



# California Writers Club, Sacramento Branch

www.CWCSacramentoWriters.org



## Write On!

### 2015 Short, Short Story Contest Issue

#### 2015 Short, Short Story Writing Contest

The California Writers Club, Sacramento Branch announced the 2015 Short, Short Story Writing Contest with entries due postmarked by April 30, 2015. The contest was open to all writers with the category open and length up to 750 words.

#### Awards and Recognition:

**First Place: \$100 ~ Second Place: \$50 ~ Third Place: \$25**

#### **Congratulations to the Winners!**

Winners of the 2015 Short, Short Story Contest were announced and awards were presented at the Luncheon Meeting on Saturday, June 20, 2015, held at Cattlemens, Rancho Cordova, CA 95670.



**First Place: Dennis Glen Wilson** for *“The Loss”*

**Second Place: Rosi Hollinbeck** for *“Rebekah’s Star”*

**Third Place: Lou Munro Foley** for *“Married to a Dream”*

**Honorable Mention: Nicholas Ilacqua** for *“Dancing With Tigers”*

**Honorable Mention: Del Jack** for *“Thieves”*

#### **Thanks and Appreciation!**

Thanks to the 2015 Writing Contest Judges! June Gillam, Corinne Litchfield and Christopher Rose.

Thanks to everyone who entered the contest! CWC members and other writers.

On behalf of California Writers Club, Sacramento Branch, thanks to all!

Enjoy the award-winning stories published in this special 2015 contest issue of the *Write On!* newsletter. Also, the winning stories are posted at: <http://www.cwcsacramentowriters.org/2015/2015-short-short-story-writing-contest/>.

~Margie Yee Webb, President and 2015 Writing Contest Chair

## About 2015 Writing Contest Judges

**June Gillam**, Ph. D., is a poet and novelist who teaches Studies in Fiction, World Literature and Creative Writing, Fiction, at San Joaquin Delta College where she's also served as faculty advisor for a student literary magazine. Currently she's halfway through the Stanford Novel Writing Certificate Program and working on *House of Eire, Book 3* in her Hillary Broome Suspense Novels Series. She may be contacted through her website at [www.junegillam.com](http://www.junegillam.com).

**Corinne Litchfield** is a writer of fiction, nonfiction and poetry. She won first prize in the CWC Sacramento 2012 Short, Short Story Contest and her poetry has appeared in several anthologies. She is currently revising her first novel. Her website is <http://corinnelitchfield.com>.

**Christopher Rose** is a freelance proofreader, copyeditor, manuscript evaluator, and self-publishing consultant with over 10 years of experience. Christopher holds a Master's degree in English Literature from CSU, Sacramento, and a certificate in Copyediting from UC San Diego. He has edited work for dozens of clients, and he has worked as an editor for [Mixer Publishing](#), [Smart Meetings Magazine](#), and [MP Publishing](#). His website is [www.roseeditorial.com](http://www.roseeditorial.com).

California Writers Club, Sacramento Branch  
2015 Short, Short Story Writing Contest

**First Place**

*The Loss*

by Dennis Glen Wilson

Marvin caressed the wheels with loving hands. Cool and smooth, they would be fast rolling down a hill. His glance shifted to the body of the racer sitting in the back of the old detached garage. The car was in pieces, the frame and body detached. The steering wheel leaned against a cobwebbed wall. The tires stood upright. He ran his hands over them again, fingers trembling slightly in anticipation.

This was going to be the year. He knew it. Dad had promised they would build the car this year. They would put it together with good screws and solid brackets so it would be rigid and fast. His father would grease the axles and inside the wheels to reduce friction and make his the fastest car on the track. They would paint the car bright red with the number 16, his birth date, on the hood.

Marvin could see it clear as day, his dad and he arriving at the Soapbox Derby with his red racer in the back of his father's truck. They would roll it down two long boards to the street. People would gather in a circle to admire his car. There would be oohs and aahs, but he would be cool, detached. He'd pretend being a race-car driver, a hero, was old stuff. He savored the admiration.

It had been two years since Dad had promised to build the car, but he'd been busy and Marvin didn't want to keep asking about the racer, didn't want to irritate his dad. But this was the magical year. Soon his father would come into the garage, pat Marvin on the shoulder and say, "Well, son, let's get started on this beast. Grab my tool box from the bench and bring it over here. We'll start by mounting the body onto the frame. Know what we'll do after that, Marvin?"

