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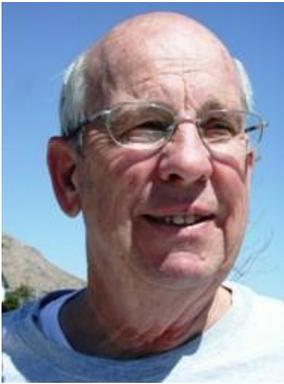
HIGH DESERT BRANCH CWC

SAIL ON

MARCH

MISSION STATEMENT

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
POV
Bob Isbill

This month, you get a two-for-one POV. Because we've had a lot of new people join us since December of 2010, when the below article was published in the *Inkslinger*, I thought it might be good to run it again so that we all know how the HD CWC stands on some issues and what you can expect from our Branch.

In the Deep South during a certain era, if you complimented your host on the dinner, and raved that you could stay forever, and then put your cloth napkin on your plate, everyone would know you would not be there for the next meal. It was a signal to the maid, the cook, the host and hostess that no preparations would be necessary to feed you again that visit.

Conversely, if you said that you simply must get on with your journey and believed you would have to leave first thing in the morning, and then you folded your napkin and put it next to your plate, all would know that they would see you again for bacon and eggs the next day.

It was the culture of the times.

Civilizations have cultures; workplaces have cultures, and so do clubs. You just need to be privy to what is done and what is not done.

For example, we do not offer members' books for sale at our conferences and regular meetings. Why not? It seems like it would be a good place to make contacts and sell our works. The reason is that we invite people to speak to our club, and they usually have a service or product to publicize and sell. They provide us an educational and/or entertaining experience, and we make available an audience of potential consumers of what they have to offer. Even though their product may not compete at all with our members' works, the available dollars struggle one against the other.

So we just abstain.

We pay our guest speakers a small honorarium, and sometimes a bit more when we consider the distance they travel or the information we're liable to gain. But we don't pay our own members to speak to the group; we just figure that's part of being a member of the HD CWC.

Religion and politics don't mix these days any more than they ever have, so we refrain from getting guest speakers whose résumé suggests those subjects will be a big part of the menu. This is a writers' club. It's not a synagogue, a mosque, or a church. Those topics, for the most part, don't line up well with our Mission statement. Aside from that, the CWC bylaws require separation of church and state to stay within the guidelines of the non-profit 501(c) 3 status.

Same goes for the newsletter, emails, anthology, and our web site.

It's not that there's anything wrong with writing stories containing faith, prayer, or voting. There's a whole bunch of great stories containing these values. The thing we avoid, as a club, is telling others how to vote or who and how to worship.

Discourtesy, as you know is a turn-off. I once attended a club where those in the audience, oblivious to the speaker, carried on their own conversations. It was rude and distracting. I gave it one more chance and things had not changed so I never went back.

Once in a while, anyone is going to be late. However, once the meeting has begun, we expect those entering or exiting the room to do so as quietly as possible, and certainly not distract others by having chitchats while someone is at the lectern.

We don't even have to talk about cell phones. But I will. If you absolutely must be in contact with those not present, there's a vibrate mode that shouldn't disturb the meeting.

I didn't mean to go down a list of "do's and don'ts" here. But we're a friendly group, and as friends, we should know our boundaries and do our best to mind them.

It's part of what makes it so enjoyable to attend our great meetings!

To be tax exempt (which the entire CWC is), the club cannot be an action organization, must be non-partisan, cannot support or endorse any political party or candidate may not attempt to influence legislation, or support any political cause. In other words, there are certain statutes that need to be integrated into the activities of a non-profit organization if they intend to keep their tax-exempt status.

This is one reason we preach over and over again to please refrain from sending out blast emails that advocate for or against a politician or a religion to fellow CWC members.

We have many members in our club. Among them are believers in many different religions and those who may have no faith at all. We may have Democrats, Republicans, Independents, and those labeled undecided.

But again, we are not an organization founded on a faith or political persuasion of any kind. We are not here to uphold the freedoms provided for in our Constitution or elsewhere.

We're a writers' club. In addition, we are a non-profit organization that needs to follow certain rules. No more, no less.

