

Write
ON!



Mississauga Writers Group
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Autumn 2017

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Cover image: "Writing Letter" by Kusakabe Kimbei, 1933, public domain

Da'ai was born in China and received her university education there. She worked on different jobs in China as staff reporter, editor and translator of an English news magazine. She came to Canada in 2005. She started her life here first by being a service advisor at a car dealership. And now, she is a translator/interpreter again. She loves ancient Chinese poetry. She would like to share it with everyone who is interested.



≈Yi Jiang Nan≈

(An ancient Chinese poem format)

≈忆江南≈

窗下寝
窗上散花飞
闲梦仙台神女舞
绫纱飘作彩虹辉
偕伴散花归

2017年7月23日于密西沙加

I sleep by the window
Outside, falling flower petals
fly and flow
I dream of fairies dancing in
the clouds
Their waving silk ribbons
become rainbow glow
And with the flying flower
petals, they go

Mississauga on Jul. 23, 2017
© Da'ai 2017

思乡

柳荫麦田黄，
阡陌风尘香。
行云掠光影，
雁阵牵心伤。
凝眸不知处，
故园当同墙。

2017年7月28日于密西沙加

Nostalgia for Home

Willows are dark green.
Wheat fields are bright
yellow.

The countryside, vast with
the flavor of breeze and dust,
is a summer show.

Clouds fly, sifting lights and
shadows.

The decorative line of geese
in the sky is a sign of my
nostalgia for home.

Focusing my eyes on
somewhere I don't know,
I do know that my hometown
is putting on the same
summer show.

Frank Beghin is a University of Toronto graduate, married father of two, and a writer of literary fiction and poetry. He has been writing stories for as long as he can remember.

His family is his encouragement and inspiration for most of his whimsical tales. He is also a member of the Downtown Oakville Writers' Group and is currently writing his first novel.



≈Gifted≈

Gifted.
Clever.
Witty.
Am I any of these things?
Creative thoughts.
Invasive thoughts.
De-structive thoughts.
Are they one and the same?
Words and numbers.
Images and sounds.
Poems and songs.
Both good and bad.
Different and yet the same.
Repeated in my brain.
My obsession is a spiral,
Bringing me down.
Thoughts are bouncing in my head.
Does it sound right?
Does it *feel* right?
I move the words around,
But my words have become
Shackles and my fantasy world
A prison. I'm dying inside as
My obsession continues.
Ideas splattered on a page.
So raw.
So naked.
So ... *fragile*.
Open to ridicule and scorn.
Fear.
My obsession comes from fear.

