

August, 2024

# Suburban Scribe

Sacramento Suburban Writers' Club Newsletter

[sactowriters.org](https://sactowriters.org)

**Dena Kouremetis will be our speaker on Monday, August 12th, at 7 p.m. at the Fellowship Hall at 5501 Dewey Drive, corner of Dewey and Madison.**

## July Topic: Giving Voice To Your Words

A veteran professional blogger, author, and copywriter, Dena Kouremetis is also a voice actor who delights in painting virtual movies in listeners' heads with her audiobook narrations, many of which include a variety of foreign accents.

Kouremetis loves bringing words to life and leaving a lasting impression on the listener/reader. The San Francisco native is unique in the voice-acting world, having been a writing professional for publications and sites from the Sacramento Bee to Forbes to The New York Post to Psychology Today, where she maintains (R)Aging with Grace, a light-hearted Nora Ephron-esque blog on aging well.

To listen to her many voices, go to <https://DenaKouremetis.com>. See Page 2 for some author follow-up information.



### **A Reason to Attend Meetings In Person**

Somebody somewhere once said something that somehow correlated to the thing you are currently struggling with yet you have forgotten what was said; however, someone at the next meeting will say something similar to the thing that was once said, which may cause you to remember the thing you have forgotten but should have remembered thus you will remember the thing that was said so you can address the thing you are currently struggling with.

*Editor's Note:*

*Have fun with the grammar to the left. Mwuhahaha!*



## **Giving Voice to Your Words**

***Making audiobooks a part of your writing future***

An informational presentation  
by Dena Kouremetis, voice actor

<https://DenaKouremetis.com>  
415.235.2891

### **Useful links for authors:**

<https://www.karencommins.com/2016/12/karen-comminss-audiobook-resources-authors.html>

<https://www.acx.com/mp/how-it-works/authors>

<https://bookriot.com/what-makes-a-great-audiobook/>

<https://kindlepreneur.com/narrate-audiobook/>



# Writers' Mingle

**NEW LOCATION**

Now meeting at Denny's Roseville on Sunrise (at Douglas)

Saturday August 17, 2024 --- 9 am to 11 am  
*All are welcome --- No toll fee for the Bridge Troll*

## Micro-Write Challenge

**Can you write a story in only 117 words?**

Denny's Restaurant Roseville  
(122 Sunrise Ave, Roseville, CA 95661)

All writers are welcome to bring stories with them or be a judge.

**Hello, fellow writers and artists of all walks of life, members, and guests — EVERYONE IS WELCOME, NO MATTER YOUR ... WELL, NO MATTER YOUR *ANYTHING!***

Please join us in person at 7 p.m. at 5501 Dewey Drive, Fair Oaks in the Fellowship Hall of the Crossroads Christian Fellowship Church behind the white fence at the edge of the parking lot. We meet there on the second Monday of every month except May when we meet at a local restaurant.

We **HIGHLY** encourage meeting in person. The room has a super-large television for viewing the speaker if they are not in-person, plus there are usually goodies you can snack on. Feel free to show up early for the chance to talk to some of the hippest dudes and dudettes in the Golden Bear state.

If you **MUST** join on Zoom 7-9 p.m. from home, please contact President Ron Smith in advance for special accommodations.

Ronald Smith, President SSWC

### The Four Letter Word That Begins With F

*By Jeannie Turner*

The four-letter word that begins with an F,  
It's going to be my demise.  
I've tried to remove that bad F from my life,  
I tried doing that more than twice.

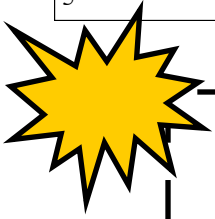
But here it comes calling once more now to me,  
I fall again under its spell.  
If I follow this word all the way where it leads,  
I'll probably end up then in . . . well . . .

It calls me again and it calls and it calls  
And says, "just buy two, and get three!"  
I love to save money and so I succumb.  
Oh, what will become now of me?

If I buy a small soda and buy French fries, too,  
I'll walk out with a burger in hand.  
That F word on coupon has got me again.  
In this case that F word is grand!

I stay with one tire place through thick and through thin,  
Not liking the tires I get there.  
But whene'er I stop by their place, any time!  
They gift all my tires with F \_\_\_ air.

I guess now you know what's that four-letter word  
That's so nearly—not quite—conquered me,  
Got me in its clutch, I don't like it much.  
That four-letter F-word is . . . FREE!



