

WORDPLAY

Writers' Forum

Intelligent, Interesting, Informative, Inspirational

Ezine, Issue 5, June 7th 2010

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WORDPLAY:WORLDWIDE

Welcome, once more, to the WordPlay Ezine. Growth continues apace. Our local monthly Forum had five new members at the last meeting. In just five months attendance numbers have grown threefold. In this issue Maureen becomes our 14th different contributor, epitomising our aim of encouraging 'writers to write and get read'. (See also features elsewhere on Simone and Joy.) Readership and the feedback received continues to be beyond our expectation.

NOW FOR THE BIG LEAP FORWARD.

As of today's publication, everyone, everywhere, can now engage with WordPlay. www.wordplaywriters.com has been six months in the planning (and will continue to develop). Writers the world over, new and experienced, can now play an active part in our aims and objectives. WordPlay intends the website to be the most comprehensive writer's point of contact to be found anywhere. Already each and every individual can contribute and take part. As well as getting published (and thereby read) in the Ezine, there will be monthly cash prize competitions, and periodic specialist competitions for poets and

scriptwriters. A range of Writer Services are available, as are a suite of Business Services. Helpful information will be provided, and the jewel in the crown will possibly prove to be the WordPlay Showcase, a serious publishing opportunity. As well as the other snippets contained here visit www.wordplaywriters.com and see for yourself what is on offer. For the next two months you can benefit from our introductory membership discount. Wordplay is here for you all, whoever you may be. Enjoy.

Michael and Ian.

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

This month we feature one of WordPlay's more prolific writers, Joy Lennick.

Joy Lennick was born in Rush Green, Romford, Essex. She has been a shopkeeper and secretary, as well as a hotelier. She and her husband, Eric, have three sons. 'A silly looking man with an even sillier moustache was the architect of many family's

movements in 1939. Three small children were going on holiday. Weren't they? Evacuee was a new word to their ears. They soon learnt what it meant. There were tears, excitement and new experiences all jumbled together. Torn from the pivots of their existence, they adjusted to dear "Aunt Sal", a cook so capable they forgave nearly all. Crowded classrooms meant lots of reading, writing and drawing - three favourite subjects, which left an indelible mark on the eldest child and only girl, Joyce.. Now known as Joy, she wrote the above years ago and blesses the teachers who encouraged her to read and write. What a magical world to inhabit! How words can comfort, liberate, teach, amuse and bless. Much later - apart from the cursed (but necessary) rejection slips - enough to paper the smallest room in the house, there were small successes - nothing too heady at first! Then poems in anthologies, in magazines, one read on the radio, articles published in the UK and later on in Spanish newspapers and magazines. A prolific writer, Joy has had several books published: most recently 'Hurricane Halsey', a review of which is included within this Ezine. Her faction novel, 'The Catalyst' is nearly complete, whilst her autobiography, 'My Gentle War', is on the back burner. A regular contributor to this Ezine, Joy is also working on an experimental novel with WordPlay co-founder, Ian.

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THE WORDPLAY MONTHLY WRITING COMPETITION WINNER

Theme: 'Three Phrases'

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, so the winner is the piece most enjoyed by readers of writing.



