

# write on!



Founded 1909

Celebrating  
103 Years

[www.CWCSacramentoWriters.org](http://www.CWCSacramentoWriters.org)

June 2012

California Writers Club, Sacramento Branch

We welcome all writers, from aspiring to professional; to educate and encourage writing and marketing skills.



## Molly Dwyer Story Stalking

When we recognize, encourage and respond to synchronicity and dream, the power of our storytelling flourishes. June luncheon speaker Molly Dwyer will discuss Story Stalking, a hands-on approach for accessing sources of creative insight and inspiration. Story Stalking can deepen the authenticity of any storyline.

Dwyer was honored in 2010 by the National Women's Political Caucus of Mendocino County for "Writing Women Back into History." Her debut novel, *Requiem for the Author of Frankenstein*, was nominated for the 2009 Northern California Book Award in Fiction; and in 2008 won the Independent Publishers Book of the Year Award and the Indie Book Award for Historical Fiction.

Molly is the Founding President of the Writers of the Mendocino Coast, a branch of California Writers Club. She writes local history columns for Mendocino's Kelley House Museum and works as an editor, writing coach and writing group facilitator.

She holds a PhD in Humanities and teaches Critical Thinking at Mendocino College in Ukiah, CA. She is currently rewriting her second novel, *The Appassionata*, set in the 19th century Paris of Chopin and George Sand. *The Appassionata* follows the lives of the visual artists, musicians, and writers who were shaped by Romanticism.

For more, visit: [www.mollydwyer.com/oldsitefiles/html/about.html](http://www.mollydwyer.com/oldsitefiles/html/about.html).

## Membership Renewals Due June 30



Watch for your annual CWC membership renewal notice in the mail. Return it by June 30 with your check or money order.



## CWC Sac. Short, Short Story Winners

*Congratulations to the following winners of the CWC Sacramento Branch Short, Short story contest. They will be honored at the June luncheon meeting. For your reading pleasure, their stories are inside.*

### First Place – "The Last Drop" by Corinne Litchfield

Litchfield writes fiction, nonfiction and poetry. Her flash fiction story "What the Beautiful Girls Do" was published by *In the Snake* earlier this year. She is now working on a novel.

### Second Place – "Homage to Furniture" by Robin Ginley

Robin Ginley enjoys creative nonfiction, and short fiction stories. She also writes nonfiction book reviews of therapeutic based books. She spent years with Sutterwriters who taught her the style of writing from prompts. She is a member of CWC and wrote presentation reviews on marketing topics for the club's newsletter, *Write On*. Robin refers to herself as a writer-in-progress.

### Third Place – "The Long Sleep" by Elaine Brady

Although she has written poetry most of her life, it was just two years ago that Elaine first ventured into the open with it. She recently won an honorable mention for one piece and is in the middle of writing a coming-of-age story told entirely in poetry and prose.

**Saturday, June 16, 2012 - Luncheon Meeting 11:00 a.m.**

Tokyo Buffet, 7217 Greenback Lane in Citrus Heights, 95621 (see back for directions)  
The Public is Invited to Attend

Members \$12.00

Non-Members \$14.00



# Upcoming Writers Network Speakers



# Submissions Wanted

## June 1 - Amy Rogers

Dr. Amy Rogers, author of *Petroplague*, will speak on “Getting Published in 2012: What’s the right path for you?”

What does it mean to be “published” in 2012? And which of the innumerable ways to earn or buy publication best suits your individual needs and aspirations? Rogers has been closely following developments in the book business over the past few years. She will discuss the myriad paths to publication available to writers today. Based on your personal goals and strengths, she will help you decide the best way to get your book in front of readers. For more on Amy visit <http://amyrogers.com>.

## No July Meeting

## August 3 - Cheryl Stapp

The August 3 speaker will be published author-turned-historian Cheryl Stapp, who will share the joys, frustrations, techniques, exciting “finds,” and helpful marketing contacts made while researching and writing *Disaster & Triumph: Sacramento Women, Gold Rush Through the Civil War*. Expect to hear fascinating facts about pioneer days in America. For more, visit her website “California’s Olden Golden Days” at <http://CherylAnneStapp.com>.

The CWC Writers Network meets the first Friday of every month, 9 a.m., at International House of Pancakes (IHOP), 2216 Sunrise Blvd., Rancho Cordova (north of Highway 50). Participants include book, newspaper, magazine, and trade journal writers. Order and pay for your own breakfast.

