



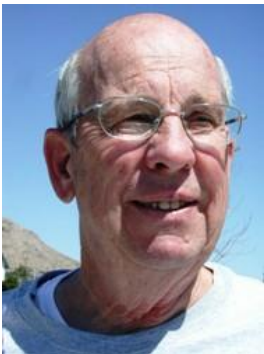
INKSLINGER

HIGH DESERT BRANCH CWC

SAIL ON

September

The California Writer's Club (CWC) shall foster professionalism in writing, promote networking of writers with the writing community, mentor new writers, and provide the literary support for writers and the writing community as is appropriate through education and leadership



The
President's
POV
Bob Isbill

WHY IT'S ESSENTIAL TO GROW

In the words of Dara Marks, author of *Inside Story: The Transformational Arc*, there is nothing in the universe that is static. We are either growing towards something (life) or resisting growth, going towards decay and death.

That is true not only of your protagonist, but also of an organization or a writers club. Sadly, our members, like other friends, drop out, move away, stop meeting with us—it's life's process. We consider ourselves lucky if we can count on one hand the number of real friends we've cultivated.

We do not need to abandon the familiar and the loyal in order to enlarge our relationships and embrace new ones. We have the obligation to tell other people about our club.

Many people have no idea that every second Saturday of every month, a hundred year old writers club meets in Apple Valley! They need to know that.

Just take, for example, the latest guests who have joined our club. Each and every one has a separate and interesting background to bring to the High Desert Branch of the CWC. That's how we re-

create ourselves and develop the quality of our meetings and our structure.

Writers, overall, are pretty great people!

When was the last time you invited one? Tell them about www.hdcwc.org and look at our events, past and future.

Quality guest speakers *like* to speak to big meetings. Attendance reflects vitality of the group, and excites those who come to hear about us. Increased membership also increases networking opportunities to meet and learn from those who can and will help us.

We have a larger responsibility than just increasing the numbers and populating our gatherings with lots of people; we have a sizable message to send to our fellow writers and the community:

We are here!

Bob Isbill
President/Publicity
www.hdcwc.org

A record was broken at our September 13 meeting! Two records, in fact!. One was the 76 people in attendance, and two, 25 of those were guests (read "potential members"). We are pretty certain there were at least three others who didn't take the time to sign the check in sheet. *Please* take the minute or two needed and sign in. Records are made to be broken – help us keep ours falling and growing at the same time.....

LOYAL AMERICANS

Loyal Americans love their land,
Immigrants are the greatest fans.
With rights and freedom both secure,
Peace of mind remains assured.

Then foreign rebels attacked our land,
Hijacked planes and used against man.
Hiding like cowards when pursued,
Determined to destroy our fortitude.

American people volunteered,
Kill the foes that gloat and jeer.
Preserve our way of life, our goal,
God help us to be brave and bold.

Loyal Americans love their land.
America's heart beats for man.
America's mind seeks progress.
America's spirit is richly blessed.



Looking back on the events of 10 years ago, Josie's poem continues to be meaningful to us all.

-Lyrics & Melody written by Josephine Irena Sotomayer. You can hear this and other offerings by Josie at her website. Contact her at <josette5@earthlink.net> for more information)

AUTHORS PANEL – HOW TO MARKET YOUR BOOK

By Frances Smith Savage

Whether you consider yourself to be an author, a writer or someone who likes to sit at a computer and type, if you are a member of the High Desert Branch of the California Writers Club, we'll consider you a writer. And writers have to do more than just write. As we listened Saturday we learned that we have to promote ourselves. No one is going to do it for us. Our visions of being paid by a publisher, and they do all the dirty work is a thing of the past.

Right there on the screen before us we learned step by step how others have worked to promote themselves and their work. The one thing they all agreed on was: "Don't give up!"

Mary Scott worked hard to have it all spelled out for us, and she even created a template for us to complete in our own words. Mary walked us through each stage, and Denny Stanz, Madeline Gornell, and Mary Ruth Hughes expounded with their own versions how they marketed their books.