Red Mist by Michael Barton



'I awoke full of hope. Hope for a better day. Hope for a brighter future: we'd been getting on better lately.' Steed's glazed eyes looked up at me. His cuffed hands lay motionless on the desk between us. His lawyer, fresh out of law school and immediately out of her depth, sat silently next to her client. She would let him speak. Now, after several minutes of prodding and probing without response, Steed was finally talking. I held his eyes for a few seconds, and held my words. The silence would crack him. 'She wasn't next to me. I called her name but she didn't answer. I got up. My head felt light: empty.' His head was bowed again now. Remorse, or remembrance? I turned my head to view my partner listening intently to Steed's words. She looked a little flushed. Like the lawyer, she was young. Unlike the lawyer, she was attractive. Away from work, DS Booth was blonde and bubbly. Sitting here, she was all business: an alluring combination. I found my mind wandering to thoughts of the couple of nights we had shared together. My concentration on the job in hand returned when she spoke. 'Go on, Mr Steed.' She positively hissed the words. An understandable reaction considering the man we were dealing with. Previously we had, on several occasions, arrested Steed for domestic violence. He was, for want of a better description, a serial wife beater. I had spoken at length to his wife, Jackie, each separate time. Try as I might, I could never get her to testify against her husband. Now Rachel Steed was dead, and it looked as if her husband had finally overstepped the mark in yet another of his drunken rages. 'That's when I saw the knife, at my feet, covered in blood: her blood.' He looked directly into Booth's eyes. His pallor matched the grey of his jumper. He looked like what he was: a drunk, wife beating, no-hoper. He looked old, unkempt, and feeble. 'What did you do?' She asked him. 'I picked the knife up. I didn't know how it got there.' 'But you knew it was Mrs Steed's blood?' 'Yes...I mean no....not straight away. She was downstairs. How could I know it was her blood?' 'How did the knife get to be by your bed?' 'I don't know.' 'Why don't you know? Surely, you put it there? Took it up to your room after you had killed your wife?' 'I don't know, I was drunk. We were drunk. I can't remember.' His anger was growing at Booth's questioning. 'We have witnesses who saw you and your wife arguing in the pub, just before she walked out and you chased after her' Booth stated matter-of-factly. 'I think I would like five minutes alone with my client' the lawyer cut in. Booth was now on a roll, and ignored the request. 'You got drunk, argued, chased Rachel home and stabbed her to death in the kitchen. Is that how it happened?' Steed rose to his feet, banged his fists on the desk. 'She was having an affair! The bitch, she was screwing someone else, she was...' he lost his voice as his lawyer pulled him back to his chair. 'Detective Booth, I must protest. You are baiting my client, and I said I want five minutes privacy with him.' Booth smiled, and rose to her feet. She was calm, and strong. 'Of course.' She looked at her watch. 'Five minutes.' We left the room together. It wasn't until we had walked the length of the corridor and were standing in the sunlight that she spoke. 'You were spot on, he rose to the bait. I think we've got enough.' 'Men like him? They always rise to a female's challenging' I said 'You leading the questioning was always going to be the way to go. When we go back in, continue to work on his anger.' 'It would be good if we could get a confession,' she stated. This was true, of course, but not necessary. 'We've got enough.' I said. 'Drunken rage in the pub, he chased after her, fingerprints on the knife, her blood on his clothes. It's a done deal.' She stubbed her cigarette underneath the toe of her black patent size six. 'Let's get back in there. I want this finished,' she said. She could sense the end game approaching. She was ready to take this bastard down. On the way back to Interview Room 1, I made a detour via the toilets. Checking they were empty, I locked myself in the booth furthest from the door. I felt inside my top pocket and pulled a small manila envelope from it. It contained a photo, which I took out and held in my hands, staring at it and remembering the time it was taken. I ripped it up, put it down the pan and flushed. Twice, to make certain it was gone. Rachel Steed should never have tried to use it against me. She should have had her fun, enjoyed our little dalliance for what it was, and left it at that. Blackmail is so belittling. But when she wouldn't back down last night, when she told me how she would ruin my career, ruin me, unless I coughed up, I lost my temper. The knife was just laid there, on the kitchen worktop. Placing the blame on her drunken bum of a husband was easy. The rage just took me. A red mist, like her husband had described every time we had him up for his assaults on her. Like him, I didn't see it coming.

The three phrases which the entry had to contain were:

Opening with "I awoke full of hope" Within the text, "try as I might" Ending with, "I didn't see it coming".

NOW YOU CAN ENTER OUR NEW COMPETITION, WITH CASH PRIZES AND MORE!

