



The INKSLINGER

High Desert Branch CWC
Inspiring a Community of Writers

Sail On

April 2022



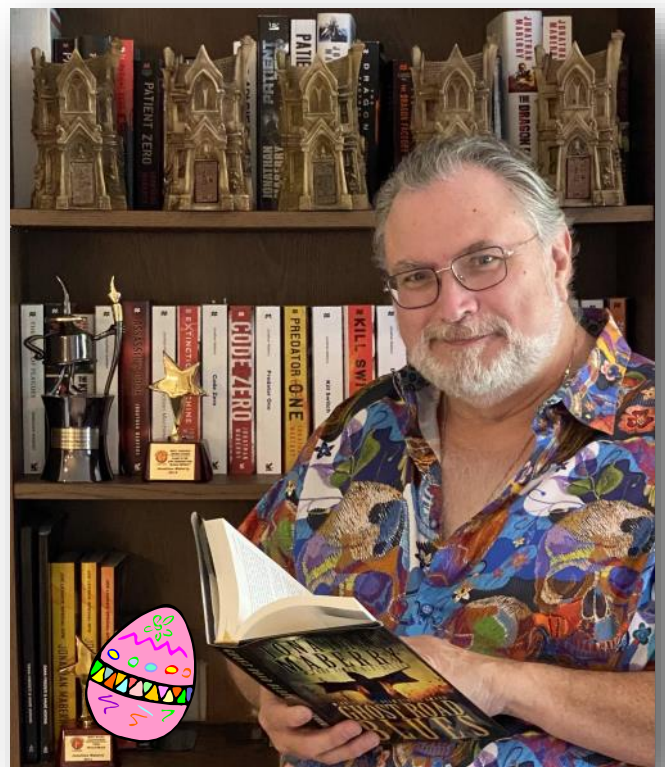
Happy Poetry Month!

At 10 a.m. Saturday April 9, HDCWC presents Jonathan Maberry speaking on "The Genre of You."

Jonathan Maberry is a *New York Times* bestselling author, a five-time Bram Stoker Award-winner, three-time Scribe Award winner, Inkpot Award winner, and comic book writer. His vampire apocalypse book series, V-WARS, was a Netflix original series. He writes in multiple genres including suspense, thriller, horror, science fiction, fantasy, and action—for adults, teens and middle grades.

His novels include the Joe Ledger thriller series, *Bewilderness*, *Ink*, *Glimpse*, the *Pine Deep Trilogy*, the *Rot & Ruin* series, the *Dead of Night* series, *Mars One*, *Ghostwalkers: A Deadlands Novel*, *Kagen the Damned*, and many others, including his first epic fantasy, *Kagen the Damned*. He is the editor of many anthologies including *The X-Files*, *Aliens: Bug Hunt*, *Don't Turn Out the Lights*, *Aliens vs Predator: Ultimate Prey*, *Hardboiled Horror*, *Nights of the Living Dead* (co-edited with George A. Romero), and others. His comics include *Black Panther: Doom War*, *Captain America*, *Pandemica*, *Highway to Hell*, *Bad Blood* and *The Punisher*.

Maberry is the president of the International Association of Media Tie-in Writers and the editor of *Weird Tales Magazine*. His workshop, THE GENRE OF YOU, will draw on his experiences in writing in multiple genres as well as writing material that blurs genre distinctions. This embracing of cross-genre and multi-genre writing has been the foundation for a lucrative and satisfying career as a professional storyteller—and it's a process any serious writer can follow. Visit with Jonathan Maberry online at www.jonathanmaberry.com



Archetypes

Chris Vogler

THE ARCHETYPES OF CHARACTER:

A Guide to the Eight Major Functions

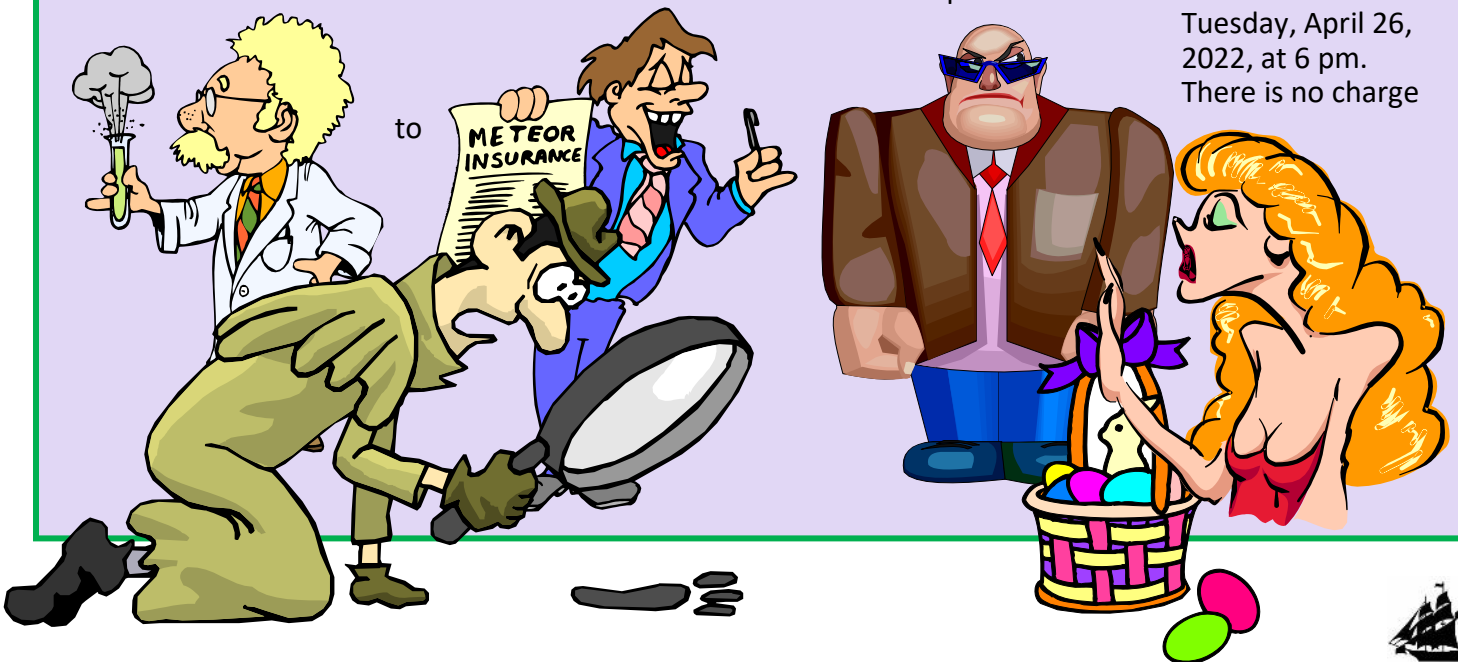
As a follow-up of his December 21, 2021, zoom session on the Hero's Journey, internationally famous author and teacher Christopher Vogler will discuss characters. Vogler is author of *The Hero's Journey* and is a renowned writing consultant.

The creation of lifelike, multi-layered and compelling characters is among the most challenging skills a writer must master. The concept of psychological archetypes offers one key to understanding the jobs that characters must do to move a story along. All of us, and all the characters we create in our stories, have the inner potential to express many different identities and ways of operating in the world.

The eight major archetypes as identified by story analyst Christopher Vogler in *The Hero's Journey* represent the essential functions that drive an entertaining plot and allow our characters to bring forth different levels of their being. The archetypes are a useful set of tools in the writer's arsenal of techniques and can make your stories and characters more human, believable and compelling to the reader. In this presentation, Mr. Vogler will outline the archetypes and how they work and will share his recent discoveries about human character from Greek and Roman myths.



This Zoom presentation is to be held on
Tuesday, April 26,
2022, at 6 pm.
There is no charge



High Desert Branch
of the
California Writers
Club
Board of Directors



*The following officers
and appointed positions are current for
the fiscal year ending July 2022.*

President

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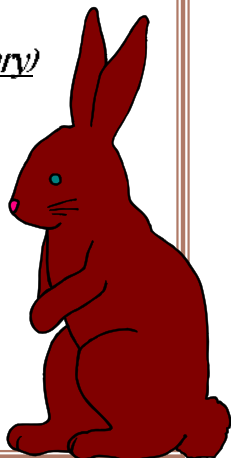
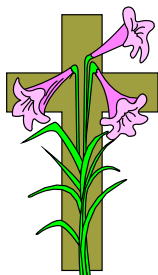
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Quote of the Month

By

Michael Raff

"We are like tenant farmers chopping down the fence around our house for fuel when we should be using Nature's inexhaustible sources of energy -- sun, wind, and tide. I'd put my money on the sun and solar energy. What a source of power! I hope we don't have to wait until oil and coal run out before we tackle that."

-Thomas Edison, inventor
(10 Feb 1847-1931)

Nominating Committee for 2022 Elections Announcement

President Dwight Norris appointed Programs/Publicity Chairman Bob Isbill to be Nominating Committee Chairman for the 2022 elections slated for June of this year.

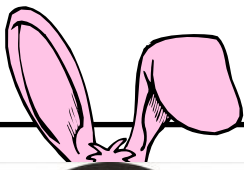
If there are any members interested in standing for election in the 2022 HDCWC elections this year, please contact Bob Isbill. Phone 760.221.6367 or write him at

Risbill@aol.com.

Elections will be conducted at the June meeting. The slate of nominated officers will be published in the May edition of *The Inkslinger*.

Our Address

HDCWC
17645 Fisher Street
Victorville, CA 92395



Dwight Norris
from the
President

Some Thoughts on Critique Groups

It's been a while since I've been officially involved with a critique group, but I'm glad to be back. Various thoughts and feelings have come flooding in.

In the practice of any craft it seems that we would want to improve. There is always room for improvement, always more to learn. I would suggest to you that a critique group is the best place to improve your writing. The benefit of other trained eyes viewing your product and offering their observations yields surprising results.

My famous faux pas that I shared at an HDCWC meeting was when I had a coal miner test the temperature of bath water with his toe, and when it was just right, he cast off his boots and sat down in the tub. I thought I knew what I had written, but I didn't put it down on paper like I thought I did. Any fool knows you've got to take off your boots before you can stick your toe in the water!

