

Vol 2 Issue 05

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# Elk Grove Writers Guild

*Writers Helping Writers*

## Welcome!



The Elk Grove Writers Guild main goal is to help writers be the best they can be.

To expand our efforts in reaching that goal, we created this once monthly newsletter. In it we pass on information of coming events, guild news, and offer little bits of writing wisdom, poetry, memories, writing tips, and whatever news in the publishing world that comes our way.

We offer you, our readers, a chance to see your work in print. Published newsletters are also available on our website.

I encourage you to contribute short articles and stories, event announcements, writing tips, and recent successes or publication events. Events from other writing groups or any interesting writing things you learn.

Come. Join us on our adventure.

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## What's Happening?

The guild's second event is May 15th. It's going to be a fun time for all who attend. See the President's Column for more information. The Summer Academy is coming in June, July, and August. More on that in the President's Column.

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*"If you are not afraid of the voices inside you, you will not fear the critics outside you."*

Natalie Goldberg *Writing Down the Bones*

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The Guild meets on the first Friday of each month. We will continue meeting in a virtual setting in 2022 until it's considered safe to meet face to face. We gather as a Writer's Circle to talk in the language of writers, sharing what and how we're doing. Topics vary as we ask questions about problems we might have with our works in progress or discuss the latest information in the publishing world.

Guild members post their WIP on Google Docs and share it with other members for critiques. The posted work *will* get a response. It is a wonderful way to receive input from other writers who give valuable insight on the work presented.

If you're interested in joining the guild, go to the **Join** page on the website listed in the left column. Fill out the membership application and send in your dues. If you'd like to see what we're about first, and want to join our next virtual meeting, contact Loy at [loyholder77@gmail.com](mailto:loyholder77@gmail.com) and you'll receive the link.

The next meetings are May 6, 2022, and June 3, 2022. Meetings begin at 12:30 and last approximately one and a half hours.

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## WRITING EVENTS

### **CWC**

First Friday meeting, May 6th – First Friday, 10 a.m. The meeting via zoom is open for chat at 9:30., begins at 10:00-11:00am.

For a link to the meetings, go to the website <https://www.cwcsacramentowriters.org/2022/writers-network-march-4-writing-for-the-environment/>



### **NCPA**

Their monthly meetings are on the second Sunday of the month from 1:00-3:00pm

The meetings usually feature a speaker on various writing subjects.

They will continue their virtual meetings on zoom. Check with them at the address below for current information.

<https://www.norcalpa.org>



### **California Writers Club (CWC) (San Joaquin Valley Writers Branch)**

Free Monthly Speaker Meetings, 2nd Saturday of each month ~ 12 noon – 2:30 pm  
Zoom meetings until return to in-person meetings at UOP in Stockton.

<https://www.sjvalleywriters.org>

Open to all genres and levels ~ get published in Great Valley Stories Anthology, Vol. 1.

Subscribe for zoom links & newsletter:  
<https://sjvalleywriters.us10.list-manage.com/subscribe?u=899132e01f7a84cc55e31563e&id=7acdb2b23f>

### **Capital Crimes Killer Workshop**

Saturday May 14, 2022, at Rancho Cordova City Hall. Two programs: live - virtual.

In person. Keynote: Gregg Hurwitz NYT #1 International Bestselling Author of 23 thrillers, presents “Lots More Good Stuff.”

Crime authors, Crime scene lead from Sacramento crime lab, a cover artist, and more.

Virtual presentation: Anne Marie Schubert, District Attorney talks of closing the Golden State Killer case using genetic genealogy.

The virtual program includes panels on the law, sex trafficking, and mystery authors.

Registration Price:

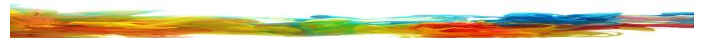
Members - \$75.00

Nonmembers - \$90.00

To register or for more information, go to:

<https://www.capitolcrimes.org/Workshop>

Recording of the virtual event will be available to registrants through July 31, 2022.



### **The EGWG Bulletin Board**

#### **ARE YOU A SPEAKER OR TEACHER?**

**The Guild** is planning now for events in 2022 and for the **2023 Conference**. We’re searching for speakers, teachers for classes on writing, and for other events.