## A Blood-Stained Hood

By Kyra Blacklock, Winner of the 2024 Scholarship  
Part 3 - (Serialized by Editor due to length)

Red was quick, fast, and smart. She swiftly moved to the side as I leapt and kicked me hard in the ribs. She grabbed the blade off the table and another off the wall, knowing guns weren't useful in close range fighting. I drew out of the blades' range, circling her and crouching low to the ground. I was bristled up and angry. I had been docile to the harm this family had done to mine for far too long, and I knew my family was with me.

I circled her slowly, my mate falling into step with me as my sons stayed by the door. Watching for their littermates, and I hoped they also knew to watch for threats.

Our dance of lunging, slashing, snarling, and snapping continued. Blood staining the floor, human and wolf alike. Barking reached my ears, my children were at the clearing's edge. They had arrived and no doubt were frozen by the sight of their sister.

I was still focused on my next opening for attack on Red, that I didn't notice the silence until it was interrupted by a loud BANG! A gun had gone off and the sharp, harsh smell filled my nose. Sound erupted into chaos behind me. Whimpering, snarling, barking, and guns were right outside the house. My mind raced, Red was a threat but my pups were in danger. One glance shared with my mate and I spun around and out of the house.

Bursting out of the door, my senses absorbed the scene in front of me. It was only one man, but he had an automatic gun. Blood covered the ground, and it was complete chaos. The man was standing at one end and my seven eldest at the other. Chervil was in front of them, snapping orders back at them. Only one was bleeding and he was being snuck back into the trees with the support of two of his sisters. Leaving four in the line of fire.

Adrenaline filled my veins and desperation clouded my mind. I caught the man's attention as I barreled towards him, a blur on the ground. I collided hard against his legs and he crumpled to the ground. My jaws were going for his throat, yet never snapped shut on flesh. A hard smack of his gun sent me tumbling to the ground while he stood to his feet. As I stumbled onto my own legs, a scream erupted from the house.

All heads snapped toward the house as Red burst through the door with my mate hot on her tail. He was bleeding heavily from his side, knives clearly having cut through his skin after I fled the house. After that, the world went in slow motion.

The man raised his gun, aiming at my mate with a steady hand. I heard the pups barking in panic to their father. I threw myself at the man to knock him over and was a second too late. The gunshot resounded through the air as I hit the man's back. Once again, we were both on the ground. But now Red was standing above me. She brought the blades through the air, and I barely scrambled out of the way as they whisked right by my neck.

I ran to my mate and collapsed next to him. Frantically whining out and licking at his wounds, but it was no use. He was already too far gone. With eyes glazing over, he gave a feeble whine back at me before going completely limp. I stood up in shock, staring down at his battered body and then up at Parsley's. They would be together in the stars, but two losses in one day was heart wrenching.

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Another bang resounded and I froze still as a bullet whisked by me, grazing my cheek and leaving a trail of blood. My paws were glued to the ground. I couldn't see the danger behind me, only the truth in front of me. The wolf who had stood by my side through it all; willing to fight to keep our home, a ferocious hunter while being such a gentle father. Grief jumped through my throat, a pained, feeble howl splitting the air. One second passed and another shot rang out. A sharp sting collided into my ear and blood followed soon after. Trailing down my face and soaking my coat. I bent and gave my mate a final nudge before running towards my pups. A low growl in warning that saw them running through the trees, deep into the shadows.

A good distance from the house I slowed to a stop, my pups stopping ahead and sharing nervous glances with each other. Licking their lips and ducking their heads to avoid my gaze. I had always been so angry, but I felt that snuffed out by grief. Three of my children and their father, all lost because we couldn't escape with all of our lives intact. My shriek of grief split through the quiet of the forest, twisting into a melancholy howl as I let the pain flow from my body. Soon enough my voice was joined by the others. It was strangely beautiful in the quiet of the night. Our song of mourning raced along the leaves and into the sky, curling protectively around the stars where we firmly believed our loved ones lie.

I'm not sure how long I had my head to the stars, eyes closed with anguish flooding my senses. A gentle nudge of my shoulder caused my howl to fade away, face lowering down and eyes opening to find Chervil's gaze locked on mine, both filled with tears and complicated feelings. He gently gave me another nudge, urging me to my feet as he led me home. Chervil's littermates were already there, cleaning their brother's bullet wound and shielding the young pups from gawking at it. I knew there was blood coating me, and a small whimper escaped my muzzle as the young pups turned to stare at me. Confusion, fear, nervous energy filled the air. I saw them looking behind me, I knew it was for their father but I couldn't bear to break the news to them.