Well, I'm sure I've made many more such mistakes since then—maybe even bigger ones. The problem was my mind was racing about ninety miles an hour on other aspects of the story. Without the extra pairs of eyes these errors wouldn't have been caught any time soon.



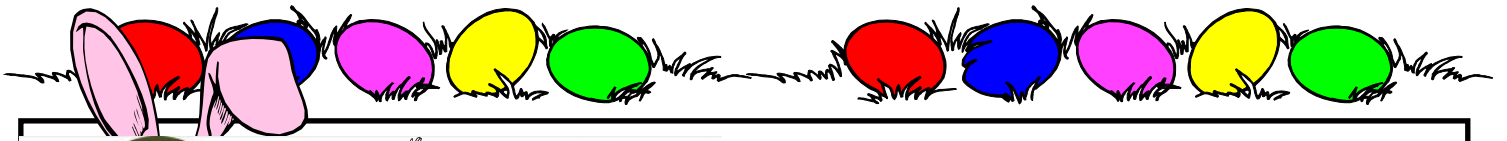
There are a number of ways a critique group can be run. I like it when the members receive a copy of each writer's piece and each one reads the others', marking them for suggested revision. We start in with writer number one, and go around the table with the members verbally sharing what they've noticed. Basically, the writer who is being critiqued is on the receiving end and thanks the reader for their work. When the verbal critique is delivered it is not a call for discussion or disagreement. Sometimes, however, a brief discussion or explanation may be provided so long as it is constructive. It must always be constructive, delivered with kindness and respect. And remember it is always a critique of the writer's work, not the character of the writer. Then the process is repeated, one after the other, until all work has been critiqued.

It is entirely up to each writer who has been critiqued whether or not to revise their work. They can disagree and not change anything, or they can decide to make important improvements. No pressure is put on any writer, but the opportunity to learn is certainly there.

Time and experience tells us that a certain level of compatibility many times works best for critique groups—age, education, writing experience, and sometimes other factors. And remember that the number of people determines how much time each member of the group will spend reading other members' work. It is a privilege to have other writers read your work, but you must return the favor in kind when it's your turn to read. Some groups get as large as ten or more members. That's a lot of reading to do quality work. Many groups prefer members of four to six per group to spread the workload.

Have fun with your writing!





**Happy
April Fool's
Day!**



Mike Apodaca

**from the
Vice President**

Writer, You Be You

We all wear many hats. I'm a husband, father, grandfather, teacher, writer, well, you get the picture. But the thing that integrates all these different hats that I wear is my faith.

Now, when I said I was a man of faith, you may have assumed you knew what that faith was, and you may be right. But the reality is we are all people of faith. There are many belief systems out there. There are some who believe intensely in materialism and evolution. Others are more of the Eastern persuasion, believing that all emanated from a supreme oneness and that we will all achieve a reunification after many lifetimes. Others believe that a personal God spoke into our world (recorded in the Bible and especially in His Son). Such different beliefs. My point is that everyone believes something. It is that subtle structure in the back of your mind that gives your life meaning. I call it the macro-reality behind the micro-reality (the stuff we do each day).

Let me be clear, neither the CWC nor the HDCWC endorses any of these world views above the others. The CWC is not a Christian writing club, nor is it an atheist writing club. Our club does not discriminate against any religion, even as it does not discriminate against any race or gender. All are welcome.

There are rules, however, or maybe they are more like guidelines. The club does not want anyone pushing their views on anyone else. The key word here is pushing. So, let's consider some situations:

1) Another club member finds out that you are a Buddhist and they are interested in meditation and the ways of Buddhism. They ask you about it. Are you allowed to discuss this with them? Of course! The person approached you and asked for your expertise. You did not solicit them. You are sharing with them something they want from you.

2) A venue contacts you to do a Christian speech for the On-Topic Speakers for You. Can you do this presentation representing the HDCWC? Yes, you can. First, the venue solicited you for the speech. Second, we will have many speakers in the On-Topic program with many different backgrounds. These will not always represent the opinions of the branch nor club nor all of its members. There is a disclaimer to that effect on the On-Topic website.

3) A person comes to you at a club meeting and places a flyer in your hand, telling you about a meeting of the witches coven that meets locally. Is this okay? No, it's not. No one should consider our meetings a place where they can solicit members for their own point of view. If this were to happen, you should let them know this is against the purpose of our club. If it persists, let someone on the board know and we will address it with that person.

4) A member of the club wants to start a Christian critique group, where they will only accept Christian writers. This one is tricky. Yes, anyone can form a critique group around any aspect of writing they like. There is a poetry group. There can be groups for screenwriters or novelists or non-fiction writers. There can be groups that take every genre. But no group can exclude anyone based upon their gender, race, or their world view. If an atheist wants to join the group (although I don't know why they would), they cannot be kept out simply because of their views. Again, this is tricky. It is perfectly legitimate to keep someone out of a critique group because they are not a good fit for the group itself—they have a personality conflict with someone in the group, or they are unreliable and don't do the editing, etc. Or they are only there to disrupt. But we don't keep people out because of their race, gender, or beliefs.

As you can see, this is a topic that requires some finesse, some common sense and wisdom.

We all have a lens through which we view the world. We should not have to hide it when we come to our club. It is who we are, it helps to define us. As long as we all follow the Golden Rule (a rule found in most every religion and ethical system), we should be okay.

**Do unto others as you
would have them do unto
you.**

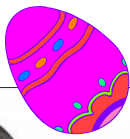




Jenny Margotta

from an

EDITOR'S DESK



One Word . . . or Two?

When you are writing, how do you decide whether a compound term should be written as one word, separate words, or hyphenated?

First, let's look at what is meant by a "compound." A compound is two or more words that have been grouped together to create a new word that has a different, individual meaning or that work together as a unit to express a specific concept.

There are three different types of compound words: closed compounds, open compounds, and hyphenated compounds. An "open compound" is spelled as two or more words (high school, lowest common denominator); a hyphenated compound is spelled with one or more hyphens (mass-produced, twenty-five, self-aware); and a closed compound is spelled as a single word (firefighter, notebook, smartphone.) Any of the three can be classified as a permanent compound; that is, one that has been accepted into the general vocabulary in its current format. Examples of permanent compounds include "outhouse," "stepping-stone" and "credit card."

But what form a particular word phrase takes is not always a hard and fast rule. For one, as I've discussed in previous articles, the English language is constantly evolving, and it often takes years for style references to agree on the proper form a compound should take. For instance, over the years, "on line" became "on-line" and is now widely accepted as "online." And don't count on the compounding being logical. While "birthrate" is a closed compound, "death rate" is an open compound. A current example of word-form evolution is "cell phone" and "cellphone." The *AP Stylebook*—a newspaper-industry standard commonly used by broadcasters, magazines, and public relations firms—says it is "cellphone," while *The Chicago Manual of Style*—the most widely

accepted style guide for writers, editors, proofreaders, indexers, copywriters, designers, and publishers—says it's two words. But that's in CMOS edition 17; who knows what they'll say a couple of years from now.

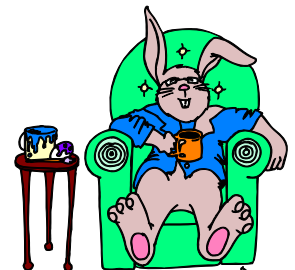
But even though you might memorize the definitions for the three types of compounds, that still doesn't mean you'll use the correct compound form in your story. Why? Because, depending on your sentence structure, a word phrase can be all three types of compounds. So how do you determine the correct format? Generally, it depends on what part of speech your compound takes. Open compounds are *usually* nouns or verbs, hyphenated compounds are *usually* adjectives or adverb-adjective combinations, and closed compounds are *usually* nouns. Keep in mind, rules of grammar and punctuation are somewhat fluid and flexible, so *usually* is the key word in the previous sentence.

Using the "general rules" above, let's look at "make up," "make-up" and "makeup" in the following three sentences:

1. The teacher is allowing me to take a *make-up* exam.
2. I had a fight with my best friend so I have to *make up* with her tomorrow.
3. My mother didn't allow me to wear *makeup* until I was fifteen.

In sentence 1, "make-up" (hyphenated compound) is an adjective string modifying "exam." In sentence 2, "make up" (open compound) functions as a verb. And finally, in sentence three, "makeup" (closed compound) functions as a noun.

Below are examples of the 3 types of compounds in a number of sentences. Using the rules above, analyze the sentences and see if you can determine why the compounds are formatted as they are.



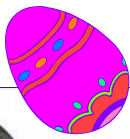
COFFEE BREAK!



Jenny Margotta

from an

EDITOR'S DESK



One Word . . . or Two? Continued

1. You can either make a U-turn and park on the left, or you can park in the *turnout*, but please don't forget to *turn out* for the rally.
2. My *face-to-face* confrontation with the bully left me shaken, but the next time I come *face to face* with him, I won't be so intimidated.
3. *Maybe* I'll be late; on the other hand, I *may be* early.
4. You can play in the *back yard*, but please don't trample my *backyard* garden.
5. We have *sunshine* today, but will the *sun shine* tomorrow?
6. Hold *onto* the handle because you need to hold *on to* survive.
7. While not always an *everyday* occurrence, it generally occurs *every day*.
8. It might be *awhile* before I finish the book because I want to sleep for a *while*.
9. *Check out* the magazines while you're waiting in the *check-out* line.

10. I ate the *leftover* pasta, but there was no garlic bread *left over*.
11. I will tell you what the problem is *sometime*, but right now I need *some time* to figure it out for myself.
12. And, finally, I'm not going to give you *any more* examples because you probably don't want to do this *anymore*.

Word of the Month

REBECCA: verb

1: to destroy a gate

Yes, even proper nouns can turn into verbs. "Rebecca" as a verb comes from the Rebecca Riots, a series of disturbances in the early 1840s in Wales prompted by the increasing exploitation and worsening prospects of the local farming communities. "Rebecca" became a verb that refers to destroying gates, like the ones in the riots.



