





TERRY TOSH
FAW President

President's Message

Hello, again, my fellow FAW faithful!

I can see with clear vision and focus, the end of the 2020 calendar year...and what a completely and totally different vision I was focusing on in January...

I suppose that maybe we actually got what we wished for in a way. Time to focus on our true love of (fill in the blank) instead of so much time spent in company facilities or in commute traffic. We got plenty of time to pursue our vision of success in our field of dreams and focus on what really matters to us. (Except maybe money?)

Lots of great shout outs from our past general zoom meeting, you'll see them in the newsletter if you were unfortunate enough to miss the meeting. I am

very proud of the group of our core members that step up and play a role in making this "writers helping writers" thing, "Mission Possible."

We all pay an annual fee to take advantage of the experience and expertise of our co-members across the state, and our hired speakers that may not be members. If we don't attend the sessions, and/or don't participate in sharing our talents, are we giving and getting our best? Just something to ponder.

October brings with it the Holiday Season and focus turns to the business of figuring out just what will be possible in this very different time.

CALL to ACTION: I ask that everyone do your best to attend our last couple of zoom meetings and also to please advise our membership chair, Anita Tosh (nanatosh56@gmail.com), if you are celebrating your 3rd, 5th or 10th consecutive anniversary of FAW membership anytime in calendar 2020. We'd like to continue the new tradition of honoring our members for these specific achievements.

So, if you were at four years, you got a three-year award, if you were between six and nine years you got a five-year award. At this point, we don't know who should be moving into the next award levels.

Please give us your reply by noon on Tuesday, October 20th, (the day of our next board meeting). Thanks for your help to make this happen.

Enough of my ramblings, I trust you are staying safe and sane as we get through this trying year, together, at least six feet apart!

I look forward to seeing or hearing from you soon.

Terry

FREMONT AREA WRITERS MONTHLY CALENDAR

SECOND SATURDAY

Meet Your Local FAW Authors

Second Saturdays

2:00 - 4:00 PM

Half Price Books
39152 Fremont Blvd
Fremont

THIRD SUNDAY

Literary OPEN MIC

Third Sundays

Sign-up 3:00 PM

Reading 4:00 - 5:30 PM
Starbucks
39201 Cedar Blvd
Newark

FOURTH MONDAY

WRITERS' SALON

Fourth Mondays

7:00 - 9:00 PM

Slap Face Coffee & Tea
Meeting Room
37324 Fremont Blvd
Fremont

MEMBERSHIP

MEETINGS

Fourth Saturdays

General: 2:00 - 4:00 PM

42 Silicon Valley Pk 106
6600 Dumbarton Circle
Fremont

**CANCELED UNTIL
FURTHER NOTICE**

ZOOM

ZOOM

FAW Board Members



TERRY TOSH
President



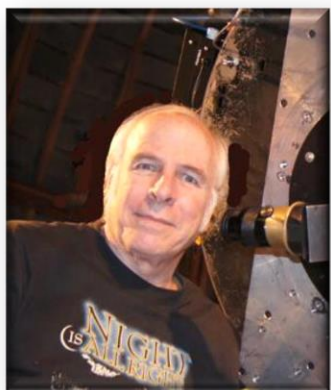
KNUTI VANHOVEN
Vice President



REKHA RAMANI
Secretary



CHERILYN CHIN
Treasurer



BOB GARFINKLE
Past President –
Fremont Area Writers
Past President –
CA Writers Club

BOARD MEETINGS
3:30 to 5:00 PM
Tuesday before the Fourth Saturday
Membership Meetings
on ZOOM

JACK LONDON AWARDEES

FREMONT AREA WRITERS

2009 Bob Garfinkle
2011 Myrla Raymundo
2013 Carol Hall
2015 Art Carey
2017 Shirley Ferrante
2019 Jan Small

FAW Chairpersons



ART CAREY
Signage
Facility Liaison



SUE CURTZWILER
Volunteer Coordinator
Hospitality Co-Chair



SCOTT DAVIDSON
Webmaster



TISH DAVIDSON
CA Writers Club
Representative



AMBER DeANN
Facebook Page
Social Media



BOB GARFINKLE
Historian
Past President



NANCY GUARNERA
Ink Spots Editor



CHERILYN CHIN
CWC Advertising
& Promotions



TONY PINO
"Fourth Monday"
Writers' Salon



ANITA TOSH
Membership
Nor-Cal Representative
Authors' Table/Book Exchange



KNUTI VANHOVEN
Speakers Program
Publicity



CARMEN VONTICKNER
Hospitality Co-Chair

FAW MISSION STATEMENT

Fremont Area Writers educates writers and the public by providing:
Forums for educating members in the craft of writing and marketing their works *and*
Public meetings, workshops, and seminars open to all writers and the general public
to facilitate educating writers of all levels of expertise. *(Article II Section 1:1.1 and 1.2 FAW Bylaws)*

KUDOS – Members' News

KUDOS to Penelope Anne Cole, whose pandemic story, "A Post Pandemic World," has been included in the "Survival" anthology of the CWC High Desert Branch. She will also be published in the Tri-Valley Anthology, with a short memoir "Christmas Gifts Galore" and a poem "I Am Old."

