

WORDPLAY

Writers' forum

Intelligent, Interesting, Informative, Inspirational

Ezine, Issue 3, April 1st 2010

'In the flesh' Wordplay Forums take place at 9:30 am every second Friday of the Month at Maggies Restaurant. **E-Forums are coming soon!**

MAGGIES
Restaurant and Bar
Parque del Duque
Playa Flamenca
**FOR GREAT TRADITIONAL
ENGLISH FOOD ON THE COSTA
BLANCA**
TEL: 965 325 523
GOOD FOOD, GOOD FUN

READERSHIP ALREADY OVER 1000

Welcome to the 3rd edition of the Ezine. WordPlay grows by the month. In its first quarter direct membership has risen by 150%, direct subscribers to the Ezine has gone above three figures, and our overall reach is well over the 1000 mark. The WordPlay Ezine now reaches readers not only in mainland Europe and the UK, but also America, Australia, Abu Dhabi, and New Zealand. Keep forwarding your copy to your contacts and help us achieve our aim of encouraging writers to write and get read. Watch this space for further news of our continued expansion and opportunities for all our readers to become actively involved. Meanwhile enjoy WordPlay's writers' latest contributions.

Ian and Michael

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

Featured this month are the winners of last month's competition

Rob Innis

Following careers in I.T. and facilities management, he opted

out of the UK rat race ten years ago and became a British Expat living in southern Spain. He set-up and successfully ran a Spanish property sales company with his Spanish partner. Apart from writing, he enjoys reading, walking, photography, and exploring Spain. He started writing around three years ago. His articles and features on all aspects of Spanish life and other topics are published monthly in The Inland Magazine and in other publications. He blogs on his own as well as other sites, one of which he manages and posts on Expat Forums. More recently, he started writing short story fiction, and was published in the Expat anthology 'Courting the Bull'. His work also appears in Platinum Pages and Words with Jam magazines. He is Deputy Chairman of the Torrevieja Writers Circle and a member of another local group - WORDPLAY. He is also a founder member of Writers Abroad, a worldwide Expat writers' group. He is contributing to their expansion plans for growing the membership, running competitions, and producing an anthology. He edited the Writers Bureau Students Ezine, Chapter and Verse, for a year producing four editions. He reads manuscripts and writes reviews for local publishers Libros International.

Mery Kilduff

Born in Liverpool. Baptised Catholic without my permission. Transplanted to Manchester aged two without my consent. The adults make decisions in our

family. Started school by which time I could read and write and tell the time, courtesy of my father. First day at school presented with building blocks, chalk boards and a rocking horse. Nothing to read. Ran home in tears. Visit by father to headmaster. Moved up to junior school. Much happier. Began my first venture into the literary world of essays, compositions, and spelling tests. Eleven plus - Transferred to convent grammar school for girls. Taught by nuns. Hated it. Preferred my co-ed school: football and cricket with the boys. Expelled from convent for playing too rough and climbing trees. Whoopee! Back to co-ed! Kept writing about anything and everything. Left school - Took up martial arts, Tae Kwon Do, and Kick Boxing. Also had an evening job as cabaret artist, exotic dancer (exotic not erotic). Wrote about the other artists and the audience. One member of the audience asked me if I could write about his beer bottle. Of course I could. I called it 'A Taste of Amber' and it was published in Harp Magazine (the Lager people). That was 1966 and my first paid publication. Moved to Spain and joined the TWC. Met wonderful soul-mates there who helped and encouraged me with my writing. Wrote a Spanish poem in 2006 which was published in Coastal Press. Nothing published since until I joined WordPlay

INSIDE THIS ISSUE

In The Spotlight	1
Monthly Competition Winner	2
Silly Billy!	3
Feature: worse than writer's block?	4
Ton Up	4
Poetry Page	5
What are you reading?	6
Gran no longer on the run!	6
On the inside looking out	7
Make the case	7
A2Z of Words	8
Classifieds	8
Contact Details	8

Terms and Conditions

All work printed here is indemnified by the writers as being authentic and original, and has not been previously published. The contributors retain their own copyright and intellectual property. All material contained here is available for publication elsewhere and authors' permission is required. To reach them contact WORDPLAY at wordplayenquires@mail.com

Recieve the WORDPLAY EZINE direct to your inbox!
Subscribe free at:
wordplayezine@mail.com

BUSINESS & MANAGEMENT INFORMATION AT THE TOUCH OF A BUTTON
www.helpwithmanagement.com



WORDPLAY

Writers' forum

Intelligent, Interesting, Informative, Inspirational

Print the Wordplay E-zine off and put it in your local bar or staff restroom so that others can enjoy and join in!

