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Winner of Second Place in Poetry at the 2020 Golden Quill Writing Contest



President's Letter

by Janice Konstantinidis

Dear Fellow NightWriters,

This month I'd like to bring up a subject you have heard from me before: we need volunteers! Our jack-of-all-trades board member, Steve Derks, would like to move on to other adventures in 2021. He will not be running the Golden Quill Contest next year, so we will need someone to carry that torch beginning in the spring of 2021. In the longer term, we will need volunteers to fill his other positions of treasurer and newsletter editor.

I can understand the desire to move on to new challenges; we will all move on eventually. As an organization, we always need people with a desire to contribute time and energy to ensure SLO NightWriters keeps providing its members an enjoyable experience.

Speaking of experience— it is not required to take on a role in NightWriters. We will provide the training you need.

If you have a desire to fill a role as a board member, a task coordinator, or if you have a

'Sup there, you with the face,
I'm claiming this here as my place!
I'll not stand for 'tude,
and I think you're quite rude;
your actions are really quite base.

Janice Konstantinidis



project of your own you would like to develop within NightWriters, please let me know. Or join us at one of our Zoom board meetings so we can talk about your ideas.

With that, I want to wish you all a safe and happy holiday season.

Janice Konstantinidis



Photo by Lorraine Flakemore



HOLIDAY PARTY



December 8 General Meeting Preview

5:15 pm: Join the Critique Table

6:30 pm: It's A Zoom Holiday Party!

It's our last NightWriters meeting of 2020 and time for our annual SLO NightWriters **HOLIDAY PARTY**. Please join us for a chance to share some Holiday Cheer with your fellow NightWriters. Look for the Zoom meeting invitation in your email in the coming week.

This year's party will feature:

- **Storytelling**

Members are invited to share a story, a family tradition, a memory, or work you are proud of with other members. If you are interested, contact our Program Director, Steve Mintz (smintz@calpoly.edu), and let him know what you would like to do. Plan on speaking for about five minutes, or if you are reading a story, limit it to 1,500 words or less.

- **Raffle**

Several gift card prizes will be raffled during the meeting, but you *must be present to win*. The SLO NightWriters board contributes the prizes, but if you have something to donate as a holiday gift prize, please let Janice Konstantinidis (jkon50@gmail.com) know.

- **Dress for the Season**

Members are encouraged to dress in seasonal swag.

- **Bring your own food and drink**

Let us toast a year that we will never forget!



Critique Group News

by Tina Clark, Critique Group Coordinator

Join a Critique Group in 2021

The end of 2020 is fast approaching, and the time is near for us to set our writing goals for 2021. If you don't belong to a critique group, now is the perfect time to join one! Most of the club's critique groups have been emailing their work and meeting on Zoom during the pandemic. If you have never belonged to one, here is the lowdown on how they work and the benefits they can provide. One of our critique groups is recruiting new members (see below), or you can find critique groups with club openings at www.slownightwriters.org under the SLO NW CRITIQUE GROUPS heading.

Friday Night Writers' Group is looking for one or two more writers for critique Zoom meetings. We meet the second and fourth Fridays of each month from 6 – 9pm. We critique prose, poetry, screen writing, letters to publishers, editors... If you are interested, please email us at fridaynightwritersgrp@gmail.com.

How they Work

Each critique group sets its own schedule of how frequently they convene, how far in advance work should be submitted, and the length of items able to be critiqued. In most instances, the writer reads their submission out loud, and group members provide their feedback. Comments can range from story and character development to awkward sentence and grammar issues.

Benefits of a Critique Group

The benefits of joining a critique group are too numerous to list, but here are my top three.

1. Gives you much needed feedback!

So often we write in a vacuum and have no idea how our ideas will sound to the rest of the world. Critique groups provide a safe environment for you to discover how your work will hit others.

2. Improves your craft!

You will not only receive direct feedback on your work that will build your writing skills, but by critiquing others you will learn firsthand what works and what doesn't from a reader's perspective.

