



# INK SPOTS



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

**Myrla Raymundo, MBA, Writer/Editor**

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**Visit us at <http://cwc-fremontareawriters.org>**

**VOL 42, April 2015**

**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

## FAW'S REGULAR MARCH 28, 2015 MEETING

"I Can't Believe It – I Wrote a Book." Everyone has a story to tell. But too many people can't see past the obstacles in telling it. That's the belief of **Donna Marie Ferro**, who was the guest speaker at the FAW March meeting.



### The Attendees



Shirley Ferrante, FAW President, opened the regular FAW Meeting.





## Fremont Area Writers

Writers Helping Writers



### How to Build "The Whole Package"



Have you got it all together?

No, not your day-to-day life—your writing.

If not, help is on the way. At the next meeting of Fremont Area Writers on Saturday, April 25, author Julia Park Tracey will discuss how to build "The Whole Package."

The "Whole Package" is a writing platform designed to create and maintain an Internet presence to establish authority, build a brand, and generate publicity. Tools include a website, blog, social media contacts, and a professional photo.

Tracey is the author of a contemporary novel, "Veronika Layne Gets the Scoop," that draws upon her experience as a journalist. She was the founding editor, and later publisher, at The Alameda Sun Newspaper. She has a B.A. degree in journalism from San Francisco State University and a M.A. degree in English/Creative Writing from Cal State East Bay.

Her column and blog, Modern Muse ([modernmuse.blogspot.com](http://modernmuse.blogspot.com)) have won awards.

A self-described ecofreak, cat lady, and mother of five, she also has written "I've Got Some Lovin' to Do: The Diaries of a Roaring Twenties Teen," as well as "Tongues of Angels," and a collection of poetry.

**Julia Park Tracey**  
**"The Whole Package"**  
**Saturday, April 25, 2-4 p.m.**  
**DeVry University**  
**6600 Dumbarton Circle**  
**Fremont, CA**

Fremont Area Writers is a branch of the 1,800-member California Writers Club.

**Shirley Ferrante, President**  
510-791-8639  
[cwc-fremontareawriters.org](http://cwc-fremontareawriters.org)

### Writers and Poets Open Mic!

**When: 7:00-9:00 p.m.**  
**Monday, April 27**

**Where:**

**Suju's Coffee**  
**3602 Thornton Ave.**  
**Fremont**

# California Writers Club Annual Picnic



Please bring a side dish with extras to go around and your own liquid refreshments, but no hard liquor. Sodas, water, beer, and wine are okay.

If you'd like to participate in the Litcake Contest, decorate a cake, cookies, etc. with a literary theme.

Feel free to bring a short piece to read aloud at Open Mic.

The picnic is open to all CWC members and their guests.

## Highlights

- Icebreaker Game
- Picnic Lunch
- Open Mic
- Litcake Contest
- Networking with Fellow Writers

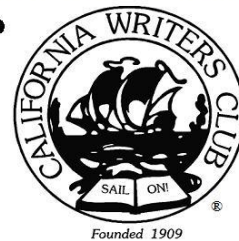
## Joaquin Miller Park, Oakland, 94602

Fire Circle Picnic Area close to Joaquin Miller Road next to the Tot Lot near the Cascades Fountains

Contact person: Nancy Curteman 510-657-0608

Time: 1:00-4:00 p.m.

Date: Saturday, July 25, 2015



# President's Message



I wish everyone a Happy Spring.

Thank you Jay Swartz, Pat Van den Heuvel and Liz Breshears for accepting the volunteer positions of Nor Cal Representative, Telephone Outreach Coordinator and Community Outreach Coordinator respectively. Your generosity of spirit is appreciated.

I spoke with one of our members who attended the April 4<sup>th</sup> Martha Engber's Grow Your Great Character and Plot Workshop. She shared the workshop was informative and fun. Martha facilitated an interactive discussion prompting participants to create a pseudo character and plot. Thank you Erika for the work you did to organize this workshop for our FAW members.

FAW Members your club has 2 open volunteer positions.

## 1. MEMBERSHIP CHAIRMAN

### A. Duties:

- a. Maintain the club membership roster
- b. Collect dues, enter paid into the roster then give money to the Treasurer to deposit
- c. Add new members to the MRMS data base
- d. Promote the club

### B. Perks:

- a. Training by Past President and club Founder Bob Garfinkle

## 2. CENTRAL BOARD REPRESENTATIVE

The FAW Representative acts as a liaison between the Central Board and FAW.

