

Vol 2 Issue 06

June 1, 2022

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Elk Grove Writers Guild

Writers Helping Writers

Welcome!



The Elk Grove Writers Guild's 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, classes, and guild news. We 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. Older 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.

Contact Information

Company Name

Elk Grove Writers Guild, Inc

Street Address

7413 Netherbury Ct.

City, ST, Zip Code

Elk Grove, CA 95757

Phone

916-747-6898

Email

egwg2020@egweg.org

Website

www.egweg.org

Newsletter & Submissions

Penny Clark - Editor

turlockpenny@yahoo.com

What's Happening?

The Guild's next event begins on June 25th. It's time for the Summer Academy in June, July, and August. See more information on speakers and programs in the President's Column.

"I only write when I'm inspired, and I see to it that I'm inspired at nine O'clock every morning."

Peter De Vries

The Guild meets on the first Friday of each month. We have begun to meet in a face-to-face/virtual setting and will continue until it's not 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 writing and publishing world.

Guild members can 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 prefer to see what we're about first, and want to join our next meeting, contact Loy at loyholder77@gmail.com and you'll receive the link.


The next meetings are June 3, 2022, and July 1, 2022. Meetings begin at 12:30 and last approximately one and a half hours.

WRITING EVENTS

CWC

First Friday meeting, June 3rd begins at 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.

At last report, 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>

Summer Classes

June Gillam, PhD, is offering Great Valley Writing Workshops this summer for writers preparing short pieces to submit to anthologies and magazines.

Days and Times: Tuesdays, 5:00 p.m. to 7:00 p.m. PST, over Zoom.

“It’s none of their business that you have to learn to write. Let them think you were born that way.” —Hemingway

For details, see <https://www.junegillam.com/writing-workshops>



ML Hamilton’s “From Plot to Print”

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 8th and ending October 5th 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: This is a great workshop with a great teacher. Take it if you can.

***** 5 Star Review *****



[The Zion Sawyer Box Set: Volume One - Kindle edition by Hamilton, M.L.. Mystery, Thriller & Suspense Kindle eBooks @ Amazon.com.](#)

By ML Hamilton

THE FIRST FIVE BOOKS IN THE ZION SAWYER COZY MYSTERIES IN ONE BOX SET.

Set in a small town in the Sierras, the books: Cappuccino, Café Au Lait, Espresso, Caffe Macchiato and Americano, bring mystery and intrigue. Follow Zion, Tate, and the other quirky residents of Sequoia as they solve mysteries, while getting their favorite brew at the Caffeinator.

The Five Star Review * * * * *

With a wide range of quirky characters to draw from and fall in love with ML Hamilton has a world in Sequoia that I want to visit. I want to bake some cinnamon sticks like Dottie and drink chai tea with Zion.

The word pictures of all the characters are so vivid. I feel I know them and want to know more. I like that the books are not cheesy bit vibrant. I especially like Dee's solution to the money. She shows that the phrase "still water runs deep" is so true in all of the people that we have gotten to know and makes us wonder about the others.

The May EGWG Meeting

A couple of members were disappointed when the books they ordered from their publishers were delayed. Karen T. reminded us it was a paper shortage that's plaguing every publisher of print on demand books. (Except Amazon – they're big enough to get what they need.)

Warped Spacers, a writer's group was mentioned for writers of horror, fantasy, and speculative fiction.

Editor: "I tried to find out about them, but their website didn't have much information. They are in Sacramento. Does anyone have info on them?"

The discussion on cover design was lengthy. Covers are the first thing people see about your book. It must attract attention, and it better reflect what is in the book and the book's genre. If there are no dragons in your book, don't put a dragon on the cover.

There are programs that will help you make your own cover such as Conva, Indesign, Photoshop, even KDP has cover design software. Pre-made book covers are available through SelfPubBookCovers, and private designers.

Another long discussion on finding an agent and publisher ended with a suggestion of finding a small publisher (not a vanity press) who works with your genre, and who are looking for books to publish. Remember, if they want money from you to publish—they are a vanity press and not what any writer is looking for.

This was the first hybrid, zoom-in person meeting.

T-Shirt Truths.

1. I make all the stuff up.
2. I'm always writing a story in my head.
3. Future best-selling author.
4. Writing, I can explain it to you, but I can't understand it for you.
5. I am a writer who draws inspiration from weird random things.
6. Don't tell my mother I'm a writer. She thinks I'm a piano player in a cathouse.
7. Writers: turning dreams into novels.

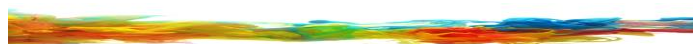


The EGWG Bulletin Board

ARE YOU A SPEAKER OR TEACHER?