3. It keeps you writing!

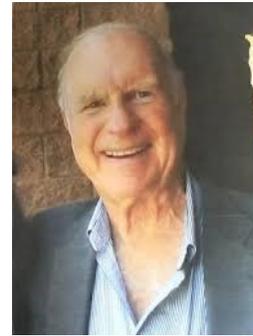
The regularly scheduled meetings hold you accountable to producing new writing material by setting a deadline.

If you have questions about forming or joining a SLO Nightwriters critique group, please do not hesitate to contact me at

outsidetheglasstjc@gmail.com.

In Memoriam

Carroll McKibbin
October 6, 2020
San Luis Obispo, California



When I joined NW twenty some years ago, Carroll was retiring as Program Director. He was a contributor to the NW column in Tolosa Press and a poignant story he wrote was published in the NW Anthology, *The Best of SLO NightWriters in Tolosa Press*. As he aged, he attended meetings infrequently and was always happy to see my familiar face in the midst of all the new members.

From his obituary in the Tribune:

Carroll R. McKibbin was born on November 17, 1937 to Hazel and Eldon McKibbin in Guthrie Center, Iowa. He died on October 6, 2020 at 82 years of age. Carroll was the youngest of the three McKibbin brothers, his brothers Darrell and Gary having preceded him in death. Carroll McKibbin loved being a citizen of Guthrie Center as well as being an Iowan. He was also a Nebraskan (and a GO Big Red football fan) and a Californian. He lived and visited all over the globe, as his wife, Lynn said, "Carroll was truly a citizen of the world." He fostered friendships and connected with

people all over the United States and in several countries. He regularly visited Guthrie Center and enjoyed all the wonderful times he had there with family and friends.

Carroll often shared how incredibly lucky he was to have found the best companion and partner in his wife, Lynn. He was so grateful for her support and love which helped him pursue his goals and his accomplishments. He knew her support was tantamount to his achievements. Her smile has brightened his life since the day they met.

Donations may be made in Carroll McKibbin's memory to the favorite charity of one's choice. He leaves this world having lived a good life surrounded by the love of family and numerous friends. He valued and enjoyed each and every person he connected with and would want that love to continue into the future.

Judythe Guarnera
 Sunshine Chair

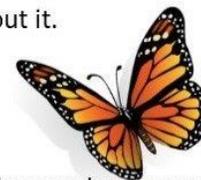
Sunshine Corner

Need a Little Sunshine?

Into every life a little rain might fall, times when we long for sunshine, but no one notices.

NightWriters would like to send a card to any of its members who are ill, have lost a loved one, had surgery or an accident, but we don't always hear about it.

So, Fellow Writers, we need you!



Please email me, Judythe Guarnera: judy.guarnera@gmail.com and let me know when someone you know needs a little sunshine.

WORD PLAY

by Morgann Tayllor



G I F T E D

This month the Christmas tree will become a talking tree festooned with gifts of words. The tree is noisy, alive, with the babble of borrowed global vocabularies that have evolved and been Anglicized over the millennia. Prismatic words blossom in their own reflections, while innovative words sparkle and dance with fresh vibrancy.

As each guest comes through the front door, they grab a random litter of letters from a hanging **gab-bag** (a palindrome word that reads the same frontward and backward). From these letters, guests will re-imagine their own **gift of gab** to share with other guests or to add their word decorations to the tree.

* * * * *

Language boasts hundreds of thousands of common use dictionary words (and counting). They range from the loftiest to the lowest, from party words to partial words, from the marathon to the miniscule and everything in between. This celebration will feature but a tiny fraction of word offerings wrapped in their own identities and placed under the tree.

Polysyllabic words are swathed in silk, satin and lace, buffered by a lot of air. They are ethereal, often arcane, sometimes **ostentatious**, favoring the **sesquipedalian** to the **hemidemisemiquavers** and beyond. Polysyllables are adored by logophiles and professionals of every stripe. They are lingual **omnivores** when engaged in like conversation or activities; they're the kids in a huge toy box, from which come sounds of delight. Other guests may hear these as holiday sounds of **tintinnabulation**.

