



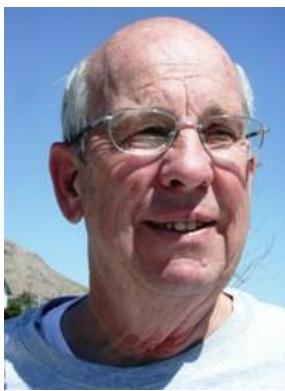
INKSLINGER

HIGH DESERT BRANCH CWC

SAIL ON

FEBRUARY

The California Writer's Club (CWC) shall foster professionalism in writing, promote networking of writers with the writing community, mentor new writers, and provide the literary support for writers and the writing community as is appropriate through education and leadership



The President's **P O V** Bob Isbill

When I'm lining up a guest speaker, it's great to be able to answer in the affirmative when they ask, "Do you have a PowerPoint projector?" or "Do you have an audio system with lapel microphones available?"

Having a healthy treasury is one thing that makes the difference between being outstanding or being mediocre.

It's true in clubs and it's true in business. Money and staff. Those are most important in providing quality to clients.

I know the High Desert Branch provides superb class meetings to our membership. The proof is in the pudding, and our attendance is bulging every month. We started off the new year with 105 people present in January! Twenty-eight were visitors who want to know what's going on in this writers' club.

If you think the quality is going to die away, just go online and take a look at the Events Page of www.hdcwc.org.

Now, here's the rub.

These meetings don't just materialize out of thin air and with a magic wand. People are working behind the scenes in some capacity or the other all month.

To maintain those high standards and to continue bringing you a terrific environment to meet

other writers, to network, and to enhance your own personal development, we need help. I'm asking you to please look in this issue of the Inkslinger and check out our "Help Wanted" listing of jobs.

Take a look and figure out what you can do by taking on the responsibility of one of those tasks. If you have a question pertaining to its duties, email me and we'll discuss it.

We've got awesome things happening, so be a part of it by chipping in some of your time and effort.

Come on! Be a writer.

NEW ANTHOLOGY SLATED FOR 2012

At its last meeting the HD CWC Board voted to produce a 2012 anthology of our members' writings. This is just a "heads up" to remind you that we anticipate publishing before the end of the year and that means each of you will need to polish your piece and have it ready when the editor(s) put out the call to send in your work. Freddi Gold volunteered to edit this volume while Roberta Smith stepped up to offer assistance as needed. A "style sheet" – you remember that phrase, don't you? – will be formulated by Freddi and Roberta and published so each of the submissions is uniform in format.

Once that's done, the project should move fairly rapidly, so let's all be ready to roll when the word comes down that the editors are taking submissions.

We will keep you informed via the *Inkslinger* and the HD CWC Website as this program moves along.

Keep on writing!

ECONOMICS OF SELF-PUBLISHING

By Frances Smith Savage

It's always special when members of our club take the time and effort to bring to the members and guests their knowledge of self-publishing. That is exactly what happened Saturday January 14, 2012 at the HDCWC meeting with 105 in attendance, a record in itself. Roberta Smith and Jim Elstad gave us so much information, it will be impossible to record all of it in this article.

We all know that Naomi insists that we adhere to her instructions regarding the monthly *Inkslinger*. So in Arial and 11 point type, single spaced without bold or italics I'll send this article that will surely be less than 700 words.

ROBERTA SMITH

To bring out the highlights Roberta started the Power Point series by listing some information on self-publishing publishers and their charges that vary a great deal.

Author House packages range from \$599 to \$1,999.

Dog Ear Publishing offers packages from \$1,099 to \$3,499.

Outskirts Press packages go from \$199 to \$1,099.

CreateSpace vary from \$248 to \$4,853 and you don't have to buy packages.

It goes without saying that we should beware to make sure you know what you're getting with the packages. Roberta continued by saying, "The package is for publishing your book. Find out what you'll have to pay to get copies of your book down the road and what the retail price of your book will be. Read the contract. You don't want to sign your rights away."

Roberta chose CreateSpace for her books, and she has written three: "The Secret of Lucianne Dove", "Chapel Playhouse", and has just completed her third, "The Accordo". She writes Fictional Horror books. To view the entire program, visit the HDCWC site, and click on Tools for Authors. Roberta shows just how to go about publishing your book on CreateSpace. Step by step she walks you through the entire procedure.

Simply have your book completed, edit it yourself, and either hire or have a knowledgeable friend edit it. When the book is ready for publishing, click on createspace.com and after you have answered all the questions, formatted your book and within three weeks you will have your book. "Never been easier, check into each package, read

the contract and remember small packages do e-books." Roberta said as she began her program.

(*PLEASE NOTE that four days after Roberta gave her presentation, CreateSpace made a change to their service and eliminated Pro Plan. Roberta's presentation has been revised and it is the revised presentation that can be found on the club website under "Tools for Authors".*)

JIM ELSTAD

He spoke on CWC Pathways Committee and he is our representative for the entire club throughout California. "Their site reads 'under construction,' and it may never be completed, but CWC wants to help writers get published." Jim said.

"They will always try to point you in the right directions, but won't join you in your projects. If you have questions, contact your mentor, and that's me," he said. "If you're ready to publish, you're at a crossroads. The organization also evaluates speakers."

On the same website as mentioned above, type in HDCWC, then click on "Tools for Authors", and click on "Self-Publishing Comparison" by Jim Elstad. He wrote the comparison in May of last year and compares a different set of publishers and listed their websites starting with www.authorhouse.com, then 11,999.

There you go, just a sampling of the information we received at the meeting. However if you're interested go online and check out the entire programs. You'll be amazed what is available for you at HDCWC, and you'll even see pictures of the many published authors.

