



# The Write News

A Monthly Newsletter

Elisabeth Tuck, Editor

Denis Hoye, Associate Editor

## Mt. Diablo Branch

January 2024

### CWC Mt. Diablo Branch General Meeting January 13, 2024

#### The Art of Storytelling A Cross-Cultural Experience



Born in Havana, Cuba, **Achy Obejas**, a finalist for the 2023 John Dos Passos Prize, is the author of *Boomerang/Bumerán*, a unique and inspiring bilingual collection of poetry written in a bold, mostly gender-free English and Spanish that addresses immigration, displacement, love and activism. A journalist for two decades, she wrote for the *Chicago Tribune* and the *Washington Post*. She has authored several novels including *Memory Mambo*, and *The Tower of the Antilles*, which among other honors, was a PEN/Faulkner finalist. Her novels include *Ruins* and *Days of Awe*, which was among the *Los Angeles Times* Best Books of the Year. Her poetry chapbook, *This is What Happened in Our Other Life*, was both a critical hit and a national best-seller. As a translator, Achy has worked with Wendy Guerra and Junot Díaz. Among her many awards, she was a recipient of fellowships from USA Artists, NEA and Cintas. She was a Writer in Residence at Mills College, Oakland and is an Adjunct Professor in USF's Creative Writing program.

For writers, storytelling is the process of weaving language into a concrete narrative, with the purpose of creating rich, believable experiences. It is the interactive art of using words and actions to reveal the elements and images of a story while engaging the listener's imagination.

In other words, storytellers don't just relay facts: they use words in a way that the reader or listener can sit inside the story itself *as though they were really there*.

With examples from her own writing, Achy Obejas will share with us how:

- Story telling crosses genres.
- Crosses cultures.
- And is its own art form.

#### REGISTER ONLINE AT:

<https://cwcmtdiablo.org/meetings-and-workshops/>

#### LOCATION

Zio Fraedo's Restaurant  
611 Gregory Lane  
Pleasant Hill, CA

#### COST

\$25 Members and \$30 Non-Members. Includes a buffet luncheon. Pay at the door or online with PayPal when registering. You do not need a PayPal account.

#### SCHEDULE

- 10: 30 a.m. Registration Opens
- 11:15 a.m. Writers Table
- 12:00 p.m. Buffet Luncheon
- 12:25 p.m. Business Meeting
- 1:00 p.m. Keynote Speaker

## CWC Mt. Diablo Branch President's Message

Firstly, I hope you all are enjoying a wonderful holiday season. I sense our community of writers, editors, and publishers is a gift and for that, I'm extremely thankful.

Recently, I worked on a novelette about a trip I took to the Hindu Kush, in Pakistan, in 1979. I wove several smaller pieces into one complete story that covered the entire trip.

Having finished the initial draft of my novelette, I recognized I had used much of its story line as a portion of the story line in my second novel. The location was the same, not all the characters were different, the culture and social structure had been re-used, and the weather was problematic in both.

I wondered how often my writings had followed some parallel to a past experience of mine. I suspected more than I'd thought. When I started writing, my work had been fueled by memories. I had an amazing list of unusual experiences in life and they fed my imagination. However, most were travel based. This restricted me to primarily writing in that vein because that was where I felt most comfortable.

I suspected many writers depended on their own experiences and pasts to find scenarios and plots that felt close to what felt familiar to them. Did now well-known authors also swim in waters that felt familiar and safe for their first few novels? How did they break out and discover a universe of possibilities that was actually available to us all?

This was a mystery that confounded me. I had no idea how I processed experiences and memories. But to be honest, when I published my memoir, I could not fathom how to write a novel. And now, I am editing three novels in a fictional trilogy that I have written. So I need to contemplate my usage of memories for a while. I recognize I have a whole variety of memories. Why is it I select primarily the travel based ones for much of my writing? I ran on the road racing circuit for years and have great memories of that time, but I rarely use them. I love to cook and I have never written about that.

At the end of this musing, I think maybe we all have access to a varied accumulation of memories. Perhaps our ability to create an engaging story line does not depend on those memories, after all. It could simply be a matter of challenging our need to work in a safe space. I need to let go of feeling safe, writing about travels.