* * * * *

When they discover polysyllables aren't just prisms basking in their own reflections, guests wonder what socializes them. Utility words wrapped in metal tool boxes under the gift tree may be the answer. The more curious pry open the lids to view a host of utilities in neatly arranged compartments. All these words, even down to those of single letters (**a, I**) serve as durable functions—such as nouns, verbs, adjectives, adverbs, clauses, phrases, articles, pronouns. How to put this puzzle together so that the words make sentences and therefore sense?

The searchers dig deeper to find that the **bedrock** of grammar **is** the noun and the verb. When utility words gravitate to a noun and verb, together they form sentences or related thoughts that become coherent language. Guests learn that without attachment or reference to a functional sentence, any word alone in the toolbox is sterile. They understand that by adding words of clarity and color to sentences or related thoughts, the writer or speaker could have a story plot or conversation that is its own Christmas gift.

* * * * *

Partygoers savor elastic English and they understand even crutch words are useful in the right situation. One of the guests reveals her use of dialog to delineate a story character: **"Like, well uh you know, that's the way it is."**

Another reveler surmises that breaking the rules of writing is a time-honored tradition. He calls out an example—mischief-makers, such as split infinitives and dangling participles, can pop

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up in unexpected places. He points to one of the toolboxes under the tree, as bemused guests gawk. Shakespeare's dangling participle is hanging from a closed lid. The participle has escaped from *Hamlet*. It reads: "Sleeping in my orchard, a serpent stung me."

* * * * *

The party winds down but the conversation will continue. Our words are everywhere—eclectic, innovative, whimsical and constantly

changing in a world of technology.

Evocative prose nourishes us; its structure sustains continuity. Unforgettable stories are waiting to be told, for the right words are the gift that keeps on giving. It's the gift of connection.

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Monthly Zoom Meetings

During the pandemic isolation, we are offering online meetings and presentations via Zoom (see [page 3](#) for details of our December 8 General Meeting). We encourage interested visitors to join us. The meetings will be held on the second Tuesday of the month. The Critique Table will begin at 5:15 pm and the General Meeting will begin at 6:30 pm.

If you have any ideas or comments about our online presentations, please contact our Program Director, Steven Mintz, at smintz@calpoly.edu

Visitors are always welcome. For details, visit our website: www.slouidnightwriters.org

How to Join the Monthly Zoom Critique Table

1. If you desire to have your work critiqued, send your chosen two pages to Susan Tuttle (aim2write@yahoo.com) and Terry Sanville (tsanville@sbcglobal.net) by the Saturday before the meeting.
2. Login to the monthly Zoom meeting a few minutes before 5:15 pm on the day of the meeting using the link provided in the email that is sent to members when the Zoom meeting is scheduled. You are welcome to join us even if you just want to listen and hear the critiques.
3. If you have any specific issues or questions you'd like covered at the Critique Table, just let Susan (aim2write@yahoo.com) or Terry (tsanville@sbcglobal.net) know before the meeting.

TIPS AND TIDBITS

by Judythe Guarnera



WHEN TAKING A RISK IS WORTH IT

The frail, white-haired woman looked up with rheumy eyes as I opened the door to her room in the assisted living facility she'd called home for two years. Her 100 year old eyes squinted, as her memory tried to place the visitor in her doorway.

"It's Judy," I said. I repeated my name as I moved closer, squatting down so my face was right in front of hers. Whether she finally heard me, despite the absence of her hearing aids, or whether she saw something that sparked a memory, her grin suffused the wrinkles in her face.

I sat down, fully prepared to follow the tack of the conversation that I knew from experience would follow. Okay, Judy, now's the time to use those creative skills that lurk in the left side of your brain—and lie through your teeth.

"Judy, I'm so glad to see you. Did you bring me a copy of your book?"

"Oh, Evelyn, I'm sorry. The shipment hasn't come yet. The new ones should be out in a couple of weeks. You'll be the first to get a copy, I promise." I watched as a slight frown flitted across her face and disappeared.

"So, tell me all about your world book tour," Evelyn said. "Mary tells me you got an advance of \$25,000. That's such good news. I'm so proud of you. I've always loved your writing."