How we apply that status is well-addressed in our HD CWC Mission Statement, and we look to that declaration as a compass of where to take our Branch.

There are certainly appropriate places for religious and political statements. However, the entire High Desert Branch Board of Directors fully discussed this neutral position in 2010. One hundred percent of the elected board of the HD CWC approved and adopted a policy of avoiding those sometimes admirable but usually controversial issues in our publications and presentations.

The leadership of this Branch still believes it's an equitable, responsible, and reasonable way to go.

CWC LITERARY REVIEW ON ITS WAY

This is to notify you that the California Writers Club Literary Review will soon be in your mailbox. On its cover will be a photograph of one of our most famous members, the handsome and talented Jack London!

This is a publication that is free to our membership, and a long-awaited debut of a collection of writings gleaned from the offerings of the statewide membership of 1553 California writers.

Enjoy. And if you have changed addresses and not notified Membership Chair Roberta Smith, please do so right away.



ARE YOU READY TO BLOG?

By Angie Horn

High Desert bloggers, are you looking for a blogging network to connect with to help grow your blog? Are you a “wannabe” or new blogger needing help setting up a blog? You can find the following blogging services offered at High Desert Blogging:

1. A blog network that will drive traffic to your personal blog quicker than blogging independently.
2. Classes on reaching blog goals, determining your blog niche, and how to make money blogging.
3. One-on-one blog coaching and mentoring.
4. Blogging workshops and webinars.

I've launched a blog network for writers and bloggers who are serious about blogging and want to increase traffic to their personal and business blogs. The High Desert Blogging network provides SEO traffic, free advertising on the network, referral bonuses and blogging advice tips from Bill Belew, a pro blogger.

Joining the network will free a member to spend time blogging/writing rather than wasting time with templates and perfecting how a blog looks. For more information, visit [High Desert Blogging](#). Contact me at realmcangi@gmail.com if you want to make money blogging or need to drive traffic to your blog. Learn more about blogging at [High Desert Bloggers Meetups](#) (the Meetups are free).

MARTIN LASTRAPES **HDCWC 2/11/2012 SPEAKER**

By Frances Smith Savage

Freddi Gold introduced Martin Lastrapes at our Saturday meeting and as usual, the members and guests alike enjoyed the time. He spent over an hour giving us several good tips on how we could create our own characters. Many of us would have been excited to have one of our novels listed on Amazon's Best Seller List, Lastrapes achieved that three times.

He spoke without notes as we listened and learned, he said, “Give the allusion of flesh and blood on the page. Create characters and make the reader laugh and cry.” He told how to use those characters as you develop the plot of your novel or short story. Grab the reader right from the beginning and when you do that your readers will

be invested in the story because they can identify with the main character.

Lastrapes also advised us to keep the physical description brief because, ‘The reader will develop his own ideas about the character. It's also okay to put yourself in your characters. No one will ever recognize you so take parts of yourself and add to your character. Add wrinkles and layers because they're never all good or all bad and you don't have to have an even balance. Make them human and believable. For instance, The Joker (in Batman) is really good at what he does.’

He spoke of the time he went into the prison to speak and they all seemed interested in writing, and what he had to say. He was very nervous because he'd never been to a prison before. He wore a jumpsuit and no one gave him a hard time. He said he spoke about twenty-five minutes and it was a great experience.

He told of his book *Inside the Outside* and how he developed his main character, a girl cannibal serial killer who thought nothing was wrong killing people in order to eat them. The girl joined a cult in the San Bernardino Mountains. He wrote about cannibals, but he said, “I've never eaten a person.” Yet he made the main character a cannibal and serial killer as well even though he never heard of female serial killers. Obviously his characterizations of the girl were believable, and many bought his autographed book.

He complimented HDCWC on having critique groups, a good way of keeping a writer on track. He finished by saying, “And that's all I've got for you this morning.”

To quote Ann Heimback, “Excellent presentation.” And we agreed and as usual the Saturday morning was time well spent and worth it.

(Photo by Anthony J Enriquez)

Martin Lastrapes & friend Chanel. He was guest speaker in February to a highly attentive audience. This was one of three related Hi Desert appearances.



