



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 47, October 2015

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'S COMMUNITY INVOLVEMENT

Liz Breshears, Community Outreach Coordinator, is Chair of the Fremont Area Writers' Community Involvement. Community Involvement is a great way to help out our fellow citizens and improve the community. This is also a good way to let the community know about our club. Liz is working with the FAW Board to sponsor a writing contest in the local schools.

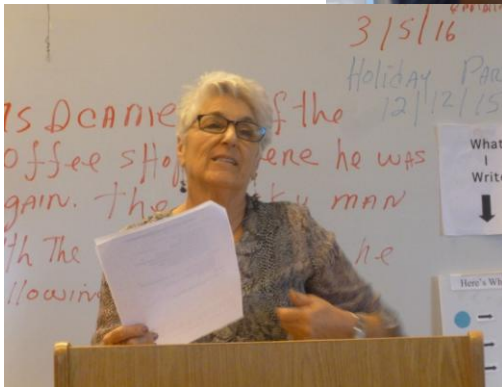
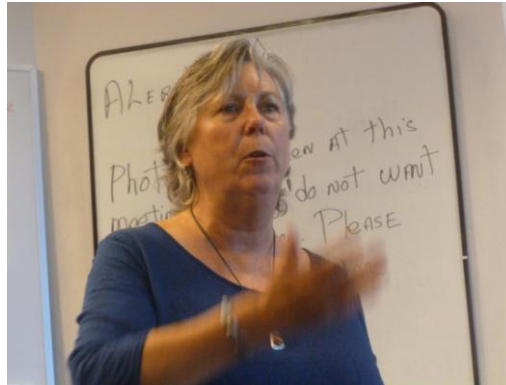


AUTHORS' TABLE

Members bringing their books to the Authors' Table are provided 30 seconds to talk about their book.

FAW'S REGULAR SEPTEMBER 26, 2015 MEETING

Aleta George talked about
“How Research Road Trips Can Enrich Your Life: The Rewards of Research.” Aleta George is the author of: “Ina Coolbrith: The Bittersweet Song of California’s First Poet Laureate.”



President Shirley Ferrante



Bob Garfinkle introduced the Speaker

The Attendees





Fremont Area Writers

The Centennial Branch
"Writers Helping Writers"



'Plaracterization': Marry Plot and Character— DNA for Writers



Can you spell "plaracterization?"
No? Better not save it as a
Scrabble option then.

That's what novelist Joshua Mohr
will discuss at a meeting of
Fremont Area Writers on
Saturday, Oct. 24.

"Plaracterization" is plot +
characterization, a way for writers
to dig deeper into stories and to
discover the DNA of their work.

Mohr believes the best plots aren't

controlled by writers but spring from the characters themselves.

He is the author of five novels, including "Damascus," which the New York Times called
"Beat-poet cool." Mohr has also written "Fight Song" and Some Things that Meant the World
to Me." His book "All This Life" was recently published by Counterpoint/Soft Skull.

To find out more about him, visit his website at <http://joshuamohr.net>.

Writers and Poets Open Mic!

When: 7:00-9:00 p.m.
Monday, October 26th

Where:

Suju's Coffee and Tea
3602 Thornton Ave.
Fremont

Joshua Mohr
'Plaracterization' Marry Plot and
Character-DNA for Writers
Saturday, October 24th 2-4 p.m.
DeVry University
6600 Dumbarton Circle
Fremont, CA

Fremont Area Writers is a branch of the
1,900-member California Writers Club.

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

South Bay Writers Present

WRITERS WORKSHOP

Write Short Fiction For Fun & Profit With Michael Bracken

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14

8:30 AM – 4 PM

Includes Breakfast, Lunch, Afternoon Refreshments

Harry's Hofbrau, 390 Saratoga Ave., San Jose

- Generate story ideas & turn them into workable plots
- Create compelling opening scenes
- Understand proper chronology of sentences, paragraphs, scenes
- Master scene construction, dialog, description
- Comprehend Chekov's shotgun and the rule of three
- Use and properly place dialog tags
- Employ writing tips and tricks you never learned in creative writing class
- Violate the "rules" other workshop leaders taught you
- Wrap up everything into finished, submittable manuscripts
- Establish and maintain productivity

Michael Bracken is a fulltime writer and editor who regularly leads writing workshops. He is the author of 11 books and the two-time Derringer Award-winning author of more than 1,100 short stories appearing in anthologies and literary, small press, and commercial publications worldwide. He is also the editor of five crime fiction anthologies, including the three-volume *Fedora* series.



