



The Quill

From the Editor

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All active members recently received e-mails with their contact information, as SCWW has it on file. Please, take a moment to check the information and send any corrections to JIM MCFARLANE at jimmcfarlane@juno.com. The deadline to make changes is SEPT.

Are You a Worker Bee?

Nominations for SCWW Board due Oct. 30, 2008

The election to fill six open seats on the **2009 SCWW Board of Directors** will be held in November. Nominations are welcome now, and must be submitted by **Oct. 30, 2008**.

The Board meets mid-state at least quarterly. The term of office for each elected director is two years. The thirteen directors on the Board are assisted by many regular SCWW members. Regular members may serve as committee chairs or editors, but not as officers.

Participating in SCWW at the state-wide level is fun! The Board is both a hard-working team and a congenial group of friends—all of them writers themselves or people who enjoy supporting writers. On the current Board, eleven of our members hail from local chapters all over South Carolina, while two are from Georgia. SCWW

27, 2008.

Winning High School Work

As the final piece of work that won in the SCWW high school writing competition, here's the piece that won the first place slot in fiction.

Healthy By John Ott, Jr.

On what was supposed to be my initial visit to a psychiatrist, Dad and I decided to stop by a diner. I didn't have to step between the cracks in the pavement. I didn't spend hours in my room trying to arrange the furniture symmetrically or alphabetically or according to Feng Shui. I didn't rock back and forth in the corner worried someone had slipped on water I spilt, and met an untimely fate. I just tried to be healthy. I felt it very unfair that because I had tried to stay in good health I had the label "hypochondriac" stamped on my forehead. Of those who wouldn't listen to the cares of the sick, of those who ignored the existence of fatal diseases, of those who assumed everything and everyone was perfectly dandy, I believed my father was the Emperor.

"I think I have multiple sclerosis," I said. Dad lifted his eyes from the menu and looked at me. "This morning when I woke up, my vision was blurry," I said. Dad lowered his eyes again to the menu. "Do we have relatives with multiple sclerosis? Maybe it runs in the family."

"No, you get this from your grandmother," my dad said. Dad was saying I inherited Grandma's paranoia behavior. Everybody loved Grandma Connie, though because of the electric shock therapy we called her Grandma Conductive.

The waitress came to our table and asked us what we wanted. I ordered waffles. Dad ordered waffles, too, and an egg sandwich and bacon and a small cola.

"Sometimes my muscles feel fatigued," I said.

"That would explain why you're always

has members in many states. Residence in South Carolina is not a requirement for serving on the Board. However, attendance at meetings is critical.

The Board of Directors oversees the registration of members and the activities of local SCWW chapters, applies for grants, publishes SCWW's literary journal, *The Petigru Review*, and our monthly newsletter, *The Quill*, and organizes the annual SCWW writers conference. The 2009 conference will be our nineteenth.

To nominate yourself or someone else for election to the 2009 SCWW Board, or to volunteer for a non-elected position, please send the nominee's name and contact information with a brief bio to our president, Cynthia Dyer, at cydy_07@yahoo.com. The bio should tell a little about the nominee, his or her local SCWW chapter involvement, and may also include which area of Board responsibility most interests her or him. This short bio will be posted on the ballot in November.

New officers will be elected and most other appointments will be made at the first meeting of the new Board in January of 2009. However, those who are interested in serving on the Board might look over the open offices and appointed positions described below, to learn about some of the specific responsibilities that will need to be assigned.

In addition to the conference planning and production teams, these offices and appointed positions are in need of enthusiastic volunteers: **Secretary:** An officer elected by the new Board members from among their number, the secretary attends all meetings and takes detailed notes on who offers and seconds motions and how the vote goes. All officers and chairs submit written reports to the secretary before meetings. The secretary combines these reports with notes from the meeting to form the official minutes. These are sent to Board members promptly for review, corrected, officially approved, and filed for the permanent record. In addition, the secretary records and reports interim decisions made by the executive committee.

