

**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**  
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**February 2020 Selection – Dynamic**

**Little DD**  
**By Carol Karvon**

Ever since Sally was about two years old her mom and dad called her their little DD. When she was older, she asked why they called her DD and what it stood for.

“How come you don't call me Sally,” she wanted to know. “That's my name, isn't it?” Again, she asked, “Why don't you call me Sally?”

“Well, Sally,” mom said one day when Sally asked her for the umpteenth time, “DD stands for ‘dynamic dynamo.’ We just shortened it to DD and after a while it caught on. Soon everyone around you started calling you DD.”

“Sally, what brought this on right now, today? We've nearly always called you DD and you never objected or questioned us about it. Did something different happen today? Maybe something happened at school you want to talk about.”

“Mom, everyone makes fun of me, except the teacher. The kids laugh and Miss Burns tells them that's not nice and they shouldn't be poking fun at me.”

“The kids I thought were my friends, like that silly Brenda and Jonah, want to know what my ‘real’ name is. They say Miss Burns always calls me ‘Sally,’ but my brother and sister and the rest of the kids call me ‘DD.’”

Mom thought about this for a few minutes. She wanted to get this just right so not to confuse Sally any more than she already was.

“Well, you see Sally, when you were very little – I mean just starting to walk, that little, you would try to run everywhere, not walk, but get up on your tippy toes and run. Of course, you would often go crashing into things and plop down on the floor. You hardly ever cried about it, but just picked yourself up and started over again, even faster. You had so much energy that pretty soon you were so fast you could run and zip around corners, dashing from one room to the next, barely missing walls and furniture. That’s when your dad said you looked dynamic, just like a human dynamo in action. That description stuck and pretty soon we were calling you our little dynamic dynamo. Then that got abbreviated to the letters ‘DD.’ If we wanted to spell it out, it would be, Capital D and two small e’s twice – ‘DeeDee.’”

Sally told her mom, “Now that I know what it’s about, it’s okay, I’ll keep DD. It kind of makes me special, doesn’t it? Not everyone can be a ‘Dynamic Dynamo’ can they? But I still want to keep the ‘Sally’ name too, can I?”

“Sure,” said mom, “some days you might like being DD and other days you might like being Sally. But, you know, you’ll probably have to keep Sally as your official name and DD as a nickname when you grow up.”

“Okay, thanks, mom.”

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### **Dynamic Dance Duo** **By N. Stewart**

Jake and Lacy were quite a couple out of the dance floor. Jake was a few inches shorter than she was but that didn’t matter. He twirled her under his arm with very little effort. She pranced around him to the beat of the music, smiling. The dance contest had been going on for several hours. Lacy was full of pep and having a wonderful time. Jake was feeling a little tired but was determined to keep up appearances and definitely was not going to let his lady out dance him.

The band began playing the songs faster and faster. People were dropping out, finding it difficult to catch their breath. The drums intensified, beating louder and louder. The guitar player’s hands were moving so fast they were a blur and his head bounced up and down. Then, the amp was turned up even more and the surrounding sound actually became no sound, it was all a soundless void and was earsplitting. The walls of the room pulsated. The floor thumped under their feet. Glasses sitting on the tables were oscillating, moving their way toward the edge of the table. Some crashed and glass splinters littered the floor. Centerpieces began falling apart with petals strewn all over the table tops.

Was the prize worth this Jake thought as he covered his ear with his hand? Lacy was still moving to the vibration of the music. The Dynamic Duo as they called themselves had worked many dance contests, winning a number of them. But this sound was something else.

He suddenly felt sick to his stomach, dizzy, and his head felt as if it were going to split open. Grabbing Lacy, he pulled her off to the side and yelled in her ear that they needed to get off the dance floor now. She protested and pulled back, going alone back to the dance floor. He yelled again but she couldn't hear from all the noise and turned her back to him as she continued to dance.

He stepped forward to reach out his hand for her and collapsed to the floor. A few dancers near where he had fallen began to crowd around Jake. The rest either didn't see him go down or were oblivious to anything other than themselves. He held his head in his hands, covering his ears as best as he could and curled into a ball. Lacy glanced back at the gathering crowd and then realized it was Jake on the floor.

