



# Write ON!

A Quarterly E-zine for the  
Mississauga Writer's Group  
Spring/Summer 2020

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## Sports: An Uncool Kid's Dilemma

I have a love/hate relationship with sports. On the one hand, I appreciate that playing sports hones teamwork skills and helps with keeping the body in fit condition. On the other hand, I was never really “good” at any sport. I always managed to be somewhere in the middle with respect to ability. I felt if I could not excel in it (i.e. be a superstar volleyball player, track runner, or badminton player) I did not want to participate. I joined other extracurricular clubs such as the choir and the band, where, if my talents were less than perfect, they could be drowned out by the other exceptional kids in my group. I can still recall the squeaking of my clarinet (from Grade 8 band) amid the glorious sound of the other instruments. It seemed that if others *did* hear my noise, no one would be able to pinpoint the perpetrator and lay blame. I guess that is the core of my issue with sports: laying blame on me. For example, once, I was chosen to be the goalie in field hockey. I specifically told some guy, “Ok, but don’t blame me if we lose.” Let’s face it: during a hockey match, the goalie always gets the blame, even if their team members were standing around twiddling their thumbs, letting the entire opposing team past them to face the goalie alone.

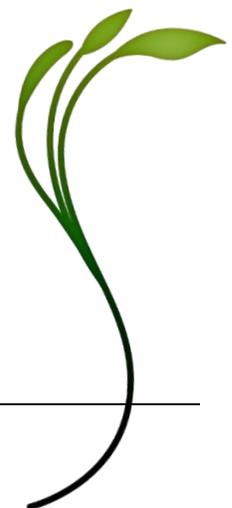
I also feel that there is a lot of unjust scoring in sports. For example, I once did a gymnastics routine for gym class. I pirouetted, I balanced on one foot, I did a handstand and a headstand, I jumped high in the air and ended with an intricate pose. This was all choreographed to music! At the end, this gym teacher gave me a “fair” rating. I was fuming! I thought that she favored all the so-called “popular” kids—you know the ones: the pretty, physically perfect girls who were the sports queens. As the teacher, she should have recognized the huge jump in ability I had accomplished, as opposed to the others. Do I sound envious? Well, you would be wrong. I was only interested in how well *I* did. But I learned a few good life lessons. Number one: Life is NOT fair and you have to accept that. Number two: I should not try to be competitive in sports and should just enjoy playing for fun.

In my twenties, I decided that tennis could suit my need for sports. I played with a few friends and learned that I wasn’t so bad. I was obsessed with tennis. I would play whenever I could, sometimes travelling all the way to Toronto to meet with friends. Unfortunately, I developed some nasty habits: I used the wrong grip and I never learned to volley much. I was content to play only close to the baseline and not exert too much effort in running. By the time I took some actual lessons, it was too late for my game. However, I still can play tennis with my daughter and husband, and I can delight in hitting a perfect backhand that will make them run and completely miss the ball. My daughter, who is usually a quiet person, comes alive with unbelievable



**Susan Lee:**

A member of MWG. Writing with humour for self-therapy and for making sense of the world around me.



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aggression when she is playing tennis. This is another good benefit of sport. It allows you to succeed and “win” at something. Yes, I will never be a Bianca Andreescu, but I can at least have some fun playing. It is fun until you have an injury. I tore my Achilles’ tendon playing tennis one day. To this day, I hear my mom scolding me every time I play tennis. I play cautiously now because I don’t want to hear her say “I told you so!” if I break my leg. Unfortunately, I cannot give up tennis. On a sunny day in the summer, you will find me on the tennis courts.

So it seems that there are a lot of people like myself who do not participate in a regular sport. What can fill this void? Well, aerobics, weightlifting, and Zumba, of course! The fitness clubs are making a killing on this. Sometimes I wonder if it is exercise some women are after, or could it be the good-looking, young Cuban Zumba dancer? Whatever the reason for engaging in exercise, it is definitely helpful to the soul as well as the body. Keep active, everyone!

©Susan Lee 2020

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## Thriving Stone

Once upon a time there was a beautiful marble piece on my study table. She was round, glossy and had a mass to her. I didn't use her much, except to see and be glad about it. One day, my mom saw all my study papers were not steady due to the wind from the window, and she used the marble piece as a paper weight. Surprisingly, that was the day I saw how a thing of beauty can also be a wonderful joy when put to use.

A few days later, the wind blew so high that the study papers were tucked into the table drawer and the marble piece now became a door stopper.