THE WORDPLAY MONTHLY WRITING COMPETITION WINNER

Theme: The Secret

How our competition works:

Any genre of writing is allowed.

The maximum length of work is 1,000 words of prose, or 40 lines of poetry.

Entries are judged by all the members of wordplay, on an anonymous basis.



A Mum Knows Everything by Michael Barton



The elderly bespectacled gentleman calls me to speak. I stand. Time moves slowly as I take the few paces toward him. My heels tap coldly across the concrete floor, their echo resonating and then becoming lost in the void above. For me, the next few minutes hold nothing but fear. My legs are heavy, my brow moist. My necktie pinches my windpipe. I have accepted this duty with reluctance. Yet, it is something I want to do. I clear my throat, preparing for my oratory. In my head, I have rehearsed this moment a thousand times. Now the words desert me. Solemn, expectant faces crowd in. My eyes settle on the old lady in the front row. Until just a few seconds ago, she had enjoyed my companionship. Now she sits alone, her ashen skin betraying a previously unseen pain. Suddenly she looks frail and lifeless. My eyes glaze as I struggle to remember a time long since past. Finally, the words come. 'Many years ago, there was a small boy: just three years old, maybe four. 'He had a morning routine which he followed religiously.' I look at the bespectacled gentleman who had me doing his bidding. He simply nods his assent, urging me to continue. 'Little Jamie would wake as the sun broke through his Paddington Bear curtains. His breath would create swirls of mysterious mist as his feet fell heavily on thick, warm carpet. 'Standing, he would feel his favourite blue pyjama bottoms sticking to his spindly legs. 'The boy would lift his eiderdown and groan with deep dismay at the stained sheet underneath. 'Soon his Father would return from work, and if the boy moved quickly he wouldn't find out his son had suffered yet another accident. 'Little Jamie would shed his damp pyjamas and run them across the room to the wicker basket. With clean pyjama trousers pulled up high around his waist, he

would pull his bedspread as tight and flat as he could manage. 'The accident fairies would make everything right. He knew this because his Mother had told him, and his mother knew everything. 'Jumping on his bed, he would scratch a hole in the thin layer of frost on the inside of the window and press his nose against the freezing glass. It would make his nose tickle, and he had to stay his breathing so as not to re-ice the tiny spy hole. 'He would hold this position until he saw his father approaching. 'He wasn't sure what work his father did, but knew he was one of the most important men in the world because he wore a uniform with a peak cap. His mother had told Little Jamie his father stopped bad men stealing all sorts of things from all sorts of places. So, Little Jamie also knew his father was very strong as well as very important. 'Seeing his father walking toward the front door, Little Jamie would run down the stairs, jumping at the third from bottom and landing in his father's outstretched arms. His father would always catch him. 'For twenty minutes, the two would roll around the floor, Little Jamie's head drowning in his father's cap. This was their time. 'Then his mother would call. It was time for his father to have breakfast before going to bed. Little Jamie wouldn't go with him. Not because he didn't want to, but because he was scared of having an accident and his secret being discovered. 'If his father knew Little Jamie was still wetting the bed, he would never again catch him at the bottom of the stairs and play with him. 'Which is why every morning followed the familiar routine. 'Then one morning, Little Jamie jumped out of bed as usual. Something was different. His pyjama trousers weren't sticking to his legs. Maybe the accident fairies had already been? 'He lifted the bedspread, and the

sheets were dry too! 'Excited he jumped up and down on the dishevelled bed. He heard the familiar click of the garden gate and bounded downstairs, two at a time. He couldn't wait to tell his father the good news. 'His father strode through the door as Little Jamie launched himself from the third stair. 'Out of breath, and safely in his father's arms, Little Jamie started to blurt out, "Daddy, Daddy, I've got a surprise for you!" Then he stopped. If he told his Daddy he was dry, then he would have to tell him that he hadn't been before. 'His father said "What is it, son?" 'Little Jamie didn't know what to say. His father looked at him, perplexed. 'It was his mother that came to the rescue. The boy hadn't seen her standing in the doorway to the dining room. "Little Jamie's going to have breakfast with you this morning, like a real little adult" she said, saving his embarrassment and flashing a warm smile at her two men. 'Little Jamie's father never knew the truth. The secret of him wetting the bed replaced by the secret of him being dry.' Returning to the present, I flash a glance at my audience. The priest offers me his hand as I leave the pulpit, but I refuse. At the coffin, I pause and run my fingers over the brass nameplate: "Fred Hargreaves, Senior": my father. I look at the old lady sitting alone on the front pew. 'I never told him he was my hero' I say. 'I should have never kept that a secret from him.' As I sit, she takes my hand in hers and looks into my eyes. She smiles warmly. She no longer looks old and frail. Her voice is strong and steady. 'He knew how you felt about him. You never had to tell him. It was in your eyes every time you looked at him.' I wonder if she's right, then realise she is. After all, a Mum knows everything.