### A. Duties:

- a. Attend 2 meetings a year
- b. Report information from 2 Central Board meetings to the FAW Board
- c. Report email updates received from the Central Board to the FAW Board

### B. Perks:

- a. Free lunch and cookie breaks at the 2 meetings

If you have questions or an interest in one of these volunteer positions please contact me at [shirleyrscott@yahoo.com](mailto:shirleyrscott@yahoo.com) or Nancy Curteman, our Volunteer Coordinator, at [curtemannancy@gmail.com](mailto:curtemannancy@gmail.com)

**Shirley Ferrante, President**



## 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.



**Nancy Curteman**—Hospitality



**Art Carey**-Public Relations

## BOOK EXCHANGE



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



**Carol Hall** – FAW Facebook Coordinator

**Shirley 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**  
NorCal Representative

## FROM THE EDITOR

### InkSpots Newsletter



**Myrla Raymundo** welcomes you to our April 2015 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](mailto:raymundomyrla@gmail.com).

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#### EDITORIAL STAFF

**Myrla Raymundo, MBA –  
Writer/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.

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Myrla busy on the computer.

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## **FREMONT AREA WRITERS OFFICERS**



President– **Shirley 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** – FAW Facebook  
Coordinator

**Shirley-Ferrante** - Authors Table

**Nancy Curteman** – Hospitality

**Agnes Kirkhart** – Nor-Cal  
Representative

**Tony Pino** – Open MIC

**Art Carey** – Public Relations

**Bruce Haase** – Book Exchange

**Myrla Raymundo** – Writer/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

# FAWS WRITERS CORNER

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You think English is easy??

By Doris Nikolaidis

I think a retired English teacher was bored...THIS IS GREAT!

- 1) The bandage was wound around the wound.
- 2) The farm was used to produce produce.
- 3) The dump was so full that it had to refuse more refuse.
- 4) We must polish the Polish furniture.
- 5) He could lead if he would get the lead out.
- 6) The soldier decided to desert his dessert in the desert.
- 7) Since there is no time like the present, he thought it was time to present the present.
- 8) A bass was painted on the head of the bass drum.
- 9) When shot at, the dove dove into the bushes.
- 10) I did not object to the object.
- 11) The insurance was invalid for the invalid.
- 12) There was a row among the oarsmen about how to row.
- 13) They were too close to the door to close it.
- 14) The buck does funny things when the does are present.
- 15) A seamstress and a sewer fell down into a sewer line.
- 16) To help with planting, the farmer taught his sow to sow.
- 17) The wind was too strong to wind the sail.
- 18) Upon seeing the tear in the painting I shed a tear.



19) I had to subject the subject to a series of tests.

20) How can I intimate this to my most intimate friend?

Let's face it - English is a crazy language. There is no egg in eggplant, nor ham in hamburger; neither apple nor pine in pineapple. English muffins weren't invented in England or French fries in France. Sweetmeats are candies while sweetbreads, which aren't sweet, are meat. We take English for granted. But if we explore its paradoxes, we find that quicksand can work slowly, boxing rings are square and a guinea pig is neither from Guinea nor is it a pig.

And why is it that writers write but fingers don't fing, grocers don't groce and hammers don't ham? If the plural of tooth is teeth, why isn't the plural of booth, beeth? One goose, 2 geese. So one moose, 2 meese? One index, 2 indices? Doesn't it seem crazy that you can make amends but not one amend? If you have a bunch of odds and ends and get rid of all but one of them, what do you call it?

If teachers taught, why didn't preachers praught? If a vegetarian eats vegetables, what does a humanitarian eat? Sometimes I think all the English speakers should be committed to an asylum for the verbally insane. In what language do people recite at a play and play at a recital? Ship by truck and send cargo by ship? Have noses that run and feet that smell?

How can a slim chance and a fat chance be the same, while a wise man and a wise guy are opposites? You have to marvel at the unique lunacy of a language in which your house can burn up as it burns down, in which you fill in a form by filling it out and in which, an alarm goes off by going on.

English was invented by people, not computers, and it reflects the creativity of the human race, which, of course, is not a race at all. That is why, when the stars are out, they are visible, but when the lights are out, they are invisible.

PS. - Why doesn't 'Buick' rhyme with 'quick' ?

**You lovers of the English language might enjoy this.** There is a two-letter word that perhaps has more meanings than any other two-letter word, and that is 'UP.'

**It's easy to understand UP**, meaning toward the sky or at the top of the list, but when we awaken in the morning, why do we wake UP?

At a meeting, why does a topic come UP?

Why do we speak UP and why are the officers UP for election and why is it UP to the secretary to write UP a report?

We call UP our friends.

And we use it to brighten UP a room, polish UP the silver; we warm UP the leftovers and clean UP the kitchen.