As from this month WordPlay will be running two separate competitions. The existing one is open to our Local, 'face to face' Forum members. The new one with cash prizes is open to all, and is free to subscribing members. The former is based on a theme or 'trigger' provided by the current winner (who cannot enter that month). Each month's entries are voted for by the Forum members to decide the winner. The latter will be theme free. Write what you want. It will be judged by a WordPlay panel. Go to www.wordplaywriters.com to find out more and send your entry in. Note the closing date for entries. The result will be announced in the subsequent ezine.

This month we thought we'd bring you something a little more intellectual!

Big Bang: The beginning and the end? by Migel Jayasinghe

Is there anything in our experiential world that is absolutely true, good, and beautiful? There is a popular saying that beauty is in the eye of the beholder. It appears that the majority of us, often guided by an influential minority, conceive of these absolutes and ideals, in varied ways as mediated by language, culture and the temper of the times we live in. Even so, there is probably in each one of us an innate urge to be reassured that there is a perfect order transcending the absurdity of what is brought to us by the media in our daily lives. Even in the hard sciences, the paradigmatic one being physics, what we once held to be immutable 'laws', true for all eternity, are now seen as merely contingent 'theories' since Einstein demonstrated that Newton's Laws of Motion held true only within certain parameters. However, in spite of paradigm shifts, science has cumulatively provided the basis on which to systematically build up technological marvels from unimaginably destructive atomic power to life-enhancing discoveries like penicillin and the mapping of the genetic code. Electricity, radio, computers, telephone, television and films with myriad labour-saving devices deployed at work and the home, have changed human lives irretrievably within the last two or three centuries. While humans live longer than ever before, changes in the environment, planned or otherwise, even within one generation, cannot be fully assimilated by one individual within his or her lifespan. And what of human institutions, revered over centuries, like religion, cultural norms, and politico/legal structures? These are being questioned and brought under scrutiny as never before. We try to study and understand such phenomena through separate disciplines like ethics, philosophy, anthropology, history, sociology, psychology, to name but a few. These disciplines do not have the same quantitative and empirical exactitude that physics, chemistry and to some extent biology have achieved. Against this plethora of ostensibly objective and impartial theorising, only the Arts, in the form of literature, music, painting, sculpture and so on, continue to emphasise the unique importance of human subjectivity. Amongst the worst trends of the present *zeitgeist* is the postmodernist notion of 'anything goes' which has fragmented and created an autistic isolationism amongst the artistic community. At the other extreme, religious fundamentalists are increasingly taking centre stage with 'rogue' states brandishing the most lethal weapons of mass destruction that have ever existed on the planet. Even to speculate on what all this holds as a promise for the future of humanity with what is eternally true, good and beautiful, appears to be mere fantasy. Just as the creation of the universe is attributed to the 'big bang', the signs are that the end may come, soon enough, in similar fashion.

YOU, TOO, CAN BE PUBLISHED IN OUR EZINE

WordPlay welcomes submissions from all its members, irrespective of status. There are regular features such as: A2Z of words, where you are invited to Play with Words; Ton Up, a chance to get things off your chest in 100 words; What Are You Reading? Book reviews (but why not other reviews?) – writers are readers, after all. There is also Open Space, where you can write what you want: fact; fiction; fun; fantasy; whatever, as well as a Poetry section. WordPlay anticipates increasing its ezine volume by about 50% in the coming months to accommodate even more member contributions. Visit www.wordplaywriters.com to view previous publications, and then get writing!

**Feature: Michael Barton,
three times WordPlay
competition winner, argues
the case for good research**



Research, Research, Research!