Denny Stanz's book *Food Stories* is full of stories millions of men can relate to, yet women buy his books. He speaks from home on radio and also at HDCWC. He goes to libraries, and wherever there is a forum for writers to sell their autographed books. Denny warned us of things not to do. One was to sign on the dotted line before hiring an attorney to read the contract. Then he sent copies of his book to several people who did not request them. A waste of time and money. He now waits for someone to request his book if they want to review it. He says he rarely sleeps the night before he speaks, and is very nervous. I have heard him speak several times, and I never once thought he was nervous. He does a good job promoting himself.

Madeline Gornell has written several books about places she has been and thinks, "That is a good place for a murder." Then she writes a book. She is writing a trilogy about Route 66, and there is an entire generation that is as long as the route itself. For those who may not know, Route 66 was one of the first highways that spanned the United States. Her subjects are endless, and so are the places where she promotes herself. She attends clubs to State Fairs, to author events, to receive the required success.

Mary Ruth Hughes has written several books for young readers, and has developed unusual popular books that are well written with a CD to go along with the book. Grandparents love to buy the books for their grandchildren and that has been a good source for Mary Ruth. She has also written a couple of novels. I recently read her book "Tishomingo" about the lives of Chickasaw Nation Indians in Oklahoma. I am waiting for the sequel.

Mary Ruth promoted her book by calling local Chambers of Commerce and asked them the names of local popular restaurants. Then she contacted the restaurants, and asked if they would be willing to promote her author signing event. Then she contacted the local newspapers. She e-mailed posters that they posted in their windows and around town. The restaurants were excited about promoting Mary while promoting themselves. The events paid for her entire trip and of course her books.

The success of the day was extended by **Mary Scott** as she offered her template free to members and visitors who were in attendance that day. To those who didn't have a clue now have no excuse about what to do or where to go. Those of us who have written a book, or are writing a book, or want to get that book in our heads into a computer now have a resource right at the end of our fingertips. Mary has also written a new book **"How To" Market Your Book, You have written a book and now what? Step #1 Get the book published; Step #2 Marketing, Marketing and more Marketing.**

So we have no excuse. Remember no one is going to do it for us. We are the ones who have to stand up and say "I have written a book." Never, never give up and don't let fear hold you back. What not to do: Don't give up! Marketing is a full time commitment. Mary Scott's E-mail: Mary_Scott@spiritdrivenevents.com. Mary's template is available free to those who were in attendance at HDCWC August 13.

A note from Mary: The Authors Panel - How to Market Your Book was a HUGE success. I have been receiving A LOT of written and verbal feedback from that day, ALL very positive and amazingly overwhelming! I have been told, and I could tell, it was a FULL house....we actually ran out of chairs. It was a record setting attendance day for the club....over 80 people in attendance. I attribute that to Bob's fantastic press release. Many people have told me they saw it in the newspaper, and according to the sign in sheets, we had over 27 guests in attendance....again, record setting. The other successes of that day include possible new member sign ups, and over a dozen signing up for the HATM Conference. I want to thank everyone who attended and participated. Thanks, Mary

PUBLISHING PATHWAYS COMMITTEE

By Nancy Curtman

As chairperson of the Publishing Pathways Committee I've had a lot of questions about its purpose, role, and benefits to CWC members. So, here are my responses:

What is the purpose of the Publishing Pathways Committee?

The sole purpose of Publishing Pathways is to support CWC members in their effort to publish their writing.

How did the committee get started?

Publishing Pathways was the brainchild of Dave LaRoche. CWCNorCal embraced his plan to create a committee to implement his project. With the first meeting on May 27, 2010, the Publishing Pathways Committee was born.

How does Publishing Pathways support CWC members who want to publish their writing pieces?

The committee has created several support resources:

- Our website, maintained by a web team, is a primary source for up-to-date information about publishing.
- An Expert Speakers' list of people who have had personal experience in the publishing process.
- A Skills Bank consisting of individuals with expertise in adjunct aspects of publishing such as: creating platforms, marketing, query letter writing

How do I get help from the Publishing Pathways Committee?