PLAN NOW TO ATTEND AMIR WORKSHOP!

Limited reservations for the Nina Amir all-day workshops are available at www.hdcwc.org while they last. Ms. Amir will present "Evaluate Your Book For Success" on Saturday, April 28, 2012, and "How To Write A Short book Really Fast" on Sunday, April 29th.

Specifics are available on the Events Page of the HD CWC web site. The cost is \$35 for each day, or a discounted price of \$55 for both Saturday and Sunday. You can download an application and mail your checks to the HD CWC or opt to use the PayPal button online.

The workshops will take place at the Apple Valley Spirit River Chamber of Commerce in Apple Valley.

HELP WANTED: WEB ASSISTANT

Keeps web site current by updating one or two pages as assigned.

Training time: One hour

Time per month: 1 to 3 hours

A DIALOG WITH FEBRUARY'S SPEAKER

What does it feel like to write a first novel, publish it, and then it takes off unexpectedly and becomes extremely popular, breaking the top 100 in your genre? Here are excerpts from my correspondence with Martin Lastrapes, our guest speaker for February 11, 2012:

"I've seen the comments on Facebook about 'Inside the Outside' going up impressively to a Best Seller. Isn't that like just a dream come true.....?"

Bob

"Yes, it's completely surreal, Bob. Before I published it, I was so nervous that nobody would read it or even want to buy it. So, to see people discovering it (and enjoying it!) is the most gratifying thing in the world. It makes me all the more excited to finish my second novel, which is more than halfway complete."

Martin

Please don't miss this young man's presentation on February 11, 2012. We're in the process of also getting him for February 1, 2012 to speak at the Hesperia Library on "Laying Out a Novel".

At our general membership meeting on February 11, 2012, he will present "Character development: How to create the illusion of flesh and blood on the page."

PRISON PROGRAM CONTINUES TO MATURE

The HD CWC volunteers for the Federal prison writing workshops recently participated in critiquing the works of the prisoners. The suggestions and remarks were accepted with great appreciation by inmates. Dwight Norris, author of "The Gentleman Host", Mary Langer Thompson, Rusty LaGrange and Robert Isbill critiqued.

Mary Thompson had given them an assignment to write a piece using 8 words within their effort. Four inmates read their results, which the HDCWC members thought were amazing poetry. One of the

men wrote and read an impressive article about leadership.

Roberta Smith's PowerPoint presentation on indie publishing was shown, and the tape recording of her program played.

Martin Lastrapes, who will speak at the Hesperia Library at 5:45 pm to 7 pm on February 1, 2012, is scheduled to talk to the prisoners earlier that day.

The workshops, which began on November 3, 2011 consist of HD CWC volunteers who share their knowledge of the craft of writing and marketing their work, plus guest speakers from time to time who also make themselves available for our members at subsequent local meetings.

Anyone interested in volunteering to be a supportive part of this project, or is interested in finding more about it should contact Bob Isbill at risbill@aol.com.

AN INVITATION TO JOIN WITH OTHER BLOGGERS

Interested in blogging? A blog needs incoming traffic. The best way to acquire traffic to your blog is to connect with other bloggers. Consider connecting with other High Desert bloggers. How?

1. Join HDCWC members Angie Horn and Rusty LaGrange from 9:00 am until 12:00 Noon for the High Desert Bloggers Meetup at Bodacious Bundts, 17051 Main Street, Hesperia on the last Saturday every month. The Meetup is FREE! Bodacious Bundts' pastries and coffee are not.
 2. Follow High Desert Blogging on Facebook at <http://www.facebook.com/angie.hdb> and "Like" us.
 3. Subscribe to High Desert Blogging at <http://highdesertblogging.com/>
Submit an article, short story, or poem on <http://highdesertblogging.com>, or let us interview you. We'll publish the interview on our blog. For more information, contact Angie at realmcangi@gmail.com.
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Journalists do not live by words alone, although sometimes they have to eat them.

Adlai Stevenson

ANOTHER LOOK AT OUR HATM 2011 CONFERENCE

(This continues, and concludes, the series of articles by Fran Savage featuring our speakers at this year's Writers' Conference)

Back to HDCWC Conference on October 1, 2011. Robert Kirk introduced the second speaker Linda Cowgill, and she spoke on the emotional pattern of plot.

"Plotting your screenplay and your novel is important to both. Emphasis should be on the strength of the plot. Scripts need to be plotted in terms of action, exposition and emotion. Action should be aggressive." Cowgill said, and she had our attention right from the beginning.

She continued explaining, "Exposition is the information of your story. How you plot it out, tell the audience what is going on because your audience needs some information. Emotion is because you want the audience to care and stories should be filled with emotion. Action should move your story forward. The protagonist wants something and will take action to get it. He must meet with conflict.

"Understand your characters and the tension. If things are too easy no one will finish reading the book, and when it's over it must mean something. The deeper the theme, and how the character ends the dilemma."

She continued and explained plot further and the importance of it. "Plot is the management of information. It is the arrangement of events to achieve an intended effect. Working toward a climax where you bring the forces that have been in conflict together. A story doesn't need a climax, a novel does, and there must be conflict. Remember the shortest story 'baby shoes for sale, never worn!'

"The reader needs to understand the character's motivations and you can heighten the stakes by showing what's important to the character. Action may frame the plot but how the characters respond to the action and conflict conveys meaning to the audience. Pile on more, make it more difficult and try to break your characters to find out what they're made of.