2012 HIGH DESERT CALIFORNIA WRITERS CLUB ANTHOLOGY GUIDELINES

1. You must be a HDCWC member to be published in the 2012 anthology. Editors may make exceptions at their sole discretion. This year's anthology may include work from some members of our outreach program as well.
2. Club members may submit up to 3 pieces of work (short stories, or poems) for consideration.
3. Club members must pay \$25.00 to submit, whether 1, 2 or 3 pieces of work.
4. Club members are not guaranteed inclusion in the anthology. If none of the author's work is accepted, the \$25.00 fee will be returned. The editors of the anthology have the final say about acceptance and can reject any submission for any reason whatsoever.
5. Political or religious pieces, in the sole judgment of the editors, meant to educate or persuade a reader to the author's viewpoint, will not be included in the anthology.
6. Work shall be as error-free as possible and formatted as follows:
 - No longer than 3000 words
 - Use 12 point Times New Roman font
 - Be a Microsoft Word or rtf file
 - Center your title, double space, center the word "by", double space, then center your name exactly as you want it printed. Include any titles you want with your name. For example, John Smith, MD.
 - After your name put the word count of the piece
 - Double space your story or poem
7. Work will be not be accepted if it is too long, formatted incorrectly, or there are too many errors. The HD CWC will not be responsible for keeping any copies of work submitted.
8. Work must be unpublished work with the exception of work published in the club's Inkslinger or work that you have the rights to or in another such vehicle where the author has not been paid. Work must not be something that is being considered by another publisher. By submitting your work, you warrant that you have kept a copy.
9. Author must own the rights to the material being submitted.
10. Author must sign a release form that acknowledges:
 - By submitting an Entry, you represent and warrant that your Entry: (a) is your original creation; (b) has not been copied in whole or in part from any other work; (c) has not previously been published; (d) does not violate or infringe any copyright, trademark, privacy or publicity right, or other proprietary or intellectual property right of any person or entity; (e) is not defamatory, libelous, obscene, or otherwise illegal; and (f) is your sole and exclusive property. You further represent and warrant that you have complete, worldwide distribution rights.
 - Author understands that he/she retains the rights to their work, but any royalties and/or profits from the sale of the anthology go to the HDCWC.
11. Email your work to Freddi Gold at docaurum@aol.com as an attachment
12. Include a short biography of yourself (no longer than 150 words) with the work sent to Freddi. This biography may be edited by the Anthology Editor. It is the Editor's intention to include the short biographies at the end of the published anthology.
13. Make your check out to HD CWC. In the memo line write 2012 Anthology Submission. Give your check to Roberta Smith or mail it to:
*HD CWC
Attn: Roberta Smith
20258 Hwy 18, Suite 430- PMB 281
Apple Valley, CA 92307*
14. Work and payment must be received no later than April 14, 2012.

A WORD TO THE WISE

Now is the time to spade up your garden. Then you won't have to go to the gym for exercise. Gardening is good for writers, it clears the mind for that next phase of your story. Be ready to plant the 20th of April. Watermelons, cantaloupes, any vegetable you like.

Leo (DuLac) the Gardener.
Author of "Gardening in the Drylands"

Knowledge is knowing a tomato is a fruit. Wisdom is not putting it in a fruit salad.

AND BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION:
IMDb Mini Biography By: [John Thompson](#)

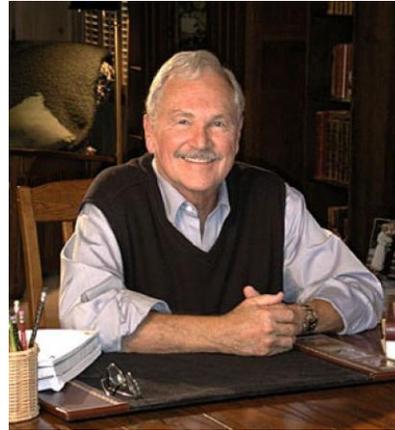
Ken Rotcop was born J. Kenneth Rotcop in Brooklyn, New York but was raised in Passaic, New Jersey. Graduate of Boston University where he was editor of the Boston University News and was the recipient of Sigmund Delta Kai, (national journalism fraternity) Scarlett Key (honorary fraternity of Boston University) Who's Who in American Universities and Colleges. Rotcop did his graduate work at University of Southern California in Industrial Psychology. Upon graduation, he worked for numerous advertising agencies in New York City eventually owning his own theatrical advertising agency called "Concepts Incorporated."