"No, Dad. What will we do then?" He worshipped his dad.

"Why, we'll mount the wheels on the beast, that's what." His father laughed.

Marvin was thrilled. His car was under way. He'd be ready for the big race, the Soapbox Derby, the thrill of his life. He could already see the cars being pushed to the starting line, his dad's head close to his whispering last-second advice. Marvin would be wearing his helmet and goggles and an old pair of Mom's leather gloves. He would nod his understanding. The warning bell would ring and then it would be just the racers, he in number 16, all cars lined up waiting for the starter's gun.

It fired!

Marvin leaned forward sharply to get his car moving, but it accelerated ever so slowly. He threw his upper body forward and back to encourage the car's momentum until finally he could feel the wind building in his face, exhilaration in his heart. In moments he was moving faster than he could ever have imagined. The downhill street was a blur over the red hood of his racer.

He pulled ahead of the three other cars by a wheel's length . . . the crowd cheering. And then he was leading by half a car length. The crowd was screaming in excitement. He could feel his grin stretch so wide it hurt his cheeks. Before he could savor the race, he crossed the finish line. A man was waving the checkered flag, waving it at him.

He had won!

Marvin threw up his arms in victory and shouted his joy.

There was a touch on his arm. "Marvin, are you okay?"

"Um . . . yes, nurse, I'm okay . . . just fine, thank you."

"When you threw your arms into the air and shouted, I was frightened. I thought you might be having a heart attack."

"I'm sorry I frightened you. I was reliving a project from youth, one my dad and I never finished."

"Well, come along. Today is the 16<sup>th</sup>, your birthday. It's time to go to the cafeteria where your guests are gathered. Would you like me to push you?"