And now..... the season of madness is upon us.

SILLY BILLY by Mery Kilduff

SILLY BILLY

Bill hated work – he especially hated Mondays
 But he had an understanding boss who said
 Why not start on Tuesdays?
 So today Bill had a day off work
 And as he lay in bed
 The fact he was now on a four day week
 Had not entered his head
 Suddenly the phone rang
 And slowly he arose
 Who could be phoning me? he thought
 Double Glazing! I suppose
 He answered in his usual way
 'Allo!' was all he said
 And held the phone an inch away
 As if it hurt his head
 'Is that Mr Norton?' a voice said cheerfully
 'Yes' said Bill 'Norton here!
 Bill Norton here that's me!
 The voice said 'I'm from Littlewoods
 And I've got some good news!
 Bill held his breath and waited
 The voice said 'You've won the pools!
 Bill was so astounded he couldn't say a word
 He brought the phone close to his head
 And this is what he heard
 'A quarter of a million is what you've won today
 And I'm ringing to tell you there are three ways we can
 pay
 We can send a cheque for this amount to your address
 today!
 You can give us your account number and we'll transfer
 it that way!
 Or you can come to Liverpool and pick it up yourself!
 Just think it over and let me know if you need any help'
 'Oh No!' said Bill 'I don't need help. I think I know
 which way!
 If I give you my account number. Can you transfer the
 cash today?'
 'Of course!' replied the voice, so very helpfully
 'Just give me your details and leave the rest to me!'

Bill gave all his details so very carefully
 And tried hard to stop himself from shouting out with
 glee
 When he hung up he jumped around shouting 'Yes! Yes!
 Yes!'
 Then whistling tunelessly he got washed and dressed
 He thought of all the things he'd do now that he'd won
 the money
 He'd buy new clothes perhaps a car and a holiday some-
 where sunny
 He'd do it straight away - today! – why wait another
 minute
 He'd do it with his credit card – it hadn't reached its
 limit
 He'd give his notice in at work
 And tell them where to go
 He'd show **them** he wasn't such a jerk
 The ones who called him slow
 And so he phoned his company
 And told them he was through
 Then without a second thought
 He told them what to do!
 He bought a suit and brand new shoes
 Credit card at the ready
 He'd buy the car when his cash arrived
 Better take things steady!
 Then off to the travel agents
 To book some sun and air
 No worries about payment
 For this quarter-millionaire
 Home again he picked up the phone
 Humming merrily
 Wait till I tell my old pal Joe
 Bet he'll wish he were me!
 He told Joe all his good news
 And what he'd done that day
 But listening to all of this
 Just filled Joe with dismay
 'Look mate I don't know what to say
 It was just a joke I tried to play
 Don't you know the date today?
 You really are an April fool
 You know you don't even **do** the pools!'

WORDPLAY

Writers' forum

Intelligent, Interesting, Informative, Inspirational

Feature: Rob Innis looks at the wonderful world of data back up.



Worse Than Writer's Block?

Being a writer means having to face many types of setback. Editor's rejections, missed deadlines, and the dreaded writer's block - which probably tops the list - or does it? How about computer failure and loss of work? Having to try to recreate that original story or article is an extremely difficult soul destroying task. So how can it be avoided? Well we all know there are only two certainties in life but sensible precautions can help avoid losing those precious words from your Microsoft computer.

The easiest way to create a backup is to copy your files to either

- CD disk
- Removable USB flash drive
- External hard disk

Disks can be difficult to use (there are so many types) and confusing to update.

Personally, I prefer using Flash Drives because they are very easy to use and cheap to buy. I now understand that a programmable version has hit the market. However, if you have a lot of other data apart from text, like photos or maybe videos, the external hard disk might be a better option given their huge capacity. If you choose one of the above options remember

a) You need to regularly copy your data to the device (obvious I know, but easily overlooked!)

b) It needs removing from the computer after use to ensure it has maximum chance of surviving either virus attacks or power surges. However, of course, it is still in your house and exposed to accidents or disasters.

