

# The Write Stuff

Long Island Writer's Guild Newsletter

Number Three

Summer Issue

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## Word From The Editor

**"Gifts from Our Circle"**. What a grand accomplishment!

As a writer, I find myself at a loss for words to describe this anthology. The Long Island Writer's Guild should be proud beyond words for the prose and poems between the covers of this Millennium Edition. Peter and his crew must be applauded for the excellence and appearance of this work.

As we read page after page of astounding stories and poignant poems, we realize what a talented group we really are. I say 'we' because I am proud to be a member of the Long Island Writer's Guild, as we all should; proud to have produced such an elegant literary work.

Take pride in showing it off, have your friends and family read the wondrous words laced together to form gems of humor, sadness, insight and sheer joy. Congratulations for a job well done.

\*

Note: Extra copies are available for a modest cost of \$15.00, to cover printing and binding.

JM Pantatello

## A Little Help From Your Friends.

Peter Garenani, facilitator and magic paper dispenser, has put together a very impressive member's list from current and past attendance charts.

The point here, I think, would be, if we know or recognize members that have not been to workshop sessions of late, maybe we could give them a call or drop them a line. Tell them what they're missing, see if they are still interested in the group and in writing. Notify them where and when the next meeting will take place. If they still show no interest, we can delete them from our files and perhaps put a new name in their slot.

We have been attracting new members. There are hundreds of writers out there, maybe we can snare a few, with a little help from your friends.

May, 1803.

First US Public Library opens in Connecticut.

## THE WRITE STUFF

### THE POET'S PAGE

#### Naturally

Footprints in the snow  
A trail of crumbs  
A pouf of down  
A Cheshire's haunting grin.

#### January Thaw

Black coal eyes watch through fluffy flurries  
Blue icy fingers guide carrot orange noses into  
Snowy round faces

Floppy red caps sit atop identical  
Flapping plaid scarves adorn  
Snow white and coal black

Human creatures  
Bonding and blending them under  
Storm gray skies of winter.

**Beverly Kotch**

#### Retirement

Not enough time left in my life  
To do the things I want  
Too many years have passed me by  
Too many dreams left undisturbed  
Wish I could retrieve those years  
To nudge awake a few old dreams.

Anonymous

#### Second Chance

I wonder why at this late date  
I'm still afraid of night  
And why it is I cannot cope  
With life's adversities.  
I'd rather sleep away my cares  
Than face tomorrow's bore  
I wonder if self-truth can win  
For me another chance  
To meet and conquer all my fears  
And greet tomorrow's dawn.

Anonymous

**NOTE:** Editor is eager to accept short poems to print on this page

## **THE WRITE STUFF**

# THE WRITE STUFF

## HERE AND THERE

Just a casual observation, but it seems to me that the occasional informal get-togethers we have in our homes generate critiques of greater depth and criticism than we do at our regular meetings. Of course, time is our big problem during the workshop sessions. I think some of us are uncomfortable speaking from a podium, a little shy. Sitting relaxed in the living room, in a comfy chair a dipped chip in one hand a cool drink in the other has a tendency to make one less tense and to get more involved.

It has been suggested that we could make these home gatherings a regular part of our workshop program, on a volunteer basis, of course.

Having said that, I'm sure all of us that arrived at Joan Marg's home enjoyed the evening as much as I had.

We finally got Ron to tell us how his story ends and we learned the intricate way he weaved the tale.

Laura shared her rewrite with us and we got to know the "Big Bad Hunter" a lot better. I'm glad he didn't lose a bit of his manhood.

\*

Note: At our last meeting Peter asked for a volunteer to head up our extra program activities. That person could be asked to set up such get-togethers, like the Jones Beach thing. Should be fun.

## WORDS of WIZDOM FROM UNCLE NUNZI

**PRACTICE WHAT YOU  
PREACH**—Until you get it right.

**YOU CAN'T TEACH AN OLD  
DOG NEW TRICKS**—And you  
can't teach a cat anything.

**A PENNY SAVED**—Is not worth  
the bother.

**ANYTHING WORTH DOING**—  
Has already been done by someone  
else.

More to come folks, stay tuned.

Courtesy Benedict P. Panzarella

### Things to Ponder:

What's another word for Thesaurus?  
If you try to fail, and succeed, which  
have you done?

Oxymoron of the week: Is it possible  
to have a Civil War?

## MEETING SCHEDULE

July 6	Bethpage Library	7:00-9:30
July 20	Levittown Library	7:00-10:30
August	Bethpage Library	7:00-9:30
August 17	Levittown Library	7:00-10:30

Future meetings will be posted when we have the information.

