

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
© 2016 Pen & Ink Writers' Group

October 2016 selection – Candy

I Can Do without Candy
By Dimitra Hontos Kondiles

Since I have never been a real sweet tooth fiend, I cannot speak about my love for any candy. Thus I can tell you this much! Last Wednesday I opened my frig door and looked at the 2 Easter eggs still sitting on the top shelf. No these were not ordinary Easter candy. They were Franco chocolate Easter eggs. I knew I was not going to eat them, so I asked my friend Iwana if she would like to have them. She was delighted. I do have some memories in the little boxes of my mind about candy. For instance I do remember how my Mom loved Fanny May chocolate turtles. When we would all gather together on Saturday nights (Saturday nights were somewhat different in our family. We would have our dinner as always together. I would help Mom with the dishes, and then we all knew Sunday everything would be ready for us to go to church as a family). But this was also the time we would give Mom her turtles. I don't know why, but the Fanny May box would somehow be in the folds of the Sunday Tribune. My brother George and I looked forward to Saturday nights, because, he and I would go through the whole Tribune, pull out the funnies and share them. George and I sat at the dinning room table, across from one another. (I must tell you this, for some reason my brother would eat an apple while looking at the funnies and his crunching on the apple really disturbed me. I am so happy I never said any thing because we lost George in WW 11, and now I still have his crunching to remember. Plus the chocolate turtles he would make sure Mom got from him as he had a rather good position with the Edison Company.)

As for me, I remember the candy store that sold candy for a penny. It was located next to Cleveland grammar school that my brothers and I attended. For one penny, I would get three green leaves sprinkled with sugar. There was a counter filled with all kinds of candy and some kids would have a whole nickel and buy all kinds of candy in a little paper bag.

Yes it was the lean days and nickels were scares. But pennies seem to be plentiful. After all these years I can still see the candy store owner reaching into the counter and counting out three green leaves!

My story would not be complete without this additional memory, the corner deli store. I grew up in a neighborhood that looked just like any other. There was a deli on the corner every 2 or 3 blocks. These delis usually just sold dairy products and bread. But they all had a candy counters. Penny candy! The couple that owned and lived in back of the store (where I grew up) was called Mr. and Mrs. Peno.

All the years that we lived there, I never knew their first names. Mrs. Peno always appeared in a very white, starched apron, always very neat. Mr. Peno always looked as if he never took a bath! I believe they were there until they passed away. But I think Mrs. Peno knew I only ate green leaves!

###

To Candy **By Elvira K. Castillo**

When we first saw the little girl with the red collar and bell, prancing about the kitchen floor in Bellwood, Illinois, we fell in love. It was a cute blonde teddy-bear of a pup with bright, intelligent eyes and a happy, warm nature. We should have called her "Sunshine" but she already had a name -- Candy!

We immediately said, "Yes, we'll take her" and for \$18 we bought a million dollars worth of love for the next 16 years. Grandma wrapped the pup inside her coat, as it was a cold winter day, December 30, 1972, and we drove straight to the National Tea to purchase an orange doggy bowl and other essentials for our little baby girl pup.

Promptly her favorite place was under the dining room table. She lay there with one paw out in front and the other tucked under her body, always watching everything going on with her sweet face and bright brown eyes.

She cried for a couple of nights, but that soon ended when she found a great place to sleep -- my bed. First she'd cuddle up close to me and then later she'd move toward the window next to the bed, where she would stare out and growl at every flicker of light or leaf she'd see. I would enjoy watching her look out the window with ears perked up, being a good little watch dog!

There are so many, many things, Candy, that we enjoyed watching you do, they are almost too numerous to mention. We enjoyed your racing through the back yard, so fast that your back legs would be tucked under your body, and you looked like a bunny rabbit; seeing you throw your little doggy hot dogs into the air and when they landed, rolling over them before you nibbled the morsels away with your tiny front teeth; and flapping your two front paws in the wind, clamped together, while you sat up (your way of getting exactly what you wanted from everyone).

Oh, Candy, you can't know how deeply we will miss you -- everyone loved you -- and the pain of your not being here to greet us when we come home, not to be by our side or amongst the flowers in the garden, nor to hear your sweet bark and the tip tap tap of your paws upon the stairs and the floor is too strong to bear.

You are the best puppy in the world, the sweetest one that God created, and we are so thankful that we had you with us. Our lives will be empty without you, but all we can do is think of the love and happiness you gave to us all these years. We are sorry that we had to make the fateful decision August 11, 1988, but we did not want you to be in any pain, Candy, we love you and always will -- you are our warm, sweet pup forever. Grandma is going to wrap you once again in her coat, where you will be warm and safe from the world.

I'll see the shadow of you in the doorway of my bedroom, with your ears perked up, looking brightly at me waiting to go outside. I'll miss snuggling my face into your warm, soft body of fur, always to comfort me.

