



# 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>*

*Webmaster – Linda Lee*

## **VOL 56, August 2016**

**MISSION STATEMENT:** Fremont Area Writers educates writers and the public by providing: a. Forums for educating members in the craft of writing and marketing their works and, b. Public meetings, workshops, and seminars open to all writers and the general public to facilitate educating writers of all levels of expertise.

## **Congratulations to the New FAW Officers**

The annual election of officers for Fremont Area Writers took place at the general meeting on Saturday, June 25<sup>th</sup>. The four elective officers of the club are president, vice president, secretary and treasurer.

Fremont Area Writers is proud to announce the newly elected officers:

**Presidents:** (A shared position this year)

Carol Hall

August, September, October

Shirley Ferrante

November, December, January, May, June

Bob Garfinkle

February, March, April

**Vice President:**

**Treasurer:**

**Secretary:**

Erika Anderson-Bolden

Cherilyn Jose

Joyce Cortez

Our club owes a vote of thanks to our new officers, especially since every one of them has held offices in the past, many for more than one term.

Without our dedicated volunteers Fremont Area Writers Club would not exist. Below is a list of our volunteer positions. As you can see there are three jobs for which we need volunteers. We encourage you to get involved in our club by offering to help.

Book Exchange

Bruce Hasse

Publicity

Knuti Van Hoven

Website Liaison

Art Carey

Newsletter Liaison

Art Carey

Signage

Art Carey

Membership

Andrew Halligan

Historian

Bob Garfinkle

Flyers

Carol Hall

Book Signings

Jan Small

Newsletter

Myrla Raymundo

Hospitality/Cookies

Nancy Curteman

Welcome New Members

Nancy Curteman

Volunteer Coordinator

Nancy Curteman

Hospitality

Nancy Curteman

Central Board Rep

Evelyn LaTorres

Open Mic

Tony Pino

Sound Equipment

Tony Pino

Community Outreach Liz Breshear

Facebook Coord/Admin

Carol Hall

Meetup

Carol Hall

Telephone Outreach Pat Van den Heuvel

**Currently Need Volunteers**

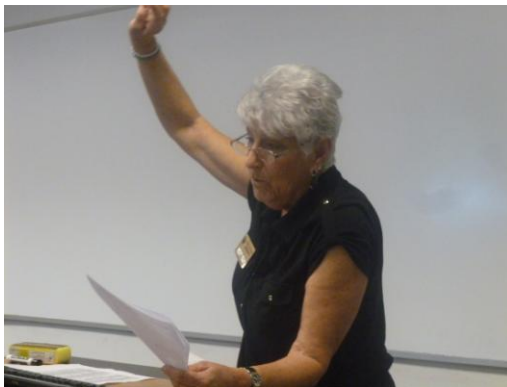
Community Outreach ½ yr.

NorCal Rep

Author's Table

## **GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING –June 25, 2016**

Nayomi Munaweera talked about the unusual path to publication and offered how other writers can be published





## Read ‘em and Leap!

Fremont Area Writers are gearing up for a book signing and sale from 1-4 p.m. on Saturday, Aug. 6, 2016 in the Fukaya Room of Fremont Main Library. About a dozen authors will participate. Some will read from their works, including children’s literature, nature, history, super heroes, and religion. The library is located at 2400 Stevenson Blvd., at Stevenson Boulevard and Paseo Padre Parkway.

From left are Jan Small, book sale coordinator; Nancy Curteman, JoAnn Frisch, Lita Harrison, Penelope Cole, David Strom, Laila El-Sissi, Chris Dews, Judy Taylor, and Michael O’Donnell.

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# Fremont Area Writers

The Centennial Branch  
"Writers Helping Writers"



## How to Weave Research into Your Novel



Okay, you've prowled the Internet and collected all the facts, statistics, and historical background for your soon-to-be best-selling novel. Now what?

Cara Black, author of 16 books in the New York Times Aimée Leduc series, knows what to do with it. She'll discuss "How to Weave Research into Your

Novel" on Saturday, Aug. 27, for Fremont Area Writers.

Black is such a prolific mystery and thriller writer that she has written a companion guide to help readers sort out the characters and plots in her books.

