marketing their works. This is served by the monthly public meetings, workshops, and seminars, which are open to all writers and the general public, and are conducted for the purpose of educating writers of all levels of expertise.

**GENERAL MEMBERSHIP
MEETING
NOVEMBER 22, 2014
DE VRY UNIVERSITY**



Guest Speaker Jason S. Ridler presented "There's No One Best Way to Become a Writer."

The attendees:



Next FAW General Membership Meeting is January 24, 2015.

Our Guest Speaker is Bonnie West on "How To Write About Aging."

Some member news

Tish Davidson will read from her work in progress, *The Poodle Wore Blood*, at the Monkey House arts space in San Francisco on December 10.

The following information provided by writersweekly.com may be of interest to members considering self-publishing. Note that the newsletter that provided this information has a business association with Book locker.

How Many Book Sales Needed to Recoup Your Investment?

BookLocker - 121 COPIES (setup fees: \$675)
CreateSpace - 289 COPIES (setup fees: \$1,486)
Lulu - 367 COPIES (setup fees: \$1,536)
AuthorHouse - 424 COPIES (setup fees: \$1,993)
Trafford - 428 COPIES (setup fees: \$1,424)
iUniverse - 401-472 COPIES (setup fees: \$1,599)
Xlibris - 477 COPIES (setup fees: \$2,621)

Fees are based on the least expensive package offered by each publisher on similar packages targeting U.S. authors. Fees include print publication within 6 weeks (interior setup, original cover design, up to 25 interior photos/graphics, an ISBN, barcode, print proof, a listing on the publisher's website, fulfillment, distribution by Ingram, the world's largest book distributor (which includes a listing on Amazon.com, BarnesandNoble.com, etc.) and basic

TID BITS FROM NANCY

CARTEMAN

Tips and Tricks



Vary Your Verbs

To energize your writing, use a variety of vivid action verbs.

Powerful verbs can provide realistic visuals and evoke feelings in your readers. They can appeal to the reader's senses of sight, sound, touch or smell.

- Replace most of your passive verbs with active verbs. When is it better to use passive verbs? When the story calls for a change of pace: for example, to slow down the action, reduce tension, or stretch the narrative.
- Verbs ending in –ing weaken the impact of your verbs.
- Use one concise verb rather than a verb phrase.
 - Instead of *He did not remember to take his list*. Say *He forgot his list*.
 - She did not pass the paper screening*. Say: *She failed the paper screening*.
- Replace simple verbs with picturesque verbs:
 - Characters can saunter, stride, strut or swagger*.

-Water can *gush, gurgle, spurt or squirt*
-Antagonists can *scoff, sneer, jeer or taunt*

• Invent interesting verbs from other word forms.

Here's a list Fremont Area Writers generated:

-He finally stopped dogging me. CJ
-I was pigeonholed as an ethnic writer. Samuel Rodriguez
-I was recostumed as upper class. Samuel Rodriguez

-She was saddled down with worry over nothing. JMS
-She Kardashianed her Facebook profile if you know what I mean.

-She had witched me too long; it wasn't even Halloween. Tony Pino

-My cousin is parenting well although his kids are not always childing as well. Dave Strom

-He grew taller and taller until he skyscrapered over the puny humans. Dave Strom

-She partied all night long. Pat Van den Heuvel

-He needled her with his comments. Pat Van den Heuvel

-She weaseled the answer from him. Pat Van den Heuvel

-He knew she would not finger him for the theft.

-He hammered the nail into the coffin.

-He kneed her in the groin.

-He elbowed his way along the bar.

-He facebooked his idea to get maximum feedback.

-The boys horsed around on the jungle gym. Terry Connelly

-Every time he spoke, she parroted his words. Jan

-She did a "Sarah" when she took matters into her own hands. Jan

-The "turkey" trotted across the room to get her prize. Jan

-Floating in his mind like a fantasy, she entered the classroom. Bruce Haase

-The cowboy opined, conjectured, thought, ruminated.

-The chorus caroled their Christmas hymns through the snow-covered streets bringing warmth for every listener.

-“Digger barge” squatted across a tributary of the slough. HV

-The Martian phasored the Klingon's attack ship from 600 kilometers away with his long range battle ray. AJH

-She tumbled down the hill alone without jack or her pail of water. AJH

-He burnt the grilled cheese sandwich inadvertently not paying attention to the time or the burner. AH



Thanks Nancy.