Photo courtesy of Wikipedia.com

The Most Famous Authors of All Time

BY
Michael Raff

Ken Kesey

Kesey grew up in Springfield, OR and graduated from the University of Oregon in 1957. He also completed a graduate fellowship in creative writing at Stanford. He became a poet, novelist and a countercultural figure. He considered himself a link between the Beat Generation and the hippies. He said, "I was too young to be a beatnik and too old to be a hippie." To supplement his income, he took part in government studies with hallucinogenic drugs such as LSD and mescaline. However, his drug usage continued. He was arrested twice for marijuana possession and served time in prison. I believe it's fair to say his rebellious, anti-establishment nature transmitted into his writing.

Kesey began writing *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* in 1959. The inspiration came while he worked at a psychiatric hospital. He interviewed several patients and concluded that some of them were not mentally ill but rejected by society because they didn't behave in a conventional manner. When published, the book became critically and commercially successful. Kesey's second novel, *Sometimes a Great Notion*, about a logging family, was successful as well. He deemed it his "magnum opus."

Kesey also published in various magazines such as the *Rolling Stone* and *Esquire*. His third novel, *Sailor Song*, wasn't as well received. In 1984 Kesey's son Jed suffered severe head trauma in a car wreck and was declared brain dead. His son's death deeply affected Kesey.

In 1992 Kesey was diagnosed with diabetes. He moved to Pleasant Hill, Oregon and wrote mostly on the internet. In 1997 he suffered a stroke and in 2001 had surgery on his liver to remove a tumor. He died of complications at the age of 66.

While in college, I was assigned to read *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. The novel left a profound and lasting impression on me and is without a doubt my favorite book. The title is taken from a nursery rhyme: "Three geese in a flock/One flew East/One flew West/And one flew over the cuckoo's nest." Unlike the movie version, which is told from McMurphy's point of view, the book's POV is Chief Bromden's, a half-Native American, who is schizophrenic. An aspect that captivated me was that initially, I wasn't sure if what Bromden described was real or not. For example, as several

of the patients were sitting around a table playing cards, they were not only moving in slow motion but engulfed a dense fog! As the narrative moves along, Bromden grows stronger in both mind and spirit, causing his schizophrenia to dissipate. I had no idea when I was reading *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* that in just two years I would be working in a psychiatric facility. When I saw the movie version, I was greatly disappointed, as I thought the book was so much better. Over the years, however, I have embraced the film.

Fun facts about Ken Kesey

Sometimes a Great Notion was made into a film as well, starring Paul Newman and Henry Fonda.

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest is one of the most challenged and banned novels in America. It has been labeled as "pornographic" and accused of glorifying criminal activity. In some cities it was removed from public schools.

Author Richard Gray stated that Bromden's POV "sees the inner truth" and that it "may not be literally true but it is symbolically so because, to quote Emily Dickinson, 'Much madness is divinest sense.'"

Kesey was a champion wrestler in high school.

In his days of using drugs, Kesey mentored the rock group the Grateful Dead.

The film *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* won five Academy Awards including best picture, best director, best actor, best actress, and best screen play. Before the film came out, there was a play adaption starring Kirk Douglas and Gene Wilder and another with William Devine and John Savage.

Until next month, read, write and keep all your geese in a row—away from the cuckoo's nest!





A WRITER'S LIFE

RUSTY LAGRANGE



Refrain From Brain Drain To Be More Productive

When we were more restricted by COVID protocols, we just sort of accepted the new ways of doing things. But now that restrictions are lifting, our brains need to go back into a more standard and productive operation. Getting comfortable with your work environment is part of that.

And there's the rub...

If you are trying to play some sort of catch-up game with yourself, you may never get there. Blogging, writing chapters in your novel, or researching your new article may be calling you to get ramped up and producing. Longer hours at the monitor does more harm than good.

So, after searching the internet and using a few well-known productivity authors, I found a few gems that may refrain your brain from the drain. (I know. Corny, but that's how I roll.)

First, set your work area off limits so you and family know you've punched in to work. Having a posted work schedule will help them know they should avoid disrupting you for minor things. As a senior writer, you may not need to post it, but do let your circle of friends know that you have work hours. I work daily from 9am to 1pm. My exceptions are doctor's appointments, usually.

Second, trim out any low-value tasks that can derail you from productivity. Push them to a later time in the day. Consider email as a large drain on your time unless your work is relying on email contacts and responses. At my office, reading email is easily pushed before 9 am or after 1pm lunch. The only exception for me is to begin a load of laundry that gives me a reason to stretch my legs during the work hours.

Third, give yourself the quiet time to take a break. Some writers set a timer to push themselves away from the keyboard. Some writers know that a 15-minute break to get fresh air or a cup of coffee is greatly appreciated. Your brain will continue to work while you're doing beneficial duties, like a walk with your dog, or grabbing a morning snack, or a few stretching exercises. One trick is to leave an unfinished sentence on the screen so when you return, the thought will continue as if you never left. Less guilt placed on yourself for leaving the keyboard can be balanced by quickly getting back into the rhythm of writing.

As the workday comes to an end, be sure to clock out. Make yourself get up and walk away. This tells your brain that it did a good job, but now it's time to eat, sleep, freshen up for the next session. Without that final closing, your brain could be zipping along subconsciously and wondering why you're ignoring some great unwritten ideas. We learn that our muses play a large part of our creativity, so when the brain is still running top speed, it may crash, or be allowed to stop without the benefit of starting up again. Sounds silly, but that untethering of your brain leads to "writer's block"—and we all know what that is.

Next, avoid getting sucked into the email vortex. If you leave that notification option on your monitor, where each time an email comes in it pops up automatically, well, that is a sign you need to turn it off.

An automated pop-up that distracts you is similar to a baby crying: you just gotta go check it out. Well, email pop-ups drain your brain and become so distracting that you can't ignore them. Change the chime notifications setting to leave you in peace. Remember to check email only prior to work and after work hours. Really, you *can* survive. There are even apps that can manage your notifications. Learn how they can work for you.

The final pointer, and one of the hardest, is to allow yourself days off to avoid burnout. Writing seven days a week sounds extremely productive, but thinking that way is a sure indication that you will create burnout. Burnout is not healthy. A writer must write, that's true, but the time away from your work will often give you a fresh perspective that you didn't consider. Some writers push away from the keyboard to let the creative juices percolate a bit. Always take the weekend off. Better yet, take two days off during the week so you'll have less traffic and more time to meet your other obligations. Once you return, you'll find that fresh ideas will strengthen your resolve to do even better.



Writers are Readers

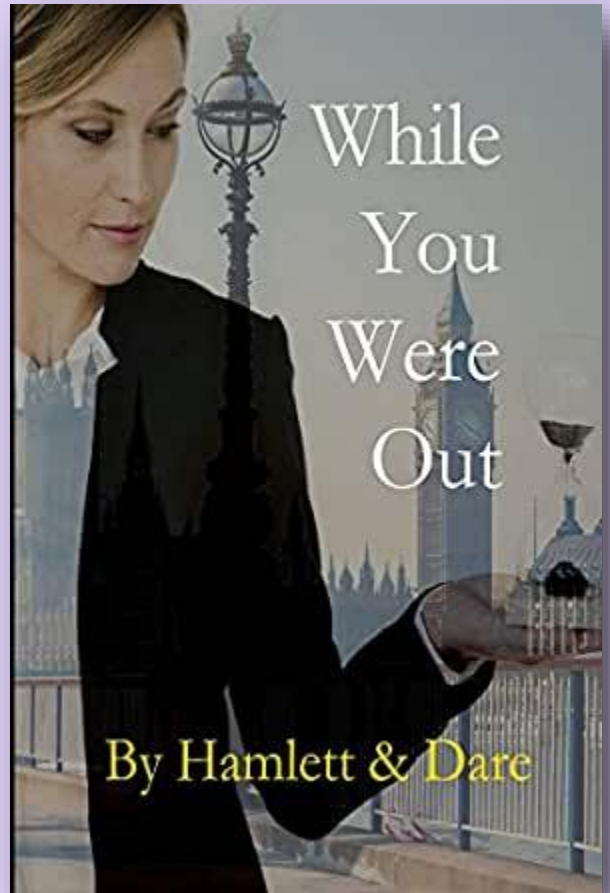
By Mary Langer Thompson

Christina Hamlett, a past HDCWC speaker, is a prolific writer, having published anthologies (*Finding Mr. Right*, and *Table for Two*, which include members Lorelei Kay and Mary Langer Thompson), monologues (I just finished one on Corrie Ten Boom), handbooks on writing, and the novel *While You Were Out*, co-written with Jamie Dare.

I loved the conversational tone of *While You Were Out*, which reminded me of Bridget Jones in this book about a young woman back at home after being downsized or “packed,” and having to eat her mother’s terrible Toad in the Hole and put up with her visiting cousin Noah. Anglophiles will recognize British places like Foyles, Charing Cross, and terms like “tickety-boo,” “natal day,” and “brolly.”

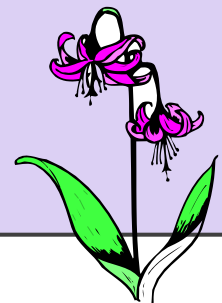
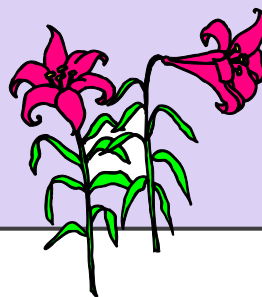
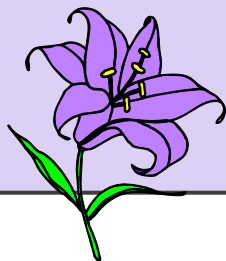
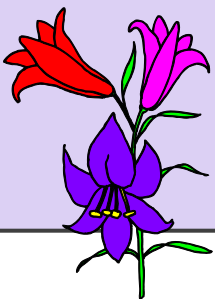
Henny Tinker is wild about her new boss, but does he have any special feelings for her? Mysterious happenings occur at the office—especially when Geoffrey Bond is gone away on business to acquire art—such as a beautiful cleaning lady appearing rather than the older, regular one. Henny discovers a secret door behind which she nearly gets trapped. What in the world is going on? Henny’s job as Mr. Bond’s assistant pays well, but will she find true love there? This is mystery, romance, and possibly even time travel that will have you chuckling or laughing out loud at times until the reader finds out what the mysterious Mr. Bond and his cohorts are really up to.