The Publishing Pathways Committee has a team of trained Mentors whom branch members can consult about publishing. Most branches have from one to five mentors on our team. The Mentor Team is the heart of our program.

What does a mentor do?

The Publishing Pathways Mentor guides and encourages branch members who want to work through the maze of available publishing options. They provide information about publishing options, marketing, branding and platform building. Mentors do not join in the writing process, review, critique or edit writing pieces.

I don't know much about publishing, could I still become a mentor?

Absolutely. We would love to have you join our growing team of twenty-six mentors. Just let your branch president know you would like to be a Publishing Pathways Mentor. Your president will submit your name to the committee. We will provide you with a handbook and a video of our recent Mentor Orientation. In addition, we will provide

support and up-to-date information on various publishing options through a couple of mentor meetings a year, frequent e-mails, and various networking opportunities with other mentors.

What should I do if I have more questions?

Ask your branch mentor. If you do not have a branch mentor, e-mail your questions to me: nancycurteman@yahoo.com

SECOND ANNUAL "HOWL AT THE MOON" CONFERENCE PLANS NEARING COMPLETION. HAVE YOU SIGNED UP?

The California Writers Club, High Desert Branch, is presenting "Howl at the Moon" Writers' Conference 2011 on Saturday, October 1, 2011 at the Lewis Center for Academic Excellence in Apple Valley. Reservations for the all-day event are available now online at www.hdcwc.org.

The conference is featuring four outstanding authors and teachers in the craft of writing: Jen Grisanti, a former NBC executive who worked with Aaron Spelling for 14 years, will present "Finding Fiction in Your Truth in Writing"; Linda Cowgill, head of the Los Angeles Film School, will discuss "The Emotional Pattern of Plot"; Devorah Cutler-Rubenstein, co-founder of Royal House Entertainment, and Marilyn R. Atlas, producer of the Indie film sensation "Real Women Have Curves" will talk about avoiding stereotype characters, and mastering the art of pitching your book, novel, screenplay or teleplay.

This event will be an outstanding opportunity for those who write or aspire to write to benefit from special people who understand the craft of writing and the field of marketing your works.

To allow everybody a chance to attend, we are in the process of implementing Pay Pal on our Web site for your convenience. Watch for it soon!

For all details, visit www.hdcwc.org today!

We're now an all-media organization with our website, Facebook, print (*Inkslinger*) plus watch the local press for even more great coverage!

ANOTHER MEMBERSHIP BENEFIT

Bob Isbill, President

One of the most popular features of the California Writers Club, High Desert Branch, is the Critique Group concept. The HD CWC currently has several groups that are involved in the art of critiquing the work of fellow writers under the leadership of our Critique Co-Chairs, Roberta Smith and Mary Langer Thompson.

As a response to one of the comments on our recently introduced "Opinion Surveys", the co-chairpersons are going to coordinate our September 10, 2011 meeting all about critique groups—their function, their purpose, their success, including a demonstration of how they work.

Please plan to attend! This program will give you new insight into one of the features of the HD CWC.

NEXT MEETING SEPTEMBER 10, 10 A.M.

(APPLE VALLEY LIBRARY)



**CAROL WARREN
IS HDCWC JACK
LONDON 2011
AWARD
RECIPIENT**

Carol Warren has been a HD CWC member since 2005. She is a retired Registered Nurse, who completed almost forty years of service in the field, the last thirteen being spent as a hospice nurse.

Carol was born in Maywood, Illinois, and married Bill Warren, a member of the United States Air Force, in 1964. They have resided in California off and on since 1968. The Warrens have two grown

children, three grandchildren and two (twins) great-grandchildren.

Carol Warren is an accomplished volunteer, and still finds time to do work for the hospice organization.

Carol served one year as HD CWC secretary, and for two years, 2008-2010, as president. She led the first of our critique groups that formed in 2009, and has been club hostess, membership chairman, greeter, and all-around enthusiast for the High Desert Branch. Carol Warren, with her positive, friendly personality, is hugely responsible for so much of the growth of our CWC branch.