Congratulations, Penny!

KUDOS to Tish Davidson, author of *Vaccines: History, Science, and Issues* and *The Vaccine Debate* was recently quoted in Reader's Digest article about "50 things you should know about vaccines." Here's the quote regarding herd immunity, from "**50 Don't count of herd immunity**," *You may have read that you can skip getting vaccinated if you live in a place where most people have had the disease or the vaccine,.... "But effective herd immunity requires that more than 90 percent of the population be vaccinated against the disease. The exact percentage depends on the contagiousness of the disease, and the flu is very contagious. With the current low flu vaccination rate, people should not count on herd immunity to protect them, it won't."*

Congratulations, Tish!

KUDOS to Bob Garfinkle, whose three-volume book on the moon, *Luna Cognita*, has been **nominated for a Pulitzer Prize** in the General Non-fiction category. Winners will be announced in May 2021. **Congratulations, Bob!**

Welcome to THE PROMPT PALACE

Here we go again . . . another opportunity for writers to help writers write.

Anyone can suggest prompt ideas: put **FAW—Prompt Palace—Prompt** in the **subject line** of your email and send it to: inkspots@cw-fremontareawriters.org. We'll add it to the list.

If you use one of **The Prompt Palace** prompts, and you'd like to share your work with the rest of us, put **FAW—Prompt Palace—Submission** in the **subject line** of your email and send it to: inkspots@cw-fremontareawriters.org, and we'll publish it in the **Writers' Corner**.

Tunnel Vision Falling ...in ...out ...off ...etc. What will FAW look like in 2021?

I am so grateful that... Silver Linings Life in the time of a global pandemic

A walk in the woods Are humans *really* smarter than animals? Skin Deep

What was that noise? When I Was Young... I wish I could/was...

A Word from Our Editor



Nancy Guarnera
Editor-in-Chief Ink Spots

Welcome to our October 2020 issue of *Ink Spots*. I hope you are well.

Just a quick reminder that if you would like to know what the other CWC Branches are doing—meetings with quest speakers, workshops, readings, etc. go to the CWC website (calwriters.org) and select the branches menu at the top of the page. Click on the name of the branch to connect to that branch's website. At the top of this list is a link to the NorCal Branches Events Calendar, which shows information for each branch's meetings. If you click on the 4th Saturday, you'll see our monthly flyer.

Our **General Meeting on Zoom** will be held on October 24th from 2:00 to 4:00 PM; watch for an invitation from Scott Davidson. Our featured speaker will be **Andrew Benzie** on "**Self-publishing Made Easy.**"

The "Fourth Monday" Writers' Salon is continuing to meet and will be on Zoom on October 26th from 7:00 to 9:00 PM. Check with Tony Pino before the next meeting for an invitation, if you aren't already on his email list and would like to; contact info for him is on page 11. This is open to your writer friends, as well, so let them know about this valuable opportunity to share their work.

We will continue to publish *Ink Spots* for you as always. You should be receiving your **Bi-Monthly SIP NOTES** on the first and third Mondays of each month. If you decide to send us a **SIP NOTE**, please send it to me at nguarnera16@comcast.net. Please put **FAW SIP NOTE Submission** and **your name** in the **subject field**. Thanks to those of you who have already submitted! I need more, so contribute observations, journal entries, poetry, short essays...the more inspiring the better. COVID fatigue is setting in and we all need some inspiration to get our positive, can-do mojo back up and running.

The next installment of "**Tell Me A Story**" starts on **page 15** of this issue, and look for it in your email (inbox & spam) almost every Wednesday. We hope you're enjoying the story.

Remember, send your creative work for the **Writers' Corner**; your shout outs for **KUDOS**; and your prompt suggestions for **The Prompt Palace** (our new feature, to help stimulate ideas for your writing—see **page 5**), to the newsletter email address inkspots@cwc-fremontareawriters.org for publication in *Ink Spots*.

Stay safe, healthy and happy!
Nancy

Submission Guidelines

Please send all submissions for *Ink Spots* to inkspots@cwc-fremontareawriters.org by **November 1st for the November issue**. Remember to put **FAW Ink Spots Submission** and **Your Name** in the **Subject field** of your email. Thank you for sharing your writing with the rest of us!

SUBMISSION DEADLINE:

On or before the **First Day of the Publication Month** (e.g. November 1st for the November issue, etc.)
Please submit as attachments, rather than in the body of your email.

WORD COUNT:

Feature articles (Presidents Message, The Spark, features, etc.): **350 - 400 words max.**
Creative Submissions: **1,000 words max.** (unless you are willing to have longer pieces serialized)
Weekly SIP NOTES: **350 - 400 words max.** **Kudos:** **75-100 words max.**

FORMAT: Text – Word.doc/docx in Arial 12 pt. Photos – JPEG

Please **DO NOT** use special formatting. **ONLY** use the return key at the end of each paragraph.
Please don't double space between sentences. Thank you!