"Remember effective plotting relies on action and emotion, the cause and its effect to achieve its specific point." She continued, and we were not ready for her to stop. Listening as she explained the art of writing and screenplays made us want to go home and see if we could follow her lead.

IS YOUR BUSINESS CARD WORKING FOR YOU

By Rusty LaGrange

When you first meet someone who shows interest in your newest book, do you hand over your business card as if it was a three-day old fish? Or do you enthusiastically shake their hand and offer your card, pointing out the extra information on the back? And, while you have their full attention, do you tell them to keep it for future resource?

That's what a well-planned business card can do. Promote. Gain interest. Become a resource. Some new author's choose an Author's Marketing Package with their self-publishing contract. The publisher offers you the basics --- a color business card, a promotional postcard, bookmarks and flyers --- the usual deal. Choose wisely and make a plan so your materials will truly work for you. Be proactive and don't let them design your marketing plan materials.

I'll soon be launching a new book and I want my marketing to work harder than I do. I'm planning ahead to contact potential readers and buyers in my niche. I've even reached a few masters in the field that will review my book. But I'm nervous about my overall packaging.

Here are a few tips I've learned:

Tip One: Your business card defines more than the book title and your name. It's a reflection of your quality and professionalism. If it looks cheap, they will assume your work may not make the grade. Pay for a professional print job. Don't print them at home.

Tip Two: Select the colors of your book cover to match the colors of your sales and promo materials. Anything that suggests high quality will reflect well on you, too. Be careful not to overdo the color palette. Use black and white for contrast with two matching colors. Several authors have gone so far as wearing a shirt or blouse of the same colors... and even the tablecloth of their book displays. Coordinating color helps to balance an overall theme.

Tip Three: Avoid overloading your card with extreme informational hubris. Clean lines, clean graphics or logo, clean font choice, make for a memorable card. Gloss or matte is optional.

Tip Four: Think about uniqueness in your choice of shapes. Cards now come in vertical layouts, larger

than standard, folding in thirds, and in interesting shapes. Price comes with customization so beware. You can also choose printing on wood, metal, Mylar, and other individual elements. Again, the price soars when your creative juices flow.

Tip Five: Never waste the useable space. Use the back of the card for your qualifications, or your blog addresses, your hours and alternate contact phone numbers, a few selected testimonials, a reminder note section so your potential client will recall where you met, a list of other services you offer, or even your photo and short bio.

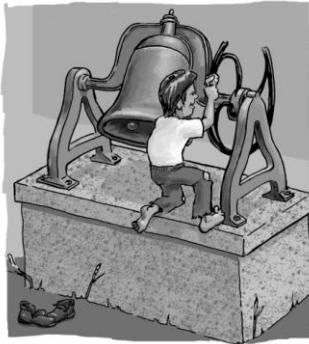
The possibilities are making me dizzy. Now I need to sit down with my ideas then rifle through all of my notes to create the business card you won't forget. No pressure here.

ILLUSTRATIONS BRING STORIES TO LIFE

Do you need drawings for your book?

There's an excellent illustrator in Wrightwood. His name is Tom Bant, and he can be reached at (909) 702-9179. Below is an example of his work.

If you want further information or more samples, contact Hazel Stearns at c21hazel@aol.com.



HELP WANTED

HOSPITALITY PERSON DUTIES

1. Reserves the meeting room each month.
2. Lines up person to bring refreshments.
3. Follows up with contact of new guests & new members.
4. Attends to needs of guest speaker and/or arranges for an assistant.
5. Has on hand membership applications and sign-in sheets.
6. May be listed as a phone contact for the club.

Training required: 1 hour

Time required per month: 1 ½ to 3 hours

BULLSHEAD RUN

By Denny Stanz

We race up 10th Street, passing my Uncle Charlie's house, my Uncle Frank's house, and Kremer's grocery store. As 10th Street ends, we make a left onto the dirt road that will lead us to our destination. A tractor is weaving its way through the field that surrounds us, and the soft breeze carries a sweet smell of freshly cut alfalfa. After a one mile bike ride, we see it straight ahead – Bullshead Run – and our favorite hangout, Big Bark Tree.

I am with Fats and Richie, brothers who live in the house next to mine. Fats is in the eighth grade, Richie the 6th, and I'm in 7th grade. We are best friends and have all kind of adventures together. Fats and I will get into it once in a while, especially when he picks on my younger sister. He knocked me out once in a boxing match and I actually saw stars for a few seconds. Fats is bigger than me, but I'm not scared of him.

We bring our fishing poles, some bait, and peanut butter and jelly sandwiches.

Bullshead Run is a narrow creek that winds through the farmland, empties into the Hokendqua Creek which in turn flows into the Lehigh River. The creek is narrow enough that we can jump over it. But, at Big Bark Tree, the creek widens out and forms a big swimming hole. Some kids hung a swinging rope from the tree and we spend a lot of time playing here.

We fish for a few hours, catch some small trout, but pretty soon we're bored. No problem. We find the narrowest part of the creek and have a contest – who can jump over the creek without getting wet. We keep moving up the creek until it gets wider, and finally Fats falls in. Richie and I laugh at him, bragging how as skinny guys, we can jump higher and further.

Fats dares us to jump across just before Big Bark Tree. The creek is pretty wide here. I get a good head start, jump as far as I can, but my feet land on the upslope of the bank, and I fall backward into the water. Richie comes blazing right behind me, slips, and does a belly flop into the middle of the creek. We laugh at ourselves and at each other. We're soaked.

It's a hot day, so we strip to our underwear and hang our clothes on Big Bark Tree to let them dry out. The three of us grab the rope and hang on for dear life as we take a big run and swing out over the swimming hole – back and forth, back and forth – until we can't get back to the bank. We're stuck. We are laughing and yelling and soon crash into the creek. What a blast!