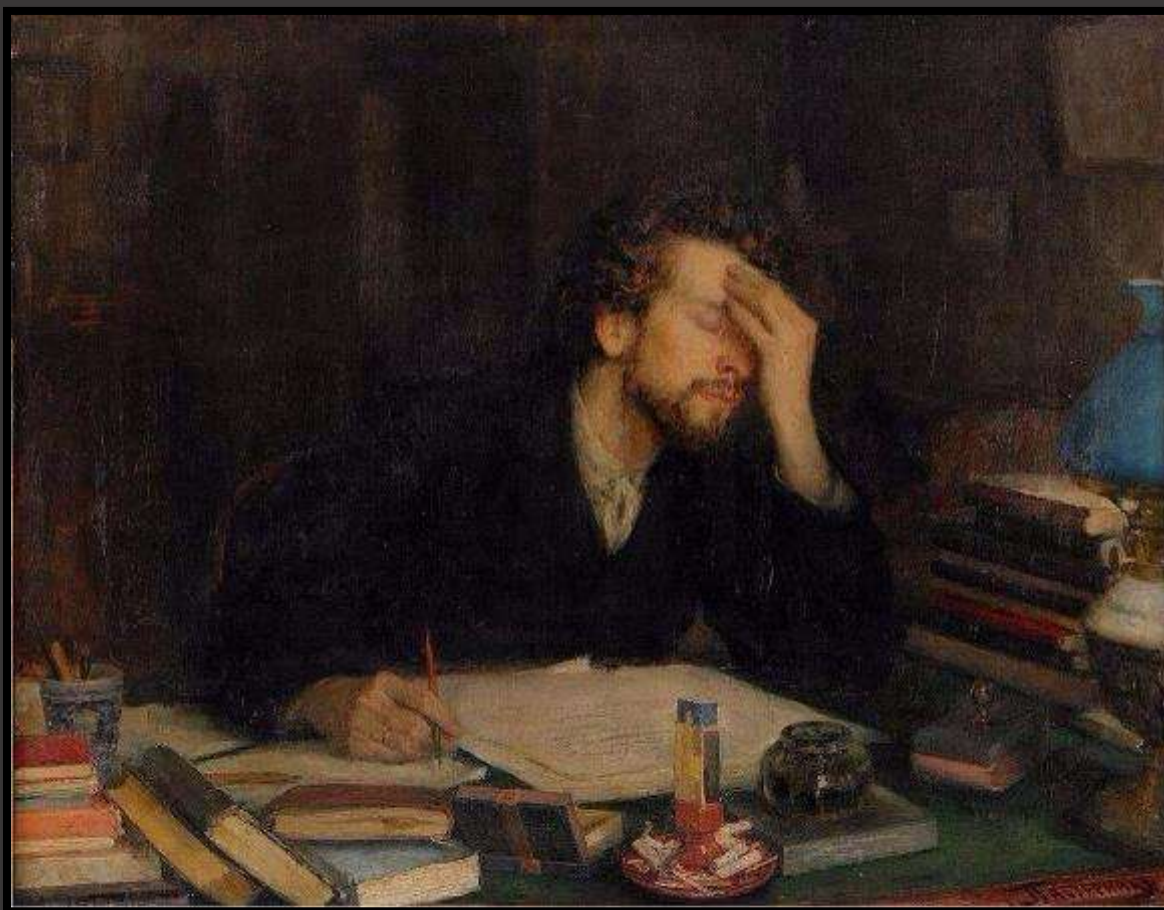
Words and numbers were my shield.
My mantra was my sword.
So comforting.
So soothing.
It kept the fear at bay.

But burning images and
Scathing thoughts have poisoned my
mind.
I fight.
I struggle.
But I soon succumb.
A thought leads to sadness,
And sadness leads to despair.
Despair leads to darkness,
And darkness leads to ... death?
No!
My breath catches in my throat.
Who am I?
What defines me?
Clearly not my obsession!
Words shouldn't bind me.
Thoughts needn't plague me.
They were meant to help me.
Why do I write?
Because I want to be free.
Then let it go.
The voice catches me by surprise.
Are you afraid to hope?
Are you afraid to dream?
If not, then let the obsession go.
The voice is my own.

I recognize it now.
And its truthful message is piercing.
I close my eyes and wonder:
What's the path meant for me?
Start again, the voice suggests,
And feel the sense of wonder.
Opening my eyes, I see the empty
screen.
It laughs at me, taunts me,

But its Siren call is stronger,
With trembling hands,
My fingers find the keyboard,
And, with a sigh, I begin anew.
My hope is a mustard seed,
And my words will make it grow.

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Throes of Creation, Leonid Pasternack 1917

Poet, Editor and Freelance Journalist, Veronica Lerner is a Romanian-born engineer that came to Canada in 1982. She has published six collections of short stories and poems and is present in numerous Romanian and Canadian anthologies. Editor of the award-winning magazine *Observatorul* in Toronto. Member of ACSR (Canadian Association of Romanian Writers) and ASLRQ (Association of Romanian Writers in Quebec).



≈conjugations≈

in memoriam PT

do you still remember how to conjugate verbs
I was asked

yes, I said
and started with the verb
to be

I am you are he is...
here I stopped
no
he isn't any longer

change the verb
if you wish to continue
I was told

replace to be with to leave
I leave you leave he leaves...
here I stopped again

he does not leave
he left

the verbs burn in the candle's flame

present tense
past tense
conjugations...