We lock UP the house and some guys fix UP the old car.

At other times the little word has real special meaning.

People stir UP trouble, line UP for tickets, work UP an appetite, and think UP excuses.

To be dressed is one thing, but to be dressed UP is special. A drain must be opened UP because it is stopped UP. We open UP a store in the morning but we close it UP at night.

**We seem to be pretty mixed UP about UP!** To be knowledgeable about the proper uses of UP, look the word UP in the dictionary. In a desk-sized dictionary, it takes UP almost 1/4th of the page and can

add UP to about thirty definitions.

If you are UP to it, you might try building UP a list of the many ways UP is used.

It will take UP a lot of your time, but if you don't give UP, you may wind UP with a hundred or more

When it threatens to rain, we say it is clouding UP. When the sun comes out we say it is clearing UP.

When it rains, it wets the earth and often messes things UP. When it doesn't rain for awhile, things dry UP.

**One could go on and on, but I'll wrap it UP, for now my time is UP, so.....it is time to shut UP!**

Now it's UP to you what you do with this information.

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## **MY NAME IS COO**

**by Jan Salinas**

If I were a pigeon and were looking for a soft touch family, I would pick a home with kids. I would land, take a leisurely stroll along the driveway, and wait to be discovered. The kid would find me, he would beg his mom for a pet, and voila, I would be adopted.

"Papa, come quick. There is a bird outside. Can we keep it, please," the kid would beg. His grandpa would be a soft touch and give in much more readily than the kid's mom.

Papa would run outside, pleased to find this friendly visitor that had taken up residence in his yard. He probably had raised pigeons as a child.

"Of course," the grandpa would eagerly reply. "We'll get a cage set up in the back. Pigeons like berries. See if you can find some cranberries in the kitchen for birdie." It would seem like a done deal.

A cage was not in the plan. I have never been cooped up before; have been a free agent up until now. No, no, no cage for me! I am as pure as the white feathers on my back, and my freedom to strut as proud as a marching soldier is how I value freedom.

They would be thrilled with their new pet, claiming immediate ownership without even a hint of hesitation. Justin, the kid, would name me "Coo." Seems appropriate, don't you think?

One problem would be with Grandma and her phobia with birds. No one would think to ask her what she thought of the adoption. She hated flapping creatures. She knew how to make Pigeon Stew and already had her cookbook out with the page folded over.

I would be out of my cage more than in and saunter about to make sure Justin and Papa were amused.

If Papa would go on a trip, I would take little visits around the neighborhood. People would always welcome me into their garages and backyards and feed me all sorts of inappropriate food.

The family would get concerned when I strayed so they would post a "missing bird" sign. The mail lady would see it. She would be harboring me in her bathtub! Her explanation would be, "My

father recently passed away and when this white pigeon landed on my mail truck, I just knew it was a good luck message from my dad.”

Back home once again, I would enjoy the ride with Papa in his truck. I would sit on the dashboard. Sometimes Grandma drove Papa’s truck and I would almost lose my head when that happened. She would see me coming through the window, and frantically roll up the window.

When Grandma would walk Justin and his sister to elementary school which was around the corner from their house, I would follow close behind, hopping overhead from wire to wire.

“Marla, can you give me a ride home,” Grandma would ask a friend.

“What? You only live around the corner,” she would reply.

“I know, but there’s a bird following me, Grandma would explain.

“This I’ve got to see. Hop in,” the friend would motion.

They would drive the long route home which was around the block, as I would flutter behind the car. Across the street from Grandma’s house, I would park myself on the neighbor’s roof.

“See, I told you the bird was following me,” Grandma would reiterate to her friend.

Filled with curiosity at the neighbor’s shiny hubcaps as he gave them a polish, I would fly down, not able to resist a closer look at my regal reflection.

Grandma would gingerly get out of the car with my distraction and with caution, head across the street toward home. Now would be my chance to land on her shoulder or head. It would turn into a happy dance with my hip-hop step at her heels, then maybe a flight. She would take off into a run toward her front door.

“See what I mean,” Grandma would scream. “The bird is after me.”

By the time Grandma would enter through the front hallway, I would be at her heels, inside the house and finally ask her straight out, “What the, why don’t you like me?”

The neighbor would follow, holding his sides in laughter, as Grandma hyperventilated. “If only I had a video of that,” the neighbor would state with tears of delight.

That would be the last straw. “It’s either the bird or me,” Grandma would insist. Papa would know it was time to take action. He would drive me to Lake Elizabeth and kiss me goodbye with instructions to make new friends and establish a new home.

Before long, to their surprise I would go right back home. Isn’t that what a homing pigeon does? “Coo, coo.”

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