Treasurer: Another officer elected in January by the new Board, the treasurer maintains all financial records for the organization and regularly provides the Board with accurate financial reports. The treasurer writes checks, makes deposits, keeps an on-going balance of all accounts, and works with the paid accountants. An outside accounting firm provides quarterly reports and files tax

sitting around the house,” he said. He wasn’t even looking up from the photo of smoothies on the menu.

“Dad, this isn’t a joke,” I said. “I really need to go to a doctor.”

“You are,” Dad said.

“No, one I need. A neurologist.”

Dad sighed. I knew what he was thinking. Last summer I had thought I had Type II diabetes. I had been very thirsty at that time, but when I had tried to bring a glass to my lips my hands would start shaking. I had begged and begged him to take me to the doctor. He finally conceded, we went, and the test results had been negative.

The waitress returned with our food. Dad picked up the bottle of strawberry syrup and poured it on his waffle. He offered the syrup to me. I declined. He began scraping butter onto his meal. I got out an antibacterial wipe from my pocket and wiped my hands with it.

“You should save the money you’re using to pay for this shrink and take me to a neurologist. The psychiatrist won’t be able to do anything to help me,” I said.

“He’ll talk to you,” Dad said, raising a hunk of waffle to his mouth.

“You talk to me. What ca the psychiatrist do that you can’t?”

“Drugs. He can prescribe drugs,” Dad said.

I was incredulous. “I can’t believe you’re not considering the side effects of some of these drugs,” I asked. “Surely you’re not willing to risk the health of your child just to make your life a little more stress-free?” I think Dad said something, but I couldn’t understand him with the waffle in his mouth.

“This is silly,” I said, cutting into my waffle. “Dad, you’re just wasting time and money while ignoring the real problem.”

Dad closed his eyes momentarily, half a slice of bacon hanging out of his mouth. He hit his chest. As he muttered something about heartburn and continued chewing his bacon, I asked why he couldn’t take me seriously. Dad wiped his face with his napkin.

“At one time,” Dad said, “I took you quite seriously. When you were young and said you had a fever I believed you. I believed you even when the thermometer said differently. Then it stopped being fevers and started being leukemia. A cough

documents on SCWW's behalf, relying on the treasurer to supply them with detailed information regarding all financial transactions.

Either SCWW Board members or regular SCWW members may seek appointment to these positions, which are filled by the new Board in January:

Fund-Raising Chairs: At least **three** people have leadership responsibilities for planning and leading volunteers in these key fund-raising areas: Grant-writing, Sponsors and Exhibitors and the Silent Auction. Primarily a writing job, grant-writing involves the renewal or first-time submission of applications for grants as well as researching new grant resources. Securing sponsors and exhibitors for the writers conference involves advertising as well as making many in-person and telephone contacts. Chairing the silent auction involves soliciting contributions of materials, in person and via telephone, putting together the baskets, and overseeing the display and the silent auction during the conference. Each of these chairpersons may function as the captain of a team of fund-raising volunteers.

Conference Co-Chair: The co-chair assists the conference chair in planning, organizing and producing the fall writers conference. The co-chair would be a likely and optimal choice for Conference Chair in a succeeding year.

Publicity Chair. Publicity for the fall writers conference entails submitting art and copy for display ads to a few key outlets, and sending out press releases as broadly as possible — all via e-mail and Web sites. Several volunteer designers have given us great support with our ads and print materials. Using the publicity contacts list, the publicity chair also requests promotional materials for conference registration packets.

For further information or to volunteer or nominate yourself or someone else, contact President Cynthia Dyer at cydy_07@yahoo.com or 843-347-3040.

Member/Chapter Chatter

Camden Chapter

The Camden Chapter of SCWW is meeting the first Wednesday of the month at Kirkwood Books, 944 Broad Street in Camden, thanks to the gracious hospitality of owners Sam and Eve Montgomery. This complete bookstore in

started meaning mesothelioma instead of the flu. When you lost five pounds it was sure sign of bone cancer.”