While You Were Out is a fun read. All of Hamlett’s books are available on Amazon.



Editor’s Note: If you would like to know more about the importance of writers being readers, there is a helpful article titled “Why Reading is Essential for Writers, Not Just ‘Important.’”

<https://writingcooperative.com/why-reading-is-essential-for-writers-e3e4986e0bf1>



Monthly Club Meeting

Penny Sansevieri Raises Our Vision



Penny Sansevieri, President and CEO of Author Marketing Experts, traveled all the way from San Diego to do her first live presentation in two years for our HDCWC branch. She was also the first outside speaker we've had in person for about two years.

Ms. Sansevieri is a vivacious and informative speaker. She explained the changing landscape of modern book promotion.

Podcasts are a main way authors are now promoting their books. Penny suggested that we Google podcasts dealing with the topics we write about and begin a relationship with these podcasts. She suggested we begin small, with no more than ten podcasts. Most large media outlets have multiple podcasts associated with them.

The key to getting invited to speak on a podcast is, like with most things, having a personal touch. It's important to familiarize ourselves with the podcast and the person who decides on the programming. The most important thing is to find out if the podcast has guests. Getting to know them will allow us to write a personal proposal when requesting an opportunity to appear on the podcast. Penny gave us the example she used recently. She saw that the programming director had bought a new puppy. She began her letter with congratulating the woman on her new puppy.

Ms. Sansevieri also told us to begin our letter with a catchy logline and then to pitch our presentation.

She cautioned us against writing long letters, saying it is best to be concise and to the point. Better to write something that can be read quickly and has the positive flavor that you will bring to your presentation.

Penny explained that she has her own podcast, Author Marketing Experts. You can find her podcast on I-Tunes for the I-Phone or you can get the app Google Podcasts. When you search for Author Marketing Experts it gives you the option to subscribe.

Since podcasts have become mainstream, this seems an excellent way to become known as an author.

Ms. Sansevieri took questions at the end of her presentation. Bob Isbill asked her how we could promote our book on the boyhood friend of Jack London. She gave a detailed blueprint for us to follow using her techniques to get that book a wider readership.

This was an informative presentation that left us all viewing new heights and opportunities.

Breaking New Ground with Zoom



At 9:55, after making sure that everything was set up and that our different computer systems would play nice together, it seemed we were ready. And then Anita Holmes let me know that the members joining us on Zoom could not really see the slides that Penny was presenting. To them, the screen was white.

Anita suggested that we have Penny share her slides on Zoom. The clock was ticking, people were taking their seats. But Penny was very familiar with Zoom. I sent her a link and she joined the meeting. I made her a co-host. And then we looked to see what would happen to the image projected on the screen in the room when she shared her screen. To our delight her slides were not affected at all. We discovered—thanks to Anita and Penny—that we could present slides in person and on Zoom simultaneously. This vastly enhanced the experience of those who joined us on Zoom.

Mike Apodaca



Pauline Wiles Webpage Design

On March 22nd our club was treated to a very professional Zoom presentation by Pauline Wiles who hales from San Francisco.

Ms. Wiles was very straightforward and practical. She asked us where most people hear about books. The survey answers were, in order: Goodreads, newspaper and magazine reviews, and author appearances (like we are doing with our On-Topic Speakers program).

Web pages should be simple, classy.

There are different platforms which offer different advantages:

Carrd.co is very simple and inexpensive.

Wordpress is a more technical site.

Squarespace offers more pages, but is more expensive.

The key decision when making a webpage is, What is your call to action? What do you want your viewers to do? This will shape your pages. Some calls to action include buying my book, inspire with a message, schedule a consultation, give information, and gather email addresses (this last one is very important). Some webpages offer something for free to the viewers in exchange for their email addresses.

What pages should be on your site?

Your website is a tool that grows. Pauline Wiles

Ms. Wiles recommends five pages: 1. The home page. This page should have your professional picture. It should not be cluttered (especially not on the sidebar). 2. Contact information page. This is where you let people know how they can get ahold of you. 3. Biography page. This is where you tell about yourself. 4. Book services. This is where you talk about your books and whatever other services you have to offer. 5. News. This is where you might have a blog, although it is not absolutely necessary.

Collecting emails should create a circle. People give you their emails, you let them know when you have updated or added something to your webpage, and they come back to the page to check it out.

We found out that 94% of people do not trust ugly websites, so the first impression is vital.

Here are some more tips from Pauline Wiles:

1. Keep the background clean and simple—plain.
2. Purge clutter. Too many choices cloud your call to action.
3. Use bigger text and fewer words.
4. Limit yourself to two fonts (she recommended San Serif and Serif)
5. Choose two accent colors and be consistent with them throughout. You can use the colors on your book cover.
6. Invest in your images.
7. Use empty space to your advantage.
8. Assume your viewers will be on their phone. Check out how your website looks on your phone and make needed adjustments.

Mrs. Wiles has many free resources on her website: www.paulinewiles.com

Mike Apodaca

Honoring Women's History Month

High Desert Writers Club Celebrates Women's History Month

High Desert Writers Club members met Monday evening, March 7, 2022, in the Hesperia Library Community room for a Read-in of works by women writers for their fourth annual celebration of Women's History Month.

Master of Ceremonies was author Emmalisa Hill, who began by announcing that the evening was dedicated to writers and poets of the Ukraine. The room was filled with sunflowers, their national flower.

Reader Judith Pfeffer began by reading a selection by the renowned Agatha Christie. Lorelei Kay read "My Grandmother Plaits my Hair at the End of the World," by Shivane Ramlochan. Linda Boruff read an abridged Polish folktale, "The Jolly Tailor Who Became King," by Lucia Merecka Borski, and Debbie Joy Rubio did a powerful performance reading of a poem by Anastasia Dmitruk, "Never We Will Be Brothers." Poet Robert Keith Young read poems by his mother, Bonnie Young, a former Poet Laureate of San Luis Obispo County. He also read from Linda Pastan's work. Rita Wells, in addition to setting up the refreshment table, told us facts about sunflowers, symbols of optimism and nuclear disarmament which actually absorb radioactive toxins from the environment.

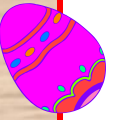
Ann Miner read from the club's state *Literary Review*, and President Dwight Norris read a poem by Meg Wheatley, "I Want to be a Ukrainian," written in 2005 to honor the Orange Revolution in Ukraine. Mary Langer Thompson read a short love poem by Lina Kostenko, a wildly popular poet and novelist in Ukraine who was censored for a number of years but is currently publishing. All that was missing seemed to be music until Anita I. Holmes sang a Ukrainian lullaby, partly in Ukrainian and partly in English. It was an evening to be long remembered.

The High Desert branch of the California Writers Club meets the second Saturday of each month at Jess Ranch Community Church in Apple Valley. Come, be a writer!



Honoring Women's History Month

Continued



Dwight Norris



Rita Wells



Emmalisa Hill



Judith Pfeffer



Anita Holmes



Linda Boruff



Lorelei Kay



Debbie Rubio



Bob Young



Mary Langer Thompson



Ann Miner



Info Table

Monday, March 14th, our club hosted a moving program in honor of Women in History Month spotlighting women of Ukraine.

On-Topic Speakers for You Gaining Ground



How Can I Get My Books Sold? Join the On-Topic Speakers



With a heavy investment of research and time, you have written your book(s)—a repository of your ideas and original point of view. You put your treasure on Amazon, where you are hoping people find it and buy it. What can you do to boost your sales? You can become a speaker who speaks to various groups (most of which will pay you) and sell your books. Think about how many authors our club has sponsored through the years. That could be you. Speaking is how you and your work become known.



How Can I Get Involved?



Contact Bob Isbill at risbill@aol.com and let him know you are interested. Send the following information to me (Mike Apodaca) at mrdaca.ma@gmail.com.

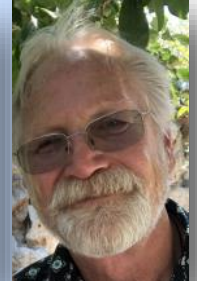
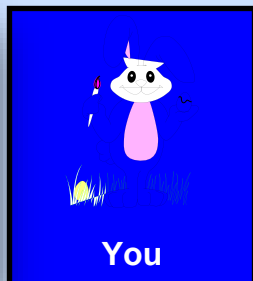
- ◆ A headshot
- ◆ A short biography (one that you would want to be introduced with)
- ◆ A list of presentations you will do with a short logline for each
- ◆ Pictures of your book covers and a short description of each book
- ◆ Any social media or website you want linked to your page



Put together your speech, including your audio visuals (PowerPoint, videos, artifacts, etc.). Practice your speech. Keep studying and become an expert on your topic. Contact Bob Isbill and see if you can practice your presentation for an audience.



We launch our On-Topic Speakers for You Website in March (we want to give our speakers a little more time to prepare). On-Topic Speakers should provide new opportunities for you to introduce yourself and your passion and to help you sell your books.



Introducing Our New *Inkslinger* Editor

Richard Zone, our new *Inkslinger* editor, has a long history in graphic arts. He taught graphic arts at the high school level and created multiple newsletters, brochures, and flyers. Richard also owned his own print shop where he grew in expertise in all facets of the industry. In the club, we know Richard from his amazing paintings (I myself won one at a club meeting). Richard will do a marvelous job with the newsletter, giving it his own personal flavor. I can hardly wait to see his first issue! Please show Richard the same generosity you have shown me. Shower him with short stories, articles, and poems. Most of all, thank him for taking on this important task. This newsletter is our face to the public.



ATTENTION AUTHORS

It's time for the Town's End Spring book selling event!

This has been a great venue to sell books. You will need a table and chair to register, but NO pop up tents.