The selection of Carol for our Jack London recipient for 2011 is due to her dedication and hard work on behalf of our members.

Carol is currently our SoCal Rep as well as State Representative, and holds the office of Central Board Secretary

ABOUT HDCWC MEMBERSHIP ROSTERS

Some members have been asking about when they will get a membership roster. The HD CWC membership in good standing, in accordance with branch policy, is entitled to the roster with email addresses under these conditions:

- 1) The email addresses are to be used only by the member in good standing
- 2) It is not to be distributed, sold, or shared in any way
- 3) "Blast" emails to the membership are to be distributed only by a HD CWC Board member or with the permission of the president
- 4) The email addresses of the membership are provided for the convenience of the members so that each member in good standing may have the opportunity to contact another member to request any further contact information such as telephone numbers and addresses.
- 5) The HD CWC respectfully but firmly requests compliance with our rule

implemented in 2009 that NO RELIGIOUS OR POLITICAL forwards or other spam forwards be distributed without prior consent of the recipient, and to honor the email privacy of each and every member.

- 6) Any member who does not want his email furnished on this roster, and who has not indicated that desire on his original CWC application must notify the Membership Chairman in writing. Upon receipt of such notification, the member's name and email information will be eliminated from the next roster distribution list.
- 7) The roster will be circulated on a bi-monthly basis, date depending on time allowing and other work constraints of the Membership Chairman.

FICTION WRITING TECHNIQUES AT THE HESPERIA LIBRARY

The High Desert Branch of the California Writers Club will present "Steps to Better Fiction Writing" at the Hesperia Branch Library 9560 7th Avenue, Hesperia, on Tuesday evening August 30, 2011 from 5:30 pm to 7:30 pm. The presentation is open to the public and is designed for those who are interested in improving and/or learning fiction writing techniques

KOI

By George Gracyk

We were fourteen at Millie's for a pleasant Brunch but it was too cool and damp to open the children's Christmas gifts out of doors in the park. The lobby of the nearby Embassy Suites Hotel proved to be perfect. This large indoor court was awash with good vibes of the season and the children's joy upon opening their brightly wrapped presents. The adults smiled and snapped off pictures while the teenagers checked their cell phones. We had the luxury of time on a Sunday afternoon, the near by theater pageant started at two. I was drawn to the edge of the long pool and sat there sipping my second Mimosa. I was fascinated by the hundred or so Koi swimming in

the crystal clear water. I let them nibble at my fingers; you are not allowed to feed them. These are the purebred, almost holy descendents of the ancient common Japanese Carp.

My college aged grandson who looked on said, "I remember when I was a little kid and you had that Koi pond in the back yard." I remembered it too. We had a brand new home with a scratch back yard and a waterfall fed pond seemed a natural center piece. I did some careful planning research and the results proved gratifying. We were ready for some fish.

The little town of Florin east of Sacramento was famous, if you were an aficionado, for a Japanese Koi farm. We bought our first four Koi there. I learned why one tank held \$10 fingerlings, and those in the next tank were \$25. You may think dogs and cats or even birds are pets, you just don't know Koi. The first four were Mathew, Mark, Luke and John, easy to remember. They prospered in our pool. Mark, though healthy, just didn't grow very large. Mathew matured as expected, pure solid gold and very sociable. Luke was white with a splash of red in the wrong place for him to be valuable. But he was friendly, we loved him for it. John was my favorite, the red, black and white colored calico of Koi.

The Central Valley warms up in the summer. On a blistering 114° afternoon even with the pool shaded, our Koi died. We had had them for close to ten years. They had grown large and the pool was not deep enough for them to stay cool. I buried them in a raised flower bed that had originally held trophy yellow roses. But now it holds the prolific overgrowth of mundane Cherry tomatoes. Every summer salad reminds us of our old friends.

WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT . . .