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*The most original authors are not so because they advance what is new, but because they put what they have to say as if it had never been said before.*

—Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

CWC members are invited to submit their published or unpublished work for the California Writers Club *Literary Review* magazine.

Submissions may be made for the autumn issue May 1 through June 30, 2012

Categories: Fiction and nonfiction memoir, essay, and biography of 3,000 words or less. Poetry 50 lines or fewer, and excerpts only if the submission can be judged a complete “story.” Photography and graphics through special arrangement with the managing editor.

## General Guidelines

The author must be a CWC member and the submission must be his/her exclusive work.

A maximum of two submissions per member, separate files, will be accepted per issue. A notice of receipt will be sent to the author.

The author retains all rights, but must have the right to grant rights to the CWC Literary Review for one-time use.

Submissions will not be edited. Work selected will be published as is.

For formatting guidelines and other details, visit <http://calwriters.org/336-2> or contact Dave LaRoche; [dalaroche@comcast.net](mailto:dalaroche@comcast.net), subject, “CWC Lit-Review.”

# May is Military Appreciation Month



CWC-Sacramento’s VP Programs Cheryl Stapp will be the featured guest speaker at the California Military Museum on Saturday, May 19, 1:00 p.m.

Cheryl will talk about her history book *Disaster & Triumph: Sacramento Women, Gold Rush Through the Civil War*, and the importance of the military in early California, with a book signing to follow. The museum is at 1119 Second Street, Old Town Sacramento. May 19 is Armed Forces Day, so admission to the museum is free.

# President's Corner

by Marsha Robinson



The membership year ends June 30, and renewal notices are being mailed for the next membership year July 1, 2012 to June 30, 2013. With 140+ members, the Sacramento Branch is thriving. Be sure to return your renewal and continue to enjoy club benefits.

The Central Board of the California Writers Club is holding the annual club picnic in Oakland on July 21. Members of all 18 branches are invited to attend. It will be held at the Fire Circle area of Joaquin Miller Park in Oakland. The picnic is a great place to meet and socialize with fellow writers. The club provides the hamburgers and everyone brings a salad, side dish or dessert to share. The biannual meeting of the Central Board is held the following day, Sunday, July 22 in the Rio Vista Room of the Oakland Airport Holiday Inn Express, 66 Airport Access Road, Oakland, CA. The board meeting begins at 9:00 a.m. and ends around 4:00 p.m. Lunch for this meeting will cost no more than \$25 and reservations are required. All CWC members are invited to both the picnic and board meeting. If you'd like to attend either or both, please contact Margie Yee Webb, Sacramento's Central Board representative at [Margie@CatMulan.com](mailto:Margie@CatMulan.com) so she can make arrangements.

CWC Sacramento has been active in the community this past year. With the help of volunteers there have been numerous opportunities to network with fellow writers, learn the ins and outs of writing for publication and improve writing skills. The third Saturday luncheon meetings continue to provide entertaining and informative speakers. Participation

at Open Mic Night, the second Friday of every month at Barnes & Noble has increased and offers a great opportunity to read new material to an enthusiastic audience. The Writers Network meetings, at IHOP in Rancho Cordova, offer a casual atmosphere for networking.

During the past membership year CWC hosted:

- \* An Evening With Writers, October 4, 2011, at Luna's Café in downtown Sacramento
- \* 4th Annual Holiday Social, December 11, 2011, at Romano's Macaroni Grill in Folsom (Thanks to the efforts of Margie Yee Webb)
- \* CWC Sac Short Short Story Contest (Thanks to volunteer Liz Allenby)
- \* Writing Academy Workshop, April 7, 2012, "Plot Intensive: Transform your Writing Through the Universal Story," with the Plot Whisperer Martha Alderson (Thanks to Kim Edwards, Margie Yee Webb and Robert Cooper)
- \* Writing Academy Workshop, May 12, 2012, "Supercharge Your Writing Like a Pro!" with Karen Sandler. (Thanks to Kim Edwards, Margie Yee Webb, and Robert Cooper)

CWC participated in:

- \* Authors Among Us, November 12, 2011, at The Market Place, Rancho Cordova
- \* Northern California Storybook and Literature Festival, April 14, 2012, in Roseville



## Open Mic for Writers

Sponsored by the CWC, Sac. Branch  
Second Friday of each month, 7 p.m.  
(Sign-ups begin at 6:45 p.m.)

