



# INK SPOTS



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

**Myrla Raymundo, MBA, Editor**

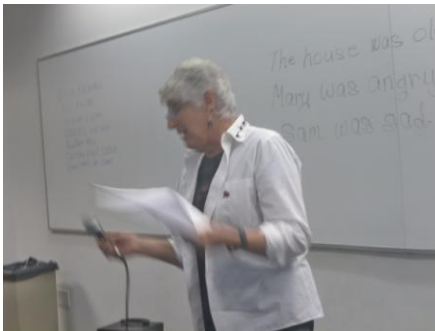
**E-mail [raymundomyrla@gmail.com](mailto:raymundomyrla@gmail.com)**

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

**VOL 37, November 2014**

**MISSION STATEMENT:** For the purpose of providing a forum for educating both members and the public in the craft of writing and in marketing their works. This is served by the monthly public meetings, workshops, and seminars, which are open to all writers and the general public, and are conducted for the purpose of educating writers of all levels of expertise.

**GENERAL MEMBERSHIP  
MEETING  
OCTOBER 25, 2014  
DE VRY UNIVERSITY**



President Shirley Scott opened the General Membership Meeting.



**Guest Speaker Andy Weir presented  
“How I Backed Into a Publishing Deal.”**

**The attendees**



**FREMONT AREA WRITERS**

***HOLIDAY PARTY & GIFT  
EXCHANGE***

**FOR FAW MEMBERS AND THEIR GUESTS**

**SATURDAY DEC 13, 2014, 6:00 PM – 9 PM**



**AT THE HOME OF**

**SHIRLEY SCOTT-FERRANTE**

**34294 EUCALYPTUS TERRACE, FREMONT**

**R.S.V.P. 510-791-8639 OR [shirleyrscott@yahoo.com](mailto:shirleyrscott@yahoo.com)**

**Pls. bring a gift from yourself and guest (in the  
\$10.00 price range.)**

**Potluck: Bring enough to feed 10 people.**

**If your last name begins with:**

**A-K      bring a Main Dish**

**L-R      bring a Salad**

**S-Z      bring a Dessert**

**Bring your own liquid refreshment.**



# Fremont Area Writers

Writers Helping Writers



## Holiday Book Signing and Sale: Personally Autographed Books Make Great Holiday Gifts!



Looking for a special gift for someone?  
How about a book autographed by the author?

About a dozen Bay Area writers will be on hand to read from their works, to sign, and to sell books at NewPark Mall in Newark during Black Friday weekend, Nov. 28-29. The sale, sponsored by Fremont Area Writers, will take place at

the Cultural Event Center on the ground floor near Sears from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. on the Friday and Saturday after Thanksgiving.

Open mics will be held from 2-4 p.m. on both days for readings by writers. Shoppers will be able to get a candy pick-me-up and bookmarks.

Books for sale will be available in genres including mystery, thriller, humor, religion, art, science, history, poetry, and memoir. Among the writers will be Jan Small, Robert Davis, Tova Dian Dean, Nancy Curteman, Urmila Patel, Kymberlie Ingalls, Laila El-Sissi, Ameena Saeed, Barbara Hawkins, Rachelle Ayala, and Arthur Carey.

### Black Friday Weekend

Friday, Nov. 28th: 10 a.m. – 6 p.m.

Saturday, Nov. 29th: 10 a.m. – 6 p.m.

Open Mic both days 2 – 4 p.m.

NewPark Mall, Cultural Events Center  
Near Sears in Newark

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

Jan Small

Book Signing & Sale Coordinator

jan@jansmall.com

cwc-fremontareawriters.org



# Fremont Area Writers

Writers Helping Writers



## There's No One Best Way to Become a Writer



What's the best way to become a writer?

Sorry, there isn't one.

At least that's the opinion of writer and historian Jason S. Ridler, who will be the next speaker for Fremont Area Writers on Saturday, Nov. 22.

Ridler is prolific, with more than 60 stories published in magazines and anthologies. He can be pinned down loosely as a writer of dark fiction, but he has described his work as "supernatural thrillers with heart." A former punk rock musician and cemetery groundskeeper, he holds a Ph.D. in War Studies from the Royal Military College of Canada.

He is the author of "A Triumph for Sakura," "Blood and Sawdust," the Spar Battersea thrillers "Death Match," "Con Job," and "Dice Roll."

You can find out more about him at <https://ridlerville.wordpress.com/>.

