



INK SPOTS

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

Myrla Raymundo, MBA, Writer/Editor

E-mail raymundomyrla@gmail.com

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

Webmaster – Linda Lee

VOL 61, February 2017

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.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE



The hills are bright green, the grass is no longer yellow-brown, the reservoirs are full and the Lake Tahoe ski resort owners are very happy campers. Yeah, the drought is over. Now, please stop with the rain.

We had a fine time at the January meeting. The first, second and third place high school recipients and their families were present for the FAW Writing Contest awards ceremony. Thank you, Liz Breshears, Community Outreach Coordinator, for organizing and running the contest.

As I announced in my January message, Erica Anderson-Bolden resigned as the club's Vice President. Knuti Van Hoven, our public relations person, has graciously volunteered to fill in as acting VP. She is currently at work organizing a Writers' Information Panel for the March 25th meeting. You will be asked at the next meeting to consider and submit questions you would like to ask the panel.

The speaker at our meeting, Saturday, Feb. 25, will be Margaret Lucke. Her topic: *Whose Head Am I In Anyway? How to Master the Fine Art of Point of View.*

Shirley Ferrante, FAW President

Writers of Kern Spring Conference March 11

Hello, All ~

CWC members from other chapters won't want to miss the WOK Annual Spring Conference. Early Bird Registration is open now. Please spread the word. In addition to the blurb below, I'm attaching a flyer in PDF format. Cheers and thanks to you!

Annis

It's Time to Register for the WOK Spring Conference!

Are you ready to catch some inspiration to continue with your work in progress? Write family stories that connect with your loved ones? Are you curious to experience new genres? Learn how to produce effective query letters and pitch your work? Become inspired to pursue publishing and see where it takes you?

If you answered "yes" to any of these questions, do we have just the ticket for you! WOK's Annual Spring Conference. From now until February 21st, registration is a fabulous deal at \$50 for WOK and CWC members, non-members pay \$75, and full-time students with school ID only \$25. Spend the day, from 8am to 4pm, Saturday, March 11, 2017, at Hodel's Liberty Hall. Registration includes continental breakfast, a lunch buffet, and snacks.

Do you have your books or related materials to sell? We have table space for vendors. Members: \$10 per half table; all others, \$20. To reserve Vendor Space, email sunshine@writersofkern.com

Don't miss this gem of a conference. Register today to reserve your spot and reap the savings. Prices as of February 21st increase to \$95 for both members and non-members.

Annis Cassells, MA

Life Coach, Speaker, Writer

Please follow my blog at www.thedaymaker.blogspot.com



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The following are the results of the 2016-2017 STUDENT ESSAY CONTEST, sponsored by the Fremont Writers Club. The topic was “My Life as a High School Student.” Liz Breshears coordinated the event.



First place and \$100 went to Divya Prakash of American High School.



Second place and \$50 each, went to Asma Farhana of American High School.

Third place and \$25 went to Vyoma Raman of American High School.

General Membership Meeting January 28, 2017.

Whether you're writing flash fiction or a 90,000 word novel, the essential element is "The Scene." Camille Minichino offered tips for writing a compelling scene, then show how to build upon that to create a full manuscript.



The attendees:



Contact: Kim Malanczuk, SBW Publicity

SouthBayWriters@outlook.com

Author & Editor Tanya Egan Gibson

STRATEGICALLY HIRE A FREELANCE EDITOR AND GET THE MOST BANG FOR YOUR BUCK

San Jose, CA (Jan. 29, 2017) -- Hiring a freelance editor to review and edit your book can be a significant financial investment. Author and Editor Tanya Egan Gibson will outline the most effective strategies to navigate the process on Monday, Feb. 13 at the South Bay Writers monthly *Speaker Series and Dinner Meeting*.