Your Weekly SIP NOTES

WEEK #21 AUGUST 24TH TISH DAVIDSON

My Jungle Garden

I've always had a garden. My mother grew up in a large family that today would be called food insecure, but back then was just called poor. They had a big garden that they depended on for food to be eaten fresh in the summer or canned for future use. We had two gardens when I was growing up. One in the backyard, the other on a parcel of undeveloped land whose owner allowed a few families to use it to plant vegetables. Tending a garden was something you just did, like cleaning the house or washing clothes. And the habit stuck. When I was in graduate school, I qualified for a community garden plot for low-income residents. Later, my husband and I had backyard gardens in Louisiana, New Jersey, and now here in California.

Our garden produces plenty of vegetables, but I am not a good gardener. Yes, I know how to compost and amend the soil, how to plant, weed, and water. My problem is one of sentimentality. I am a sucker for volunteers—vegetable plants that come up from seed not intentionally planted. Perhaps the compost didn't get hot enough to kill the seeds from that butternut squash we ate last fall. Or maybe we missed some tomatoes when we harvested, and they dropped to the ground only to die, then come to life again in the spring. Or a squirrel helped out by burying some half-eaten veggie. We've had volunteer squash, three generations of cherry and regular tomatoes, onions that escaped our notice and wintered over, oregano and parsley that seeds down and then then springs to life with weed-like enthusiasm. Last year, two volunteer butternut squash gifted us with 26 offspring while taking over half the garden and climbing over my neatly planted rows.

A good gardener would weed out volunteer invaders, but I can't make myself destroy them. I admire too much the persistence of these survivors who endure winter chill and rain and darkness only to emerge in spring to out-compete a new crop of store-bought plants. Their resilience and determination to live never fails to impress me, and I honor that by allowing them to grow. Now, in the time of COVID-19, a time when we are all little discouraged, a tad depressed, a touch dispirited, I look at my garden volunteers and think,



yes, this too will pass. In time, our lives will come forth from sheltering in place, blossom, and bear fruit again. We are survivors.

Tish

More Weekly SIP NOTES

WEEK #22 AUGUST 31ST REKHA RAMANI

Exhilaration

I've realized for the past three months or a little more, sheltering in place at home, I have delved a lot in self-discovery. I found this out, quite by accident in daily living, instead of making it an experiment.

I am a substitute teacher and have been unemployed ever since this started. I have always depended on subbing for mental stimulation and some creativity. I like day-to-day subbing; I like the flexibility of scheduling my own workdays. There is absolutely no pressure and no force of commitment involved. :) So I had some trepidation as to how I was going to fill my time during this pandemic.

Then I found myself doing the routine chores of cooking and cleaning the house. I had to feed my husband while he was working from home, and of course our adult kids who were sheltering in place with us.

In the process, I found exhilaration quite by accident to reiterate. I never knew it would exude from simple yet mundane chores like cooking and cleaning. I was so focused and enjoyed the process subconsciously. To see sparkling hardwood floors, a gleaming kitchen sink, not a single utensil cluttering the counter, beaming bathrooms, and my capacity to organize myself came as an astounding surprise to me, unlike my usual, easy going, and sometimes even abominably lazy self. My phone calendar was now dotted with a schedule for routine chores and I actually would secretly exhale—"Ah Rekha, way to go!" :) I call this exhilaration, a form of poetic happiness.

Then my daughter slipped into the kitchen one day and learned a few, not-easy South Indian recipes from me! She expressed happiness cooking in my company! I was so elated at her interest and it sparked a new, motherly energy from me. I patted myself on my back for being a great Mom—this feeling deep inside me was a blessing from the higher spheres. I had found exhilaration, yet again.

We've been in this house for 15 years and I rarely remember myself stepping out into our backyard deck, with our apple and cherry trees casting their pristine shadows on the bright red paint of our deck. Well, simply said, I "dared" venture into our backyard, hosed down the dust-laden deck chairs, and daintily planted myself on one of them, the branches of the apple tree weighing down with fruit, inviting me into its awe-

some lair. It seemed like I had never laid eyes on an apple tree before! I picked up an empty book and started journaling and that was exhilarating with the gentle breeze, the swaying trees, and the warm sunshine lighting up my soul. :) This too would become a part of my routine.