By Jenny Margotta © 2011

I awakened angry at the world that winter Saturday morning. No good reason, just a low simmering anger, like the persistent itch of summer chiggers, but inside my head instead. Of course, I had nothing really to be angry about. I was living in my dream apartment in San Diego with a killer view of Mission Bay. I could sit on my patio, drink wine and watch the fireworks every night over Sea World. And have you ever BEEN in San Diego in the

winter? 82° with flowers blooming everywhere. Paradise for a lady who'd spent 25 winters enduring Colorado blizzards. But, valid reason or not, I'd definitely "climbed out of the wrong side of the bed."

True to form when in that kind of mood, nothing went right. I'd been thinking about fixing a nice breakfast for one. French toast, I decided, with cinnamon and powdered sugar. Fresh orange juice. And bacon. I loved bacon. Throwing on my bathrobe, I stubbed my little toe against the leg of my waterbed. Foot meets wood – foot loses. I limped into the kitchen and opened the bread box, only to remember I'd procrastinated the night before about grocery shopping on the way home from work. My bread box contained one stale, beginning-to-turn-green crust in a tired plastic wrapper. So much for French toast.

The morning progressed in the same manner. Wear my favorite blouse? Not unless I did the laundry. Read a book I'd been saving? Sure, if I could only remember where I'd last seen it. I was even denied the pleasure of a can of ice cold diet Pepsi. That, too, had been on my shopping list. Nothing for it, then, but to haul myself off to the store. I hated going grocery shopping on a Saturday! I quickly dressed, spent about 30 seconds on make-up and even less on my hair, grabbed my purse and car keys and headed out to my carport.

Wouldn't you know it! A pickup truck parked directly behind my car. It was just a run-of-the mill pickup, red, a little battered, but serviceable and clean. As I glared at the offending vehicle, a man and woman came down the stairs from the apartment above me. It had been empty for several weeks – someone must be moving in. Gritting my teeth, determined not to take my bad mood out on unsuspecting strangers, I greeted them with a smile and "Good Morning."

"Good morning" the man replied. He was dressed in blue jeans, a plaid flannel shirt rolled up to the elbows, aviator sunglasses and a Dodgers baseball cap.

"Hello, are we blocking you?" asked the lady. She was somewhat more formally dressed in linen capris, a dressy T-shirt, sunglasses and floppy straw hat tied down with a long chiffon scarf. "We'll be gone in a minute, if you don't mind waiting. Only one more piece to carry upstairs," the man said.

"Our daughter's just moving in, you see," continued the woman.

These two must have been together for many years, I thought, they carry on a conversation as if they're just a single person rather than two. The three of us stood and chatted for a while. I mentioned I'd be glad to give directions to their daughter to the local Target, Ralph's, a good pizza place, or other stores, if she needed them. After carrying up the last piece of furniture the two said good-bye, climbed into the truck and drove off. Thinking nothing more of the conversation, off I went. The grocery store was as crowded as I'd feared, but I finally picked up what I needed, came home and pulled into my carport. Just as I was hauling the grocery bags from the trunk, the apartment complex maintenance man came around the corner of the building in his golf cart. "Did you see them, did you see them?" he asked excitedly. "See who?"

"Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward?"

"They're here?" I asked. "Where?"

"Well, it looks like they're gone now. But I thought you might have seen them. They moved their daughter in upstairs above you this morning." I thought back to the nice couple I'd talked to that morning. It had to have been them. I hadn't had a clue. Hollywood "royalty" at my door and I hadn't had a clue!

I often wonder if they ever thought about that encounter afterwards. Laughing a little at the innocent woman wanting to give directions to Target to their daughter. On the other hand, though, maybe that's why I was privileged to spend 15 minutes with them – simply because I hadn't been ga-ga over their celebrity.

DISCLAIMER:

All items in this newsletter are the opinions of the author(s) and do not in any way reflect the views or official position of CWC

THE CALL

by Diane Neil

The phone shrilled four times before Molly could hobble to it. She plopped down on the couch and reached for the receiver. "Hello?" she puffed.

"Hello, Grandma!" a friendly male voice boomed. "How are you doing?"

"Kenny?" *Molly couldn't believe her ears. None of the kids ever called.*

"Yes, it's Kenny, Grandma. And you'll never guess where I am!"