If you are interested in joining the guild’s speaker roster, contact Loy Holder at [loyholder77@gmail.com](mailto:loyholder77@gmail.com)

“Writing is supposed to be difficult, agonizing, a dreadful exercise, a terrible occupation.”

## More Writing Events

If you want to write, edit, and publish your manuscript in one eighteen-week course, sign up for ML Hamilton's **"From Plot to Print"** starting June 8<sup>th</sup> and ending October 5<sup>th</sup> at 5:00pm on Zoom.

You'll accomplish the following:

1. Write your manuscript
2. Workshop your chapters
3. Find an editor
4. Learn cover design
5. Format your book for print and eBook
6. Publish your book

Contact her for more information:  
authormlhamilton@gmail.com

### **Space is limited**

Sign up at

<http://www.authormlhamilton.net/mlhamiltons-store.html>

The cost is \$250.00 for the course and workbook.

Editor's note: I took this course last year and learned more than I expected too. If you can take this class, do it.

Note: I started my book, *Harlan's Journey* in June and due to this class, I published it in December. I consider ML Hamilton's class worth the price.



"You may tell a tale that takes up residence in someone's soul, becomes their blood and self and purpose. That tale will move them and drive them and who knows what they might do because of it, because of your words. That is your gift." Erin Morgenstern, *The Night Circus*

## **\*\*\*\*\* 5 Star Review \*\*\*\*\***



<https://amzn.to/3vj0SWG>.

By Dana Michaels

**Jamie Knight** a rising TV star is tired of pretending to be a playboy for publicity. Could anyone love him just for himself? Jamie is ready to be a one-woman man if he can find a compatible person who isn't star-struck. Kat Mancini ticks every box. Will she be the one woman for him?

**Katerina Mancini** has had nothing but relationships and has sworn-off romantic entanglements years ago. Despite her declarations—she does long for a lasting love. During a trip to London, a chance meeting puts her face-to-face with the British actor and reputed Lothario

They live an ocean apart, and he's ten years younger. And her heart is overpowering her head.

Can love triumph over a lifetime of her ambitions and his playboy lifestyle?

## **The Five Star Review \*\*\*\*\***

A good read. Lots of humor and snappy dialogue. Kat says what she thinks... Excellent descriptions of Lake Tahoe and London. I got a kick out of seeing what it's like for Kat to work inside California's Department of Fish and Wildlife. Of course, Jamie is a dreamboat. And never forget the cats. There has to be cats.

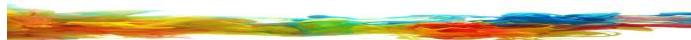
## The April EGWG Meeting

A discussion of finding an agent/publisher was the highlight of the meeting. At the end, Richard M. suggested looking for smaller publishers who accepted manuscripts without an agent and want your stories, rather than larger publishers who get hundreds of manuscripts per day. Also noted, look up the publisher and see what type of story they are looking for.

Another topic was correcting books already published on Amazon and republishing. It's easy to do, and if no major content changes, you don't need a new ISBN number.

It was suggested to avoid the cover designer - **100Covers**.

Another member suggested Karen Phillips who they'd used and liked. You can reach her at [phillipscover.com](http://phillipscover.com).



## The Subjunctive use of Was and Were

I've noticed more than one person critiquing my work wanting me to change were to was when using the word IF, an example would be, "If he were a smart man, he'd..."

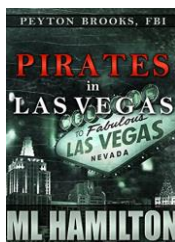
Was and were are the correct forms of the verb "to be." However, using was vs. were depends on if you're talking about something imaginary or something real. Hypothetical situations need the subjunctive mood, so you should use WERE regardless if it's in the singular or plural. And yes, sometimes it sounds rather odd, but it's still correct.