Over years, this beautiful marble piece became a pestle for a mortar, as a hard rock to break coconuts and, at times, a sharpening stone for a household knife (Dad's favorite tool).

Today, she is in the corner, reduced in size and lighter to handle, yet with the same shine.

I asked my parents if they think of using her for anything now; while there's no definite purpose, there's an infinite sense of belonging to the family and considering her as wealth.

When I looked at her, I sense a pride in the marble piece for her journey and usefulness in the house. That said, every one of us carries a sense of confidence when we live up to our fullest potential.

This is story of a thriving stone who taught me this: as we thrive, so shall we live.

P.S. This is the marble piece which my father picked up from River Ganga, Haridwar, India in 1991/92. She is with them now, and this story is a true emotion, inspired from the thought of being useful to the fullest.

©Savithri Duddu 2020



**Savithri Duddu (Savi)** is passionate about writing, photography and storytelling. She has written articles related to business, human resources, short stories and poetic lines that are motivating, inspiring and thoughtful. Building a deep interest in everything that's

surrounding her and connecting with people are first things one can notice while interacting with her. Currently, she is working in a financial institution and has a page in facebook as: @Theunconnectedthoughts.



Photo by Savithri Duddu  
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## Forever Privileged

I hardly knew enough  
about you at first  
a genius, leader, teacher,  
dad and loving man, no less.

Your actions spoke volumes  
Your impact was life-long  
Deliberate and resilient,  
you faced issues head on.

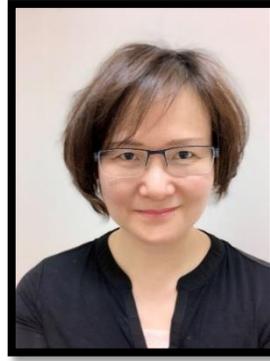
A relentless stern look  
and silence kept us in check  
Yet a smile and warm spirit  
melted solemn hearts.

The name you gave me helped  
define my purpose and identity  
Reminder to be dignified  
Humble and tenacious.

Mom blessed me with her beauty  
And lesson of self-love  
Your soulful lesson even saved me  
And defined who I was.

Forever privileged I've been  
with your good graces  
No one can deny your blessings  
forever in my memory.

©Miranda Wong 2020



**Miranda Wong** was born in Vietnam and is of Chinese heritage but has spent most of her life in Mississauga. She works in public service within the legal field. She writes poetry, short stories and lyrics on

topics such as equality, discrimination, self-help and mental wellness. She has contributed to e-zines and anthologies.





Photo by Miranda Wong  
©2020

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**A Message**

I opened the window  
for the lovely breeze  
I counted the twinkling stars  
One, two three and four  
I had to stop  
They were unlimited  
Like the blessings of the Lord

I took a deep breath  
The darkness spread  
The moon peeped  
And smiled  
Gave a message  
Don't be afraid  
Mr. Sun will be here

With morning glories  
The sunrays kissed my face  
I smiled and prayed  
God bless me  
I am strong not helpless

The dazzling rays  
Gave a message  
Every day the sun rises  
Don't forget  
Supreme Lord is always there

©Sajeda Manzoor 2020

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**Sajeda Manzoor** is a writer of MWG (Mississauga Writers Group). She is a RECE



and loves making arts and crafts. She has contributed in almost 12 books published by MWG.

Word Fest Mississauga, Mississauga Anthology, Free lit, Our Voices in Verse and online Magazine e-zines. She loves music and is learning to give her poems rhythm. She has written several short stories and poems for their website and books. She writes theme based poems and also performs her work in different events. Her poems portray love, Kindness, peace and beauty. She has recently written several stories and poems for children in the book, A child's Wonder and Our voices in Verse 2019 (MWG). Her dream is to become a musician and sing for children.



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**Tomorrow**

Past  
Memories  
Have to go  
They hurt and haunt  
Let them fly  
And dare to dream  
They have to grow  
There is always  
A tomorrow

The stray wind  
Roars on the shore  
Teases the flamingoes  
The migratory birds  
Follow together  
To their destination  
And build new homes