How about next week, I challenge myself to write a novelette that is a syfy rom com? Now that would force me completely out of where I feel safe. But I will have pushed the boundary of my comfort zone.

So I suggest we all think about what it is we write. Do we dare change what we write. It will be hard at first, but maybe the result will be amazing and incredibly satisfying. No matter what you decide in this regard, just write, create, and feel joy being a writer.

Barry



### Branch Executive Officers

<b>President:</b>	Barry Hampshire
<b>Interim Vice President:</b>	Michael Barrington
<b>Treasurer:</b>	David George
<b>Secretary:</b>	Heidi Eliason

<https://cwcmtdiablo.org/board-of-directors-committees-awards/>

July 1, 2023 through June 30, 2024

## News from Michael

Here is a news item that might be of interest. I usually pause briefly while writing my novels, to give my mind a break and typically turn to writing a short story.

Recently, I received news that three of my short stories have been accepted for publication.

*Big J's Christmas Visit* will be published this month by CafeLit, a UK distributor. My second story, *The Shannike: A Gaelic Story*, will be published early in the new year by the Academy of Heart & Mind. The same publisher has also scheduled my piece, "Writers I Have Known" to appear in their March 2024 edition.

As you all know, it sometimes can take months to get any response from a publisher, if at all, so these are my valued Christmas Gifts!



## Bruce Lewis on AI

All of us — whether we love or hate it — need to understand AI.

Bowker, the official agency for issuing and managing ISBNs, is offering an option to have your book recorded by an AI for less than \$300. Essentially, it takes your content and records it. Is that bad? Will the lower price allow us to sell more books for less?

I don't intend to use AI to write my books. However, it could help with promotion, the bane of all authors.

*Mark Dawson is huge in self-publishing promotions, and services to authors.*

### Hello from Salisbury—Mark Dawson

Artificial Intelligence (AI) is the newest and fastest-changing development within self-publishing.

I have been experimenting with it as part of our marketing, using it to craft punchy marketing copy and generate eye-catching ad images with just a click of a button.

Regardless of whether you wish to use services such as ChatGPT and Midjourney, it's important to understand emerging technologies and how they might affect us. That's why we've put together an exciting webinar that explores how AI can assist authors in their marketing efforts so we can focus on writing better books.

In the meantime, don't forget that our Self-Publishing Launchpad course is now open for new students looking to take their writing careers more seriously and start selling more books.

## CWC Writers Table—11:15 to Noon

Below you will find a list of the five tables for the day. Table signs will be provided for you. Andrew will be speaking to the South Bay branch at the same time as this meeting, so will be unable to attend. Barry will be hosting the Writers Table in my place.

Establishing Your Brand on Instagram  
*with Isidra Mencos*

Isidra will offer five tips and tricks to build your author's brand on Instagram with more ease.

Advertising on Facebook  
*with Meghan Joyce Tozer*

Meghan will lead a discussion about how to effectively advertise online.

Tips for Self-Editing  
*with Elisabeth Tuck*

Elisabeth will share her Random Tips from an Editor pages and share other ways to improve your work.

Showing vs Telling  
*with Barry Hampshire*

One of writers' greatest nemesis's is this troublesome issue. Let's look at Showing vs Telling with examples and suggested methods to fix them.

How to Update Your CWC Member Directory  
*with Marlene Dotterer*

Learn how to leverage this free directory so people can find you and you can find others.

## Member Events, News, and Salutes



This section is regularly open to members writing and submitting a short announcement about milestones in their writing journey.

Include a picture of yourself or your book. Publish something? Planning a reading at a bookstore or county fair? Speaking somewhere?

Win an IPPY or other prize? Is your play being produced? The TV or movie version of your writing will be out soon?

Let us know here.

<https://cwcmtdiablo.org/newsletter/>

**Members' Short Works—500 Words****Enough — by Robert Poirier**

Peggy Upton was tired. A pretty, slender, strawberry-blonde RN, well-thought-of throughout the hospital, had just finished the night shift and was having breakfast in the hospital cafeteria before starting a second shift. With two children in Catholic school, the extra money would come in handy.