Penny Clark

## Something New

This column is about supporting other writers. We'll be sharing the books of our authors here. If you have a newish book you want to showcase, send me the info. [turlockpenny@yahoo.com](mailto:turlockpenny@yahoo.com)

The selections this month are:



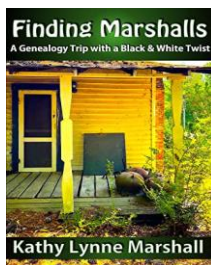
<https://www.amazon.com/Pirates-Vegas-Peyton-Brooks-Book-ebook/dp/B09TMS4ZY5>

Pirates in Los Vegas (Peyton Brooks, FBI Book 11) a release from ML Hamilton.



[Amazon.com: The Ambassador: Path to Contact \(Library Ship Saga\) eBook : Hahn, George: Kindle Store.](https://www.amazon.com/dp/B09TMS4ZY5)

George Hahn's latest book is on Amazon.



[Amazon.com: FINDING MARSHALLS: A Genealogy Trip with a Black & White Twist eBook : Marshall, Kathy Lynne: Books](https://www.amazon.com/dp/B09TMS4ZY5)

Kathy Marshall's book, "Finding Marshalls" is live on Amazon.



Elk Grove Writers Guild  
Writers Helping Writers

## EGWG President's Column

### WORDS & MUSIC

#### **BOOK FAIRE & MUSIC FESTIVAL** Sunday, May 15, 2022 – 10:30 am to 5 pm

At the Chicks in Crisis Campus,  
9455 E. Stockton Blvd., Elk Grove

✚ Author registration for book faire is still open. Go to <https://egweg.org/WM>. Cost is \$20 for table space. Bring your own table and chair(s) or Share with a friend.

1. Music all day
2. Open mic sessions in between sets.  
Listen to an author's words
3. Author's table to find that perfect book.
4. Food and drink

**Come Join us and Have Fun.**

✚ **General admission tickets are \$10.00.**

Pay online at <https://egweg.org/WM>

✚ **Or pay at the gate.**

### Coming Soon

#### First Summer Academy - June 25th:

Dr. Lally Pia is a Child and Adolescent Psychiatrist, practicing in Sacramento, CA. She received her medical degree from the UC Davis School of Medicine. She has just completed her memoir, "*Doctor of Doctors*," and is currently completing a psychological suspense novel, "*Andorea*."

Her topic on June 25th will be, "[Seeing Through Your Character's Eyes](#)." She promises to give her participants an "interactive experience." Registration for this Zoom Class is \$20.00 and will start May 2, 2022. Send your questions and comments to [egwg2020@egweg.org](mailto:egwg2020@egweg.org).

#### Second Summer Academy Class - July 30th

Joey Garcia coaches' writers and authors on effective strategies to boost their book sales and platforms, and she's gonna knock your socks off.

Stay tuned for more details.

#### Third Summer Academy - August 27<sup>th</sup>

Terry Wells Brown will present advice on Book Release Strategies and Facebook Ads.

Terry is the author of the romantic suspense series: "*Women of Wine Country*." The contemporary fantasy series, "*Earth Magic*" and the international collaboration, "*Sisters of Sin*." She is the feature writer for Best Version Media, a community magazine.

She grew up in the deep south, chasing frogs (kissing one or two), catching crawdads from the local creek, and traipsing through poison ivy. Half her childhood was spent covered in Calamine Lotion. She now lives in the lush California Zinfandel wine country with the Love of Her Life and their two rescued pups. Stay tuned for more information.



“Words do not express thoughts very well. They always become a little different immediately after they are expressed, distorted, and a little foolish”

Herman Hesse



## From the Book Shelf

### **Brass Lamp**

By John Maliga

It was a pleasant sunny day, a day neither hot nor cold. There was a slight scent of smoke. There was always a scent of smoke these days. Floating on the smoke was an aroma of food, something like coffee and baked grains, with a whiff of chicken soup.

Jack was on his regular coffee run. More accurately, he was pedaling his bike on streets and parking lots trying to find the source for his morning meal. He stopped near a rubble pile. The remains of a store that had a forgettable name. Its name about sailing and markets. Something that suggested the exotic in this asphalt lot.

He unhitched his walking stick from the length of his bike. It was a simple pole, a tool in its most authentic form. He could poke and pry with it, defend or attack if he needed to, or use it to balance and walk. He poked at the pile of rubble half-heartedly, assuming correctly that dozens of people had done the same thing since this place became rubble.