© Veronica Lerner 2017

**Ian S. Robertson is the author of
*Camp Picton: Wartime to
 Peacetime*, and the co-author of
*How a Colonel became a Killer, The
 Monarch of
 Main Street and Prince Edward
 County: An Illustrated History.***



≈Just My Type≈

I loved reading as a boy, produced a mimeographed Boy Scout troop newsletter while in high school, and wrote forgettable one-act plays while involved in youth workshops with the Ottawa Little Theatre.

I joined a weekly Belleville paper while taking broadcast communications at Loyalist College and writing for the campus paper, during which time I joined the daily *Intelligencer* newspaper.

In 1973, I began 12 1/2 years with *The Kingston Whig-Standard* as a reporter-photographer and, briefly, assistant city editor. The award-winning daily also published my occasional fantasy stories based on local news and personalities.

As a contract media relations officer starting in early 1986, I wrote daily briefing papers for the Minister of Natural Resources at Queen's Park, before starting 25 years as a Toronto Sun reporter-photographer and occasional videographer. Since retiring in early 2013, I have written occasional features for the paper and associated publications, including travel articles, the first in 1988.

Freelance writing has included other newspapers, Reader's Digest, as associate editor-volunteer contributor to County Magazine in Bloomfield, Ont. since 1976, plus material for several local books.

My writing and photography awards have included crime, agriculture, business, Canadian history subjects (the latter for Canadian Stamp News, for which I have written since early 1987), a summer-long Commonwealth press fellowship in the UK in 1980, and a Prince Edward Heritage Advisory Committee 2015 certificate for decades of writing about the County.

A south Etobicoke resident since 1988, I have co-written two books, one about the history of that county, and one on CFB Trenton's infamous former commander's murder spree. I have also written two history books about county subjects and, since 2015, I've been working on a profile book, *People of the County*.

After joining the Downtown Oakville Writers Group following retirement, I rekindled my interest in writing short stories, poetry and started a novel.

Recently, my friend Frank Beghin sent me an email, encouraging submission for the Mississauga Writers Group's latest magazine of a poem I wrote and shared with him and fellow members of the Downtown Oakville Writers Group.

changes, most suggested by another member, the revised version of *Just My Type* (influenced by a recent article about the popularity of old-style manual typewriters in New Mexico cafes and restaurants, with writers there) is included below.

After making several small word

JUST MY TYPE

Those keyboard keys again made me freeze
I was left thinking words that are rude.
Try as I might, it just made me go tight
And all that came out was quite crude.

A story or two would have made me feel true,
A poem would have greatly sufficed.
Staring into space, I started to pace
The writer in me had been iced.

I once had the knack, as a newspaper hack
Of churning out stories and tales.
Now my fingers were cramped and my forehead quite damp
Filled with thoughts — slow as old snails.

Coming up blank, my heart really sank;
Was I finished, my writing all done?
I stood and looked down, my face in a frown
Surely something could bring back the fun.

“Aha,” I muttered, then a few words were uttered;
From silence a new plan emerged.
I reached past the screen and, feeling quite keen,
Shut it off, with everything purged.

Turning quite slow, with a smile all a-glow,
I opened a box by the door.
Covered in dust, but gladly no rust
Was a relic I'd really adored.

Many years had passed and I saw, alas

My old pal was looking quite worn.
 His ribbon was dry, not looking too spry,
 I was left feeling somewhat forlorn.

A quick call to a shop, made my heart almost stop,
 After learning they no longer had stock.
 “No one has those and Arnie is closed.”
 The news, I admit, was a shock.

Was this the end, of my Underwood friend?
 Then I asked the chap on the line,
 “Do you have any ink?” I had started to think
 Of my teacher’s solution, quite fine.

“Why yes,” he replied, “I’ll set some aside.”
 I promised to drive there quite soon.
 The bottle was old, the last one they sold,
 Three months ago, was in June.

