

September, 2015

Suburban Scribe

Newsletter of the Sacramento Suburban Writers Club

sactowriters.org

David Congalton Speaker at our September 14th Meeting

David Congalton is an author, radio talk show host, and screenwriter who has been writing professionally since 1989.

Congalton sold his original screenplay *Authors Anonymous* to Hollywood in 2012 and it became a feature film comedy starring Kaley Cuoco, Chris Klein, Teri Polo, and the late Dennis Farina. The film, currently available on Netflix and DVD, is about a dysfunctional writing critique group that implodes when one member becomes an overnight literary success. Congalton's second script, *Seven Sisters*, is now in development and slated to go into production in early 2016 with director Danny Leiner.



Congalton is also the host of a daily four-hour radio talk show in San Luis Obispo. Over the years, he has also been a newspaper columnist, a freelance magazine writer, the author of two award-winning nonfiction books, and served as director of the Central Coast Writers Conference for 12 years.

His web site is davidcongalton.com.

A professional writer is an
amateur who didn't quit.
Richard Bach

Workshop

The workshop for August
will be presented by
Robin Robinson

Future meeting

Future Workshop Presenters

October 12 — Tammy Andrews

November 9—Conference Attendee

All meetings are held at the Crossroads Community Fellowship Church's meeting hall, 5501 Dewey Drive, Carmichael — just north of the Madison/Dewey intersection, 7-9 p.m. on the 2nd Monday of each month.

sactowriters.org

Updates From the Prez...

Treasurer (*filled*, thank you, Nadya):

We have a new club treasurer, again. Nadya Terman has graciously stepped forward and taken on that role. She has been working hard to get everything caught up and straightened out but assures us all will be done soon.

English Lessons (*filled*, thank you, Nan):

Also, I've been told that Nan Roark has agreed to take over the little English lessons that Mort has been doing every meeting with humor and great information. Nan may want to trade off the short presentations, so if anyone is willing to present a 3-5 minute blurb, let Nan know.

Raffle (*open*):

Mort is also looking for someone to do the Raffle. It's not hard ... just bringing the things for the raffle to the meeting and collecting money and calling numbers. This one's not hard at all.

Publicity (*filled*, thank you, Cathy) **and Speakers** (*open*):

These jobs have both been done by Therese Crutcher-Marin for about three years (wowzers, how time flies!), and she said she's ready to pass the torch. Cathy McGreevy has agreed to take over the Publicity portion (thank you, Cathy), but someone is still needed to find speakers — Requirement? Just find a living, breathing, local author, agent, human willing to spill their guts to our members.

No one job takes a lot of time. Everyone pitches in and does a little, and, *voila*, things get done. Your name is on our happy list, and your platform grows for selling your writing. (Our "happy list" is the board members list on the back of each newsletter, by the way.)

Talk to the person who does the job now, ask questions, learn how to do it ... and volunteer. The pay ain't much, but the rewards are many: a great club, informative and exciting meetings, successful writers, and, of course, fun!



WOW! What a Website!
Mary Lou Anderson

Cathy McGreevy emailed me a link to a website that might help writers who want to self-publish their books.

With this site, you can create your own book covers using the many stock photos. Besides the stock photos, there are various formats and layout choices available. Prices start at \$25 and go up from there.

<http://thebookcovermachine.com/>

You just might check it out and see if it will work for you. And then thank Cathy.



COPY AND DEADLINES

Submit original written material such as: poems, letters, book excerpts, articles, book reviews, humor, web sites to visit, general information, fun stuff to share — almost anything **by the 25th of each month**. Also, share info about other meetings, contests, books, book signings, classes, etc.

Please keep the submission relatively short, otherwise we'll have to serialize it. Also, please submit electronically. There is no pay but byline credit is given — and that looks good to agents and publishers. This is a benefit of being a member of SSWC.

Contact Deanna at neverblocked@gmail.com or Bonnie at bonniebair@yahoo.com with your submissions.

El Longo

By Dolly McClure

He or she, I don't know, I don't care, I call it he. He is beautiful. He has a cream color belly with small, black, block markings in a pattern. And it's easy for me to see this up close as he wraps around my wrist then slithers up my arm to my shoulder, stretches out to look me in the eye then flicks his heat seeking tongue at my nose.

His two and half foot body is tan with red blotches outlined in black from his head to his tail. He is one of the most colorful rat snakes in North America.