Ken soon married and went to honeymoon in Acapulco. During this trip, Wes Kenney, director of a game show called "First Impressions", (and also the Best Man at Ken's wedding) called Ken to be their writer for a month while their staff writer was on a sabbatical. After the month was over, producer Monty Hall asked Rotcop to stay on. Rotcop sold "Concept Incorporated" to his partner and moved with his new wife to Hollywood where he has worked ever since as a writer and studio executive.

Over the years, Rotcop has served as Creative Head of four studios: Embassy Pictures, Hanna-Barbera, Cannon TV, and Trans World Productions.

Among Ken's many achievements is writing and producing the [award](#)-winning television movie "For Us, The Living: The Story Of Medgar Evers" starring Howard Rollins and Laurence Fishburne. Among the honors Rotcop received for that production were the Writers Guild [Award](#), the Neil Simon [Award](#), and the Image [Award](#). The film was also honored by the American Film Institute, the NAACP, Women In Film, the city of Atlanta, the state of Mississippi, as well as Filmex and the Democratic National Convention.

Rotcop also was the recipient of the Unity [Award](#) for writing the CBS documentary series "Images and Attitudes" about black American history.



**KEN
ROTCOP
IS SLATED
AS OUR
MARCH
10TH
SPEAKER**

Rotcop is the author of the critically acclaimed best seller "The Perfect Pitch: How To Sell Yourself and Your Movie Idea to Hollywood". He was featured on the Oprah Winfrey Show as well as STARZ' Entertainment Tonight. His book was selected as the Book Of The Month by Cyber Film School.com and featured on Amazon.com.

The feature-length documentary "Talk Fast", winner of the LA Independent Film Fest and the Philadelphia Film Fest, is the story of Rotcop and his highly successful writers workshop. Over the past few years more than 80 projects have been optioned. Of these, 16 have been made into feature films.

He is a frequent guest lecturer and has taught script writing at USC, UCLA, University of Iowa, St. Louis University, University of Texas, and the University of the Philippines, among others.

In addition to writing for a wide range of dramatic, game, and talk shows, Rotcop produced the feature film "Bikini Shop", as well as the syndicated TV series "Couples" for Fox and "The Magic Shop" for RKO. He has also written scripts for the children's programs "Richie Rich" and "Superfriends".

In July 2005, the STARZ channel did a two-part episode on Rotcop on their Entertainment Tonight show. They called him a Pitching Guru while Andrea Leigh Wolf, in her book "Sell Your Screenplay," calls Rotcop an Industry Legend.

END

Evening news is where they begin with 'Good Evening,' and then proceed to tell you why it isn't.

HELP WANTED: READERS & CRITQUERS

For our Federal Prison Outreach Program: Those willing to read pdf file format works of our selected inmates and provide written feedback and suggestions to those individuals. All interchange of work and critiques will be anonymous on the part of our members who volunteer, and participants are asked to provide these critiques without any identification.

If you have questions, contact Bob Isbill at risbill@aol.com

SEND YOUR BOOK TO PRISON

We are alerting all HD CWC published authors who would like to get further exposure in the marketing world to bring an autographed book(s) to the March 10 meeting to donate to the federal prison library in Victorville.

Mary D. Scott, Marketing Guru, recommends it and, by example, is donating one each of her books. Also, we will have two copies of "Howling at the Moon" 2011 Anthology for those authors (who wish to do so) to sign at the March meeting to donate to that library.

SNOW IN JULY? IMPOSSIBLE!

By Carol Warren

The recent flurry of very wet snow reminded me of a childhood experience I had almost forgotten. I think I was about ten years old.