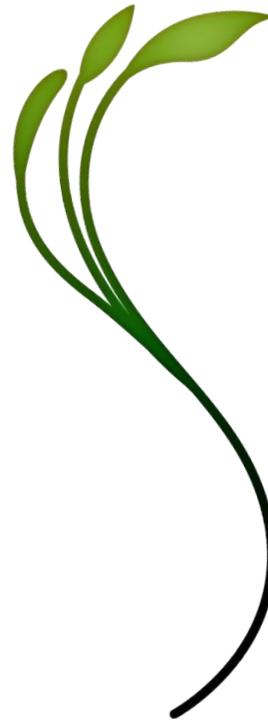
Rain drops  
Fall tip top  
Water flows down  
Make soothing sounds  
The green grasses grow  
There is always  
A tomorrow

Mountains and oceans  
Hit the tornadoes  
Create lots of commotion  
The inhabitants  
Suddenly see a rainbow

The tiny sprouts  
Slowly grow  
The Earth whispers  
You have to flourish

And dance  
Kiss the flowers  
Let them grow  
There is always  
A tomorrow

©Sajeda Manzoor 2020



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**Stars Will Shine**

Glitter and gold  
The dying souls  
Thrones, crowns and treasures  
Capitalism, bureaucracy  
And mass slavery  
Diminishing humanity  
Remind us  
Who is the supreme?  
Only the Lord

Hurricanes, tornadoes, earthquakes  
And deadly storms  
The natural disasters  
Remind us  
Who is the supreme?  
Who is always  
Vigilant?

Millions victims  
Of wars  
Innocent souls  
And soldiers  
Tears of women  
Men and children

The act of politicians  
And leaders  
The humiliation  
Of the employers  
For a few dollars  
Minimum wages  
For white collars  
Eliminate the supremacy  
Oh my Lord

Every soul is unique  
Teach every religion  
Blessings and showers

Kindness and democracy  
Take over  
Save the tiny souls  
And the shady trees  
They are the generation  
Keep them evergreen  
Let them shine  
Like stars  
Prayers from  
The core of my heart

©Sajeda Manzoor 2020



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## A Funny Device

A tiny device  
Extra ordinary  
Held by  
Every individual  
It sticks to the mouth  
And ears  
Works mind blowing

Daddy is busy  
Connecting to Wi-Fi  
No interaction  
Between husband and wife

Mummy is in the kitchen  
Tommy wants fried chicken  
She has a reason  
Browsing YouTube is fine

Grandma posting on Instagram  
Baby is so quiet  
Something is not right  
Oh know he is fine  
He is staring at Bugs Bunny

Grandpa is banging the  
Cellphone  
He forgot the password  
He can't watch  
The show Bachelor  
And is cursing the device

The parakeets  
In the cage  
Are dancing and mimicking  
What a crazy day  
Everyone is mad today  
Addiction is bad always

The parakeets denied  
A cell phone deal  
They are not obsessed  
They want interaction  
Face to face  
They are wise  
And can survive  
Without the tiny device