Then I was inspired by an article in the Reader's Digest; a woman wrote 365 hand written notes, and mailed them to friends and acquaintances. I followed suit, not with thank-you notes, but hand-written letters (also with a thank-you in them) to friends near and far. I just sent two out today. My joy was boundless. I am still continuing to have fun as I write more letters, even to folks in India. Yes! Exhilaration shone her beautiful face on me. :)

I remember the time when my daughter and I took a trip to Hawaii last December. It was a mother-daughter trip. I won't say it wasn't a memorable trip; but I was stressed out and anxious: with the booking of several local tours and shows, and the hell-bent nature of being at these places on time, lest we were late to a show, or missed the whale watching tour, if I didn't navigate my driving to arrive on time. I even forgot, at one point, how to drive our rental car. I started the engine and got confused with the accelerator and the brake! :(My daughter found all of this very amusing. I panicked and she took over. Much of the time, I had my heart in my mouth, punctuated, of course, with my transient enjoyment of the different events which we had planned. I couldn't enjoy the helicopter ride in Kauai—again my heart literally popping out of my mouth—because just a couple of days ago a helicopter had crashed while touring and not a single passenger survived! Overall, I needed a vacation from my vacation! One true enjoyment I found was the company of my daughter. :)

I can take a vacation right here in the security of my home! I have found ways to get creative even with mundane chores. I have discovered niches inside my house that offer joy. In the process, simple pleasures have shown me their true, scented colors.

I am not jealous of people who scam for vacations in these deeply restricted times, who complain of not being able to visit the beach or dine inside restaurants.

I find exhilaration right here, inside my humble home. :)

Stay safe, healthy and peaceful, and enjoy the hidden, simple nuances of exhilaration. :)

Best, Rekha

September Speaker Recap

Kelley A. Way – Estate Planning for Writers

by Sue Curtzwiler and Nancy Guarnera

Whether you're a published author, or not, if you have produced creative work, it may be of financial value to your heirs long after you're gone. This value needs protection. An estate plan and copyrights are ways to accomplish this. During her presentation, attorney Kelley A. Way explained the intricacies of both. What follows are excerpts from Way's outline of her presentation with additions from the article's authors. (*Ms. Way has provided a PDF of her presentation; it will be made available to you by email in its entirety.*)

What is an estate plan?

An **estate plan** is a collection of documents that tells everyone what happens to your earthly possessions after you die or become incapacitated.

Estate planning is the process by which you determine how to allocate and/or manage your assets after your death or incapacity.

Why does having an estate plan matter?

There are three reasons to have an estate plan.

- 1) Avoid probate:** Without proper documentation in place, the government can get involved and probate may take months or even years to settle.
- 2) Control distribution of your assets:** You assign an Executor to administer your estate.
- 3) Ensure proper management of assets:** The Executor manages your estate and the distribution of your assets (money, stocks, material goods, real estate, and for our purposes, royalties and other financial assets resulting from your creative work).

Ms. Way shared several stories about celebrities (Elvis and Prince), who didn't have plans. It took years in probate to settle their estates.

What are the four parts of a good estate plan?

The Will: This states how your assets will be distributed after your death and should only be used for immediate distribution (copyrights would not be included). It must be signed and dated, and signed by two witnesses to be valid. (*Exception: holographic wills—100% handwritten, with signature and date – no witnesses needed*)

The Trust: A trust allows assets to be managed/distributed over time and would **include assets protected by copyright**. Assets in trust are not part of the estate, thus they avoid probate and are more likely to be a blessing to your heirs, rather than a curse. A trust must be signed, dated and notarized.

The remaining two, **Power of Attorney** and the **Advanced Health Care Directive**, are not significantly germane to our topic of protecting and passing on your creative work.

What is copyright?

Copyright law protects "original works of authorship fixed in a tangible medium of expression." An original work of authorship is something that you, the copyright holder, have created—a book, a poem, a photograph, a painting, music, etc. Others must be able to perceive it. You want to be sure your copyrights are protected and managed, because they will live on after you're gone. This is why estate planning is so important, and why you should consider creating a trust for your creative work.

The first step in this process is to protect your copyright by registering it with the Copyright Office at **www.copyright.gov**. This action puts others on notice that this is your protected property and enables you to sue for statutory damages if someone violates your rights. You must copyright your work before bringing a copyright infringement lawsuit. Then manage your copyright: set up a portfolio, file or other method to keep track of your copyrights, publication status, license agreements, etc. Keep an eye on your work to prevent infringement.

In conclusion, estate planning is important for the protection all your assets, but especially your copyrights, so they can survive and be of value to your heirs. An attorney who specializes in estate planning and copyrights can help you. Creating a Trust will avoid probate. Discuss your intentions with your executor and alternates, make sure they are willing to assume this responsibility and are capable of doing what is required of them. Be sure the executor knows where your estate documents, both originals and copies, are kept. You may not have the millions Elvis and Prince had, but your heirs will celebrate you for planning your estate for them.



Sue Curtzwiler
Volunteer Coordinator

HALLOWEEN AND THE MASK

Halloween is celebrated in a few different ways. Most familiar to many of us is the custom of children dressing up in costumes. Usually a mask is worn and the goblins and Disney characters run to your door yelling “Trick-or-Treat” holding their bags open for candy.

Years ago, people used to offer homemade cookies or popcorn balls, along with wrapped candies from the store. Our tired, sweaty little bodies, after going house-to-house, yet still full of energy, would run into the house ready to get some of that hard-earned candy. Our parents would cry out, “Wait, slow down! We need to check your candy, and all the treats in your bags.” Things haven’t changed much since then, though parents today may be even more diligent in protecting their children from potential Halloween hazards.

