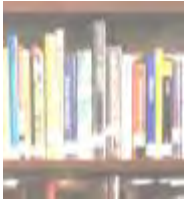


February 2015



# Suburban Scribe

Newsletter of the Sacramento Suburban Writers Club



## *On February 9th our guest speaker is Allison Brennan, Author—Fiction, Romance, Suspense*

New York Times and USA Today bestseller Allison Brennan is author of twenty-four novels and many short stories. A former consultant in the California State Legislature, she lives in Northern California with her husband Dan and their five children.

Crime fiction, mysteries, and romantic suspense have always been Allison's favorites, so it's no surprise that her romantic thrillers have a dark suspense edge. Reviewers have called her books "terrifying," "mesmerizing," "fast-paced," "pulse-pounding," "wonderfully complex," "layered," and "a master of suspense - tops in the genre." As Lisa Gardner says, "Brennan knows how to deliver."



Allison is currently writing the Lucy Kincaid series about a rookie FBI agent. The eighth book, DEAD HEAT, is on sale now. BEST LAID PLANS will be out on August 4, 2015. Also, she's thrilled to be writing a second series, this time featuring investigative reporter Maxine Revere. NOTORIOUS was released last year in hardcover and is now available in paperback. COMPULSION will be out on April 7, 2015.

Sandra Brown said, "Brennan's NOTORIOUS introduces readers to a new and fascinating heroine worth rooting for. She's an investigative reporter who's not afraid to kick butt, climb a tree, or go to jail in pursuit of her story. She's savvy and smart and takes no prisoners. Buckle up and brace yourself for Maxine Revere." And about COMPULSION, Catherine Coulter said, "Don't miss Max Revere's roller-coaster new thriller. Talk about grit and courage, Max never gives up."

You can find out more about Allison at <http://allisonbrennan.com>, also at [facebook.com/AllisonBrennan](https://facebook.com/AllisonBrennan), [http://twitter.com/Allison\\_Brennan](http://twitter.com/Allison_Brennan), or via her blog at <http://murdershewrites.com>.



**NOTICE, NEW WEBSITE!** Our website is now [SactowritYrs.org](http://SactowritYrs.org), (Not .com).  
Please update your information. Thank you, SSWC

### **Writers' Police Academy,** *by Mary Lou Anderson*

An upcoming conference should be of interest to many members of our club — anybody who have police and procedures in their stories. (Mort? Ron? Me? Others???) The conference offers hands-on training for writers. (Fun? or what?) This conference is scheduled for August 20 – 23, 2015. That's Thursday through Sunday. Unfortunately, it will be held in Wisconsin. But WOW, think of how much fun that would be and how much you can learn about the details of cops and their actions and reactions. Sharing a room with another club member would help ease the cost.

Think about it, but not for too long. I heard from a good source, one of the organizers, that it fills up fast. He gave me the inside scoop that registration starts on **Saturday, February 14** at 1 p.m.

Check out their website: <http://www.writerspoliceacademy.com/>.

**WEBSITES:** [Sactowriters.org](http://Sactowriters.org) [Facebook.com/sactowriters](https://Facebook.com/sactowriters)

**MEETINGS:** February 9th. Meetings are on the 2nd Monday of each month.

**LOCATION:** [Crossroads Christian Fellowship](http://Crossroads Christian Fellowship), 5501 Dewey Drive, Fair Oaks. 7:00 - 9:00 PM

## GOD KNOWS

By Anthony Marcolongo

God knows, it was just an email message posted online. "Let's chat," it read. Feeling very lonesome that evening, I responded. I wasn't expecting anything significant, after all it was just one of those notorious online female platonic listings, but I thought, *what can it hurt?* It would be nice to talk to someone about now, this late in the evening.

To my surprise, she answered within minutes. "Hi," was all she said. So, I took the initiative, voicing my concern about living life alone. I told her about my feeling depressed, and how I needed to talk to someone, preferably someone female.

Then, as I am notably terrible at small talk, I decided to amuse her and asked if she would like to join me for a weekend of riding ostriches, and arm-wrestling elephants.

Almost immediately we got along, and within minutes a bond had formed between us. Our babbling lasted into the wee hours of the a.m.

We bantered back and forth for a solid week via emails, and then, she began calling me.