She ran to him, gathering him in her arms. He was barely coherent but conscious, asking for help. She screamed for someone to get help. No one moved or perhaps no one heard the cry for help over the band's music that continued with the ear-shattering noise.

She wrestled out her cellphone and called 911. She screamed into the phone that she needed help. The 911 operator asked her to repeat because of the noise level. Lacy screamed, "Ambulance help me." The operator asked Lacy to stay on the phone and that she had sent help to the club's address.

The police, fire and ambulance arrived and the paramedics stabilized Jake, placing him on the gurney and then left the area. The walls pulsated, the floor thumped, the people danced and the extremely loud music continued. Some dancers stopped to look. Most did not.

Once outside the noise level greatly lessened. She found herself loudly screaming at the medics, not in anger but because she could no longer hear her own voice. The police asked her questions, filled out forms and then left. The paramedics motioned for her to come into the ambulance also and then all took off for the hospital.

At the hospital, Lacy's hearing was beginning to return as she sat by Jake's bedside. Several times Jake was taken for tests. Lacy waited patiently each time. Finally, the ER doctor came in, explaining to them that Jake had concussed. He further said it was similar to what happens to soldiers when they experience multiple close-range explosions. The accumulation of excessive noise from other concerts and now this latest one with its pitch and frequency had caused Jake's brain to react, attempting to shut down. They'd keep him in the ER for the rest of the night for observation and, later in the morning, if all was good, he would be released. Lacy thanked the doctor and asked if she could stay with him. It was agreed.

Jake was aware of her hand touching his. She leaned in, saying the Dynamic Dance Duo was alive and would soon be well again, but the days of dancing to excessively loud music were over for them. He nodded in understanding. The experience was lesson enough for both of them.

**Dilemma**  
**By Val Collins**

I was given an assignment to write about a word.  
The fact that I could not commence is really quite absurd.  
I always have ideas for words when asked to write about them.  
The fact I had not one intent was troubling and a problem.  
I racked my brain, stayed up at night was dynamic in my trials.  
Trying this attempting that persistent all the while.  
My dynamic effort was surely not succeeding.  
I need to get this thing done before our Monday meeting!  
I thought about the things I read by others who were clever.  
Their dynamic poems and essays were a joy to read as ever.  
But inspiration would not come how could I use this word?  
The likes of this small problem I'm sure I've never heard.  
Be dynamic think dynamic let expression flow.  
And suddenly it dawned on me  
(For this you all must know)  
The word in question has been used,  
I'll give my head a pat.  
The assignment has been done and that my friends is that!

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**Back in Time**  
**By Mark Moe**

A few decades ago, two boys had dreams of becoming Rock stars. One of these two young men sports a thin build with curly blonde hair and the other is notably taller with a huge mop of brown hair. They call their two-man band, the *Wild Stallyns*. They have dreams of being famous rock stars. The *Wild Stallyns* would tour with Def Leppard and Aerosmith. Their names are Bill S. Preston Esquire the 3<sup>rd</sup> and Ted Theodore Logan. Both of them shared in this dream, although neither one possessed any natural talent for the electric guitar or the bass guitar. Additionally, they lacked a drummer and an electronic keyboard player. They also lacked the motivation to actually get lessons. When high school finished, they were no closer to their dreams; however, they realized they needed to get money to finance their goal. So, they picked up some part time jobs to pay for the badly needed lessons in playing the guitar and vocal coaches to help them learn how to sing.

The money they earned went to all night jam sessions in Bill's garage and occasionally for lessons in guitar playing. Then the two young men found girlfriends and their focus changed to spending less time in all night jam sessions and more time with their girls. Bill and Ted wanted to bring the girls into the band, but the girls had even less ability and less desire to play the missing instruments of drums and electric keyboard. What the girls lacked in musicality, they more than made up for in terms of fashion design and creating artwork just not for their boyfriends. Their boyfriends were

cute, but chasing their own fashion dreams were important. The girls figured that they could help support their boyfriends' music career once they became fashion moguls.