### Writers and Poets Open Mic!

**When:** 7:00-9:00 p.m.  
Monday, August 22nd

#### **Where:**

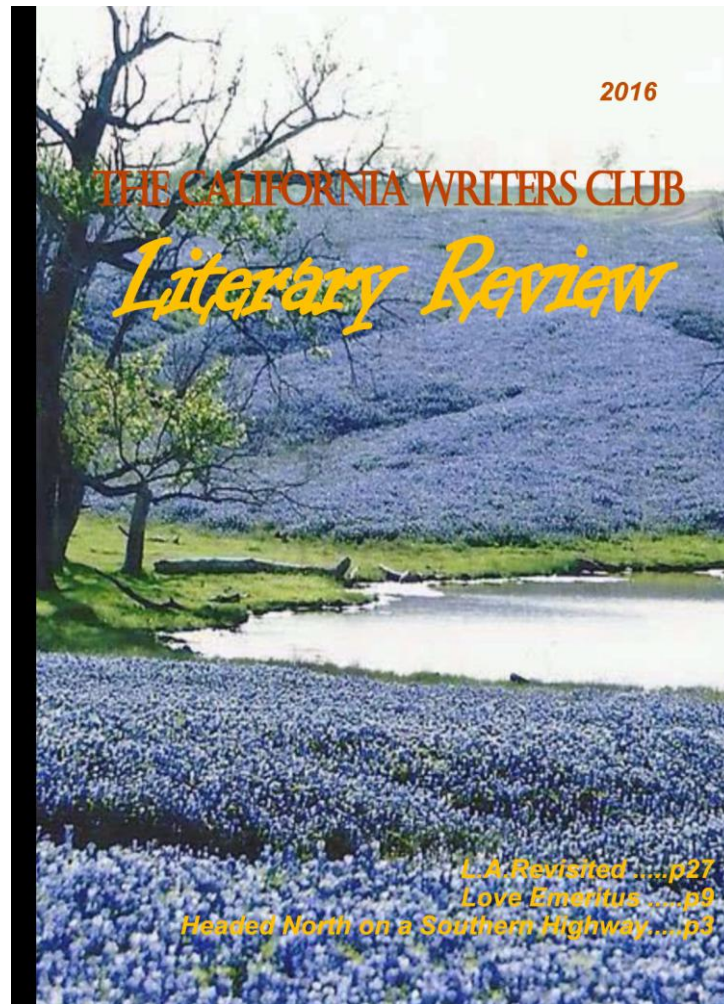
Suju's Coffee and Tea  
3602 Thornton Ave.  
Fremont

**Cara Black**  
**"How to Weave Research**  
**into Your Novel"**  
**Saturday, Aug. 27th 2-4 p.m.**  
**DeVry University**  
**6600 Dumbarton Circle**  
**Fremont, CA**

Fremont Area Writers is a branch of the  
2,000-member California Writers Club.

**Carol Lee Hall, President**  
510-565-0619  
[cwc-fremontareawriters.org](http://cwc-fremontareawriters.org)

## Announcing the 2016 CWC Literary Review



CWC members will soon be receiving the exciting 2016 edition of the *CWC Literary Review*, an anthology published yearly containing stories, essays, and poetry written by Club members. This is the fifth *Review*, produced by CWC volunteers and published by the Central Board; providing an opportunity for member-authors this year to be read by well over two-thousand pairs of eyes.

The submission window for the 2017 issue will open on September 1 this year and submission will be accepted through November 30. Guidelines will appear on the clubs website, [www.calwriters.org](http://www.calwriters.org). Members may submit two items for this issue, the submission fee, one or two items, is \$10. Look for submission details on the website prior to window opening. Those producing the Review encourage all members to submit.

## Reasons Why You Should Join a Writer's Group

Let's face it, writing is a lonely profession. You sit in front of your computer, concentrating on what words should come next, all alone. Just you, your keyboard and your monitor. If you are lucky, you have significant other who will read your words and give feedback, but many of us do not.

So you work on, thinking, typing and maybe even wondering if what you are creating is worthwhile, if anyone, anywhere, would want to read it.

If your friends ask what you do in your free time, they don't know what to say when you respond, "I write." Maybe you'll get a, "That's nice. What are you writing?" before they smile and move on. So, what do you do to get the feedback and support that you need? Join some type of writers' group.