### Writers and Poets Open Mic!

**When:** 7:00-9:00 p.m.  
**Monday, November 24**

#### **Where:**

**Suju's Coffee  
Meeting Room  
3602 Thornton Ave.  
Fremont**

**Saturday, Nov. 22, 2-4 p.m.  
DeVry University, Room 120  
6600 Dumbarton Circle  
Fremont, CA**

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

**Shirley Scott-Ferrante, President**  
510-791-8639  
[cwc-fremontareawriters.org](http://cwc-fremontareawriters.org)

# TID BITS FROM NANCY CARTEMAN

## Chapter Endings

“Show, don’t tell,” what exactly does that mean? It’s more than a string of adjectives or details. Showing allows the author to tell the story through the actions, words, thoughts, senses, and feelings of characters. Here are some examples FAW members generated:

Not: *The floor was old.* But:

- The worn floor creaked with each footstep on the warped boards.
- Harold stopped in the middle of the hall, breathing decay.
- The condo smelled of dirty socks and years of mold and mildew.
- The rusty hinged door creaked as she stepped from the warped porch into the dank and dusty room.
- A sound came from the floorboards as though a ghost had stepped through the door from long ago when the house was new.
- The dust of many years threatened to suffocate him as he entered the stately manor.

Not: *Sam was intimidating.* But:

- Sam rammed his face close to John’s. “You’ll do what I tell you. You’ll do it now.”
- Sam stood stone silent, fists clenched.

Not: *Sam was angry.* But:

- Sam shouted, “Get away from me. You’re not worth my time.”
- Sam laughed a sardonic laugh and made a face, his eyes bulging and the color rising in his cheeks, “I hate it when you come in late...you are so inconsiderate of others.”
- Everyone could see the white, throbbing vein on Sam’s crimson face as he glared at Mary.
- Sam spoke to her with his jaws clenched, gritted teeth. His vein pulsated pumping blood to his face making it the crimson that matched his coat.

Not: *Mary was sad.* But:

- Tears streamed down Mary’s cheeks and her words caught in her throat.
- She wrapped her arms around herself and rocked back and forth, sobbing.
- She sat hunched, shoulders shaking, eyes wet.
- How Mary’s eyes failed to fall from her sockets as the storm of tears poured from them was a wonder to all before her.

## NEWS! NEWS! NEWS!

Happy Day to Everyone,

Solstice Publishing has just placed my new novel, "[Murder on the Seine](#)," on Amazon for pre-order. Both the ebook and the print version will release on November 11th. I hope you enjoy reading it as much as I enjoyed writing it....Nancy Curteman



\*\*\*\*\*  
My articles on my wife's cure from cancer entitled "Gracious Intervention" has been published in the book Heaven Touching Earth, Bethany House Publishers.....Walter B. Huckaby

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Community Involvement is a great way to improve the community and help out our fellow citizens. There are myriad of activities for this kind of volunteer work. The idea is to devote resources to seed ideas, to foster development initiative and support and play our part to ensure the long-term vitality of our community. As part of our Community Involvement:

Fremont Area Writers Club visits Local Board and Care Homes, Assisted Living Facilities; Disabled groups and we read our writings to them.

We hold OPEN MICS.

We visit hospitals and read our writings to the patients.

We visit colleges and we tell them about our work as writers to entice them to be future writers.

We hold Children and Teens Writing Contest.

Please be a part of this very important community involvement.

## **PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE**



### **Shirley Scott-Ferrante**

Wasn't Andy Weir an enjoyable speaker at our October 25<sup>th</sup> General Meeting? It was truly inspiring to hear this author's fantastic trek of writing on line for what he thought was a niche audience only to have his book "The Martian" picked up by Random House for publication. And that's not all. Andy has also secured a movie option for his science fiction novel "The Martian".

If you missed Andy Weir, don't miss Jason Ridler. Jason will be our speaker for the November 22<sup>nd</sup> meeting. I know you will find his topic, "There's No One Best Way to Become a Writer", informative. You can read more about this author on his website: <https://ridlerville.wordpress.com/>

We were also treated to a Halloween story written and read by our Secretary Joyce Cortez. Look for her story, "Nightmare House", and enjoy reading it in this issue of the InkSpots.

Tony Pino had a very successful Open Mic Monday night, October 27<sup>th</sup>. The next scheduled Open Mic is Monday, November 24<sup>th</sup> at Suju's Coffee, Meeting Room, 3620 Thornton Ave., Fremont. To find out more, you can contact Tony Pino at [up.dragonfly@gmail.com](mailto:up.dragonfly@gmail.com).

We have scheduled our FAW Christmas Potluck for Saturday, December 13<sup>th</sup>, 6:00 PM.

Watch for the potluck signup sheet and venue address in your email.

## 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.

Next meeting: November 24,  
2014 Monday 7 pm – 9pm.