Last time out, I wrote about the **GOLDEN RULE OF WRITING: 'write what you know'**. Although I ended by saying that I didn't think a writer's work should be limited by strict adherence to this rule – and that imagination, for me, is the most powerful tool in the writer's toolbox – I want now to express the importance of displaying knowledge of your subject matter, and how one may acquire such knowledge. **Consider writing about the birth of a child. Although we have all been through the experience, I very much doubt that any of us can remember our own entry into this world!** For those of us who are men, or women who have not been through childbirth, our only reference of experience would be our presence at someone else's

birth (or perhaps video evidence?). If you haven't given birth, or been present at a birth, then what reference have you got to write with authority on the subject? This is where research comes in. With the emergence of the internet, research has become far easier than at anytime before. Google 'birth', 'childbirth', 'giving birth', etc, and a whole host of information is available at your fingertips. A word of warning here: always check your googled results. Don't take the first result as being correct. Whilst the internet holds more information than Encyclopaedia Britannica, it also holds a lot of duff information. **Wikipedia, the on line public encyclopedia, is a huge public resource. But there's the rub: it's public, and the public can place**

entries as well as read its content. Back up your research with reference to archived newspapers. As traditional as it may seem, why not visit your local library, spend an afternoon there. It's almost guaranteed that there will be several books on the topic you want to research. Someone else has already done all your legwork for you – use it. Finally, there's nothing better than straight from the horse's mouth. Someone who has direct experience of childbirth will give a far better, more emotional account, than any textbook. Why not ask your local hospital if you can advertise for someone to talk you through their experience? You'll be surprised at the response. Now, about that Sci-Fi article I'm writing...how to word an advert to NASA!

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

I could eat a horse! Oh Really?

It's raining cats and dogs! Oh Really?

His eyes are bigger than his belly! Oh Really?

WORDPLAY: VALUE FOR MONEY IN AN UNCERTAIN WORLD

Value for money is every body's preferred commodity. Think what your pleasures in life cost. Both Michael and Ian, co-founders of WordPlay, enjoy football, amongst other things. Going to a game these days costs close on £100 with all the indirect costs beyond the ticket price. And this is for one day out, with no guarantee of enjoyment or success in the case of the team Ian follows. **By taking advantage of WordPlay's introductory offer you can engage in the enjoyment of it all for the equivalent of less than £1 a week. Compare and contrast. It's a bargain. Visit www.wordplaywriters.com and join in today.**

WORDPLAY

Writers' Forum

Intelligent, Interesting, Informative, Inspirational



THE POETRY PAGE

The Credo

Earth abounds in riches of infinite worth
A world that humans have sought to dominate
With possessions parading as symbols of
wealth,
Of mansions, motors, and ocean-going yachts;
Jets and jewels, and vast enterprises,
Stocks and shares and offshore investments,
All man's ingenuity, wit and invention
Aimed at acquisition; copious consumption.
Work is fragmented into a thousand-and-one
roles.
Bankers' bonuses guaranteed by the masses
More than daily bread, what they value are
circuses,
Spectacles of stupefaction, of sex, drink and
drugs.
Occasionally a tsunami, a volcanic eruption,
An earthquake or tornado, the result of
pollution
Shakes them out of complacency (not for too
long),
What does it matter? - There's no right or
wrong!

Migel Jayasinghe

WORDPLAY: OPENING DOORS FOR POETS WORLDWIDE

Poets abound. Not only can members get their efforts read here in the Ezine, but WordPlay will be holding quarterly competitions dedicated to the verse voices amongst you. (Scriptwriters note that we will be running similar opportunities bi-annually). Keep an eye on www.wordplaywriters.com and our other publications for details.

As good as wallpapering with jelly. Oh Really?

Like knitting with fog Oh Really?

WHAT A DISH IS A MAN!

Take fifty quarts of water
(no mention of beer)
Three pounds of calcium - well that's what I hear.
Four ounces of sugar: that's sweet enough,
Twenty-four pounds of carbon - an estimate rough.
Season with salt - two ounces will do;
Patience, my friend, we're nearly all through.
Several bowls-full of chlorine (enough for a pool)
A good helping of sulphur (a flea-ridding 'tool'?)
Give or take a few other 'things'
And ladies be aware...
You may have a man who Shakespeare declared:
Is noble in reason, in thought and in deed
OR you may have a man who is selfish; a weed...
OR 'infinite in faculty', 'admirable'
OR a jealous louse, a bumbling fool...
To save more confusion and the gnashing of teeth,
May I just add it is general belief
That the recipe given applies also to you -
What a dish is a woman
Man's confused too!