## INTERESTING WEB SITES

[WWW.GetRich Quick.COM](http://WWW.GetRichQuick.COM)  
[WWW.HowTo SpendThe\\$.COM](http://WWW.HowToSpendThe$.COM)  
[WWW.YeahRight.COM](http://WWW.YeahRight.COM)

# THE WRITE STUFF

## NEW FEATURE IN THIS ISSUE

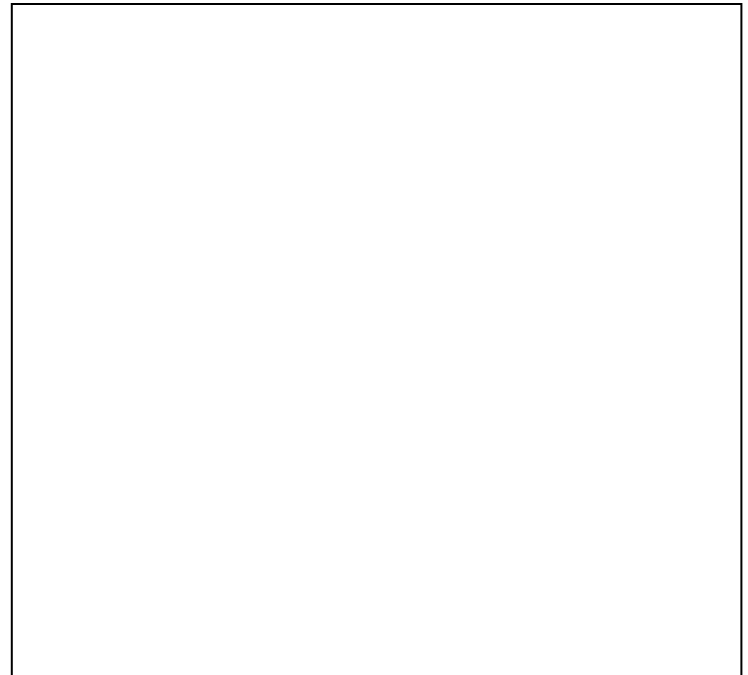
### BIOGRAPHY PROFILES

This page will be reserved to highlight the lives and fortunes of members of The Long Island Writer's Guild. But being prolific writers of genre fiction, you are allowed a wide range of latitude. Your Bios can be straight or jaded. Push the envelope, so to speak, leave some room for the truth.

At this time The Write Stuff is open to submissions. Keep your word count to 300, max. If you can do it in less, God bless.

Note: Al Manachino was good enough to submit our first Bio profile found somewhere on these pages, but, alas, he decided to do it fairly straight with his usual touch of humor.

Not to worry, we have a surprise guest biographer!



Translation: "Will write for food."

### THE WRITE STUFF

Editor:  
JM Pantatello  
20 Orchid Rd.  
Levittown, NY 11756

### **BOOK REVIEW:**

"Easy Prey" by John Sandford.

I told you in my first newsletter to get your hands on any of Sandford's Prey Novels if you liked mystery and suspense and great reading. Now at long last, John Sandford's Lucas Davenport is at it again, plus an old lover comes back into his life. I couldn't wait for the library to get the book, I went out and bought it.

**John Sandford** is the pseudonym of Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist John Camp. This is his eleventh Prey novel.

# THE WRITE STUFF

## BIOGRAPHY PROFILES

April, 1616  
Bio Sketch  
William Shakespeare

Words-269

Much to my parents' surprise, I was born in merry England in April 1564. They were living in Wales at the time. Go figure.

William Shakespeare is not my real name, but close, I'm Bill Speare, from London.

I was a spear carrier as a youth traveling with an Italian Opera company. I was so scared on stage my spear always shook. They called me Willy Shake-a-da-spear ever since.

I loved the stage and began writing plays. I stole ideas from everyone; Frank Bacon was right, but his stuff sucked too.

Like a jerk, I got married when I was eighteen to that Hathaway chick. Not bad, she had great legs, I saw them once.

I got to act and direct in my own plays. Nobody could understand what the hell I wrote, and the shows were free. We lived off the fruit and veggies the audience threw onto the stage. One night we were so bad they burned the place down.

I earned the distinction of being the Bard of Avon. Actually I was barred from Avon.

I did write some good stuff, I have to admit, but my agent was the pits; Roger Pitts, that is. Never got me TV rights or copyrights, everybody is doing my plays free. Don't start me on agents.

I made a couple of bucks and retired to someplace I couldn't locate on the map, I don't remember any children, that Hathaway broad is a blur and I think I began drinking.

I'm not sure, but I must have passed on about the time I wrote this piece for 'The Right Stuff'.

Will