"No thank you." Marvin turned from the window and leaned forward to give his chair some momentum before placing his hands on the wheels, so smooth and cool.

~~~~~



**Dennis Glen Wilson** has been a teacher and a school principal for a total of thirty years. Following retirement, he and his wife traveled the next six years before settling in Chico. He enjoys golf, driving their Model A Ford, and especially enjoys writing.

**Congratulations to Dennis Glen Wilson on winning  
First Place and \$100 for his story *The Loss!***

California Writers Club, Sacramento Branch  
2015 Short, Short Story Writing Contest

**Second Place**

***Rebekah's Star***

by Rosi Hollinbeck

Rebekah heard Mees and Jouke talking softly in the room below. When she heard *Nazi*, a chill gripped her. She couldn't understand much Dutch, but she knew *that* word. She slid to the floor, her back against the wall, and waited. It wasn't long until Mees came.

"Jouke heard German troops are moving this way."

Rebekah's eyes stung. She couldn't stop trembling. Mees sat clumsily on the floor, slipping her arms around Rebekah.

"Shhh. We're prepared. We'll keep you safe. You must stay in your little room. Take everything. Lock the wall in place unless we tap the code."

Jouke had built the tiny room behind the attic wall and lined it with fresh-cut cedar boughs to block her scent if Nazis brought dogs. There was room for her little mattress and sewing things. A vent let in little light. Still, in daytime, Rebekah could see enough to sew, her favorite pastime. Mees had given her a bag of fabric scraps to make doll clothes and such.

Rebekah had come by train to the Netherlands to stay with her mother's oldest friend. Only nine, she was frightened to leave her family near Hamburg, but they promised to send for her when it was safe.

Mees's baby would come soon. Would they think it too dangerous to keep Rebekah then?

Settling against Mees, Rebekah put her hand on Mees's tummy. She felt a fluttering, as if a small bird were trying to get out. She looked at Mees, who smiled.

"It won't be long. This baby should come by Christmas."

"Perhaps during Hanukkah," Rebekah said.

"Tell me about Hanukkah," Mees said.

"Long ago being Jewish was against the law."

"Like now in Germany," Mees said.

"Enemies built idols and even sacrificed pigs in our Temple. When the Jews won the temple back, they cleaned it and made it fit for worship again. There was only enough consecrated oil to light the menorah for one day, but it lasted eight. We celebrate that miracle. What does Christmas celebrate?"

Mees smiled. "God sent his son, Jesus, to live among humans and show us how to be more loving toward one another. Three wise kings traveled a long distance on camels to bring special gifts. They followed a bright star to find the baby Jesus who was born in a stable. His birth is the miracle of Christmas."

Rebekah could see a picture of this in her mind. She would make a Christmas gift for the baby! After Mees left, she looked through scraps of cloth. All were dark, rich colors. Nothing bright. But she would find a way.

Each day, Rebekah stayed in her secret place. Sometimes she heard marching or shouting in the streets. And gunfire! Once she heard tromping feet and sniffing and claws clicking on the wood floor outside her room. She froze and held her breath. Finally they went away.

Mees came soon after and told her the Nazis had come and gone. She was safe! It took some time for her hands to stop trembling. She had to pull and re-do several stitches.

Mees and Jouke’s baby came mid-December. He was sweet and hardly cried. Each day, Mees brought little Pieter to spend time with Rebekah. She loved that time but was anxious to get back to her sewing.

Piece after piece she cut from dark scraps, shaping them to form a picture. Her flashing needle pulled everything together—blue and deep red and green for the robes of the kings, brown for the camels and manger. As the end of December neared, Rebekah worked hard on Pieter’s gift. There was only one problem. She had no yellow to make the bright star. She knew that star symbolized the miracle to Christians, and she wanted to get it right.

Rebekah went through everything she had. Then she found it—the perfect piece. She carefully pulled threads from the hated six-pointed star ordered by Nazis sewn to the front of her coat. Now it would symbolize good and bring happiness to Pieter, Mees and Jouke.

The first day of Hanukkah, Rebekah found a small gift by the wall opening in the morning. The second day of Hanukkah was also Christmas day. Mees pulled the curtains closed. Jouke brought Rebekah down. A decorated tree stood in the corner beside Pieter’s cradle. Rebekah shook out the little quilt she had made and laid it over Pieter.

“It’s perfect, Rebekah!” Mees hugged her close. “The star is most perfect of all.”

~ ~ ~ ~ ~



**Rosi Hollinbeck** spends most of her time writing for young people, but also writes adult fiction. Her work has appeared in *Highlights for Children* and *High Five* magazines. Her story-poem *The Monster Hairy Brown* was published by London publisher, Thynks, in their anthology *50 Funny Poems for Children*. She also writes book reviews for *San Francisco Book Review*.

**Congratulations to Rosi Hollinbeck on winning  
Second Place and \$50 for her story *Rebekah’s Star!***

California Writers Club, Sacramento Branch  
2015 Short, Short Story Writing Contest

**Third Place**

*Married To A Dream*

By Lou Munro Foley

I looked back at the farm as I pulled onto the main road. Dad was in the barn, so he wouldn't have heard me rev up Jimmy's truck.

The morning sun was painting the Indiana fields gold—a sight I'd seen often in my 18 years.

“Dream a big dream every day, Susie.” I could still hear Mrs. McGregor's husky voice.

Andrea Paton said that Mrs. McGregor smoked. And that she was divorced. I didn't care. She was my favorite teacher. When they closed our two-room school and bused everyone into town, she moved away.

“She's gone to Chicago,” Andrea Paton said. “Husband-hunting, probably.”

Andrea Paton is a colossal pain. “Maybe she's chasing a dream,” I muttered.

That's what I'm doing. Chasing a dream. The drama program at Northwestern. I decided just two nights ago. A car whizzed by heading toward the farm. I yanked Jimmy's dirty Cubs cap down in case they were relatives showing up early for my wedding.

I have enough money to stay at the YWCA, until I figure out about college. When four of us went to Chicago for the regional drama contest, we stayed at the Y. Mrs. McGregor said it was cheap and safe.

I won first place in my category—reciting *The Highwayman*. Mom and Dad couldn't come because it was harvest time. Just as well. Mom would have been okay, but Dad doesn't have much truck with...respect for...whatever... the theatre.

“I'm proud that you won, honey, but remember, play-acting is not *real* work,” he said, giving me a hug.

People have been sending money as wedding presents, but we don't need much. Charlie's parents gave us some used furniture, and Mom made my wedding dress. I looked at it again this morning. Reached in and touched it. Simple white silk. Cool and smooth. Beautiful. I snatched my hand away and shut the closet door. My stomach felt empty.

I tossed some jeans into my backpack, and...well, here I am...heading for the railway station.

Jimmy and I used to ride bikes to the little school—and we'd stop at the crossing and wave at the passengers. Jimmy told me they were going to Chicago. If he had said they were going to China, I would have believed him. But he was right. They were going to Chicago. And now, so am I.

Charlie's feelings will get all pushed out of shape, but he'll get over it. Probably with the help of Andrea Paton.

I have feelings, too. I just can't be married to a farm the rest of my life.

Mom seems happy as a farm wife, but I wonder. One day she showed me a picture of Bill Blass in an old issue of Vogue, and said he was from Indiana. I asked her if she regretted leaving art school to get married. Did she ever dream about showing her designs in New York? She smiled. "Sure. Everybody has dreams, but I fell in love with your dad."

Some nights, she sits at the kitchen table, sketching. She's saving her egg money for a new sewing machine. "Making your dress was a labor of love, Susie," she said.

So I'll be hurting her, too, by leaving. *I'm sorry, Mom.*

The truck crunched on the gravel by the station. Nobody was on the platform, which means I won't have to answer embarrassing questions about why I'm going to Chicago the day before my wedding.

I tucked the ignition key under the floor mat, and gave Jimmy's hat a pat as I laid it on the seat. Jimmy could get the truck later. He'd figure out where it was when I turned up missing.

The train horn squealed. My nose hairs quivered...diesel fumes. The wooden platform rumbled as the engine approached, then screeched to a stop. I climbed into the nearest car and collapsed on a double seat.

My stomach gurgled. No breakfast. I opened the backpack to get my sandwich.

A brown envelope lay on top. I took a deep breath and opened it. The contents slid into my lap.

A brochure about Northwestern.

And an address for Mrs. McGregor.

*Dream big, Mom wrote, I love you.*

*P.S. Anne Baxter is from Indiana, too.*

Attached to the note was a check. I know it was her egg money. Her sewing machine fund was financing my dream.

I leaned back and watched the golden fields of Indiana roll by.

A tear rolled down my cheek.

Time to dream.