Joy Lennick

The Choice

So, the choice is yours to decide,
My love for you, I cannot hide.
I been waiting oh so long,
To feel your touch, hear our song.

But all I say, will not suffice,
Its up to you, you have the dice.
So roll me a six, no - not a one,
Its love I want, not just fun.

Give me a chance, or a reason at least,
I can't take this pain - the demon, the beast.
For its eating away at my soul,
I'm falling into a hell hole.

Lets give it a go, lets make things right,
The good thing we have, is a sense of foresight.
Together, we can make it work,
So quit making me cry, and make me smirk.

Roberta



WHAT ARE YOU READING?

Our members review their latest read.

DO THE BIRDS STILL SING IN HELL?

By Horace Greasley

When one of the partners at Libros International asked me to edit this story I was prepared for hours of concentration and painstaking hard work. But the job was easy thanks to ghost writer Ken Scott's compelling writing style and Horace's superb memory for places and people. As I worked I both cried and laughed out loud. Young Horace was called up in the very early days of WW2. He endured needless capture, a horrific death march and train journey to Silesia, where he spent the next five years in appalling, brutal conditions in POW camps. In Camp Two he met and fell in love with Rosa, the daughter of the camp owner. What started as a 'two fingers up to Jerry' sexual encounter turned into enduring love affair. Rosa developed into a true life heroine, risking her life on many occasions to bring news and equipment to her brave, indomitable lover. An editor's job involves re-reading the story many times, yet the magic never wore off for me. Horace, his love and his courage will be with me forever, an inspiration and reminder that through the worst of times, honour, courage and downright audacity have equal roles to play.

Maureen Moss

A rubber shovel digs no dirt. Oh Really?

TON UP!

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

Motorists to rebuild the world's finances?

Milking motorists is the cash cow of income generation for desperate governments. I was recently fined 100€ for having a number plate where the lettering had faded, not to the point of unreadable, in the sun. The car had been ITV'd (MOT'd) just weeks before. I wasn't speeding. I don't drink and drive. I am not a danger. I pay taxes, social security, and anything else required of me. The police everywhere now only police the policeable – the law abiding. Clamp down on spongers, illegals, and proper criminals. But that would cost money, not generate it, wouldn't it? Thank you.

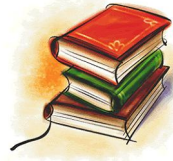
Intelligent I.T. with Rob Innis Decap, Recap!



Microsoft Word is probably the most used word processing program in the world. It has been developed to such a point that it is hard to identify a function that it does not perform. But of course the trick is knowing *how* to perform these clever shortcuts. Many of which are useful for us writers. Perhaps this feature will help you. Have you ever left the keyboard set to capitals and typed a whole paragraph in upper case? Then deleted it and retyped it correctly – well try this next time. Highlight the sentence or block of text (i.e. click and hold down the left button on your mouse and drag across the erroneous text). Then press shift and F3 and hey presto the text will go to lower case (or vice versa). I cannot vouch for all versions of Word so if yours is one that the Romans brought over then this may not work! Have you got a good Word tip – then share it!

Help us to help you

Having become a member of WordPlay (What, you are six pages in and haven't signed up yet?) you can play a part in our aim of getting you, and others, read. Forward the Ezine and the web address to all your contacts, even if they are not writers themselves – although we believe a writer lurks within everyone. The six (or is it seven?) degrees of separation theory applies. If they all forward it too, and so on, who knows where your work will reach? www.wordplaywriters.com



WHAT ARE YOU READING?

Our members review their latest read.