The irony is this. Hundreds of years ago, Halloween was a time to remember the dead on the eve of All Saint’s Day; some cultures still do this. Sometimes masks and faces were carved out of Irish turnips also known as the Swede rutabaga; of course, today we use pumpkins.

Now in October 2020, we are wearing masks to save our lives. Yet nearly two million people worldwide have died from COVID-19 and many folks are remembering the dead, much too early.

The question: When you go out, are you relaxing your own safety guidelines? Are you trying to feel some sense of freedom? Are you wearing your mask?

As we are stuck inside, we are writing more and more this year. If you’re in your home being creative in some way, enjoy whatever good air you have available. When out-and-about, **PLEASE**, be safe for yourself and for others.

WEAR A MASK! STAY 6-FEET AWAY! WASH YOUR HANDS!

The challenge: Remember, this virus can be silent and can travel with you as you visit friends, parents and grandparents. Just look at the White House in early in October. Our President and members of his staff are now struggling with positive tests and symptoms. Check on the elderly who are stuck inside and might be alone. Dehydration and loneliness are also problems. We will get through this together, when we work at it together.

SMILE EVERYDAY. SMILES TRAVEL WITH YOU, TOO!

Sue Curtzwiler

Notes from the World

Two More FREE Writing Webinars

Award-winning author Jane Cleland is offering two more **FREE** Zoom craft webinars to all writers. If you're available, these are both interesting and helpful in understanding different aspects of the craft of writing.

"Four Things I Wish I'd Known at the Start of My Writing Career," is scheduled for **Saturday, November 14**, from **10:00 to 11:00 AM PDT**.

We'll discuss the importance of building meaningful relationships, understanding the complexities of the publishing business, selecting appropriate promotional strategies, and using more sophisticated craft techniques (all crucial to long-term writing success). Genres and formats covered include both fiction & nonfiction, and memoir and poetry.

"Overcoming Writer's Block: Find Your Inner Muse," is scheduled for **Saturday, December 12**, from **10:00 to 11:00 AM PDT**.

We'll talk about writer's block (sneaky) and isolation (scary). I'll discuss three proven strategies to release your inner muse and become a more efficient and productive writer.

Sign up at JaneCleland.com/events

Jane Cleland writes crime fiction, middle grade, espionage, and the long-running Josie Prescott Antiques Mystery series, all published by St. Martin's Minotaur. She contributes craft articles to *Writers Digest* and teaches professional writing at the university level.

Submitted by Tish Davidson

Fremont Area Writers

"Fourth Monday"

Writers' Salon

Monday OCTOBER 26th 7:00 – 9:00 PM

For details on Zooming in September, contact Tony Pino
up.dragonfly.com@gmail.com or 510-745-0761

More Notes from the World

★ CONTESTS ★ ★ NEWSLETTERS ★ ★ ETC ★

Writers Weekly. Free newsletter. 24-hour short story contest once each quarter. Topic and word length revealed after signing up. Limited to 500 entrants. \$5 entry fee. Also lists some paying markets for fiction and nonfiction. writersweekly.com

Winning Writers. Free newsletter. Lists free contests (many age or location restricted) as well as pay-to-enter contests. Lots of poetry contests. winningwriters.com

The Write Life. Website. Lists free contests (with a few exceptions.) Includes book, short fiction, essay, and poetry contests. Many contests are very specific, e.g. book by first generation immigrant, book of military fiction. thewritelife.com/writing-contests

Poets & Writers. Website. Searchable contest database with filters for cost, genre and deadline. pw.org/grants

Submishmash Weekly. Free newsletter. A curated arts newsletter with select publishing opportunities including contests, publications seeking submissions, and artist residencies. Run by the submission platform Submittable.com.

The Writer. Website and free newsletter. Listing of mostly pay-to-enter contests. writersmag.com/contests

Fan Story. Paid site. Seven-day free trial. \$9.95/month or \$69/year. Feedback on writing you post and almost daily contests that can be entered at no additional fee. fanstory.com

Terrific Resource for Writers in the Age of COVID-19

The **Gotham Writers Workshop** in New York City has put together a series of free talks about writing. Each talk features a writer in a particular genre and an agent who deals with that genre. The first season covered everything from historical fiction to graphic novels to writing query letters.

Season 1 is archived at:

<https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PLIOByuSHCqP7V9mSsoqU5Fojjys2LsvYi>

Season 2 begins with: (both are available online)

October 7 Inside Short Stories

October 14 Inside Humor

Check out these free talks on your genre!

Call for Romance Submissions

Belonging Books, a new, inclusive, feminist publishing house, has begun accepting submissions for launch in June. Submissions can be of all lengths from and about minorities—people of color, people with disabilities, religious minorities, LGBTQ+ people, etc.—and non-traditional romance.

