



INK SPOTS



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

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

Webmaster – Linda Lee

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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.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE



Carol Hall

FAW President (August, September, October)

I have a lot to be grateful for when it comes to Fremont Area Writers: for the many members who volunteer their time and talents to support the club and make it grow numerically as well as in writing craft. From the elected board members and appointed heads of different areas who work harmoniously with each other for the good of the club to the unsung heroes who provide refreshments or call members each month, and to the faithful attendees who show up each month, I want to give a big THANK YOU! -----Carol Lee Hall



Fremont Area Writers

The Centennial Branch
"Writers Helping Writers"



Submitting Your Writing for Publication



Sometimes the big question isn't what to write, but how to get published. So when is it time to submit your writing for publication? How do you decide where to send your work? How do you stay engaged in the work in spite of the inevitable rejections?

It took Jan Ellison five years to write and publish her first short story, which went on to win an O. Henry Prize and lay the groundwork for the sale of her debut novel in a preempt to

Random House. Jan will briefly recount her publishing journey, and will offer tips on surviving rejection and staying committed to revision, while working to break into print.

Writers and Poets Open Mic!

When: 7:00-9:00 p.m.
Monday, October 24th

Where:

Suju's Coffee and Tea
3602 Thornton Ave.
Fremont

You can read more about Jan at <http://www.janellison.com/>

Jan Ellison
**"Submitting Your Writing
for Publication"**
Saturday, Oct. 22nd, 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

MESSAGE FROM MEMBER TISH DAVIDSON



Process, Publish, Promote

Sisters in Crime Northern California Branch is hosting a one-day workshop in San Francisco from 9 to 5 on October 8. Sessions include:

- tips and techniques for character, plot, pacing
- understanding your contract
- finding and selling to your audience.
-

Deborah Crombie, author of 17 mysteries featuring London police detectives Duncan Kincaid and Gemma James is the keynote speaker. Kelli Stanley, author of historical noir novels leads the tips and techniques workshop. Helen Sedwick, attorney, will speak on rights and contracts and Cindy Sample, author of mysteries set in California gold country, will discuss marketing.

Price for the workshop is \$65 for SINC and MWA members/ \$75 non-members/ \$85 for conference + 1 year membership in SINC and includes lunch. Registration at <http://www.sincnorcal.org>

The location is 1 Embarcadero, easily accessible by BART.

**CONGRATS
TISH DAVIDSON**



Tish Davidson's story "The Job," about a teacup Chihuahua that wants a big dog job tied for third place in the Fremont Cultural Arts flash fiction contest held September 24 at Half Price Books. The prize was a \$25 gift card to Half Price Books and \$5 cash.

Tish Davidson has just signed a contract to write a second book on vaccines. The book will examine the history and social implications of the anti-vaccination movement along with current case studies. It will be published as part of Greenwood Press's Health and Medical Issues Today series. The 70,000-word book, which is aimed at high school, community college, and public libraries, provides a modest advance and royalties. The contract was negotiated without an agent.

NEWS FROM MEMBER CHRIS DEWS



On Saturday, October 1, a group from the Fremont Area Writers attended the California Writers Club NorCal Group Building Better Branches Conference.

Sandy Baker, Redwood Writers, gave a well-received keynote address on 'Secrets for Attracting and Nurturing Members'.

Following this, the attendees broke out into peer-to-peer groups to discuss, for example, group activities.

After lunch, the attendees chose a concurrent session from the following choices: 'Leading the Leaders', 'Generation Text', and 'The Five Dysfunctions of a Team'.

From Fremont Area Writers, attendees were:

Michael O Donnell
Andrew Halligan
Evelyn Latorre
Carol Hall
Lita Harrison
Chris Dews

We all agreed that the conference was a great success, and we had learned much from it.



MORE ON CHRIS DEWS

In 'Meet the Writer' at Fremont Library, October 7, at 12 noon, Chris Dews will review his experiences as a beginning writer.

Chris, who is currently working on his third novel, *Antler Jinny and the Raven*, will talk about what he has learned, writing and self-publishing two books: *Aengus Amused* and *The Druid and the Bracelet*.

This will be an informal meeting - don't forget to bring a brown-bag lunch!

CWC Reminder: Literary Review submissions open Sept 1 through Nov 30, 2016

CWC Presidents, VP's, CB Reps, Editors & Publicity Chairs:

This is a reminder that the Literary Review 2017 edition will be accepting submissions beginning Thursday, September 1, 2016 through November 30, 2016.

Please remind your membership so that they will be aware of these important deadlines for submissions.

For guidelines, visit www.calwriters.org under the "Publications" banner.

<http://calwriters.org/literary-review/#submissions>

Close adherence to these guidelines is requested.

Advertising in the next Lit Review may also be obtained now. However, advertising deadline is on a later schedule to be announced in early 2017.

Thanks,

Bob Isbill
CWC Advertising & Promotions

GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING –August 27, 2016

Cara Black talked about How To Weave Research into Your Novel.