I pull him from me carefully, coil him up and place him into his bag.

Then I begin carefully straight stitching across the open edge of his mesh tote bag, whip stitch over this making sure there are no gaps for Longo to escape. He is being very still. When I'm finished stitching I hold the bag for mother's inspection. There is no way she will touch this bag, a snake is inside. I breathe a sigh of relief when mother says she is sure this will hold him even if he gets on a rampage. Do snakes have rampages I wonder? I don't say this out loud. I do need this bag to be escape proof. Longo is going home with me from Miami, Florida to Sacramento, California on the plane.

Passing my carry-on through the check-in scanner I anticipate being stopped or worse, but the stow-away made it through and we are seated.

The plane barely lifts off when mother turns to me to ask, "Is Longo in there?" To ease her mind I look at him and answer, "Yes." Dad just grins. Hubby pretends not to notice.

I thought mother was being a really good sport about this snake business because there is no way she would ever be in the same room with a snake let alone being trapped on an airplane with one.

Being the outdoorsy person she is she would abide anything that walked, climbed, swam, or hopped, but a slithery snake had her running for her life.

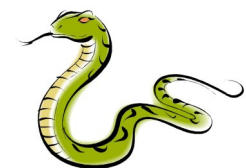
After an hour or so I noticed mother getting a little nervous. She was asking me about Longo every time the stewardess would pass by. I asked if she would feel better sitting behind me so she could watch just in case. Watch what I had no idea, but she bought it so we exchanged seats. Mother was more at ease and only tapped me on the shoulder a few times to 'check.'

As soon as we were home, hubby built Longo a very nice reptilian three foot case with a front glass window, sliding screen top for easy cleaning and placed a nice sturdy branch to climb on inside. I went shopping for Longo's dinner, a mouse.

Because he was being so docile I let friends and family hold him. He was the perfect pet. No barking, meowing, climbing on the curtains, jumping on people, no potty training, and he ate only once a week. And it was easy to get rid of unwanted visitors by exclaiming, "The snake is out, help me look." They'd look alright, for the door and leave, fast.

All went well until hubby has a nightmare. He was snoring away then all at once he jumped up on the bed, pranced around yelling, "The snake is out, the snake is out." He began pulling the sheets off the bed, tossing pillows on the floor looking for the snake. Yelling all the while, "Get the snake, get the snake, the snake is out." Then he got on all fours trying to pull the mattress up while on it. I looked for the snake, and then ran into the spare room to see Longo in his case. I run back to hubby, who hasn't quieted down yet, and try to talk to him. Hubby isn't listening. I yell at hubby saying, "I got him." As soon as I said this hubby plops down and is fast asleep on the messed up bed. I toss a cover over him, lie down next to him and wonder what I should do.

The next day I place an add in the paper. For sale, Beautiful Rat snake.



Tammy's Corner

Hi everyone.

I hope everyone's summer has been filled with writing or going on vacations and having fun while gathering writing ideas. During my travels, I saw some really beautiful scenery and spectacular Victorian homes that I'd like to use in my future stories. Even if you didn't leave town, writing inspiration can come from everyday conversations, either overhearing an unusual thought from a passing stranger or exchanging stories from the past with someone you know.

One of the things I did this summer to help familiarize myself with a writing genre I haven't yet tried, was to organize a mini-writing workshop. I'd read one author's romances and admired her work. I wanted to write love-scenes like hers, and decided to ask her if she would teach a class on how to write a sex scene. As anyone who's read romances knows, love scenes are vastly different from book to book. Some are over the top and some just the opposite. I wanted to be in the middle somewhere. This author didn't want to talk in front of a lot of people about such private subject matter, so, unfortunately, the class consisted of only three students and the author.

Believe it or not, trying to write a love scene, when you haven't done it before, is one of the hardest things I've ever done. It's infinitely harder than everyday writing and difficult to say exactly why. I now have a new outlook on what kind of insight it takes to write a good love scene. It's not the act itself, it's the romance, the sweetness and the tension between the couple that matters in the tale, and how well it is conveyed to the reader from the writer. It's really a tall order to fulfill that expectation. And just so you know, personal knowledge does not mean you can write those scenes easily. As our instructor said, fiction writing is not about truth, it's about the dream or what we want life and love to be like.