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**Nancy Curteman** – Central Board Representative, Hospitality & Telephone Outreach



**Art Carey**-Public Relations

## BOOK EXCHANGE



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



## AUTHORS BOOK TABLE

**Carol Hall** is 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.

## FROM THE EDITOR



**Myrla Raymundo** welcomes you to our November 2014 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).

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### EDITORIAL STAFF

**Myrla Raymundo, MBA – Editor**  
**Joyce Hornblower – Assistant Editor**

### InkSpots Newsletter

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 or to our Assistant Editor Joyce Hornblower.

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.

Joyce and I are waiting.....

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The Editor just celebrated her 79<sup>th</sup> birthday last Nov 4, 2014 with a feast prepared by her friends.



## FREMONT AREA WRITERS OFFICERS



President– **Shirley Scott-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** - Donation Drawing and  
Authors Table

**Nancy Curteman** – Central  
Board Representative, Hospitality &  
Telephone Outreach

**Tony Pino** – Open MIC

**Art Carey** – Public Relations

**Bruce Haase** – Book Exchange

**Myrla Raymundo** - Editor

**Joyce Hornblower** – Assistant Editor

## 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

# FAW WRITERS CORNER

## The Sea Shell Collection

By Doris Nikolaidis

Nick looked at his collection of sea shells. She had told him to get rid of all his junk. By the time she returned from her visit to her mother, she did not want to see any of his stuff around.

It clutters up the whole house, she had said.

Nick loved his sea shells. They brought back memories of the happy times he had spent at the beach house with his parents, before they got divorced. His father and he had gotten up early in the morning when the sun was rising from the water, adorning the crests of the undulating waves with small diamonds of orange light. They had walked along the beach, collecting these sea shells. Now his wife insisted he had to give them away.

He walked out to the beach and discarded the shells one by one, just throwing them back into the water.

He went back to the house, made a cup of coffee and sat on the deck of the beach home he had inherited from his parents.

He took out one of the comic books from the stack in the middle of the table. Nick did not like his son reading all these comic books but when he had suggested to his son that he was too old to read comic books, his son had said they were collector's items now. "Just like your shells, Dad."

He sighed and looked at the sea. The waves were churning and it was getting windy. A storm might be brewing, he thought. I better take my son's comic books and take them into the house before they get blown away. He looked around the deck and noticed a discarded soap box in the corner behind one of the lounge chairs. He picked the soap box up and stuffed the comic books into the box. I'll take them to his room, he told himself. The kid is still asleep and it is already 12 noon. If his mother would be home, she'd had him out of bed by 8 o'clock in the morning.

He tried to walk silently into his son's bedroom. The rubber soles of his old tennis shoes barely made a noise. He dropped the soap box into a corner of his son's room and carefully closed the door. Sleep, my son, sleep a little more because tomorrow your mother is coming back and you'll have to get up at 8 o'clock again.

On his way back to the deck and his coffee, he stopped at the mailbox. There was only one postcard in the box. It was from his wife. She was not coming back.

"Hell, and I got rid of all my shells", Nick cursed.

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# ***“Halloween Haunted House”***

*by Bruce Haase*

Ned was trying to convince No Jocks and I that he came from a long line of entrepreneurs, and we could make some cash this Halloween. He had a plan but needed the two of us to help him with the details and to back him up with the plan.

I had never been totally trusting of Ned, and asked him, “What the hell is an entrepreneur?”

Naturally No Jocks answered with, “That’s a French guy that wears girl’s clothes!” I punched him on the shoulder, and Ned slapped him on the top of the head.

I made a mental note to stop at the library to find out what an entrepreneur was. Then I could figure out if Ned was one.

Ned told us his plan, I fine tuned it, and No Jocks nervously said, he’d go along with it if we would.

The plan was to brag that the three of us would go to the door of the old Haunted Mansion on Nottingham and get in, if someone answered, we said we weren’t afraid of ghosts, or whoever answered. We would bet all comers.

The rest of the plan was our secret. We would meet at one pm on the Saturday before Halloween in front of our school if we got enough kids to bet against us.

We ended up with a bunch of fifty cent bets. If we won we’d split \$9.50 three ways and if we lost, well, it would be a \$3 hit for each of us and Ned had to pay the extra fifty cents. It was his idea, right...

All three of us were there early on Saturday and we pedaled our bikes up Nottingham and crossed over to the overgrown drive way. We knew someone still lived there, we’d all seen the light or two in the windows at night. No one that we knew had ever been down that driveway before, at least, not in our lifetimes. It was big and old and falling apart, overgrown everything. A few outbuildings that had collapsed or were threatening to. A tall rusty flagpole leaned further than Pisa. Ned and I mumbled it was time to see if it was truly haunted. No Jocks said he could get the \$3 from his uncle if we decided to back out. We both punched him...