The day goes too fast. The sun is starting to set, and Mom said to be home before dark. We eat our lunch, throw the remaining bait into the creek, get our dry clothes on, grab our fishing poles and ride home into the sunset.



HDCWC HONORS LEO DU LAC



It's not every month, or even every year, that a Branch can wish a Happy Birthday to a member celebrating his 100th birthday, but at January's meeting, we did just that when we paused to honor HDCWC member **Leo Du Lac**.

In addition to a card signed by other members present there came, a great round of applause,

and hearty good wishes from the assembled Branch members as President Bob Isbill and Vice President Freddi Gold presented Leo with a handsome plaque commemorating the event.

While Leo relies on his motorized scooter to move about in safety and with a minimum of physical effort, that appears to be the only area where he has given the years any notice. He has written 17 books, published 9, and remains in command of his computer keyboard. What a treat it is for the HD Branch to count a man of Leo's caliber among its membership.

HELP WANTED: STARBUCKS POSTER MONITOR

Prints out poster(s) of upcoming events, places the poster on Starbucks Public Bulletin Boards, including other coffee shops and/or public locations near them, and keeps material current.

Training required: None

Time: 20 to 30 minutes per month

MY CONVERSATION WITH THE GREAT RULER OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY (A ROCK)

by Rebecca Lang

"Let's get one thing straight," the rock said to me. "Despite what you may have read in fairy tales, I am just a rock. I am not a prince magically transformed into a pebble, nor do I have the power to turn lead into gold. I am a rock, and only a rock—though I must say, one endowed with extremely good verbal qualities."

"Do, you have a name at least?" I asked politely.

"Not officially," it replied. "But I prefer to call myself Lord Alfred Tennyson."

"The poet?"

"Not the poet," the rock bristled.

(Metaphorically, since it had no hair or fur to literally bristle.) "The poet's name is Alfred, Lord Tennyson. I am *Lord Alfred Tennyson*, the owner of the castle."

"What castle?"

"The castle I was in before you so rudely, and may I say, illegally abducted me. The police should be notified of my absence by now, so expect to be arrested soon."

"But I didn't take you from a castle," I explained. "I took you from Westminster Abbey."

"That is the name of my estate," the rock said proudly.

"But it's not a castle, it's a church. It's the church that holds the tombs of such famous persons as Queen Elizabeth I, Chaucer, the *real* Alfred, Lord Tennyson," I added maliciously.

"It is *my castle*," insisted the rock. "And I will tell you why." He seemed to lapse into a nostalgic reverie. "I knew, from the time I was young, that I was destined for greatness. My fate was written in the stars, you might say. I became a part of Westminster Abbey in the thirteenth century, and there among the other rocks I felt my time of greatness approaching. The world needed a leader, and that leader could only be me. But I was stuck in the ranks of the peasants; cemented, you might say, in my hierachal place among the low. But that would not deter me. Struggling to break free, I knew that if I could break loose I would find myself on the throne of one of the greatest monuments in our country, where I could announce my rule and become the Great Lord of the Castle."

Dryly, I said, "I found you in the bushes."

"A technicality," the rock defended. "The wall I was on was adjacent to the gardens rather than the throne room. But I still claim ownership. I

am Lord now, King of the Castle, Ruler Above All Other Rocks."

"Actually, you were below them."

"More technicalities. I accomplished a great deed which none of the other rocks even attempted."

"Letting time wear you away so you dropped to the ground?"

The rock stiffened. (Metaphorically and literally, I think.) "It was not Time's accomplishment, it was mine. I struggled and struggled for centuries to break free from my bondage and stand apart from the others; all Time did was watch and give me the news. All the other rocks are still stuck on the wall; only I was able to overcome my handicap and strive into greatness."

I thought about correcting it, saying perhaps that I had found other pieces of rocks in the bushes too, but I figured it wouldn't do much good; the rock was so set in its beliefs that telling the truth would probably cause emotional damage.

"Well, at least you can talk," I commented.

"This is not about me talking," the rock snapped. "That is trivial. I escaped my lowly status after years of personal endeavors. I became Lord!"

"But you're a rock!" I said, exasperated.

"Why must we be bound by labels?" the rock cried. "Cannot a rock become a king?"

"No."

"I will not be bound by this class system any longer. I demand equality. Escort me to America, where I will not be held back by race, class, or past. I wish to be seen as the Lord I have become and not as the mere rock I once was."

"But we are in America," I told the rock.

"We flew here on the red eye last night."

"Hypocrites," the rock muttered sourly.

THE LOOK

From her book "A Mother's Heart" By Linda Bowden

He is eight years old today. A mother loves to look at her son, to give him all the gifts an eight year old boy enjoys. Today is a special day at the California Angels stadium; it's the day that Rod Carew is supposed to beat the record of home runs. I, as the mother, look over at my eight year old boy. He's curled up on the seat, his slight frame chilled from the wind. I see that for one moment he pretends he isn't sick, doesn't have pain, doesn't feel colder than everyone else. He gives me that look, which only a son can give his mother. He turns his head slightly, with a small grin and throws

me a kiss and a wink, with a sparkle in his eyes. I think about that look, it's been twenty five years since I've seen it.

A MOMENT IN TIME

By Freddi Gold

It was early April on Long Island. I had walked to school in the still, brisk morning and put my lunch box away in the cubby hole reserved for me. I was in second grade. The classroom was chilly with its large windows and the heat was slow to be felt. Another day in Mrs. Lordie's class. We added some numbers and started to learn take-away. We read some stories about Dick and Jane and their dog Spot. The stories were kinda' dumb, but we had to read them ourselves. It was pretty easy. We copied ten spelling words we would have to take home and study for the spelling test on Friday. They had three letters each.