Another very simple way to backup that precious file containing your latest novel is to attach it to an email and send it to a

friend. Assuming the friend does not live next door the chances of both suffering a simultaneous natural disaster i.e. flooding etc one would hope is very long! If you have a Google account you could also use the option 'Docs' Intended as a way of sharing documents with a co-worker this again would place your document out on the net and thus be automatically backed up by Google. If you are making changes to or creating new files everyday then you may need to consider something more sophisticated. There are a number of automated products, which will backup your data according to the parameters that you set i.e. frequency and which files. There are many free products but you can encounter charges for any additional external storage options.

Check out IDrive - <http://www.idrive.com/> Their basic 2GB service is free and probably adequate for most writers needs.

Good housekeeping will of course minimise the chances of your computer having a software problem. Run Firewall software, like Microsoft's Windows Defender and regularly update your main software from Microsoft (Via Internet Explorers Tools options) Run anti virus software and keep it updated. Many products to choose from look here:

<http://www.filehippo.com/software/antivirus/>

You can also obtain free update checker software from filehippo

<http://www.filehippo.com/updatechecker/>

This will tell you when programs running

on your computer have newer versions available. It is always worth downloading the latest versions for improved security and functionality - and they are free! All of these actions will help minimise the risk of virus attacks. For general housekeeping, deleting old system files (not your personal data) keeping the registry tidy etc try <http://www.glaryutilities.com/gu.html>

Easy to run - one click maintenance option as well as other useful maintenance functions.

To advertise here contact Wordplay via Email:

wordplayenquiries@mail.com

Do you have any tips or advice to share with other writers? Why not send them to Wordplay? Email us at wordplayezine@mail.com

TON UP!

Let off steam in 100 words.... You choose the subject.

Pie in the Sky

Why are BA staff so intent on committing business suicide? They are already the most cosseted in their chosen occupational sector. Pay is way ahead of others, as are perks. Other companies even get staff to pay for their own training, before they are even employed! They fly fewer sectors a day than colleagues elsewhere. Just when was the world shortage of flying waiters and waitresses announced? Their response - Strike! Madness. Thank you.

Ian Alexander

THE CARDINALS OF SCHENGEN
The exciting debut thriller by Michael Barton
www.peterhudsonthrillers.com

WORDPLAY

Writers' forum

Intelligent, Interesting, Informative, Inspirational



THE POETRY PAGE

Political Scandal

MPs,
Lots of sleaze,
Corruption and abuse,
Daily news,
With journalistic views,
On all this power misuse.
Expenses fraud,
By those who think they're God,
Because they faced an election,
They will not last,
But become the past,
When they face deselection.
Condemnations,
Of poor explanations,
As well as misbelief,
Why this or that MP.
Could not see,
That they were just a thief.
A promised review,
But that's nothing new,
As party leaders filibuster,
But what the country feels,
Is they need rods of steel,
And not a feather duster.
It matters not,
Who we have got,
Once the country has spoken,
For given the tools,
Regulations and rules,
Will continue to be broken.

Ian Clark

Authors' Endowment

Authors, Chekov and Maupassant
Gave slice of life and denouement
A literary heritage spanning the earth
Of narrative, drama, and poetic truth.
We who've come so late to the art
Must stiffen our sinews and play our part.
In a world of reality shows, and trash,
How can the author be so brash
As to lift his head above the parapet wall
And listen, not to sirens, but the Muse's call?
If the Masters had bequeathed us nothing else
It was their contempt for all that sells.
But now we appear to assess the merit
Of a work through the columns of debit and credit
Who cares a whit for the Arts anymore?
When we are crass materialists to the core
Dan, or Derren, or Gordon Brown
Illusionists all, seeking renown.

Migel Jayasinghe

Unfortunately, a competition entry by new member **Joy Lennick** hit our desk too late, but we liked it so much we thought we'd include it here.

The Secret

A trip to Dublin!
'Surpasses pills' her sister says.
Lush, bucolic splendour en route
(can't be argued.) And rain.
Half a year ago, another important 'other'
gasp'd his last.
Memories float like shrouds...
And then she sees him.
In the shopping mall –
about the right age:
mousy hair, slight curl,
the same mole over the same eye.
Eyes Madonna blue;
height checks out.
She looks down
expects to see her heart exposed.
He enters a café,
she follows,
orders a coffee;
gazes longingly at her secret from a safe distance

A Poet Within?