"Where are you?"

"Me and my two best friends rode our motorcycles to Canada. It was a beautiful ride. We're up in Ontario now and we've been having the best time!"

"That's good," Molly said. *Wait a minute. Isn't Kenny's wife about to give birth? Why would he take off?*

"How's Marlene?" she asked.

"Oh, she's fine, Grandma, but I'm having a bit of a problem."

"What's that?" Molly asked, narrowing her eyes. *This guy doesn't sound like Kenny.*

"Well, me and my friends were out at a bar last night partying. Unfortunately, I had a little too much to drink and I got arrested for drunken driving."

Molly detected the clipped word endings of a Canadian accent.

"That's too bad, Kenny," she said, her nostrils flaring. "Where are you now?"

"I'm in jail, Grandma! And they won't let me out till I post \$500 bail."

Here it comes, the phone scam I read about in the newspaper.

"Grandma, I'm desperate! Could you send me the money?"

Molly sat smirking, thinking up her response.

"I'd like to help you out, Kenny, but the truth is that Grandpa and I are barely scraping by. Social Security doesn't cover our expenses, and we've used up all our savings. Grandpa needs an operation, and we don't have the money for the co-pay."

She heard 'Kenny' clearing his throat on the other end of the line, and there was a long silence.

"Gee, that's too bad, Grandma. I'll tell you what. I'll get my bail money somehow, and when I get back home I'll send you a check to help you out. Just read me the numbers on your checking account, and I'll make a direct deposit."

Molly burst out laughing. She couldn't help it. "Nice try, kid. Quit scamming old ladies and get a real job!"

She heard a click and sat chuckling to herself as the dial tone resumed. She hung up and reached for her slim yellow address book, found a number and dialed.

After a few rings a young male voice responded.

"Hello?" he said.

"Hi, Kenny. This is Grandma!"

"Hi, Grandma. What's up?"

"Oh, not much. I just wanted to hear the sound of your voice."

HEARTBEAT

by Thomas Kier

Beat.

Her heart had done its trick many thousands of times in her life, though she was still young, still less than twenty-two.

Beat.

It had seen her through school, through birthday parties, through graduation, through the funeral of her grandfather, through dating--only three before she fell hard for the boy in uniform and they had to tie the knot before he shipped out.

Beat.

They had a week and a half together, passion still fresh and hot in their eyes and their heartbeats; he set her up in his parents' old house they hadn't yet sold, out on the edge of town. They would rent it for now until he returned; she marked the days on the calendar.

Beat.

She had marked off that week-and-a-half fourteen times already on the pages of his absence, and wrote him three times a week, faithfully mailing each with a kiss both inside and out and hoping each letter found him well and caring for his health. Replies were sporadic, though she knew he wrote her at least as often; war in the land of the man with *Heil* on his lips and the moustache above them made for poor mail delivery.

Beat.

She had written of the second heartbeat that had joined with hers in her body as soon as she was sure, and as she gazed now at the star hanging in her window, she knew that star represented his unborn child just as much as it represented him. He was as happy as she: they were parents in a world that soon would be free from this threat, and a bright new life full of promise stretched out before them. Buried in the stack of his letters in her nightstand was his heart and soul.

Beat.

She saw him then, coming down the street on his bicycle, a man very late for his shift at the dairy at the end of the road. He must have had a flat, and had to stop and fix it; though he was still very responsible for not using up precious resources that were needed for the war department.

Beat.

He had a very serious look on his face, and didn't seem to realize he was late; he was pedaling slowly and looking at addresses on his way.

Beat.

Funny how much the uniforms of Western Union almost exactly matched the uniforms of the dairy employees.

Beat.

He was slowing, but had not yet stopped. He was still watching the addresses count down. He saw her there, tending to the garden, saw the star in her window, but so many of the houses on her street had stars. His eyes met her eyes, then moved to register the numbers on the porch post. He did not look at her again, but his frown deepened.

Beat.

He passed her house. She realized she had been holding her breath, and now let it out, but could not stop her eyes and head from following his progress. He braked, dismounted, leaned the bike against a tree on the property line by the street. He turned slowly with a yellow envelope now in his hand.