“As a freelance editor, I get excited every time I embark upon this journey with a client,” Egan Gibson writes in *WritersDigest.com*. “Being a novelist myself, I know how difficult it is to identify flaws in a manuscript on which you’ve worked for years. Partnering with a freelance editor sheds new light on your work—making it possible for you to see it from angles you’ve never imagined, capitalize on your manuscript’s strengths, and root out problems that might earn you a form letter rejection from your dream agent or a “Meh” on your first Goodreads review.”

Her presentation includes:

- Editing without (or before) a freelance editor (self-editing, critique groups, and beta readers)
- Do you need a freelance editor? Why do some people use them? What can and should you hope to get out of hiring one?
 - How to find and select a freelance editor
- How to work well with—and get the most out of working with—a freelance editor

She cautions writers to avoid hiring someone to edit their first draft. Instead, put it away for three weeks and then reread it, making notes on strengths and weaknesses, missing information, and slow paragraphs over which they skim.

“Rewrite the manuscript at least once,” she advises. “Don’t bring in a professional until you’ve made the book the best you possibly can on your own. At this stage, *you* are still best equipped to take your book to the next level. Only when you’ve taken it as far as you can on your own will you get the most for your money in hiring a freelance editor.”

Tanya Egan Gibson is the author of the novel *How to Buy a Love of Reading* (Dutton, 2009), as well as a freelance editor and writing consultant. Her articles about writing and editing have appeared in *Writer's Digest* and *The Writer*.

DATE: Monday, Feb. 13, 2017

DONATION: \$15 members / \$20 non-members (includes \$10 for dinner)

LOCATION: Harry's Hofbrau, 390 Saratoga Ave., San Jose, Calif.

GENERAL MEETING AGENDA

6:00 pm Dinner

6:30 pm General Meeting

7:10 pm Break

7:30 pm Guest Speaker: *Tanya Egan Gibson*

8:30 pm Networking & Dessert

9:00 pm Close

TanyaEganGibson_jacketphoto1.jpeg

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IN MEMORIAM

Kenneth Henry “Ken” Weiss, a long-time member of the Fremont Area Writers Club, passed away in October 2016. Ken was born in the Bronx, NY. Ken was very smart and could have a great conversation about anything. He had many careers. He taught Business at Ohlone College, was a travel agent, a radio and TV reporter, DJ for classical radio stations, owner of a radio station and executive in the Hub. We will miss his constant support, his boundless encouragement..His presence.

Art Carey reports....

Deadline for the 2017 San Mateo County Fair writing contests is April 3. Details are available at

https://sanmateocountyfair.com/pdf/2017/literary_17.pdf.

FROM TISH DAVIDSON

Tish Davidson's flash fiction piece, "Road Block" will be published in February in an anthology of nano texts by Medusa's Laugh Press.

Presidents: (A shared position this year)

Carol Hall -August, September, October

Shirley Ferrante - November, December, January, February

Robert Garfinkle -, March, April, May, June

Knuti Van Hoven
Acting Vice President



Secretary – **Joyce Cortez**



Treasurer – **Cherilyn 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.



Andrew Halligan
Membership Chairperson



Art Carey –Signage



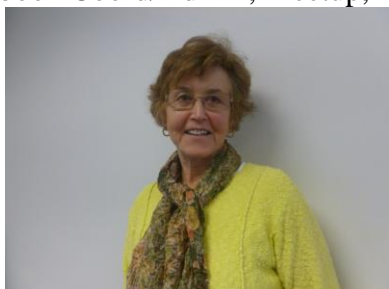
Bruce Haase
Sound Equipment
Book Exchange



Carol Hall
Facebook Coord/Admin, Meetup, Flyers



Jan Small, Book Signing Chairperson



Pat Van den Heuvel
Telephone Outreach Coordinator



Liz Breshears
Community Outreach Coordinator



Evelyn LaTorre
Central Board Rep



Chris Dews
NorCal Representative

FREMONT AREA WRITERS CHAIRPERSONS

Book Exchange	Bruce Haase
Publicity	Knuti Van Hoven
Website Liaison	Knuti Van Hoven
Newsletter Liaison	Knuti Van Hoven
Signage	Art Carey
Membership	Andrew Halligan
Historian	Bob Garfinkle
Flyers	Carol Hall
Book Signings	Jan Small
Newsletter	Myrla Raymundo
Central Board Rep	Evelyn LaTorre
Open Mic	Tony Pino
Sound Equipment	Bruce Haase
Community Outreach	Liz Breshears
Facebook Coord/Admin	Carol Hall
Meetup	Carol Hall
Telephone Outreach	Pat Van den Heuvel

Currently Need Volunteers:

Community Outreach ½ yr.