The following are some excellent reasons why you need to take this step:

1. Everyone needs motivation to keep going. When you know that a meeting is coming up and that you will be expected to share newly created work, you write.
2. Ideas have to come from somewhere. If you're lucky, your brain is able to come up with enough new ideas to keep you going for a long time. But what happens when you get stuck? Reading and critiquing the work of others and having your work critiqued as well, gives you an opportunity to see what others are doing. You get to ask clarifying questions, share ideas to see what others think of them, and even spend time brainstorming new places to take your story.
3. What happens when you write yourself into a dead end? Who do you turn to? That's another advantage of belonging to a writers' group. You can ask advice about how to move to the next point, or to choose between beginnings.
4. There is nothing that feels as good as a pat on the back. That's what a good writers' group will do for you. They'll mention specific phrases that they like, descriptions that make a scene come alive, characters that are multidimensional. Hearing praise makes us want to work on, to move into the next segment of our story.
5. If you post your work on a blog, you, hopefully, will get feedback from an even wider audience. That helps you see what is touching others beyond your narrow circle of readers. This is especially true when writing for a target age group. Say you've written the next hit Young Adult novel. How else to find out if it reaches the teenager unless at least one of them reads it? You don't have to have a blog, but you might be able to find an online group in your genre.
6. Belonging to a group that enjoys what you do, that writes and critiques and posts work, makes you a professional. Isn't that what all writers want to be? You can also join your local writers' club, such as the California Writers' Club which has branches all over the state.

There are probably a host of additional reasons why you should join a group. Go online and research. I'll bet you can find a hundred more. I hope this helps



**By Teresa Connelly**



## ***PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE***



### ***Carol Hall, FAW President(August, September, October)***

First of all, it's good to be back. This year we have three co-presidents: Myself, Carol Hall, for the months of July-October, Shirley Ferrante from November -February, and Bob Garfinkle from March-June. We will be taking turns leading the meetings, writing the President's Message, preparing agendas, and solving problems. We believe this format will work.

I'd like to welcome back Erica Anderson-Bolden as Vice President, Joyce Cortez as Secretary, and Cherilyn Jose as Treasurer. They have been doing a fantastic job these past three years (or more).

People volunteer in non-profit organizations for many reasons. Helping others makes you feel good. You believe in the mission of the association. You think you have something to contribute. Your friend asked you to. All of these are great reasons.

Being active in your club not only helps the club run more efficiently, but it helps you as a writer get to know more people. You can expand your network by making friends. It also looks good on your writer's resume. When agents or editors see that you are active in a writers club, it shows you are a serious writer and you also have a platform for marketing your books.

A club like ours needs all sorts of people. Whether you are an introvert or extrovert, newbie writer or veteran, young or old, Fremont Area Writers can be a better place with your help.

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**WELCOME NEW MEMBERS  
Sharon Lawson & S.J/Lyong**

**Presidents:** (A shared position this year)

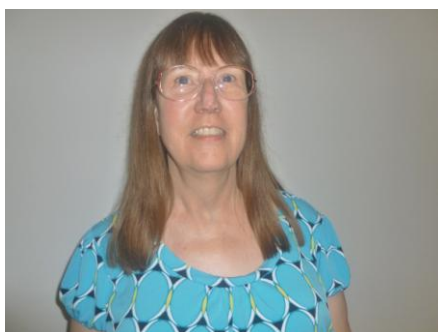
**Carol Hall** -August, September, October

**Shirley Ferrante** - November, December,  
January, May, June

**Robert Garfinkle** – February, March, April



Vice President – **Erika Anderson-Bolden**



Secretary – **Joyce Cortez**



Treasurer – **Cheryl Jose**

## **FREMONT AREA WRITERS OFFICERS**



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



**Tony Pino, the Open Mic  
Chairperson**, leads the group. Open  
Mic is held monthly at Suju's Coffee  
Meeting Room, 3602 Thornton Ave.,  
Fremont.