The affection we gained for one another crept in without warning, without notice. Suddenly, we became mutually aware that an apparent and irresistible attraction had sprung up between us. Propinquity had cunningly raised its head and slithered its way into our new-found friendship, transforming it into something much more sacred.

Thus addicted, we allowed this burgeoning affection to grow, and grow it did, swiftly enveloping our hearts. I nicknamed her Chatty, and we decided it was time to meet. So it was that we found ourselves sitting at a small stone table in her apartment building's courtyard, talking and laughing. As time passed I felt my exhilaration rise, and a warm sensation rushed through my entire being. I had to strenuously fight the urge to grab her, and kiss her. Abruptly she leaned into my bulk, sighed and conceded how much she loved me. I wanted to hold her forever.

Then she began crying, and confessed that she was married and could not leave her family

\* \* \*

I took my wounded heart to Georgetown for the 4<sup>th</sup> of July Holiday. Figured I'd take my friend Nancy out for drinks and dancing, but she kept asking me what was wrong. "Why are you so quiet? ... Why do you keep staring off into nowhere? ... Where are you?"

I, was back at a stone table in a small apartment complex courtyard, talking to a gal named Chatty. I kept recalling her every facial expression, every movement of her sparkling eyes, and every curl of her nose when she smiled. I kept hearing her voice, her laughter. The liquor just made it all worse.

My friends in Georgetown made plans for me to spend the week of the 4<sup>th</sup> of July there, but melancholy and sorrow kept tugging at my reveries. I became aware of my breathing. Hell I could hear it. I was missing my friend, my love.

But, I could not risk calling her. What if her husband answered? Consequently I rushed home to check my email. Nothing. She was gone.

So, I sat down and re-read all our old emails, those to her and those from her, everyone of them ... and one word at a time ... I began to die.

## THE FORCE

by Joanie Ballantyne

2014

Savagely thundering down the mountain,  
Lava destroys everything in its path,  
Only to make the earth rich again.

I don't ask why,  
I only accept the overwhelming force.

There are no birds flying above,  
For fear of the molten rock below,  
Neither is the sky visible,  
Ash-hidden by an angry planet.

But from out of this violence,  
The sleeping beauty of,  
This force  
Mother Earth shall rekindle.

## Real Time Dialogue

Need realistic dialogue? Here's a trick I just did on the spur of the moment and I figured it'd be a fun challenge for the club. Just hang out nearby when people are working or making a conundrum of themselves, and jot down their dialogue.

The words may have been softened for the squeamish. My pride and joy dialogue comes from working the flight-line for many years. However, this office instance wasn't too shabby. So there I was watching our tech assistant gal and our engineer take on the role of electricians or mechanics. They had no idea I was jotting down their colorful attempts of trying to run a cord through a wall. The dialogue may have been tweaked/censored by me for the squeamish. So here goes "Bubbles" and "Engineerman."

Engineerman peeks behind the cabinet. "Why is this cabinet in the way?? Oh well I can move it."

Bubbles responds, "No you can't. It's heavy as crap."

Engineerman gives it a futile shove. "Wow, I really can't move it."

"Told you, it's full of paper."

"Well, (\*&&!"

"I can get it in. I have smaller hands."

"Okay I'll push and you grab it."

"... OK."

"Try again."

(This repeats several times: try again, nope, again, nope. They give quite a show of crawling about.)

"Lemme get a grabber tool."

"Pull it out."

"OH, CRAP!"

"Uh oh."

"Dangit!"

"It's stuck."

"Is it even going through the hole?"

"Not really. I can't grab it."

"There's a chunk of wall in the way."

"OH, you're so close!"

"Wait, STOP."

"It's too big to fit through the slot."

\*(Me finally) "Maybe you should try lubing it." (With soap for electrical wires!)

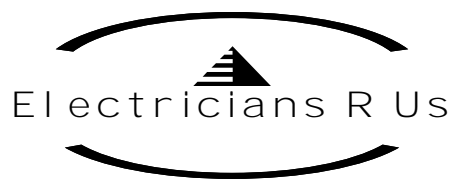
(A triumphant moment ...) "I GOT IT!"

"...Thank God...Finally! What a pain in the rumpus. (Yes, he actually said 'rumpus.')