Contact Michael Raff to reserve a day or evening spot at: mprseven@aol.com



Sunday - 4/24

Wed - 4/27

Sunday - 5/1

Wed - 5/4



Wednesday - 5/11 Jenny/Mike R

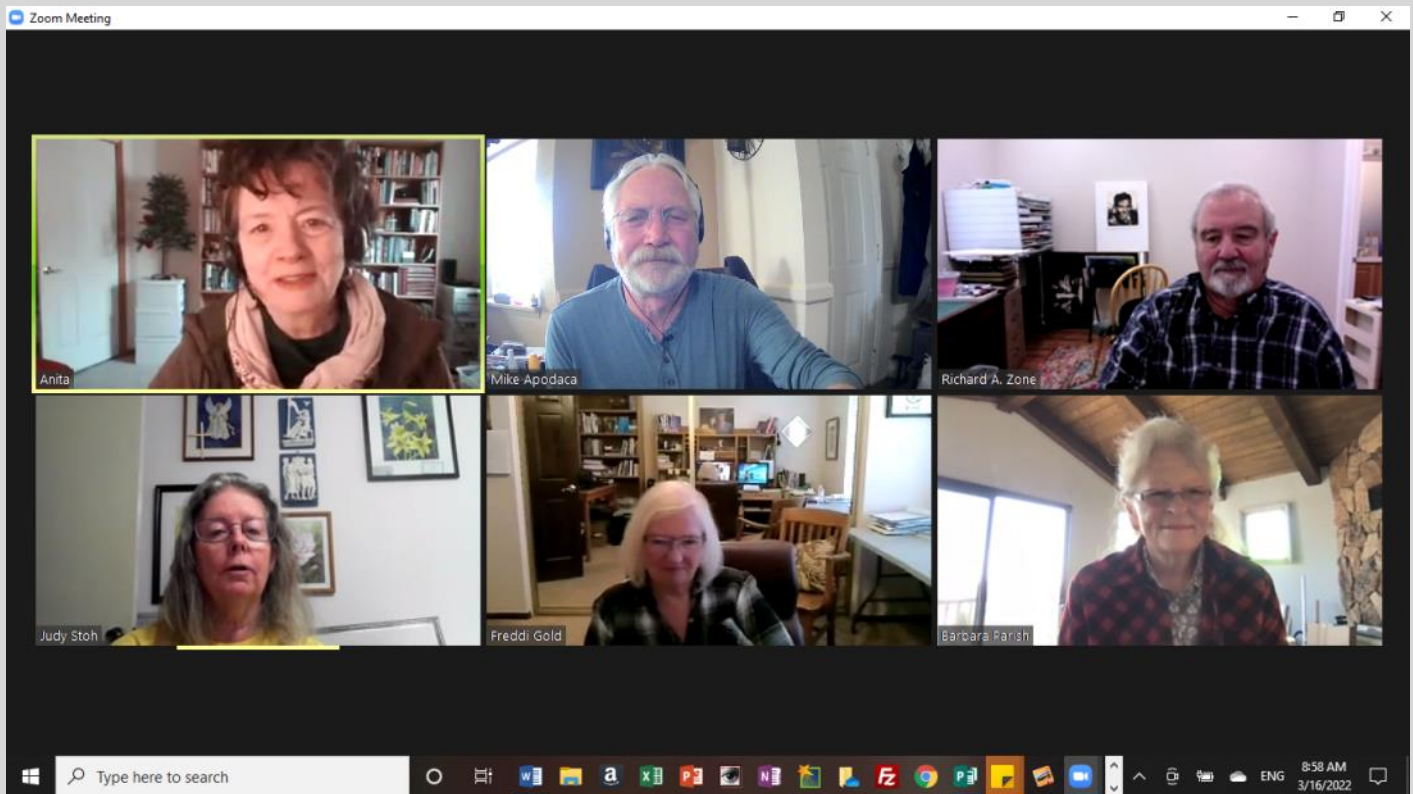
Sunday - 5/22

A shared table is only \$15.00

A whole table by yourself \$30.00



The Power of Accountability



We're in a writing club because it is nearly impossible to write well alone. We are social creatures who need each other. We need to know someone cares about us and what we're trying to accomplish with our writing. We need a fresh look at things and to learn from each other. The investment of an hour each week is well worth it.

For the last few months I've been participating in an **accountability group** started by Barbara Parrish and hosted by Anita Holmes. It's helped me to connect with others in our branch, a couple of whom I did not know before this meeting. It's also a chance to rethink my week and to set new goals for the week to come.

We talk about our writing, but we also talk about our lives. Some have been going through tough times lately, and it helps to have people who are willing to listen and sympathize.

Suggestion: Why not consider putting together your own group? Think of a few people in the HDCWC that you'd like to check in with every week. If you need help finding people with similar interests or who are writing in the same genre, you can always do a search on the MRMS. Hosting with Zoom is not hard and you can have a forty minute meeting using the free version.

Critique Group Opening: The *Mid-Week Mixed Genre* critique group switched to meeting via Zoom in March 2020. They liked it so much, they've continued to meet remotely, offering flexibility with people's work schedules, locations, and time zones. Alternate Thursdays, late afternoon / early evening. For more information, email Anita Holmes, pennedbyanita@outlook.com



Mike Apodaca



Have You Been to the Website?




There are vast resources available to all on our website. Developed and maintained with great skill by our own Roberta Smith, the HDCWC.com website is a place where our writers get what they need.



On the homepage, pictured on the right, there are multiple links that take you to the various pages. There are pages for **club information** (Club Authors, Club Meetings—past and coming, History of the club, Newsletters, Membership: How to Join, Officers, Scholastic Training Program, Special Past Events, Special Zoom Meetings, Testimonials), **the writing process** (critique groups, Dorothy C. Blakely Project, Mini-Grant Program, Personal Writing Process, Poemsmiths), **writing business** (Getting Paid, Published, Now What?, On-Topic Speakers),

Each of these pages is brimming with helpful information.

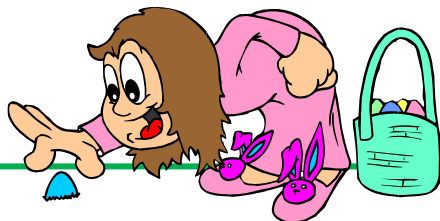


If you point your phone at the QR Code it will take you directly to the HDCWC website. Make sure you book-mark it for future use.

Roberta keeps the website up to date and the information relevant.

When I find people interested in our club, I send them to our website. Not only is there solid information about the branch, but there are also the means to join the club and pay for membership via PayPal.

It is the cooperation of all members donating some of their time that makes this a strong and healthy organization. Thank you Roberta for all you do for us.



Mike Apodaca

Poetry Month Celebration & World Book Day

April is Poetry Month and Includes World Book Day!
by Mary Langer Thompson

I love April, not only because of springtime, Easter, and Passover, but because it's National Poetry Month, founded in 1996, to show poetry's importance to our culture and lives.

Here are a couple ways you can celebrate:

Read a poem every day.

Order a free poster from the American Academy of Poets (www.poets.org).

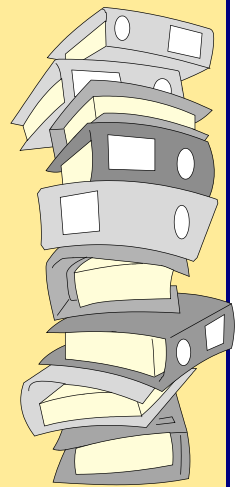
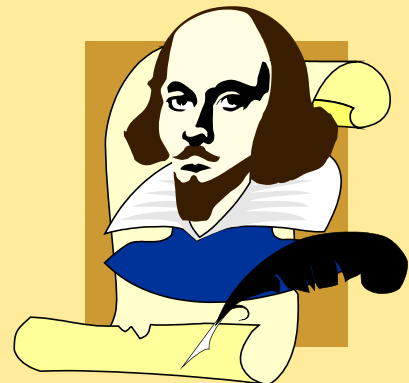
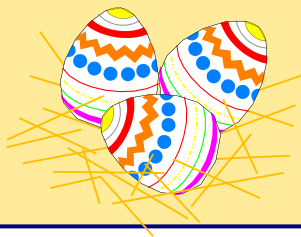
Participate in Poem in Your Pocket Day on April 29, 2022 (Google it!)

But the best way you can celebrate is to come to the Hesperia Library Community Room on April 23, 2022, from 11:00 a.m.-1:00 p.m. Come and read a poem and perhaps even write one!

Because April 23rd is also World Book Day around the world which is a day to celebrate the birth-days of both William Shakespeare and Miguel de Cervantes, the High Desert Branch of the California Writers Club wants to continue their tradition for the 11th year of giving free books, donated by local authors to our community. In the past we have given books to homeless shelters, Urgent Cares, the federal prison, and last year to the Veterans Home of California in Barstow. The purpose is to get books into the hands of those who might not have easy access to books and to spread the joy of reading.

After our poetry celebration, anyone who wants to come along can come to an as-yet-undisclosed destination in the High Desert to help distribute the books. If you are an author with a published book, please get it to Mary Langer Thompson before the 23rd of April. We desire a minimum of 20 books, only one per author. All genres welcome.

“and it's
spring
when the world is puddle-wonderful”



Doesn't This Make You Hungry?



This incredible spread from our meeting on Saturday, March 12, is the work of our talented snack organizer, Rita Wells, and her partner, Sally Ortiz. Rita and Sally come to our meetings with beautiful tablescapes, always themed around holidays.

Saturday, we had delicious cookies, cakes, and fruit. These generous women also provide coffee, bottled water, and fruit drinks. There's really something for everyone.

Putting together this kind of a snack table takes a lot of work. When Rita was away visiting family, it took five of us to replace her, and, honestly, we didn't do the job nearly as well as she and Sally do. Thank you, Rita and Sally, for shopping, chopping fruit, making coffee, arranging flowers and trinkets, arriving early, and organizing napkins and utensils into a eye-catching work of art. This is obviously a labor of love and we all deeply appreciate it.



Prose

The Girl From Desert Hot Springs

by Gary Layton

In the days of my youth, I dated a girl from Desert Hot Springs. I have no clue how I met a girl that far from the Riverside area and took her out on a date, but I did date a Native American girl from the Morongo Tribe in the Banning area so possibly I met her during my times of being around the area.