Hospitality/Cookies ,Welcome New Members, Volunteer Coordinator - Open

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JACK LONDON AWARDEES FREMONT AREA WRITERS

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

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 February 2017 issue of the Ink Spots. It contains the latest FAW news and tidbits, poems, prose, essays and articles written by our members. It also contains news from other clubs in the California Writers Club.

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 myrlaraymundoback@gmail.com or raymundomyrla@gmail.com.

FAWS WRITERS CORNER

Surprise on the Bus



by Jan Salinas

The weight of her heavy shopping bag caused it to sag and set Maybee Spills off balance as she staggered up the steps onto City Bus 42. She balanced herself on the last step, deposited small coins and watched them clang endlessly into the coin machine while the bus driver stared at her and groaned. Maybee gave the bus driver a look that would stop a bull in its tracks. The bus driver glared and looked away.

The day was already a hot one in San Jose testing noon hour workers' patience lined up behind Maybee to board the bus, some irritated by the heat, and others hungry for lunch.

Maybee was broad at the hips and wore heavy, black, laced-up men's boots. Her black dress hung loosely over her large body. She took her time as she headed down the aisle in search of a good seat. Seated passengers pulled in their arms as she passed. Some stared at her. Others rolled their eyes and dropped their jaws.

Two female teens seated near the back leaned into the aisle and craned their necks for a better view of her and her bulging bag, delighted to have a new subject to gossip about. The bag was pink and displayed "Victoria Secret" on both sides.

Maybee spotted an aisle seat, sized it up, then dropped down hard. She half-slung, half-dragged her shopping bag, working it into the floor space between her legs. Her seat partner, preoccupied with his newspaper, didn't look up.

Passengers boarded, curious to see who had caused the commotion and delay. As they passed Maybee, they made sure she caught their stares of disapproval.

Her large arm overlapped into her seat partner's area. He sneaked a glance at her out of the corner of his eye, and gave his newspaper a jerk. He squirmed to draw himself in as she dabbed sweat beads from her forehead and mouth with a tissue.

Finally, the bus rolled away and most passengers were seated. The two teens stared at Maybee as they fed off each other's comments. Their eyes hadn't left her since she boarded the bus.

“Her hand has never let go of that shopping bag,” said the teen with a red streak in her hair and as many ear piercings as an ear could hold.

“Wonder what special Victoria Secrets *she* holds?” asked the other nose-ring teen. Her black roots and brassy-yellow cropped hair stood straight out like horse hair that had been dipped in gold paint.

“Well, I know one thing; there’s nothing *that* heavy that comes from Victoria Secret. What do you think is in the bag?” asked the wide-eyed, ear-pierced teen.

“She probably has her life in there. My guess is she is a bag lady and collects junk,” said the other.

“It could be dirty laundry in her bag, or maybe it’s just food that she dug out of the garbage bin near McDonalds where we boarded the bus,” ear-pierced teen said.

“Look,” came the response. “She just flicked open a pocket knife.” Ye gads! What is she doing?” Their chins lifted in unison as their necks craned for a better view.

Maybee methodically cut up an apple she pulled from her dress pocket, and took a big bite, savoring its taste.

“She must be hungry. Do you think we should give her some money for food?” asked nose-ring teen.

“She probably gets vouchers from the city. They give stuff away to the homeless. We should be so lucky,” continued her friend. “They get the freebies and we have to work for what we get. It just isn’t fair. No, let’s not give her anything. Let’s see where she gets off, or if she gets off the bus. I bet she’ll ride around all day to amuse herself. Some homeless people do that, you know.” The teens snicker.