I've had some luck entering short story writing contests, but, of course, never as

many as I'd like. I do know one contest I could probably win—the one for coming up with the most excuses of why I don't submit my work more often. How about you?

Something I've heard often from members over the years, beginning with my stint as editor of the NightWriters column in a local newspaper, is they have nothing to write about. When I suggest they take memories of incidents from their own lives and fictionalize them, they frown. "Nothing interesting ever happened in my life," they say.

Let's dissect that statement. First, let's establish that most writers are inherent story tellers. When we're out driving, my husband sometimes complains about a driver cutting in and out of traffic. I intercede by saying, "Aw, she got up late because the baby was sick last night and she's late for work." He looks at me and laughs, annoyance forgotten. Once more I practice my story telling.

How many of you in your youth stayed out past your curfew and told a whopper when confronted by a parent? "Dad, I couldn't help it. The clock in the skating rink said it was nine o'clock and I knew I had another half hour and then I found out the clock was broken."

Have you ever put a dent in your new car and to save face and frustration, you made up a story about how you stopped for an old woman crossing the street and the car behind you didn't slow down in time and clipped the

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side of the car when he swerved around you?

You get the idea—writers are drawn to writing because they are inveterate story tellers. So how can you take that inherent quality and make it work for you?

Consider the Evelyn story I began this column with. Evelyn really was my 100 year old neighbor until she moved into an assisted living facility. She was a droll Norwegian who loved to watch golfing on TV, could produce a sly grin and eye twinkle at the drop of a pin, and accused her caregiver of stealing her underwear.

She really did like my writing and encouraged me. Letting my imagination run free, it was easy for me to see what a good character Evelyn could make for a story.

My novel, *Twenty-Nine Sneezes*, was almost finished when her memory began to fade. She really did forget who I was, although until she died, she'd always remember before our visit ended. As she slipped more and more, she concocted the story about my writing achievements—and storyteller that I am, I helped.

It was embarrassing when I'd walk in the door and one of her caregivers would congratulate me. Of course, I offered my disclaimer and they understood. When I disclaimed my fame with Evelyn, she'd get upset. It made a much happier visit for both of us if I just agreed with her and even stretched the fantasy a bit.

I began writing about Evelyn in a memoir piece and continued writing about her in several fiction stories—always the same character, with a different plot. Each rendition brought back memories and made me smile and kept Evelyn in my memory.

You know experts tell writers to carry a notebook and jot down things they see and hear for potential stories. Today we all carry

iPhones which have a recording feature. So, no excuses. Sometimes when I record something, I begin simmering on it right away. Other times I have no idea what I might buy with those nuggets I'd observed.

If I don't jot them down, it's almost guaranteed I'll forget. Then I beg my husband to help me remember "that great story idea I had." So do use your phone or notebook.

So, a nugget sounds interesting, but... That's when I play the what if game.

Nugget: (This really happened the other day.) I watched a young man walking his dog on Ocean Boulevard in Shell Beach. As he continued to walk, he began twisting his body around and grabbing first one foot and then the other. He looked as though he was doing some primordial dance—or possibly having a seizure of some kind.

Nugget recorded. Proceed ahead.

What if he had stepped in dog poop for the second time that week?

What if the smell of dog poop always made him barf?

What if his mother had told him, "If you drag dog poop in here again, you might just as well pack your bags?"

What if he believed his mother and panicked because he had nowhere else to go?

Or:

What if he'd gotten a cramp in his leg and was trying to shake it out, when his other leg cramped.

What if his dog thought he was trying to attack him while he was dancing around and bit his foot?

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What if he'd heard that dogs that bite had rabies and he'd have to get a zillion shots and he was deathly afraid of needles?

What if a neighbor saw him and thought he was having a drug-induced fit and called the police? (Warning: this is a sensitive topic, but timely.) What if he was a person of color and the police came and accidentally shot him?

Now, I admit some of my what ifs are silly, but I'm hoping you're getting the idea of how a story can be born from an odd or unusual something you observe, and if you play around with it, it might make a fine story, just as it did with my memory of Evelyn.

