



# 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>*

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**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.

## FAW ELECTIONS IN JUNE 2015

Go for it! Hurry and put in your papers! We need you!

The Fremont Area Writers Club (FAW) will be holding its elections at the June General Meeting for the 2015-2016 fiscal year beginning in July 2015.

Officers and duties include:

**President:** Provides overall vision and direction for the club. Oversee the General Meetings and Board Meetings. Appoints positions of leadership such as Publicity Chair, Newsletter Editor, etc. Resolves problems and conflicts in the club.

**Vice-President:** Fills in when the President cannot fulfill his/her duties. Obtains speakers for the General Meetings.

**Secretary:** Takes notes at the Board Meetings and disseminates to the FAW Board. Handles correspondence for the club.

**Treasurer:** Takes meeting donations at each General Meeting. Handles bank deposits and checkbook. Sends financial reports to the CWC Central Board. Helps the FAW Board formulate a yearly budget.

If you would like to run for office or have any questions, please contact the president, Shirley Ferrante. More than one person can run for office.



## Fremont Area Writers

Writers Helping Writers



### How to Find an Editor



Writing a book is hard. So is the next step—finding an editor.

Story editor Charlotte Robin Cook will offer some tips about how to do that at the next meeting of Fremont Area Writers on Saturday, May 23.

She'll discuss the role of copy, development, and acquisition editors, and explain how they can advance the work and growth of writers.

Cook is a former publisher and acquisition editor. She is a tutorial leader for *Writer's Digest* with "8 Things First-Time Novelists Need to Avoid," one of the magazine's most popular offerings.

More than 100 authors have credited her with helping them to achieve publication, to find an agent, and to win awards. She is the head fiction judge for the Next Generation Indie Book Awards.

You can find out more about her at <http://storyediting.blogspot.com> and at Twitter: @StoryEditor.

**Charlotte Robin Cook**  
**"How to Find an Editor"**  
**Saturday, May 23, 2-4 p.m.**  
**DeVry University**  
**6600 Dumbarton Circle**  
**Fremont, CA**

### Writers and Poets Open Mic!

**When: 7:00-9:00 p.m.**  
**Monday, May 25**

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

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

**Shirley Ferrante, President**  
**510-791-8639**  
**cwc-fremontareawriters.org**

# 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



## FAW'S REGULAR APRIL 25, 2015 MEETING



**Julia Park Tracy** presenting How to Build “The Whole Package”

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



The Attendees



## President's Message



**Shirley Ferrante**

Goodbye FAW. It has been a pleasure to serve as your President. I could not have survived the past year were it not for the great FAW Board and volunteers who have so graciously given of their time.

Your Vice President, Erika, sought out and scheduled a great series of speakers. She also organized an enjoyable and informative writer's workshop presented in April.

Your Secretary, Joyce Cortez, recorded and published our meeting minutes and printed out our meeting agendas.

Your Treasurer, Cherilyn, kept the books honest, published monthly reports, made our bank deposits and paid our bills.

Nancy Curteman, our volunteer coordinator, hospitality coordinator and past Nor Cal Representative was my anchor.

Art managed our club's publicity with style and worked with DeVry University to maintain our meeting space.

Myrla Raymundo published the InkSpots monthly, no small task. Her velvet touch kept us to our publishing deadlines.

Where do I start with Past President Carol? There was always a task that needed to be done, and Carol was there to take care of it with grace.

Jan Small organized our very successful book signings. Watch for the July 18<sup>th</sup> one at the Fremont Library.

Membership Chairman, Bob Garfinkle, maintained the membership roster, collected dues and promoted club membership.

Tony Pino worked to schedule our Open Mics at SuJus Coffee Shop. Sometimes he prevailed against all odds.

Thanks to Bruce Haas, we had an Author's Table, Free Book Table and a sound system for our speakers.

Whew, I bet you had no idea what it takes to keep this club running?



## WRITERS AND POETS OPEN MIC



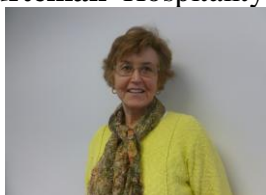
**Tony Pino**, the Open Mic Chairperson, leads the group. Open Mic is held monthly at Suju's Coffee Meeting Room, 3602 Thornton Ave., Fremont. Writers attend and read their articles and books to the audience.



**Jay Swartz**  
NorCal Representative



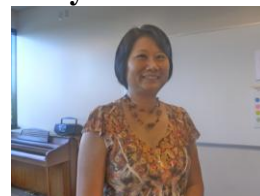
**Nancy Curteman**—Hospitality



**Pat Van den Heuvel**  
Telephone Outreach Coordinator



**Art Carey**—Public Relations



**Carol Hall** – FAW Facebook  
Coordinator

## BOOK EXCHANGE & AUTHORS BOOK TABLE



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



**Jan Small**, Book Signing  
Chairperson

**Liz Breshears**  
Community Outreach Coordinator

## FROM THE EDITOR

### InkSpots Newsletter



**Myrla Raymundo** welcomes you to our May 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).

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.

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.

## **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** – Facebook Coordinator

**Jay Swartz** – Nor-Cal Representative

**Nancy Curteman** – Hospitality

**Tony Pino** – Open MIC

**Art Carey** – Public Relations

**Bruce Haase** – Book Exchange

**Pat Van den Heuvel** – Telephone  
Outreach Coordinator

**Liz Breshears** – Community Outreach  
Coordinator

**Jan Small** – Book Signing Coordinator

## **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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*A chapter from the book, "Cuyahoga" - 'Following Mr. Kooke'*



*by Bruce Haase*

A month after Mr. Kooke's suicide, he wasn't in the news anymore. The people in the Collinwood neighborhood were still talking about it though. That didn't bother me, but all the jokes about him did bother me, a lot. Ok, so he was an embezzler, and a bigamist, and was about to be arrested and exposed. They said he took a cowards way out, and would burn in hell for it. Well, some people said that anyway, most just made jokes about the three wives and eight kids. Even some of the people I liked told those stupid jokes. Both kids my age and adults said all of that stupid stuff, I lost some respect for those people.