**Sound Equipment**



**Andrew Halligan**  
**Membership Chairperson**





**Art Carey –**  
Website Liaison, Newsletter Liaison,  
Signage



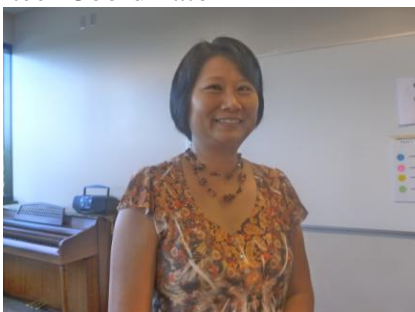
**Evelyn LaTorres**  
Central Board Rep



**Nancy Curteman**  
Hospitality/Cookies, Welcome New Members,  
Volunteer Coordinator



**Bruce Haase**  
Book Exchange



**Carol Hall**  
Facebook Coord/Admin, Meetup, Flyers



**Liz Breshears**  
Community Outreach Coordinator



**Pat Van den Heuvel**  
Telephone Outreach Coordinator



**Jan Small, Book Signing Chairperson**

## FREMONT AREA WRITERS CHAIRPERSONS

Book Exchange	Bruce Hasse
Publicity	Knuti Van Hoven
Website Liaison	Art Carey -
Newsletter Liaison	Art Carey
Signage	Art Carey ----
Membership	Andrew Halligan
Historian	Bob Garfinkle
Flyers	Carol Hall
Book Signings	Jan Small
Newsletter	Myrla Raymundo
Hospitality/Cookies	Nancy Curteman
Welcome New Members	Nancy Curteman
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Sound Equipment	Tony Pino -
Community Outreach	Liz Breshear
Facebook Coord/Admin	Carol Hall
Meetup	Carol Hall
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### Currently Need Volunteers

Community Outreach ½ yr.  
NorCal Representative  
Author's Table - The Authors Book Table 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.

### \*\*\*\*\* JACK LONDON AWARDEES FREMONT AREA WRITERS

**2009 Robert Garfinkle**  
**2011 Myrla Raymundo**  
**2013 Carol Hall**  
**2015 Art Carey**

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### 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



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

### Ink Spots Newsletter

This Editor welcomes you to our August 2016 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).



## ***FAWS WRITERS CORNER***



**By Teresa Connelly**

### **The Story of Spring**

Blessed Sun awakened, stretched,  
and flew high into the sky.  
Looking down on Mother Earth,  
He smiled, spreading His golden  
sunshine across Her mountains  
with a brilliant golden hue.

Mother Earth smiled, reveling  
in the spring-like warmth  
that penetrated to the depths  
of Her glorious soul.

To show Her gladness, She  
ordered a rainbow of tulips  
to burst through Her crust,  
to open their buds in a  
burst of color.

Blessed Sun bowed in thanks,  
appreciation for the gift,  
then slept behind a blanket  
of darkening clouds.

Snow fell, a late-arrival,



covering Mother Earth's gifts.

She called to Blessed Sun,  
her friend, saying, "Arise!"  
And He did, looking once  
again at His lover.

All was well in the world.  
Balance restored.

Mother Earth returned to work  
creating new life,  
while Blessed Sun came each  
day to keep her company.

The cycle is unbroken.

### **Late Night Drama**

"Stop it, Daddy!"

"Shut up your mouth before I shut it for you," the man hissed in the little girl's ear. Holding her tightly by both arms, he shook her.

"Please," the girl cried. "You're hurting me." Sobbing convulsively, the girl tried to wriggle free, but her father's grasp was too tight.

"Cassie, come on." The man tossed the girl over his left shoulder as easily as slinging a bag of cat food. He marched out of the department store, glaring straight ahead, oblivious to the stares of customers.

Tears poured down Cassie's face and fell to the scuffed linoleum, leaving behind an easy-to-follow trail. Matted hair fell limply around the child's head, and dirty ankles protruded from the frayed hems of her pant legs. With each step of her father's, Cassie's stained gray sweatshirt slid further and further up her chest, exposing stomach and ribs. The child was bone-thin.

As the angry man stopped past the registers, the sound of cell phones snapping open filled the air, mimicking the staccato beat of rain on a metal roof. Dozens of narrowed eyes tracked the progress of the father, appearing to memorize his physical characteristics with each step that he took.

"May I help you?" A blue-clad security guard interrupted the man's determined march to the doors.

"Get out of the way," he said as he brushed past the officer.

“I need you to stop. Now.”

Silently, the father pushed ahead, deaf to the guard’s demands. Step by step he neared the closed doors of the store, anger’s marks clearly defined on his unshaven face.

The guard fell into step behind the man. Cassie lifted her filthy head, and with red-rimmed eyes mouthed, “Help me.”