When I'm seriously doing what if exercises, I

have two approaches. One is to write any kind of a question that pops into my head, no matter how silly, without worrying if it fits the previous question, and keep going until something sticks, (you know like throwing spaghetti at the wall to see if it sticks or slides down to determine al dente). At times, my first What if makes sense and I use that as a starter, adding questions that could all be succeeding plot points until I've developed a draft story line.

*In the Rhythm of Writing,
Judythe Guarnera*

Submit Stories, Photos and Ads to the Newsletter

We will publish advertisements for NightWriters' books and book writing related events. This advertising is Free For Members. Please provide the graphic (book cover or other graphic) for the announcement.

We will also accept original photographs, and unpublished Flash Fiction between 400-800 words from current members. Excerpts from published works, if they stand alone as their own mini-story, are also acceptable. We are also interested in articles, kudos and event notices. And if you have any other ideas for content, please let us know.

Moved or Changed Email?

Please notify NightWriters of any change in address or email: jkon50@gmail.com. Join NightWriters and send dues or renewal checks (payable to SLO NightWriters) to: SLO NightWriters, PO Box 2986, Paso Robles, CA 93447. Or join/renew online through our website: www.slouightwriters.org and pay with a credit card.

Kudos, Kudos, Kudos...

Terry Sanville

Terry Sanville's short story, *A Change in Latitude*, will appear in an upcoming edition of [Blood and Bourbon Literary Magazine](#), an annual print journal published in Toronto, Canada.

Terry's short story, *Headshots*, will be included in an upcoming edition of [Bohemian Renaissance Literary Magazine](#), a print journal out of Hiawassee, Georgia.

Terry's short story, *Other Side of the Lake*, will appear in the next edition of [Soliloquies Anthology](#), a print journal published by Concordia University of Montreal, Canada.

Have Kudos to Crow About?

Do you have a recent article or story published in a local, national or even international print or online magazine? Or a book published?

How about a review, or an award, honor or recognition of your writing?

If so, we'd like to know about it. To have your literary kudos included in *WordSmiths*, send an email to slownnewsletter@gmail.com by the 20th of the month.

President: Janice Konstantinidis
Vice-President: Vacant
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Website Master: Janice Konstantinidis
Web Assistant: Steve Derks
Newsletter Editor: Steve Derks
Photographer: Vacant

We Need Your Help

The success of non-profit organizations like SLO NightWriters depends on its members. We all have talents other than writing that any organization could make use of. NightWriters has many special opportunities for members to get involved, working "behind the scenes." If you'd like to assist in any capacity, email: jkon50@gmail.com.

Reflections in Glass

by Judy Yager

Ginny looked like a 60-year old Little Orphan Annie. Rusty hair and freckles, impish grin. The hard-knock life had carved dark trenches around her eyes and mouth. As if awakening from a dream, her tired face would animate like a joyful toddler for everyone who entered the office. Or almost everyone.

I was teaching psychology at a small community college in Willows, California, when I first met Ginny, the office secretary. Ginny had been born and raised in that tiny rural town. Surrounded by almond tree farms, it had just one narrow, two-lane road going in and out of the place. Ginny's job in the four-room junior college branch was to give catalogs and forms to students, answer questions, and provide clerical support for instructors. Most days, she had bits of time to read her romance novels and chat when folks dropped by. She was friendly and welcoming.

But from the moment we met, somehow Ginny and I did not connect. I guessed that she just needed some time to warm up to me.

At first, I wasn't too concerned about Ginny. I was twenty-five years younger than she, preoccupied with my life as a busy, single mom of two little girls, and trying to make ends meet. In addition to teaching, I did counseling at a group home for foster children, and on weekend nights I helped manage a disco. Teaching was my main source of income. My kids were my life and I had to support them. I didn't have any more time for Ginny than she apparently had for me.