AGENDA

Saturday, November 14

8:30 am	Registration & Continental Breakfast
9:00 am	Workshop
10:45 am	Break (10 min)
Noon	Working Lunch
1:00 pm	Workshop
2:15 pm	Break & Refreshments (10 min)
3:30 pm	Meet the Author & Book Signing
4:00 pm	Close

PRICE

EARLY BIRD (By 11.13)

CWC Member \$60

Non-member \$75

Students with ID \$30

DAY OF WORKSHOP (11.14)

CWC Member \$65

Non-member \$80

PAYMENT

**PAY ONLINE WITH PAYPAL
AT:**

www.SouthBayWriters.com

**MAIL CHECK AS
FOLLOWS:**

Payable to South Bay Writers

**SOUTH BAY WRITERS
PO BOX 3254
SANTA CLARA, CA 95055**



We're pleased to feature **Evelyn LaTorre** this month!

Evelyn's passions are traveling and writing about her travels. She expects to complete her memoir, *Impulsive Adventurer*, this year. Early life in rural Montana, a move to California at sixteen, and two years in the Peace Corps in Peru provide a colorful background for a fascinating first book. Evelyn's writing has appeared in the Delta Kappa Gamma Bulletin, World View and the Tri City Voice. Evelyn is a founding member of the Fremont Area Writers, a branch of the California Writers Club and a lifetime member of the National Association of Memoir Writers. Her current website can be found at Evelynsedit.wordpress.com.

Her Book

The memoir, *Impulsive Adventurer: Montana to Machu Picchu, a 1960's Peace Corps Journey* takes place in two states, three countries and on two continents. The book recounts the explorations and dilemmas of Evelyn, a country girl from a protective Catholic family as she moves at age sixteen from rural Southeastern Montana to California and beyond. Her overactive imagination and insular family life contribute to misunderstandings about sin and sex and motivate Evelyn to become a nun.

When attending college in California, Evelyn volunteers to help Caesar Chavez take a census among migrant workers in the Fresno Valley. There she grows to care about people different from the farmers and ranchers where she was raised. She realizes that the music, food, and caring nature of the Latino culture complete her. Evelyn is touched by the generosity of the Spanish-speaking laborers, who, though poor in material wealth, are rich in spirit. They show her more affection than her family.

The summer of her junior year at the all women's Catholic College she attends, Evelyn lives in a small Mexican village. She gets lost in Tijuana but finds her way to Apaseo el Grande where she helps start a school and organizes a library. In her senior

year, she decides to join the Peace Corps instead of enter the convent. That decision forever changes her life. The Peace Corps trains Evelyn in Rural Community Development and sends her to live in the mountains of Peru.

Evelyn feels out of place in the land of the Incas when she finds herself without a town to live in. She and a Peace Corps colleague, Marie, venture into the unknown to find a Shang-ri-la. For a year and a half the two friends are part of the Andean community of Abancay. They embrace the challenges of living without drinkable water and dependable electricity while they prepare to provide health and education to a developing Quechua-speaking town. At the local hospital, they learn how to deliver babies. They teach English, and organize 4-H type girls' clubs. And they fall in love with local men.

Evelyn learns what real love and heartbreak are. At the end of her tour, with airline tickets in hand, she has an important decision to make. The final scenes take place with Evelyn's family back in the States. The book begins, "From rivulets to a stream to a torrent. Forces of nature shaped my life, from innocence to sexual awakening to passion. The emotional eddies that flowed through the hills and gullies of my Montana childhood began as silent streams of religious reverence and family protection. They crept along at a creek's pace when I was a teen in California and erupted like a storm-stirred ocean as I entered my twenties and lived in Puerto Rico and Mexico. A tsunami of passion swept me away when I was twenty-two and a Peace Corps volunteer in Peru."