Her quiet meal was interrupted by a couple arguing at the next table. Peggy recognized the woman as Maria, a timorous certified nursing assistant from the third floor.

“Please, Diego,” Maria pleaded. “The money is for the child.”

“No, you bitch,” Diego slurred. “I get paid first. Give me my money.”

Diego, a short, slight man with thick glasses and hair tied in a bun, grabbed her arm, pulled her out of her chair, and slapped her across her face. He pulled his arm back to strike her again when Peggy picked up her 18 x 14 inch, heavy-duty orange cafeteria tray.

She screamed, “Enough.” When Diego turned his head to the sound, she smacked him across the face with the tray. Peggy was a regular golfer and tennis player and had developed the shoulder muscles accompanying these sports.

The force of the blow knocked Diego’s thick glasses off his face, split his lip, and broke his nose. He let go of Maria and grabbed Peggy by the front of her scrubs.

“You should not have interfered,” Diego said, spitting bloody froth.

A nurse from the fourth floor picked up a tray, turned it sideways, screamed, “Enough,” and brought it down on Diego’s wrist. He cried out in pain and shock.

A physical therapist from the second floor screamed, “Enough,” and clipped the back of Diego’s legs with a tray. He collapsed in a heap on the cafeteria floor.

Several nurses, both male and female, shouted “Enough” and began pummeling Diego with their trays. Diego curled into a fetal position, sobbing for help.

Then, as suddenly as it started, the participants drifted away, leaving Diego covered by two dozen trays.

As he lay there, he yelled at their departing backs.

“I’ll be back in a month,” he screamed. “I’ll see you all again.”

“Not with these glasses,” a burly maintenance worker said as he stepped on the glasses, grinding them into the floor.

By the time the hospital security staff arrived, the only ones left in the cafeteria were Maria, the line servers, and the cashiers. No one could provide the names of any of the assailants. The security team called the local police department, who called the U.S. Immigration and Customs Enforcement (ICE) office.

Diego was offered the choice of being instantly deported back to Colombia or spending a year waiting for trial for assaulting Maria. He chose deportation and was on a flight to Bogota three days later.

He was in Bogota for two weeks when, nearly blind without glasses, he stumbled out of a bar at two in the morning, where a waiting thief slit his throat for a twenty-dollar Rolex knockoff and a decade-old cell phone.

The ICE officer who visited Maria to inform her of Diego’s death took her to dinner, quit his job with ICE, and joined the local sheriff’s department. They were married three months later.

Even today, some of the hospital staff touch Peggy lightly on the arm, smile warmly, and softly say, “Enough!”



ANNEMARIE MAZOTTI GOUVEIA

**THE JOURNEY  
CONTINUES...**

**LIFE GIVER ROE,  
SORCERER ORI, TAMER  
THEO, AND STORM  
CATCHER TORA, FOUR  
ESTRANGED SIBLINGS WITH  
MAGICAL BACKPACKS,  
RACE AGAINST TIME TO  
SOLVE AN AGE-OLD  
PROPHECY FORETELLING  
AN UPRISING AND WAR.**

**PRE-RELEASE:  
PAPERBACK, EBOOK, AND  
KINDLE UNLIMITED NOW  
AVAILABLE ON AMAZON**

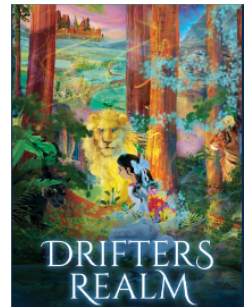


AnneMarie was born and raised in California and grew up with a library card in her pocket and a stack of books on her desk. She has a vivid imagination and loves writing magical adventure stories that take place in strange lands.

She is passionate about reading, art, and family; the youngest of seven children, a mother of four children, and a grandmother. She's traveled through Europe and has lived in Germany, Washington, and Kansas.

A former high-tech executive at a multi-billion-dollar company with a Bachelor of Science Information Technology degree, she is a geek at heart who enjoys hiking, yoga, mentoring women through WOMEN Unlimited, Inc., and trips to Disneyland with her husband and family.