“I don’t know how that guy next to her is going to get around her, do you?” asked nose-ring teen.

“He probably wants to crawl out through the window to get away from her. You never know who is going to board the bus. They come in all types. You just don’t want them sitting next to you. They could touch you and you could get their germs,” the other responded.

Just as they spoke, the bus driver slammed on his brakes. The brakes squealed, the bus jolted, and jerked to a stop. Passengers grabbed hold of the bar in front of their seats as they were thrust forward.

With Maybee’s hand hanging on to the bag’s handles, her bag broke away and its contents spilled out under the seats and rolled into the aisle. The first screams came from the two ladies behind her as they jumped to their feet, and, just as quickly, climbed on top of their seats. Other passengers nearby scrambled to pull their feet up off the floor and on to their seats. One frightened passenger stood up, bumped her head on the overhang shelf of the bus, grabbed her forehead and moaned in pain before she jumped on to her seat.

Dead mice and lemons were now scattered under the seats in both directions rolling back and forth between feet and up and down the aisle.

As calm as she was large, Maybee pushed herself up, stood in the aisle, and raised her arms to her fellow onlookers. “Listen up, everybody. They’re only mice! They’re dead! I take them to the reptile center to feed the pythons! And the lemons; well” she paused. Her easy laugh turned into a body-shaking chuckle. “When you get a lemon, you might as well make lemonade. That’s what we do at the center!” Her face beamed as she laughed – loudly this time; her eyes glistening.

Without bending her knees, she leaned down, grabbed a dead mouse by its tail, and swung it ever so slightly toward the two teens.

Mic Mistakes



By Teresa Connelly

I've been singing in my church choir for a number of years now. When I first began I was a practically silent member because I was terrified to sing loud enough to be heard. I feared being off-key or hitting the wrong notes and so would stand out.

Those fears are not irrational because I have no formal music training. I remember being enrolled in a junior high music class, but we didn't learn how to read notes. All we did was sing old-timey songs like "The Erie Canal" that made no sense to a young child.

I've always loved music. In high school I bought a portable radio and took it everywhere with me. If we were picnicking or visiting relatives, it was on. Only in the privacy of my room did I sing aloud, primarily because my father told me I couldn't carry a tune. But I loved the way the words moved me, the way the melody carried me away in its wake.

Our church had a choir and so I was able to sing along, enriching the experience for me. But I was terrified to join. When I worked up the nerve to go to a rehearsal, I expected to be laughed out of the room. When it didn't happen, I became emboldened and returned week after week, but not singing louder for I was learning how the rise and fall of notes carry the melody.

Things went well at first. There were about five of us who showed up on a regular basis. All of the others were experienced singers, most with formal training. I attempted to blend in and not destroy the music. But one Sunday morning none of the others came. It was just me and the pianist. At first I felt like sitting in the pews with the congregation. When the choir director smiled at me and told me I could do it, I stood there and gave it my best effort. I know I flubbed some words and notes, but I survived.

After a six year hiatus, I recently returned to the choir. Maybe it's my age, but I've made some major mistakes. I've sung the wrong lines for verses until I realized what I was doing. Instead of singing "desert and wasteland will bloom" I sang waistband. More than once. When I realized what I had done, my knees weakened and I felt a blush creep up my neck. I listened for snickers from the congregation, but either they didn't hear or they were too polite to laugh.

I came back the following week, determined to get all the words right. Unfortunately the director cranked up the mics, so every little thing I did wrong blasted back at me. I sang rhyming words instead of the right one. I got lost and mumbled, but pretended that I knew what I was doing. I thought about quitting, thinking that I was destroying the holiness of the moment, but I keep coming back. Maybe I'm a glutton for punishment, or maybe at my age I'm already starting to lose my faculties, but I'm determined not to give up.