“Don’t take another step,” the guard said, “or I’ll have to shoot.”

“Go right ahead,” the man replied as he turned and stared at the barrel of a gun. “But if you hurt my daughter, I’ll kill you,” he called as the doors whooshed open. He stepped into the cool nighttime air, to the astonished gasp of terrified onlookers.

The guard spoke into a walkie-talkie on his shoulder and followed them into the darkness outside.

The store’s lot was poorly lit. Weak pools of pale yellow light separated patches of total darkness, creating an other-worldly effect. The guard quickly scanned right to left, but did not immediately spot the man. As he stepped further away from the store’s entrance, however, he saw movement near the garden center. With gun held tightly in both hands, he cautiously moved in that direction.

Suddenly a chorus of sirens filled the still air, slowly building in intensity, like an orchestra warming up. A mewling sound caught his attention, off to the right, near a dumpy-dumpster. Focused on his target, the guard stepped ever closer to the battered metal container, gun raised and pointing straight ahead.

“Take another step and I’ll kill the girl,” the man’s gravelly voice sounded from behind the dumpster, echoing off a nearby brick wall. “I’ve got a gun and I’m not afraid to use it.”

“Let the girl go and no one gets hurt.” Having just recently graduated from security guard training, a change-in-career job after being laid off from the local car manufacturing plant, this was the officer’s first serious confrontation. Trembling slightly, he tightened his grip on the gun’s handle. “Come on, now, buddy. Your little girl looks pretty upset. Let her go.”

“I’ve had a bad day,” the hiding man said. “My wife has been ill. I’ve been living at the hospital for several weeks now. She died this morning.” The words echoed, repeatedly taunting the tormented man.

The guard sensed movement to his left. Glancing over his shoulder, he sighed with relief. At least half a dozen police, fully armed and wearing protective vests were amassed behind a Chevy SUV. “Keep the guy talking,” said a quiet voice.

"I'm sorry to hear about your wife. I know what that's like. Mine died a couple of years ago. Cancer. Wasn't anything the doctors could do." He took two more baby steps.

"Do you have kids?" the man asks.

"Yeah, but they're grown and out of the house. Is that little girl your only child?"

"No. I've got a son. He's three. Jason. That's his name. This here's Cassie. She's six. That's all I've got left now."

"Where's your son?" Lowering his gun, the guard took one more step and turned so that his back rested against the container. "Is he at home?"

"He's inside the store with my mother-in-law. She hates my guts. Calls me a no-good loser. Blames me for my wife's illness." The man's voice grew in intensity with each word. "I'm not a loser, I tell you!" Shouting now, anger filled his words. "She hates my kids, too. Did you see how dirty Cassie is? Not one Goddamned bath. The whole time they were staying with her. What kind of person treats a kid like that? And you ought to see Jason! He's filthy from head to toe. And she says I'm the nutty one."

The guard realized that this man was not a kidnapper, but a parent trying to rescue his child from a horrific situation. After putting his gun back in its holster, the guard signaled the waiting police to stay put. "No one's going to hurt you or Cassie. I'm Bob Johnson. What's your name?"

"Markovich. Stan. Stan Markovich."

"So, Stan, why not step out into the light? Maybe we can get this all sorted out. Is there anything about you that I should worry about? Like do you have a criminal record?"

"A couple of traffic tickets, that's all. I'm a good father and I was a faithful husband. I don't care what my mother-in-law says. I love my family. Really I do," Stan said as his voice fell to a whisper. "My mother-in-law wouldn't let me see my kids. I tried to visit them every night, but she wouldn't open the door."

"How'd you know they were here at the store?"

"I parked down the street from the house. Sat there for hours. When the old bat took off, I followed her car. Lucky for me she had the kids."

"Did you talk to her?"

"No. What's the point? I looked all over the store for them. I heard Cassie's voice. It sounded like she was crying. They were in the food section. When I looked around the aisle, Cassie was inches from me. So I grabbed her and ran."



The guard inched closer to the edge of the dumpster. He thought about peeking around to make sure the girl was safe, but then thought better of it. His chest tightened and he had difficulty breathing. *"Not now,"* he thought. *"Now's not the time to have a heart attack. Calm yourself. For the child."* He forcibly took several deep breaths.

"Cassie, go to the nice man," Bob heard Stan say. "It's all right. Everything's going to be okay now. Go ahead. Stop crying, baby."