Beat.

He turned toward her house. Her breath stopped again. She could hear the blood rushing in her ears. It seemed a long time before the next . . .

BEAT.

He walked up her path, watching his own footsteps. He did not see her try to stand up from the small garden close to the door. He did not see her stumble and begin to fall.

BEAT.

The pounding of her heart shook her body as the strength fled from her. The rush of her blood in her ears could no longer be heard over the roar of every sound in the world being hurled straight at her and buzzing through her head. It was too much, and her darkening eyes lost their focus on this ordinary man on a terrible mission. The ground rushed up to her; she knew it would be harder than it looked.

BEAT.

He looked up in time to see her falling, and broke into a run. He couldn't reach her in time, but gently sat her up afterward, and helped to brush the grass and dirt from her face. "Mrs. Livingston?" She heard the name she had repeated to herself a thousand times since saying, "I do."

BEAT.

She looked through wide eyes, through tears coursing down her face, and saw a single tear leave his eye in the days when men didn't cry. Her eyes dropped to the telegram he held out toward her, and her hand, with a mind of its own, reached to accept it.

BEAT.

He was gone. She watched his bicycle pedaling slowly away. She sat still in her garden. She looked down at her swollen belly, and rubbed it thoughtfully.

Beat.

It was straightforward and final. No questions were left in her mind. When her heartbeat was alone in her body again, she would care for their child with enough love to make him believe he had two living parents, and she would tell the story as many times as her heart had beat, of the man who had given all to help make the world safe: her baby's Father.

Beat.

THE ROSE

BY Debbie Weltin

I'm sure you have heard, "Life is what you make of it," and it's true. There is a reason for everything and an opportunity to grow from each experience. I look at traumas in my life as gifts because they each have prepared me for the next obstacle in my path. I believe there will always be obstacles and it is up to us how we deal with them. We all have many choices to make throughout our lives and, based upon our choices, the results will differ.

When I was a child my girlfriend next door and I were playing "Hide the Object." She was the ripe old age of four and I was all of three. She convinced me that she could swallow an object then find it in her panties. Being as young as we were and a hot summer that is all we wore, under panties. She swallowed a small chain; about 3 inches in length, then right afterwards pulled the waist of her panties away from her body and reproduced the chain seconds later. When I finished being in awe over her recovery, I was to do the same thing. I swallowed the chain, pulled out the waist of my panties and I found no chain. She even helped me look. It was nowhere to be found. That was one of my early mistakes that taught me something. I'm just not sure what it taught me. Unfortunately, it took more than once for me to learn anything. The second time, some other day, we played, "Hide the Object." This time it was a peach pit after we'd thoroughly enjoyed the peaches. She swallowed the peach pit then, moments later, retrieved it from her panties. I, in turn, swallowed my peach pit and proceeded to pull out my panties to obtain the pit, but there was no pit. I just couldn't understand this. I found the pit a day or so later while suffering on the toilet. This time I screamed for Mommy. I think I finally learned that swallowing objects, other than food, could lead to consequences. The lesson I should have learned was not to be so gosh darn gullible.

Throughout my life there have been many obstacles in my path and each time I grow a bit wiser and, most of the time, I only have to do it once, until the next set of circumstances arrive

Hi Naomi,

This is Norma Garcia I am a member of CW club. You asked me to send you an email giving you some information about the release of my book. Here it is:

Title: The Search of my Life

Author: Norma Garcia

Available in stores: September 2011

Type: Memoir

Congratulations, Norma! We wish you continued success! ncw

AND SPEAKING OF WRITING, THE *INKSLINGER* WANTS TO HEAR FROM YOU! IT'S EASY – WHATEVER FLOATS YOUR BOAT, UNDER 800 WORDS, 11 PT ARIAL, SINGLE LINE SPACING (I'm still receiving double or plus line spacing and whatever font that happened to be the last you used. You wouldn't believe the amount of time it takes to convert all of this to our format. ALL genre should be submitted in the format requested)

The Poetry shelf is kinda bare. But the **Inkslinger** is happy to receive any copy that will fit our basic format. Let me hear from you. I'm trying to spread out the "exposure" among our members - but I do have "holding" folders!