President Carol Hall opened the meeting.

The attendees



Presidents: (A shared position this year)

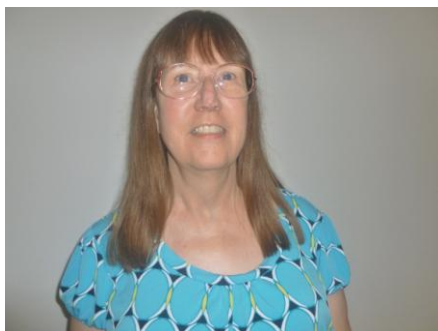
Carol Hall -August, September, October

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

Robert Garfinkle – February, March, April



Vice President – **Erika Anderson-Bolden**



Secretary – **Joyce Cortez**



Treasurer – **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



Evelyn LaTorre
Central Board Rep



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



Bruce Haase
Sound Equipment
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



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
Hospitality/Cookies	Nancy Curteman
Volunteer Coordinator	Nancy Curteman
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 Outreac	Pat Van den Heuvel
Currently Need Volunteer:	
Community Outreach	½ yr.

**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 2016 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.

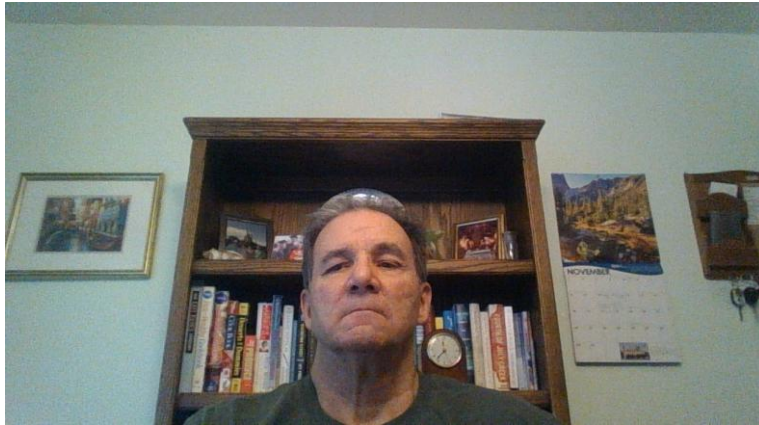
Ink Spots is issued monthly and is distributed to FAW members at the club general meeting every month. It is also emailed to those with email addresses.

Ink Spots welcomes you to write articles and submit them to this Editor at raymundomyrla@gmail.com.



FAWS WRITERS CORNER

SARGENT TIPPY TOES



By Frank Marseglia

Sergento sat on a bench pretending to read a newspaper. The top fluttered gently in the autumn breeze just below his dark gray eyes. He watched a woman push her two daughters on a set of swings giggling and laughing with the enthusiasm of youth.

She is a beautiful woman with straight blonde hair and a laugh that would brighten a dreary day. Her dull green dress showed the wetness of the ground and her brown coat showed the coldness of the air.

The children shouted, “Higher, higher” in unison kicking out their feet as they soared forward so their toes touched the pale blue sky and returned legs bent and feet tucked up so they wouldn’t scrap the wet rutted ground.

The sun balanced at the edge of morning and afternoon. It cast a shadow on Sergento, accentuating the scars of war and lines of age on his face that resembled the ripples of sand on a beach.

The woman did not see the old man’s face, or for that matter the old man, for she paid strict attention to her children. The only thing she sees are the shadows of her two girls moving back and forth, stretching and contracting.

He smiled and then felt regret. He regrets he never married, never had children. He will never experience what the woman was feeling now. “No,” he thought, “Because I chose to be a professional soldier this woman is allowed her time of happiness with her two girls.”

The old man thought of the day he joined the army, at nine years old. He marched into the colonel's office and barked, "I want to join up." There were several other officers there. At first they looked at the small boy stunned, and then they all started to laugh.

The Colonel said, "What, you are such a small boy. You should be home helping your parents in the fields." He smiled as the small boy grew inches in seconds.

The boy replied, "I have no family. They were killed in last week's bombardment." The boy lifted up a little higher on his tippy toes and stared intently at the colonel. After a moment his toes started to ache and his legs began to shake. Every time he felt himself shrinking he would raise up higher. "I want to avenge my family." Tears came to the corners of his eyes. "I want to kill the army that killed my family."

The Colonel looked at the little boy, "What," he said shocked, "The whole army?" The little boy nodded once emphatically. The Colonel sat back in his chair and studied the boy. He looked at his men. "This is the spirit I want." He said pointing to the boy. "This little boy lost his family and now he wants to kill the whole enemy army." There was nervous laughter. The other officers did not know if the Colonel was joking. "What is your name little soldier?" The Colonel asked.

"I am called Sergento, Sergento Ballerini," replied the boy with pride as he puffed out his chest and raised him-self higher.

