

SUZY'S SUNDAY CAFÉCITO Y CHISME CLUB

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CAFÉCITO



CLUB

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welco me

¡Hola, mi gente!

Welcome back! Grab your *cafecito*, your tea, your Diet Coke, or whatever emotional support beverage has gotten you through the month.

As I write this, I'm working on Edit Number Four of Operation *Boda*.

I'm calling it the final edit.

I think.

I've learned that saying, "This is the final edit," is a bit like saying, "I'll only eat one *croqueta*."

It starts out with the best of intentions.

Then I spot one tiny sentence that doesn't quite sound right.

So I change it.

Which means I have to read the whole chapter again.

Which somehow leads me to Chapter 12...

And before I know it, I'm questioning whether commas have always existed or if someone just invented them to torture writers.

The good news is... we're almost there.

Operation *Boda* will be released on August 21st, and I honestly can't wait for you to read it.

Some scenes had me laughing so hard I had to stop typing.

Others caught me completely off guard and had me reaching for the tissues.

I hope you'll laugh, maybe shed a tear or two, and feel like you're sitting right there with Suzy and her wonderfully chaotic Cuban family.

Writing these books has been one of the greatest adventures of my life, but sharing them with all of you has made it even more special.

Whether you've bought Suzy García: Remedies, Romance & *La Familia*, left a review, recommended it to a friend, shared one of my posts, or simply keep showing up here every month with your *cafecito*, thank you.

Independent authors don't have giant publishing houses behind them.

We have readers like you.

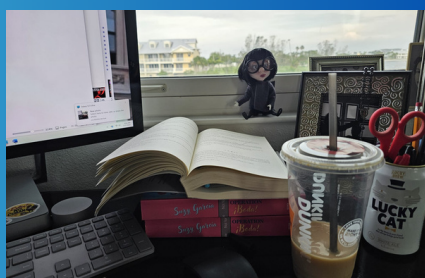
And I wouldn't trade that for the world.

Now, if you'll excuse me, I have one more edit to finish...

...assuming I don't decide halfway through that I need to rewrite the entire thing.

♥ Rosy xo

P.S. If you hear me muttering to myself over the next couple of weeks, don't worry. I'm probably just negotiating with a semicolon.



My desk currently...

LA COCINA



This Month in *La Cocina*: Cuban *Bocaditos*

Tiny sandwiches.

Massive expectations.

No Cuban birthday party, baby shower, wedding, funeral, Christmas Eve, or family gathering has ever been complete without a tray of *bocaditos* mysteriously disappearing before the guests even arrive.

They're "just little sandwiches" until you try to eat only one.

Then suddenly you've had six... and you're still circling the tray pretending you're just checking on the *pastelitos*.

This month's recipe comes straight from the Cuban party playbook. Simple, nostalgic, and guaranteed to make everyone ask...

"¿Quién hizo los bocaditos?"

Because every Cuban knows that's one of the highest compliments you can receive.

Rosy's party Bocaditos



INGREDIENTS

- 1 (8-ounce) brick cream cheese, softened
- 1 lb diced ham
- 1 can deviled ham (or Spam if that's how your family rolls!)
- ¼ cup sweet pickle relish or a handful of sweet pickles
- ½ cup roasted red peppers (drained)
- ½ cup of Mayo or more if you need it
- King's Hawaiian rolls

- Toss the cream cheese, mayonnaise, deviled ham (or Spam), sweet pickles, and roasted red peppers into a food processor or a blender.
- Blend until everything is smooth, creamy, and suspiciously irresistible.
- Spread a generous layer onto each King's Hawaiian roll. Generous being the key word here. We don't do skimpy bocaditos in Cuban families.
- Refrigerate for at least 2 hours. This gives the flavors time to get acquainted and the filling time to firm up.
- Arrange them on a serving platter...
- ...then immediately hide six of them in the back of the refrigerator for yourself because once the family arrives, they'll disappear faster than someone saying, "Who wants the last *croqueta*?"