I used to travel a lot with my grandparents, and in fact, spend almost as much time with them, as with my own parents. We used to travel from the Chicago area to visit relatives in the Denver area once or twice a year.

This particular trip in July was not unusual, except the fact there was still a lot of snow in the mountains, especially at high elevations.

My grandfather was trying to tell me about weather conditions in various locations when he mentioned all the snow still visible.

I told him it couldn't be snow because it was summer time. We took a quick detour along our route and he made me sit down in it to convince me it was indeed snow.

That day made a believer out of me for both the snow and my grandfather's stories.



Paisley Taylor, Publisher of the High Desert Business Journal and the High Desert Life Styles Magazine pictured with HD CWC President Bob Isbill on a recent visit to the SCLA.

Shown in the cockpit of General Electric's 1969 Boeing 747, Paisley and Bob were visiting the company to interview the test pilots who keep the flying public safe by testing and perfecting the GE engines. The article will appear in the March/April issue of the High Desert Business Journal.

Paisley Taylor will be our April guest speaker, talking about the start-up of a magazine, digital publishing, and the business side of writing.

Taylor will replace James Watt, author of the "90 Day Novel" who has requested to be rescheduled for the July 2012 meeting.

(Photo courtesy of General Electric)

MY BUSINESS CARD

by Diane Neil

As I read the January and February issues of The Inkslinger, I was impressed with the professional appearance. The color photographs are a nice touch, and the intelligent articles written by our members testify to the high levels of education and career expertise many have attained. This impression is further enhanced by a quick survey of the business cards people have offered to advertise their services and also to generously increase the coffers of our High Desert Branch of the CWC.

I feel rather ashamed that I have not stepped up and contributed. Looking at those business cards, I see that people are offering information

DAZED AND CONFUSED

By Denny Stanz

about their published books, marketing and editing services, website designing, and spiritual counseling.

Sigh. I am clearly out of my element. I have no published books, and even though I call myself a writer, I would surely be hard-pressed to guide anyone else through the torturous process. I am barely computer savvy and live almost entirely offline. People would be foolish to pay for any services I could offer, spiritual or otherwise.

Or so I was thinking one recent morning as I was put on hold while calling the Daily Press to report that we didn't get our paper -- AGAIN. This problem of the missing paper has been going on for nearly a year, through a succession of changing carriers, all of whom seem to be worse than the one before. I will spare you the details of this particular dilemma, but just let me say that the ladies who answer the phone at the circulation department know me well. I am sure they would be relieved if we would just cancel our subscription. We live way out in the boonies, and it probably costs the carriers more in gas to deliver our papers than what they're paid.

But I am a seasoned curmudgeon, and never will I cancel the paper. Years ago we got locked into a bargain rate for Friday, Saturday and Sunday delivery for less than the usual weekend rate. Like a pit bull with a favorite bone, I would never give that up.

I have years of experience calling various complaint departments. I've learned how to deal with underlings and get to the head honcho. I have no qualms about returning defective merchandise. I know how to write scathing letters complete with details and veiled threats of legal action.

I don't want to brag, but I do pride myself on being a master curmudgeon. So I'm thinking of designing a business card to offer my services to people too busy to be put on hold or write letters or run around returning defective goods. I may even include lessons in *Curmudgeonry* for people who have the desire to learn from an expert.

The one stipulation I would insist on is an age requirement of at least sixty. Younger people just wouldn't have the crankiness for it.

In Memory of Andy Rooney

I remember being tackled. I remember Coach asking me if I was okay. I remember walking home with my friend Joey.