NEWS, NEWS, NEWS

From Agnes Chiqui Kirkhart, FAW NorCal Rep



November 1, 2014 was the CWC NORCAL quarterly meeting held at the Bellevue Club in Oakland California. First on the agenda was the turning over of the CWC banner from Sacramento to Fremont in time for the Black Friday book sale. Joyce Krieg will be stepping down as chair for the SF Writer's Conference well as other events held by the CWC. A new representative is needed to chair next year's NORCAL around the month of June. We also discussed recommendations on how to improve the CWC's presence in the 2015 SF Writer's Conference as well as coordinating the volunteers for the event. A few minutes were devoted to discussions on helping members publicize their books either through social media like Amazon reviews or Facebook. Each branch presented guest speaker recommendations and their evaluations in a form of either a questionnaire or a write-up. We went over each branch's policies as to paying workshop presenters. It was a great experience being a representative in NorCal.



Hi, Myrla,

I hope you and everyone at FAW is doing well. I miss being there but Missouri is fine, too.

In August I started hosting my own talk show on Google+ Hangouts On Air (HOA), ***CHANGES***, which occur almost weekly on Wednesdays, 7 - 8 AM PST, LIVE. Anyone can watch the shows then or later on YouTube (see below) and anyone with a SKYPE set-up and a reliable internet connection could be a guest. Here is a post you could use, or edit how you want, with an attached logo. Thanks!

Watch conversations with authors on ***CHANGES*** Episodes on YouTube and live almost every Wednesday, 7 - 8 AM PST USA, with host, author Sally Ember, Ed.D., former FAW member. Sci-fi, fantasy, horror, speculative fiction, philosophy, feminism, Buddhism, meditation, writing, publishing, gender and sexual orientation identities and characters: the conversation goes wherever we want!
https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PLPbfKicwk4dFdeVSAY1tfhtjaEY_clmfq brings you the archives.

Learn more about and get yourself or recommend someone to be scheduled as a guest: ***CHANGES*** G+ HOA by visiting: <http://sallyember.com/changes-videocasts-by-sally-ember-ed-d/> Openings in February and beyond are filling fast!

Say "hello" to everyone for me and I hope the Thanksgiving signings go well.

Take care,
Sally

Sally Ember, Ed.D.
<http://www.sallyember.com>
nonprofit manager/educator
author, *The Spanners Series*

Community Involvement is a great way to improve the community and help out our fellow citizens. There are myriad of activities for this kind of volunteer work. The idea is to devote resources to seed ideas, to foster development initiative and support and play our part to ensure the long-term vitality of our community. As part of our Community Involvement:

Fremont Area Writers Club visits Local Board and Care Homes, Assisted Living Facilities; Disabled groups and we read our writings to them.

We hold OPEN MICS.

We visit hospitals and read our writings to the patients.

We visit colleges and we tell them about our work as writers to entice them to be future writers.

We hold Children and Teens Writing Contest.

Please be a part of this very important community involvement.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE



Shirley Scott-Ferrante

Thanks to all the FAW MEMBERS WHO ATTENDED THE Holiday Pot Luck and contributed to its success. The food was sumptuous and the gift exchange was fun. If you reached home and found your gift missing, I have it and will take it to the January meeting.

I wish everyone a Happy Holiday Season. May 2015 be a year of publishing successes for all our FAW members.

FAW Christmas Party at the house of President Shirley Scott-Ferrante



WRITERS AND POETS OPEN MIC



Tony Pino, the Open Mic Chairperson, leads the group. Open Mic is held monthly at Suju’s Coffee Meeting Room, 3602 Thornton Ave., Fremont. Writers attend and read their articles and books to the audience.

Next meeting: January Monday
7 pm – 9pm.
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Nancy Curteman—Hospitality & Telephone Outreach



Art Carey-Public Relations

BOOK EXCHANGE



Bruce Haase takes care of our Book Exchange. He urges everyone to bring books to our regular meetings.



Facebook Coordinator

Shirley Scott Ferrante is the Chairperson of the Authors Book Table. It is a free service of the Fremont Area Writers. Two long tables are set up at each regular meeting, enough space for eight separate titles.



Agnes Chiqui Kirkhart
Central Board Representative

InkSpots Newsletter

FROM THE EDITOR



Myrla Raymundo welcomes you to our December 2014 issue of the Ink Spots. It contains the latest FAW news and tidbits, poems, prose, essays and articles written by our members.

Ink Spots is issued monthly and is distributed to FAW members at the club general meeting every month. It is also emailed to those with email addresses.

Ink Spots welcomes you to write articles and submit them to this Editor at raymundomyrla@gmail.com.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Myrla Raymundo, MBA – Editor
Joyce Hornblower – Assistant Editor

We are all writers and we can contribute to our Newsletter. Send your articles complete with photos via WORD attachment to this Editor Myrla Raymundo or to our Assistant Editor Joyce Hornblower.