The passing breeze awakened him to thoughts of food. He was about to pursue his breakfast when he felt a metallic clink through his staff. Gently probing, he levered the staff to remove the debris around its point. He saw a glint, a dull yellow-orange, and dug towards it with his hands. A brass lamp. Like a brass lamp that contained a genie.

The lamp was sooty and covered in the gray dust of the fallen building. The glint came from the spot where

his walking stick had probed. The lamp was heavy, and it had a hinged lid. Aside from a few scratches and dirt, it was undamaged. This might make a good trade, maybe enough for several meals. Jack threw it in the black plastic crate lashed to his bike. The breeze stirred the dust, so he kept his mask over his mouth and nose, mounted his bike, and pointed himself in the direction of the smell of food.

There wasn't much destruction, but it was enough to disrupt work, transport, food, shelter. As Jack made his way across the parking lot, he couldn't make sense of the precision that destroyed one building and left the others around it. What possible critical need was disrupted by destroying a place that sells brass lamps?

Jack negotiated a larger pile of debris. He paused for a moment on the other side. He caught the glint of the brass lamp and, without thinking, picked it up. Examining the lamp, he grabbed for a rag and a hand sanitizer bottle from his crate. Wetting the rag, he started rubbing the grime from the lamp.

"I'll grant you one wish." Jack swiveled his head warily to where he heard the woman's voice.

Jack corrected her. "I believe that I get three wishes, not one."

"Oh, that's a cliché from fairy tales and myth. Anyway, why would you need three wishes? It's not a choice between toilet paper rolls or soap. One wish can get you anything you want."

Jack couldn't figure out how she suddenly appeared. Not many people were left to roam the empty lots and it was easy to spot someone moving quite a distance away. He steered the conversation away from banter. "My name's Jack Yi." He stuck out his arm for an elbow-bump.

"Zoe Farmer." Zoe moved a few steps closer and bumped elbows with Jack. She was about his height, dark hair framing her face. Her mask covered the smile that her eyes revealed.

"So, Zoe, you from around here? I get around a bit and haven't seen you before."

"Other side of the city..." Zoe loosely gestured toward the Northeast. "Let's just say I've been here often, but not recently."

"How is it over there? I mean, why would you come down here in these times?" Jack kind of trailed off, not sure of his own intent.

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(Continued)

“Well, there’s more stuff there—nice houses, big malls, lakes—so there’s more competition with outsiders looking for something. Not like here. Seems like folks just messing with you. This destruction looks like what teenagers might do. They blew up substations and a rail depot up there and dropped a few bridges.”

Jack nodded an acknowledgment. “I was on my way to find breakfast. You’re welcome to come along.” He glanced around. “Where’s your bike?”

“Don’t have one. I hitched a ride on a truck coming here. I’ve been walking ever since.”

Jack looked at her more carefully. She was wearing comfortable clean clothes, all dark gray, but they looked nothing like the common cotton and synthetics that were ubiquitous.

“Well, maybe we can get you a bike. But, for now, I think breakfast will be an easy walk.”

It’s not like Jack always raced down the streets and through the lots, but he appreciated the slower pace and companionship of the walk. They chatted comfortably about their worlds and world views.

After a lull, Zoe asked a question, loudly. “So, what are you going to wish for?”

“My wish? Whirled peas? I don’t understand what you mean.”

“You were rubbing the brass lamp. What are you going to do with your wish?”

“So, you’re the genie? Really, I’m a cynic and don’t believe in that magical stuff. I couldn’t even begin to formulate a wish to even get us out of these times. ‘I wish ... ‘Nah. Even erasing the blackboard and starting over won’t guarantee anything.”

They were crossing an intersection and could see a small group of people outside of a shop. They were eating and talking, sitting at tables and on benches. Waves were exchanged even before they were in shouting distance.

“This is Zoe, a new friend.” Jack introduced her when they were all close enough to touch. Elbow bumps all around.

“Hey, we all need a new friend. Welcome Zoe.” Jack thought it was Charles who offered the greeting. It was echoed by a number of yeahs and grunts.