"Well," the Colonel laughed, "Not in the army a minute and he is already a sergeant." This time the laughter was in earnest. "I'm going to call you Sargent Tippy Toes." The other men laughed again. "Well, Sergeant Tippy Toes can you polish boots?"

Sergento looked crestfallen, "Boots?" He asked. "Why, I want to kill the enemy."

"Sargent Tippy Toes," the colonel explained, "First you must learn the fundamentals of army life. When you are older you can learn to kill. There is always time to learn how to kill. But, for right now you will be my runner and clean my boots." The Colonel put his hands on his desk and raised an eyebrow, "Take it or leave it."

Sergento took it. That was fifty-five years ago. He watched the woman and the two children. He looked at the sky and felt the warmth of the sun on his face. There was only one dark cloud in the distance, a remnant from last night's storm.

Under the cloud at the other end of the park he saw four men. They were passing a sack around and taking a drink. He could hear their laughter and raucous behavior. It was directed at the woman and her children. Finished, they threw the bottle against a large boulder with a resounding crash and tinkle of glass. One wiped his mouth with his sleeve and started toward the swings.

Folding his paper, he put it in his pocket and stood up. He marched quickly to the approaching men. He may be old but he was still in perfect shape and intercepted them well before they got to their prey.

"Where do you hoodlums think you're going?" He asked in his gravelly voice.

"What's it to you old man?" The leader said. The other three spread out.

Walking up to the leader, he looked him in the eyes. "I know what you want." He nodded his head with comprehension. "I'm going to stop you. So turn around," he made a circle motion with his left finger, "Go back where you came from." He did not flinch, but the leader did. Sergento saw it. There was a very tiny look of uncertainty and a spark of fear.

"There are four of us and one of you," the leader said looking at his men trying to gain the upper hand.

Sergento heard happy sounds in back of him. He unbuttoned his coat and let drop to the ground.

The leader took a step back and inspected old man's bull-like frame. He saw a foot long dagger sheathed.

With a passive face, Sergento looked at each of the men. They did not look at him.

Nodding to the man on his left, "You fatty, I'm going to slit your throat." Sergento made a slicing motion across his neck. The man's eyes grew wide with fear. "You," he said to the man on the other side. "I'm going to gut you. Have you ever seen a man gutted?" The man shook his head. "Your insides fall to the ground. When you run you will trip over them." The man's jaw dropped and he put his hands to his stomach. "You," he said to the third man with a look of disdain, "You're a coward and will just stand there pissing all over yourself." The man's knees shook and he looked for a place to run. Sergento grabbed the handle of his blade. "Well?"

The leader also was shaken up. He too wanted to find a way out. "We want to go to the center of town." He whined. "How will we get there if we don't through the park?" They had lost their bravado.

"You can go another way. There is a world filled with other ways you can go, but not this way."

The four men started to back up. After twenty feet, they all turned and retreated. Not a word said. When they got back to where they started, the leader turned and yelled, "Up yours old man." All four laughed and ran.

Sergento picked up his coat and brushed it off. He watched the girls giggle and scream on the swings. The mother laughed enjoying an afternoon at the park.

He walked back to his lonely apartment.

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The Real Deal



By Teresa Connelly

Every day I pack my bag with
Swimsuit and fresh beach towel
And drive to the gym a few miles away
Optimistic that a few pounds will be shed
Just enough to make a slight difference
I drive past workers stringing new telephone lines
Bicyclists, young and old, wavering in and out
Of the narrow confines of their allotted space
I bypass trucks that stop at train tracks
As I listen to my favorite country music stars
Wondering how crowded the pool will be
And picture my fat self walking
Nonchalantly to the pool's edge
Sitting on the top step as I put on my fins
Pretending that my suit isn't stretched too
Tightly over my abdomen
And then I step into the water and begin to swim
Feel the current that my hands create
My breathing rhythmic and the motion calming
Lap after lap I glide
Outlasting younger, stronger, faster men
When I'm finished, I smile
Proud of what I have accomplished
And in those peaceful minutes
I forget about my size
And what others see when they gape
For I know, that in that moment of time,
That they don't know the real me
And never will

Poetry Sucks

By Michael Odonnell

The words of middle school students
Echo in the tunnels of my brain.
“Poetry sucks,” they say.
“It stinks, it’s dumb, it’s boring.”

After pondering at length,
I decide that if poetry stinks
I want it to smell like the inner-city streets
Filled with the exhaust fumes from broken down autos,
Smoke from an old man’s pipe,
Sweat from a midnight jogger.

If poetry sucks
I want it to suck the rage
Out of a fiery teenage heart
Into that underused pen,
Splashing anger like blood
Over clean, white paper.

If poetry is dumb
It should be dumb in the mute sense
Filled instead with exploding emotions
That cannot be expressed through teeth and lips.

If poetry is boring
I want it to bore tunnels
That carry violent, passionate thoughts
From the heart to the fingertips
Shakily holding that pen.

The world is filled with
Passion, ethos, pain and ecstasy
And often Poetry
Is its only voice.