Then ...I remember waking up in a hospital.

~~~~~

I'm 13 years old and weigh 95 pounds. I'm a little over 5 feet tall. Most of the girls in my eighth grade class are taller than me.

I'm a good athlete. I play quarterback, halfback and safety for my 110 pound football team. In my uniform I get all the way up to 102 pounds! I'm a skinny kid. My nickname is "Bones."

Our team plays a 9-game season . We are undefeated so far, 8 and 0. We have a tough coach and he pushes us to get better. I hate him but I love him.

This Sunday we have our final game at home against the DYC Bears. They play in a city of 50,000 people and the city's newspaper, *The Morning Call*, loves them. We play in a blue collar town of 7,000 people. We are the best team in our league, and *The Morning Call* treats us like ---- well, you know. We hate *The Morning Call*. We hate the DYC Bears because *The Morning Call* loves them so much. We want to kick their butts.

We practice after school every day and have a 4-hour practice Saturday morning. Our games are always played on Sunday afternoons.

This Saturday's practice is a good one. Guys are excited. Coach has us focused on tomorrow's game. He calls the last play, "72", a direct snap to me at halfback. It's a good play for us and usually results in a big gain.

I get the ball, run through the line and get hit hard by the kid playing safety. I'm stunned, get up slowly and return to the huddle. Coach asks me if I'm okay. I say yes, but I'm not so sure. I feel woozy. Coach gives us some last words of encouragement -- 'everybody meet at the locker room tomorrow at noon for the 2 pm game.'

I walk home from practice with my friend Joey who lives down the street from me. I don't remember what I said to him. I don't remember getting home. I don't remember walking into the house and saying hello to my parents.

The next six hours of my life are ...empty.

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It's Saturday night about 6 pm. I am waking up in a hospital bed. What am I doing here? How did I get here? A doctor is talking to me and tells me I suffered a concussion. My parents are at my bedside. Mom says Joey was scared to death walking with me. He said I was acting real weird, asking stupid questions like 'Why are we wearing football uniforms? Where are we going? What day is it?'

I don't remember any of it.

But now I'm hungry. Mom says to the doctor: "He must be okay if he's hungry because he loves to eat." I tell the doctor we have a big game tomorrow and I want to play. He asks me a bunch of questions, talks privately to my parents, and says I can play.

I get released and Mom cooks a big pork chop supper for us. I pig out.

~~~~~

Late Sunday morning, Mom and Dad drive me to the field and talk to Coach. My teammates welcome me. I love the smell of the locker room.

I tell Coach I want to play. I don't tell him I'm scared.

Coach decides I won't play defense and I won't play halfback. He will start me at quarterback and see how I respond.

~~~~~

The game starts. On our first play from scrimmage, Coach calls a running play. The fullback will run off right guard. My job is to block the other team's left guard, who is left untouched by our linemen.

We line up in a "short punt" formation. I am directly behind our left guard. The center snaps the ball to

our fullback. I move to my right and sure enough, there he is – the defensive lineman is in our backfield. I'm nervous, not knowing what will happen to me when we collide. I get low and with my right shoulder hit him as hard as I can. Pop! The kid goes down. I execute just the way Coach teaches us. I fall on top of him. 10 yard gain, 1st down. I get up and smile. I'm good.

Let's play ball.

~~~~~

We kick the butt of the NYC Bears, 28-7. We are 9-0. We are Champions. Take that, *Morning Call!*

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## **THE WORD**

by Thomas Kier

There is a word I must say to you.

### ***Desire***

Remember all the early glorious days when we thought our hearts would burst with too much--love?--or maybe just passion. Sleepless nights together, spent in each other's arms, talking about everything important to only us, watching the sun rise red-rimmed through red-rimmed eyes. It was never enough. We were fueled by crazy desperation and drunk on each other. We were all we had and all we needed.

Sleepless nights alone when all I could do was dream of your lips, your hair, your shining eyes, your wild heart beating in perfect time with mine. I, insanely jealous of your attentions given to another man, that misbegotten union doomed to failure with or without my presence in your world. Those nights dragged on forever while I tortured myself with visions of my world bereft of your life, your love,

Cruelly taunting rapture given for an instant and snatched away, leaving me with dust and memories. Only sunrise could burn away those demons.

### ***Fulfillment***

At last free to pursue our shared obsession, we drank of the cup of lust to its bottom and gladly shared our portion of iniquity, devouring each other and devouring our own imagined innocence without thought or care. The world would turn and we would burn, and each new day would bring us fresh longing with which to enjoy each other and use

each other and use ourselves and use it all up. We yearned for the taking. We took all there was.

We could fill an ocean with our desires almost from the moment we knew each other's names. We could cross the sky on shooting stars felt each time our lips touched and we were set aflame all over again. The heat of us warmed us, satisfied us, burned us hollow so quickly we never noticed.

