

# June 2021 Newsletter

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### Contributors:

Tamara Warner  
 JoAnne Turner  
 Gary White

## Editor's Column

By Gary White

After a relatively cool, wet spring, the year seems determined to move resolutely into summer. Along with the late changes in weather, we're entering a period of transition in society at large, with glimmers of a return to something approaching normalcy, reopening of places of work, and most businesses once again catering to our needs for goods and services. Most of us are getting out and about more, at least in comparison to this time last year. I for one, having been vaccinated, am ready for it!

Here in Texas, of course, the changes have come more quickly than in many other parts of the country. Even the libraries are opening, including the Richardson Public Library. Though on a limited schedule, excluding evening hours, it's operating like a normal library again. It's unclear when we'll be able to conduct our monthly meetings in person there once again, but that change is coming, even if for now it still feels somewhat theoretical.

So, when we do pass that threshold and are allowed to resume meeting in person, how should we proceed? Thinking about this over recent days, it seemed to me we shouldn't move too precipitously. Just because the library opens for evening meetings (whenever that happens) doesn't mean we should discontinue remote meetings and rush back in, as if nothing had changed and there were no other considerations.

Some of you may well be reluctant at that point to meet in person, for reasons of your own health, or others', or for completely other reasons. It seemed to me as I thought it through, maybe there should be a period where it's optional to meet in person or online. Let the member decide what they prefer and are most comfortable with.

Further down this vein, it seemed to me that, if we adopt this approach, those who choose to attend remotely should, as far as possible, have a "good seat," where they can hear and see what's going on, experience the meetings rather than merely watch passively. Where they can participate and feel fully part of the group.

The challenge will be to no small extent technical, or technological. If you have ideas for how we can best pull it off, we'd love to have your input and/or collaboration.

But happily, while I was cogitating on it, other members of the board had been thinking similar thoughts. They've already reached out to the library, made their own inquiries. They're already getting the ball rolling, in other words. We do need to be ready when that day arrives, to move into what Tamara Warner, our Programs chair, calls *hybrid programming*. We will work toward that end.

Until then, we'll continue to provide the highest-quality, best-run events we can put on online. (We're still learning as we go!) This month's meeting, this coming Monday, June 21, is a good example of the push for quality. Mag Gabbert will join us to discuss the subject of publication. Mag is a successful, highly published poet who also teaches creative writing at the university level. Find out more about her and the Monday meeting below.

I'm excited to hear what she has to say and hope you are too. We'll look to see you online Monday night.

Till then, stay safe.