### Next Open Mic is June 8

Barnes & Noble Booksellers  
Birdcage Center, 6111 Sunrise Blvd.  
Citrus Heights, CA 95610

Readers and Listeners Welcome  
Contact: **Julie Bauer**; [joolieb@aol.com](mailto:joolieb@aol.com);  
(916) 344-5778

*Open Mic participants pose for a picture at the May 11 Open Mic Night. It was a typically energetic evening, with 13 attendees reading their works and several more attending to listen. Bottom (l-r): Lorraine Holden, Sunni Harley and Al Gilding. Top (l-r): Tracey Stanley, John Clewett and Patricia Beckman.*



# CWC Branch Editor Needed

CWC Sacramento Branch needs individual(s) to write, edit, produce and distribute, via email and mail, the club's monthly *write on!* newsletter. The first issue will be the September issue, to be produced and distributed in August.

The Branch Editor chairs the newsletter committee and may recruit members to assist in production and circulation. The newsletter is produced monthly except for July, August and December and is distributed to all members. The editor edits material for length and content.

If you interested in this position or have questions, please contact Branch President Marsha Robinson, [marshar@quiknet.com](mailto:marshar@quiknet.com); (916) 396-5115 or Interim Editor Julie Bauer; [joolieb@aol.com](mailto:joolieb@aol.com); (916) 344-5778.

# June Luncheon

Tokyo Buffet  
Citrus Heights



The Club's next luncheon meeting will be Saturday, June 16, 11:00 a.m. at Tokyo Buffet, 7217 Greenback Lane, Citrus Heights. It is located in the same parking lot as Sam's Club, between Sylvan Road/San Juan Ave and Citrus Heights town hall.

Non-members are welcome. Reservations are not necessary.

Cost to attend: **Members \$12.00;**  
**Non-members \$14.00.**



We are sorry to report longtime CWC SFV Branch member and past Central Board president Betty Freeman passed away in March at the age of 98.

# Member News



**Suzanne Blaney** announced the publication of her book, *Adventure in Color: The Impressionism of Anita Wolff*.

On April 29, 2012, the Northern California Publishers & Authors association held their 2012 NCPA Book Awards Dinner in Sacramento and several NCPA/CWC members were honored.

**Frances H. Kakugawa** was awarded Best Nonfiction for *Kapoho: Memoir of a Modern Pompeii*.

**Cindy Sample** was awarded Best Fiction for *Dying for a Dance*.

**Margie Yee Webb** was awarded Best Nonfiction, and in the Gift Category and Best Book Design category, second place for *Cat Mulan's Mindful Musings: Insight and Inspiration for a Wonderful Life*.

**Kiyo Sato** was awarded the NCPA Mark Twain Award for *Dandelion Through the Crack: The Sato Family Quest for the American Dream* and for her efforts to educate the public on the Japanese internment during World War II.

California Writers Club  
Sacramento Branch  
[www.CWCSacramentoWriters.org](http://www.CWCSacramentoWriters.org)

### Officers

**Marsha Robinson, President**  
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**Cheryl Stapp, VP & Programs**  
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**Kimberly A. Edwards, Secretary**  
**Robert E. Cooper, Treasurer**

### Board of Directors

Liz Allenby  
Ken Umbach  
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*Email correspondence should include CWC in the subject line.*

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*Please put CWC in the subject line for any correspondence*



California Writers Club  
Sacramento Branch  
P.O. Box 1157  
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# The Last Drop