At recess we got to line so we could walk outside, single file, until Mrs. Lordie said we could go and then everyone would run screaming and yelling pell-mell all over the playground. Some headed for the swings, some for the see-saws some for the monkey bars and the rest of the equipment. Some kids just stood around.

MaryLou and I were the special eraser monitors that morning so we got to stay behind and whack the erasers against the metal tray under the blackboards. Mrs. Lordie had told us to put our sweaters on and come straight outside as soon as we did that. The grey, cloudy day outside came to mind, as we dutifully said, "We will, Mrs. Lordie."

Entering the cloak room in the back we looked for our wraps. A large cardboard box stood near the back of the room and seemed to beg investigation. "Let's open this box and look inside." I whispered to MaryLou. "We'll get in trouble." she whispered back. "Nahhh. Not if we're quiet and do it fast." I urged.

Each side of the folded lid was pulled up and apart until the pretty pastel-colored material greeted their eyes. "What are these?" MaryLou asked.

I pulled the pretty crepe paper out. "It's one of those Maypole dresses we saw last year, remember?" "Oh they're so pretty." she replied as she carefully pulled a sunny yellow one out. "I know, I said. Let's put these on and go run around on the playground."

MaryLou caught the spirit of fun and we quickly shed the dresses we were wearing and helped each other into the paper frocks. Thus

adorned we ran as fast as we could, smiles splashed across our faces, and spilled out onto the playground. We avoided Mrs. Lordie and raced for the merry-go round.

Before we got there we chased some of the boys threatening to kiss them, streamers of crepe paper fluttering from our light-weight dresses. The boys whooped and hollered as they tore away from our advances as we laughed hysterically with our dire warnings. Laughing with us some of our classmates begged us to jump on the merry-go-round and we gleefully responded to their request. Everyone screamed and laughed as we held onto the upright bars on the rapidly revolving metal disk. The breeze caught the paper of the dresses and Mary Lou and I became a whirling dervish of attention during which I, taking advantage of all eyes upon us, happily told a family story of how my father chased my mother around one day pretending to take a bite of my mother's behind. Everyone thought this was amazing or disgusting and made all the appropriate gagging and horrified sounds that went with their opinion. (In aftermath, several years later, it occurred to me that my story was perhaps not quite appropriate nor would my parents have been too thrilled that I had shared).

The shrill voice of Mrs. Lordie cut through the air as she ordered other students to slow the merry-go-round. FREDERICA! FREDERICA! (No one ever called me that unless I was in trouble). "Get off that merry-go round this instant and come with me." she ordered. "You too MaryLou." She marched us inside while the rest of the class became very quiet. A few stifled giggles could be heard.

"Uh oh", I thought. But I was too elated to worry about it.

HELP WANTED: OPINION SURVEY MONITOR

Prints out surveys, brings surveys to each meeting, passes out surveys to visitors and guests.
Takes returned surveys and enters the data on a computer file and sends the files to the president and the membership chairperson.

Training required: 15 minutes
Time required: 30-60 minutes per month

Get your facts first, and then you can distort 'em as you please --- Mark Twain

THE LOST DUCKLING

by Ingrid Claus

"Do you hear a *Peep, Peep*"?, Bryan asked me as we were walking out the garage door. "Yes I do", I answered. "Let's follow the sound and hope to find out where the chirping is coming from", he said. "It sounds like a baby chick in distress", I commented.

"Bryan, look what I found", I called out. I pointed to a tiny duckling hiding between some higher blades of grass. It was sitting very quietly, calling for its mother. Luckily a hawk was not circling above spotting the tiny creature. That is why the baby duck had survived.

Very slowly and carefully I inched myself towards the lost duckling, my hands ready to gently scoop it out of the grass. All of a sudden the petrified duckling took off as fast as it could. Luckily it ran towards the fence to the back of the house instead of the street. After trying a couple of times to catch it with my bare hands unsuccessfully, I asked Bryan to please get me a wire strainer from the kitchen. Finally the little one was cornered. I gently dropped the utensil over it, constantly talking to it in a very soft voice. I was able to catch it with my right hand after slightly lifting one side of the strainer..

The baby duck must have not been more than a week old. It was stunningly beautiful with its shiny brown, black, yellow, velvety soft feathers. Its black eyes wide open out of fear were staring right at me while crying for its parent. I was holding it in the palm of my left hand stroking it very gently and ever so lightly from head to tail. The little one finally calmed down. It seemed to enjoy me whispering to it. "I wonder how it got here", Bryan asked in a low voice.

We live near a golf course. A lot of ducks and geese gather around the man-made lakes that are located nearby. However, the closest lake is about a quarter mile away.

I asked Bryan if he thought it might be a good idea to take the duckling to the nearest lake in hopes to find its mother or a foster parent. He agreed. I carried the baby duck to the closest water's edge while talking to it and petting it.

I set it down on the water after spotting a duck with six young ones swimming behind her. The 'lost one' immediately started crying again. So I picked it back up and walked a little farther around the lake. On the third try of lowering the lost duckling on to the water, the mother duck saw it and seemed to recognize it. She started swimming faster and

faster towards us with the rest of her young ones following her. The mom was calling to her baby Quack, quack repeatedly. The little one started paddling while answering the call of its parent.

I slowly backed away from the lake's edge and watched the reunion of the lost duckling with its family. At that moment a calm feeling came over me realizing that I just had saved a precious 'feathered' life.

