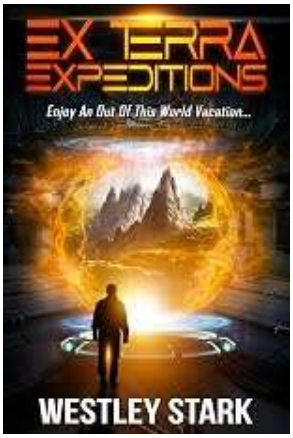
November, 2026

Sacramento Suburban Writers' Club

Suburban SCRIBE

Join us on Monday evening, November 9 at 7 pm at the Fellowship Hall of the Crossroads Christian Fellowship Church at 5501 Dewey Drive, Sacramento (near Madison and Dewey intersection and across the street from Safeway).



Westley Turner will lead a discussion (debate?) about using Artificial Intelligence in writing.

Should it be used or not?

Will Amazon allow it? If so, how much?

Questions, suggestions, information, input, comments are all welcome.

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November M I N G L E

Writers' Mingle

Saturday, November 21, 2026, From 9:00 am to 11:00 am — 3rd Saturday.

This month's subject will be creative. A few prompts will be provided and the participants will pass around paper and add their own "what happens next" to the page. Each page, each with a different prompt, will be used so no one is sitting around waiting for the previous person to finish their contribution. Discussions of the resulting stories will follow.

Meet us at Denny's Restaurant, 122 Sunrise Ave, Roseville (Sunrise and Douglas) at 9 am.

All writers are welcome. No charge & this is interactive. Bring ideas and suggestions. (Order breakfast or brunch or whatever you want.)

This is an interactive meeting and will undoubtedly help make your writing your own story even better. Also lots of fun.

Suggestion – if you are a member of Nextdoor https://nextdoor.com/, or any of the social media sites, Instagram, YouTube, TikTok, Reddit, X ..., please send a notice of our next meeting ... inviting everyone to come ... everyone who wants to write the next great American novel, exposé, historic nonfiction, hysterical fiction, romance, poem, anything ...



THE FLAGPOLE AND THE NOTE

(2025)

Anthony Marcolongo

We lived next door to a state mental asylum, back in the day. It was a rather elegant looking estate of European design with spacious lawns.

My family adults referred to it as the madhouse, the crazy house, the nut house. Us kids called it the laughing academy or the looney bin. We called its inhabitants Looney Toons, or just plain nutters.

Now, my Uncle Eddie used to sit out on our front porch in the late evenings. That was how he noticed a nutter who would come out of the main building at night, sneak across the lawn in the dark, shinny up the flagpole, and stick a piece of paper up there.

"What on earth is that nut doing?" we used to ask.

"Mind your own business," my Aunt would tell us, but oh no, not Uncle Eddie; he couldn't do that. Nope.

So, one night during a bad storm, when everyone was out on the porch enjoying the rain, they watched the nut sneak across the lawn, shinny up the flagpole, paste his usual scrap of paper up there, then slide down, and run back inside.

"He's doin' it in this rain? That's it," announced my uncle. "Now, I *gotta'* see." And with that, he stepped out into the rain and made his way towards the hedges next door.

"Come back, you fool," warned everyone. Everyone except we kids — we were loving it.

Eddie got on the ground and crawled under and through the hedge. On the other side, drenched and covered in mud, he hunched over, and looking like a cartoon character, tiptoed towards the pole. When he got there he tried shinnying up but kept sliding back down. Still, old hard-headed Eddie (as my Aunt always called him) just continued trying until he finally managed enough of a grip shinny to the top of that pole. Once there, he reached out to get the piece of paper, lost his grip, and fell to the ground, and cried out in pain.

However, no one was willing to crawl under those bushes to the other side in the rain and the mud to help him, so he crawled back on his own, although we kids helped pull him through the hole at the bottom of the hedges.

My aunt, my mother, and my older sisters, declared his ankle was broken. Lying there in pain, in the falling rain, Uncle Eddie grimaced and asked what was on that piece of paper.

That's when I decided to play; I grabbed the note and help it up in the downpour to catch the illumination of the nearby porch light. What I saw there set me to uncontrollable laughing.

Squinting his eyes and flinching in pain, he demanded, "For God's sake, what does it say?"

I squatted down next to him while rivulets of rain poured off my face ruining the ink writing of the note. I thought everyone was going to die from laughing when I read, "it says … this ... is the end of the pole."

The Buzzing Shell

Brittany Lord



When I found the shell on the deserted beach, I put it to my ear expecting to hear the sound of the ocean. Instead, there was this high pitched noise like one of those old mosquito ring tones. It was barely in my hearing range, but I could tell it was there because there were tiny pauses in it and the drop off was very noticeable.

Curious, I looked inside. It looked like a normal conch shell. I gave it a shake.

Tink tink tink.

Something was inside.

I turned in so the opening was over my hand and gave it another shake.

Tink tink.

Nothing came out.

This time I hit it on my palm, trying to dislodge whatever it was.

The high pitched noise started again. What was that noise? Had some electronic gotten into it? Some sort of trash that got loose in the ocean?

I held it so the curved open end was down and peered inside again.

There it was, small and black with something red glowing on it. It looked round and flat like a coin so I twisted it this way and that until it finally slid to a position where I could grab it with my nails and pull it out. It took a little wiggling and good old fashioned *umph* to get it out, but finally it was done.

The object was just a little bigger than a quarter and very smooth. There were little red lights on it, some flashing some not. It buzzed a little, making that high pitched noise again, but this time in a pattern.