We had a nice time; we went out for dinner and dancing. Later that evening we just drove around and looked at the sights. We ended up parked on a peak overlooking the desert and were talking and enjoying each other's company. During her conversation she started telling me about one of the areas that we could see from where we were. She was telling me about an evening when she was out here and a cigar-shaped craft came flying over. It hovered for a while and then landed.

She described how these golden-skinned, golden-haired people wore wrinkle-free clothes and came out and escorted her into the craft. She described the people and the craft, but I wasn't able to absorb too much of it because the *Twilight Zone* music was playing so loud in my head that it was drowning her out. Everybody knows that aliens are green not golden. Another thing that stayed with me was the comment about their clothes. If you are my age, you will understand what I mean. If you are from the perma-press generation you will not understand.

When I was young our clothing was either wool or cotton. If you sat down your clothes would be wrinkled when you stood up. The only way to keep this from happening was to starch your shirts. You would have to use heavy starch on the shirts to keep them from wrinkling and this heavy starching would make them stiff and feel like cardboard. This made your dress shirts very uncomfortable.

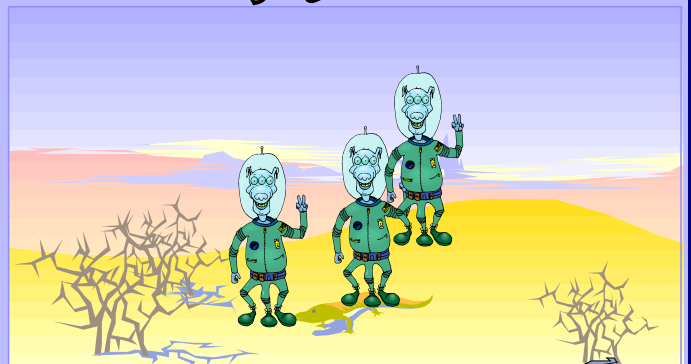
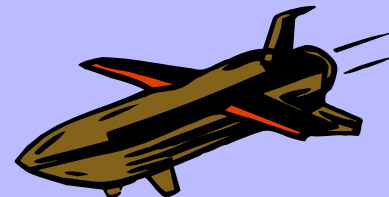


When she made the statement about their clothes not wrinkling, I knew she was in la-la land. I decided that I needed to get this girl home immediately. I took her straight home, dropped her off, said goodbye and never looked back. I didn't leave her any contact information and never saw the girl again.

A few years later I married and joined the Riverside Fire Department. One morning I came home from work and my wife showed me a new shirt she had just purchased for me. I commented it was nice and didn't think any more of it. She started wadding the shirt up in a little ball and I said, "What are you doing? You are going to have to iron it again." She just smiled and threw it in the dryer and pulled it out a few minutes later and there wasn't a wrinkle in it.

My mind drifted back to the girl from Desert Hot Springs. My God! I impugned that poor girl, perhaps in error. My hasty judgment kept me from dating a nice girl who was fun to be around. She would have been an interesting person to be around and my stubbornness ruined what could have been a great relationship. Because of the experience I have found that I am much less judgmental and more open minded.

I guess the little green men actually are golden.



HOW I SPENT MY BIRTHDAY

by Diane Neil

I just got out of the hospital, and I'm still recovering from the celebration of my 88th birthday. But I'm getting ahead of myself. Let me back up a bit.

March 7th was my 88th birthday. Duncan and I celebrated it quietly with dinner at home, a cake and flowers and phone calls from the kids.

Then, on March 16th, four cars of relatives drove up, honking their horns at the gate to give me a surprise birthday party. No one had called to warn us of this invasion that occurred at seven in the morning when we were still sleeping. We got up, groggy and in our pajamas, and put some coffee on.

Immediately they all piled in and took over the house, which only has two bedrooms and two bathrooms. They brought in all their suitcases and belongings and plunked their stuff all over the house. Duncan and I ended up on an air mattress on the living room floor, which was crowded with other people, who took over the couches.

These people knew we are pretty good cooks, and they brought raw ingredients for us to cook while they turned on the TV and snooped all over the house, looking in the cupboards and closets. We did our best to accommodate them for the three days they were here, but as soon as they left, I had a nervous breakdown and spent four days in the hospital.

Do you believe this story? Well, I made it up. April Fool!

We really had a wonderful visit from my daughter and son-in-law, who brought all the food and goodies and waited on us hand and foot.

THE END



Owl and Cricket

by
fumi-tome ohta

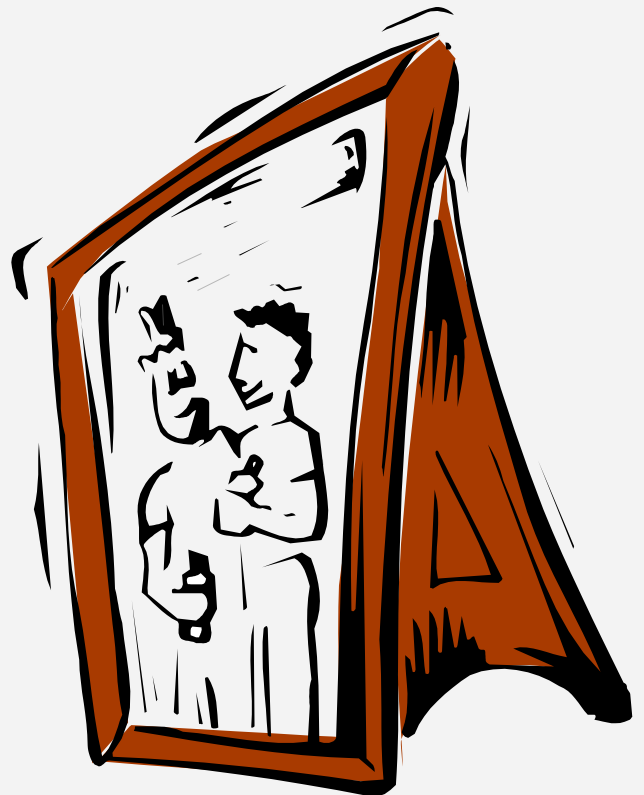
I have a friend, she's a cricket and guess what, her name's Cricket. Cricket calls me 'Barnie' because I'm an owl and because I study all the time. We've been friends since grade school. Cricket is fulfilling her dream of becoming a concert violinist. As for me, I'm going after my doctorate in Aerial Mastery of the Dynamic Columbas (pigeons).

We didn't notice it at the time but as we grew older, we talked less, smiled less, shared our lives less and less, everything that made us "us" into someone neither of us knew anymore. As we continued on with our lives, we started finding faults, nit-picking and accusing each other of petty issues such as she buying full-roasted coffee knowing I can only drink caffeine free or my making potato salad and accidentally adding peas when I knew she hated peas. One day it came to a head. We'd been slamming doors one after another as figurines slid off the shelves and pictures fell off the wall, one in particular, a favorite photo of her and I. We froze as we stared at the jagged pieces of glass and our photograph. We stood there in shock for a few minutes. Cricket wondered aloud, "What's the matter with us?" She asked this as if speaking to a spiritual karma in the air. Our eyes locked as our posturing slowly softened.

What happened that we were so happy for each other's growing success and now we were bickering. And even as we were wishing the best for each other, there was a wedge growing and festering in our minds and heart. What was it? I think we both knew it but we kept pushing that one thing away, a fear so strong it would have killed the love we had for each other. That fear was our friendship. As our careers and lives blossomed, in a way, we knew deep down that we were saying goodbye to our friendship and to each other. What a stupid thing to think that our friendship can and must end as the fork in the road of life splits us into totally separate paths.

Cricket and I talked and for once, we listened. We each knew of someone akin to a dandelion seed in the breeze that the wind set the person on their journey. The "dandelion" flew away but would come home at times. Although the dandelion came home, she only came to say "hello" then turned to say goodbye as the door closed. Cricket and I talked further as we laid our fears on the table. Will we really be okay in the future? Will we still be the silly, giddy "us"? Cricket and I agreed that we didn't know for sure but for now, we promised that she'll still be my Cricket and I'll still be her Barnie.

Will it be enough?
For now, it is.



Lonely Children

By Denny Stanz

*I never learned to say
The words you wanted to hear
Somehow childhood experiences
Kept my feelings frozen inside*

*I wonder if I ever thought
About "thawing out"
But even today I am not sure
If I knew what my feelings really were*

*Sometimes I'll come home at night
And think I'll call you
Only to remember
You're not there anymore*

*That house on the hill
Once so filled with family and friends
Now so empty and barren
A receptacle for memories that won't go away*

*We came to visit you this summer
The bright sun could not warm the cold chill in our bodies
You weren't alone anymore
The ground beside you held your lifelong partner*

*We talked about you, unbelieving
Orphaned adults alone in the world
With no where to go for comfort
Seeking solace in each other's tears*

*And so we walked away together
Wondering when we would return
Perhaps to walk away alone
Now just one of the lonely children*



Not in Kansas Anymore

By
Freddi Gold

The ranch-style house where we lived was still and quiet that night as I lay in bed, fully dressed—no sheets on the mattress and just a heavy wool blanket over me. Darkness surrounded me as a moth flitted by my ear for a moment. I quickly pawed in the dark to brush it away. How much longer would it be?

My thoughts drifted to school, to my teacher, who refused to call me by my full first name like the others did. Instead, she used my nick-name, Fritz. I liked that. My hair had changed from light, sunny blonde to an almost auburn color that cold winter in New York. An image of Baron appeared behind my closed eyes. Our black Doberman Pincher was somewhere, travelling to where we would end up, but I didn't know how or wonder too long about that.

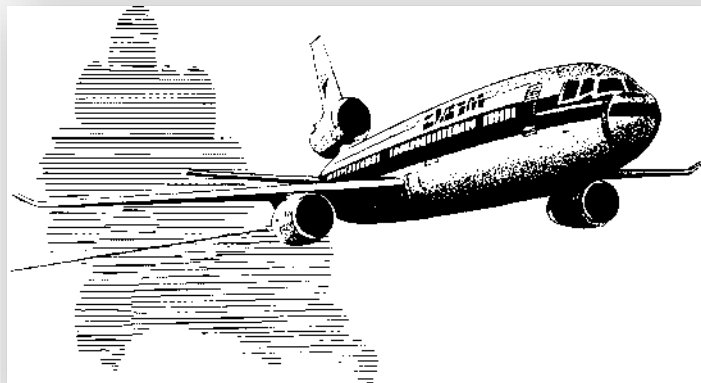
Mom quietly entered the room, a shaft of light from the hallway sliding in. "Help me get the boys together", she said softly. "It's time for us to go."