Now, just a desert stands behind and we wander, looking for the 'us.' Except when I look around, there is only me.

### ***Discontent***

Now you stand alone on a wooden platform and strain to see down the tracks to where the train can take you away from me, away from our life together. You face the future. I am the past, and can only see where we have been. I can't turn around; I can't see what you see.

We are split over these differences, and the gulf grows ever wider as I watch. We are through, so quick, so quick! How can the world go on?

Yet I have a word I must say to you.

### ***The Word***

I know words. I know ten thousand words, from the bright inspiration of our beginning to the desolate isolation we now face. I can give you words of pride, words of ecstasy, words of faith, words of unimagined beauty. And I can give you words of destiny, words of ruin, words of death, words my heart would speak to you now.

But in all my rage and my hurt, in all that once was there and now is not, in all that stands and falls in human history under the heavens, I can bring myself to say only one word, which thunders from my heart and whispers from my lips:

### ***"Goodbye"***

I walk away before you can turn and see the tears.

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## **The Closet**

By Anthony J Enriquez

Joey arrived home from work tired and depressed. Today was his last day working at the Mini-Mart. He had been a clerk for two grueling years and was now set to join the Army in a week. Joey had just left a job he didn't like for a career he was feeling uneasy about. What could he expect with school being such a drag? His grades reflected the apathy he felt for school.

Joey had a girlfriend for whom he didn't feel much passion. Oh, the sex was good but he didn't really care for her. Also, living with his mother did not help. She wanted him to get serious about life.

Going to his room, Joey crashed on his bed; however, there was too much light in his bedroom. Getting up, he went inside his closet and shut the door. It was dark and quiet. For a moment, he felt peace; but, how long could he stay in there? He needed a way out. In despair, nothing happened. Then again, sometimes, everything happens.

When Joey stepped out of the closet, he found himself in a church. Was it St. Benedict's? Or maybe it was St. Alphonse. The church was very calming. It was dark with light filtering through the stained glass windows. Colors of gold, brown, tan and green were evident everywhere. The church was beautiful and immense but no one else seemed to be there.

Joey sat down and waited for an answer as to what to do. Although no answer came, he felt at peace. He waited a while but knew he had to go home. Getting up, Joey went to the door and stepped into his closet. Stepping out, Joey entered the sewing room and saw his mother.

"I heard you come home," she said. "I didn't want to interrupt you 'til dinner. How was your last day?"

"Depressing, as usual," he said. "Mom, what am I going to do?"

She said, "About what? You decided you wanted to join the Army to get away from everything over here. Take the chance. Do something new and see where it leads to."

"I'm afraid," Joey said. "When life gives you lemons, you make lemonade. What happens when God gives you shit?"

"Don't talk that way! You make life the way you want it. Whatever you do, I'll be proud of you. Know that I love you."

Joey bent over his mother and kissed her on the forehead. "Thanks Mom." He then went to his room. Standing there, he thought, "Maybe there is hope." Suddenly, the closet door popped open to reveal Joey with a necktie wrapped around his throat tied to the clothes hanging bar. His face was red and his knees were buckling. The closet door slowly began to close.

Joey rushed to save himself. He threw open the door and crashed into his body. Within a second, he was one person fighting to survive.

Joey was slowly passing out when the bar holding him broke; he crashed to the ground.

His mother rushed into the room as Joey dropped to the ground. She came to him and said, "Joey, what happened?"

As Joey untied the tie from around his neck, he hoarsely said to his mother, "I want to live!"

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### WHAT DO I WRITE?

By Jim Elstad

Here I am at the keyboard.

Oh, what do I say to keep from being bored?

I can make up prose.

I can make up verse.

I could do worse.

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### YOU'RE THE BOSS

#### What Would You Like To Know About Writing?

We work hard to get the really best speakers to come talk to our group, and to discover the talents of our individual members to share their experiences and knowledge of the craft.

That's part of doing a writers' conference also. We'd like your opinion. If we could get someone, ANYone, to talk on the topic that YOU are most interested in, what would that topic be? No holds barred. If you were alone with the world's greatest expert and you could ask them anything you wanted to know, what would that one thing be? That's what we'd like you to tell us.