I unscrewed the top, and sampled a drop;
 It was dark, and rich, like ‘black gold’.
 “It’s just my type,” an old joke that seemed ripe,
 But the salesman’s stare judged it old.

Nonetheless, I confess, though left with a mess,
 The ribbon — soon dunked — was quite damp.
 I hung it with care, close to the stairs
 On a hanger, with heat from a lamp.

Hours passed, dry at last,
 All was ready for one final test.
 Rewound on the reel, I felt the appeal;
 My typewriter, he once was the best.

With paper in place, I soon set a pace
 In a rhythm I recalled from the past.
 With fingers at ease, on the old “QWERTY” keys
 I was writing in a way that would last.

Elizabeth Banfalvi is the author of *Meditation* book series, and conducts workshops on stress relief naturally & meditation.



~The Old Man~

Since I was a teenager, I have written. In high school, we had the required course "English Literature" and had to learn about different types of literature. Each year, there was a Shakespearian play we read. We read Thomas Harding's Far from the Madding Crowd which recently was done into a Broadway play. A poet called Robert Frost was also featured, and I loved the way his poetry had a rhythm: each line was lyrical to me. I still love his poem Stopping by a Woods on a Snowy Evening.

I remember that there was also a poem about an old man, but I found the lines short and not interesting. I wanted it to be different and more lyrical, like a Frost poem. I read it several times and was disappointed. That night, I went home and wrote a poem of my own about an old man. To this day, in my mind, I still recite it like a song.

Over the crimson hills he comes
With head and shoulders bent
Weary from the long day's work
And spent from the worries
Of many a long year.
Each weary step an effort
Till at last the familiar path of home.
Home, where memories are kept still
As the years come and go.
Home, where no longer a loving voice
welcomes
Or laughing voices ring.
Gone are all these but still their memories
linger
Entwined in an old man's heart
And revived as thoughts go astray and tears
begin.
Soon he shall meet them again
As he climbs the well-worn path to the
Golden Gate
But now he is content with memories of old.
Ah, to sleep and to rest his weary bones
His eyelids slowly droop only to be
awakened
By a small child tugging at his sleeve
And a lovely woman as he remembers her
last.
He smiles as she beckons to him.
He rises, no longer weary but blest with a
new life.
He walks to his beloved and together
They go to join the Lord.

Alene Sen is the author of *Program Without Walls: Stories from Toronto Parents*. Her work has appeared in *The Toronto Star*, *Today's Parent*, *City Parent*, and *iparenting.com*. When Alene is not writing, she creates library programs for the community. She can be reached on Twitter @Alene_Sen.



≈The Production of Writing≈

A cup holder, a steering wheel, and a parking break are the ideal props to a successful session in the production of writing.

Over the decades, I have scribbled, drawn, and typed in various settings from my office, to coffee shops, to airports, to sitting on the bleachers of an army training facility, but none compare to the inside of an automobile. It has become my most reliable setting, because this is where I am the freest and the least distracted.

Like a location scout for a film production, I scope out parking lots for the perfect spot, taking into consideration the following elements: weather, light source, and traffic volume. Once a decision is made, I put the automobile into park, cut the engine, and boot up the laptop.

What follows are blissful hours of focused writing. There are no loud conversations around me or pending activities that vie for my attention. When I need to reread

passages, I can verbally recite them without the scrutiny of inquiring eyes. I can scream (sometimes), curse (often), and meditate (need to do more of), all within the confines of the automobile.

But, the automobile is not without its one challenge: an A/C power source, which dictates how long creative work can be composed. My laptop can go for three hours on word processing, which is a fair amount of time to produce satisfied work. Once the screen fades to black, I begin to hand scribe notes for the next writing session. No time is wasted in the automobile.

Much like an RV is a portable house, the automobile is a portable writing room. It is a controlled environment that travels with me wherever I go and is available whenever I need it.

The next time you see an individual tapping away, with riveted focus, in her automobile, take a closer look. It might be me.

Let the production continue...