"I don't know how to tell Greg that you broke his tool."



Someday we  
could work for....



There you have it ladies and germs, complete with innuendos. If they ever recognize it, they probably would not wanna' own up to it anyway. *Incorrigibly, Bert*

### Publishing in the Newsletter

We still have a small handful of the club sending things to the newsletter! It is a member's perk and if you'd like to put something in the newsletter, here's the scoop, up to 3 or 4 pages, please.

Your offering of writing, art, or news is due before the end of the month, (if you want it to appear in the following month). So end of the month, just before payday \$\$, email [dragonscribert@gmail.com](mailto:dragonscribert@gmail.com).

*Thanks very much, Roberta "Bert" D.*

## ***Never Lose Your Writing—Articles and Books Are Just Too Important!***

*By M. L. Anderson*

Save. Save. Save again.

This can't be repeated often enough. Once your file is gone, maybe, just maybe, it can be retrieved. But if it can't, what do you do? Cry? That may be the only thing left.

So, to prevent crying your life away, save, save, and save again.

- Save it to Google Drive or Carbonite (some cost) or other back-up site in the *cloud* (more to come in a future article, but you *can* figure it out).
- Save it on your hard drive then: Save it somewhere else on your hard drive. (Not enough. Computer crashes or is lost or stolen? It's still gone.)
- Save it on a CD (are those even around anymore?)
- Save it on a "thumb drive" and put that somewhere safe.
- Save it then email it to yourself.

What was that last suggestion? Email it to whom? Yourself? Yes. Save it frequently while working on it, then every week or two, or every time you work extensively, add more, or edit your story, save it and email it to yourself ... or even to a trusted relative or friend. That way, if your computer goes *Kaput!*, you can open your email or contact your go-to person, and retrieve it. You don't have to rent space in the "cloud" or buy expensive equipment or pay for backups that are out there somewhere. Just email it to yourself.

Done.

Not lost forever.

Still available.

Re-found.

Continue with story or article.

Smile.

### **Consumer Warning!**

*By M. L. Anderson*

If you report your phone or tablet was stolen to the billing company, they will record it as "Lost or Stolen" (Verizon, at least, does and maybe the others do too).

This may sound final, and you may think you did everything to report it and have it taken off your bill, but you'd be *wrong!*

The "lost" part of the "Lost or Stolen" report means that the company will wait 30 days, and if they don't hear back from you, they *assume* you found it and begin billing you again.

You must tell them that it is still gone, reminding them and restating that it was *stolen*, gone, poof, never to be seen again.

If you miss the 30 day timeline, it could take you hours to get the billing reversed, if that will work at all, because you'd have to have definite *proof* that someone in the store or on the phone completely understood that it was definitely *stolen* and unfindable.

Experience may be the best teacher, and I learned the lesson, but don't let this happen to you.





## ***Tammy's Corner***

Hi, Everyone. Many things have been happening that you might like to know about. As you may have noticed last month our website was suddenly offline. Because of a convoluted mix up while trying to change the domain owner to SSWC, we no longer have the Sactowriters.com website. However, we now have a brand new website: **Sactowriters.org**. We worked diligently to get the website back online and is already updating it with current information. Boy, am I glad.

Email letters needed to be sent out to 72 high schools in the surrounding area inviting students to apply for the new SSWC College Scholarship Competition. Also, announcements about the scholarship application and the high school flyers had to be placed on our new website so the high school students could download the information to enter the competition. I was afraid we were running out of time, but Wes saved the day.

We're hoping that our Silent Auction at the May 16, 2015, 60<sup>th</sup> Anniversary and Scholarship Award Banquet will raise a generous scholarship to award the winner of the writing competition and help him or her achieve their dream of attending college.

Our Banquet and Scholarship Committee members have been working hard, volunteering their time to help create, write, and edit the scholarship application and flyers, as well as plan and organize our May anniversary banquet. It will significantly enrich our club's 60<sup>th</sup> Anniversary celebration. Our efforts will pay off by having a wonderful and entertaining banquet for our members.

This celebration is in honor of all the writers at SSWC. We are striving to make this event extra special, so please plan on attending.

You may prepay for the dinner at any time by contacting Tom, our treasurer. I will be emailing you RSVP invitations soon.

