

April, 2020

Suburban Scribe

Newsletter of the Sacramento Suburban Writers Club

sactowriters.org

Trying to find something to smile at during this time and to celebrate (?), I came up with this. April Fool's Day is close, so I have included some errors, typos, lies ... whatever ... in this newsletter. Let me know how many you find when we finally get to hold a meeting ... in person ... again. (Hint — Check the first word in the first article.)

Knot an April Fool's Joke — SSWC Pres. Ron Smith Cancelled April Meeting

Unfortunately, the changes to our lives that have been forced upon us is no April Fool's joke. Though this entire time may seem unreal, it **is** real. It is not a dream. — Not a joke. Not a dream. Real.

Let's make the decision, though, to do our best to ensure this dream does not become a living nightmare. Do what we must. Eat what's in the cupboard or freezer (what **IS** that frozen block of ice, anyway?). Avoid groups. Miss your family and friends, but do not go stir crazy.

I went out last Monday and just drove around. No contact with anyone. Didn't get out of my car (except to pick up my mail). One surprise was that there were a lot of people at some stores. People were shopping for *who-knows-what*. Other parking lots were empty. A few cars were at drive-through windows of fast-food places. Signs explaining the stores' closures hung in many windows.

In the few minutes driving, I saw some real-life drama. Someone was lying on the asphalt at an entrance to the Sunrise Mall. A car was nearby and a First-Responder truck was pulling up. I could only surmise that the person had been hit, perhaps knocked down by the car, and couldn't get up. I didn't stick around long enough to see what came of that one. Then turning and passing the Michael's Store (closed), Best Buy was next door (open — is it really a *necessary* business?). A fire truck was pulling up in front and people were rushing from the truck into the store (no sirens, no fire hoses, no heavy fire-proof clothing though). Something was going on inside, but I have no idea what.

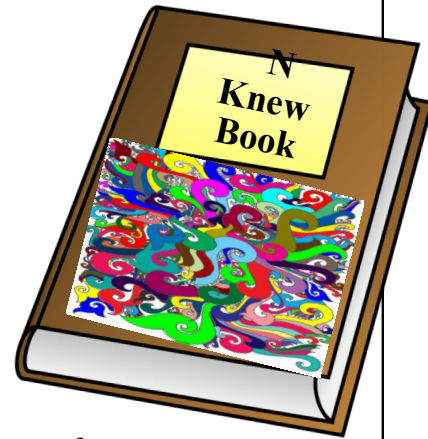
Could these incidents be ideas for stories? Of course they can. And they can end any way you want them to.

This "nightmare" can be the gift of time. Time that can give us the opportunity to write. To create. To ___???

It may not be NaNoCryMo month, but this just might be the perfect time to devote hours a day to creating a new story line, a new series of short stories, a new novel (redundant?), the perfect (or is it *perfected*?) memoir, a new poem a day, some children's books, or even take up learning how to do the illustrations for those books.

Do what you can. Do what you must. Just get through this while retaining your health and your sanity.

Like the old proverb: **This too shall pass.**



Future meeting dates—

Laura Kellen is working on getting some great speakers. She reports that the people she has talked to have agreed to postpone their presentations, so we won't miss anything. Thank you and great job, Laura.



Meetings 7—9 p.m. 5501 Dewey Drive, Fair Oaks — **but not this month.**

sactowriters.org

Flash Fiction

Britt Lord



The Flash Fiction contest is still on. The prompt is "I knew it was a lie." Yes, we are trying to encourage our members to write more.

This is what Brittany said:

Now that we are all under quarantine, you have no excuse not to write something for the SSWC flash fiction contest. Even if we aren't meeting, we can still have a winner. Plus, I'm sure you could use some money for more books to read while on lockdown.

Remember, the story needs to be short (only 200 words) and should use the prompt "I knew it was a lie" in anyway you like. Given the unique times, I am extending the deadline to March 31st to enter for a chance to win the \$25 gift certificate to Barnes and Noble. Since we are all distancing ourselves, the prize will be sent via email so you can buy your books online.

I look forward to reading your stories,

Brittany

Mort Rumburg sent this so we can include a bit of levity

Here's a bit of nonsense poetry. Highly amusing —

I never saw a purple cow,
I hope I never see one.
But I can tell you anyhow,
I'd rather see than be one.

This charming little bit of nonsense became so popular that, some years later, Gelett Burgess wrote:

Ah yes, I wrote the Purple Cow,
I'm sorry now I wrote it.
but I can tell you anyhow,
I'll kill you if you quote it.

(Mr. Burgess died in 1951, so I think we're safe.)

Gelett Burgess' poem about the Purple cow is a parody of a famous poem by Emily Dickinson, known to millions.

I never saw a moor,
I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given.

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. Also, share info about other meetings, contests, books, book signings, classes, etc.

Please keep the submission relatively short, otherwise it will have to be serialized. 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.