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

If you are interested in joining the guild's speaker roster, contact Loy Holder at loyholder77@gmail.com



Stories on Stage

Electrifying prose and crackling theater, the best work of today's best authors performed with theatrical flair. Each month. JUNE 24th

The auditorium at CLARA

1425 24th Street, Sacramento

Opens at 6:30, performance begins at 7:00

Contribute \$10.00 at the door

For 2022 Monthly Schedule

[Stories on Stage Sacramento](#)

Something New

This column is about supporting other writers. We'll be sharing the books of our authors here. If you have a book you want to showcase, send me the info.

turlockpenny@yahoo.com

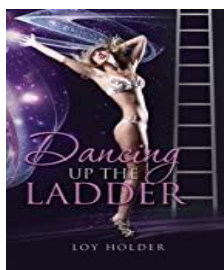
The selections this month are:



[The Daisy Chain - Kindle edition by Clark, P. L.. Literature & Fiction Kindle eBooks @ Amazon.com.](#) A mystery set in Modesto, Ca. Twists and turn to the end. By P. L. Clark. On Amazon



[Between Will and Surrender: Visionary Fiction Series \(Enter the Between Book 1\) - Kindle edition by Duarte, Margaret. Literature & Fiction Kindle eBooks @ Amazon.com.](#) A metaphysical visionary fiction by Margaret Duarte. On Amazon



[Amazon.com: Dancing Up the Ladder eBook: Holder, Loy: Kindle Store](#) By Loy Holder, a sexy romance spiced with adventure and danger. At Amazon.



Elk Grove Writers Guild
Writers Helping Writers

EGWG President's Column

Summer Academy

Sign Up NOW!

Summer Academy Begins - 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.

Second Summer Academy Class - July 30th

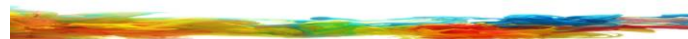
Stay tuned for more details.

Third Summer Academy - August 27th

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 rescue 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

PERHAPS

Barbara A. Barrett

The knife felt good in Vicki's hand, a part of her arm. She gripped the handle, holding it so the blade would slash upwards, penetrating deeper and hurting more. The thought was satisfying. Across the street was Dirk's house. Vicki's hand fingered the sharp blade noting the fence would be difficult. The street was too well lit and neighbors on both sides had similar fences: tall iron bars. Vicki chuckled. Dirk was almost a prisoner too. *The difference is he can come and go, and, thanks to him, I can't.*

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Getting inside the grounds from the street wouldn't work. Access from the lake on the other side of the house would be easier. The problem was a boat. She had no money or identification to rent one. Stealing it would be stupid. It would only alert the police she was here. Maybe they had already alerted Dirk she was on a 24-hour pass, but she didn't care if she got caught as long as she got Dirk first.

She kept to the shadows. Anyone walking at 2:30 in the morning would cause suspicion. About a mile away, she found a public access to the beach. Vicki removed her shoes and made her way across the sand. She had counted the houses. His was the seventh down.

As she walked along the lake path, even by moonlight she could see the well-kept lawns that led down to boat houses and piers. They would make excellent shelters from prying eyes. She was only three houses away when the barking dog stopped her. Vicki turned back. She would try from the other direction.

She was half way to the public access before she realized that she could easily swim past the dog. Remembering the many times, she and Dirk had gone for a midnight swim, Vicki put her foot in the water. It wasn't as cold as she expected. She tucked the heavy knife in her pants pocket and swam just beyond the pier. When she tired, Vicki turned on her back to take a breather. The sky was bright with stars that competed with the moon to light her way. It was so beautiful. She couldn't remember the last time she had seen the night sky. Was it three or four years ago? She picked out the Big Dipper and the North Star. They were the only ones she recognized.

Floating quietly, Vicki passed the house with the now silent dog. She would easily make it to Dirk's place. It wasn't far now. With renewed energy, Vicki turned on her stomach again and began to swim with strong strokes, her arms sliding easily through the water. The exercise felt good. She slowed down, not wanting to be too tired to use the cold steel in her pocket.

When Vicki recognized the boat house, she floated quietly to the shore. Her clothes were dripping as she stepped onto the lawn. They needed to dry, or the water trail would be seen when she left the grassy

area. A change of clothes would be better yet. She veered toward the pool house and approached with caution, staying mostly in the shadows. She and Dirk went there at all hours. Maybe he still did that, with someone else. Vicki felt for the knife. Yes, it was still there.