I look around
And see the sound,
The taste I smell,
Odour my tongue does tell.
The sight I hear
Senses corrupt with fear,
Images inside do shout,
And then, as quick, spin out.
Front to back it is
Upside down it twists,
Then, my prose, making sense,
In a solid coherent sentence.
Perhaps there is soon a time
When I will write in rhyme,
For the whole world is here to inspire,
A secret poet's inner fire.

Roberta

WORDPLAY

Writers' forum

Intelligent, Interesting, Informative, Inspirational



WHAT ARE YOU READING?

Our members review their latest read.

AN UTTERLY EXASPERATED HISTORY OF MODERN BRITAIN

By John O'Farrell

John O'Farrell has written six non fiction works and three novels. He was a former comedy scriptwriter for 'Spitting Image', amongst others, and has been on TVs 'Grumpy Old Men' and 'Have I Got News for You'. He is also the founder of the satirical website NewsBiscuit. Given that CV, you will have no doubts about what direction his writing comes from. 'Exasperated' is a follow up to 'An Utterly Impartial History of Britain', which traced things through to the Second World War. He claims – tongue in cheek – that this won Best Comedy History Book at the 1815 Congress of Vienna. That being so, I can't wait for the showbiz razzamatazz of the ACCAs (Annual Comedy Calculus Awards). I also just enjoyed writing five Zs in two consecutive words. This sequel continues the story up to the present day. Like the first, it is written in short bite-sized chunks ('Battle of Hastings: Away Win', sticks in my mind). Part of the pleasure of this format is that the reader can happily dip in and out at spare moments. 'Exasperated' tells the story from when the post war Labour Government floated the idea of nationalizing the banks up to today, when the Government has ... er ... taken ownership of banks! Each chapter deals with each decade in turn, and a sample of the author's humour comes with the view that the 50s were seen at the time as being the golden era. So good, in fact, that the Isle of Wight decided to stay there for ever. If like me you found History at school a bit dry then this is truly refreshing. Information and entertainment contained in one hit. Added to this is its personal resonance, my having lived through much of the period. Read, learn, and laugh.

Ian Alexander

To advertise here contact **Wordplay** via Email:

wordplayenquiries@mail.com

GRAN NO LONGER ON THE RUN!

If you like reading something a little off beat, something that will tickle your ribs and lift you out of the humdrum of modern life for a few moments, then we have a suggestion to make. Why not enter the world of Madcap Heinke Pauly? WordPlay member Heinke fell in love with dead poet Laurie Lee (no, really, we are not making this up for April Fool's Day), and retraced his footsteps through Spain with her dog, Misty Blue, in tow. She recounts her experiences in unique style within the pages of her book 'Camping with Wolves', which is now available to purchase. It's a book that gives an insight to Spain, and the world that Heinke inhabits (it's out there somewhere!). So, for something a little off beat, and off the beaten track, why not visit her blog <http://campingwithwolves.blogspot.com> and discover how you can follow the adventures of a gran on the run with her dog Misty Blue?

WordPlay

To advertise here contact **Wordplay** via Email:

wordplayenquiries@mail.com

WORDPLAY

Writers' forum

Intelligent, Interesting, Informative, Inspirational

On the inside looking out

Wouldn't it be better if you were thick? You wouldn't have to constantly think about things. Analysis, paralysis. This is the lot of the intelligent. I don't just mean intelligent in the sense of knowing the capital of Peru, or stuff like that. It includes what I understand is called Emotional Intelligence. I have no idea what that means, technically. Many and plenty books have been written using that in their title. I guess it's another branch of 'self help', 'getting in touch with your inner self' type of thing. Not that I'm against that per se. We all need help even if it comes from ourselves. 'Inner self'? We all have untapped abilities. Blind people have heightened senses. We must all possess the same capacity. We just don't need to, or don't know how to. It's not just senses. Heightened awareness, too. Alzheimer's (the complete antithesis of the previous phrase), for example. Until you know someone who 'suffers' (actually they don't, their loved ones do) you pay scant attention to it. Then suddenly it's all over the TV, the papers. It always was. You, just like them, weren't aware. So, 'heightened senses', 'heightened awareness'; 'higher plain' must therefore be possible. Maybe it's spiritual. Maybe it's just a mental state. That's what I mean about being intelligent. Constant reflection and re-appraisal of where you are, and what you are. To say nothing of why you are. How you are is the preserve of doctors. So here I am again going through the same mental anguish. Why am I still broke after I've worked all my life? Why am I so lacking in self esteem? Why do I eschew others and turn on my inner self? Self help doesn't work. I'm helpless, hopeless, and hapless at times like these. And, of course, everyone else is having a good time. Why should anybody else bear the burden, or at least share the shambles that most of us thinkers are? If they are of the same ilk, they are doing similar (which is probably tautologous). Scared to share. Inside their innermost. Fearful of fate. And yet it is fate that comes to the rescue. Right place, right time, and, if you are lucky, right person. And it will, it always does, eventually. The thick don't have this. They can just live. A bliss beyond belief. But then belief in the better is all we can behold. Live the dream, because intelligence is the capacity to dream.