Mr. Kooke had been a friend of everyone, he made everyone feel good and laugh. It didn't matter if you were 7 or 70, he talked to you like you and your opinions were important to him. He was happy to see you and he was always generous, we had thought he was a very successful traveling salesman, I guess his personality is what made all of us see him like that.

It turned out that it was all an act; I still couldn't totally believe it all. It was true though, but he was still a friend, and I missed him. I didn't make any silly jokes about him or his three families. His first family was still on my Aunt's street, his first son, Brandon, was still our friend and we saw him now and again...

At school I must have seemed upset and Diane Hall and Nojocks were concerned about me. They thought that I was too quiet and withdrawn. Diane planned on the three of us going to the Library and talking to Miss Thomlensen and The Professor. Both of them thought that I needed to emotionally unload to the smartest people we knew.

We got to the Library right after school, in 9th grade; we got out a little earlier; so we'd have about an hour and a half before I had to deliver my afternoon papers.

The five of us sat at the table that was off by itself. All of us knew the whole story about Mr. Kooke, so I got right into how all the stupid jokes and the stuff being said was getting to me. Miss Thomlensen explained that many people didn't know what to say when things bother them, so they said stupid things to escape their pain and confusion. I hadn't

thought of that before and felt better. I decided to give all of those folks a little, “benefit of the doubt.” I smiled to myself when I realized that was an escape for me too, me being upset with other people’s discomfort wasn’t helping me, but understanding and forgiving them wouldn’t be a bad thing.

Then we all started talking about Mr. Kooke, and why he went so far afield from the norm. We all had something to say and finally the Professor gave his opinion. He was always quiet and reserved, but when he spoke with his heavy Balkan accent, he had the silent attention of everyone. He was “The Professor,” and the real thing.

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He told us about a middle-aged, male bird, a Robin that lived around the big lawn in front of the sewage treatment plant. This Robin hated his position in life, the cards he had been dealt. Searching for worms after a rain or when the sprinklers turned off frustrated Mr. Robin. He had a high opinion of himself. He had dreams and goals; eating worms was demeaning, at least for him it was. The other Robins seemed content with worms, but he knew he was better than them.

When he was a young Robin, he had seen a mighty Hawk take out a huge Seagull over the lake. He was enthralled by the power and speed of the Hawk, he thought of the grand meal the Hawk would enjoy and not even finish. The Hawk would eat what he wanted and leave the rest for lesser creatures. A mighty Hawk would never lower himself to be a worm-eater. From that day on, Mr. Robin would dream and fantasize that he was a Hawk, a top predator taking what he wanted.

Most days this Robin would spend some time trying to fly faster and higher, trying to make his little eyes see prey, and plan on how he would take it, if he wished. On one fateful day he was at his maximum altitude, his small wings struggling to soar even higher on an updraft. His concentration was so complete he never saw a real Hawk diving out of the sun.

In a blinding flash of pain he was hit from above and behind. His left wing and spine were both damaged. Out of control he spun and fluttered down. He suddenly realized that he was not a Hawk, he was just another one of the multitude, a worm-eater. Off to his left he spotted the Hawk lining up for the kill. Mr. Robin knew his fate, but looking down he saw salvation. A cabin cruiser with a great polished fore deck was waiting for him. He tucked his wings and legs and feet in tight. He dove faster than he ever had before. With a few tiny adjustments he was on target. With pride he puffed out his brightly colored chest, leaned his little head back and smiled. Filled with the joy of controlling his own destiny he hit the deck, snapping his fragile neck and dying instantly. Someone on the boat took a bucket of water and with a flourish, washed the small bloody smear and body overboard.

Mr. Robin’s body was in the water only seconds before a couple of Northern Pike ripped it to shreds. Since he was dead, Mr. Robin was spared the shame and indignity of being dismembered by fish. Only the most pathetic of birds get eaten by fish.

We were all silent for a bit, Nojocks spoke first, “So you think Mr. Kooke was a Robin that thought he was a Hawk?”

Always clever, Diane said, “No, Mr. Kooke was a man who couldn’t abide with his true position in the pecking order of life.”

They all looked at me, “Thinking about it all, I guess that Mr. Kooke was sort of a vain, preening sort of guy. He thought he deserved more than he had, and he did what he did to get it.” It was time to deliver my newspapers, so we broke up.

As I walked along, with my two canvas bag straps crossed, bandolier style across my chest, and my hands mindlessly folding papers, I thought about what I had learned. I still liked Mr. Kooke and I’d miss him. Maybe I understood his suicide better now. I was 14 and he was my second suicide already. I hoped there wouldn’t be too many more.

I thought about Miss Thomlensen and The Professor, two of the smartest people that I knew. They were Hawks soaring high above. The worm-eaters were walking far below, heads down, looking down for a scrap...

I realized that Miss Thomlensen and The Professor had spent their lives on “that famous path less traveled”, their path lined with bookshelves, and that had made all the difference. Smiling to myself, I thought I’d write that one down, (proud of my use of the poem) so I could show my friends. I wished that I could have shown it to Mr. Kooke; he would have laughed heartily and punched my shoulder.

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