Mentoring Program for New (Youth) Writers

I am looking for a couple more volunteers to mentor the new student/youth group that SSWC may be starting soon, which I will help facilitate. So far there is myself, Brittany, Bonnie and Cathy. This plan is still a work in progress, but I believe that we could mentor these students or beginning authors by encouraging them to write a short story for publishing in a youth section of our SSWC Anthology this spring. My goal is to have them come in at 6 p.m. on our regular meeting days: to give them educational writing tips and things to pursue on their own, teach them how to critique, and discuss their progress and questions about short story writing.

I would hope that we could commit at least 1 additional hour per month to answer or help these students out via internet or phone. If we had 4-6 members volunteering, we would only have to be at the 6pm meeting once every 3rd or 4th month. I think we need two mentors present at every mini-meeting, so one person wouldn't feel overwhelmed. Please contact me if you are interested in helping a young or beginning writer with his or her first attempt at getting published.

An English professor wrote these words "A woman without her man is nothing" on the chalkboard and asked his students to punctuate it correctly.

All the males in the class wrote: "A woman, without her man, is nothing."

All the females in the class wrote: "A woman: without her, man is nothing."

Punctuation is everything.

-Submitted by Nadya Terman, Source: Higher Perspective

THE LAST DAWN

Anthony Marcolongo

I suppose I shouldn't gripe, I mean they are rescuing me, right? But ... I am going to miss this old place, especially the privacy of it all. I'm going to miss sitting out in those sudden rain squalls and getting drenched to my bones. 'Course, in the beginning it was no fun, but then, well I adjusted, you know?

Now I'm going to have to sit out in the woods somewhere back home to get the same effect. Hell, who am I kidding? It'll never be the same again.

'Course you know, I could come back here from time to time, just for old times' sake. Me and ol' Stone Mountain Sam over there, we kinda became close. Sorta like brothers. I mean, he does know all my secrets. Hehe.

Crap, I see they're loading the boat, so it's almost time to go. I probably have an hour before they're finished, think I'll walk around and say goodbye to everyone.

Damn, I never got to finish this back path. I just got lazy this past year; the year before I made the other three paths. I was full of spark then.

Oh, hi there, Mrs. Robinson. Yes, I will miss you, too. Thanks for all your company. You'll always be the prettiest rock out-cropping in my life. You're welcome.

Hey there, Stella. Oh come now, don't be sad. I can't stay here forever. We all knew this day would come.

Isn't that right, Charlie? See? Charlie remembers.

Now, Stella, never you mind that he is just a tree, he's our tree, and besides, how many times do I have to tell you ... palm trees are not trees at all, they are a type of bush ... just like you, 'cept his berries are bigger. Hehe.

You guys play nice, I have to go talk to Sam.

I remember it took me three weeks of hard work to make this path to Sam. I was actually just trying to find the other end of this place when I stumbled across him, sleeping there.

He sure was glad to have some company. He hadn't spoken with anyone in over one hundred and twenty five years. Imagine that? It's because he faces away from everyone and everything, but there's nothing can be done about that. There is no way to turn a rock cliff that size in the other direction. So, I just came every day to chat. He sure appreciated it. I am going to lie and tell him I'll be back in a couple of years to visit with him, and chew the fat again.

I know I won't be coming back, but in my heart I want desperately to return and visit with my old friends. I –



What? Oh ... the boat's loaded and they're calling me. Time to go.

Well, see you later Sam. Remember me. 'Course I'll remember you ... and Mrs. Robinson, Stella, Charlie, Peewee and all the rest.

So long everyone and thanks for taking such good care of me.

I don't have the heart to tell them all this is goodbye forever, that we've shared the last dawn together. From now on they'll have to endure the sunrises and sunsets without me. And long after my death this little island will remain and persevere.

I am rescued. I am going home ... and yet my heart is breaking.

"Okay. I'm coming."



Laughter is the Best Medicine

A group of women were at a seminar on how to live in a loving relationship with their husband. The women were asked, "How many of you love your husband?" All the women raised their hands.



Then they were asked, "When was the last time you told your husband you loved him?" Some women answered today, a few yesterday, and some couldn't remember.

The women were then told to take out their cell phones and text to their husband: "I love you, sweetheart."

The women were then instructed to exchange phones with another person, and to read aloud the text message they received, in response.

Below are the replies; some are hilarious. If you have been married for quite a while....a sign of true love....who else would reply in such a succinct and honest way?