AnneMarie lives in Northern California with her husband and two mischievous cats, Rocky and Prancer. *Drifters Realm Book I* is her first book.



## Book Reviews— By Ceci Pugh

### No Room for Heroes

Michael Barrington's latest book, *No Room for Heroes*, is an action-packed historical novel about the French Resistance during World War II. The story, riddled with suspense and intense moments, is a complex drama revolving around two main characters, female twins, who are drawn into playing major roles in the dangerous underground resistance to combat the advancement of the German Army.

From the first attention-grabbing chapter to the last, one is not disappointed by the descriptive unfolding of the story involving multiple characters, scary scenarios that require risk-taking, and frightening retaliation. The author treats the reader to a well-scripted commentary of what happened to a specific character or event. He plots a believable, frightening storyline and offsets the brutality of war with well-written tender moments of deep love.

When you finish this book, you will admire the author's ability to convey the complex role of multiple characters--all heroes in the eye of the reader, yet none would claim that title.

### The Baron of Bengal Street

Michael Barrington is a gifted storyteller who includes lots of detail when describing major and minor characters.

The major character in his book, *The Baron of Bengal Street*, follows the life of Joe Cronin, a penniless sixteen-year-old, who happens to be the author's grandfather, fleeing to England from a harsh life in Ireland.

Through the character's actions, one discovers a tough, stubborn, and complex person with a strong work ethic who is determined to build an empire, become a Gentleman, and be accepted into society. In contrast, behind his tough exterior, the author reveals a kind and caring person who gives to the poor.

This page-turner takes many twists and turns as he becomes involved in illegal gambling, serves England during WW I, and supports the IRA in Ireland. His life seems complete until it's altered by the loss of his wife and the need to care for two young daughters.

From the beginning to the end of the story one admires Joe's strength of character, kindness, stubbornness, and determination which move him forward, but in sharp contrast, also complicate relationships with those he loves.

## Winners of the December Readings — Flash Fiction

### 1<sup>st</sup> Place: Cecelia Pugh: Christmas Tree Monologue

For a few short weeks, I dress up and am the center of attention. Every night I glow bright red, green, yellow, and blue. I feel like a princess wearing a gold crown, cranberry-red beads dangling from my neck, and a dress of multi-colored jewels and ornaments that glow and sparkle in the darkness.

My joy expands when Nativity Scenes are added to the decorations, warm candles flicker and glow, and sprigs of evergreen garlands intermingle with red Christmas stockings, hang from the fireplace mantle.

On December twenty-fifth, the family gave thanks. They drink hot chocolate, eat cranberry scones and roasted turkey, and share gaily-wrapped presents under my branches.

Days later the toot of a horn, loud explosions in the sky, and someone shouting, "Happy New Year," prompts me to wish that the next year will be better than the last. I know the end of my reign is coming.

It happens when she removes my crown, red necklace, and ornaments to place in a large container. Her facial expression is flat. No music is playing, hot chocolate steaming in a cup with miniature marshmallows, or humming of familiar Christmas tunes. Candles no longer glow in the distance and nearby counters are barren.

I feel sadness, like a sorrow or death of the present time. I want to remember this year; how her children, now grown with children of their own, laughed with one another, told family stories, spoke of him who is no longer with us, and shared gifts.

She puts me back into my box and carries me to a space in the garage with all my ornamental friends. I will dream of the day when the lid is lifted, I hear the sound of "Jingle Bells," and smell sweet chocolate brewing. I look forward to watching her unwrap each ornament, see the tender far-away look in her eyes like she is reliving a memory, and feel her gentle touch as she decorates my branches. I am her light in the darkness. This is who I was created to be.

## Winners of the December Readings — Flash Fiction (Cont'd)

### 2<sup>nd</sup> Place Flash Fiction: Bob Poirier

After thirty years at Oakland PD, Perez had a great retirement gig as head of race track security. The Christmas season, when holiday music filled the stands between the races, was his favorite.