Abuela's Advice

If anyone asks for the recipe, smile mysteriously and say, "Ay, *mija*... it's just a little of this and a little of that."

Because every Cuban grandmother knows that the secret ingredient isn't in the recipe...

It's convincing everyone yours are better than everyone else's.

Makes

16 servings

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LOST SCENES

from Suzy García

One of my favorite parts of writing is discovering the little moments that make me laugh out loud.

Unfortunately...

Those are sometimes the very scenes that have to be cut.

Not because they aren't funny.

Not because I don't love them.

But because every now and then a scene takes the story on a detour, and no matter how entertaining it is, it slows the pace or sends the characters off in a direction they were never meant to go.

This month's lost scene is exactly that.

It was originally written for *Operation Boda* and survived three rounds of edits before I finally admitted that, as much as it made me laugh, it simply didn't belong.

I may have argued with myself for several days before deleting it.

(And yes... I saved a copy. Writers never really throw anything away.)

So I thought I'd let my Sunday Cafecito Club readers enjoy it instead.

Think of it as a little behind-the-scenes extra—a deleted scene from *Operation Boda* that almost made it into the final book but didn't quite survive the editing process.

I hope it makes you laugh as much as it made me laugh while I was writing it.

Remedio #18: Nervios Before a Wedding

*Feeling overwhelmed by wedding planning?
Have your mother "help."
Within fifteen minutes, your original problem will seem
insignificant compared to the three new ones she's
created.
Works every time.*

"How's the sea bass?" Dominic asked.

I took another bite and shrugged.

"Tastes expensive."

Michelle, the venue coordinator, smiled.

"Our chef flies the herbs in fresh every Thursday."

Before I could ask whether the herbs had their own frequent flyer miles, the patio doors swung open.

"¡Permisoooo!"

Every Cuban head at our table turned in perfect synchronization.

A woman in her late fifties marched toward us carrying a folding card table under one arm like she'd been training for this moment her entire life.

Behind her came two teenagers balancing enormous white bakery boxes, a floral tablecloth, several plastic grocery bags and, for reasons no one could explain, a full-size coffee thermos.

Mami lit up.

"¡Ay! Llegó Migdalia."

Abuela smiled.

"Por fin."

Papi stood up.

"Déjame ayudarte."

Dominic looked at me.

"Who's Migdalia?"

"I..."

I looked from my parents to my grandmother.

"...was actually hoping one of you knew."

Mami frowned.

"The cake lady."

"What cake lady?"

"The one Yolanda recommended."

"Yolanda..."

"The travel agency."

I slowly put my fork down.
"Yolanda from the travel agency recommended our wedding cake?"
"Sí."
"And you invited her..."
"...to our menu tasting?"
Mami looked genuinely confused.
"Of course."
"...Why?"
"So she knows what cake goes with the food."
I opened my mouth.
Closed it.
Then opened it again.
"There are people who do that?"
"In Cuba there are."
Michelle hurried over wearing the expression of someone desperately trying to remain calm.
"I'm sorry, ma'am, but this is a private tasting."
Migdalia smiled warmly.
"Ay, *qué linda eres*."
She kissed Michelle on one cheek.
Then the other.
Without missing a step, she handed one of the teenagers the folded table.
"Ábrela."
The table snapped open.
Out came the floral tablecloth.
Six bakery boxes.
Dessert plates.
Napkins.
Plastic forks.
A cake knife.
A roll of paper towels.
A small vase with fresh flowers.
I stared.
"...Did she bring centerpieces?"
Apparently she had.
Michelle blinked.
"I'm sorry..."
Migdalia looked up.
"*Mi amor*..."
You can't taste wedding cake on an ugly table."
She wasn't wrong.
Within thirty seconds she'd created a miniature bakery display.
She stepped back.

Tilted her head.

"No."

She grabbed the flowers.

Moved them three inches to the left.

"Now it's balanced."

Dominic leaned toward me.

"Does she..."