I also announced a column “Member Spotlight” last two or three meetings. I haven’t received anything from the members.

We send our Newsletter to the different clubs and we want them to see how we are doing and what we are writing about.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

We welcome the New Year 2015. Now, still in the scanty cloth, we want to take care of it, nurture it and make the best of it.

Plans are underway to make 2015 the best ever. There will definitely be plenty of activities in our lives. We will gather our families to nice and sumptuous New Year’s Eve Dinners. Some of us will go to a New Year’s Eve Party and dance the night away until the sound of midnight, when we join the others in singing the joys of the holiday season.

For 2015, here’s hope that our lives may be merry and bright and full of gaiety and happiness.

**FREMONT AREA WRITERS
OFFICERS**



President– **Shirley Scott-Ferrante**



Vice President – **Erika Anderson-
Bolden**



Secretary – **Joyce Cortez**



Treasurer – **Cherilyn Jose**



Robert (Bob) Garfinkle –
Past President, California Writers Club

**FREMONT AREA WRITERS
CHAIRPERSONS**

- Carol Hall** – Facebook Coordinator
Shirley Scott-Ferrante - Authors Table
Nancy Curteman – Hospitality
& Telephone Outreach
Agnes Kirkhart – Central Board
Representative
Tony Pino – Open MIC
Art Carey – Public Relations
Bruce Haase – Book Exchange
Myrla Raymundo - Editor
Joyce Hornblower – Assistant Editor

CALENDAR

BOARD MEETING – Fourth Saturday of the month 1:00 pm - 2:00 pm – DeVry University, Fremont.
OPEN MIC – Fourth Monday of the month 7:00 pm – 9:00 pm.
FREMONT AREA WRITERS REGULAR MEMBERSHIP MEETING – Fourth Saturday of the month, 2:00 pm -4:00 pm, DeVry University, Fremont

FAW WRITERS CORNER

The Routine – by Bruce Haase



The man always carried a few neatly folded [wax paper bags](#) in his shirt pocket, over his [heart](#). During the day he would find some food scraps or treats for his bags.

Walking home from the bus, it was not too far out of his way to the four trees overlooking the lake; his friends, the squirrels, would scamper down and [stand](#) at his feet, chattering, with their little hands held up. Not yet for their treats, for they would all shake hands with him first. He fed them by name and seniority, then after [watching](#) them haul off their daily booty, he would walk home with a soft whistle and a smile.

On many days the neighborhood [dogs](#) would [watch](#) this routine, they never chased the squirrels from those trees, the dogs seemed to recognize that those little rodents were special.

The man would check his almost always empty mailbox, [unlock](#) the [door](#) to his tiny cottage and turn on the [hot plate](#) for the tea kettle. While the water heated for his daily Irish Coffee, he would fold the bags for his pocket in the morning. He rarely even glanced at the chair across the [table](#) that had sat barren for almost a decade now...

The Collinwood Ghosts by Bruce Haase

We called them "The Ghosts", us neighborhood kids [knew](#) they weren't really ghosts, we just didn't know what to do around them. The few times a year when we would see them, there would be two couples, two old men, two old ladies, not talking, only walking. Going to or from the Collinwood School Memorial, where in 1908 one hundred and seventy-two children and three adults died in the smoke and fire. Now it was 1954 and the ghosts must have been in their mid-seventies.

They were dressed in black, even their hats and gloves. Except one lady, oh, she wore black, but no hat, and white gloves and a white corsage. We called her White Gloves and she walked slightly ahead, strong and straight with her head tilted back a little, chin thrust forward. She was daring whatever the [future](#) held, it could not break her. The word was that these couples had lost all of their children in that tragedy.

One Saturday morning at Humphrey Field two little league [games](#) were ready to begin when someone called out, "The Ghosts" were coming. We all lined up and stood with our heads bowed and our caps off. As they passed by, White Gloves stopped and [turned](#) to us, with a smile and a wave, she called out, "[Play](#) Ball, [Boys](#), Play Ball".

Some of us didn't call them ghosts anymore and even walked with them to the Memorial Lily-Pond. They would tell us about the children.

Mashed Potatoes - by Joyce Hornblower

Potatoes are a big deal in the Douglas family, especially their dad's mashed potatoes. He always peels one for each person and another one for the pot. Idaho russets are his favorites. They are huge, as big as a man's hand. The potatoes are cut into large pieces and boiled in heavily salted water. Their dad drains the potatoes, adds real butter and whole milk, and mashes the lot. The he salts them again, using a heavy hand.