©Sajeda Manzoor 2020



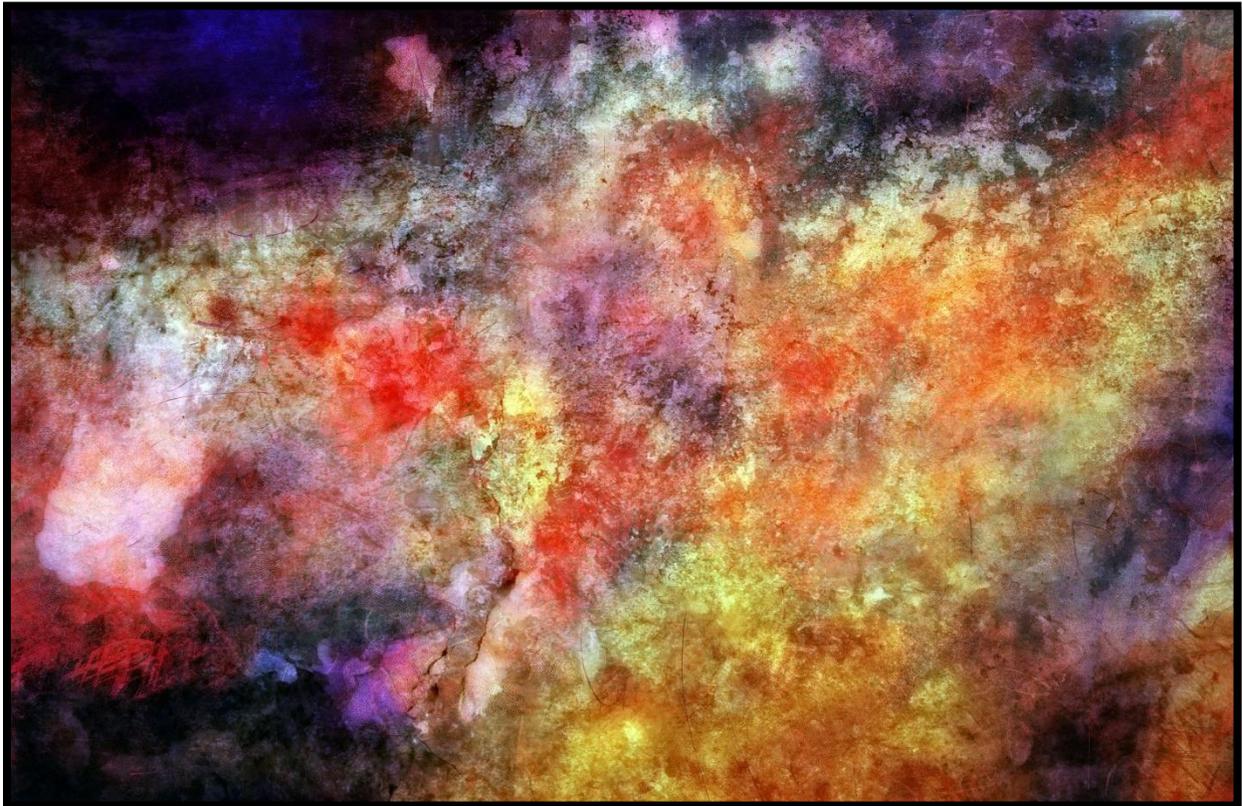
 **Writing Exercises** 

1. **Opening Line:** “It was the best of times, it was the worst of times.” (*A Tale of Two Cities* by Charles Dickens)

The dichotomy of life is easy meat for a writer. Set your timer for 15 minutes; start your piece with this famous line from Dickens, and see what your muse delivers.

2. **Visual Inspiration:**

Set your timer for 15 minutes. Let the image inspire your writing—whether it be a paragraph, a poem, a collection of unconnected lines or even just a list of words.

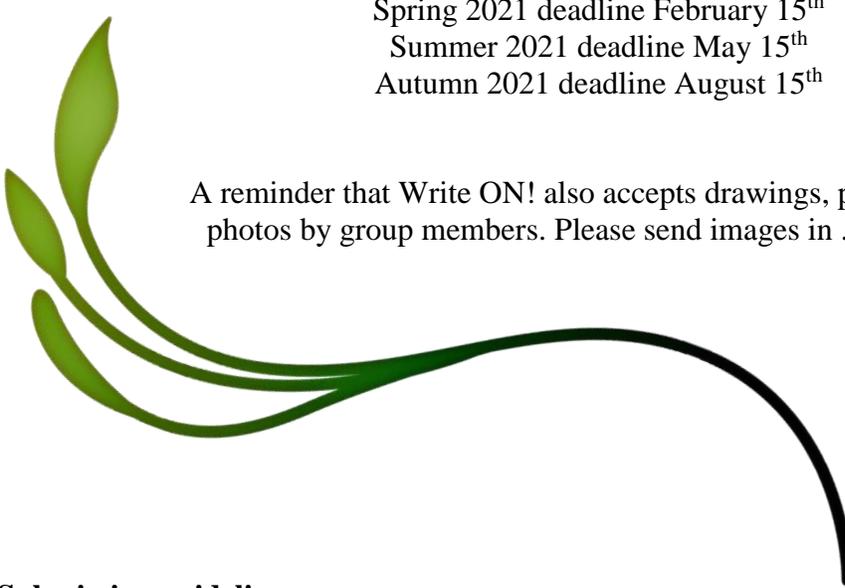


## Coming Up Next

Autumn 2020  
Deadline August 15, 2020

**Write ON! has no themes, unless otherwise stated.**

Winter 2020 deadline November 15th  
Spring 2021 deadline February 15<sup>th</sup>  
Summer 2021 deadline May 15<sup>th</sup>  
Autumn 2021 deadline August 15<sup>th</sup>



A reminder that Write ON! also accepts drawings, paintings and photos by group members. Please send images in .jpg format.

### **Submission guidelines:**

- electronic submissions only
- send submissions to [sheilavdhc@gmail.com](mailto:sheilavdhc@gmail.com) and [info@mississaugawritersgroup.com](mailto:info@mississaugawritersgroup.com)
- include submission, a short bio (2-3 sentences) and an author's photo
- 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.

We are the Mississauga Writer's 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](http://mississaugawritersgroup.com)

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