I collapsed into the lush grass beside the den, quickly surrounded by my family and their tongues swiping over my coat. Cleaning it of the blood and taking care of my wounds. I was exhausted and let my head droop onto my paws, eyes fluttering shut as warmth surrounded me. All my remaining family piled against me, each needing the comfort of one another.

Opening my eyes from sleep, I almost forgot. Almost believed it had all been some twisted dream. But my nose told me it wasn't. Parsley's and my mates' scents were lingering but stale, replaced by the metallic smell of blood on the wind. I pulled myself to my feet and shook out my coat. My bones ached from exhaustion and sorrow alike, but I still had a family to protect. I crept over to a patch of dirt and dug up our meager supply of food. The smell of rabbits and my paws scraping dirt awoke the others, and they quickly set to splitting up the food. Assuring that the pups got enough to fill their stomachs, feeling the tension in the air and seeing the bristle of my tail.

I looked down at my youngest litter. Too young to travel far, but staring up at me with adoration in their eyes. I wasn't going to lose them too. I laid down to be at their level and they quickly bounded up, curious and picking up on the tension that saw a few of their own coats bristling. I quickly explained to them, keeping it brief and vague that we needed to leave. That we were going to travel away and find a new home. I switched to a stern voice as I matched up each young pup to an older sibling, before we set off. Our pace was slow and the pups quickly exhausted, but their siblings scooped them up by the scruff and we continued on.

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Years later I would hear the story of “Little Red Riding Hood.” All my pups would be grown and several had even left to find mates of their own. I refused to ever have another mate, and the pups that stayed with me grew into fine hunters. Our pack was never afraid as we hunted within the tree’s and managed to fill our stomachs.

While they slept at night, I heard the rumors. The laugh of the coyotes that spread the story around humans and animals alike. The story of an innocent little girl and her grandma swallowed up by the big bad wolf, before a hunter cut them free. Slicing into the wolf’s stomach and taking home the pelt. Ridding the forest of wolves forever. It made my fur stand on end, and more often than not saw me charging after the coyotes. Seeking a fight and re-instilling the fear of wolves into their scrawny frames.

I tried to keep the stories from reaching my pups. The younger ones never knew the truth, only that Parsley and their father had passed protecting them. I finally had to confess, just so that they knew their father wasn’t a monster who gobbled up kids. That we retaliated after years of suffering caused by that family. I’m grateful they understood and backed down, but I didn’t miss how some of them would glance at my teeth after a hunt. Briefly frozen in place by the sight of blood, likely picturing the Granny below me instead of a deer. It hurt to see my pups wary of me, but it was better than them believing their father was a monster.

Every full moon I still howl to the stars with my eldest pups, occasionally some of the younger ones joining as well. Our grief echoes up to the stars with promises of protection, each recalling the fateful night that we lost some of our family and home. That’s the true story of “Little Red Riding Hood.” Two families of hunters, one for prey and one for sport. Colliding under dawn, and the wolves fleeing with the full moon’s light guiding their path.

## A Brief History of the Suburban Writers Club, An Update

*by Pat Biasotti*

We apologize to the California Writer’s Club for the unfortunate reference in last month’s newsletter. SSWC is grateful for all the support given us by CWC (founded 115 years ago, the nucleus by Jack London).

## HELP !!! VOLUNTEERS

### Gondor Calls for Aid! Will You Answer?

Calling all members — SSWC is in need of volunteers. (Yes, that means you.)

Snacks/Refreshments

Publicity

Historian

Membership Committee

Nominations

There was a Newsletter position, but that spot has been taken by a Sinister Rapsallion.

No individual job takes a lot of time, and you learn a lot about the club, our members, and about writing by helping out. Plus you get Theoretical Cookies which we may or may not keep track of.

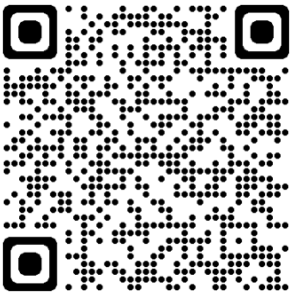
Contact Ron Smith ... or any other Board member listed on the last page of this newsletter.

## Appaloosa Radio

*Jim Miller*

I have introduced a new feature to my Appaloosa Radio webcast site called **91-Second Stories**. These are complete fiction stories that run about 91 seconds to listen to. Typically, this runs 250 to 350 words. It is an exciting genre to write in. Concise and pithy stories that carry an impact.

**I am inviting the Club's members to submit their own 91-Second Stories which I'll convert into audio.**



I have been webcasting the stories on both my podcast (Appaloosa Radio Podcast) and on my main site (Appaloosa Radio Productions). Of course, the podcast is always available on services such as Apple Podcasts, Spotify, Google Podcasts, Amazon Music, Overcast, etc.