by *Corinne Litchfield*



You loiter on the stair landing, listening to your mother talk with her best friend Phyllis in the kitchen over coffee and crullers and a shared pack of Virginia Slims that you know Mom keeps hidden in the brown sugar canister so your dad won't find them. Her voice wraps around the bite of cruller in her mouth and you hear her say either the word "separated" or "segregated," you're not sure which, but it's enough for you to know that your appearance at the fridge would not be welcome right now. But your stomach gurgles at you, gurgles like the stove-top percolator your mom still uses to make her daily pot of Maxwell House, even though the shiny new Mr. Coffee machine your dad bought last week is plugged in and sitting on the counter next to the toaster. It's past eleven and your breakfast of an entire box of Wheaties, half a carton of milk and three glasses of orange juice was more than three hours ago, your groaning stomach reminds you, and if you weren't already spending the three dollars in your jeans pocket on bus fare to Silver Spring and comic books later that afternoon with your best friend Jimmy you would dash through the kitchen, head out the back door and go buy a blue raspberry Slush Puppie and a couple Slim Jims at High's down on Adelphi Road. Instead you are sitting here on the stair landing, poking your index finger through the hole in the top of your left sock, making it even bigger, while you eavesdrop on your mom and Phyllis. Now they are talking about lawyers and money, and for a second you get excited, thinking your mom finally won Publishers Clearing House and you won't have to be pressured into picking out two magazines from their stupid list of choices – "one for fun and one for your brain," she would say – because now there will be money, lots of it, and Mom will be too busy shopping at Woodies and Garfinckel's to notice if you're actually reading Dynamite and Time Magazine or just smuggling them out with the rest of the garbage. Then you hear the word "divorce" clear as day and the rumble in your stomach is replaced by a hollow, sick feeling, as if you'd eaten an entire box of Oreos and washed them down with two cans of Mountain Dew. Because now you remember the thing that's been bothering you all morning: you haven't seen your dad for three days and the last time you did he was bringing his old Army duffel bag down from the attic and wiping off the dust with an old cloth diaper from the rag bag in the hallway closet. And you remember the other thing you'd forgotten, which was waking up at two in the morning and seeing your mom sitting at the foot of your bed, staring at you but not quite seeing you, because when you said, "Mom?", not sure if you were still dreaming about riding the Matterhorn at Disneyland, she sighed, wiped her hand across her face and left the room. Your cat Alfie rubs against your back and meows, and you scratch behind his left ear the way he likes it, but he can tell you're not that into it and he continues down the stairs. But you don't follow him, because by now you're thinking you can never go in the kitchen again because you will forever associate it with the sound of your mother crying, the consoling murmurs of Phyllis and the smell of coffee burning on the stove.



# Homage to Furniture

*by Robin Ginley*



At my age, I should lean back and relax. It's tough being a chair. I absorb people's weight and tolerate animals who claw me like a scratching post. I was burned once, when someone spilled hot coffee on my lap. I have been an important part of the family for fifty-seven years. My original leather jacket has been reupholstered with a now thinning canvas. I am wrinkled all over and smell musty. Crumbs are packed into the crevices of my arms; my seat split.

These days, people walking through my living room ignore me, as if I am simply a piece of furniture. Yes, I am a chair, but I'm more than that.

I live in a house on a cul-de-sac. Winters, my polished legs warm near crackling fires. Summers, I admire our outdoor view, watching with joy as neighborhood children splash and squeal in their wading pools. People lounge between my open arms, their backs pressed against mine. Children crouch behind me in games of hide and seek.

One morning, I feel rough hands pulling one of my shoulders to the right and the other to the left. No one has ever handled me this way. I am yanked across my favorite green rug to the front door. I plant my stiff legs in the rug's fibers. No success. Pain shoots through my back as I am banged down the steps and dragged into a bitter cold morning. I land hard, breaking a leg; it hangs at an odd angle. I lose my balance and topple against a bumpy tree trunk near the street gutter, crippled for life. Numb and lonely, I teeter on three legs like a pinball machine on permanent tilt.

"Why am I suffering out here with only this tree for company?" I ask the stream of morning exhaust, belching from oncoming cars. No answer.

With age, my posture already troubles me. After this horrendous fall, I am completely out of alignment. Is there a furniture doctor? A Chiropractor? Worms in the gutter slither in oily water. Arthritic tree branches scratch my arms and drip rainwater on me. My brittle frame aches in the frigid air. A crinkly wet paper flaps in the wind against my back. Why is it there?

There was a time when my jacket was rich and shiny; my legs unblemished. Now, I am splintered and scarred. I fear heaving winds will crack me apart. "How long have I been propped here?" I ask the empty air. It seems like forever.

A couple jogs by one day and I hear the man laugh. He says, "SOMEONE DUMPED ME HERE." I think, That's how I feel. "What a stupid sign... as if a chair has feelings," he adds.

"Ben, wait," says his partner, a petite woman with well-toned legs. "It's such a sad sign."

I hear the man's voice again, "Val, it's a broken-down old chair. Who cares? Come on, let's finish our run."

"This chair deserves a home," says Val. "Whoever wrote that note has no respect, but I have good news, Mister Chair: A truck is coming today to pick up unwanted furniture." That's me, unwanted. Val inches me closer to the curb. "When the truck rolls down this street, the driver will stop and pick you up." She pats my shoulder and jogs away with Ben.

I am still useful, right? So what if I'm splattered with bird poop, and growing moss. Another family could still enjoy me. I measure time by the sounds of honking cars and wheels on gravel. Not my turn. Leaning here, I wait for a strong gust to knock me over. Then I'll be hopelessly broken. Whatever my fate, I'll keep my memories of a loving home.