A few years later, the girls had become moderately successful at creating their own fashion line and it turned a decent profit. But at this point, they could only support Bill and Ted as infrequent cheerleaders the few times they could pull themselves away from all their fashion events. Something had to give, and since their lovable lugs did not make a lot of money; they would have to change careers. When they presented the idea to Bill and Ted, they were disappointed but understood the necessity to put their music career on hold. Bill said to Ted, "Dude, we should be scientists!" Ted responded, "Yeah! We totally rocked in science class back in high school!" The girls were excited to see this change in direction and pledged to help pay for their schooling.

Bill and Ted through all this managed to keep a dynamic and energetic attitude as they completed their doctoral degrees in Quantum and Astro Physics respectively. They found high paying research jobs working for a private company and part time work during the Summer teaching physics classes at a prestigious university. The girls were thrilled at Bill and Ted's success. Bill and Ted had some regrets that they were not rock stars and started to use their knowledge of Quantum and Astro Physics to perfect a time travel machine so they could go back and start over on the rock star path. Bill said, "Hey Ted, we should design the time machine to look like one of those 1980s telephone booths!" Ted agreed enthusiastically, "Yeah, the design will make perfect sense to be able to traverse the quantum realm!" Within six months, they had their first prototype almost finished. It just needed a powerful antenna to finish off the top. Ted came up with a design based off one of the old antennae he used to watch cable before satellite became mainstream. He said, "That is so totally perfect and it matches our design for the time machine!"

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### **Lemmy's Dynamic Personality By Jarrett Fields**

Lemmy Koopa is a very dynamic Koopaling who doesn't like to fight but instead does fun circus acts and pranks. One day he wanted to play a prank on one of his siblings but he didn't know what kind of prank he should do. That was his dream anyway to prank his family one day. But, right now he is guarding one of the world towers. Lemmy only wanted to grow and develop as a kid but with his uncle telling him otherwise, he couldn't. Not only that he is suffering a couple medical conditions that couldn't be cured. One is that he couldn't see very well with or without glasses. Second is that he is small, his legs were under developed even though he is the record oldest Koopaling. Lastly, he couldn't walk properly because of his legs so he had to rely on using a circus ball to move and get around properly. However, his uncle thinks that it looks too childish on him but, there was nothing he could do. Life for Lemmy Koopa is never easy but he always remains positive.

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## **Glowing with a Radian Light**

**By J. Smetana**

Your campaign is the most DYNAMIC I have ever witnessed Oprah told me. Yes Oprah it has flash but it also has substance I replied. Oprah had 'phoned me ten minutes earlier when I was at Nookies trading barbed witticisms with Joyce Saxon and implored me to come on her show. I hopped in an Uber and in 5 minutes I was at Harpo Studios. Do you have a job for my fake boyfriend Stedperson Graham? She asked me. Yes Oprah I'd like to appoint him Secretary of War. War what is it good for? queried Oprah. Absolutely nuthin'! responded her studio audience en masse. Wait just a minute O I averred—Was is good for some Top 40 tunes: Low Rider, The Cisco Kid, The World is a Ghetto and Why can't We Be friends? We can! Oprah exclaimed wholeheartedly. No I told her that's just the name of the song. Not to mention Spill The Wine featuring that overfed longhaired leaping gnome Eric Burdon, He's such an animal Oprah opined.

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## **Dynamic Laughter**

**By Sherry Avila**

Sing Song:

"It isn't any trouble just to L-A-U-G-H,  
It isn't any trouble just to L-A-U-G-H,  
Laugh when you're in trouble  
It will vanish like a bubble,  
If you only take the trouble just to L-A-U-G-H."

My husband Frank sells his engineering business, and he wins his election to be Commissioner of the Metropolitan Water Reclamation District of Chicago. Our sons Frankie and Quinn complete their respective educations including certifications, licenses, etc., and embark upon their respective careers; and our daughter Audrey is accepted into law school. We experience "Empty Nest" syndrome.