Something unusual caught his eye before the third race post-time as Perez watched the thoroughbreds wait to parade down the stretch to the starting gates. One of the trainers, walking back along the line of horses, paused as he passed the number 12 horse. When he patted the animal on the croup, the horse shivered and rose up.

Perez intercepted the number 12 horse as the animal approached the gate. He signaled to pause the process, then ran his hand over the horse's back. When Perez touched the suspicious area, he felt wetness and saw traces of blood on his hand.

He phoned track security. "This is Perez. I might have a medicated horse at the gate. Number 12. I want to pull him from the race."

"Crap," the voice said. "Do what you have to do, Perez." Perez led the horse away from the stall and back to the saddling paddock, where he met his security team and a track veterinarian. The vet checked the suspicious area and agreed that it was probably from a wound.

The track announcer interrupted *Jingle Bells*. "The number twelve horse is scratched from the third race."

Perez described the trainer, and the two security men fanned out to find him. As usual, at the end of the six-race card, Perez joined his security team at a Christmas-decorated bar just outside the track.

"What are we celebrating?" Perez asked the smiling team.

"We're celebrating a Christmas gift from the medicated horse," one of them chuckled. "We found the trainer at the healthcare clinic. Said he wanted to slow the horse down so his friend could buy it cheap at the next claiming race."

"Unfortunately, on his way back to the stables, the horse bolted from the handler and bit the trainer. Took a big chunk out of his butt."

They laughed again. "The horse's name was *BiteMeBaby*."

### 3<sup>rd</sup> Place Flash Fiction: Cecelia Pugh— My Favorite Christmas

My first significant memory of Christmas was at age five when I lived in a small cottage nestled between pine trees in a rural Northern California town called, River Pines. Formerly a resort for fishermen, the town consisted of a grocery store, post office, gas station, volunteer fire department, one-room schoolhouse, and distant wineries.

Money and jobs were scarce. I remember my parent's shocked look of surprise when the owner of the grocery store knocked on our door Christmas Eve and donated a fir tree and bag of food. They were grateful to receive it. That night, we made paper and cloth ornaments to hang on its empty branches.

Christmas morning three unwrapped wooden cribs complete with dolls, mattresses, and blankets were under the tree. My father, a construction supervisor, made the cribs. My mother hand-painted three used dolls. She designed and stitched their dresses, matching bonnets, blankets, and mattresses from saved scraps of material.

My fantasy wish is to return to that cottage in River Pines as a child with adult wisdom: hug my parents, tell them I love them, how much their self-sacrificing means to me, and I will remember this Christmas for the rest of my life.

My eyes desire to look long and hard at the crib my father made with his hands, how it was sanded, painted, and designed with a curved base to rock my doll back and forth to sleep; they will survey the fine stitches in her dress, the fuzzy blanket I tucked under the mattress, and marvel at my mother's handiwork.

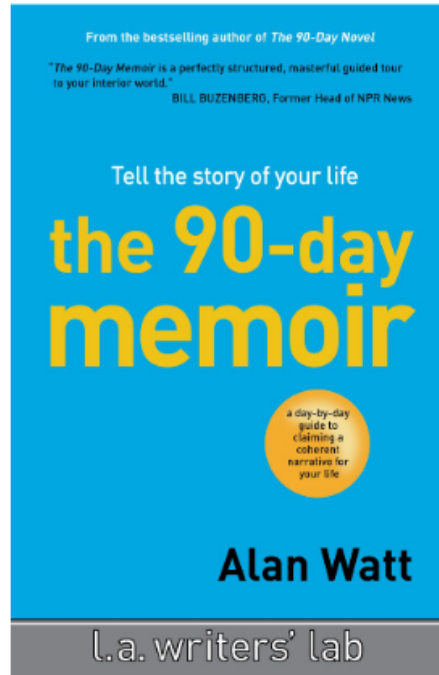
My lips yearn to kiss my doll's face, my fingers touch her curly brown hair, ruby lips, and cheeks, and my mind wonders what nail polish mom used to decorate her face.

I give thanks to God for this brief moment in time, and the memory of this Christmas day, now deeply rooted in my soul, because with their hearts and hands, my parents and the store owner gave us...the gift of love.