**Appaloosa Radio—James Joel Miller** [Jim.mount.miller@gmail.com](mailto:Jim.mount.miller@gmail.com)  
*online audio theater where original stories come alive!*

You can also check out the newly formed Appaloosa Radio YouTube Channel featuring some of our very own members! <https://www.youtube.com/@Appaloosastories>

Appaloosa Radio is a production of the Appaloosa Springs Audio Theater, a volunteer collaborative whose purpose is to create, produce, and share original story content through webcast radio experiences.

We offer a **permanent archive** of our original audio stories at Appaloosa Radio Productions --- <https://appaloosaradio productions>

We also offer a **podcast** service that adds new episodes each week. The podcast host is at --- <https://appaloosa radio.buzzsprout.com>

Principal contact: [jim-j@appaloosaradio productions](mailto:jim-j@appaloosaradio productions)

*Behind every door is an untold story . . .*

~ Jim Mounts-Miller ~

This space is reserved for your short story or poem next month.

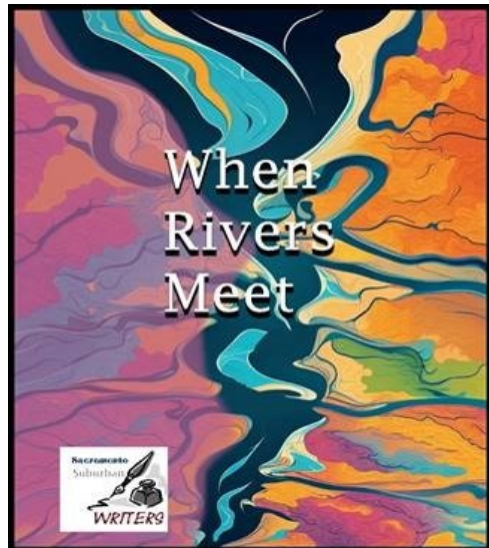
It can't be as horrid as listening to today's pop music on repeat for the next forty seven years, of that I'm sure.

Please email your submission to [kevycastle32@gmail.com](mailto:kevycastle32@gmail.com)

P.S. If you're kind to him he probably won't eat your homework. (Submissions are for members only. Annual membership is super cheap. Feel free to email Kevin the Newsletter Goblin with questions.)



## When Rivers Meet



The Sacramento Suburban Writers Club is going beyond print to sharing our stories by audio and video. We will host a story-sharing platform that will webcast our audio stories to services such as Apple Podcasts, Spotify, Google Podcasts, Stitcher, iHeartRadio, TuneIn, Alexa, Overcast, PocketCasts, Castro, Castbox, Podchaser, etc. That means that anyone can listen to them on their smartphone or in their car wherever they may be in the world!

We are also posting the same stories to a YouTube channel that will also feature other stories written by the Club's members. That option opens even more opportunities for sharing our tales. The Board has decided to begin by webcasting stories previously published in one of our anthologies.

Thus...

If you have written a story that has been included in any of our published anthologies, please contact Jim Mounts-Miller at [jim-j@appaloosaradio productions](mailto:jim-j@appaloosaradio productions) or Brittany Lord (a.k.a. tealya) at [tealya@hotmail.com](mailto:tealya@hotmail.com) to confirm that you wish to have your story (or stories) webcast on these new platforms.

We are calling this an audio-anthology and we have tentatively named it, "***When Rivers Meet***" and the subtitle is "Fiction from the Sacramento Suburban Writers' Club."

There is no charge for webcasting your stories on any of these platforms.

### Future SSWC Speakers / Events

August - Dena Kouremetis, Narrator and Voice Actor

September - Barbara Young, Children's Book Author, Non-fiction, Short Stories

October - Shannon Dittimore, YA Fantasy Author

### Future SSWC Speakers / Events

November - Chris Hennessy, Filmmaker

December - Annual Winter PARTY!

January - Susan Osborn, Flash Fiction

February - ??? It's a twisty mystery...

March - Tim Schooley, Historical (Medieval) Fiction

This page is intentionally repeated each month.