FROM David George, CWC Central Board President

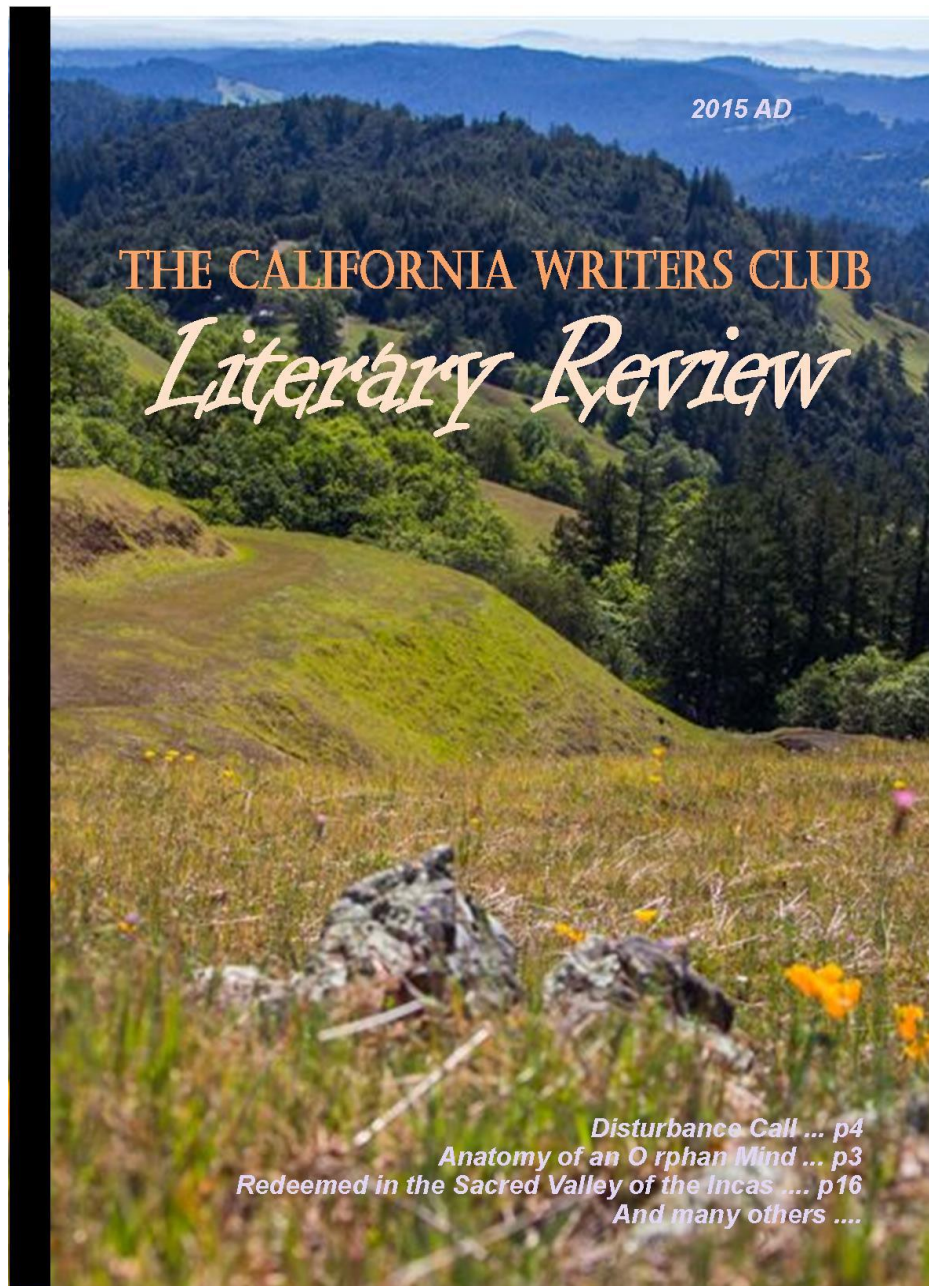
If it hasn't already arrived in your mailbox, you'll soon receive the latest edition of the Literary Review. Now in its fourth year, it's on its way to establishing itself as a CWC institution.

Sadly costs are rising. In order to maintain a quality publication while balancing our budget, we have instituted a submission fee beginning with the next issue. Going forward, \$10 per submitter must accompany each submission of up to two pieces submitted at the same time, payable by Pay Pal or by check.

Find submission guidelines and payment details on the CWC website, www.calwrites.org. The deadline is November 30, 2015, and we look forward to reviewing your fine writing.

From Bob Isill, HDCWD Programs/Publicity

Dave LaRoche, Editor of the Literary Review, says that the Literary Review will be published and distributed about mid-September. High Desert is publishing the photo of the great cover for this upcoming issue of the Inkslinger, along with a notice to our membership that their correct address is listed.