© Alene Sen 2017

After working for 32 years in public sector business transformation, Susan Ksiezopolski is now retired and her own change agent. Her work has been featured in magazines, poetry related websites and in various anthologies. Susan has a passion for inspiring others to write and to tap into their full potential. Visit her website www.mywordsnow.com for information on her upcoming workshops. Author of *My Words*, *Writing For Change* and *The Writer's Workbook: Free the writer within – Tap into the Power of Creativity*.



≈Why I Write≈

I often get asked, “Why do you write?” This question always puzzles me because, to me writing is as essential as breathing. As a result, the simple answer is “*Why wouldn’t I write?*”

I started writing when I started school, and my creative expression came immediately after. By the age of eight, I would sit at my dad’s typewriter, spending hours making up poems and prose. Writing has forever been my lifeline, my “safe” go-to tool for coping. It helps me to create a re-energizing, restorative space for myself. I use my writing as a tool for contemplation, to express and process emotions, to release pain and turmoil, and to provide a creative outlet for my muse. The meaning of events, relationships, and life experiences provide fodder for my pen.

Here is one of my favourite quotes about writing that speaks to my view of the important part that writers play in our society:

“The role of a writer is not to say what we all can say, but what we are unable to say”. Anais Nin

A writer can be an author, novelist, playwright, poet, journalist, essayist, blogger, magazine contributor or critic. Regardless of the type of writer one is, what is at the essence of writing is storytelling. Every writer is a storyteller. The stories are told in various genres. As for me, I like to tell stories through the use of words in poems. The power of storytelling is in creating magical realms, intriguing mysteries, or fascinating insights.

Through the crafting of words, whether the process results in fiction, non-fiction, poetry or memoirs, writers create literary pieces that entertain, educate, enlighten, or inspire the reader.

Although writing is a solitary act, I write for the benefit of others. There is power in the act of telling stories. I enjoy allowing my reader into my imagination, taking them along on the

journey, unleashing their own
imagination.

I am passionate about writing and
enjoy teaching others the power of
writing. For the past five years, I
have been running creative writing
workshops across the GTA. In my
workshops, I teach that writing is a
release, like exhaling, and the counter-
balance to that is reading, where we
take in or inhale our inspiration.
Through writing, I can exhale and
express what I take in in life.

Here is a poem that I wrote, *The
Mighty Pen*, that captures the essence
of why I write:

The Mighty Pen

The pen is mightier than the sword
The sword
Cuts
Damages
Destroys
Keeps the wielder in bondage

The pen
Heals
Builds
Creates
Releasing me
Through expression

Wielding the pen
Liberates emotions
Carving a lifeline connection
To truth
To freedom

The pen is mightier than the sword
It has the power to save me
Transcribing freedom
Removing my shackles with
Each stroke

© Susan Ksiezopolski 2017

I became aware of my writing ability when I was in college. I had to strenuously train myself how to write a two-hundred-page report for one of my projects. In university, I wrote numerous essays and articles in my philosophy, psychology and religious studies classes. I published my first novel *Race the Time*.



✧About My Writing✧

I started to write about thirty-five years ago when I was in my undergraduate program at the University of Toronto. In that undergraduate program, I took a graduate course because there were not enough graduate students to fill up the class. Therefore, the professor who was teaching that program offered me a place in the class, which was in bio-ethics. Since there were only two students, including me, he decided to teach the course in his office rather than in the classroom. It became so personal that we were able to interact very casually with the professor.

During that course, we discussed a variety of issues in the medical fields, including the ethical issues of artificial insemination, test-tube babies, in-vitro fertilization and several other scientific methods of conceiving babies. That led me to the issues of adoption. Back in those days, the biological parents of babies conceived by scientific methods were kept secret, and so were the biological parents of adopted children. Therefore, the issue

that I was more concerned about was what would happen if multiple couples conceived children by using the same sperm donor. If those siblings did not know who their biological parents were, they could end up marrying each other. The same dilemma could occur with adopted children.