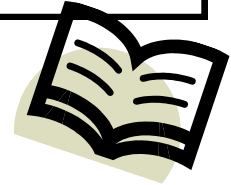
### Follow the SSWC podcasts at:

<https://anchor.fm/sactowriters>

**Spotify** (<https://open.spotify.com/show/0UHX19RTviPkRXMzkysg6V>)

**RadioPublic** (<https://radiopublic.com/sactowriters-694Q1Z>)

**Pocket Casts** (<https://pca.st/z1e83qlq>)



### Which Club Members Have Published?

Check out the SSWC website. You will find a list of members and their book on our club's website: <https://www.sactowriters.org/books-by-our-members/>

If you are a member and have published material, send the information to Wes Turner, including any links to your own website and/or to a site that sells your books (eg Amazon). His email is listed in our club roster. Wes will add your book(s) to the list.

### R U Done Yet?

Have you finished another book? Had any kind of material published recently? Finished a BIG Milestone on your current project?

Are you holding a Book Launch or Public Reading to let the world know what you have accomplished? Let the other members and readers know so we can support you!

Send a brief announcement (including links and your contact information) to [kevincastle32@gmail.com](mailto:kevincastle32@gmail.com) and have it included in the next newsletter. Please include a copy of the cover.

### Members — Wanna be Published?

Submit your own short story, article, poem, or excerpt of your own book to the newsletter for publication. (Please keep it to under 450 or so words ... or it will have to be serialized.)

It would give you bragging rights as being published if you are going to be in contact with an agent and/or publisher.

Send all Submissions to Kevin The Newsletter Goblin: [kevincastle32@gmail.com](mailto:kevincastle32@gmail.com)

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Note that the article to the left is directed to "members."

So, if you do *want to be published* in any future newsletters, make sure your dues are up to date.

## Join the Club!

We are a vibrant club with active writers, have several critique groups (with room for more), and stay wonderfully supportive of each other.

SSWC supports local writers and encourages everyone to write and publish. Attending meetings is free, but membership brings benefits, such as publication in the newsletter and anthology, use of our club's library, qualification for grants to attend conferences (limits apply), and ability to join our first-class critique groups.

MEMBERSHIP is paid on a yearly basis. If joining after April, dues are prorated by quarter (unless you are just really late in maintaining your membership!).

\_\_\_\_\_ Individual \$40 / year

\_\_\_\_\_ Couple \$55 / year

\_\_\_\_\_ Full-Time Student \$30 / year

\_\_\_\_\_ Platinum Senior (70+) \$30 / year

More information is on our website: [sactowriters.org](http://sactowriters.org)

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Genres: \_\_\_\_\_

Published? Y / N (yes, includes self-published) Email: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone: \_\_\_\_\_ Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Website/other info/address (optional): \_\_\_\_\_

**MAIL YOUR DUES TO: Jeannie Turner. Her address is in the Directory. If you don't have a copy, email Jeannie at [turnerjeannie48@gmail.com](mailto:turnerjeannie48@gmail.com) and she will let you know where to send it.**

## OFFICERS

### Elected Officers:

President Ron Smith (El Capitan)  
 Vice President Brittany Lord (And Lady)  
 Secretary \_\_\_\_\_  
 Treasurer Mary Lou Anderson  
 (Ms. Money Penny)

### Chairs:

Coffee/Treats \_\_\_\_\_  
 Conferences \_\_\_\_\_  
 Critique Groups Brittany Lord (And Lady)  
 Historian \_\_\_\_\_  
 Librarian Ron Smith (El Capitan)  
 Membership Jeannie Turner (Voice of the  
 People)  
 Newsletter Kevin Castle (Goblin)  
 Nominations \_\_\_\_\_  
 Prgm/Speakers Laura Kellen (Speaker Herder  
 Extraordinaire)  
 Publicity \_\_\_\_\_  
 Raffle \_\_\_\_\_  
 Scholarship Karen Sepahmansour (The  
 Rolling Stone)  
 Sunshine Nan Roark (The Good Witch)  
 Website Wes Turner (Technowizard)  
 Workshops \_\_\_\_\_

**There's a spot in the list  
 above for YOU!**

## WRITING PROMPT

(450 Words or Less)

Sometimes it's best to throw the box out of the window.

For this month, write a scene where everything is nonsensical. You could write a cooking scene where dwarves flambé a trumpet, or a beach scene where potatoes try to tan, or a murder scene where James Bond dances in a tutu.

Your imagination is the only limit.

## MEETING INFORMATION

**7:00 - 9:00 PM**

We meet the second Monday each month, year round. Be there or be square. 5501 Dewey Drive, Fair Oaks, CA Just north of the Madison/Dewey intersection, across from the Safeway. In the Friendship Hall through the white fence.

*All* writers are encouraged to attend.  
**(Yes, that means you!)**

Membership not mandatory but brings privileges  
*such as publication in the newsletter!*