Grandpa was in the living room and the house was so empty and hollow sounding as Mom with her big, eight months pregnant belly poked and prodded us into winter jackets, caps and hats and gloves and funneled us out to the Ford "Woody" station wagon. The February night was crisp and very cold. Stars dotted the dark cloak that surrounded us as we drifted off to sleep, the adults chatting in the front and the rhythm of the tires on country roads lulling us safely into dreamland.

The bright lights inside the huge airport building and the steady stream of voices made me swivel my head in amazement. I looked up at the high ceilings and back down at the commotion of travelers moving about. Mom was consumed with keeping the boys close and not losing any of us. She was swaddled in extra clothes, making herself look very fat. She'd read that they might not let her travel, as pregnant as she was. She thought if she made herself look fat, they wouldn't notice that she was pregnant.

We filed into the fuselage of the large airplane and I pushed past John to get a window seat. He complained loudly about that, but my dad hushed us and told John to sit in the middle. I smiled secretly at that. Struggling to stay awake, to see more, I felt the plane taxi and the propellers hum and before long sleep covered me like a warm blanket.

Six hours passed. Light from the small window begged my eyes to open. The sky was so blue and I sat up to look out. The beautiful, dark blue ocean stretched to the horizon. Here and there the white caps of waves lifted and fell, lifted and fell. John leaned over my shoulder, and I let him.



Not in Kansas Anymore

by
Freddi Gold

The stewardess interrupted our reverie by asking if we would like some orange juice, then a cinnamon roll which we gleefully enjoyed. I looked outside again as the color of the ocean changed to turquoise. Then, there, something bright green. "John, look! I exclaimed excitedly, look!"

The island seemed so small. How would we get down there? The lower the plane flew, the more excited we became. Mountains and fields came into view all in varying shades of green. Then a beach, palm trees and soon we were flying over rooftops and . . . what was that? Was that a castle? No... a fort, with turrets and bricks and what looked like a cannon. The green grass outside the fort tumbled down into the rocks and splashing waves from the ocean.

The plane touched the runway and sped past the trees eventually decreasing speed until we turned and slowly pulled up to a long building. Some men with brown shirts pushed a metal set of stairs up to the side of the plane. The door of the plane opened and under Dad's watchful eye we walked carefully down the aisle.

As I stood in the doorway looking out, I was in Wonderland. What magical, different place had we come to? Mom said, "Oh, smell the coffee? I can smell coffee everywhere". I was too preoccupied with sound. "What was that sound?" I asked everyone. They ignored me. Uncle Freddie, Mom's brother came running to greet us all. "What's that noise?" I asked again and again. It annoyed me that no one seemed to know what I was talking about. It was like a background sizzling-in-a-frying pan kind of sound mixed with clicks and chirps and pops and cooing. I had never heard this sound before.

My uncle drove us to a house. It was a bright, chalky orange color surrounded by flowering hedges all around the yard. I was given a room with a metal headboard on the bed and a metal three-drawer dresser. Mom and Dad said not to unpack my suitcase. We wouldn't be there long. All the windows had wooden shutters. No glass and no screens. I could see birds outside and that night I slept deeply.

I woke to sun pouring in the window, broken by the leaves of bushes outside and red hibiscus flowers. Sitting up in bed, I stretched. It was so beautiful and the omnipresent annoying sound had faded away. I realized that the insects and birds and pink *coquis* made all that racket. I was proud I had figured that mystery out on my own. I felt so grown up and independent. This was a new part of my decade long life. Happily, I looked around the room and then to the dresser and then my suitcase below it. A foot long grey iguana was happily perched on top, exercising its red throat by billowing out and back in again and doing push-ups. DAAAAAAD, I screamed. DAAAAAAD!



Welcome to Puerto Rico, 1953.

Poetry

WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE

Aylin Belle Amie
December 3, 2020



Water under the bridge . . .
Trickles soft blissful musings
of rose colored nostalgia.
 “How sweet it was,”
 the river gentle whispers.
Water under the bridge . . .
 Comes in torrents,
To pull away regret and pain.
 Swiftly it flows,
 And cries out, “it is over”.

Water under the bridge . . .
 shows faces that float by,
who played, laughed, and cried together.
 It soothes as it serenades,
 “You touched me.”
Water under the bridge . . .
carries my bubbling emotions
destined to reach another.
 “I feel you”,
says the inheritor of my soul.

BEGINNING after COVID

June 09, 2021
Aylin Belle Amie

*Awakening light
of humanity flourish,
our life reopens.*



Why Editing Makes Me Hungry by Anita I. Holmes



poetry goulash
some poems dry—others squidged
pass the Tabasco



I've oft' considered
the merits of interning
at deli counters

hopefully I'd learn
where to cut the baloney
and just wrap it up



editing this work's
like preparing Pepper Pot
finely dicing tripe



Spring Songs by Aylin Belle Arnie

SPRING SONGS

By Aylin Belle Arnie. May 21, 2021

*On a sunlit stage
A floral mauve nirvana
Speaks in wistful waves.*

*Yellow flowers glaze
Fragile Palo Verde trees—
Pallets of brilliance*

*Pale pink blossoms
Cover bracing blue heaven
New emergence chimes.*



Poetry

Docent Heart

By Rusty LaGrange

When the spirit calls me, I want to leave my dusty
woven Indian rug on the wall,
my best antique wall phone right next to it, and the bust
of a slave boy my daughter handcrafted.
Found items that must have a new home are waiting in storage.
My parlor oil heater with its carburetor and
a hand-cranked assay grinder –
these treasures are priceless to me.

I want to leave my cast iron cornbread pan shaped like a boot,
and from under the sink, clean out the array of Clorox spray bottles –
the bottles that refuse to spritz.

I want to leave the lantern and garden plow
that hang on the weathered wall. They live there. Don't move them.
I'm also leaving the last arm of my 180-year-old cactus
replanted from the wild hillsides of San Dimas,
not the dead Christmas pine that gave up on us.

I want to leave drippy barbeque chicken wings,
and munchie pretzels, "Cowboys Never Cry" and
"The Answer is Blowing in the Wind."
Anthems we once all lived by.
I leave as well Thanksgiving to those who love food fights
and bestow blessings on Blanca, Colorado, and some
outback station in Western Australia.
I still want to go there in another life.

I want to leave memories of our mom and dad
on our Sunday drives through hours of boredom
and "she touched me" spats with my sister,
and "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star" and Mom's guiding words:
"Don't touch everything; use your eyes, little one."
I'm leaving the old familiar items kept out of harm's way
while we wait for our local museum to erect an actual building.
Someone has to be the curator of our lives... and I am the Docent.

Poetry

Wisteria Frenzy

Lorelei Kay

**Vines veer skyward
spiraling on lattice walls
curling, climbing aloft**

**Tendrils twist toward sunlight
dancing counterclockwise
at spring's frantic pace**

**Blossoms burst and sway
flutter in morning breeze
perfuming garden air**

**Purple pulses outward
a hundred petaled fingers
wave enchanted welcomes**

**Multi mini blues
lavender lilac and mauves
hum rhapsodies in bloom**

**Spring sings with wisteria's
floral chorus
clamoring for celebration**

Previously published in Eucalyptus & Rose Literary Magazine

(Photo by Lorelei Kay)



Poetry

MIRROR IMAGES IN OTHER LIFETIMES

Aylin belle Amie
May 1, 2021

I.

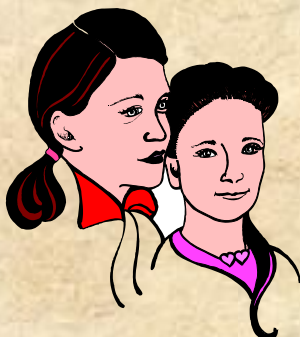
*Years ago in a hospital,
as a fledgling nurse in a white dress,
I tended to an elderly patient.
Who waited . . . as our exchange of energies,
Sweet and cheerful, helped us both.*

*Today, a half a century later,
I'm the senior in a surgical suite,
Who waited . . . as a young nurse comforted
me with her gentle soft manner.
I saw myself in her . . .
a mirror image of a younger me.*

II.

*Six years ago I went where no man goes:
to the unearthly heat of our Phoenician city.
My move was a welcome adventure.
Delighted in the opportunity of discovery,
I was oblivious to hardships . . .
Pure enthusiasm reigned*

*On a visit to Phoenix as a retiree,
breezes saved me, as sizzling climes melted nostalgia.
Vast pastel buildings and streets tested me to enter.
It mimicked a sci-fi film, dauntingly dimmed my fond view.
Until I saw my self's earlier joy . . .
reflected in smiles of eager young.*



Left Overtures

By Rusty LaGrange

Tryptophan

Turkey feast;

I'm asleep.

Ease the belt

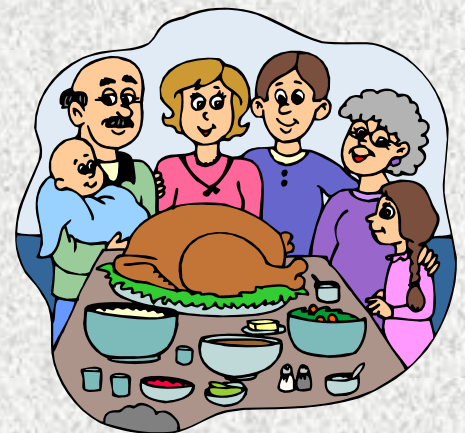
Biggest belch;

Wait for dawn.

Start again

Dig in now!

Leftovers.



MOSS LANDING

By Rusty LaGrange

Days loom dark and smudged through the mist.
Hear a muffled clang of a whaler's bell. Ol' Captain Moss
fights for fresh air then climbs the cliffs of Moss Landing
—a once and industrious bay.