*Next Month Brings Winners of the December Readings for Short Stories*

*(Poetry Winners begins on Page 9)*

## Join the 90 Day memoir Project!



Have you always wanted to write your memoir?

There has never been a better time to do it than right now.

The High Desert Branch is joining with author Al Watt to encourage you to write your memoir in the next few months.

Buy the book, review it, then join us for our zoom meeting with Al on January 30, 2024.

Write your memoir in the next few months, then meet again on June 25, 2024.

**Don't miss this FREE Zoom meeting  
on the 90-day Memoir Project with Al Watt**

**Tuesday, January 30, 2024 6 to 7pm Pacific Time**

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**Join Zoom Meeting**

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[https://us02web.zoom.us/j/86220784034?](https://us02web.zoom.us/j/86220784034?pwd=TTtCMWhyc0FYbjRid1JmUnZlWit6Zz09)  
[pwd=TTtCMWhyc0FYbjRid1JmUnZlWit6Zz09](https://us02web.zoom.us/j/86220784034?pwd=TTtCMWhyc0FYbjRid1JmUnZlWit6Zz09)

Meeting ID: 862 2078 4034

Passcode: 375034



### A Request to All CWC Members

Please update your member information in the Member Directory! It is important especially to keep your Phone number and your Email Address current in order to allow each of us able to communicate with you with new information as it becomes available. Also updating improves the ability of other members to reach you!

### Winners of the December Readings — Poetry

#### 1<sup>st</sup> Place Poetry: Phil Scimonelli — Gridiron Jollification

They call it a pigskin, not sure a swine would appreciate the title,  
as it flew through the air with the tightest spiral. He's called the  
quarterback, not sure why. Could it be because he uses one fourth  
of his appendages to make the ball fly.

It lands in the hands of a wide receiver, who cradles and protects  
his precious new cargo. Many try to dislodge the prize, as he  
gyrates and contorts his way to a place as spiritual as Key Largo.

The place where they both arrived unscathed, as you might  
imagine, was the endzone. The rejoicing displayed itself with the  
latest dance moves that couldn't be compared.

This wasn't just any score in the zone of excitement, but the one  
that made their fans the owners of championship incitement.

So it began, the celebration to end all others, as the orange  
liquid cascaded over the coaches and the staff. The players all over  
the field, their families, and reporters maybe hoping to catch  
someone in a verbal gaff.

The fans frolic their way out the gates into the streets, nothing  
will get in the way. The Lombardi Trophy is theirs, and for at least  
one year it will stay.

The merrymaking has only begun, in a few days we will have a  
parade. The city streets will be full of the faithful. The floats will  
go by, the patrons will be screaming, the players will be grateful.

There's nothing as exciting as a cities football championships  
celebration. I hope someday it comes to your municipality and you  
can participate in this jubilation.

Touch Down!

## Winners of the December Readings — Poetry (Cont'd)

### 2<sup>nd</sup> Place Poetry: Cecelia Pugh — Revel in the Dance

A figure advances  
 his stride confident; his smile becoming.  
 Her eyes widen, lips curl upward, nostrils flare as she takes in a breath.  
 The normal ebb and flow of her heart quickens.  
 Goosebumps run amok up and down her forearms.  
 Time stopped as he stood before her.  
 His deep blue eyes peer into her soul.  
 “Do you want to dance?”  
 Her throat tightens, she gasps, “Yes I do.”  
 Like two puzzle pieces, his warm hand envelops hers.  
 The hypnotic disco beat permeates the air,  
 pounding like a one-hundred mile wind storm  
 causing a tidal wave of vibration.  
 Arms fist pump the heavens; sensuous hips sway out of control  
 in sync with the bongo drums.  
 The chest heaves back and forth lost in sweet surrender to its magic.  
 A volcano of life giving blood surges to feed her body’s perpetual need to move.  
 Cool liquid trickles down her forehead.  
 Two bodies physically interpreting the music score-  
 exploding with unbridled joy; grooving in harmony.  
 Sensing her glance his playful eyes smile back  
 releasing butterflies in the pit of her stomach.  
 She feels alive, like a teenager at her first dance.  
 A loud voice inside her heads screams, “Don’t let the music end!”