Eee ee eeeee ee ee eeeee, it repeated a few times.

Figures someone would dump their phone in the trash instead of proper e-waste, I thought. Probably broke and got stuck inside whatever was living in the shell and killed it before washing up on this pristine beach.

Then it started floating. The little ting started to float right off my hand.

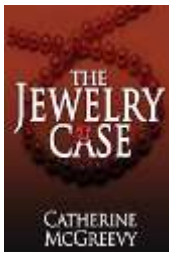
I froze. How was it floating?

It gave a few more buzzes, then zipped off through the air faster than anything I've ever seen.

A few minutes passed before my mind started working again, and all I could hope was that the buzzing had been a thank you for getting it out and not screaming in terror because I pulled it out of its home. I still don't know what it was, but now, I check every shell carefully to make sure nothing is inside before I take a listen. I haven't found another, but I check every time anyway.

SSWC Authors This is shamelessly promoting members' books because they VOLUNTEER to help keep SSWC running smoothly.





Catherine McGreevy (Cathy McGreevy) has published several books that are available on Amazon/Kindle. Her chosen genre has been historical fiction but is expanding into fantasy. Her books, besides being informative, they are interesting, delving into personalities of the characters. **Use the QR code to the right to access her books.**



Bryson Kilmer (Ron Smith) Besides the many books Ron, er Bryson still has to finish editing or add refining touches to (or are still bouncing around in his head), he has published ***Point Hope***, which is available on Amazon/Kindle.

He has copies of his book, so contact him to purchase one. Or, you might be lucky and find one on Amazon: https://www.amazon.com/dp/0984604359/

Westley Stark (Wes Turner) has published ... *Ex Terra Expeditions.* This is a fun read, full of adventure and exciting experiences of a group of young men who found a way to visit another planet. Will they survive the situations they find themselves in? Will they be able to return to their home planet? Buy and read the boo to find out.

To find his book, go to https://a.co/d/01JiWM9a **Or aim your cell phone's camera at the QR code.**



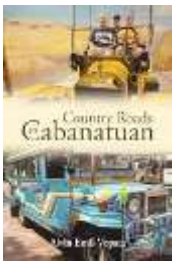




M. L. Edson (Mary Lou) has books available on Amazon/Kindle – suspense thrillers, writing assistance from the Grammar Guardian, poetry, and more. Just **point your phone's camera at the QR code to the right** to see her books ... and maybe order something.

More books on the next page.

Because **Al Vopata** submitted something for the newsletter, descriptions of his books are included:



"When Serendipity Happened" reveals the life of a man who was one of three students, including his brother, in a Kansas country school who first taught in The Bronx. It is of a man who was in Topeka State Hospital for a year before he taught special education students 45 years in seven states.

"Country Roads to Cabanatuan" was written after the author's wife, Ligaya, was in hospice, asking her visitors to sing John Denver's "Country Roads" knowing her ashes would soon be on country roads to her native home near Cabanatuan in the Philippines. Both books are available at Barnes and Noble and at Amazon.

See the list of ALL members' books, past and present, on our club's website https://www.sactowriters.org/

Then other published members of the Scholarship Committee who have books out, then ... *you*??? Want to be on this list? Become a member! Become an *active* member. Volunteer!

To all those willing to volunteer, space is provided for your publication to be listed here. Please volunteer for a position, any position, and get some free advertising for your book.

Space is available for your poetry, short-short story, information, community events, suggestions for writing better.
Please send them to me — Mary Lou Anderson (aka M. L. Edson, author) at mledsonanderson@yahoo.com.
Definitely include "SSWC Newsletter" in the subject line ... p l e a s e !!!!

THIS LITTLE STREAM

Anthony Marcolongo
2026

I found this little stream,
Amid a midnight shadowed copse of trees,
Wherein fireflies flit,
In a copious and gentle breeze.

Its dancing ripples fill the place,
With a rushing rhythmic cascade,
That bubble a ditty as they frolic along,
Bouncing and bounding as if on parade.

Its swift trickling surge echoes into the night,
Beckoning to all who venture there,
For here in an ambiance so simply serene,
You can abandon your every care.

This tiny brook hastes along to who knows where,
Leaving us behind to wonder and stare,
Yet it tends to calm us because,
We are welcome there.

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: _____

OFFICERS

HELP FILL THE VOIDS

Elected Officers:

President	Brittany L
Vice President	~~Brittany~~ L
Secretary	Carol J.
Treasurer	Jake A.

Chairs:

Coffee/Treats	Everyone / Anyone
Conferences	
Critique Groups	Brittany L.
Historian	
Librarian	Brittany L
Membership	Cathy M.
Mingle	MLA
Newsletter	**YOU!!!**
Nominations	
Prgm/Speakers	EMERGENCY NEED
Publicity	Everyone including you
Raffle	Cathy M.
Scholarship	Karen S.
Sunshine	Nan R.
Website	Wes T.
Workshops	Mary Lou A.

When everyone thinks "I don't need to do it ... someone else will," there's a good chance **no** one will do it and nothing will get done.

MEETING INFORMATION

Future Meetings

Monday evening, November 9

Mingle, Saturday, November 21

Annual holiday potluck on December 14th .

Club meeting held at the Crossroads Church
Friendship Hall, 5501 Dewey Drive, Fair Oaks

7 pm to 9 pm

All writers are encouraged to attend.
Membership not mandatory but brings privileges ...
like publication in the newsletter!

Sacramento Suburban Writers