Mission: diversify and modernize the genre. belongingbooksonline.wordpress.com

Free Online Workshops

scriptwriters check out
roadmapwriters.com

FREMONT AREA WRITERS' CORNER

The Cabal

by Penelope Anne Cole

The five huddled together in one of the hotel's smaller meeting rooms. Though late at night, they carefully checked for privacy intrusions, cameras, recorders, bugs, to ensure their security. They'd have one shot at this, only one. If something went wrong, their heads would roll. The plan was set. This was the countdown meeting.

Rod, the "head waiter," would provide silverware dipped in nerve poison. Mimi, the "housekeeper," would provide the bed turn-down service, ensuring bed linens and the bedside lamp had knockout "drops." James, the "valet," would lay out the silk pajamas with the threads dipped in the nerve toxin. John, the hotel "doctor," had the injection of potassium chloride prepared. And Nico, head of hotel "security," would ensure they'd have access to do their parts.

This was the last time they'd meet. After synchronizing their watches, they nodded gravely to each other, and exited to their assigned stations. If all went as planned, it would be done before noon.

Housekeeper Mimi was at her "station" with the TV on. It flashed "Breaking News" and showed a picture of Air Force One, with a gurney standing by and six Marines at attention. The newscaster intoned, "The president suffered a massive heart attack late this morning aboard Air Force One, returning from Florida to Washington, D.C. There was nothing the on-board physician could do. Interim President Lymon has been sworn in. He announced the late-President will lie in State for two days in the rotunda of the nation's Capital, before being transported to New York for interment in the family plot. The president's widow and her son have already left to oversee those arrangements. Interim President Lymon has assured President-Elect Goodman that the outgoing transition team is ready to meet with his transition team on January 17th."

Mimi didn't listen to the rest of the news. She grabbed her go bag and slipped down the back stairs. The other team members were also on the move, following their own exit protocols.

The afternoon sun shone brightly all up and down the East Coast. It was a fresh fall day. And this coming New Year was looking good.

FREMONT AREA WRITERS' CORNER (Continued)

A NEW CROWN: UNA CORONA NUEVA

For Raphael Jesus Gonzalez

Don't Touch that Crown.
It will kill you!
Holding it
is no sign of manhood.
Mask yourself, and think of Richard
without a horse, ranting at his troops;
MacBeth, lingering in darkness,
shuddering against the howling night;
and the thorny crown that left its witnesses
bereft of light,
and their temple shaking.

Crowns are heavy things,
brilliant and joyless.
And this one bobs in the air
like a tiny naval mine on a
filament of vapor. It will drift away,
but touching it
will be like touching Penelope's breast
as Ulysses is entering the room,
or stepping onto Bosworth Field
for Richard, King of Arrows.

Don't touch that crown.
Mask yourself,
stay home,
paint,
and write letters to your children.

Tony Pino

General Zoom Meeting October 24th

***Our guest speaker will be
Andrew Benzie.***

His topic, **Self-Publishing Made Easier**,
will be an exploration on how authors can
design, publish and market their books in
both soft-cover and e-book formats.

You don't need a Zoom account to attend, but
you do need to have Zoom on your smart phone,
tablet, laptop, or computer—something with a
camera and sound. Here's a link for a tutorial
to help you set this up:

**[https://www.youtube.com/
watch?v=9isp3qPeQ0E](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9isp3qPeQ0E)**

You will receive an email invitation with a link
to use for the meeting. You will also receive
a reminder email with the invitation and
link the week of the meeting.

If you need help connecting to Zoom, contact
Scott Davidson **scottfrombayside@yahoo.com**
by Wednesday, October 21st.

Put **FAW Zoom Meeting Help** in the subject line
and he'll be in touch.

Please start logging into the meeting by 1:50 PM.

See you on Saturday, October 24th.

Stay safe, healthy and happy!

NANOWRIMO National Novel Writing Month NANOWRIMO

November is almost here—time to commit to the challenge. Write 50,000 words of a novel in 30 days.
Join people from all over the world. Cure your COVID fatigue and give yourself a goal
of 1,667 words a day. You'll have a 50,000-word manuscript ready to edit by the 30th.

<https://nanowrimo.org/about-nano>

Tell Me A Story

FAW “Tell Me a Story” Up-date!

“Tell Me a Story,” our collaborative writing project, is now over 13,000 words and 23 of our members have contributed. The working title is **“A Time, A Place . . . and The Right Person.”**

We’re in the final stages of the story. Those who’ve participated seem to have enjoyed the experience and are anxious to read the story once it’s complete.

We started serializing the story on Wednesday, July 1st and will continue to send out installments until it’s complete. Keep an eye on your email. A final copy of the story will be sent by email to all FAW members, once it’s been thoroughly edited.

This serialized version has been given a preliminary edit. We will do a final edit once the story is complete. If you notice inconsistencies, POV issues, continuity problems, things that don’t make sense, or holes you could drive a MAC truck through, please bring them to our attention. Thank you!

