



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.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK



Myrla Raymundo, MBA

One of the best things that happened in our lives is becoming members of the Fremont Area Writers Group, under the California Writers Club.

There are a lot of things to be thankful for. We meet new friends and fellow writers in our monthly meetings. We have the opportunity to hear professional speakers. We share our work aloud in Open Mic monthly gatherings. We join Book Signing Events. We bring and display our books to share with others. We hold workshops and community outreach. Our FAW Website provides us with news on upcoming events. We have our monthly newsletter, the Inkspots, to share our work. We hold our social gatherings like our Holiday Party in December and California Writers Club Picnic in July.

So, there are a lot of activities to do. A club like ours needs all sorts of help. Think of becoming officers of the club next election. Continue contributing articles to our newsletter. Thank you all for becoming a part of us.

Tiffany Schnerder was the *Guest Speaker* at the *FAW's January 27, 2018 Regular Membership Meeting*. Her topic was "Relationship that Ring True."

Tiffany explored the emotional dynamics that distinguish a healthy relationship and how authors can use that information to construct character interactions (both positive and negative) that are interesting believable and reflect real life relationship patters.





Fremont Area Writers

The Centennial Branch
"Writers Helping Writers"



The Pleasures and Perils of a Freelancer's Life



What might your life be like if you were making your living as a fulltime freelance writer? Popular author and lecturer Margaret Lucke is returning to Fremont Area Writers on February 24th to tell her own story and answer questions of yours. She'll reveal the ups and downs and ins and outs of the business of creativity.

Margaret is the author of three novels (soon to be four), three nonfiction books, many published short stories and feature articles, and much more. Her talks are always entertaining as well as informative, making this one of our "Don't miss it" events.

Margaret Lucke has been "flinging words around" for most of her life as a writer, writing coach and editor.

For more information on Margaret, go to www.MargaretLucke.com.

Writers and Poets Open Mic!

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

Where:

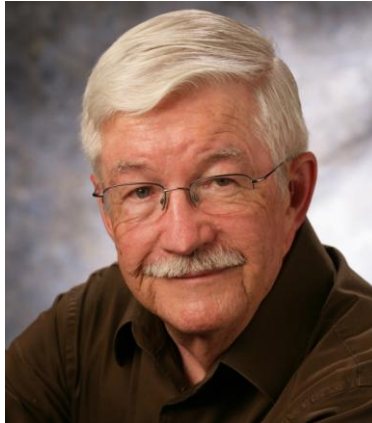
Suju's Coffee and Tea
3602 Thornton Ave.
Fremont

Margaret Lucke
Saturday, Feb. 24th 2-4 p.m.
Round Table Pizza
37480 Fremont Blvd.
Fremont

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

Robert Garfinkle, President
510-489-4779
cwc-fremontareawriters.org

FEATURE OF THE MONTH



Art Carey

Art Carey, who posts signs at meetings, was born in a place difficult to pronounce or spell: Schenectady, N.Y. The name means land of the pines in the Mohawk Indian language.

He began pounding a rented typewriter while in a creative writing class in high school. One of his short stories appeared in a national high school anthology in 1956.

After a short stint in the U.S. Army, he attended the University of Michigan, majoring in journalism. Following graduation in 1961, Carey worked as a reporter, copy editor, and night sports editor at newspapers in Grand Rapids, Mich., and Stockton, Calif. He earned a master's degree in journalism at UCLA in 1973.

Carey joined FAW at its first meeting. He has served as publicity chair and coordinated branch activities at DeVry University.

He enjoys writing fiction across genres, mixing sci fi, fantasy, horror, mystery, detective, and humor. His stories have been published in a variety of magazines and e-zines, including several in England and Canada. He is the author of three novels and a novella.

His humor has appeared in Clever Magazine and in an Australian publication he likes because of its name, Pure Slush. He says, "On a good day, I can be a clever writer. On a bad day, what I write is pure slush."

CONGRATULATIONS

Tish Davidson has been selected as a judge for the Next Generation Indie Book Awards. She will be judging the regional nonfiction category. Next Generation Indie Book Awards is a Not-for-Profit book awards program sponsored by the Independent Book Publishing Professionals Group. Books from independent authors and small publishers worldwide with a 2016, 2017, or 2018 copyright date are accepted in 72 categories. Top prize for best fiction and nonfiction books is \$1,500. Top prize for best book in each category is \$100 and review by a literary agent. Medal recognition is given to the top five books in each category. Entries must be *received* by February 23, 2018. More information at <http://www.indiebookawards.com>.