Ian Alexander

MAKE THE CASE

A positive argument for a seemingly indefensible statement. Only 250 words allowed!

This month:

'People do not have the right to moan when they are bullied by their boss at work'

Many companies these days have 'dress down' Fridays where casual wear is the order, note that word, is the order of the day. It was always thus. In my day your boss always gave you a 'dressing down' on a Friday, just to set you up for a miserable weekend, ahead of more of the same on Monday. Now look, by going to work and being bullied you are providing a social service, akin to 'care in the community'. Bosses become so in order that they have power. Their personal inadequacies force them to seek such positions. It's a bit like football referees and traffic wardens (complete with officious uniforms). You don't have the right to moan, in fact, it is plain wrong to do so. Without this power what would they be doing elsewhere, at home or in society. Far more lasting damage, that's for sure. After all it's only work. Don't moan, celebrate and congratulate yourself on your sterling citizenship by allowing these insecure individuals an outlet for their need to score points. By the way – have you noticed how many of them are short of stature, as well as social skills?

Ian Alexander

People think that they have the right to whinge and of course they cannot ever be wrong. Can they? Would you hear them complain about going home early or trotting off down to the pub? I would like to redress this imbalance. It is OK to be wrong, not that many would admit that fact. So, let's put the record straight. Somebody has to be in charge. Someone has to tell the plebs what to do. Crack that whip and make sure that they do what they are paid to do. Oh hell! I've said that word 'paid'. So that is what it is all about. You do something good enough, fast enough and what you have been told to do – then you get paid for it. Well, bully for you. Bravo. That's grand. Isn't it? I suppose that then gives you the right to moan because someone doesn't say thank you! OK, you are having a bad hair day. You are not producing and then that gobby fat bastard of a gaffer comes along and tells you what you should be doing. You start to go off on one and then he (of course – it has to be a 'he') He tells you to 'button your botoxed lip' waves a stodgy digit right under your nose as he does so – 'The son of a bitch'. You get paid to do a job – so do it. Moan, do not. This is a sweat shop not a bloody charity shop.

John Edwards

A TO Z OF WORDS

PLAY WITH WORDS

A bolish all negative thoughts and...
B righten up your life with positive thoughts that will ..
C larify all you want to achieve in life by making the right...
D ecisions that will elevate your life to success and
G ive you...
F aith and courage which will lead to...
H appiness so that you can ...
I nspire others to be...
J oyful and gain
K nowledge, wisdom, peace and....
L ove, which is a wonderful way of...
M aintaining one's life, why not start from...
N ow, it's an amazing time for...
O pportunities to realise that..
P aradise exists, all your....
Q uestions answered to..
R eap the fruits of all your desires that will in turn...
S atisfy your soul and gain insight, that what you ...
T hink about, you bring about, and can....
U nderstand that having great...
V ision, and using all your...
W ill, leads you to your...
X factor in which we all have, only...
Y ou can decide to reach for your goals and have a..
Z est for life, and an amazing future!

Simone Segal

ALEXANDER
CONSULTANTS

Making tomorrow better
than yesterday

Business, Management
and Personal
Development for all.

www.alexanderconsultants.eu
alexanderconsultants@mail.com
Esp: 0034 966733331
UK: 07713410180

WORDPLAY CLASSIFIEDS

WOMAN WANTED!

**Female Writer wanted for
joint novel project.**

**For more info contact:
ian.alexander@hotmail.co.uk**

WORDPLAY CONTACT DETAILS

For inclusion on Ezine email list

wordplayezine@mail.com

For enquiries on advertising, or all other general enquiries

wordplayenquiries@mail.com

To make contact with any writer published within

wordplayenquiries@mail.com