It will need a title, so once you’ve read enough of the story to inspire an idea, send us your suggestions. Thank you to all of you who participated; and to those who did not, thank you for reading it and sharing your thoughts.

A Time, A Place... and The Right Person

(working title)

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“Mademoiselle, it is I, Bastille.”

She tugged on the beret and the air shimmered around her. As she faded away, Bastille burst in and lunged for her. He missed, falling to the floor of the toilette where she’d just been standing. “Merde!” he shouted.

* * *

She could smell coffee. As the room coalesced around her, she noticed Sylvia sitting on the sofa sipping from a cup.

“Would you like some, dear?” Sylvia asked and filled a cup for her. “You look frazzled. Tell me all about it.” Sylvia motioned to Astra to have a seat on the sofa next to her.

“Well, I’m back, and I didn’t have to use the gun.” She dropped the bag on the floor and sat on the edge

of the couch. Holding her cup in both hands, she inhaled the rich, full-bodied aroma as the steam warmed her face.

“Mmm...,” she relaxed. She took a sip. Delicious, but bitter. “Is there sugar?” Another sip was sweet to the taste; Astra loved magic.

“The beret was a life-saver on more than one occasion, though I have some questions.” She felt safe with family and hoped that Sylvia could enlighten her.

“I’ll do my best, dear. But these “tools,” and how they operate, are often specific to the user.”

“Each time I used it by myself, it worked fine. It took me to the place, time and person I focused on. It took me to Dubois without a hitch.”

She took a sip of coffee as a plate of pastries settled on the couch between them. “Oh, thank you, I’m so hungry!”

Sylvia smiled, as her young charge gobbled down a crème puff.



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Astra sipped more coffee and continued, "But when I took someone with me, it was different."

Surprised, Sylvia asked, "You were able to transport someone with you?"

"Oh, yes. First, I took Professor Dubois with me to Gare du Nord. We ended up in a broom closet, but neither of us was hurt; and we were away from prying eyes. And then I tried to bring Bastille here, but the beret took us to the German sector of a border crossing in Basel, Switzerland, instead."

"How very odd."

"When I told Dubois we were meeting Bastille, the professor freaked out."

"Freaked out?"

"I'm sorry, objected strenuously. He accused Bastille of trying to steal his work. Dubois even tried to shoot him."

"But why would Bastille do such a thing? He has been a loyal part of our resistance cell for a long time."

"Dubois suggested that he'd been bought off." Eyeing an éclair she continued, "Anyway, I wondered if the beret 'knew' Bastille was dangerous, so it redirected us. It looked like he was betraying me to the Germans in Basel, so I left without him. I hope that was the right decision."

"Oui, Cherie, under the circumstances, I think so."

"I lost Professor Dubois at the train station." Her eyes glistened as she realized that Dubois was probably dead. "Two men showed up; one in a long raincoat, who called the other one Fredricks. Bastille called the raincoat guy, Shineglass, I think. Shineglass sprayed us with itching powder. Fredricks tried to take the bag from me, but it disappeared, and then he and Shineglass took Dubois away with them in a flash of light."

Astra's face was wet with tears. "I'm so sorry...I failed you...and the professor." She sniffled and

dabbed her eyes and cheeks with the handkerchief that appeared in the air in front of her.

"Ah, ma Cherie, this was not an easy assignment for you." Sylvia patted her knee.

"Who are those men, Sylvia?"

"Shineglass is Time Patrol. They're from the future and have been funded for decades by global fossil fuel interests. They pretend to be keeping the timeline clean, but their agenda is about controlling energy." Sylvia paused, "I'm not sure who Fredricks is, but I don't think you should trust him. Definitely don't trust Shineglass."

They sat in silence for a moment.

"Oh, I almost forgot, I have Dubois' notebook. He called it his life's work."

Sylvia got a queer expression on her face. "His notebook...then all we need is his offspring to carry on his work." She hesitated and then asked, "Astra, would you be willing to try one more time to save M. Dubois?"

Jan Salinas (with editor)

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That cursed Shineglass had dumped him into the hands of the Gestapo. The Germans wanted him to design an energy cannon that could vaporize tanks, airplanes, and entire city blocks. He had refused, of course. But if he had designed it he'd have made sure it exploded, blowing those swastika swine to the gates of hell. Did they truly believe he would give them the means to win?

Nazi soldiers marched Dubois to the middle of a stone bridge over a wide, rushing river. One said with a sneer, "Our concentration camps are overstocked, so we bury you at sea. Stand close to the railing. Danka."

Dubois did not ask for a blindfold... Without warning, a strange and very unpleasant odor filled



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the air, and then it was gone! A soldier blurted, "Vat was dot?"

Another shouted, "No one cares, dummkopf! Shoot him!"

Dubois gaped as the Nazis emptied their weapons six feet over his head: was he a giant!

OOF! Someone tackled him as if playing that barbaric American football and the two of them went over the railing of the bridge together. *So, I've escaped being shot, but will drown now instead,* Dubois thought, his stomach lurching as the river rushed up.