NOTES FROM TISH DAVIDSON

Sources for Free Legal Images and music. Do you need copyright-free high-quality images for a book cover or to illustrate a story? If so, check out the list of places you can find artwork online at the Adobe Create Magazine

https://create.adobe.com/2018/1/8/not_another_free_ima.html?trackingid=BWBX35BS&mv=email. This site includes links to free legal materials from the Rikjs Museum in the Netherlands (instructions in Dutch with an option to switch to English), the National Gallery of Art, the Walters Art Museum in Baltimore, Maryland, and NASA and NOAA Websites. Not every image is copyright-free, but those that are not are clearly marked as not downloadable.

Other places offering free images include the Library of Congress <https://www.loc.gov> which has many mostly black and white photographs, the Metropolitan Museum of Art <https://www.metmuseum.org/>, the Digital Public Library of America, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service Digital Library, which also has maps <https://dp.la/>. Unsplash.com <https://unsplash.com/> for photography in the public domain, and the Internet Archive <https://archive.org> which also has copyright free music. The Public Domain Review <http://publicdomainreview.org> has free images as well as books, music, and copyright-free films.

CWC Presidents, CB Reps, Publicity, Editors, & Adv & Prom Chairs:

A reminder that our CWC Bulletin scheduled to come out mid-March of 2018 has a deadline for individual advertising AND branch news of February 28, 2018.

Editors, will you please remind the membership that advertising can be obtained by following the directions on www.calwriters.org to reach almost 2,000 writers at a low, low price. Thank you!

Attached in a Word file, and below are Editor Rusty LaGrange's submission guidelines:

Welcome to CWC's *The Bulletin* 2018 – our statewide digital news.

In continuing with our coverage for all 22 branches, as editor-in-chief, I'd like to update our submissions process so the least amount of errors and omissions will keep all readers informed.

I've added a second set of eyes as a reviewer for content. Her name is Angie Horn and she is also my proofreader. It will be her job to check on submissions and tally up the content including photos that come in from all over the state. Together we can double-check entries and compare notes.

All submissions sent to me at Rusty@RustyLaGrange.com should meet some basic requirements to make our jobs easier.

Email Subject lines should include: "CWC Bulletin – "Your Branch Name"

- Photos must be in jpg format. I convert them to a web-based format.
- Please provide any captions to identify people in your photos
- Text is preferred in MSWord Arial 11 point or a standard generic text
- Please send your news separate from photos so I can place them in *The Bulletin* without a lot of conversion processes.
- Never send pages directly from your own branch newsletters. I'm not able to deconstruct PDF content and embedded photos.
- I will respond with a receipt to all entries received, so if you don't hear from me, something has happened to it. Send it again or call me.
- If you miss your deadline, just call me and we'll discuss it.
- After *The Bulletin* is viewed on the web, and you find a major mistake, call me and we'll see if it can be corrected after the fact.

I'll be requesting these standards to be posted on our CalWriters.org website for easy access.

***The Bulletin* is published three times a year – March, August, and November.**

All news submissions and advertising are due – 28th of February, July, and October.

Display Advertising info and rate sheet is available in each issue or email me.

If you have any questions please send an email to Rusty@RustyLaGrange.com

[760.646.2661](tel:760.646.2661) -- Bob Isbill CWC Advertising & Promotions [760.221.6367](tel:760.221.6367)

FREMONT AREA WRITERS

OFFICERS



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



Secretary – **Joyce Cortez**



Treasurer – **Cherilyn Jose**



Knuti VanHoven
Vice President



Tony Pino, Open Mic.



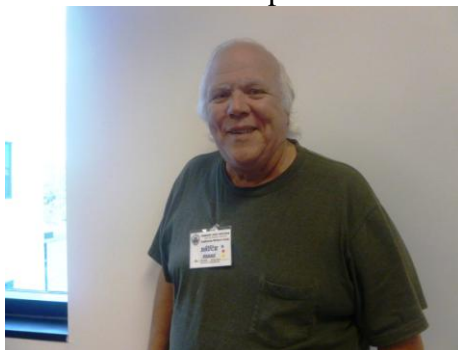
Art Carey –Signage



Carol Hall
Facebook Page, Meetup,



Evelyn LaTorre
Central Board Representative



Bruce Haase
Authors Table Sound Equipment, Book
Exchange



Jan Small, Book Signing



Liz Breshears
Community Outreach



Chris Dews
Membership Chair

**JACK LONDON AWARDEES
FREMONT AREA WRITERS**

2009 Robert Garfinkle
2011 Myrla Raymundo
2013 Carol Hall
2015 Art Carey
2017 Shirley Ferrante

**FREMONT AREA WRITERS
CHAIRPERSONS**

Meet Up, Facebook Page - Carol Hall
Open Mic - Tony Pino, Bruce Haase
Historian - Bob Garfinkle
Membership – Chris Dews
Newsletter - Myrla Raymundo
Publicity, Website & Newsletter Liaison
Knuti VanHoven
Book Signings - Jan Small
Central Board Rep - Evelyn LaTorre
Community Outreach - Liz Breshears
Authors Table, Book Exchange, Sound
System - Bruce Haase
Signage - Art Carey
CWC Advertising and Promotions Chair
– Cherilyn Jose
Nor Cal Rep – Evelyn LaTorre
Hospitality, Welcome New Members –
Jan Small

CALENDAR

BOARD MEETING – Fourth Saturday of the
month 1:00 pm - 2:00 pm – 37408 Round Table
Pizza, Fremont.