In her apartment one town over, daughter Abbie Douglas tries to be weight and health conscious. Her refrigerator contains margarine and fat-free milk. She buys salt in little tiny shakers. Occasionally she mashes up small red or yellow boiled potatoes, but they don't taste anything like her dad's. His potatoes are full of flavor. Abbie's are not.

So, whenever she visits home, Abbie's dad always cooks up a huge bowl of his signature dish, putting two extra potatoes into the pot instead of one. Abbie tries to be considerate and lets everyone else dig in first. But, it has become a family joke that when she is at the table the bowl is passed away from her and everyone helps themselves before passing the bowl to her. Abbie puts whatever is left onto her plate, gleefully saying "The rest is for me."

Last Sunday Abbie arrived a little late for dinner. To everyone's surprise her little niece shouted out "Quick, pass the potatoes. Aunt Abbie is here."

I don't think she will ever live it down.

Big Bobby's Dog – by Joyce Hornblower

Big Bobby was a giant, six feet five inches tall with hands the size of softball gloves. For his [whole life](#), Big Bobby had yearned for a dog. He didn't want a nambsy pamsy dog like a poodle or cocker spaniel. A Saint Bernard or a Husky was more to his liking. He wanted a dog that barked, not some little ankle biter that could only yip.

Big Bobby was 22 years old when he got his first pooch. He was strolling down the street one day when the whimper of a puppy caught his ear. It was a little gray spit of a thing, all eyes and tail, with a prominent set of ribs showing under its filthy fur. Big Bobby picked it up, tucked it inside his jacket and carried it home. He made a bed for the pup out of a small cardboard box and fed him a bowl of milk. \$250 in vet bills later, Big Bobby figured the dog was his.

"Harry" accompanied his new master everywhere. Big Bobby liked to take him for strolls down Main Street. They were quite a sight because "Harry" never did grow much. Big Bobby's new best [friend](#) [turned](#) out to be an eight pound [miniature schnauzer](#) that had the [heart](#) of a lion but never outgrew that jacket.

A CONTRIBUTION FROM KEN WEISS.

This will make everybody laugh.

A.A.A.D.D.- KNOW THE SYMPTOMS!

Thank goodness there's a name for this disorder.

Age-Activated Attention Deficit Disorder.

This is how it manifests:

I decide to water my garden.

As I turn on the hose in the driveway,
I look over at my car and decide it needs washing.

As I start toward the garage,
I notice mail on the porch table that
I brought up from the mail box earlier.

I decide to go through the mail before I wash the car.

I lay my car keys on the table,
Put the junk mail in the garbage can under the table,
And notice that the can is full.

So, I decide to put the bills back
On the table and take out the garbage first...

But then I think,
Since I'm going to be near the mailbox
When I take out the garbage anyway,
I may as well pay the bills first.

I take my check book off the table,
And see that there is only one check left.
My extra checks are in my desk in the study,
So I go inside the house to my desk where
I find the can of Pepsi I'd been drinking.

I'm going to look for my checks,
But first I need to push the Pepsi aside
So that I don't accidentally knock it over.

The Pepsi is getting warm,
And I decide to put it in the refrigerator to keep it cold.

As I head toward the kitchen with the Pepsi,
A vase of flowers on the counter
Catches my eye--they need water.

**I put the Pepsi on the counter and
Discover my reading glasses that
I've been searching for all morning.
I decide I better put them back on my desk,
But first I'm going to water the flowers.**

I set the glasses back down on the counter ,
Fill a container with water and suddenly spot the TV remote.
Someone left it on the kitchen table.

I realize that tonight when we go to watch TV,
I'll be looking for the remote,
But I won't remember that it's on the kitchen table,
So I decide to put it back in the den where it belongs,
But first I'll water the flowers.

I pour some water in the flowers,
But quite a bit of it spills on the floor.

So, I set the remote back on the table,
Get some towels and wipe up the spill.

Then, I head down the hall trying to
Remember what I was planning to do.

**At the end of the day: _
The car isn't washed,
The bills aren't paid,
There is a warm can of
Pepsi sitting on the counter,
The flowers don't have enough water,
There is still only 1 check in my check book,
I can't find the remote,
I can't find my glasses,
And I don't remember what I did with the car keys.
Then, when I try to figure out why nothing got done today,
I'm really baffled because I know I was busy all day,
And I'm really tired.**

I realize this is a serious problem,
And I'll try to get some help for it, but first I'll check my e-mail....

Do me a favor.
Forward this message to everyone you know,
Because I don't remember who I've sent it to.