## Upcoming Events

### **Featured on January 4th**

7:00 pm – 8:00 pm PST

**Ekphrasis Workshop #1 (Zoom), Jan. 4, 2024**

### **Featured on January 13th**

11:00 am – 2:00 pm PST

**CWC Mt. Diablo General Meeting, Achy Obejas: The Art of Storytelling, Jan. 13, 2024**

### **Featured on January 17th**

7:00 pm – 8:00 pm PST

**Ekphrasis Workshop #2, Jan. 17, 2024**

### **Featured on Zoom—January 17th**

7:00 pm – 8:30 pm PST

**Open Mic on Zoom**

### **Featured on January 30th**

6:00 pm – 7:00 pm PST

**High Desert CWC Offers Memoir Writing Adventure (Zoom), Jan. 30 2024**

### **Featured on January 31st**

12:00 pm – 1:30 pm PST

**Writers Connection, Jan. 31, 2024**

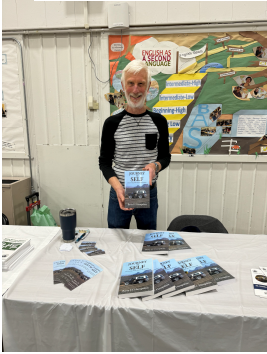
## Winners of the December Readings — Poetry (Cont'd)

Poetry 3<sup>rd</sup> Place: Quyhn Uyen

1           On a cold and wintry night in a concrete parking lot,  
2           Stood a lonesome twiggy Christmas Tree,  
3           An evergreen Douglas fir, he was not  
  
4           He was just a little sparse and ever so stout  
5           But his branches were thick and strong,  
6           Despite a 10-year California drought  
  
7           He had a solid trunk made of a Scotch Pine core  
8           And needles that were fragrant and true,  
9           With a long topper one cannot ignore,  
  
10          That sparkled with a shimmery blue hue  
11          “Pick me, pick me,” whispered Christmas Tree,  
12          As he watched approaching families,  
  
13          But one by one, and then two, and three,  
14          Each passed him by, carelessly  
15          He was acutely aware of the bare plot,  
  
16          The varied copse thinning by the hour,  
17          But still he held on to shoot his shot,  
18          A huffing and puffing wallflower  
  
19          The brisk night air grew thinner,  
20          And the crescent moon disappeared,  
21          Perhaps, perhaps, he wasn’t a winner,  
  
22          Perhaps it was just as he feared  
23          But minutes before he almost gave up,  
24          He heard a squeaky loud cheer,  
  
25          By a little brown girl who grabbed his branch,  
26          Shouting, “Daddy, daddy, over here!”  
27          Wear your heart on your branch sleeve, dearest,  
  
28          Yes, lay it out for all to see  
29          For those who believe shall soon receive,  
30          Yes, those who believe will agree

## Books & Bites Festival

A huge thank you to all for participating. These events seem to be a great way to network and hopefully, we are slowly working out how to be successful at selling books :) The room was so festive, and I loved learning what everyone writes. Here are some photos of the participants.



## Writer's Resources

40 Literary Journals Accepting Poetry Submissions

<https://authorspublish.com/40-literary-journals-accepting-poetry-submissions/>

25 Publications that Pay Writers \$350+ Per Article

<https://www.freedomwithwriting.com/freedom/uncategorized/25-publications-that-pay-writers-350-per-article>

41 Magazines and Websites that Pay \$1 Per Word

<https://www.freedomwithwriting.com/freedom/uncategorized/41-magazines-and-websites-that-pay-1-per-word/>

17 Magazines that Publish Writing for Children and Teens

<https://authorspublish.com/17-magazines-that-publish-writing-for-children-and-teens/>

*SIXTEEN RIVERS PRESS*, a regional publishing collective, seeks full-length poetry manuscripts from Northern CA poets. Submission period: November 1, 2023 to February 1, 2024. No fee. All styles welcome. Authors become active members of the press for 3 years. For complete guidelines, go to [www.sixteenrivers.org](http://www.sixteenrivers.org).