~~~~~



**Lou Munro Foley** has taught writing at California State University Sacramento, American River College, Sacramento City College and Sierra College, and was an instructor for ten years for the Institute of Children's Literature in Connecticut. She was Editor of Publications for the CSUS School of Social Work for five years. Lou has won some awards, written 29 published books for children and young adults, and her books have been translated into nine languages, none of which she can read.

**Congratulations to Lou Munro Foley on winning  
Third Place and \$25 for her story *Married to a Dream!***

California Writers Club, Sacramento Branch  
2015 Short, Short Story Writing Contest

**Honorable Mention**

*Dancing With Tigers*

by Nicholas Ilacqua

I watched her sip coffee and turn the pages of one of the books from the café's sagging bookcase. She looked at the snow outside the door and exhaled slowly. Then she laid the book on the table, stood, swung a green canvas satchel over her shoulder and walked towards the door.

The way she walked reminded me of Suzanne, like a ballerina floating from one step to the next, touching the ground just to say she had been there. Suzanne would walk like that, with a fragile purpose.

I closed my eyes and went back to Suzanne and me on the beach at sunset, her head nestled in my shoulder. Then, her eyes opened wide and inhaled the view in one deep breath, before sighing and closing them. She said, "The day ends before we're ready and starts again whether we like it or not."

I looked at her. Jostled by my movement, she took her hands out of her pockets and pulled tighter her coat as a big wind came up off the waves.

I said, "I never know what to say when you say something like that."

"I just like you to listen." And so I paid attention to her breathing.

I smiled. The water lapped at our feet and we listened to each other's breath, as the sun hesitated above the horizon.

She would come home with stories about fairies in the park and I listened to her beautiful words of red noses and tall hats circling trees. I could see them in my mind and she could take me there. It was like seeing crystal castles formed out of sea foam. It was like turning the block and seeing the sun set over the ocean. It was like the world I always wanted. I would look into her eyes and see the world part to reveal its beating core.

Then one day she looked out the back window and told stories of the fairies in the yard, narrating their movements in a whispered monotone. I followed her eyes, but they stared out over an unkempt garden.

Charcoal drawings of sad and angry faces started showing up on the refrigerator, followed by rosaries hanging from the bedposts like sagging eyes. There were late nights of her crying, her face contorting with her words and dry silences. I'd watch her get out of bed, walk slowly to the back window to look out, and go back to bed, while I sat at the table eating lunch. She would disappear for days and come back with scars. I would see in her eyes the fire reaching for kindling but already being blown back. Then, finally, the day I dyed my suit black and saw her in the ground. It had been like dancing with a tiger, beautiful until the end.