Don't laugh -- if this isn't you yet, your day is coming!
P.S. I don't remember who sent it to me, so if it was you, I'm sorry

HOW TO ADVERTISE YOUR BOOK

By Doris Nikolaidis

This is a true story. To protect the author (me) from assault or worse, the names and places have been changed.

A week ago, I was at the gym, huffing and puffing during my daily workout. One lady — I'll call her Jane— walked up to me. "Doris," she said. "Remember, I bought your book 'Don't Eat The Flowers' last year. I loved that book and would like to buy two more copies to give away as Christmas gifts this year. Is your book still being sold on Amazon?"

"Jane, I just did a book-signing at the Fremont library two months ago, and have a few books left. The box is still in the trunk of my car. You can buy the books directly from me if you like."

"Great," Jane said. "I'll get two more books." I walked out of the gym and returned a couple of minutes later with the books.

Two more ladies — I'll call them Mary and Bess — walked over. "You wrote a book?" they asked. "We would like to buy a copy too if you still have some available."

"Sure," I said. "Let me go get them." I brought two more books and Mary and Bess paid me for the books. I was happy having sold four more books, and Mary and Bess looked happy too.

Two days later, when I was huffing and puffing away again at the gym, Mary came up to me and whispered, "Doris, I would like to talk to you in private about your book. There is one story I really did not like."

"Listen," I said. "Authors have to develop a thick skin. I do not mind criticism. It'll make me a better writer when I write my next book. So please, just say it in front of everyone."

"Well, ok," Mary sighed. "You know the story in your book about how you lost your virginity? I found that story really offensive."

I was taken aback; I did not expect this. But before I could answer, Jane walked over to Mary and said, "You've got to be kidding! That is such a funny story, everyone who reads it absolutely loves it!"

This story is actually a story about a very naive young girl (me) who, at age 17, thought that she had lost her virginity with her first kiss.

"Well, we have so much immorality in this country already," Mary said. "Our children are becoming morally contaminated and I don't think a book like this that contains a story about how someone lost their virginity, should ever be in a library or be available to young children or teenagers."

Jane was fuming. "Have you even read the story?" she asked.

"Yes, I read all the stories in the book," Mary answered. "I liked all of them but this one I found very offensive."

"I didn't do it, I didn't do it," I chimed in. "It really did not go further than a kiss. I swear."

"That's not the point," Mary answered. "You are mentioning virginity in this story and that is a sexual connotation."

Jane walked up to Mary and planted herself in front of her, arms akimbo. "Where have you been hiding! Do you realize that 60% of children in this country are born out of wedlock? Teenagers nowadays can teach us a thing or two."

"That is one more reason not to encourage this behavior and write about virginity in a book that young people have access to," Mary huffed.

"I really didn't do it," I interjected again.

"Well," Mary said, her voice quivering with indignation. "That's not the point. I do not want to have a book like that in my bookcase. I would like to return the book and get my money back."

I was speechless but Jane took up the banner again. "You are ridiculous," she said. "If you buy a newspaper and don't like one of the stories in the paper, do you think they will give you your money back?"

"That is different," Mary huffed. I can throw the newspaper in the garbage but if I throw the book in the garbage, someone might find it and keep it."

"And so another homeless person will be contaminated and have wet dreams on the pavement in front of our youth. Is this your point?" Jane chuckled.

"You are disgusting," Mary replied.

The receptionist at the gym, a 19 year old young girl, walked over to us.

"I did not know you are an author, Doris," she said. "That's really exciting. I would like to buy your book too."

"See what you did," Mary uttered. "This girl is only 19 years old and she now wants to read that offensive story in your book."

"Yeah, but I am not a virgin, so it does not bother me to read the story," the girl replied.

Mary visibly paled. "You see what you did," she screamed.

I decided it was time to keep the peace. "Mary, just bring the book back tomorrow and I'll give you your money back," I said. "I don't want you to have the book if it offends you."

"Thank you," Mary huffed. She grabbed her purse and walked out of the gym.

"Do you have any more books in the car," the receptionist asked. "I would really like to buy one."

"I'll tell you what," I said. "Tomorrow, when Mary brings the book back and I'll give her the money back, I'll walk over and give the book to you. You don't have to pay me for it. Just hold on to it tightly, before Mary wrestles it out of your hands."

The receptionist smiled. "Will do," she said.

A couple of other ladies at the gym came over and asked where they could buy the book. I told them that it was available at Amazon. They said they would go on-line and buy it tonight.

Yep, I am definitely going to hell for contaminating the youth of America. But, hey, I sold a lot of books today.

Myrla Raymundo, MBA
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