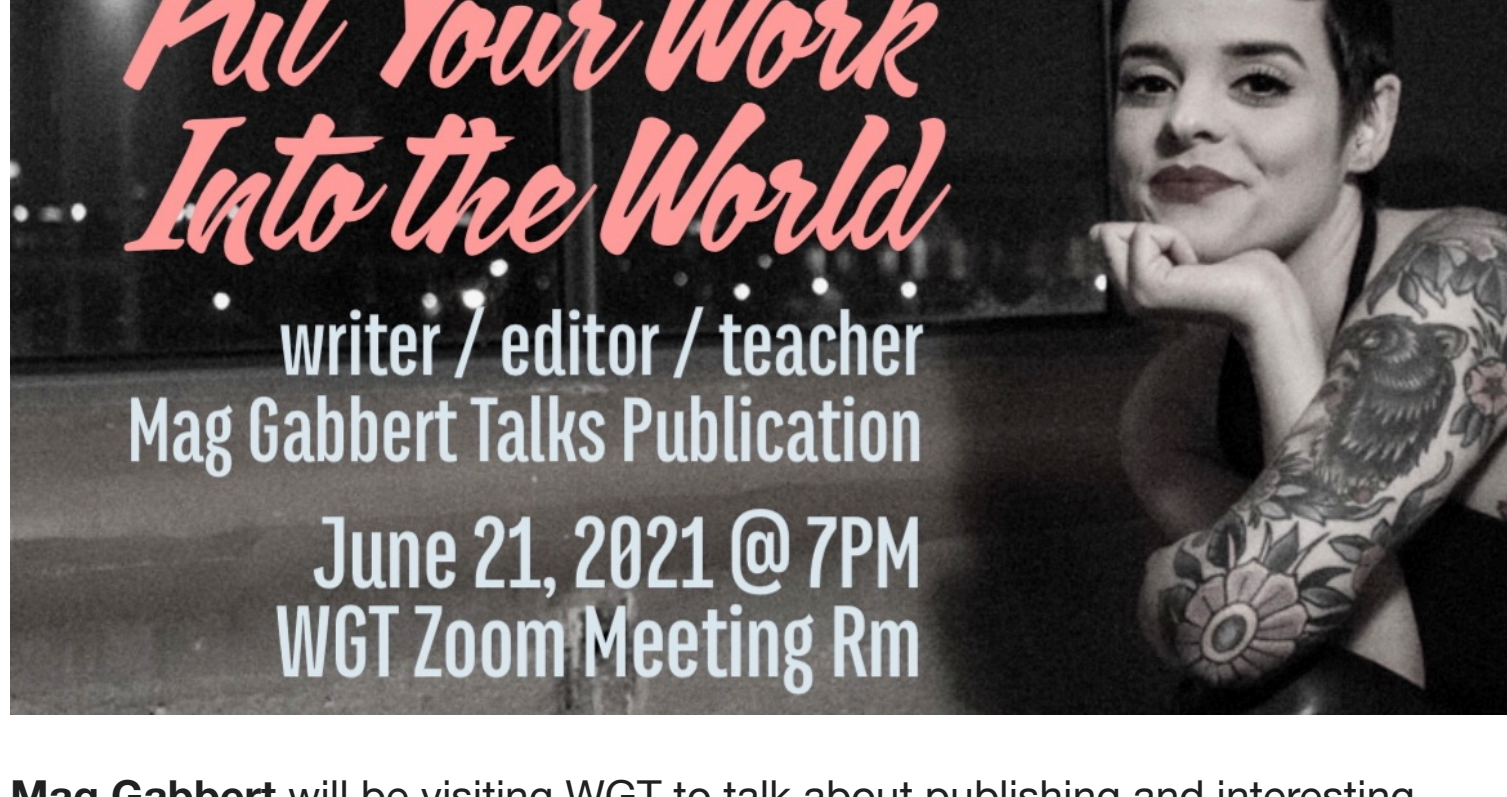
Gary

## WGT Board Members

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If you're interested in volunteering, please email us at [writersguildtx@gmail.com](mailto:writersguildtx@gmail.com) or ask at the next general meeting!

## June General Meeting



**Mag Gabbert** will be visiting WGT to talk about publishing and interesting ways of getting our work out into the world. Plan to join us! Mag is full of information and we would **love** to have you.

### PUT YOUR WORK INTO THE WORLD

#### Writer / Editor / Teacher - Mag Gabbert Talks Publication

**June 21, 2021 at 7 PM - 8:30 PM in the WGT Zoom Meeting Rm**

Submitting individual pieces, such as stories, essays, poems, and keeping careful records can set you on the right path toward publishing a full-length book and compiling a healthy writing résumé. You may not want to skip steps in this process. Do you want to know why? What are the procedures for sending out written work and do I include in a cover letter? Who is publishing what and where?

Let's understand the process of becoming a published writer and get our written works into the world. Join poet, essayist, and creative writing instructor, Mag Gabbert in a discussion about publication. You may learn that you have been missing an important step or two.

[Register here https://forms.gle/3EiA5tYDQ7jbo5wKA](https://forms.gle/3EiA5tYDQ7jbo5wKA)

Mag Gabbert holds a PhD in creative writing from Texas Tech University and an MFA from The University of California at Riverside. Her essays and poems can be found in 32 Poems, Pleiades, The Rumpus, Thrush, The Massachusetts Review, Waxwing, The Pinch, Stirring, Carve Magazine, Sugar House Review and The Nervous Breakdown and many other journals. Mag is the author of *Minmi Poems*, a chapbook of visual poetry and nonfiction (Cooper Dillon Books, 2020). She has received poetry fellowships from Idylwild Arts and Poetry at Round Top. Mag currently teaches creative writing at Southern Methodist University and for Writing Workshops Dallas. She also serves as the interview editor for Underblong Journal. [www.maggabbert.com](http://www.maggabbert.com)

REGISTER HERE AND ASK MAG

QUESTIONS: <https://forms.gle/3W7BcWmr64WnH2PH9>.