“Let’s get some food.” Zoe followed Jack’s command. They walked inside. In the past it was a coffee shop, but it was now a place to trade for hot food or to get whatever version of “coffee” was being offered.

“There are pennies in the floor.” Zoe was noting the obvious. Some designer, or maybe even the original proprietors, thought it would be cool to embed pennies in resin on the floor. “What do they have to eat here?”

“Hey, Tia. Anything left to eat back there?” Jack could feel the growl in his stomach.

“I’ve got mushroom coffee flavored with toasted almond shells and bitter herb, and gallons of congee. The congee is one of best I ever made, but I can’t reveal the secret ingredient. I did remove the heads and legs and chopped the rest real fine.”

“I’ll take two Specials. Put that on my tab, Tia.”

Tia passed a tray to Jack with a couple of bowls of congee and full coffee mugs. “Here’s a treat for our new friend.” She handed a small cup with a couple of teaspoons of raisins to Zoe.

Zoe shyly uttered a thanks, seconded by her eyes. She moved with Jack to a spot at a table that someone had just left.

Jack looked around for Charles, hoping for a conversation.

“You looking for me?” Charles appeared behind him, the shadow from his six-and-a-half-foot frame covering Jack like an eclipse.

Charles was the logistics guy, someone who could move people and things to make stuff happen. Rumor had it he had been a genius executive. But he was good with his hands, too. And he had a commanding voice.

“Zoe needs a bike. I was wondering if we could put something together.”

“I don’t have much right now. An old Schwinn frame without wheels, a step-through. I could probably find some wheels. What do you have to trade?”

Jack took a few steps over to his bike and pulled the lamp from his crate.

“Ahh. That ain’t much. But you do the work of putting it all together, and it’s hers. I owe you. But we have to do it right now. I’ve got other things happening today.”

They headed to the shop.

Zoe and Jack worked like surgeons, fluidly, almost wordlessly, bringing the bike back to life. It took them about an hour and a half. Zoe wheeled around the shop



(Continued)

as best she could after they were done and declared the bike “a miracle.”

“You’ve been incredibly generous with me today. You didn’t know me, but you gave me breakfast and, amazingly, a bike. Thank you.” Her eyes reflected her thanks. “Maybe you should think about making that wish now.”

When they walked back to the café and got his bike, Jack suggested they take a ride. “I know a lake nearby.”

They took their time pedaling and avoiding debris piles. At the lake, the trails were intact, though the fields overgrown. They stayed on their bikes until the wetlands. They sat on an undamaged bench near the edge of a swamp and, for the first time, removed their masks. The water birds drifting by ignored them.

“Darn. I forgot to give Charles the lamp. Oh well. He knows I’m good for it.”

Zoe sighed. “I’m pretty worn out, Jack. I don’t think I’ve had a day that full in a while. I have to start thinking about shelter for the night.” She slumped, nearly touching Jack.

“I know some safe places you could stay. But let me show you something.”

A short ride back in the direction from which they came, the trail looped away from the lake. Jack dismounted, and Zoe followed. There was a dense grove of trees lining the lake. Jack slipped between the trees and beckoned Zoe to follow.

There it was. More than a lean-to, a cabin, camouflaged as trees. “This is mine. I’ve spent some time building it, and it’s dry and cozy. There’s plenty of room for you. I wouldn’t disturb you.”

“You always have another surprise around the corner, Jack. Would it be okay if I took a nap before I got going?”

“Sure. I’m ready for a siesta myself. Frankly, I come here every day to rest. Anyway, most everything you’ll need is by the spare bed. If you need to wash, or to attend to nature’s needs, I can fill you in now or later.”

They retired to their spaces. It was quiet except for the sound of the birds.

Jack did not know how soon he had drifted to sleep, but he was awakened by the sound of footsteps.

“I felt a little lonely over there and wondered if you wouldn’t mind if I joined you.” Zoe didn’t wait for an answer. She slipped under Jack’s covers and removed the few pieces of clothing she still had on.

Jack realized that he had wanted this connection for much of the day. Their intimacy was sudden, defined not by what they did but by the sense that they were doing something together, that they had a rhythm that was natural. They were quietly passionate with a reserve that magnified their senses. As suddenly as they began, they lingered in an exalted mood through the evening until dark.