Remember to put SSWC Newsletter Submission in the subject line ... PLEASE!

Contact: Mary Lou Anderson (916) 459-0888 mledsonanderson@yahoo.com
Deadline is about two (2) weeks prior to the meeting date.

CONFERENCE CHECK IT OUT

Both Cathy McGreevy and Mort Rumburg sent the following information.

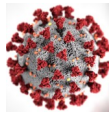
The conference is going to focus on memoir writing for "older adults" — whoever they are. (None of us!)

Their website says they are sponsored by the City of Sacramento's Hart Senior Center and Cosumnes River College.

<https://sacramentocityexpress.com/2020/03/02/envisioning-our-lives-20-20-city-of-sacramento-older-adult-services-hosts-writers-conference/>

Though I checked on Tuesday, March 24, and their website contained no info about plans to postpone or cancel the conference, I strongly suggest that you keep checking about possible changes to their plans.

Covid Jeannie Turner



We face so many changes now that COVID's come to town
But we're too tough, we'll fight it, we won't let it drag us down.
It's changed a lot of things for us, it took us from our friends,
And we don't know how long 'twill be until this COVID ends.

But this we know, and know full well, it can't change everything.



Those robo calls are still with us—they ring
and ring
and ring!

If you have time to think during your *FREE* time, please send your ideas on some of the following items:

- Speakers for future meetings.
- Workshop topics.
- Favorite authors.
- Websites you've discovered.
- Instructions on time travel.
- What you will do first when this is over?
- How are your pets reacting?
- New hobbies to explore.
- What will you be in your next incarnation?



Lines ... A Nonnie Mouse

Lines in the sand.
Is it all we have?
All we will ever leave?
Can we do more
With what we hold,
With what we seek?

Lines in the sand
Go hand in hand
With what we can
And cannot stand
Whether small or grand
In this torturous land.

Lines in the sand
Lead us all home—
To a place and time
When and where
We must all atone ...
Together or alone.

Are lines in the sand
Really all we have?
Perhaps there is another
Hand, smaller, holding
Ours while tracing
Lines in the sand
In this wondrous land.

Did you ever stop to think about UP?

Shared by Jeannie Turner

There is a two-letter word that perhaps has more meaning than any other two-letter word, and that is "UP."

It's easy to understand UP, meaning toward the sky or at the top of the list, but when we waken in the morning, why do we wake UP?

At a meeting, why does a topic come UP?

Why do we speak UP and why are the officers up for election and why is it UP to the secretary to write UP a report?

We call UP our friends, we use it to brighten UP a room, polish UP the silver, we warm UP the leftovers and clean UP the kitchen. We lock UP the house and some guys fix UP the old car.

At other times the little word has real special meaning.

People stir UP trouble, line UP for tickets, work UP an appetite, and think UP excuses.

To be dressed is one thing but to be dressed UP is special.

And this UP is confusing:

A drain must be opened UP because it is stopped UP.

We open UP a store in the morning but we close it UP at night.

We seem to be pretty mixed UP about UP.

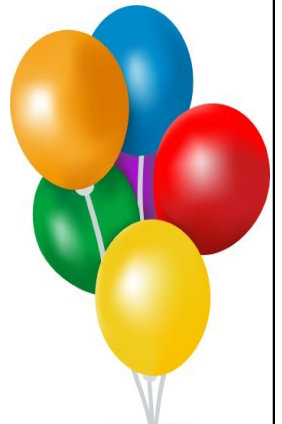
To be knowledgeable of the proper uses of UP, look UP the word in the dictionary. In a desk-size dictionary, it takes UP almost 1/4th the page and definitions add UP to about thirty.

If you are UP to it, you might try building UP a list of the many ways UP is used. It will take UP a lot of your time, but if you don't give UP, you may wind UP with a hundred or more

When it threatens to rain, we say it is clouding UP. When the sun comes out we say it is clearing UP.

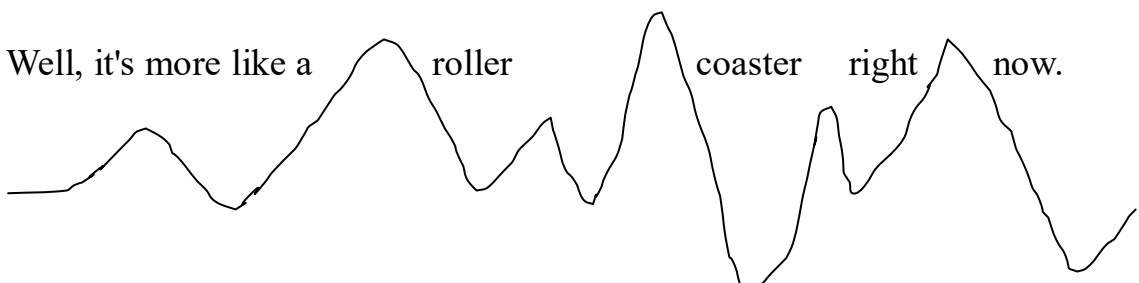
When it rains, it wets UP the earth. When it doesn't rain for awhile, things dry UP.