“But Dad,” I said, “I just don’t see why we’re wasting out time at a psychiatrist. I don’t need a psychiatrist.”

“Yes, you do. These are delusions. They’re not real. You’re perfectly healthy and I don’t understand why you can’t see that.” Dad’s voice began to rise.

“I don’t understand why you can’t believe me,” I said, pointing my finger at him. “I may have been wrong some times in the past, but one of these days I might really get sick. One of these days I might be fatally ill and you won’t believe me.”

“You don’t have to worry about being fatally ill,” Dad said. His face began to grimace in pain as it reddened. “You’re healthy. We’re all healthy,” Dad began to hold his chest and muttered something about it not being heartburn as his head fell into his waffle.

I sat there looking at him, not yet able to comprehend what had happened. The waitress walked by with her mouth open and joined me in staring. Then the people at the next table over began looking at him, until everyone had stopped raising their glasses and forks and discussing sports teams and candidates and instead simply stared at Dad. Somewhere in the background a baby cried and I screamed.

The ambulance soon came to the restaurant. Two men carried my dad into it, one of his hairy arms hanging off the stretcher. When the ambulance got to the hospital, I was made to sit in a waiting room. A sitcom was on the television. The laugh track kept going off, again and again, as if it were enjoying Dad’s situation tremendously. I got out of my chair and went to the bathroom door, turning the knob with an antibacterial wipe.

I leaned against the bathroom sink. I pulled out another wipe, but realized I couldn’t wipe my eyes- it would probably burn them. I threw the antibacterial wipe in the trash can and tried to reach for a paper towel, but all they had was an automatic blower. I ripped some toilet paper from the roll and started to wipe my eyes.

I returned to the waiting room. The television showed an old man feeding his dog Duke’s Delicious Dog Food. I raised my hand and made the happy dog

historic downtown Camden is a source for anything and everything in or out of print in English. The Camden members are pleased to have this space as their “Clubhouse.” The Montgomery’s have also been very supportive of the efforts of SCWW and the chapter members. For more information on Kirkwood Books, e-mail sam@thebooklink.com, or call (803) 432-5169.

Lexington Chapter

Tommie and **Stuart Osland** have assumed responsibility as chapter leaders for the Lexington Chapter. The Oslands, although new at the game of managing meetings and chapter business, say the quality of their members makes the job a pleasure. The chapter is considering planning a workshop for sometime following the October conference.

Ruth Varner, is a retired medical office manager and member of the Lexington chapter since moving there in 2006, writes short stories, many based on real-life experiences. In September 2007, she was the winner of an amateur writing contest sponsored by *Lake Murray Magazine* of *The State* newspaper. At this time, she is working on a collection of short stories.

Columbia II

Writers keep in touch between meetings via a Google group Vikki Perry organized. Writers discuss literary events, and other business that isn’t covered in the regular workshops. It is expected that the e-mail group will reduce the amount of time spent on business at meetings. Vikki is co-municipal liaison for National Novel Writing Month (<http://www.nanowrimo.org>). Both she and Janie Kronk have produced manuscripts by taking the challenge to write 50,000 words in the month of November. It’s an annual event that attracts writers across the nation, and each year novels are published as a result.

In September, the Columbia II writers’ blog (<http://columbiawritersworkshop.blogspot.com>) features **DiAna DiAna**’s comments on self-publishing and **Ilmars Birzniaks**’ experience in getting a 5,000-word short story published.

Bonnie Stanard’s poem “Marked by Progress” was one of six winners of *KNOCK* magazine’s Ecolit/Green Art contest. A publication of Antioch University in Seattle, *KNOCK* #10 is due out in November.

disappear. I sat down in a chair. On the sofa next to me, a short-haired woman in glasses with a purse in her lap sat next to a boy with a cast on his foot. The child had his foot propped up against the magazine rack as he played a handheld video game.

