

## **Pen & Ink Writers' Group**

**The truth is...**we gather on the Third Monday of each month to practice our writing skills. We listen and share in each other's work. We are small in number and our commitment is strictly to produce and foster creativity among our members.

**We started** in July 1999 and consist of adults that enjoy writing memoirs, commentaries, essays, poems, and/or prose. Our simple method each month is to use a pre-selected word or phrase as the basis of a story, an idea, an opinion, a derivative of, or an implied essence of and write a 1 to 1 ½ page document. We share our stories, comment, and in that way build up our writing skills through practice and presentation. The atmosphere is friendly and supportive, and the feedback is gentle.

**Curious?** Always wanted to try writing for fun, entertainment, or even profit? Come visit with us at any of our open meetings. Bring a sample of your work. Sit in and see what we do. If you like it, join us every month and become a member.

### **Original Works by Members of the Pen & Ink Writers' Group © 2015 Pen & Ink Writers' Group**

#### **October 2015 selection – Bewitched**

#### **Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered By N. Stewart**

Sitting down poolside, Amy relaxed from the long plane trip. Stretching out on the lounge chair, she smeared suntan lotion on her body, hands, and face, plopping the wide-brimmed straw hat on her head and donning sunglasses. While drifting off into sleep, she heard Frank Sinatra's voice singing "Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered." There was darkness all around when she woke. The full moon was rising over the ocean and the stars were twinkling in their place in the midnight blue sky. The boat rocked with the slow movement of the gentle waves. For a minute she wasn't sure where she was. New York seemed so far away and so long ago. A man came up next to her, reaching out.

"I'm Jeff," he said

"Who?"

"A stranger in the night that has come to take you on a great adventure. Follow me." And, she took his hand. Amy was enchanted with the tanned, handsome stranger with the great body and wanted to know about him. She started to ask a question.

He put his finger to his lips, guiding her into a candle lit ballroom where soft music was playing and the scent of roses filled the air. She caught their reflections in a huge, golden-edged mirror, hanging on the wall. She saw that she was dressed in the most beautiful champagne colored satin gown, gold slippers on her feet, long gloves on her arms, and her hair piled high on her head with pink baby rose buds tucked in here and there. Jeff as he had called himself was dressed in full military regalia; white pants, royal blue jacket with gold buttons and a sword at his side. He drew his arm around her waist,

pulled her close to him, and they began to waltz around the room. He was irresistible, and she knew she was being unreliable, but she didn't care. She looked into his deep blue eyes. He bent to kiss her. She could feel his lips touch against hers ever so gently. She would stay there with him forever.

"Ma'am. . . Ma'am," called a voice from far away. She opened her eyes, the sun was shining brightly and a good-looking young man was standing over her with the glass of iced tea that she had ordered. His name tag read Jeff. He was wearing white shorts and a dark blue shirt. Her face flushed. "Are you all right, Ma'am?"

"Yes, yes, I'm fine," she said, reaching into her purse for his tip. If only dreams could come true she thought.

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## **Of Princesses and Witches**

**By Vicki Elberfeld**

We didn't agree on my dolls. She liked them with sophisticated, modern hairstyles and dresses. I liked them with old-time, frilly dresses and romantic, long, long hair, coming all the way down to the ground if possible. I loved my Tressy doll, constantly winding and unwinding her hair from the roller where it was stored inside her head and came out from a hole in the top. I guess one day I unrolled her hair too much, going from short to long, until the roller finally broke and stuck, fortunately in the long position.

I really shouldn't have let the woman style my bride doll's hair. One day she took about a million hair pins, brushed my doll's hair until there wasn't a single tangle in it, then swept the hair off her neck into a French roll, just like the style she wore herself. I started to cry because I thought the bride looked truly horrible without her beautiful brown hair hanging down her back. When she saw my disappointment, she began furiously tearing the pins out of my doll's hair and left it a mess, screaming, "Now I hope you're happy. She looks like a witch!"

Well, I wasn't happy. I wanted her to stop yelling because she truly frightened me. I hated when she screamed. Her eyes narrowed and the veins on her neck stuck out. My mother looked like a witch herself, towering over me!

I liked my own hair long. Sometimes my mother would trim the split ends and also make bangs for me. I hated when she cut my bangs. She could never get them quite even, so she'd cut a little more off the left and then a little more from the right until they looked very short and very stupid. No amount of reassurance, "But your hair grows so fast!" could comfort me. I just wanted Mom to leave my dolls and my hair alone.

Halloween was a holiday where I could feel pretty and Mother could indulge her imagination. I always wanted to be a princess or at least a lady in waiting. Mother sewed me beautiful princess dresses out of chiffon and lace and satin. One dress in particular I remember was made of pink satin with a black velvet vest and sleeves that were very long and were rounded on the top but ended in a point on the underside. The first year Mom made me a long cone out of cardboard to wear on my head, covered with black velvet to match my vest. She sewed some rhinestones into the velvet so it glittered when

it caught the light, and the top of the cone spilled pink chiffon all the way down my back. I loved the dress so much, I wore it a second year, but this time I wore a glistening rhinestone tiara in my beautiful long, brown hair, and told everyone it was made from diamonds. And one year she sewed me a short tutu out of red tulle with a black velvet top as a ballerina costume. I wore pink tights to go with it.