An introduction to "THE DOOR," from Michael Raff's anthology, "SEVEN: Tales of Terror."

Tommy opened his eyes and found himself alone and stranded in the dark. It was a darkness that relinquished nothing and possessed no limits or boundaries. Logical reasons for this startling phenomenon escaped him. What manner of desolate place he dwelled in, he could not even begin to imagine. He took a breath and swallowed. Feelings of intense dread and abandonment escalated within him.

It gradually occurred to the boy that perhaps he had died, killed at only twelve years of age. As his Catholic upbringing had taught him, he could very well be trapped somewhere between heaven and hell, in a place known as Purgatory, where his soul would wander aimlessly until Judgment Day.

Tommy shuddered and forced his feet to move. First his right and then his left. They felt like lead weights. He inched along within the blackness, listening to his own heart pounding like a jackhammer.

After awhile, he noticed a distant glowing that broke through the darkness. At first it appeared to be a light and he crept toward it. But as he approached, the object became clearer. It was a door, an immense, metal door. The details of this discovery were still hidden by remnants of the clinging darkness.

Tommy felt hope surge through his body. The glow that had guided him was escaping from the bottom of the door. Perhaps he had found a way out. His heart raced all the more.

Struggling closer, his legs fought each step of the way. He shuddered as the next thought crept through his mind. What if the door did not lead out? What if there was something behind it, something that possessed an appetite for both death and destruction?

At that very moment, the boy heard a low, gasping utterance; a venomous hiss that thrust a stark coldness into his body. It was a voice that for

some reason, he could only hear within his terrified mind. It beckoned him, even dared him. Something behind the door demanded . . . "RELEASE ME!"

Reaching through the blackness, a hand clutched his shoulder. "Tommy, wake up."

The boy lunged forward in his bed. Beads of perspiration clung to his face. "What?"

"It's time for school," his mother returned.

A wave of relief rippled through him, and his racing heart eased a bit. "Okay," he managed to croak.

She frowned and sat on the edge of his mattress. "What's wrong? Did you have a nightmare?"

"Yeah, I guess so."

Leaning forward, she appeared concerned. "Do you remember it?"

Tommy glanced to the foot of his bed. During the course of the night, he had kicked his blankets into a disheveled heap. "It was about a door."

His mother's expression changed dramatically. "A door? What's so scary about a door?"

As hard as he tried to fight it, a cringe still swept through him. "I think there was . . ." he paused, swallowed, and murmured, ". . . something evil behind it."

HELP WANTED: COFFEE MONITOR

Stores coffee brewer/pot and coffee supplies including creamers, sweeteners, cups etc. during the month, and brings all supplies to each monthly meeting one hour ahead of scheduled meeting.

May assist in making coffee. After the meeting, monitor cleans coffee pot and cleans up the serving area. Takes all supplies home and stores for re-use.

Tracks coffee supplies, purchases replacements, and gets reimbursed in full by the club.

Training time required: 15 minutes

Time required: 75 minutes per month

A serious writer is not to be confounded with a solemn writer. A serious writer may be a hawk or a buzzard or even a popinjay, but a solemn writer is always a bloody owl.

---Ernest Hemingway

WHAT HAPPENED?

By John Ferrara © 2011

Darting my way across Times Square with my youthful exuberance, it was easy to ignore the blowing of horns and the swearing of taxi drivers as they swerved to avoid this nut weaving in and out of traffic. I was a guy on a mission. Artie Shaw was appearing at the Paramount Theater on Broadway. No way was a teacher or a stupid high school class going to stop this kid from digging the sounds of Shaw's clarinet, wailing his theme "Nightmare." Wow, talk about chills up and down your arms. Picture a dark stage and the first strands of "Nightmare" from behind the dark curtain. The curtains part and there is Artie caught in a spotlight, deep into the throes of a total foreshadowing of the next hour.

Fast forward to the late forties. Big John, (me), is back from the war. Living in a sixth floor walk-up on Forty-Seventh Street. They called the area Hell's Kitchen, but I felt I was in the middle of the world.. My little girl, Marie, was happy, my wife was happy and I had left a war behind. Now it was time to learn about life. Gatherings on the roof and block parties on hot summer nights. We blocked the streets so no traffic could interrupt the serious drinking and some guys trying to get lucky. Cops, wearing blinders, looked the other way . . . see no evil . . . just fun and laughs. Working at the Forty-Second Street Garage, I was soon handling cars owned by Angela Lansbury, Charles Laughton, Elizabeth Taylor, and others. Not to be a name dropper, but Zachary Scott and I became drinking buddies. At times, after work, I hung out at a little joint called The Gondola. A Mafia hang out that only served you if they knew you. I would sit next to guys nonchalantly cleaning their guns. "The Gondola" served two drinks for every one you ordered. You could get smashed pretty quickly.

Louie, a black guy from Harlem, would take me to the joints on the side streets of Harlem where the real jazz was played. Little hole in the wall places with naked jazz. Names like The Smokey, Jerry's Gem, and Jazz Etc. There, the only "honky" in the place, I would sit and listen to raw dirty jazz. If you have never heard raw dirty jazz, you have no idea what I'm talking about and I can't explain. This is one case where you "had to be there." When I was in the mood, I would drive up to Fordham Road in the Bronx. There I sat on the sidelines just to listen and watch Puerto Ricans do their thing. At that time I considered myself one of the best jitter-

buggers, but I didn't dare enter that dance floor. You haven't seen dancing until you've seen the Puerto Ricans. As far as I'm concerned, they own the dance floor.