"This is what we get for buying you a skateboard. We can't afford any more medical bills," the woman said. The boy continued to make the little machine beep. A door opened behind them and a nurse pushed a one-legged man in a wheelchair down the hall.

"First we're going to have to pay for the stitches, and then we're going to have to pay to get the stitches out," the woman said to her child. "Before it's all over, this'll cost us an arm and a leg." As the man in the wheelchair scowled at her, I felt a certain disdain for the woman and the child.

Then I was back in the diner all over again. I could see Dad's angry face. The spit flew from his mouth as he spoke. What if that was the last time I would ever speak to Dad? If I had another thought about him I was afraid I would burst into hysterics in the waiting room, so I turned my eyes to the magazine rack where the child's cast was propped.

I didn't want to catch anything from the magazines. I scanned the titles. I couldn't touch *Woman's Weekly* after imagining mothers handling sick, colicky babies. I couldn't touch *Wealth* because I knew that no one with wealth reads *Wealth*, only people who want to be rich. I figured the poor received inadequate nutrition, and therefore had weak immune systems. I looked at *Culinary Arts Today*. That would be okay, I thought. Chefs wash their hands constantly. I reached for *Culinary Arts Today* and saw the cover had a picture of a common breakfast food covered in strawberries with the caption "Strawberry-Syrup Waffles to Die For."

My eyes started tearing up. The little boy looked up at me. I guess he thought they didn't have the issue I wanted, or he assumed I was more of a pancake person. His mother gave him a slight nudge and he looked back down at his video game.

My mother then entered the hospital doors and ran over to where I stood. She put her arms around me.

"I should have made him get that check-up," Mom said. "And vegetables. We

The Columbia II group is collecting donations for their basket for the SCWW silent auction and expects to have USC items, chocolates, novels, and needles (Knot-Knitten, that is).

Mrytle Beach

SCWW member **Erica Boardman Thomas** of Myrtle Beach recently won "Best Book of the Year" for her novel, *Knowing Things*, as selected by the judges for the 2008 Premier Book Awards.

Member-at-large

Robert Hays of Illinois has received a contract for publication of his first novel, *Circles in the Water*. His story is set in Conway, S.C., and Wilmington, N.C., and will be published by Vanilla Heart Publishing. Robert has published five books, four of them non-fiction and one an edited collection of short-stories by other writers.

Opportunities (To Help, To Expand Your Contest Horizons)

Broadsided Press asks poets to respond with "Switcheroo"

Broadsided Press is currently seeking submissions of poetry and short prose that respond to the work "Empire" by Helen Beckman Kaplan. Ms. Kaplan is one of the many visual artists whose work usually responds to poems and prose submitted to Broadsided. This month, we're switching things around and asking writers to respond to the visual art.

The usual guidelines apply for submissions. Please, however, clearly mark your submission "Switcheroo."

Submission are due Oct. 15, 2008.

The Broadsided Switcheroo will be published on November 1, 2008. For more details, please visit, www.broadsidedpress.org, where you can find more submission guidelines, as well as an archive of previous Broadsides.

SIBA invites authors to be STARS

The Southern Independent Booksellers Alliance

should have had more vegetables.”

“It’s not your fault, Mom. It’s not anybody’s fault,” I said, knowing full well it was my fault. I had brought on this heart attack by stressing Dad out at the diner. I always stressed him out.

Dad was still asleep when we were allowed in the room. I got out an antibacterial wipe, swabbed his hand, and held it in my own.

“I’ll keep the house cleaner,” Mom said. “And I’ll mow the lawn. There’s no need for him to strain himself anymore.” Mom continued to make promises, from growing her hair out long to putting the siding up herself, hoping that one of them would be enough to make dad well again.

Then Mom stopped. It was as if she could do no more. Now it was my turn to make the promise that would restore my father. I knew what Dad would want me to say. He would want me to say that I wasn’t going to worry about diseases anymore. Then again, looking at Dad’s unconscious body in a hospital bed after a heart attack did not give him the appearance of being the wisest on health and fitness.