A tiny foot, clad in a filthy sneaker peeked around the dumpster. Soon another foot appeared, slowly followed by the rest of the girl. Looking out from under overly long bangs, doleful eyes pierced Bob's heart. "Come here, Cassie," he called as he held out his large hand, a kindly smile lighting his face.

The child's movements were like a wary cat's. Her eyes darted about the parking lot, taking in the paltry lighting, the massed officers, the rhythmic cadence of the blinking lights of the gathered cruisers.

"It's okay, child. Everything's going to be fine now," Bob said as the girl tentatively placed her tiny hand in his. "I'm going to take you over to those police officers. They'll make sure you're safe." Together they walked, like a loving grandpa and grandchild.

"Good job, Johnson," one of the officers said.

"Thanks, Captain."

"Not bad for a rookie," the captain slapped Bob on the back. "Smith, take this girl for an ice cream cone, will you?"

The entire crowd flinched when a single shot rang out. The sound reverberated through the parking lot, filling the night with a thundering roar.

"Oh, my God," Bob said as he sank to his knees.

## **I love books**

I love the weight of them in your hands. The way they balance so nicely, with little effort, falling only if you let it happen. And I don't. I worship books for they take me into worlds where I will never go, into situations that I'll never experience, into characters' minds that, with luck, I'll fall in love with.

I love the way a new book smells. Crisp and fresh as a spring breeze just after a storm. The pages turn with effort and often times stick together, making me work for every word. The binding, not yet creased, so that it almost squeaks when opened for the first time. The difficulty reading the syllables inside the crease...making me appreciate even more the effort the author put into the work.

I love owning books. I cannot go down the aisles of Target without stopping in the book section. I gently pick up a book, examine the cover image, imagine the story, turn it over and read the back. I open to the first page and read a paragraph. I can tell by that little encounter whether or not I'll like the book. Whether it will speak to me, enticing me to delve in as if for a swim. I always buy at least one book, then take it home and add it to my pile.

We do not have a bookstore here, where I live, so when I am able to go into one, my eyes light up and adrenaline flows. It's the same rush someone gets before climbing El Capitan in Yosemite or skydiving out of a plane. My eyes dart here and there, latching onto titles that are intriguing and covers that beckon. It doesn't take me long to pick up a book and cradle it to my chest. To carry it with me through the store like a mother carrying her brand new baby.

I go from one section to the next, skipping some, stopping at others, always searching for the prize. I know that I could walk out with ten books, twenty books, maybe even fifty if I didn't exercise self-control.

My love of books did not begin as a child, for we had no books at home and did not go to the library. My parents did not read to me and there were no relatives living nearby who took on that role. When I began school, I was introduced to reading. It did not come easily to me. Vowels made no sense and consonants jumbled together in so many different combinations that I could not formulate them into words. My teachers must have grown tired of saying the same things over and over to me, of sounding out the same words time after time.

It was not until fourth grade that it suddenly made sense. Thankfully I had a kind teacher who let me borrow books and bring them home to read over and over again. I don't recall how many books I borrowed, but it must have been quite a few, for by the end of that year I was an excited and fluent reader. And then we moved into the country.

In order to get to school, my mother learned to drive. This turned out to be a blessing, for she sometimes took us into town to the library, where we could research topics for school as well as check out books. I began with nonfiction, reading everything I could about Native American people. From there I branched into stories about horses, reading entire collections by select authors. Back to nonfiction and biographies, where I learned about men and women who overcame odds to accomplish wonderful things.

One summer a most wonderful thing happened that forever changed my life. A bookmobile came into our neighborhood and parked a few houses down the street. At first I was only allowed to check out four books, which I easily read in the week. Soon the librarian allowed me five, and then six books as I always returned them in the same condition they had been when I checked them out.

I was hooked. Each book carried me away from my home life and into magical worlds. Worlds of real people doing marvelous things as well as fairies and monsters who battled for the salvation of humanity. I read with the abandon of an escape artist, giving my whole self to the story, enchanted until the very end. And then immediately picking up the next book and beginning a new adventure.

I don't know what I would have done in life if it weren't for the gift of reading that my teachers gave me. My mom had an eighth grade education and while my dad graduated from high school, he never went beyond that level. In my family, girls married at fourteen, dropping out of school to tend babies and home. And that was their life. Which would also have been mine, but through reading I discovered possibilities and opportunities that went far beyond marriage, motherhood and home.