One could go on and on, but I'll wrap it UP, for now my time is UP, so I'll shut UP...



Direction for the Stock Market? UP????

Well, it's more like a roller coaster right now.



Another one from Jeannie

(I think she wants to make sure we have some fun while we're all locked away!)

Having fun with idioms. Can you find 3 different idioms here used for the same phrase? That's 3 idioms used to replace a phrase.



The Last Straw

"Where's my glasses?" Grandma said.

"Beats me," her friend replied,

"Last time was *on* the fridge, I think,
The time before, *inside*."

Her grandson looked around a bit.

"Has she been in the wine?"

I don't know where she put them.

Your guess is good as mine."

"Don't ask me," Pa shrugged and said,
and started out the door.

"I told her that I'd leave her if
She lost them one time more."

Earring

Jeannie Turner



Will this earring help my hearing?
Or is it only just for looks?
Where I got it—that is, bought it—
Both those fellows looked like crooks.

I did buy it, so I'll try it.
Maybe they were honest guys.
Cost much money, that's not funny,
If it works that's my surprise.

Looks quite old! You think it's gold?
It matches what is on my tooth
And my ring. That makes me sing!
Did those guys tell me the truth?

Glad it's clip-on, so I'll slip on,
Give it now a little test.
Am I hearing what I'm fearing?
Surely this is not a jest!

It's tinnitus! that makes me cuss!
That ringing, it goes on and on.
Then with a shout I yank it out.
Ah, now that blasted ringing's gone.

I should have known when I was shown
That splendid "special" I saw then.
I've learned a lot, so I will not
Fall for a super "deal" again!

Credit Card Caper

Jeannie Turner

Once they have your number you are sunk, you are lost.
Oh, yes, you got free offer, but consider at what cost.
You find that you've become a long-term member for your life,
And they'll withdraw just what they want, no matter how much strife
It gives you as you pay each bill for something you don't want.
But it says here that you can call, won't have to take the brunt.

So, *you* give them an anxious call—they transfer to another.
You sit on hold a day or two, at last you reach some other
Who wants your info one more time (don't they their records keep?)
The way you're sent from here to there, it nearly makes you weep.

Did you learn now? Will you repeat the error that you made?
Or will you once again, sometime, once more the fool be played
And pay to use it "just one time?" the super offer grand?
You put yourself, you silly one, right back in seller's hand.



Join the Club!

We are a vibrant club with active writers, have several critique groups (with room for more), and stay wonderfully supportive of each other.

SSWC supports local writers and encourages everyone to write and publish. Attending meetings is free, but membership brings benefits, such as publication in the newsletter and anthology, use of our club's library, qualification for grants to attend conferences (limits apply), and ability to join our first-class critique groups.

MEMBERSHIP is paid on a yearly basis. If joining after April, dues are prorated by quarter (unless you are just really late in maintaining your membership!).

_____ Individual \$40 / year

_____ Couple \$55 / year

_____ Full-Time Student \$30 / year

_____ Platinum Senior (70+) \$30 / year

More information is on our website: sactowriters.org

Name: _____ Genres: _____

Published? Y / N (yes, includes self-published) Email: _____

Phone: _____ Address: _____

Website/other info/address (optional): _____

OFFICERS

Elected Officers:

President	Ron Smith
Vice President	Brittany Lord
Secretary	Cathy McGreevy
Treasurer	Julie Beyers

Chairs:

Achievements	Anyone ????
Coffee/Treats	Al Gilding
Conferences	John Powell
Critique Grps	Brittany Lord
Historian	Pat Biasotti
Librarian	Ron Smith
Membership	Jeannie Turner
Newsletter	Mary Lou Anderson
Nominations	Y O U ????
Prgm/Speakers	Laura Kellen
Publicity	Paul Turner
Raffle	MaryEllen Dempsey
Sunshine	Nan Roark
Website	Wes Turner
Workshops	Paul Turner

**There's a spot in the list
above for YOU!**



Stuck at Home? Why?

Is there another cause for another quarantine like we are currently experiencing?

Could it be an invasion from outer space?

Maybe an plethora of bugs?

A rebellion of household pets?

Just where did that author get the idea of a dome covering an entire city ... and then the story was made into a television series???

Your storyline could be next. **Why Not?**



MEETING INFORMATION

2nd Monday of every month

7:00 - 9:00 PM

Next meeting:

Monday, April—Nope May???

Where? The meeting hall, a restaurant, a park, someone's backyard?

Zoom? Skype? Duo (Look 'em up)

5501 *Non-existent* Drive (Dewey Dr.)

Just north of the Dewey and Madison intersection

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