That is why I decided to write a novel about how one sibling can easily marry another sibling; that is, a brother could possibly marry his own sister if they do not know who their biological parents are. Those issues I predicted would manifest back in the 1980s. Today, believe or not, every month there is an article about a man married or fell in love with his own sister because they were adopted and did not know who their biological parents were. Recently there was a case where a set of twins, brother and sister, found out that they had the same mother and father after they were married. Now the law is trying to decide whether to press charges of incest or not. Then the question arises about whose fault it was: the biological parents, adoptive parents or the

married couple themselves? Moreover, there is a television sitcom called *Seed* which is based on the idea written in my novel.

I am a very strong advocate of telling the adopted children about their biological parents from day one, no matter how difficult or emotional it is. I am hoping that through my novel *Race the Time*, I can send the message to the audience at large, to social services and to the government to change the policy that will allow adopted children to know who their biological parents are from the start.

In addition, while reading through my novel, the reader will be inspired to think about the discussion of other issues such as, genetic diseases, inheritance, and alimony payments, even though they are not discussed in the book. If the adopted children and the artificially conceived babies do not know who their biological parents are, then how can the doctors cure diseases that are inherited from their biological parents? What happens when one of those babies finds out their biological

parents are very wealthy, such as Bill Gates or Warren Buffet or the Thompson family? Is he or she eligible to inherit their property? Also, are those children eligible for child support payments? Those are very tough questions to answer legally and morally.

I am planning to write three more novels. One of the novels I have entitled *My Journey Past Heaven's Gate*. In that novel, I will try to discuss what will happen to all of us who come from different religious background when we die and go the next world, which we call *heaven*. Judaism, Hinduism, Zoroastrianism, Buddhism, Christianity, Islam and the Baha'i faith all teach about the afterlife. They all have great teachings. But what happens when we die? Will we keep our religion, or will we be one group of families with one religion? Will we recognize each other as we were on Earth?

© Vidya Vasant Gopaul 2017

Kyle Climans is a freelance writer, video editor, aspiring filmmaker and a *Free Lit Magazine* staff writer. He completed dozens of works in various formats, rewritten three independent screenplays and is venturing into the world of film. In University of Ottawa, Kyle completed his Bachelor of Arts in 2013 (majoring in English), and voluntarily wrote several film reviews and articles for the University's student body in both English and French speaking newspapers. He participated in an improvisation group and a 24-Hour Theatre Festival. In Algonquin College, he completed a 1-year postgraduate Scriptwriting program. Kyle joined *Mississauga Writers Group* and as their Social Media Coordinator set up and maintains their Twitter and Facebook pages. In 2016 MWG *Write On! Festival's AA play*, he co-wrote, directed, and co-starred.



≈Why I Write≈

It is cliché to say that the passion for writing begins in childhood, yet a cliché can spawn from a place of truth. In my case, I became captivated by good stories throughout my childhood. Whether I was told the stories by my parents or a teacher, heard them on the radio or on a cassette, read them in a book, or saw them on television or in a cinema, stories could enthrall me.

At first, I simply desired a story which could transport me into an author's imagination. I'm fascinated by the idea that someone could take me into a whole other world, making me interested in fictional characters (or characters taken from actual history, but my interest in history would develop later). Some of the stories I found or was told have stayed with me well into adulthood. It is a testament to those great childhood stories that they affect me as strongly as—if not even more strongly than—when I was

a child. Films like *The Lion King*, books like the *Redwall* series, or audio stories like *Peter and the Wolf* have withstood the test of time from when they were created, before I first discovered them, to this very day in my life.

Eventually, though, my wonder and admiration was edged with a kind of envy. I wanted to be that kind of creative person who could tell captivating stories and enthrall people with those stories. It seemed such a marvelous skill to have, that I wished to possess such a skill, too.

Of course, being a child, plagiarism was a non-existent term to me. It didn't trouble my conscience to liberally borrow from the stories which I admired most. One of my earliest memories of creative writing was when I was ten or so, and we spent part of the school year writing short stories. All three of my stories were

shameless ripoffs of material that had struck a chord with me in some way or another, but which I also wanted to improve with my own ideas. I suppose one could make a rousing speech about imitation being the highest form of flattery, but I still can't look back on those stories with anything but relief that I was able to improve from that point.