Twelve Reasons to Join Fremont Area Writers

1. Support and camaraderie of other writers—Fremont Area Writers has over 60 members.
2. Opportunity to hear professional speakers—Monthly meetings bring in experts from all fields—craft, publishing, tech, and more!
3. Inkspots Monthly Newsletter—submit stories and articles for a chance to be published.
4. Open Mic Monthly Gathering—share your work aloud in a comfortable and non-threatening environment.
5. Book Signing Events—Published authors can sell their books to the public.
6. Authors Table—Published authors can advertise and sell their works to other members.
7. FAW Website provides news on upcoming meetings, member bios, writers resources and links from published authors bios to their book selling platforms and author websites.
8. Free Book Table—Bring your used books to share with others and take some home for yourself.
9. Workshops on the writing craft—for newbies to seasoned pros.
10. Social gatherings like our Holiday Party in December and California Writers Club picnic in July.
11. Community Outreach events like writing contests and reading to seniors.
12. Statewide support from the California Writers Club, founded in 1909, to continue in the tradition of Jack London and friends, who believed that California creates talented writers.

Fremont Area Writers is a branch of the 1,900-member California Writers Club.
cwc-fremontareawriters.org

Presidents Message



Shirley Ferrante

Fall is upon us. The leaves are turning glorious colors of red and gold. The wind is carrying them here, there and everywhere. Summer may have ended, but your FAW has begun new adventures.

Liz Breshears, Community Outreach Coordinator, has organized a timeline for the writing contest for Fremont high schoolers sponsored by your FAW.

10/23/15 Deadline for information distributed to high schools

11/14/15 Deadline for Essays (postmark date)

12/11/15 Judging of essays (feel free to volunteer to be a judge)

1/23/16 Awards ceremony at our January'16 meeting

First Place \$100, 2nd place \$50, 3rd place \$25

Runners up will receive honorable mention certificates

Robert and Kathy Garfinkle will host the FAW Holiday Pot Luck Saturday, December 5th. Keep an eye out for the pot luck sign-up sheet, event time and venue address.

We have a preferred date in March 2016 for the FAW sponsored workshop. Your Vice President, Erika Anderson-Bolden, is looking into possible speakers. If you recall, the speaker Erika lined up for the 2015 workshop, Martha Engber, was very well received.

I am pleased to announce Andrew Halligan has volunteered to take the position of FAW Membership Chairman. Give a cheer for Andrew.

We had a very entertaining speaker for our September meeting and she even brought us chocolate. Aleta George spoke on her topic: "How Research Road Trips Can Enrich Your Life."

Our October General Meeting Speaker will be Joshua Mohr. He is the author of five novels, including "Damascus," which The New York Times called "Beat-poet cool." He's also written "Fight Song" and "Some Things that Meant the World to Me," one of O Magazine's Top 10 reads of 2009 and a San Francisco Chronicle best-seller, as well as "Termite Parade," an Editors' Choice on The New York Times Best Seller List. His novel "All This Life" was recently published by Counterpoint/Soft Skull.

Remember, should you have a friend who wants support to write, extend an invitation to him/her to be our guest at the next FAW General meeting, Saturday, October 24.

FREMONT AREA WRITERS OFFICERS



President– **Shirley Ferrante**



Vice President – **Erika Anderson-Bolden**



Treasurer – **Cherilyn Jose**



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

FREMONT AREA WRITERS CHAIRPERSONS



Secretary – **Joyce Cortez**

Tony Pino – Open MIC
Jay Swartz – Nor-Cal Representative
Andrew Halligan - Membership Chair
Art Carey – Public Relations
Nancy Curteman – Hospitality
Carol Hall – Facebook Coordinator
Bruce Haase – Book Exchange
Pat Van den Heuvel – Telephone Outreach
Coordinator
Liz Breshears – Community Outreach
Coordinator
Jan Small – Book Signing Coordinator



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



Nancy Curteman—Hospitality



Jay Swartz
NorCal Representative



Carol Hall – FAW Facebook Coordinator



Andrew Halligan
Membership Chairperson

Bruce Haase –
Book Exchange & Authors Book Table



Bruce Haase urges everyone to bring books to our regular meetings. 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.



Art Carey – Public Relations



Pat Van den Heuvel
Telephone Outreach Coordinator



Liz Breshears
Community Outreach Coordinator



Jan Small, Book Signing Chairperson

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 October 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.

FAWS WRITERS CORNER



Liz Breshears

REMEMBER THE CALIFORNIA WRITERS CLUB PICNIC last July? My entry did win 2nd place in the "Literary Themed Desserts" contest.