His assailant hugged him and said, "Breathe in!"

That voice! He realized Astra's smiling face was inches from his!

SPLASHHHH!!! Icy water sucked him down. Astra grabbed his hand and tug-tug-tugged...downward? Was she leading him toward a submarine? He let her be his tugboat. Or anchor. Bullets zip-ped by them in the water as they swam into a green-black, bone-chilling muck...a band around his chest tightened...she hugged him...

* * *

The world spun dizzily, and then suddenly there was air! Astra and Dubois tumbled onto a wooden floor. They got to their feet, soaked; sputtering, and shivering.

A giddy Astra kissed Dubois on the cheek. "You're alive!" Then composing herself, "Alive! Good!"

They were in a small living room with an elderly woman. She was sitting on a sofa, sipping tea, looking at them with amusement. "Welcome back, dear. I see your mission was successful."

Astra took off her beret. Water splashed onto her shoulders. "The travel guide targeted the place and time of his death, but for some reason, the beret dropped me two blocks away. I doubt an Olympic sprinter could've matched my speed from

there to the bridge. Is there some magic in these shoes?" Astra looked down at her feet; Sylvia just smiled. "The gas worked perfectly. It was just strong enough to make the Nazis shoot at empty air instead of at the professor. It was quite amusing."

The old woman set her cup on an elegant lace doily. "Well done, Astra."

On the sofa beside her was the travel guide from Astra's leather bag. Its cover page, faded and worn, with yellowed-edges, was just as it had appeared when Astra had first seen it. Sylvia picked it up and it began to change, as many things did in the old woman's hands. The words *Time Travel Guide* now appeared in bold letters across it and then something hand-written in a rusty-red color just below the title.

The woman waved her hand at Astra and Dubois, rendering them dry and warm. Two comfortable armchairs appeared facing the couch and Sylvia motioned them to sit. Once they were settled, she extended her hand to the professor. He took it and she greeted him. "Welcome to my home. My name is Sylvia Silverwing."

"Merci, Madame! Can you tell me what's going on here, please?"

"That's your name on the travel guide, Martin Dubois, written in your blood," she said handing it to him. "Sorry about stealing it. History still records that you were shot, drowned, and washed out to sea. You and your work are safe. For now."

Astra sputtered again, this time not spitting out murky river water. "What do you mean, 'for now'?"

Dave Strom (with Editor)

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"None of us lives forever, Astra, as I'm sure you are quite well aware. But we still must get M. Dubois to safety in America. I am prepared to take him myself. But we must leave immediately."



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"I'm sorry, Madame Silverwing, but I cannot go."
The professor was emphatic.

"But, professor, you must," insisted Astra.

"Astra, you have saved my life more than once, and I am truly grateful for this; but I cannot...Non! I will not leave my pregnant wife at the mercy of the Nazis."

"Wife? How is it that we did not know you were married, Monsieur?" Sylvia asked. "There is no record of it."

"We're not actually married, but Sabine is carrying my child. She is my life...my love! I refuse to leave her. She and our child mean more to me than my own life!"

Eyes closed, muttering to herself, Sylvia sat deep in thought for several minutes. While they waited, Astra poured some tea for Dubois and herself.

Sylvia Silverwing opened her eyes. "Very well, but you both must follow my instructions to the letter. Professor, you must stay here with me; Astra, you must fetch Sabine."

Dubois began to object, but Sylvia stopped him with a wave of her hand. "Professor, I can take you and your Sabine to America, but it will tax me greatly. I cannot make both trips. Astra is, at this point, only able to transport one person by herself. She has saved you from the Nazis twice; will you not trust her to bring Sabine to you?"

"Please, Professor, let me do this. We must get all three of you to safety," Astra paused, "the future depends on it."

"How can you possibly know what the future holds for any of us?" He was clearly exasperated.

"Because, I trust my aunt...and myself. I can't really tell you why, I just know!" Astra seemed to glow with confidence. It was momentary, but the old woman and the professor both noticed, and Astra felt it. With her declaration came a sense of power and resolve.

"You promise to bring her here, to me?"

"Yes...I promise!"

"Wonderful!" Sylvia was growing impatient. "Young man, do you have a photo of Sabine? What is her full name?"

"Sabine Marie Chevalier," he said as he pulled a worn piece of paper from the inside pocket of his coat and handed it to her. It was a photo of a young woman with blond hair, pale eyes, and a lovely smile. Sylvia handed it to Astra.

"This is who you are looking for; find her and bring her here as quickly as you can." She handed the photo to Astra. Then said to Dubois, "Give Astra the address and she shall retrieve Sabine for you."

With all the particulars shared, Astra returned the photo to Dubois. Filled with confidence, and her beret secure upon her head, Astra gave them a brave smile and tugged at her chapeau thinking of the time, the place and the beautiful Sabine. She watched as the room rippled away to nothingness, only to find herself in a room full of Nazis moments later.

Nancy Guarnera

To Be Continued...

***watch for more installments
in your inbox***