1. Who is this?
2. Eh, mother of my children, are you sick or what?
3. Yeah, and I love you too. What's up with you?
4. What now? Did you crash the car again?
5. I don't understand what you mean.
6. What did you do now?
7. Don't beat about the bush, just tell me how much you need.
8. Am I dreaming?
9. If you don't tell me who this message is actually for, someone will die.
10. I thought we agreed you wouldn't drink during the day.
11. Your mother is coming to stay with us, isn't she?



-Submitted by Anthony Marcolongo

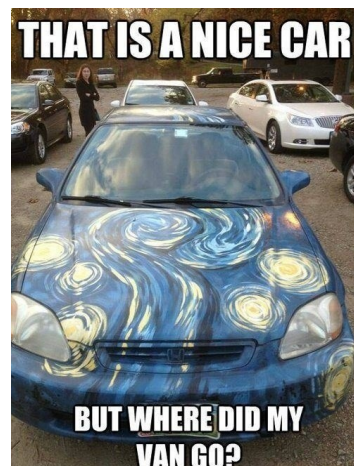
Why do they sterilize the needle for lethal injections?

-Submitted by Anthony Marcolongo

VAN GOGH'S FAMILY TREE

His dizzy aunt ----- Verti Gogh
 The brother who ate prunes----- Gotta Gogh
 The brother who worked at a convenience store ---- Stop N Gogh
 The grandfather from Yugoslavia ----- U Gogh
 His magician uncle ----- Where-Diddy Gogh
 His Mexican cousin ----- A Mee Gogh
 The Mexican cousin's American half-brother ----- Gring Gogh
 The nephew who drove a stage coach ----- Wells-Far Gogh
 The constipated uncle ----- Can't Gogh
 The ballroom dancing aunt ----- Tang Gogh
 The bird lover uncle ----- Flamin Gogh
 An aunt who taught positive thinking ----- Way-to-Gogh
 The little bouncy nephew ----- Poe Gogh
 A sister who loved disco ----- Go Gogh
 And his niece who travels the country in an RV -Winnie Bay Gogh

- Submitted by Bonnie Bair
- Source: www.huntingnut.com



OFFICERS

Elected Officers:

President	Mary Lou Anderson
Vice President	Brittany Lord
Secretary	Tammy Andrews
Treasurer	Paul Hayes

Chairs:

Achievement	Mary Lou Anderson
Coffee/Treats	Tammy Andrews
Conference Coord.	John Powell
Critique Groups	Brittany Lord
Directory	Jeannie/Wes Turner
Historian	
Librarian	Ron Smith
Membership	Jeannie Turner
Newsletter	Deanna, Bonnie
Nominations	Wes Turner
Programs	Therese Crutcher-Marin
Publicity	Therese Crutcher-Marin
Raffle	Mort Rumberg
Sunshine	Tammy Andrews
Website	Westley Turner
Workshops	Eva Wise

MEMBERSHIP is paid on a yearly basis. If joining after March, dues are prorated by quarter.

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

Membership is not required for attending meetings but provides benefits such as:

- 1) publication in newsletter
- 2) participation in club author events
- 3) participation in critique groups
- 4) grants for conferences ... & more

More information is on our website: sactowriters.org.

Name: _____ Genres: _____ Published? Y/N

Email: _____ Phone: _____

Website/other info/address (optional): _____

Your name and email are needed to receive the digital newsletter.

Share your memory of finding SSWC. Tell us what brought you here. How you found the club. What your impressions were. What made you come in the first place. What made you come back....
Send your submissions in. Help us celebrate this, our 60th year of existence.

Deanna Kerr - neverblocked@gmail.com

Bonnie Bair - bonniebair@yahoo.com

I wrote my first novel
because I wanted to
read it.

Toni Morrison

Contact the newsletter if you would like to **ADVERTISE** in the SSWC Newsletter for your writing related services.

\$3 a month (3 month minimum) for members

\$5 a month (3 month minimum) for non-members

Sacramento Suburban Writers Club

c/o Mary Lou Anderson
Citrus Heights, CA 95610

MEETING INFORMATION:

2nd Monday of the month

7:00 - 9:00 PM

Next meeting:

Monday, Oct 13th, 2015

Crossroads Christian Fellowship

Meeting Hall

5501 Dewey Drive

Carmichael

Just north of the Madison &
Dewey intersection

All writers are encouraged to
attend. Membership is not
mandatory but brings privileges.

sactowriters.org