OPEN MIC – Fourth Monday of the month
7:00 pm – 9:00 pm at Suju's Coffee Meeting
Room, 3602 Thornton Ave, Fremont

FREMONT AREA WRITERS REGULAR
MEMBERSHIP MEETING – Fourth Saturday
of the month, 2:00 pm -4:00 pm, – 37408 Round
Table Pizza, Fremont.



Myrla Raymundo, MBA-
Writer/Editor

Ink Spots Newsletter

This Editor welcomes you to our February 2018 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. It is also emailed to the different clubs of the California Writers Club.

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

FAWS WRITERS CORNER

CALICO



By Jo Ann Frisch

Carla, my sister, insisted, “I can drive as good as you can.”

I agreed and secured my son’s car seat between us. Calico was outside of Barstow only about 25 miles from Boron, where we lived. It was a thriving silver mine in the early twentieth century. Now, it was a favorite tourist attraction for those who didn’t mind the boring drive in the desert.

Daddy always kept his cars in great running condition. The ’57 Chevy ate the miles. My friend Jackie and her three year old son sat in the back seat.

We came to the entrance between two large boulders squeezing our passage. A long line already waited to get through. Little by little we climbed the hill nearing the entry.

“The engine is heating up,” Carla sounded worried.

“Maybe you need to turn the engine off,” I advised. “Just to let it cool a little. We’re not moving anyway.”

“Don’t boss me,” Carla shouted. “You’re always telling me what to do!”

She did turn off the engine and we sat there between a large boulder and a steep hill. The car ahead of us began moving, so Carla started the engine but it wouldn’t continue running. She tried several times but it wouldn’t start.

I saw a small circle forming on the hood and shouted, “The engine’s on fire.” I grabbed a pile of diapers in the back seat to smother it with and struggled between the door and the rock face. “Get Carl out of his car seat.” Jackie and her son tried to climb the hill on the other side to get away from the car. The flames grew large as I raised the hood. Quickly I smothered the fire. Carla couldn’t get Carl out of his car seat. She pulled him out with the seat dangling from his legs and squeezed behind the car.

Bending over she started screaming.

I squeezed between the boulder and ran to her. Her eyes glittered, unseeing, I slapped her. She stared at me and screamed again so I slapped her again. She finally focused on me and we moved over to the side, away from the car.

A person in line in front of us offered to help. Carla got in the car and tried to start it again. It caught and purred like a kitten.

And, of course, she drove back home and said she didn't remember me slapping her.

The Valentine Card



By © Penelope Anne Cole

The envelope was slipped under her cottage door, so Jessica didn't see who put it there. It was pink. It was February 14th, so she thought it must be a valentine. Newly arrived in town, Jessie wondered who could have sent it. *Who knows me here?*

Other than the cottage owner, Jessie didn't know anyone in town except for the coffee barista—she called him Smiley—and the corner grocer at “De la Cruz Foods.” Each morning she got her café latte and a banana or an apple on the same corner.

The pink envelope laid there on the bare floor, half in and half out of the room. Until Jessie picked it up, it could be anything. Maybe it was an invitation to a local event. Or it could be a welcome note from a neighbor. Or even a declaration from a secret admirer.

“More likely it's an advertisement from a local vendor.” Jess spoke to her dog Suzie, who wagged in response to her mistress' voice. Then Suzie trotted over to sniff the envelope.

“Okay, I'd best end the suspense before Suze has her way with it.”

Jessie bent down, picked up the formal looking envelope, and crossed to the loveseat to open it. She pulled out a plain pink card with elegant script that read, “I know what you did.”

Jessie gasped and jumped up holding her stomach like she'd just been punched. Now her cozy cottage in this quaint small town no longer seemed warm and welcoming.

Job Interview



By Jan Salinas

You can imagine my excitement when, after looking for a job for months in 2016, I received a phone call from a prospective employer, Sterling, in Silicon Valley, three days after submitting my resume. I had applied for a software position and the company wanted to interview me via Skype. My hand instinctively went to my head remembering that I would have to do something with my hair.

“Sure, no problem,” I said using my calm voice. Today was Wednesday. We agreed to talk on Friday. The human resource lady wanted me to send her my Skype I.D.

I had installed Skype onto my laptop a year ago but had not used it since. Skype allows a face-to-face video chat via computer with another person by entering a person’s Skype username. Some companies use this tool to conduct a first interview.