After a breathless 200 foot ride we’re at the door, as Ned raises his hand to knock the door opens...

I swear it creaked. Now, realize that the three of us are in the seventh grade, two of us are tall, No Jocks is only about 4-11 though. The real old lady that answered is shorter than him and has a sweet smile. It turned out that there were two of them living there, both in their 80’s. They had been born in the house in the 1870’s, not in a hospital, but born *in the house*! There was a room especially for birthing and dying and those kinds of things. They told us you wouldn’t want to mess up a nice room with dis-tasteful goings’ on. The family had made their money selling sharpening stones to the Union Army in the Civil War and all the later wars, they added bayonets and such, all the way into WWII when they sold the company. At one time their property was 640 acres, now sold down to around 8 acres.

We explained our bet with the other kids to them and they loved it. They told us they hadn’t seen a trick-or-treater for at least ten years. They would be awake and ready for us on Halloween, only before 8pm. That was bedtime, you see.

At around 6:30 pm on Halloween eight of us showed up, five of the kids we had bet with, were the witnesses and waited at the sidewalk. None would go down the driveway with us. The old lady’s opened the door and had Witches hats on and tried to screech, we had to screech for them. We went in and closed the door and the five of us had a good laugh. We hung out for maybe ten minutes and after promising to visit them again, they gave us carrots and apples and each a brand new Two Dollar bill. There were only three kids waiting for us, two had run away.

We had won our bets, every kid had paid off without a hassle. We were famous at Saint John's School, all the grades and even the teachers were impressed. We never told a soul about the early visit, on that Saturday afternoon.

A few days later, when I stopped at Sonny's Garage they told me that, "The little No Jocks kid had been in there saying that we had gone to the Nottingham Haunted House on Halloween and there were two old ladies that gave us each a two dollar bill." He didn't have his bill for proof because he had spent it, so they didn't believe him.

I pulled out my wallet and withdrew the new two dollar bill, with a whistle I kissed it, smiled and casual as you please, strolled out. I looked back and said, "the No Jocks never lies!"

When I delivered the afternoon paper to Moe's Tavern they asked me about No Jock's story, I showed the bill and smiled. I vowed to carry that bill with me from then on.

For a couple of years No Jocks and I visited the old lady's, Ned never did. After all, he was an entrepreneur and they don't always honor their commitments.

*Happy Halloween !!!*

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## NIGHTMARE HOUSE

By Joyce Cortez

A heart-piercing scream. A clawed furry hand in my face. A growl. I jump back into my son, who is behind me. He grabs my shoulders, "scared mom?" he asks. Yes! I hate haunted houses. He knows this and promised to keep his room clean for a month if I would go through with him. "Don't you have friends you can go with?" I asked. We were here, it was here. He wanted to go now. I made him pinky swear.

We move on, in the dark. We are roped in on both sides into a walkway that guides us through. All we can see is what they want us to see--those scary, blood-dripping creatures that howl and reach for you. Something grabs at my ankle. I kick out and am rewarded with an "Ow!" I chuckle. It's the last chuckle I will have.

I'm bumped from behind and jostled. "Hey, kiddo." I say. No "Sorry, mom." Instead, I hear a gasp, a groan, a quiet "mom?" and a "Hey, watch it!" from behind. The rope I'm hanging onto gets pulled tight, and then slackens. "Nick? You okay?" I ask. No response. "Nick? Answer me." I am pushed forward, but it's not by my son. "Where's my son?" I ask. "I don't know, lady, but keep it moving. I think he bumped into me and ran out the other way." I lean into the rope to let him and others pass. I wonder what happened to the boy behind us wearing a black hoody. I keep calling out "Nicky?" with no results. I reach in my pocket for the little flashlight attached to my keys and click it on. I see my son slumped on the floor, bleeding profusely from his back! "Oh my God, Nicky!" I scream, then sink to my knees. "Oh, Nicky." I reach for his hand. It's limp. "Someone call 911!" "Wow, that's so realistic!" someone says. "It IS real" I say, "He needs help!" They keep moving, screaming and laughing. I grab my cell phone and dial. Is he breathing they ask; can you feel a pulse? I maneuver around him to check. His blood--his very real blood--is on my hands and pants. I reach out a shaky hand to check his neck for a pulse, but I can't tell. Do I have the right spot or is there just no pulse? I place my ear on his back, bloods in my hair now, too. His back doesn't move and the only sounds I hear are from the people moving past me, unaware of my very real terror.

The police arrive. The place is cleared. The lights go on.  
I sit up in bed, soaked in sweat, thankful it was just a nightmare.

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