When Dad’s gruff voice began to fill the room, we couldn’t understand what he was saying but it didn’t matter. Mom and I gave him a hug, Mom on his left, I on his right. His eyes darted around the room in confusion and he started cursing and asking what was going on. The doctor soon came in. He explained what had happened—the heart attack, the hospitalization, and proceeded to ask questions. The doctor began giving him a rehearsed-sounding speech about life after a heart attack, when the nurse burst into the room and ran to the doctor. She whispered in his ear. The doctor handed Dad a pamphlet and ran out of the room.

“What’s this?” Dad said bitterly, flipping through the pamphlet. “Keep a journal? I just had a heart attack. I’m not going to waste what little time I have left writing in a stupid journal.”

“Honey, don’t say that,” Mom said. “Whatever doesn’t kill you only makes you stronger.”

“Yeah, heart attacks are known for strengthening the blood vessels,” Dad said. He closed the pamphlet and laid it on his bed.

“The doctor said after you get

(SIBA) announces the opening of the Southern Traveling Authors Registration Service (STARS). STARS is a part of the Authors 'Round the South Web site, and operates as a speakers bureau, managed by SIBA and geared specifically towards bringing authors to Southern independent bookstores and their customers.

STARS introduces authors to booksellers: One of the most common questions SIBA receives from its bookstore members is how to find authors for store events. And one of the most common questions it receives from publishers is how to place authors in bookstores. STARS was created to answer both requests. With STARS, authors can easily reach booksellers who are interested in their books. And booksellers have a resource to find authors interested in their stores.

The STARS list can be used by anyone as a resource for finding writers: Book clubs, libraries, schools, arts organizations and bookstores are all encouraged to make STARS their first stop when seeking speakers and presenters for programs and events. All requests, however, will be brokered by an independent bookstore in the area.

Any author with a book in print can sign up for STARS and being listing their trips. The site lists both the city and town the author travels from, and the locations he/she is traveling to. Authors do not need to live in SIBA territory to use STARS, but the only trips they can list are those within SIBA territory (AL, AR, GA, FL, LA, MS, NC, SC, TN, KY, VA).

Listing on STARS is not open to the public. You must be a member of SIBA to participate. However, in order to develop the STARS list, SIBA will give a free year's membership to any author who signs up before December 31st. That is a \$195 value!!

E-mail Nicki Leone, the STARS administrator with your request: nicki@sibaweb.com.

Conference Updates

It's Not Too Late!!

If you've had a busy year, and weren't sure you could make it to next month's conference, but are now wishing you could be there to see your old friends and make some new ones, it's not too late to register. So far, more than 360

discharged, you'll be able to go to work in a few weeks," Mom said. "This'll give you some free time at home."

"Oh boy. I got to eat bacon and now I get to spend free time at home. I guess it was worth it after all," Dad said. The doctor did mention temporary feelings of depression, anxiety or anger often accompany a heart attack.

"I'm so glad you are okay," I said.

"I'm not okay," Dad said. "I'm not okay at all." Dad picked up the pamphlet on the bed. "Cardiac Rehabilitation. What a joke. What a white-collar Ph.D.-toting attempt to cash in." He picked up the pamphlet and tore it, again and again, as if the pamphlet were the real culprit behind Dad's misfortunes. Dad attempted to throw the pieces across the room, but he proved no match for the air-conditioner which blew the pieces back to his face.

"Don't worry, dear," Mom said. "You're going to be fine. You're going to eat lots of vegetables."

"Vegetables!" Dad yelled. He began pulling the pieces of pamphlet from his hair. "Can't you people understand? It's too late for vegetables. The damage has been done. What am I supposed to do now?"