To give an example of something which happened just a month before writing this, I've since moved on to screenplays, some of which I've been touching up and working for over two years intermittently. I submitted one such screenplay, titled *Old Man Fox*, to a prestigious screenwriting competition which offered extensive feedback. After waiting over six months, a verdict finally reached me, in the form of an email with the feedback document attached. The judge was anonymous, though their credentials were listed as a reminder of how credible a critic they were. I had fearfully been expecting a response which would have torn down every aspect of what I'd thought was a decent screenplay. While it was a rejection, the judge went on about how

well I understood story structure, humour, and how another draft of this script would stand a very good chance of being made.

I think this stands as the most recent moment I've had where I was seized with that feeling called 'professional pride'. Another such feeling I had was the year before, when a short play that I'd crafted with a noted playwright, directed, and co-starred in alongside a wonderful group of volunteers, was received with unanimous praise.

I hesitate to say that it's all about the response—one of the examples I gave is still talking about a failure—but really, that is a big reason why I write. Yet, for all that I've said, there is a distinction to be made. I feel that the recognition itself is not as important as the recognition which has been earned. Writing is a skill for which I feel that, despite my humble and thieving beginnings, I have managed to achieve a level of talent in through many years of practice in various forms of writing, whether they are poems, essays, scripts, or simple stories. I take pride in this skill, and I take enjoyment in putting it to active use.

Frances Frommer is a retired Librarian and the author of *Surviving & Thriving Solo: Options When You Live Alone*. She has lost three cats and now lives with two feline companions. Frances volunteers for the Bradley Museum of Mississauga where she has been writing articles on First Nations peoples.



∞Why I Write∞

A favorite quote of mine is “We read to know we are not alone” by C. S. Lewis, a British novelist, poet, academic, literary critic and essayist.

I write as a way to connect with other people. My goals vary and may be any of the following reasons: to entertain, to inform, to inspire, to educate, to reveal, to motivate, to explain or to vent and express my feelings, thoughts or opinions. The format may

be a poem, an article, a book review, a book or an entry in my journal.

In other words, by sharing, I know that I am not alone.

And, isn't it wonderful when we receive recognition and feedback for our writing. Thanks to Elizabeth Banfalvi and the Mississauga Writers Group for their stimulation, encouragement and the opportunities to publish.

© Frances Frommer 2017

≈Writing Exercise≈

Blackout

Required:

- one collection of words (e.g. newspaper article, photocopy of an old letter or poem)
- one indefatigable black marker
- one writing system (computer, tablet, paper and pen... whatever) for editing purposes

1. Read the collection of words carefully. Make note of words or phrases you like.
2. Black out words. Your selection of which words to eliminate will depend on what you think you can do with the remaining words.
3. After the blacking-out is finished, the remaining words will create something entirely different than the original collection would have anticipated. Perhaps it's a poem, or a short letter to a friend.
4. Transfer your new creation to your writing system. Tweak as required.

And Thou art Dead, as Young and Fair

BY LORD BYRON (GEORGE GORDON)

And thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth:
And form so soft, and charms so rare,
Too soon return'd to Earth! |
Though Earth receiv'd them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness or mirth.
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,
Nor gaze upon the spot:
There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
So I behold them not:
It is enough for me to prove
That what I lov'd, and long must love,
Like common earth can rot:
To me there needs no stone to tell,
'T is Nothing that I lov'd so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last
As fervently as thou,
Who didst not change through all the past,
And canst not alter now.
The love where Death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow:
And, what were worse, thou canst not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

Dead, and Fair

~~BY LORD BYRON (GEORGE GORDON)~~

dead fair
so soft, and rare,
Earth!
in her bed,
the crowd
In mirth,
an eye
A moment to look.