I regret I never learned to play an instrument, but music was my forte. I would dig jam sessions on Fifty-Second Street. Spontaneous jazz by musicians dropping in, blowing for an hour or so, then dropping out to make room for others. Non-stop jazz. About eleven o'clock guys from the New York Philharmonic would fall by, some still in their tuxes. Classical musicians giving in to their wild side. And mind you, as long as you didn't take a table or tie up a bar stool, you could nurse one beer for hours and never get tossed out.

Only a few streets down were the live theaters. I enjoyed, among many others, *The Sound of Music* with Julie Andrews, Henry Fonda in *Mister Roberts*, and even Jayne Mansfield, whose strap fell from one shoulder "accidentally" during a performance of *Will Success Spoil Rock Hudson*. Move down a couple of streets to Forty-Second and burlesque ran wild. Boobies galore. I had a crush on Patti Waggin' Whatever happened to Pattie Waggin? Later, about 1951, came Bop City. There you could dig Coltrane with Johnny Hartman and Miles. A couple of blocks down was The Metropole, where you could listen to the flugal horn of Dizzy Gillespie.

A change of pace. Head down to the Village and stop in at Nick's in the Village. Dixieland featured every night in the week. Nick himself playing a mean banjo, fronting a five piece band, straw hats and all. Further into the Village, you could rock to Janis Joplin or Neil Diamond. Next block, dig Gordon Lightfoot, and if you were lucky, Cat Stevens would be holding forth.

So, what the hell went wrong? How did we get from there to Hip-Hop and Rap music?

HELP WANTED: NAME TAG MAKER

Gets list of new members from the Membership Chairman and creates name tags for the Greeter to hand out at club meetings.

Training time: 30 minutes

Time required per month: Approximately 30 minutes

SHAMANISM

By Ingrid Stotz

Ingrid Stotz

The most ancient way to heal people or animals is Shamanism. Healing verses in Old High German written down approximately 1300 years ago about healing a horse. Most likely the text was written down by a monk, clerics were the only persons who were taught to write, except for princes.

The original horse healing text mentions that the gods Wodan and Balder rode into the woods, Balder's foal hurt himself running and the goddesses Freya and

Sinthgunt spoke over the leg of the foal, then Wodan spoke his charm over the leg and it healed, Wodan was very experienced, the foal ran again and was well. The word in German by healing to speak to the wound or the patient is BESPRECHEN, "bespeak". It works in healing magic, and also in loosening chains, when someone is kept prisoner and tied up. All these formulas are secret.

Shamanism is still being practiced in many places. Among American Indians on the reservations, they call their shamans MEDICINE MAN OR -WOMAN. Often Western educated white doctors assist a shaman or opposite because of native religions. Doctors may heal a body, but the patient does not get well because the spirit remains sick. Remote areas depend on shamans.

I know of cases where even in Germany doctors have sent patients to a person who knew how to bespeak a disease or a psychological problem and healed the person, particularly those with skin problems such as shingles which could not be healed before antibiotics were found.

Shamanism cannot be studied the same way as Medicine, a Shaman has to have the gift, often it is a person who has been near death by accident or dangerous disease, therefore a Shaman is also called a WOUNDED HEALER. Once the person becomes aware of the gift of healing, mostly by accident, a practicing Shaman must be found to check out that person's powers, and then instruct the person in shamanic practice and how to use the knowledge and learn about plants and their medicinal properties. In that respect a shaman also has to study.

A shaman knows after a few minutes of observing the patient whether she can help the person. Since healing is a gift, he cannot refuse to do what he can for people, afflictions she can heal are often not treatable by modern school medicine.

Obviously, the shaman is the most important person in a community of tribal people far from cities, but also well known by word of mouth to people in modern communities in Europe. Often a shaman is a sheepherder, following his sheep on foot as they wander in search of food,

Or they are settled people. They are not called shamans, usually it is a WISE WOMAN. She collect herbs and plants for teas and tinctures, makes her own salves, and give advice when asked. They do not charge fees for treatment, but accept gifts of food and expect payment for medicines they have made. They do not use tools, only their hands. Some don't touch their patients, but work with feathers.

They can put themselves into a trance, but also a patient. Sometimes a small drum is used to establish the mood to relax a person or do a sing song way of telling a story. A shaman cannot do a treatment in ten minutes like a doctor. He has to first establish trust with the patient in order to open him up to extract the spirit of the disease and so make room for the spirit of good health. (Comparable to a patient spending an hour on the couch of a psychologist).

The difference between a doctor and a shaman is that one does not remember exactly, what he did and said, for some reason the patient forgets immediately, except what he is told to remember. A patient is not supposed to speak about the treatment .

When a shaman can tell that the life force of a person is already weak and ebbing, he will not accept the person as patient.

High blood pressure, asthma, back aches, headaches, digestive troubles, joint pains, fevers, skin eruptions, particularly those that are often classified as psychosomatic, are treatable and healed.

HELP WANTED :KEEPER OF THE AUTHOR BOARD

Keeper houses and maintains a current Excel file of our published authors and where and how their books are available. The file is updated by the Keeper, printed and applied to the existing display board and brought to each general membership meeting and taken home when meeting is over.

Training: 2 hours

Time per month: Zero to two hours.

You could compile the worst book in the world entirely out of selected passages from the best writers in the world G. K. Chesterton.

THE MAN WHO FED THE RAVENS

By Diane Neil

Peelings, scraps and bones.

Every morning we perch high in the trees, peering intently for signs of life in the little cottage.

A light appears, a shade is drawn, and a fire is lit. Soon the cottage door opens and the old couple emerges, bundled against the cold. The man raises his arm in greeting, showing us our feast in the chipped enamel pan. He bangs the pan against a rock, scattering morsels on the ground.