They talked quietly to each other, smiling in the dizzy cross-eye of being so close.

Zoe sighed. She didn’t attempt to describe or measure what they just did. A question formed. “Jack — what do you want?” She said this softly with affection.

Jack rolled over and once again looked Zoe in the eyes. “I wish this day would never end.”

Jack stopped for a moment. He glanced at the milk crate lashed to his bike and saw the glint of the lamp. Without thinking, he picked up the lamp. He examined it and grabbed for a rag and a hand sanitizer bottle from his crate.

John Maliga



## T-Shirt Truths.

1. I’m a writer. To save time, let’s assume that I’m never wrong.
2. You are dangerously close to being killed off in my novel.
3. Eat. Write. Repeat.
4. Not all heroes wear capes. Some of us are writers.
5. I am a writer, creator, and destroyer of worlds...possessor of the key to your imagination.
6. Black writers matter.
7. A writer: Someone in a love/hate relationship.

## **The Highs and Lows of Being a Self-Published Author**

By Kathy Lynne Marshall

May I vent and scream, but also pat myself on the back for a moment?

I am ecstatic to have self-published seven family history storybooks since July 2017, even though it has been a grueling and expensive passion to commemorate my ancestors in print. Each book project costs about \$3,000 to produce. That includes a weeklong genealogy trip to the land of my ancestors, purchasing DNA tests to find relatives, and hiring an editor. It also includes ordering a box or two of books to sell and give to my family. Thankfully, a few of the books have won local, national, and international awards from my niche market, and Amazon gives me a steady, dinner-dessert-drink-sized check every month.

Researching, writing, and self-publishing is a Herculean effort, but it produces a tangible product. The colorful book covers gracing my piano make me smile every time I pass by. Touching the books confirms they are real, not cloud dreams. Knowing our heritage lives inside those books invigorates me to continue this important work. Top that off is a joyful feeling that I don't have to kowtow to a publisher who may dawdle on printing and marketing my stories. I can choose to publish one or more books a year if my stamina holds.

On the flip side, a dozen times a day, I ask the walls, “Why is it so hard to do this? Why can't I connect the fact dots to what happened before 1870? What's the proper format for this chart? Why isn't this upload working? How can I manipulate Microsoft Word and Apple Pages to do what I want?”

A publisher would assign someone to liberate me from those arduous problems. She would (theoretically) also guide me on how to develop marketing strategies to push my book to new heights. But believing I can publish a book whenever and however I want appeals to my inner control freak.

The latest pin jammed under my fingernail is trying to upload my *Finding Marshalls: A Genealogy Trip with a Black and White Twist* manuscript to IngramSpark®. That's an independent publishing platform which offers indie authors and publishers the ability to create print books and eBooks. Most bookstores require authors publish their masterpieces with IngramSpark®. The cover and inside of my .PDF book files uploaded just fine last month to Kindle Direct Publishing. KDP is owned by he-who-must-not-be-named (Amazon, the local bookstore killer).

I spent hours setting up a “New Title” in my IngramSpark® account to take advantage of their “publish five books for free before April 30” offer. Normally, they charge a whopping \$49 each! I provided the book title, ISBN bar code, keywords, book description, reviews, search categories, book size, paper color, image color or black and white, book price, and marketing distribution choices. That was a mouthful, right? Then it was time to upload my

(Continued)

manuscript .PDF and the book cover .PDF file. Again, both uploaded just fine last month on KDP.

But not today. Argghh! The computer spewed a full page of foreign language curse words that I didn't understand. I imagined a robotic voice reciting, "PDF contains ICC color profiles. Please convert all colors to grayscale for black-and-white images, or CMYK for color images and remove all color profiles. Saving a new PDF with a default setting of PDF/X-1a:2001 will address the issue."

My insistence on including fifty or more images in each book increases the problems of composing the manuscript layout. Would it be worth the many additional hours to reformat those images like the Ingram robot ordered? I'd have to reinsert them into the manuscript and try the upload again... for a paltry \$3.00 revenue per \$20 book. Would you have thrown in the towel twenty minutes ago? Ernest Hemingway said, "But man is not made for defeat... A man can be destroyed but not defeated."