One day, I look at the local newspaper, and I see a community announcement for a Laughter Club around 2004. I say to my husband Frank, "Hey! Let's go to a Laughter Club!" Frank says, "What is that all about? Okay. Let's go!" We go to Laughter Club almost every Monday evening, and we make many new Laughter friends! Lynda Turloukis teaches us to laugh with no reason, no sense of humor, no comedians, and no jokes—unconditional laughter. We clap our hands, sing, dance, chant, move, play, improvise, breathe, meditate, and we laugh and we laugh and laugh some more. Lynda shares research about how voluntary laughter provides the same physiological and psychological benefits as spontaneous laughter. Forced laughter turns into real and contagious laughter. At the end of our session, we quiet down into relaxation with positive thoughts on the floor or on a chair. When I go home, I find that I sleep better at night. I feel better. And, I have a new brighter perspective. I take classes to become a Laughter Leader from

Lynda Tourloukis in Des Plaines. I am inspired by my dynamic Master Laughter Teacher and all my Laughter Friends. We laugh in local parades, parks, stores, restaurants, sidewalks outside, elevators, parking lots, and other places!!

We hear about a MIDWEST LAUGH FEST in Ferryville, WI during in the summer. "LET'S GO!!" We stay in dorms and cabins on the beautiful grounds of a Lutheran Camp which also allows us to participate in outdoor activities as well as keeping the price reasonable. We meet Laughter friends from Missouri, California, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, Texas, Kansas, and other states. Laughter friends share stories about how they use Laughter to help them and others in their lives: Coping with losing breasts to Cancer; After School Program in an Elementary School; Clowning Programs; safe Pie-Throwing; and more.

On our third trip to a LAUGH FEST, I present the "BLUE BIRD OF HAPPINESS".

My husband Frank is invited to India to teach the people of India how to maintain and operate waste water plants for a second time with all expenses paid for by the Government of India. We unanimously agree that if we are in India, with our own money, we will attend Laughter Teacher training classes with Medical Doctor Madan Kataria who founded Laughter Yoga after Frank finishes his business.

We stay at the School of Ancient Wisdom where we view a sculpture of a person holding a torch to change humanity by providing a guiding light for others seeking knowledge and transformation. We are stunned by the breathtakingly beautiful grounds of green grass, trees, plants, flowers, and many inspirational signs. There are 50 people from all over the world learning Laughter with us—20 from Japan, most of whom do not speak English, but have a translator, people also from Switzerland, Malaysia, Italy, South Africa, other states from the USA, of course, India, and other countries. We are told that Laughter has been incorporated into the Law Enforcement and the Educational System of Mumbai, India. The dynamics of our energy, souls, and laughter fills and expands the world all around us! Our World Laughter Friends teach us new Laughter songs, chants, claps, and exercises. While we cannot take our Dynamic World Laughter Friends home with us to Chicago, we can take home their inspiration, joy, peace, and positive energy to make a better world. But, it is time to leave our Dynamic, Magical, Laughter Training and return to the reality of Chicago, Illinois, USA.

Frank and I present Laughter Wellness programs to Girl Scouts, Boy Scouts, churches, senior centers, hospitals, support groups, conferences, wellness centers, restaurants, and more. We produce Chicago Access Network TV shows about Laughter with our Laughter Leaders/Teachers including Josephine Gullo's family of Laughter Leaders including her 95-year-old Mom, Vita, her husband John, and her daughter Maria. Our guests include a psychiatric nurse who brings two of her addiction clients to talk about how Laughter helped them overcome their addictions. We attend Laughter Clubs with Laughter Leaders/Teachers at Norwood Park Senior Center with Josephine Gullo; the Dance Studio of Des Plaines with Phil Racette; and, Glenbrook Hospital, John & Carol Ambulatory Care Center, Lower Level, Meeting Rooms E & F, Glenview with Ellen Klein; and, Chesapeake Commons, Geneva, IL with Terri Reasoner.

We believe that Laughter links us, connects us, heals us. Laughter reaches beyond perceived barriers of age, race, gender, culture, and language. Laughter is a worldwide movement that promotes health and global Peace. We feel happier, hopeful, heartfelt, healthier, and harmonious!

"Laughter is a sunbeam of the soul." — Thomas Mann, *The Magic Mountain*  
Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. He.  
He. He. He. He. He. He. He. He. He.  
Ho. Ho. Ho. Ho. Ho. Ho. Ho. Ho. Ho.

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