## Flash Fiction Contest

As announced earlier, and as a reminder, here are the 2020 Kathryn McClatchy Flash Fiction Contest winners:

- First Place: Tiffany Seitz: "The Cape"
- Second Place: JoAnne Turner: "Lost In the Stacks"
- Third Place: Rhonda Black: "Wise Counsel"
- Honorable Mention: Steve McCluer: "Within the Dark"

This month we feature Rhonda Black's "Wise Counsel." Congratulations, Rhonda!

## "Wise Counsel" by Rhonda Black

I shouldn't have answered the phone. The snotty sob, my first clue.

"What's wrong, Amanda?"

I asked, but I knew. Her latest Mr. Right. Amanda went through men like I tore through trashy novels. What was his name? Will? Tom? Ted?

Ned.

That was it.

The horribly handsome one.

Her strangled, phlegmy noises gurgled and amped. I gagged, imagining the thick, viscous mass crowding her throat. I heard a gale force honk. Then another. I muted the sound on my computer and launched Free Cell. This could take all my patience.

When Amanda's little-blonde-girl, trembly voice came back on the line, I barely contained the urge to bitch slap her right through the phone. "Ned broke up with me."

"I figured." I uncovered the ace of diamonds and it zipped to one of the empty spots at the top of the game board.

"What do you mean you figured? Ned adored me. He was perfect. You said so yourself."

"No, you said so. I just didn't disagree." I needed to free up the six of diamonds, but it was buried under the nine and the ten.

"He was." Amanda pouted.

"Men are not built to be perfect. Women aren't either, for that matter. But men don't stand a chance."

"You hate men."

*Did I?*

I moved the queen of hearts to her king. "Mostly, I ignore them. You should try it. Drives them crazy."

"Do you know why he broke up with me?" Amanda rejected my strategy.

"Does it matter?"

"Of course, it matters."

I sighed loud enough for it to crackle over our wireless connection.

"He didn't want to go home with me for Christmas."

"Understandable."

"What do you mean understandable?" Amanda discarded her misery long enough to adopt a flash of righteous indignation.

"I've met your parents. Not wanting to spend the holidays with them is the sanest thing the man has said or done since you've known him."

"Why do you have to be so cruel?" Amanda snuffled.

"Why do you always confuse the truth with cruelty? Admit it, you were raised by wolves."

She snorted. "Look, I've got another patient..." I glanced at the time readout in the bottom right corner of my computer screen... "in six minutes, and I've got to pee." I really didn't, but I wanted out of this conversation.

"I'm not your patient, I'm your friend."

"And I appreciate that about you. I really do. But you're always bringing me your problems."

"That's what friends do."

"Really?"

"Yes, you heartless bitch. Friends listen and commiserate. They don't rub our noses in our sorrow. They hate who we hate and cheer when we're happy. And..."

"Do you want my advice?" I freed the nine of clubs and watched all the cards snap into place. Game won, the cards cartwheeled across the screen.

"Of course."

"Log in to your dating app and find your next victim."

"You are such an ass."

"And you believe in fairy tales."

"Do you think Ned will come back?"

"See."

"What?"

"Fairy tales."

"What if I told you I was thinking about killing myself?"

"I'd tell my scheduler to squeeze you in."

Amanda chuckled. I loved that laugh. I'd do anything to hear that sound. When her laugh trailed, she sniffed. "I don't know I bother calling you."

"Because when you dialed you were sobbing and now you're hanging up with a smile on your face. Goodbye Amanda."

I sat back in my chair, blew out a breath and ran a hand over my face. I had to do it. Had to.

My phone buzzed. "Your next patient is here."

"Thanks Britt. Please send him in." I checked my lipstick.

He came through the door and owned the room. His perfect crisp and sharp, his smile, a beacon. I'd never seen a more perfect specimen. I marveled, watched, enjoyed.

"Hello Ned. How was your week?"

I wanted the asshole next.