We hear the early morning scows come in
through fog so steel-gray thick you can't
cut it with a knife—it is the blade.
Bone-chilling winds rip the warmth from your mouth.
We wonder how anyone could live here, but
swear someone called our names.

Centuries of iron waves still pummel like battering rams.
Rotted timbers refuse to hold back the sea.
Broken down by shipwrecks just beyond the reef,
its whaling station and cannery row, remnants now.
Tattered nets hang on faded clapboard houses.

Again, a muffled clang of a whaler's bell draws
visitors to crunch down the gravel walk to the historic wharf.
A lone harbor seal refuses to leave the pier,
eyes too old to see beyond the waves.

Crusted brine, like stepping from a *Sea Wolf* chapter,
Ol' Captain Moss whittled 'til dusk, settled in his rocker,
eyebrows knotted like the fishing nets hung on the pier,
his salty beard split and twisted like two tusks.

The foghorn clears its throat like the old man.
Seagulls have killed the grassy patches of Moss Landing and
while the dredges groan all night to clear the haggard harbor,
by morning it's still not the beachfront postcard view, but
the bleary-eyed Old Salt with a drinking problem.

Poetry

Mahalo

by
fumi-tome ohta

It's a beautiful time of year

A person I know

Is like Spring time

Easter

rabbits, always happy

energetic

Lilies

vibrant in blossoms

a standout in every garden

Dyes

colorful? You betcha!

non toxic

permanent in application

Uplifting

team player

go-getter

infectious spirit

Sadly,

**as all good things must come to an
end**

(what an annoying cliché'!)

Easter

rabbits

lilies and dyes

Mahalo, editor Mike Apodaca

with you being a really tall guy

by stepping aside

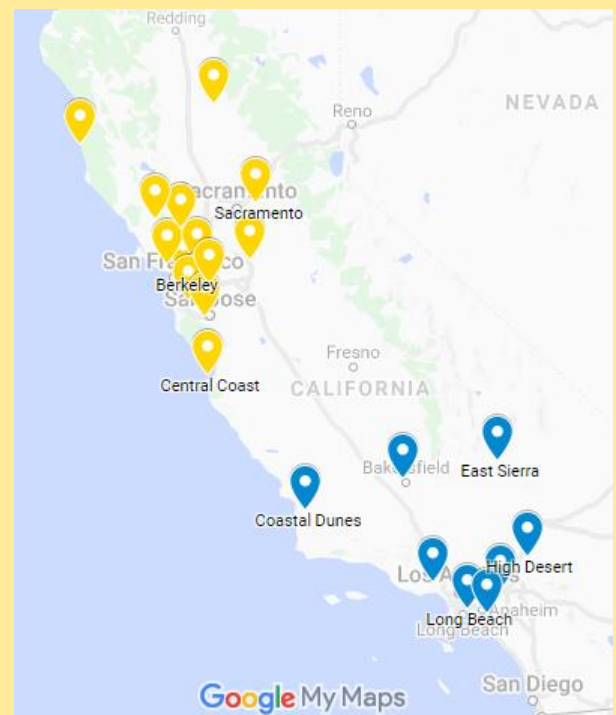
**you've really left a big footprint in
the sand**

Mahalo, to you also, fumi-tome ohta. Your support has helped me. We all make a difference when we decide to act. May Spring bring you many flowers.

More Choices

Because HDCWC (our local branch of) has been making our meetings available throughout the club (thanks to Bob Isbill), the club leadership has noticed and wants to spread this throughout the writing clubs across California. To encourage this they have set up a special calendar to make us all aware of the meetings being held at different clubs. We will be able to tap into speakers presenting at other branches as well as our own.

The web address for the calendar is
<https://calwriters.org/events-month/>



Poetry

Maynard Dixon: Found

I found it.
There, among the trappings
of a family who left belongings.
Leaning against a used dryer
and a box of ornaments.
The master's hand called
and claimed a home in my heart.
It leaned, framed and smudged
with years of grime across
brushstrokes lovingly placed.
A rendering so finely executed:
I bought it.
The master's work holds a place
– in my heart and a coveted niche –
in the Palm Springs Gallery.
Saved from obscurity: you can see it.
Yes, I found a masterpiece.



~*~ *Rusty LaGrange*

(my original photo)

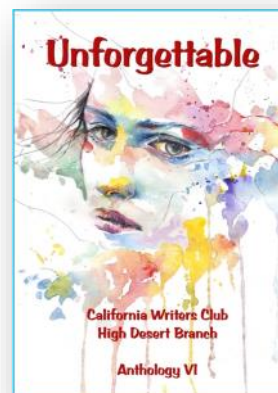
Events Ahead > Book Fairs & more

APRIL — MAY ACTIVITIES

April 5	9:00 Board Meeting
April 6	8:00 Accountability Meeting
April 9	10:00 HDCWC Club Meeting
April 13	8:00 Accountability Meeting
April 14	3:30 Poemsmiths Meeting
April 17	Easter Sunday
April 20	8:00 Accountability Meeting
April 23	World Book Night
April 23	5:00 Poetry Hesperia Library
April 23	<i>Inkslinger</i> Deadline
April 24	9:00 Town's End
April 26	6:00 ACT II Zoom Meeting
April 27	8:00 Accountability Meeting
April 27	5:00 Town's End
April 28	3:30 Poemsmiths Meeting
May 1	9:00 Town's End
May 4	5:00 Town's End
May 4	8:00 Accountability Meeting
May 11	10:00 Town's End
May 11	8:00 Accountability Meeting
May 12	3:30 Poemsmiths Meeting
May 14	10:00 HDCWC Club Meeting
May 18	8:00 Accountability Meeting
May 22	10:00 Town's End
May 25	8:00 Accountability Meeting
May 26	3:30 Poemsmiths Meeting
May 31	6:00 Act 2 Meeting

If you have a special group meeting regularly and would like to open it up to the membership, please contact Mike Apodaca to have your group included in the calendar.

mrdaca.ma@gmail.com



Do you
have your
copy yet?



Order copies of our HDCWC anthologies for your bookshelf, gifts, or as a donation.

Titles can be found on [Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com) in hardback, softback, and ebook editions

HAPPY BIRTHDAY HDCWC MEMBERS BORN IN April!

April 22 Therese Moore

Other Famous April Birthdays:

Max Ernst, Anne Waldman; 3 Vanna Bonta; 4 Maya Angelou; 7 William Wordsworth; 8 Barbara Kingsolver, Miller Williams; 11 Dorothy Allison, Ilya Kaminsky, Mark Strand; 13 Samuel Ulman; 16 Tracy K. Smith, Mary Ruefle; 18 Kathy Acker, Joy Davidman, Bob Kaufman, Etheridge Knight; 21 Charlotte Bronte, Gerald Early; 22 Louis Gluck; 23 Edwin Markham, Coleman Barks, William Shakespeare; 24 Robert Penn Warren, George Oppen; 25 Ted Koosier; 26 Natasha Trethewey; 27 Patricia Lockwood, F. Belknap Long; 29 Rod McKuen, Yusef Komunyakaa; 30 John Crowe Ransom, Harry Brown.



"Writers Accountability"

Accountability makes it sound as if people are going to shame you if you don't keep up your writing. This is NOT what happens on Wednesday mornings.

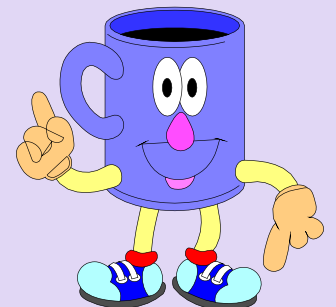
What does happen is writers get to talk and listen to other writers. Everyone gets a chance to share what they're working on and what goals they have for the next week. Sometimes, we talk about other things (gardening, life stuff, etc.). We are more than our writing, after all.

If you are looking for a safe place to get encouragement for your writing and a supportive group of friends who will cheer you on, this is the group for you.

Zoom call each Wednesday morning at 8:00 am

Zoom meeting ID: 985 7081 6164

Password: 216757



MEMBER SERVICES



Dorothy C. Blakely



The DCB Memoir Project is alive and well. The committee met recently to discuss the guidelines being written for the project and to plan an upcoming project with Barstow College and the Veterans' Home.

project and to plan an upcoming project with Barstow College and the Veterans' Home.

Take advantage of your membership benefits

Free advertising and free posting of your book titles, your latest project, your free PR author's webpage and other free and fantastic benefits!

Because you belong to CWC High Desert branch.

Contact a board member, or our webmaster, Roberta Smith.

Or review your Benefits Booklet online at:
www.HDCWC.com

OUR OWN YOUTUBE CHANNEL

Here's the link to the channel:

<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UC28XLtEK5oBNq5gW2Zy1ssg>

Do you provide a service that could benefit other writers?

Send a JPEG file of your business card or ad to retiredzone@gmail.com

We'll advertise it free of charge!

From the Temporary Editor



Temporary Editor

For a year now I've been calling myself the Temporary Editor of *The Inkslinger*. I was happy to step in when needed to keep this fine publication alive, but I never intended to carry it for more than a year.

I'm beyond happy that Richard Zone has agreed take over the reins and be the new editor of this important publication.

It's been an absolute delight to serve in this capacity. I am so grateful for the constant support: submissions, editing, and warm pats on the back. When I made mistakes, you were always forgiving.

The HDCWC is a terrific organization and I'm thrilled to be a part of it. I'm not going anywhere. You'll see me at meetings and gatherings and I hope to continue in my role as vice president (we'll see how the elections go). There are plenty of projects to keep me busy. And, if I ever get any time, I might just write. God bless you all.

Mike Apodaca



Mike Apodaca

Submitting to *The Inkslinger* is easy. Use Microsoft Word, single-spaced, 11-point Arial font, please. The email address for submissions is retiredzone@gmail.com. Articles and stories between 200 to 500 words are accepted. Photos, poetry, and drawings are always welcome. Please avoid sending items that are embedded in other media (like Word files). Call me to discuss an article or idea: 760-985-7107.

Submit May items by April 23rd
Submit June items by May 23rd