She stood where she could watch the entrance without being seen. When she was sure the small building was empty, Vicki crossed the short distance and tried the door knob. It turned easily. The room inside was big, with a jacuzzi in the middle and dressing rooms and a full bar on her left. The other wall had large windows overlooking the lake. The curtains were open, so the moon lit her way. Vicki removed the knife from her pocket and laid it on the bench nearby. Her wet clothes came off next. Searching the dressing rooms, she tossed aside the workout clothes and pulled on the navy-blue sweatshirt and pants. The pants were a little short for her, but the shirt fit perfectly. Her shoes were still on the beach near the public access, so she pulled on a pair of socks. Feeling warmer, Vicki stood in the moonlight and towel dried her hair as she had often done when she and Dirk went for a midnight swim. The familiarity of these motions made the nearby knife seem unreal.

It was strange to be back in the pool house. *I was sitting here the night Dirk asked for the divorce.* They had just dried off from a swim. There were soft lights and music in the background.

"So, you can marry Susan Latham?"

"Yes, how did you know?"

"Dirk, I've known about all of them. I just waited knowing you'd come back."

"Not this time. Susan is different...."

"You'll get over her just like you got over the others." Vicki remembered the wonderful gifts he had given her after each affair and how he lavished her with attention and love.

"No, Vicki. This time I want out."

She shook her head, "I won't give you a divorce, Dirk. I love you and I know you still love me. You always come back."

Dirk had walked out of the pool house and moved all his things into another bedroom. Months later, he was still sleeping there but Vicki held on.

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They had terrible fights about his being late when Dirk admitted he was still seeing Susan and would continue to see her.

One night when he came home smelling of Susan's perfume, Vicki had hysterics and the doctor was called to sedate her. After that, Dirk came home less often and usually for items he left behind. Vicki knew he was staying at Susan's. At first, she only drove past to see if Dirk's car was in the driveway. It was. Then she began to walk by. Sometimes she watched the apartment all night, tortured, as soon as the lights went out.

She followed Susan. The first time she got caught, Susan confronted her, and the second time Dirk did. The third time, Dirk filed for divorce and got a restraining order. But it was only a piece of paper in Vicki's opinion.

When the two of them went away for the weekend, Vicki broke into Susan's house to see what it was like. She didn't even have the chance to look around before the police responded to the silent alarm. Susan, at Dirk's urging, had pressed charges and Vicki went first to jail and then to Rest Haven when he signed the papers to have her committed.

Vicki begged to be released. She couldn't stand the bars on the windows. His only response was "You need help, Vicki. You've got to let go and let us have a life." By the time he walked out the door, she hated him as much as she had loved him.

It had taken her three long years to get here. She had been a model patient. This was her first 24-hour leave. She almost laughed out loud at how she fooled them. She even knew she might be sent to a different facility, but she didn't care as long she found Dirk, and maybe even Susan, if they were still together.

Dry now, she picked up her wet clothes and put them behind a bush. Again, keeping to the dark shadows, she made her way to the house. Yes, he still lived here. There was his favorite chair. He'd never leave that behind.

Vicki caught herself before she fell to the ground and knelt to see what she had stumbled over. In the shadows was a child's bicycle. When she looked up, she saw the swing and playpen set for the first time. Hanging over a railing were two small bathing

suits. It was a good thing she was kneeling because she would have fallen over. They have children! She never thought of that, never thought of them leading a normal life while she was locked away.

Silent sobs shook her.

These children could have been mine and Dirk's. No, not ours. She could face that now. Her tears were for the wasted time and energy spent clutching at him. Trying to hang onto him left no room in her life for the love and affection she deserved. Instead of the symbols of love Dirk gave her—those gifts of guilt—she could have married someone else and had the real thing. That realization brought on another. It wasn't too late. She was only 31. There was still time for a family and someone who would love her as much as she loved him.

The knowledge that the heart will find a way gave her the strength to get up.

Vicki ran toward the lake. She could feel the cold steel against her body. It was a silent reminder that Dirk was right. She needed help. Still did. Pausing long enough to scoop up her clothes, Vicki made her way into the water and began to swim towards the public access. Just as she swam out of sight, all the lights at Dirk's house came on. Someone must have seen her. Thank God, she made it this far.

Halfway to the public access, she pulled the knife out of her waist band and threw it as far into the deep lake as she could. Even if it was found, they wouldn't tie it to her.

The sweat clothes she was wearing were heavier than her light cottons. She rolled over on her back. Again, the stars above were visible but now they seemed brighter with more sparkle. She whispered to them, "I'm going back but I'll see you soon and that's a promise."

Once she was past the barking dog, Vicki went back on shore and stripped off the wet clothes.