"...always decorate other people's venues?"

"I don't know."

"I've only known her for forty-five seconds."

One of the teenagers started opening the bakery boxes.

Guava and cream cheese.

Chocolate.

Coconut.

Vanilla.

Tres leches.

And something covered in enough buttercream to survive hurricane season.

Abuela appeared beside the table so quickly I wasn't entirely convinced she'd walked there.

"The guava."

She pointed.

"The big piece."

"*Eso mismo estaba pensando*," Migdalia said approvingly.

She cut *Abuela* a slice approximately the size of a house brick.

Papi accepted one without being asked.

Mami took two.

One "to compare."

Michelle tried to protest.

"We really should finish the chef's tasting first..."

Migdalia looked horrified.

"Cold food waits."

"Cake doesn't."

Michelle actually stopped to think about it.

"...That's a fair point."

I stared at her.

No.

No, it wasn't.

One of the servers wandered over.

Then another.

The chef came out from the kitchen.

"I heard there was cake."

"There is," Migdalia replied.

"Try the guava."

He did.

Closed his eyes.

Nodded slowly.

"Oh..."

"That's excellent."

"I know," she said.

"I made it."

Within minutes, the chef and Migdalia were discussing buttercream like two diplomats negotiating a peace treaty.

Meanwhile, Migdalia had somehow learned everyone's names.

She pinched Dominic's cheek.

"Qué inglés más lindo."

She frowned.

"Pero está muy flaco."

She turned to *Mami*.

"You're not feeding him enough."

"I've been saying that for months," *Mami* replied.

"I eat!" Dominic protested.

Nobody acknowledged him.

Not one person.

I looked around.

The sea bass was getting cold.

The filet mignon was untouched.

The chef was discussing frosting.

The servers were eating cake.

Michelle was asking Migdalia where she thought the dessert table should go.

"Over there," Migdalia said, pointing.

"The light is prettier."

Michelle nodded thoughtfully.

"I think you're right."

I leaned toward Dominic.

"I have a horrible feeling..."

"Yes?"

"...she's no longer making our wedding cake."

He watched Migdalia directing two venue employees while explaining to the chef why Cuban coffee should always be served with dessert.

"What do you mean?"

I sighed.

"I think we accidentally hired a wedding planner."

Nobody tasted another bite of sea bass.

Everyone had another piece of cake.

MONT HLY REME DIO

For anyone who's convinced they need to have everything under control...

Take a deep breath.

Drink the *cafecito*.

Do the next thing.

Leave tomorrow for tomorrow.

As every Cuban mother has reminded us at least a hundred times...

"No cojas lucha."

Somehow, life has a funny way of working itself out.

Usually... right after we've worried ourselves sick over it.

BEFORE YOU GO

Suzy García: Remedies, Romance & *La Familia* is available now on Amazon. If you've already read it — thank you, from the bottom of my very Cuban heart. If you haven't yet, Suzy is waiting. She has opinions. She's ready to share them.

[IGET THE BOOK!](#)

And the adventure doesn't stop there...

✨ Book 2, *Operation Boda*, arrives on August 21st! ✨

Suzy's wedding plans are underway, the García family is as wonderfully chaotic as ever, and trust me... nothing goes quite according to plan. I can't wait for you to join them for the next chapter.

If you enjoy these stories, I'd love to stay connected! Follow me on [Facebook](#), [Instagram](#), and [TikTok](#), where I share funny Cuban stories, sayings, behind-the-scenes glimpses into my writing life, and updates on Suzy's next adventure. And if my stories make you smile, please consider sharing this newsletter or one of my social media pages with a friend. Word of mouth is how this little community grows, and I am so grateful for every recommendation, every share, every comment, and every one of you who takes the time to support my writing.

Con mucho cariño,
Rosy ❤️

You're receiving this because you signed up for the Suzy Sunday Cafecito Club. If you ever decide you'd rather not receive future newsletters, simply reply to this email and let me know. But I'll miss you.