Life in Late August



By--Michael O'Donnell

Notice how the days in late August result in such low turnout.
Perhaps we become bored with long, hot afternoons
With clear blue skies and
Perfect days and evenings,
Similar to how we lose interest in a baseball team
Twenty games out and going through the motions
Of a lost season,
And would prefer to stay indoors
With CSI reruns
Or move inside one of the big box stores to shop for 'back to school' specials
Which now take up the seasonal sections.
Or maybe some are at home nursing a persistent fascia inflammation,
Even as the setting sun moves inevitably southward each evening.
In any event the path around the lake, the beaches, the playgrounds are near empty,
Giving me pause to reflect on how

Late summer imitates life.
We reach a point where each day—
Even the best ones—
Is taken for granted. So we are lulled
Into complacency, as if this is forever,
And we don't take the time
To 'live each special moment'
Until

That sudden late August chill in the air that reminds of coming winter,
Or that funny tightening in our chest,
Or the news of a younger brother's death,
Or an ambulance ride to Spooner.

Then, with new urgency, we are back outside

Joyfully observing that the setting of the sun is
Still well above the equinox,
Enjoying the beauty of the last of our summer
The last of our days
The last of our vows to never take for granted
These clear skies and warm breezes,
Until

We hear 'it's only indigestion',
Or 'what do you expect, the way he took care of himself?'
And we are exonerated,
Free from the burden of the effort of cherishing,
Free to stay indoors or go shopping.
And relish in the idea that
We have time, besides a new football season is beginning.

The Beast



By Teresa Connelly

The woman's right arm thrust forward, her finger pointing at the huddled mass on the kitchen floor. "What's that thing doing in here?"

"I got me a dog," the man said as a self-deprecating smile crossed his face. He walked to the refrigerator, got out a can of beer, popped the top and took a huge sip. "Norm and me are going rabbit hunting tomorrow." He gulped down the rest of the can, scrunched it up and set it on the counter.

The woman leaned against the sink, reached for her lit cigarette, brought it to her lips and inhaled in one fluid motion. "It ain't gonna live in this house."

The man shrugged. "I knew you'd say that." He got another beer, threw back his head and swallowed. "So I'm gonna build her a house out back."

The woman took another puff. "Then you'd better get busy 'cause time's running out."

"C'mon, girl," the man said as he led the dog outside.

The woman laid her cigarette in the ashtray and then walked into the front room, her nylons swishing with every step. She turned on the television, switched channels until she was satisfied, sat on the couch and then lit a new cigarette.

She twisted a chunk of her hair into a tight curl, bobby-pinned it tight against her scalp, then picked up another swatch of hair and did it again. Again and again until her head glowed from the sheen of the pins. She stopped only long enough to smoke, each time the end of the cigarette glowing like a star. When finished, the woman wrapped toilet paper around and around her head until she looked like a recent surgery patient.

All the while, from outside came sounds of sawing, swearing and pounding, accompanied by the occasional whine of the dog.

"Come outside," the man said just as the sky was turning gray.

The woman followed him to the end of the yard, where now stood a finished doghouse with a rectangular doorway and a sharply pitched roof. The dog sported a chain attached to its collar, the other end looped onto a large stake.

The man smiled. "The dog will live out here." He stood tall, with shoulders squared, proud of his work.

The woman turned and went into the house, sat on the couch and puffed on her cigarette.

He followed, stopping long enough to chug down a beer. "I'm gonna take a shower and go to bed."

No sooner had the man disappeared down the hall when the noise began. At first it was a high-pitched whine, but quickly escalated into an ear-piercing howl that spoke of loneliness and despair.

The woman opened the back door, stuck out her head and yelled, "Shut up."

The dog quieted down immediately.

The woman went into the bedroom, put on her nightgown and got into bed. As soon as her head hit the pillow, the howling began again, this time louder and longer in intensity. "Go shut that dog up," the woman said when her husband came out of the bathroom.

He went outside and cussed at the dog. It whined and whined and so the man cussed some more. When the dog was finally quiet, the man got in bed. Pulled the covers up to his shoulders. Closed his eyes. The racket began again just as the man was getting comfortable.

The woman punched the man on the arm and said, "You'd better keep that dog quiet or the neighbors will complain."

The man got up and slipped on his shoes and a shirt. Cussing all the while, he walked down the hall and outside. When the door slammed shut, the woman felt its vibration all the way down the hall.