As shadows lengthen, I hear a rumble and screech. A truck marked FURNITURE RESTORERS stops alongside me, eclipsing my shadow. I hear the rattling of metal. Strong human arms lift me, carry me up a ramp, and settle me in a clean space in the rear of truck. Crossing his arms, the driver examines me. He straightens my broken leg and tapes it in place.

"That will hold for now," he says. The metal ramp clangs shut, and I hear him whistle as he climbs into the cab—a hopeful sound.

Engine roaring to life, the truck carries me away to my restoration.



# The Long Sleep

by Elaine Brady



Turtle knows the Long Dry is coming. Every day the Hot spears down through Pond's water and warms it. The comforting weight of water on shell lightens. Every day Hot drinks deeper of Pond and there is less and less room to move. Food around her shrivels and dies.

Finally comes the day Hot beats down on dry shell and Turtle can feel her fragile, flesh body shrinking away from its heat. It is time to start her long journey into the Deep Dark. Slow crawl over dry, crusted Pond bottom. Beginning her ascent up steep cliff-edge of pond. Nearing top, front claws slip loose and heavy shell tilts her back, over deep abyss of Pond crater. Long neck snaps out and mouth clamps on tree root. Back legs scramble for purchase and strong neck pulls her in tight against cliff face. Turtle renews her arduous climb. To fall onto her back is to die.

At last, Turtle gains the cliff's edge and heaves herself over, out onto the Big Dry. For a moment, she rests; gulping in great draughts of waterless air, calming her shaking body and legs. Giving her eyes time to adjust to the harsh glare of Bright and the still sharpness of things around her. No cool, soothing balm of liquid or lovely wavering flow of Pond through which to see.

The heaviness of the Big Dry presses down on shell and Turtle carries it like a fallen rock across her broad back as she begins her aching slow trek toward the shelter of Tree. This is the Death place. She knows its shadow can swoop down on her from above, come thundering at her from the brush; snatch her up and crush her in snapping crocodile jaws. There is only one place of safety for her in the Dry world. She moves toward it now. Clawed feet dig in, drag her forward; dig in, drag her forward throughout the eternal day. Her heart filled with rushing fear, but her progress constrained by nature to a slow crawl.

At long last, Turtle feels the slight shift of cool shade slide over her, the softening of Bright on her aching eyes, the delicious scent of dying leaf and thriving moss. Turtle has reached the protective arms of Tree, giant roots that shield her from sight; her guards, wooden anacondas.

Long, sharp nails scratch soil, digging deep, deeper - down into coolness of dark earth, solid water. Gratefully, Turtle slides into her summer nest and begins the task of covering herself with a sheltering blanket of moist dirt. At long last, the darkness and weight of her new, earth Pond protects and soothes her. At last, Turtle's whole body begins to calm, heart slowing to barely beating, lungs stilling to barely breathing and, as awareness gently fades away, she gratefully slips into the Long Sleep.





# THE BOOK-IN-HAND ROADSHOW

## WED • JUNE 13, 2012



Are you sick and tired of hearing about the "journey" of being an author? Do you just want to finish penning your book and flip through the pages?

Enter... The Book-In-Hand Roadshow® offering sessions designed to help writers understand the new world of self-publishing. Local experts, who speak plain English, will explain the



MATHER, CA

components involved in the print-on-demand (POD) process ... plus, you'll become familiar with the titles of the professionals and services they provide. Hear local experts speak out on... Editing - Cover Design - Photography - Publicity



**GET STARTED:** "Introduction to Self-Publishing" Ingrid Lundquist, author and event planner.

Learn about the Espresso Book Machine at the Sacramento Main Library - one of three in California that prints out paperback books in less than 10 minutes... right before your eyes!



**THE INSIDE:** "Editing for Your Reader" Janet Fullwood, independent journalist and editor - write to your audience.



**THE OUTSIDE:** "The Visual Perspective" Doug Rietz, graphic designer/photographer/printing specialist - a strong cover image grabs attention.



**SPREAD THE WORD:** "Shamless Self-Promotion" Judith Horstman, journalist/author and promo queen - sell your self and your book.

### 2012 Tour

#### **NEXT STOP:**

Mather, CA  
Wed June 13, 2012  
6 - 9pm

#### **VENUE:**

3665 Bleckley Street Suite 101  
Mather, CA 95655

#### **WHO SHOULD COME:**

Anyone interested in self-publishing and connecting with local experts

#### **COST:**

\$55 General Public

#### **SIGN-UP NOW! CLASS SIZE LIMITED:**

i.lundquist@events-TLC.com  
(916) 719-1776

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