I will not ask where
flowers may grow,
prove
I lov'd
common earth
so well.

I love thee to the last

≈Writing Exercise≈

Transliteration

English is difficult because of its plethora of synonyms and variable sentence structure.

People trying to learn the language hate this; writers love this.

Required:

- one writing system
 - one piece of writing
1. Rewrite the piece of writing using the same ideas, same context, etc. but replacing words with synonyms and changing the sentence structure.

Original (from *Death, Be Not Proud* by John Donne):

*Death, be not proud,
though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful,
for thou art not so;*

Transliteration:

I.
*Thanatos, don't get all arrogant about
being mean and scary.
You aren't.
That's just a rumour.*

II.
*Death, you ain't all that
no matter what they say
you're no more than a pussy cat*

≈Write ON! The Winter Issue≈

Call for Submissions

The onslaught of winter leads one to consider
the pros and cons of an ending.

The theme for the winter issue is
Endings.

The deadline is November 15th, 2017.

Stuck for ideas? Consider some of these words:

<i>adjournment</i>	<i>death</i>	<i>finish</i>
<i>boundary</i>	<i>destination</i>	<i>release</i>
<i>closing</i>	<i>destruction</i>	<i>renovation</i>
<i>complete</i>	<i>divorce</i>	<i>resolution</i>
<i>completion</i>	<i>expiration</i>	<i>suspension</i>
<i>deadline</i>	<i>extremity</i>	<i>terminal</i>

Submission guidelines:

- electronic submissions only
- send submissions to sheilavdhc@gmail.com
and info@mississaugawritersgroup.com
- include submission, a short bio and an author's photo
- ensure submission is relevant to theme
- content must be in English or include an English translation

N.B. Content which contains hate speech or images, extreme violence or explicit sexuality will not be published

≈Useful Writing Links≈

Writing Inspiration—you know you need to do it every day!

- **Fiction:** <http://thinkwritten.com/365-creative-writing-prompts/>
- **Non-fiction:** <https://dailypost.files.wordpress.com/2013/12/365-days-of-writing-prompts-1387477491.pdf>

Proofreading and Editing—make it awesome.

- **Grammar Girl's Proofreading Tips:**
<http://www.quickanddirtytips.com/education/grammar/proofreading-tips>
- **How to Proofread Effectively:** <https://www.thoughtco.com/top-proofreading-tips-1691277>
- **OWL at Purdue (Professional Writers):**
<https://owl.english.purdue.edu/owl/resource/681/01/>
- **Professional Editing Standards:**
<http://www.editors.ca/publications/professional-editorial-standards>

Self-Publishing—take a chance!

- **Lulu:** <https://www.lulu.com/>
- **Smashwords:**
[https://www.smashwords.com/about/how to publish on smashwords](https://www.smashwords.com/about/how_to_publish_on_smashwords)
- **Wattpad:** <https://www.wattpad.com/>

Local Writers Groups—other than us.

- **WEN:** <http://wenetwork.ca/site/>
- **List on Mississauga Library site:**
http://www.mississauga.ca/portal/residents/localauthors?paf_gear_id=9700018&itemId=5500300q

≈NaNoWriMo≈

NaNoWriMo (National Novel Writing Month) is coming up in November.

NaNoWriMo helps you write your novel—first draft only, of course—in one month. Create an account, and it helps you keep track of your daily word count, earn badges, connect with local writers, and find the pep talk you

need to get you through your muse's naps.

Be prepared to register in October: have a working title and a basic outline ready.

<http://nanowrimo.org/>



≈We Are the Mississauga Writers Group≈

We are a group of writers who have established this forum to share our experiences and pursue our dreams through creativity, knowledge and mutual respect. We want to learn from our strengths and talents and have enjoyable and stimulating conversations that only writers can relate to!

We would love to have writers from our community join us. All aspiring and established writers are most welcome. We believe we all have something special inside us. Come explore your talent with the Mississauga Writers Group!

Website - mississaugawritersgroup.com

Email - info@mississaugawritersgroup.com