In the morning the woman unwrapped her head and took out the bobby pins. She carefully fluffed her hair so that the curls kept their shape. She dressed and went to the kitchen where she found an old cigarette in the ashtray. She lit it and inhaled, closing her eyes as the wave of nicotine hit her.

She looked out back and saw that the dog was gone. So was the car. "By God, he did go hunting."

In the late afternoon, the man returned. He staked the dog to its chain outback and came in for a beer. "That dog is worthless. She wouldn't follow the pack and jumped every time someone fired a gun."

The woman smirked.

"I'll take her back tomorrow. I'm gonna go take a shower." The man headed down the hall.

The howling started up as soon as the water began to pour, so the woman stepped outside and yelled, "Be quiet."

The dog obeyed. The woman slowly walked toward it. "What kind of beast are you?" She bent over to take a look. "You're a pretty thing, aren't you?"

The dog turned its sad brown eyes at the woman, laid down its head and rested its chin on its front paws.

"Look at those eyes," the woman said. "You'd melt butter." She rubbed the dog's head. "My, your fur is soft."

The dog inched closer until she was able to lean her head against the woman's leg.

The woman patted the dog on the shoulders and back. "You're a sweetie, but I've got work to do." The woman walked away.

Immediately the dog began to whine, its tail flopping from side to side and its eyes wide and sorrowful. The woman returned, bent over and picked up the dog. She cradled it in her arms and rocked it like a baby. "I bet you're hungry, poor thing." She unhooked the dog and carried it inside. She gave it a bowl of water and some of the canned food her husband had brought home. The woman smiled as the dog wolfed down its breakfast.

When finished, the dog collapsed to the floor with a sigh and promptly fell asleep.

The woman moved her ashtray to the kitchen table, sat on a chair, and smoked with a satisfied smile on her face.

"What have you done?" the man said when he came into the kitchen. "What's wrong with you, woman? I thought you didn't want that dog in the house?"

"She was lonely. And hungry. I couldn't leave her out there, all alone, another minute."

The man opened the back door. "You've ruined her. You've made a pet out of her. Now I can't bring her back." The door slammed shut behind him.

The woman smiled, inhaled, blew smoke in the air and said, "Now, what shall I call you?"

The woman's right arm thrust forward, her finger pointing at the huddled mass on the kitchen floor. "What's that thing doing in here?"

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SOUNDS



By Shirley Ferrante

Nails slowly dragged across a black chalk dusted blackboard. Admit it. You cringed and most likely had a flash of a long ago school experience. Sounds are evocative.

Thwarted by the lengthy signal at the corner of Paseo Padre and Mowry, I give in. I power down my Prius's windows and lose myself in the sounds of the melodious waters of the modern, silver sculpted fountain located at the edge of the shopping center parking lot. I close my eyes and let the tinkling waters take me to a courtyard fountain in Hawaii, Puerto Vallarta or Acapulco. Of course it is a brief journey or I risk the wrath of my fellow motorists.

How I miss the lilting sound of crickets. Sometime over the last 20 years, they went missing. Their nightly symphonies would evoke memories of warm summer nights in San Jose spent with family and friends; remembered dinners under the fig tree in my maternal grandparents' backyard, dates with my high school buddies at Mel's Drive In on the Alameda, and picking grapes at dusk in a long gone Los Gatos vineyard.

A gas wall heater warmed my paternal grandparents' house on Potrero Hill in San Francisco. With a grunt Grandpa Ferrante would gingerly lower himself to his knees and ignite the gas with a wooden match. The blue and gold colored burning gas fascinated me, but I was mesmerized by the hissing sound of the burning gas. I can still imagine the hiss, hiss, hiss of the gas, and it still evokes comfort and memories of grandma, grandpa, good food and family gatherings.

Sounds can be annoying, disruptive or unsettling and sounds can eschew the comfort of familiarity. As he sets off to work every morning at 6:15, my neighbor's growling corvette doubles as an alarm clock. With the echoing, clanging and banging of garbage cans every Friday, the sanitation engineers herald the approaching weekend. The stomach sinking sound of my cat, as he up chucks a hair ball reminds me what is tolerated in the name of love.

Not to forget some of my favorite sounding words, heather, labyrinth, tintinnabulation. Tintinnabulation takes me to Edgar Allen Poe's "The Bells". Poe takes us on a powerful journey provided by the sound of "The Bells". And last but not least the haunting sounds of the train whistle as it calls through the quiet of the night.

Myrla Raymundo, MBA
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