I noticed when Mom dressed up for Halloween she didn't go for pretty. Instead she dressed up as a hobo with ragged clothes, coal on her face to make it look dirty, and a long stick with a babushka tied on the end filled with a few pieces of fruit. This was supposed to be her lunch.

One year Mom said she was tired of sewing pretty dresses for me and wanted to do something different, so she made me a witch costume with a long, pointed black hat. I didn't really like it. By now I was older and, as I didn't want a repeat of the bride doll with a French roll scene, I didn't say anything.

But that was the last year I dressed up for Halloween.

And Mom and I? We had a great run.

###

**“Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse”**  
**A Play**  
**By J. Smetana**

**Place:** Paris, France

**Time:** The present

**Location:** Marge and James seated outside Les Deux Magots

*Marge:* That was easy.

*James:* They're not all that easy.

*Marge:* I'm thinking of making Grace Paley my next assignment. You know that dreary Laundromat on 8th Street she goes to? I've been tailing her. Day and time, I know when to make the grab. Cram her inside her own canvas laundry sack, do the dirty work later.

*James:* Dig my little ninja cupcake: while you were tailing her I was tailing vous. Your plan is faultless but while you ruminate on possible escapades in the Big Apple, Mr. Thomas Pynchon sits scant meters away...DON'T LOOK!

*Marge:* (Smacks own forehead with empty palm.) And, I left my gear in the hotel safe.

*James:* How many times do I gotta tell you it ain't about the gear, the gear you do have or don't have, or you might have, someday. That's just a distraction...don't get bogged down with the funky details,

*Marge:* You mean like Carpe Diem? Seize the Day?

*James:* I mean Carpe Carp—seize the fish. That red snapper which was your lunch is now your assassination gear. The dorsal fin will slice a carotid artery better than any Buck knife...

Curtain

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**Bewitched Again and Again**  
**By Elvira K. Castillo**

When I was a 15-year old young girl, our teenage world was completely different than the teenage world of today. The biggest difference was freedom. Freedom to go anywhere and do anything without being afraid.

My best friend and I were able to go out in the evening to get a cherry coke at the corner drug store or go to a movie or just walk or ride our bike throughout the neighborhood just having fun. Fifteen was also the age we were beginning to think of boys. So often, while walking down the street in the early evening hours, we would sing or talk loudly, just trying to attract attention, hopefully from some cute neighborhood guys.

We liked to sing the popular tunes of the day, and I remember one of our favorite tunes was “Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered” sung by Tony Bennett, the most popular singer of the day. I still remember all the words to this song, and when I hear it on “Midwest Ballroom,” an old time musical radio broadcast hosted by John Radio Russell on Saturdays, it brings back such delightful memories of walking and singing along. I worked at Neiser’s Dime Store, and the store played all the popular tunes, and somehow I recall them playing “Bewitched” a lot.

As we all know. Tony Bennett is still singing and is as great as ever. I am a big fan of his and love his interpretation of love songs, but “Bewitched” is my all-time favorite. I can’t sing very well, but the words and tunes often play in my mind;

“I’m wild again, beguiled again,  
A simpering, whimpering child again,  
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I...”

When I hear this song, I become a bewitched, bothered, and bewildered young lady, happy and free. You might say, I’m bewitched by “Bewitched,” and probably always will be.

###

## A Halloween Scare

by: Susan J Wilfong

This is a story  
About a girl named Celest.  
She was a friend of mine.  
To me, she was the best.

I met her at school,  
In the first grade.  
We took school seriously,  
But had fun when we played.

Her hair was short and curly,  
I thought it was great.  
Because my hair was long,  
And perfectly straight.

In eighth grade I noticed  
A very big change.  
Her eyes were so cold.  
Her thought were deranged.

Through the coming years  
We just grew apart.  
But she always had  
A special place in my heart.

I got married  
And moved away.  
Mom stayed in her house  
And that was OK.

I went to visit mom  
On Halloween night.  
It was rainy and cold  
And not at all bright.

The house lights flickered  
And then it was dark.  
We both got scared.  
Even the dog didn't bark.

With the next bolt of lightening  
Came a very loud BANG!  
And from our seats  
We both sprang.

We raced to the window  
To see what the lightening hit.  
It was raining so hard  
We saw nothing. Not a bit.

We saw two lights  
Coming up the road.  
Who would be out on a night this?  
We wondered, as the car slowed.

A woman stepped out,  
All dressed in black.  
She creeped me out.  
I had to step back.

This woman was pale  
And deathly thin.  
But my good hearted mom  
Invited her in.

"Lovely evening"  
Is what she said.  
I thought to myself,  
"Yeah, if I was dead".

Mom offered her some cookies.  
Thankfully, she said "No".  
Why was mom offering cookies  
To someone we don't even know.

I looked at her  
And she looked at me.  
Her eyes were dead and cold.  
But its hard, in the dark, to see.

I had a bad feeling,  
Then my left eye twitched.  
I suddenly remembered...  
This was the night of the bewitched.

Finally, she left!  
Thank God shes gone!  
I looked out the window  
And saw it was dawn.

As I think back on that night,  
I had seen those cold eyes before.  
Then I remembered... Celest!  
Was that her at mom's door?

Mom's life, has since ended  
And this story does too.  
And, just incase you're wondering  
This story is totally untrue.

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