What was my Skype ID? I couldn’t remember. I called my techie friend.

“Jamie, I really need your help STAT. I have a Skype job interview lined up for Friday and I need help testing my Skype connection.”

“I can’t come until Friday morning because I have Friday off,” she said.

With my interview scheduled for 1 p.m. Friday, I knew I was cutting it tight. I asked her to come as early as she could to help me with my set-up. I would have to be patient until then.

Jamie arrived Friday morning. Her usual big welcoming grin matched her tidy yoga outfit with her black hair slicked back into a neat ponytail. She calmly reinstalled the Skype application onto my laptop and tested it.

“I can’t interview looking like this,” I told her as I jumped back in shock at the view of myself on the screen. Dark circles under my eyes, sallow skin and a nose that seemed to overpower my face stared back at me. And just look at the mess in my kitchen in the background. Last night’s pots and pans are still on the stove and the dishes are still stacked in the dish rack.”

We needed a wireless connection and a more attractive background as a visual, so we moved to the living room to get a better image. We stacked books on the coffee table and set the laptop on top of the books. I had plastered on makeup and tried out the view but the bright light from the window reflected too much on my face. I closed the drapes to create a softer image, searched for a lamp, and positioned it behind me. I saw unsightly wrinkles. The laptop was positioned too low. We tilted the camera slightly. My chin looked too big. The clock was ticking.

Back at the kitchen table, we repositioned the laptop at a higher level. From a front view, with the depth still not right, I pushed the kitchen chair far away from the table. A seated position seemed just right. The lamp set behind the laptop gave more light and fewer wrinkles.

The dogs started barking.

"Let me take your dogs for a walk," Jamie offered. She seemed to sense my nervousness.

"Thanks for getting my dogs out of the way. Lulu and Charlie behave well on a leash but Jumper has a lot of energy even though she is the smallest." I handed Jamie three leashes and a bottle of water as it was a hot June day.

At 1 p.m., the phone rang.

"I couldn't find your Skype I.D." the human resources lady said. "There are too many with your name." I realized I had forgotten what username I had given her and had entered too many combinations when first trying to connect to Skype. My palms felt sweaty.

"Give me your I.D. and I'll call you," I said.

I Skyped her. It worked and we could see each other on our screens.

Just then, a message popped up on my laptop. "Battery running low."

I apologized, left my laptop, and ran around the house searching for my charger. I wiped my sweaty palms against my pants knowing we had now lost ten minutes. I sat back down and soon the conversation picked up where we left off and the ice was broken.

"Tell me about yourself," she asked. "How do you think your experience will match our company? Why did you pick us?"

I felt confident with my answers. I explained how I did the same kind of work in my last job. I was glad to tell her about my previous experiences in management.

An hour passed, and we were still on Skype when my friend texted me asking what she should do with my dogs. She was waiting outside in the hot sun. I had to ignore her. Our Skype conversation finally ended, and I was able to let my dear friend in with my panting dogs.

Within ten minutes the human resources lady called back and wanted to set up an in-person interview.

"Yahoo!" I hung up the phone. "She wants to see me Monday." Jamie clapped her hands together in a quiet applause.

On Sunday afternoon, I decided to color my hair. I wanted to look my very best for the upcoming interview. Once in the drugstore, I perused the hair section where I buy my usual brand of hair coloring for \$8.99. On display above the hair shelf, a large poster hung of a beautiful model advertising a new special hair coloring product using foam. I admired it and decided to splurge on this new brand so I could have the same magnificent shiny hair. The hair coloring had a fancy price of \$15.99, but it would be worth it. I wanted to look special on Monday.

I couldn't wait to get home to try out this new product. The directions said to apply the foam and leave it on for thirty minutes. As soon as I applied the color solution, my scalp began to sting and my eyes began to water. My hair color was turning reddish even though I had purchased the color brown.

With the foam producing fumes, my eyes burned. I hurried to open the windows, then ran around the house in search of a fan. After the half-hour wait for the foam to take its effect, it was time for the rinse. With burning and tearing eyes, I couldn't get the solution out of my hair fast enough. I applied eye drops three times before going to bed and my head itched.

Since the interview was at 10 a.m., I awoke early the next morning so I could look my best. One look in the mirror brought more tears to my eyes.

With red eyes and puffy eyelids, I sat at the kitchen table holding tea bags against my stinging eyes. Next I tried ice water but nothing helped. My cheeks had taken on the look of strawberry skin and were swollen and blotchy, as if I had been on a drinking binge. My scalp was still itchy. I glanced into the mirror again to examine my hair. It looked shiny but of an unrecognizable two-tone shade.

I layered on more than enough makeup and headed out to my second interview in my new red hair. I said a little prayer.

Myrla Raymundo, MBA
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