Her own weren't so bad after she rung them out. As a matter of fact, they were lighter and would dry faster. She still had several hours before she had to be back. Plenty of time to get there. It was the thought of the navy-blue sweats that scared her. What if they find them on her? She didn't dare leave them here and was too scared to take them. Vicki looked around for a place to bury them. *Damn these well-kept lawns and*

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gardens! She felt a new strength come to her as she picked them up and started walking towards the public access. Well, if she got caught with them, she would just have to pay the penalty. She wasn't sure what they would do to her. They'd know she had been fooling them. But perhaps she really was mending.

Vicki sat on the beach and tied her shoes. Above her, dawn was streaking the high clouds. There was no need to keep to the shadows any longer. Like the night sky, they were behind her. Vicki sat there allowing her clothes to dry in the already warm air. She carefully rolled up the sweats and stood up facing the rising sun. Now, she would be just another person walking the beach. Not even her old neighbors would recognize her. The blonde hair was gone. In its place was Vicki's own soft brown color. The sweat clothes felt wet and gritty in her hands. She put them inside a plastic bag she pulled out of the trash can. Perhaps she could find a second-hand store or a homeless person.

Vicki walked away from Dirk's house and from Dirk. He was no longer the center of her universe. It felt good to know her life had value without him. This time when they released her, it would be real. Perhaps somewhere along the way, someone will come along and together they will build a family.

Perhaps is such a wonderful word, filled with hope and vision. It was exciting to have so many possibilities before her.

Barbara Barrett

Poetry Corner

SOMETHING UNFORESEEN

I was undressed when he came in
And stood there by the door.
He knew we're having guests tonight
His glance suggested more.

A soft touch here and then a kiss,
And my heart gave its reply.
Flaming a hungry need I knew
Only he could satisfy.

He pressed his body close to mine
And not a word was said.
I read the passion in his eyes
As our loving fire spread.

In sweet surrender we both lay
Bodies still entwined,
Forgetting we'll have guests tonight
To be wine and dine.

The doorbell rang and I cried out.
He shrugged and grabbed his clothes.
"I'll tell the truth, we're eating late --
Something unforeseen arose.

Barbara Barrett

How a Book Should be Set Up

Front Matter on Nonfiction (fiction leave off 5-6 & 7)

1. Title Page
2. Copyright Page
3. Table of Contents
4. Dedication/Acknowledgement Page(s)
5. Foreword
6. Preface or Introduction
7. Epigraph

The Body

1. Prologue
2. Chapters
3. Epilogue

Back Matter

1. Afterward
2. Appendix or Addendum
3. Endnotes
4. Bibliography
5. Author Bio
6. Coming Soon/Read More
7. Also By

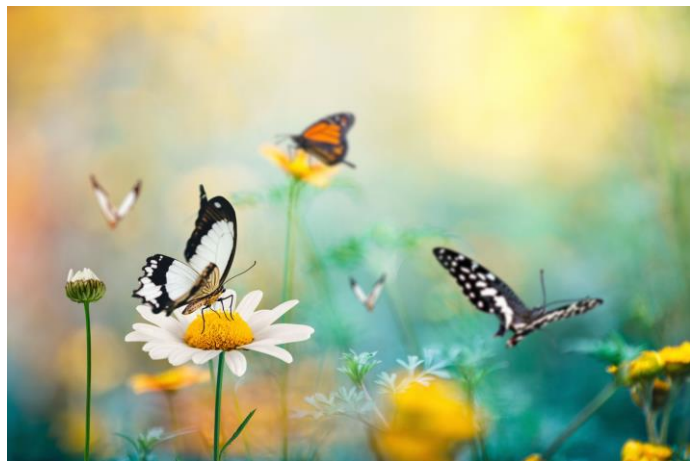
Fiction doesn't usually need an afterward, appendix, endnotes, or bibliographies.

Editor: Not sure about you, but most of my books aren't set up like that. Time for a change.

Something to consider

“There is no power on this earth than story.”

Libba Bray *The Deviners*



California is drying out – be careful with fire.

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 20th of the month for the next issue.

Take advantage of the free advertising!

Email for submitting: 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

June 2022

- June 3-National Donut Day
- June 5-Veggie Burger Day
- June 6-D-Day
- June 19-Juneteenth
- June 21-Summer Solstice
- June 28-Tau Day – Better than pi.

A Few More Writing Prompts

- a. It wasn't easy, loving a loser like Sam.
- b. Jennifer couldn't explain it. All she knew was she had to go to Philadelphia.
- c. It was going to rain all day. Sophia would make sure of it.
- d. Describe a good memory from your childhood.
- e. Describe your main character's greatest fear—in detail.



Summer is here—as if we couldn't tell.



See ya next month!