Ginny's attitude really got my attention, though, when it became clear that she wasn't going to type up my tests or make copies for me, as she did for everyone else. I mostly

did my own clerical work anyway, but after the first couple times she ignored my requests, and I had to pull all-nighters to make up for it, I became concerned. Had I not given her enough notice? Not asked properly? Was a little gift expected? I checked with the others; no, I had followed all the protocols. And it wasn't just the loss of clerical support. It stung when she would look right through me. If others weren't around, she wouldn't even reply to a simple question.

I considered my options. My job was too important to risk rocking the boat with a full-on confrontation. And involving the department head could be punitive to Ginny and petty of me. Finally, I decided to ask her what I'd done. For heaven's sake's, I was teaching Communications Skills!

I told her she seemed like a sweet, hard-working person, that I felt terrible we'd somehow gotten off on the wrong foot, and I never meant to offend her in any way. To this she rewarded me with a look of such hostility that I began to stammer. She said nothing. I told her if I didn't know what I had done wrong I couldn't change, and I wanted to fix this. She got up and left the room.

My confidence was pretty low. In my private life I was still in the process of realizing that it's just as necessary to be selective in choosing women friends as it is to be discriminating when choosing men. In my twenties I had learned that men aren't always how they seem. But I persisted in expecting all women to be kind and trustworthy. Of course that makes no sense, but people learn at their own pace. I was still a couple years away from grasping that

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some people are truly gems; some seem like gems but when you get to know them they aren't; some don't seem to have much going for them but are true-blue gems underneath when you really get to know them; and, finally, gender has nothing to do with it.

So there I was in my early thirties, shocked like a little kid on the playground because Ginny was mean to me.

After obsessing about it over several long nights, I concluded I had failed to be friendly. I had been too professional. I resolved to be warmer toward her. Over the following months I showed a genuine interest in her life and work. Nothing. I gave her compliments and expressed appreciation for the least thing. Still nothing. Alrighty then, I faked a genuine interest in her romance novels. I shared a bit about my life struggles. I made cookies! Dead end. The woman wanted nothing to do with me.

I gave up. Not everyone has to like me, or is worth the effort. The school year ended, and I transferred back to the main campus, thank goodness. I would never have to see her again, and I had bigger things to worry about.

* * *

One year later, I was still teaching and working my two other jobs. Life was going along pretty well. It was a beautiful Saturday and I had a little time to go window shopping downtown.

The store that caught my interest that afternoon was a furniture store. As I stood outside on the sidewalk I felt the sun on my back. I could see myself in the window, but if I shielded my eyes "just so" I could make out some chairs I imagined might look good in the little apartment I shared with my daughters. As I stood there, lost in my daydreams, movement caught my eye and I saw myself in the window again. There was a woman standing close behind me, at my right shoulder. The furniture disappeared and I could see both of us clearly.

"Don't turn around. It's me, Ginny."

I couldn't speak.

"I just want you to know that I never could stand you because you remind me so much of the woman my husband ran off with."

Then she was gone, and I could see only myself again.

Have You Checked Out Our Website Lately?

Control Your Own Information

Post your bio, picture, book covers and ordering links. Contribute a writing blog post-free publicity!

MEMBER SITE LINKS

List your website(s) and blog(s) with live links — makes it easier for the public to find you and helps build your platform.

BOOK REVIEWS

Get your book reviewed. Write a review—it's a valid publishing credit.

WRITERS SERVICES

Do you have a writing or professional skill? Get listed on our new Services Page.

FACEBOOK

Become a "Fan" of NightWriters! Visit NW's Facebook page and sign up today! Also, link your Facebook page and your websites and blogs to NW sites.

LINKEDIN

Connect with NW on LinkedIn. Help build your author platform with writing professional connections.

Unexpected Litter

by Carolyn Chilton Casas

Years ago, I'd leave the house
each morning at seven
to meet my friends
to hike our hillside trails.

On Wednesdays, the day
the trash truck came,
I would take a plastic bag
to pick up litter along the way.

Those habits are lost to time;
this morning I go alone.
At nine, eased by sleep and dreams,
I leave to walk our country roads.

Strangely, the shoulders nearly devoid of debris:
a few wrappers, a water bottle, a can.
What shocks me most – two paper face masks,
blown probably from a car's dashboard,
one fading on a barbed wire fence,
another on the ground among weeds.