Love, Mommy and Scot

###

A Sea of Candy **By N. Stewart**

I'm sitting in our boat at Green Lake, Wisconsin on this very cold, windy day in the middle of October. I've been on this lake many times before in October and the weather can be anything from sunny and 85 degrees to bone-chilling cold and snow. This is one of the colder times. No sun today to warm me up. The temperature dipped to 33 degrees last night and now by comparison it is a balmy 47 degrees at eleven in the morning. To amuse myself since I am not catching any fish at the moment and my fingers are about to fall off from the cold, I picked up pen and paper, ready to write about the chosen word for this month "Candy." Not as easy a word as I thought it would be. The making of a descriptive essay begins to enter my head. So here goes.

While freezing my butt off, I look out over the lake, pondering at what I see and plotting how I can get the word candy to appear in the assignment. To kick off, I will begin with trees on the opposite shore that are starting to color. Blurring my vision a bit and then looking at the patches of color, I imagine gigantic M&Ms piled up in a bowl, showing off their mixed together colors of green, yellow, red and brown. Next, I will consider the sky. The sun was reported to be out all day today, but as weather people occasionally make mistakes, the sun isn't anywhere in sight. Instead an incredibly thick blanket of clouds, looking very much like roll after roll of cotton candy passes slowly over head. Blue sky does peek through the cloud cover every once in a great while and the sun does make its brief momentary appearance. For those few seconds, I feel the warmth on my face, but the, sun disappears all too quickly, chilling me again. With the sun gone, the water with its dark murky hue is next to mull over. The ever onward flow of lacy whitecaps reminds me of non-pareil wafers, floating on waves of dark chocolate. I reach for one but it sadly breaks into tiny pieces. Finally, at my right Sandstone Cliff appears with its many, many delineated layers of rock compacted together over eons of

time, looking very much like the inside of a Butterfinger or Clark candy bar that has been broken in half

Enough said. With the essay complete albeit farcical, it's time to put pen and paper away and reach into the Subway bag, taking out that big chocolate chip cookie I was saving for lunch.

###

Something Special in the "S" Drawer

by: Susan J Wilfong

This is the story of Phyllis
A dedicated secretary was she.
She worked for the same law firm
Since the age of twenty-three.

Phyllis, now in her eighties
Was starting to slow down.
Her hair was short and gray
No longer, long and brown.

Phyllis loved her job.
She never missed a day.
And she only took vacations
When the attorneys were away.

Phyllis and the two attorneys
Became fast and loyal friends.
None of the three ever married
Well, that's what Phyllis contends.

Phyllis knew where everything was.
Everything had its place.
If something was where it didn't belong
Well... that was never the case.

If an attorney needed a file
Phyllis would get it without delay.
She knew she had an important job.
A job she would not betray.

One day, Phyllis was late for work.
The attorneys, were all worried.
This was a new experience for them
So around the office they scurried.

One attorney needed the "Smith" file.
So, to the file cabinet she went.
She sat down in a worn out old chair
And over the "S" drawer, she bent.

What did she find when she opened the drawer?
She couldn't believe her eyes.
She had to blink and turn away
For this was a big surprise.

At that very moment
Phyllis came through the door.
The office was now in shambles
And Phyllis, shaken to the core.

Even the little candy dish
That Phyllis kept on her desk
Was now laying on the floor
Among the rest of the mess.

Phyllis started quickly
To reorganize her space.
For in the mind of Phyllis,
Everything had its place.

The attorney that needed the "Smith" file
Asked Phyllis to step in.
"Please have a seat" she said
With a sheepish grin.

"Well, Phyllis" she said
"I'll bet you're wondering why you're here".
Phyllis slowly nodded
"Is it something I should fear"?

"I was looking for the "Smith" file
So to the file cabinet I went.
I sat down in the worn out old chair
And over the "S" drawer, I bent."

Phyllis started to squirm in her chair.
Her brow started to sweat.
What was filed under the "S"
That made this attorney upset?

Phyllis knew what was coming.
She bit her lower lip.
She nervously rubbed her hands together
Her heart, a beat did skip.

Phyllis said, "I can explain!"
She took a deep breath and started.
"I have a special box in the "S" drawer.
I made it when my love departed"

Phyllis' eyes started to fill with tears
As she continued to explain.
"Inside the box is a picture, some letters
And a simple golden chain".

"The picture that's inside
Is of us, when we were young.
Back when we were kids.
Back when life had first begun".

The picture showed two babies
Holding each other tight.
Phyllis, the girl, woke up.
But Sam had died through the night.

Phyllis made Sam a promise
That when she learned how to write
She would tell him all the good things
That gave her heart delight.

"The little golden chain",
Phyllis started to say,
"Keeps our hearts chained together
In a very special way".

"And that one piece of candy?
It's the same kind as on my desk.
It is one of my very favorite.
It's better than the rest".

As Phyllis finished her story
She took a deep breath and sighed.
"I'm really happy I came in late", she said
As she sat back in the chair and cried.

Phyllis was no longer ashamed
For her secret was no longer hidden
She had a new pep in her step
And the "S" drawer is no longer forbidden.

Several years have now passed,
And Phyllis has passed away.
The attorneys have retired
But still remember that day.

For the first time in her life,
That Phyllis came in late
The day started out to be crazy
But ended up just great.

What happened to the box
That was filed under "S"?
It was buried next to Phyllis.
Now both are finally at rest.