We pounce and tear and eat as the old people shuffle off for their morning walk.

This is our history; this is our life. Many generations of us have gathered at the cottage every morning for the largess in the enamel pan. My mate and I have made many nests. Our clan gathers here at first light in a ritual that reaches back beyond all of us. Our days consist of scouting, scavenging all we can find, devouring garbage and road kill -- sometimes waiting until the twitching stops to pounce.

One morning we wait in vain at the cottage. A shade is drawn, a fire is lit, but no one emerges with the enamel pan. We go on to our other feeding grounds, circling back throughout the day. Strange vehicles come and go, strange young men and women bring a bustle of activity.

We keep our vigil.

The strangers leave. One morning a shade is raised, a fire is lit, and the old man emerges alone out the cottage door. He shakes the enamel pan at us, bangs it against a rock, and scatters our offerings on the ground. He stumbles and clutches his chest. Then he pitches forward, hitting his head on the rock and spouting blood on our food.

We stand vigil until the twitching stops. Then we pounce and tear and eat. Such is our destiny.

The old man's clothing is torn and soaked with blood. We gorge upon his remains.

Peelings, scraps and bones.

THE END

HELP WANTED: MEETING COORDINATOR

Plans meeting content, contacts guest speaker, creates meeting agenda, works with Publicity Chairman to coordinate advertising.

Works in conjunction with Volunteer Coordinator to make sure all bases are covered with respect to having a successful meeting.

Training required: Should have natural ability to organize and plan events, and communicate needs to others. Must be a creative self-starter with a desire to contribute to enhance the quality of the club.

Time required: 4 to 10 hours a month



HELP WANTED: NEWSLETTER EDITOR

Solicits, collects, compiles content of the monthly newsletter, then edits and formats e publication ready for distribution.

Training required: Should have the desire to create and have a high standard of quality and pride in the result. Be computer literate enough to work with publication software and to work on a deadline.

Time required: 4 to 15 hours per month



HELP WANTED –if you have the feeling there's a theme to this month's paper, you're right: We're trying to tell you that the Changing of the Guard is imminent and we want the incoming officers to have all the help they need to maintain the type of meeting place and programs you've become used to. Won't you volunteer to take on one of the chores listed in this issue? A few have been doing most of the “heavy lifting” With everyone helping, it will be a much lighter load. Call Bob Isbill and sign up!

Books

The image shows the front cover of the book 'Warriors at 500 Knots' by Robert F. Kirk. The cover features a black and white photograph of a fighter jet in flight, with the title 'Warriors at 500 Knots' written in a stylized font above it. The author's name, 'Robert F. Kirk', is at the bottom.

Spirit Driven Events
Fascinating and Enlightening True Stories

05.24.2008 11:45

Mary D. Scott

Spirit Driven Events
Fascinating and Enlightening
True Stories
By Mary D. Scott

www.spiritdrivenevents.com

Mary_Scott@spiritdrivenevents.com
916-601-2772

The image shows the front cover of the book 'Adultery is Universal' by Rica Gold, Ph.D. The title is at the top in large, serif capital letters. Below it is a photograph of a beach scene with waves crashing onto sand. Superimposed on the sand is the word 'LOVE' in large, stylized, light-colored letters. At the bottom left, there is a small red heart icon. The author's name and title are at the bottom in a smaller serif font.

“How to” Market Your Book

Including a Book Marketing Plan Template

By Mary D. Scott, PMP

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graph TD
    A((Book Marketing Plan)) --- B1["#1 - Purpose  
Promotional Eye"]
    B1 --- B2["#2 - Audience or Market"]
    B2 --- B3["#3 - Research  
#3.1 - Titles"]
    B3 --- B4["#4 - Goals  
#4.1 - Distribution"]
    B4 --- B5["#5 - Product  
#5.1 - Books & Publications"]
    B5 --- B6["#6 - Promotions  
#6.1 - Events & Publicity"]
    B6 --- B7["#7 - Budget  
#7.1 - Schedule"]
    B7 --- B8["#8 - Proposal  
#8.1 - Pitch Deck"]
    B8 --- B9["#9 - Packaging  
#9.1 - Pricing & Packaging"]
    B9 --- B10["#10 - Evaluation  
#10.1 - Metrics"]
    B10 --- B1
  
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www.spiritdrivenevents.com

Mary_Scott@spiritdrivenevents.com
916-601-2772

Services

The book cover features a painting of a large, ornate building with a prominent arched entrance, possibly a church or theater, set against a dark background. In the foreground, a pocket watch hangs from a chain. The title "The Secret of Chapel Playhouse" is written in white script across the bottom of the cover.

A blend of the paranormal, mystery
and romance

Author
Roberta L. Smith
bertabooks.com
cwrlsmith@verizon.net
(760) 240-4822

Available at Amazon.com and Barnesandnoble.com
print or ebook

A business card for Jenny Margotta, Virtual Assistant. The background of the card is a photograph of a woman with long dark hair, wearing a white shirt, sitting at a desk and working on a laptop computer. The laptop screen is visible in the foreground. The text on the card is overlaid on this image.

If you would like to advertise in the Inkslinger, contact Roberta Smith at cwrsmith@verizon.net.

A decorative graphic on the left side of the page featuring several green leaves of different sizes and shades, arranged in a cluster. The leaves have visible veins and some small white spots.

Parkinson's Disease Support Group in the Victor Valley

Sterling Inn
Ridgecrest near Bear Valley
Crystal Room
2nd Thursday
10:00 A.M. - Noon
September - June