It has been four months of spreading virus.

How innocent we were a year ago.
How much we took for granted.

Monthly (Online) Meetings

During the pandemic isolation, we are offering online meetings and presentations via Zoom (see [page 3](#) for details of our December 8 General Meeting). We encourage interested visitors to join us. The meetings will be held on the second Tuesday of the month. The Critique Table will begin at 5:15 pm and the General Meeting will begin at 6:30 pm. For a link to our next Zoom meeting, please contact Janice Konstantinidis at jkon50@gmail.com.

If you have any ideas or comments about our online presentations, please contact our Program Director, Steven Mintz, at smintz@calpoly.edu

Visitors are always welcome. For details, visit our website: www.slouidnightwriters.org



Complete Editing Services
Let me help you Write It Right
 Susan Tuttle, Award Winning Author

Proofreading: spelling, punctuation, and grammar only. The last step before publication.

Cost: \$5/3 pages

What you get: a corrected document. Turnaround time @ 1 week for a 250-300 page manuscript.

Line Editing: spelling, punctuation, grammar, word usage, sentence construction, consistency of voice/style.

Cost: \$5/page

What you get: two documents, one corrected (spelling, punctuation, grammar only), one with suggestions in track changes. Turnaround time @ 1-1/2 weeks for a 250-300-page manuscript.

Developmental Editing: full evaluation of the story and plot, including character development and growth, story arc, use of language, point of view, tense, consistency/believability of story line, subplots, beginning and ending, setting, author's voice/style, etc. Includes spelling, punctuation, and grammar.

Cost: @ \$850-\$1,200 for 250-300-page manuscript, depending on amount of work the manuscript needs. Flat rates also available.

What you get: a document with track changes for spelling, punctuation and grammar, and comments, suggestions, and examples on ways to improve the work. Turnaround time: 2-3 weeks, depending on amount of work needed.

I will never rewrite your work, I will only suggest ways you can make it better, with examples for clarification. My goal is to help strengthen your unique author's voice while making sure you tell the best story you can write.

Beta Reading Services also available, \$50/book.

Contact me at: editme1@yahoo.com

NightWriters REVIEW BOARD

As writers, we need to read in order to see what others are doing. We also find out what works and what doesn't, what we need to avoid and what we want to incorporate into our own bag of skills.

So, as long as we're reading, why not read other members' books and write reviews for them? It's a win-win for everyone: we learn by reading, and authors garner those all-important reviews for their work.

NightWriters has set up a Review Board, where we connect member readers with member writers' new works. Below you will

find a listing of members who are willing to read and review (on Amazon, Goodreads, or their other favorite review site) specific works by other members. You must be a NightWriter member in good standing to take advantage of this board. If you have a new book for review, just contact the reader(s) listed here, and arrange to have a book sent to them. Please check carefully to make sure your genre fits the genres each person reads. Have fun!

Review Board Members*

<u>Name</u>	<u>Email</u>	<u>Genres</u>
Jim Aarons	jim@jeadv.com	historical fiction
Mark Arnold	markarnoldphd@gmail.com	historical, sci-fi
Judith Bernstein	ryewit@live.com	memoir, creative nonfiction
Steve Bowder	sbowder@live.com	historical novel
David Brandin	dbrandin@earthlink.net	political, historical, general, sci-fi
Tina Clark	outsidetheglasstjc@gmail.com	sci-fi, creative nonfiction
Ruth Cowne	abuela10@att.net	memoir, flash fiction
Steven McCall	steven.mccall7@gmail.com	literary fiction
Jody Julkowski Nelson	jjnteacher@gmail.com	fiction, creative nonfiction
Jennifer Rescola	jkrescola@charter.net	autobiography, novels
Brian Schwartz	brian@selfpublish.org	nonfiction
Mary Silberstein	luvlamas@gmail.com	poetry, fiction
Susan Tuttle	aim2write@yahoo.com	mystery, suspense, paranormal suspense

****To be added to our Review Board listing, write to: slonwnnewsletter@gmail.com and put Review Board in the subject line.***