It's been a goal of mine to publish my books on Amazon's KDP and Apple Books. But I also want to sell them in bookstores and to customers via my website, at local book fairs, or after my speaking engagements. I also donate books to the libraries and historical societies where my African American family lived, to help proclaim the important role that we, too, played in making America.

The pain and the glory of self-publishing books is the struggle to compose an interesting story that leaves behind a physical legacy of our creativity and persistence.

I think I'll follow the lead of my shero, ML Hamilton, and other brilliant authors in our Elk Grove Writing Guild: stick with the monster!

Kathy L. Marshall



## Poetry Corner

### WAITING FOR YOU

I know that I would wait for you  
It matters not how long.  
To ask you not to wait for me  
Denies your love's as strong.

You could have had another life.  
You chose instead to stay.  
To have you close means more to me  
Than I could ever say.

Perhaps we would have met again.  
Some other time or place.  
But could we live those years apart  
With hearts of empty space.

The seas would miss their saltiness,  
As they rushed upon the shore  
The earth would miss the moon above  
And the sun, its fiery core.

Without these things, they cannot be  
What they're supposed to be.  
And, if they took away your love  
What's left, would not be me.

Barbara Barrett

And for a wrap...

### Just a Haiku ...

Bird Feeder Swinging  
A squirrel, running to his tree

Bird seed on the ground

Penny Clark

## Something to consider

“The most valuable of all talents is that of never using two words when one will do.”

Thomas Jefferson



**Dandelions are food for Bees, don't kill them all.**

## SUBMISSIONS TO THE NEWSLETTER

I'm looking for **poetry**, **special memories**, **favorite author's quotes**, **flash fiction**, **a response to a writing prompt**, or **a book coming out in 2022?** Send it to me.

When chosen, I will print it in one of the next issues and it will be available on the EGWG website's Newsletter's page.

**Do you or your group have an event coming up?** Send me info, by the 24<sup>th</sup> of the month for the next issue.

**Take advantage of the free advertising!**

Email for submitting: [turlockpenny@yahoo.com](mailto:turlockpenny@yahoo.com)

Please, use **Garamond – 12** for submissions. Send in **word doc** **not** PDF. Thanks.

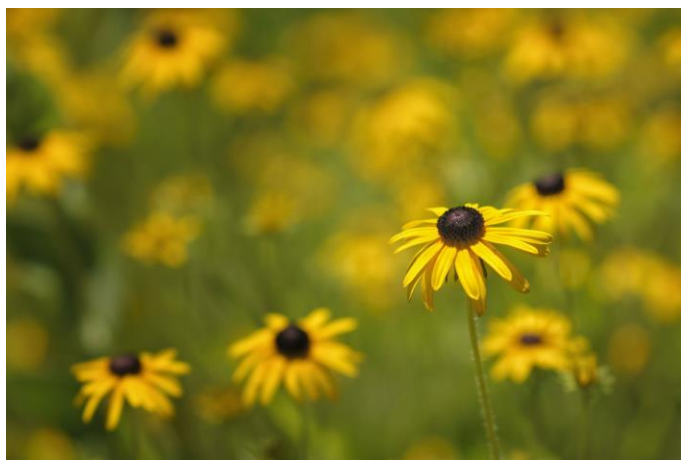
Do you know anyone who would enjoy this newsletter? Send their email address to, [loyholder77@gmail.com](mailto:loyholder77@gmail.com)

## May 2022

- May 1-May Day, Ramadan Ends
- May 5-Cinco de Mayo
- May 8-Mother's Day
- May 16-Lunar Eclipse
- May 23-Victoria Day (Canada)
- May 31-Memorial Day

## A Few More Writing Prompts

- a. Mary was a writer and had rituals that helped her write. Every day she would...
- b. Who is someone you can't stand? Why?
- c. It was dark, but two bright orange eyeballs were staring at him...
- d. Describe a place with good memories from your childhood.
- e. If you could have three wishes, what would they be, Why?



**Enjoy the spring flowers. See ya next month!**