**Save the Date!**

### **REMINDERS**

**— A celebration you won't want to miss — Saturday, 5PM, May 16, 2015  
SSWC 60<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Banquet and Scholarship Fundraiser, details to come.**

Don't forget to give your loved ones a kiss or hug or card on Valentines Day! Or treat them to a dinner at our 60<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Banquet. There will be music and other entertainment. Gift certificates will be made available for this purpose for Valentines Day and Mothers Day (or anything else you can think up).

Anyone turning in a story or poem for the anthology needs to do so by our March SSWC meeting.

I hope you all remember to bring the \$5.00 gift (has to look brand new and be something others would **want** to buy/have and not be a book) to our February meeting that I asked for in December. All the items will go into a big basket. (By the way, does anyone have a big basket to donate?) It will be the only thing at our 60<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Banquet to be auctioned off live.

Please remember there are two things that we need our members to do that seem small but count a lot. One, we need to donate **aluminum cans** in order to contribute to our building host for this wonderful meeting place. It may not seem that important, but it is.

Second, everyone who drinks our coffee, tea, or beverages should be donating at least 35 cents for their first cup of anything, unless they bring a snack to share with the club. That's just to cover the cost of the cups, napkins, spoons, paper plates, coffees, teas, creamer, sugar, etc.

Thanks. Have a nice day.

*Tammy, CTMeadows*

## OFFICERS

### Elected Officers:

President	Mary Lou Anderson
Vice President	Brittany Lord
Secretary	Tammy Andrews
Treasurer	Tom Hessler

### Chairs:

Achievements	Mary Lou Anderson
Anthology CC	Tom Hessler
Chairs Chair	Westley Turner
Coffee/Treats	Rotates
Conferences	John Powell
Critique Groups	Westley Turner
Directory	Westley Turner
Historian	Roberta "Bert" D
Librarian	Ron Smith
Membership	Jeannie Turner
Newsletter	Bert & crit team
Nominations	Westley Turner
Program/Event	? ?
Publicity	Therese Crutcher-M
Raffle	??
Sunshine	Group Effort
Speaker Coord.	Therese Crutcher-M
Facebook	Everyone be active.
Web Masters	Wes Turner
Workshops	Eve Wise

**MEMBERSHIP** may be paid quarterly, prorated if you join/rejoin after Jan 1<sup>st</sup>

Individual	\$40.00/yr	Couple	\$55.00/yr
Full-Time Student	\$30.00/yr	Platinum Senior (70+)	\$30.00/yr

Membership is not required for attending meetings *but is* needed for: 1) publication in newsletter, 2) club author events, 3) participation in critique groups, 4) grants for conferences, & other perks. More info @ [sactowriters.com](http://sactowriters.com).

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Genres: \_\_\_\_\_ Published? Y/N

Email: \_\_\_\_\_ Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

Website/other info/address (optional): \_\_\_\_\_

*Your name & email is needed to receive the digital newsletter.*

## HUMOR CORNER from Tony Marcolongo

The police came to my house earlier and said my dog had chased someone on a bike.

I said, "You must be joking. My dog doesn't have a bike!"

A recent study found that women who carry a little extra weight live longer than the men who mention it.

*Happy Valentine's Day*

## NEW BOOK by Phil Braverman

You've heard Phil read some of his animal tales at our club potluck and awards events? Here are some more.

"The Return of the Mail Order Bride" is available at <http://goo.gl/onhzMc>.

Phil's earlier book: "Outsourcing Grandma Sylvia and Other Home Improvements."



**Mary L. Anderson, c/o  
Sacramento Suburban Writers Club  
8020 Alma Mesa Way  
Citrus Heights, CA 95610**

## MEETING INFORMATION:

February 9th

2nd Monday

Crossroads Christian Fellowship

**5501 Dewey Drive, Fair Oaks**

**7:00 - 9:00 PM**

Writers, musicians, artists, & guests are welcome to attend.

You do not have to be published. Membership is not mandatory but brings privileges.

For membership info, call or message Jeannie Turner

At 916-635-5797

[turnerjeannie@yahoo.com](mailto:turnerjeannie@yahoo.com)

Or see the Websites:

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

[Facebook.com/sactowriters](https://www.facebook.com/sactowriters)