Because of books my life is richer than it would be without them. I always have something waiting in the wings to enchant me. Something to carry me away. Something in which to immerse myself from the first page to the last.

I cannot imagine a world without books.

## THE NICE TROPICAL ISLAND



**By Myrla Raymundo, MBA**

If I have to tell you the story of my life, it will take 11 months, 25 days, 3 hours and 28 minutes. So, to make my story short, I will condense it to 6 minutes and on one page only.

The setting was a nice tropical island, surrounded by green mountains and white sandy beach. Cool air surrounded the whole place and you could feel it in your face. People were wearing sundresses and wooden shoes and hats. I was there. And my family was there. The boys were little tots then.

Life was in a very slow pace, free of the hustles and bustles. I had three house helpers, one took care of the food and clean-up, one did the laundry and the other took care of the boys. Flowers were different too. We had sampaguita, tiny white flowers, very fragrant and I wore them all the time, in strings. Foods were different. Even the aroma was different. Food was good. Friends were different too, Lally, Lu, Cora, where are they now?

Suddenly, the setting changed. Rows of big houses, very cold atmosphere, people wearing coats and sweaters, big cars, freeways, BART trains, different language.

The boys are now wearing sizes 18 and 20. They speak a different language than me and their dad. They would say, we speak funny when we talk in our language. They don't get cold, like me clad in my sweater every time. I find myself the maid of the house. I do all the cleaning, cooking, the laundry and the marketing.

It seems that I had been here forever. When I'm driving in the freeway, I ask myself, why am I in this strange place? Why was I programmed to do what the people here are doing? Why did I adapt to this place?

The memories of the past beautiful place is almost gone. Few more years, I will vaguely remember the beautiful tropical place, the cool wind on my face, the high green mountains, the sandy beach, the people who speak funny.

And then the time will come when I will have grandchildren, and my children will have grandchildren and so on and so on. And then somebody will ask my great, great, great grandchild, what nationality are you? And he will answer.

I am 25% white, 25% black, 10% Italian, 10% Chinese, 10% Japanese, 10% Hawaiian, 9% German, and.....1% Filipino.

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## Faerie Dance – an extract from ‘Antler Jinny and the Raven’



**By Chris Dues**

The mound was much bigger inside than she had thought, and dancers—far more in number than she could ever count—packed it to the walls. Faerie-women, dressed in gay kirtles and bright bonnets, whirled around a blazing fire with ruddy-faced men, who were dressed in their own fashion in colored shirts and breeks, their sleeves rolled-up, their caps pushed to the back of their heads, their leather boots clicking and clacking against the stone floor. Riotous color filled the air above as the tireless faeries flung streaming tassels and ribbons, which falling back, lay over the dancers like rays of light from a spinning Druid’s prism.

Three energetic players provided the music; puffed out cheeks blew a silver horn, thrashing arms banged on a hollow log and a small, round faerie with full, pink lips sang rhymes with a refrain that, recur as it might, was never quite the same. The words evaded Jinny—maybe the Dagda’s cauldron, or a fox; she couldn’t be sure.

Some faeries jumped and dived in couples, while others held hands in a tight ring, kicking their feet high into the air, their faces wreathed in chestnut-cheeked chuckles. Two jugglers threw eggs and pots of wine between them, neither spilling a drop nor breaking an egg. Jinny looked again, and it was three jugglers, exchanging apples, though it was not the season for apples. Another twirl, another look, and now a cat juggled fish, quite alone. Jinny danced the fast tunes with a partner whirled from the wall or stolen from another, her dark hair flung out like a short headdress, her arms a flurry. For the slow tunes, she danced alone, twirling gently as if back in her glen, the faeries standing back, clapping the tune, nodding their heads as she lost herself in the moment, the movement, and the joy of it all. As she danced, now and then, Jinny glimpsed a silvery sparkling from around her leg. She never felt tired, never needed to catch her breath, never a reason to pause in her frolic except to gulp honey water or grab a chunk of bread from the earthen banks at the side. Cheerful faeries waltzed around her as if they had nothing to do in their lives except dance, and they would dance forever. She could not guess how many days had passed as she abandoned herself to that happy music. She was whole again.