Would it be something about the horror/fantasy genre? Would you like someone to talk on writing non-fiction? Would you choose topics on character, plot, structure, theme? The ball is in your court! Talk to us. Send your suggestion of a person or topic you'd like for the HD CWC to get for you. And ladies, don't everybody say Brad Pitt all at once... Email your suggestion to [vymediator@aol.com](mailto:vymediator@aol.com) today.

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### HELP WANTED VOLUNTEER REPORT

Thanks to volunteer **Iris Baker**, who has accepted the coffee monitor position advertised at the last meeting and in the Inkslinger.

Also, **Linda Bowden** is taking charge of the published authors' board and will keep that Excel file updated and bring the board and easel back and forth to future meetings.

**Rusty LaGrange** has accepted the position of Inkslinger editor who will replace Naomi Ward in July 2012, but who also has volunteered to proofread the newsletter beginning immediately.

**Loralie Pallotta** is now the Hesperia Library programs contact and coordinator. Marilyn Ramirez is our official photographer, but all photographs will be gratefully accepted, so please submit to Bob Isbill at [risbill@aol.com](mailto:risbill@aol.com) as soon as possible after each meeting.

As a clarification on the "Starbucks" position, this is intended for several people (not just one or two) to volunteer to just monitor one or two Starbucks per month and print out and post flyers for our club's publicity. It requires very little time, but would be a great help to know that those stores are taken care of by our volunteers.

We also want to recognize the dedication and consistency of our current Hostess **Carol Warren**; **Tom Kier**, audio/visual monitor; **Fran Savage**, meeting reporter; **Diane Neil**, greeter; **Anthony J Enriquez** for his supplementary photographs, and to Anthony and also **Steve Marin** who are constant helpers in setting up the meeting room.

For your information, the HD CWC volunteers arrive at the Apple Valley Library on a regular basis at 9 a.m. on the day of our regular membership meeting. We set up the room, get things ready for the day, and we could always use more help. So, if you are inclined to do so, drop in early and/or stay late to straighten up the place.

Thanks to one and all for your responses to our volunteer requests!



## ACADEMY AWARDS

By Marguerite Sowaal

I was just reaching for the little golden statue when I woke up.

(Arthritis pain from reaching?)

Which reminded me of a Bette Davis quote;

"Growing old is not for sissies."

But that's not all I remember from the association with age and awards. In fact Miss Davis gave the little gold man his name according to my co-worker in advertising, "Ham" Nelson.

The story goes that when she and "Ham" (her husband at the time) got home from the Awards, she placed the statue on the table and asked: "What shall I call him?"

And he replied without pause:

"Why don't you give him my middle name? I've never really liked it and I won't miss it."

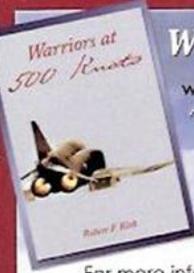
His full name was Harmon Oscar Nelson.

And so, on this, the eve of the prestigious Oscar awards, we have from the best authority, the real story of how the much coveted little guy received his name.

Thanks, Marguerite, for a fascinating piece of information!

**CHEERS!**

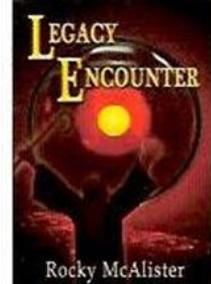
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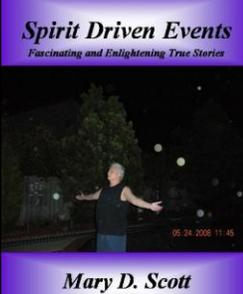
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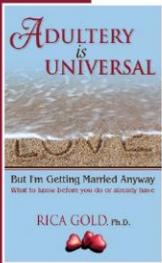


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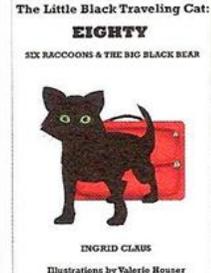
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