I looked up to see the woman in the café push the door open. In the silence, between ice scraping, I saw her lips part and say “Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow, I’ll be with you.”

~~~~~



**Nicholas Ilacqua** is originally from Santa Clara, CA. He received a BA in Linguistics and Philosophy from the UC Santa Cruz and an MS in Computer Science from the University of San Francisco. In between saving cats from trees and children from rivers, he writes highly performant java code for a startup in Roseville and stories that have nothing to do with the above.

**Congratulations to Nicholas Ilacqua on winning  
Honorable Mention for his story *Dancing With Tigers!***

California Writers Club, Sacramento Branch  
2015 Short, Short Story Writing Contest

**Honorable Mention**

*Thieves*

by Del Jack

“What do you mean, ‘too risqué?’” Nadine Dower challenged her husband. “I think the dress looks great on me.”

“Nadine, we’re going to a military funeral, for Christ’s sakes, not a cocktail party. It’s ... well, inappropriate. Ted would have found fault. You know how fussy he was.”

“Fussy? Give me a break, Jack. He was a klutz.”

“Don’t get ugly, Nadine. Show some respect for the dead.”

“Speaking of respect, what’s with all this military stuff? Gun salutes? Honor guard? Some military heroes you guys were. Two weeks a year at Camp Roberts. Really, Jack.”

“Okay, Nadine, okay. Wear the damned dress if you must. I just think it’s out of place.”

+ + + +

‘Out of place.’ that was what Elsie had said about the tight-fitting, red cocktail gown she had worn to Elsie and Ted’s 20th anniversary party. Nadine bristled at the memory. She believed it was that she looked sexier than Elsie and Elsie couldn’t stand it.

Nadine also remembered her grandmother’s brooch. She was certain Elsie had stolen it. For over a dozen years she had hoped to find Elsie wearing it, but conceded Elsie was too clever a crook to be that stupid.

+ + + +

“You know, Jack. I don’t think I want to go after all. It’s so phony. All that military crap. You know I never liked him, and I can’t stand that cow, Elsie.”

“Come on, Nadine. We have to go. Out of respect. I’m sorry what I said about the dress. Really. Hurry up and do what you have to. We’ve only twenty minutes to get there.”

Nadine watched her husband adjust his tie in the bathroom mirror. Yea, she’d go, she decided.

Her husband’s cell phone and car keys were lying on the hall table. Remembering his tendency for pre-planning things, she went to his phone and opened it. As she suspected, he had turned it off. She turned it back on.

She hated Jack’s phone. Its ring reminded her of that silly tune, “It’s a wonderful day in the neighborhood.” She moved the volume arrow to the maximum setting, closed it and laid it back on the table.

Nadine finished putting on her lipstick. She had decided on a brighter shade of red than she usually wore. She took one last look at herself in the hallway mirror and followed Jack outside to their car.

X X X X

It was unusually warm for an April day. Nadine was seated in one of the many folding chairs available to the bereaved. Jack was not sitting with her. He was seated behind Elsie, at her insistence, in the “family” section. There were no other “family” chairs available for Nadine. She looked at the funeral guests. Some of the women were already crying. From inside the gazebo-like enclosure Nadine watched the arrival of the funeral entourage; a black hearse and white limousine.

Ten Marines in Class A uniforms exited the extended limo. Six approached the hearse and removed the casket. They shouldered it and carried it in precise, jerking, slow motions to the bier in front of the grieving.

Three of the remaining Marines, rifles at port arms, raised their weapons to the air and fired three volleys. As they did so, some of the mourners startled at the sound of the reports. The forth remaining Marine, standing at the side of the shelter began playing ‘taps’. The sound of the melancholic tune brought further tears to most of the mourners.

Like street mimes, the six marines had placed the casket on the purple-covered platform, then slowly, four marched away. Nadine looked at Elsie. She appeared as grieving widows almost always did on such occasions: tired, empty, numbed with grief. She was dabbing eyes that were no longer able to cry.