I am a natural alto, but I've been singing the melody, which is for sopranos. My choir director decided I should sing the alto parts in the worship music. To help myself, I record the part during rehearsal and go over it, again and again before church. The song begins, I sing, but when we come to my part, I fabricate notes.

This past Sunday I didn't think my mic was working. I sang louder, thinking maybe the sound level was turned down. That was a huge mistake for several reasons: my voice cracked, I ran out of breath and I had a hard time hitting the right notes. After Mass I found out that the mic wasn't working. What a relief!

Despite all the stupid things I do, the choir director hasn't asked me to leave. I'm sure I'll substitute more words and hit more wrong notes. But I'll keep singing anyway.

Cuyahoga," 'Slumgullion Summers



By Bruce Haase

The Mom's and Dad's had been effected by the Great Depression, the kids of the forties and fifties didn't understand that though, but they were effected too. The Great Depression was why they had Chin's-Ming-lettes for breakfast as a breakfast treat. Maybe every three weeks or so a family would have a take-out supper from the "Canton Moon, Chinese Lunches, Dinners and Take-Out" restaurant near 185th. Street. The next morning there might be five or six of those little Pagoda boxes with the wire fold-away handle, stuffed into the Kelvinator. The mom's didn't waste anything, you know, "Waste-not, Want-not" was like a law or something.

Next morning, the moms would be busy in the kitchen, with a grunt and a thud, out would come the big iron skillet. A huge spoonful of old grease from the "Chock full o'Nuts" coffee can next to the stove, would soon be melting. and those Pagoda's would be dumped in the heating grease (after those little hot red-peppers removed) of course. When the conglomeration was fried through, in would go a big bowl of eggs whisked with a bit of added milk and corn starch. Soon the kids would be gobbling down a plate full of Chin's-Ming-lette, with either soy sauce or catsup on it. After breakfast the kids would carefully inspect the pagoda boxes to see which could be saved. The egg foo yung containers, although bigger, were always soaked through and had to be tossed. The good boxes would be disassembled, washed, dried, reassembled and saved. They were great for all of the priceless stuff that kids would

collect. Charlie had a collection that included seven, used, wheel-like, pink erasers with the little brush. He had big plans for those, and he needed four good ones that spun freely I'll tell you about that later.

Nojocks had over thirty Pagodas, mostly filled with junk, but each piece of junk had a story, just don't ask him to tell you the stories, you'll be stuck for a week. Diane had only six, all spotless and perfumed, neatly used for jewelry for her dolls, or to play "Dress-up", that kind of girl thing.

Getting to the Slumgullion now. On Thursdays, new stuff would go on sale at the grocery store. That meant, on Wednesday evening the Kelvinator had to be cleared out to make room for the next day's haul. So Wednesday supper was often "Slumgullion" Stew, Casserole, or Soup, depending. All of the left-overs, including the vegetables, and even fruits that were about to "turn", was rinsed, chopped and put into a pot or pan of some sort, depending. Most times macaroni would be added, and the meal would be baked, or boiled for supper. The weeks Slumgullion would turn out to be Great, Good, Ok, or Not Terrific, depending. However it turned out, wise kids and husbands never complained out loud, and I do mean, Never Out Loud. If you just ate a little of it, that was Ok. After all the dog would eat anything, depending.

Some Slumgullion, a self-respecting dog wouldn't eat. If you noticed, the Mom's may not have eaten much of that week's Slumgullion either.

There was always the compost heap, slowly cooking-away in the back yard. There was a lot of compost heaps in the neighborhood. It was just-one-of-those-things; hardly anyone used the compost for anything though. They were just a habit left over from the depression. Nowadays the Collinwood neighborhood was a bit more prosperous, and they had the fattest flies there, most of those fat flies died young, from heart attacks. Probably caused by all of that used grease from the Chock full o'Nuts cans. Things worked out OK though, after all, the garbage was picked up in Cuyahoga County twice a week.

Myrla Raymundo, MBA
Writer/Editor
3107 San Ramon Ct.
Union City, CA 94587