There is a saying I made up that I use, “Out of every pile of crap a rose grows.” There is no challenge in life so bad that we don’t receive something wonderful in return. The gift could be many things from wisdom to blessings. Once you have made that connection you are definitely on your way to wisdom

CARSTEN SVENSON, STONEFISHER.

By Inge Stotz

After school one day my brother brought home a new friend. Of course, mother asked all kinds of questions such as where do you live, what is your father’s name, are you in the same class as Soenke and so forth. A kind of small inquisition—but normal. She had grown up in this small town and wanted to keep track of who her own kids’ friends were. Carsten answered, and I heard mother say, o.k., I know your father, Carsten, he is a stone fisherman.

I was in hearing distance, and wondered—a stone fisherman? Never heard that before...what is a stone fisherman? “Oh,” she said, “there are only very few. His grandfather was a stone fisherman too, They get the big boulders out of the Baltic Sea.” “What, why—who needs stones? They are not food, nobody can eat them...”. This is the explanation:

My hometown is on the Jutland peninsula. The whole peninsula is a terminal moraine from the last two ice ages. Basically it is boulders, gravel, dirt, lots of smaller rocks, limestone, and clay. Moors, some hills, a lot of steep coast on the Baltic Sea side and deep fjords, and mostly very flat land—often below sea level on the North Sea coast. Moors and bogs in the center of the peninsula, lots of small water courses, lakes, small forests, pretty farm land and small villages. The highest mountain is about nine hundred feet tall. The distance from the East Coast to the West Coast is a day’s bicycle ride, between 40 and 70 miles. We used to go to the Treene River to stop at my great grandfather’s house in Bergenhusen for supper and spend the night. In this village nearly every roof had a stork’s nest. I was born in Garding, we had a stork’s nest on our roof too. It was perfectly clear to me that storks brought the babies. They are big and can certainly carry a baby in a diaper in their beak.

To get back to the stone fishermen. The nearest mountain range is the Harz, about 250 to 300 kilometers south, a long way by horse and wagon. Since time immemorial stonefishers have brought big boulders up from the sea for stone masons to use to build churches, foundations, and make gravestones, or even paving for roads. It is a dangerous business, and requires a lot of equipment. A stonefisher needs divers, a floating platform where to station a crane to bring up the heavy boulders, air equipment for the divers, lots of rope, and a warming shed on the platform for the divers, and for cooking and sleeping. The divers are needed to locate the boulders and then work together as a team with lots of rope to fasten and tie around the boulders to get them ready. The crane operator then hauls them out of the water. Divers almost always work in pairs. Divers and stonefishers make a good living, but it is as dangerous work as any miner’s. Thunderstorms and sudden big waves are a common hazard. Since the late 1960s stonefishing has been outlawed by the government, because removing the boulders from the bottom of the bay uproots seaweeds and kelp. The sand of the bay then moves around enough during storms that it is changing the shipping channels. It makes expensive surveying and deepening of shipping channels necessary.

Now, with modern transportation, it is a lot cheaper and easier to just get any stone from a quarry in the mountains. Two hundred miles distance today means nothing. But an old honorable trade is gone, and soon forgotten the history of providing the huge boulders for Viking gravesites and important memorials as well as the churches of old. Some were built completely of field stones and dressed boulders from the sea, not only built for services of religious communities but also for the defense for the villagers from enemies.

(Inge is one of our newest members and has a bubbling well and wealth of stories to share with us of her childhood in Europe. She has been a teacher, and is an avid traveler. We look forward to more of her stories!)

Okay: TO DO LIST: Sign up for the HDCWC conference, Oct 1.

*Start your **Inkslinger** submission for October. Be sure to attend the August 30 Fiction Writing Techniques at Hesperia Library 5:30-7:30 pm and be sure to be at the next HDCWC meeting 9/10!*