Again in slow, jerking motions, the two Marines began folding the flag that had covered the casket into a triangular package. Finished with the ritual, one of them turned toward Elsie. Carrying the symbolic cloth in front of him, he took the first step toward her.

The moment seemed surreal and exciting to Nadine. She focused on the flag as it passed by her heading for Elsie’s outstretched hands. She looked at Elsie and tried to imagine how this exact moment must feel to her.

Then Nadine, her cell phone in hand, pushed the last of the seven digits in Jack’s cell-phone number.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~



Del Jack is a retired High School and Jr. College Instructor. He holds a Bachelor and Masters degree in American and British Literature from Sacramento State College (CSUS). He self-published two Young Adult Detective Thrillers, *The Gargoyle Bat* and *The Tombs of Montmartre* and completed a third in that series, *Death Has Shark’s Teeth*. He has completed an Adult Detective Thriller, *Shining Like New Money*, and is working on a sequel tentatively called *The Building*. His website is [deljackmysteries.com](http://deljackmysteries.com).

**Congratulations to Del Jack on winning  
Honorable Mention for his story *Thieves!***

# California Writers Club, Sacramento Branch

www.CWCSacramentoWriters.org

## 2014-2015 Officers, Board of Directors and Committee Chairs

*To ensure that your email correspondence does not look like SPAM, include CWC in the subject line*

### Board of Directors

#### Officers

**Margie Yee Webb**, President  
[mywebb@sbcglobal.net](mailto:mywebb@sbcglobal.net)

**Kimberly A. Edwards**, VP/Programs  
[kimberlyedwards00@comcast.net](mailto:kimberlyedwards00@comcast.net)

**Gini Grossenbacher**, VP/Membership  
[ginis.writers1@gmail.com](mailto:ginis.writers1@gmail.com)

**Sandra Navarro**, Secretary  
[ssnavarro22@gmail.com](mailto:ssnavarro22@gmail.com)

**Robert Cooper**, Treasurer  
[robertcooper876@gmail.com](mailto:robertcooper876@gmail.com)

#### Board Members

**Raymond Blain**  
[raymondblain@comcast.net](mailto:raymondblain@comcast.net)

**Mary Martinez**  
[proudgoldstarmom@gmail.com](mailto:proudgoldstarmom@gmail.com)

**Patricia Mathews**  
[patriciamathews3@mac.com](mailto:patriciamathews3@mac.com)

**Marilyn Smith-Murphy**  
[normar@surewest.net](mailto:normar@surewest.net)

### Committees

**Membership:** Gini Grossenbacher – [ginis.writers1@gmail.com](mailto:ginis.writers1@gmail.com)

**Historian:** Julie Bauer – [joolieb@aol.com](mailto:joolieb@aol.com)

**Public Relations:** Open

**Communications:** Open

**Newsletter Editor:** Mary Martinez – [proudgoldstarmom@gmail.com](mailto:proudgoldstarmom@gmail.com)

**Open Mic Facilitator:** Julie Bauer – [joolieb@aol.com](mailto:joolieb@aol.com)

**Open Mic Backup:** Lance Pyle – [lrpyle07@comcast.net](mailto:lrpyle07@comcast.net)

**Outreach Coordinator:** Nanci Lee Woody – [nanciwoody@att.net](mailto:nanciwoody@att.net)

**Web Coordinator:** Michael Cole – [michael.f.cole@gmail.com](mailto:michael.f.cole@gmail.com)

**Welcoming Coordinator:** Daniel Martinez –  
[proudgoldstardad@gmail.com](mailto:proudgoldstardad@gmail.com)

**Welcoming Committee:** Maryann Blain –  
[maryannblain@comcast.net](mailto:maryannblain@comcast.net)

**Writers Network Facilitator:** Lisa Deines Wiggins –  
[lادتkd@yahoo.com](mailto:lادتkd@yahoo.com)

**Writers Network Speakers Coordinator:** Jo Chandler –  
[jochandler3@yahoo.com](mailto:jochandler3@yahoo.com)

**Central Board Rep:** Margie Yee Webb – [mywebb@sbcglobal.net](mailto:mywebb@sbcglobal.net)

**NorCal Rep:** Kimberly A. Edwards –  
[kimberlyedwards00@comcast.net](mailto:kimberlyedwards00@comcast.net)

**Newsletter Proofreader:** Margie Yee Webb – [mywebb@sbcglobal.net](mailto:mywebb@sbcglobal.net)

**Nominating Committee Chair:** Michael Brandt –  
[mhbrandt119@yahoo.com](mailto:mhbrandt119@yahoo.com)

**About California Writers Club, Sacramento Branch**

California Writers Club, Sacramento Branch—one of 19 CWC branches throughout California—serves the greater Sacramento region and welcomes all writers and related professions, offering monthly Luncheon Meetings, Writers Network meetings, and Open Mic For Writers. <http://www.cwcsacramentowriters.org/>

**About California Writers Club**

The California Writers Club is an educational nonprofit 501(c)(3) corporation dedicated to educating writers of all levels of expertise in the craft of writing and in the marketing of their work. <http://calwriters.org/>