He began to open his moth, perhaps to curse the doctor, or us, or America in general when a sounds interrupted. It was a quiet sound at first: the echo of footsteps as a gurney wheel squeaked. The gurney wheel and footsteps grew louder and louder as they came closer to our room, and all three of our heads turned to look through the half-open door— that an orderly never quite closed—to see what was coming. We could see a sheet hiding a still figure being taken on the gurney. It was as if the sound of the squeaky wheel with the beat of the footsteps were a bland playing at the still figure's final parade down some hospital corridor to a place where only Grandma Conductive would claim to know where. The sound faded away, leaving with Mom, I supposed, a sense of denial, Dad fear, and me traces of change.

"I'll make a deal with you," I said.

"What's that?" Dad said.

"If you don't have any more health problems, I won't either. If you're in perfect health, I will be, too," I said. Dad stared at me. His red eyes squinted. He looked at my mother as if to ask if this were some

writers from 24 states and Canada have registered, with more than 150 of them indicating on their registrations that they'd like to attend **Chapter Connections** on Friday evening.

Chapter Connections is an opportunity to reconnect with folks you haven't see in a while, for new members to check out the chapters in their areas, and for groups of members to connect and discuss forming new chapters. Chapters do not have to be in South Carolina, and can meet in person or electronically, via the internet.

Addition to the conference schedule

South Carolina's Poet Laureate, **Marjory Wentworth**, will join us at the conference, and will speak on Saturday evening after dinner in tribute to her dear friend, and one of our founding members, **Carrie Allen McCray**.

Everyone who registers on or before October 1, 2008, can still get a critique, and those already registered can purchase additional critiques while they last by calling **Susan Boyer** at (864) 834-8164 or (864) 901-2378.

To register online, visit

<http://www.myscww.org/conference/> and click on Register Now!

A Sponsor's Product Reviewed

*Check out this great product offered by one of the SCWW sponsors and reviewed by **Tommie Osland**, a Lexington Chapter leader and owner of a WhiteSmoke product.*

I saw an advertisement for WhiteSmoke's Innovative Software Tool, and it said, "Do you want to take your writing to the next level?"

Well, naturally it caught my eye. Writing is difficult work, and I needed extra help with my punctuation skills. I decided to try it, and I've never regretted that decision.

I was impressed with its originality and liked WhiteSmoke's simple and easy method. I just write a sentence, paragraph, page or entire story and then I place my cursor at the beginning of the writing I

WHITESMOKE™
Write Better. Right Now.

kind of sick joke, then turned his head back to me.

"You mean no more medical tests?" Dad asked. "No more crying about the sicknesses your body is riddled with? Maybe, just maybe, you'll occasionally get down on your knees and give thanks your body is as healthy as it is?:"

"Only if you will," I said.

We stared at each other for several moments, as if this simple bond could cleanse us of all our ailments, real or imaginary. He raised one of his large, bushy hands from the sheets. I took it in my own and shook it. He continued to stare at me. Maybe he could still feel the bond, but more likely he just wanted to see if I would use an antibacterial wipe.

want checked. In seconds the process is finished and suggestions to correct or improve my writing are before me. I'm not just corrected, but given the proper rules for doing so. Also my work is enriched through suggested synonyms, descriptive adjectives and adverbs, and with WhiteSmoke's help, I am becoming aware of my weaknesses in my writing skills, which is improving my work.

Having WhiteSmoke is like having a private tutor sitting next to me observing every word. Also, there's a small window which appears at the lower right hand of my screen every time there's an error, and there is a small icon which sits in the upper right corner of my writing, including my e-mails, and if I click on it, it will place my writing in a window where it will correct errors or enhance my grammar.

I could continue because there is so much more, but I would like to add, WhiteSmoke is translated into eighteen different languages. My husband was so impressed, he purchased it for himself.

Beside WhiteSmoke's professionally created software, I am even more impressed with their representatives. When I have needed assistance, I emailed WhiteSmoke's representatives and received help above and beyond what I expected. They are an outstanding group of caring people. My husband and I are more than pleased. They are partners in our craft.

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