HURRICANE HALSEY

By Joy Lennick

Courage in the face of adversity. If you want to seek the strength to achieve the (seemingly) impossible, then read 'Hurricane Halsey' by Joy Lennick. This is the story of one man's dream coming true, through sheer stubbornness and true grit. Battling epilepsy and the ever changing Atlantic, Halsey takes his 28 foot rowing boat, The Brittany Rose, from Tenerife to St Lucia. Having beaten the Atlantic, and fulfilled his boyhood ambition, his sights are set on a greater prize: he now wants to row across the Pacific, from the Americas to Australia. Poignant moments of despair are punctuated with a humour that comes from within a determined mind. Heartbreaking and uplifting all at the same time, 'Hurricane Halsey' is a book that will inspire you to greater things. There is no such word as 'no'! A great tale, fantastically written.

Why not buy a copy? www.solo-ocean-rower.com

Michael Barton

WINNERS WITH WILL POWER

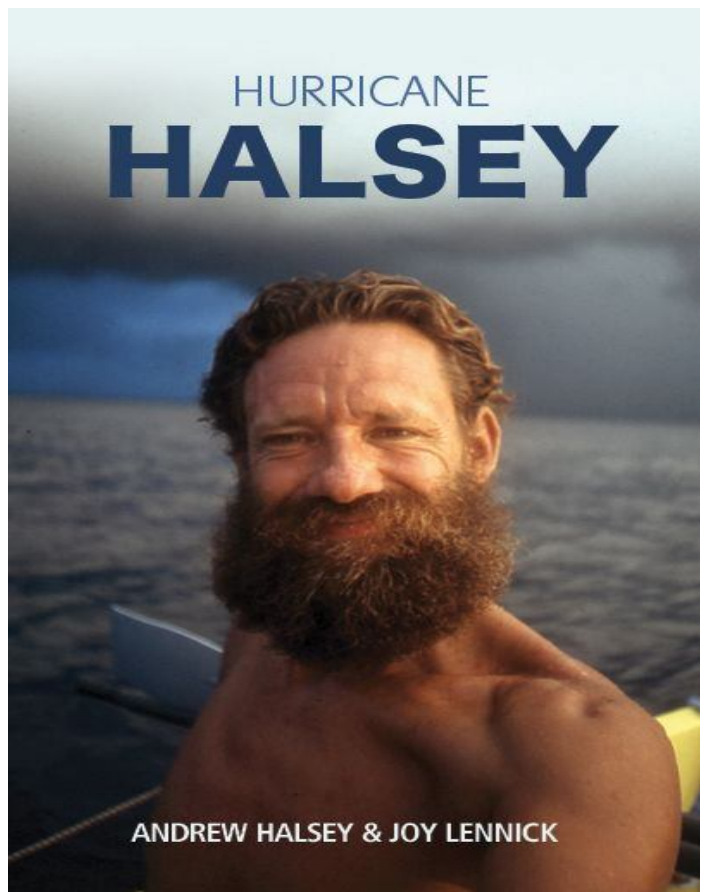
Success for Simone

In our March issue we featured one of WordPlay's original members, Simone Segal (Simone's Star is Rising). Since then she has been featured in the press and on television. Here she is again, because the star that is Simone has made it. 'The Gift, if only you knew', her book, is out. She has been published. Since her chance (or was it fate?) encounter with the very first WordPlay local monthly forum it has been a whirlwind ride. In less than six months Simone has seen her work and dreams come to fruition. We at WordPlay hope we might have helped in some small way, but it is Simone's belief and determination – added to her talent – that has got her to where she is. She is, in fact the living embodiment of her subject matter. Read it yourself. Visit www.thegiftifonlyyouknew.com. Who knows what you might achieve as a result? Well done Simone. Brilliant. WordPlay salutes you.

WordPlay

Advertise through WordPlay

Whilst the ezine does not want to become an 'Adsheet', WordPlay is happy to take adverts at two levels. We will restrict 'box adverts' to a maximum of two per page. You can promote anything you want here providing it is legal and does not cut across WordPlay's own activities. Broadcast that book of yours, perhaps. Maybe you have another business. If so, why not use the ezine to advertise, and also make use of WordPlay's Business Services? Alternatively, members can access WordPlay Classifieds. These are restricted to writing related offers (no used car ads) and requests. The same provisos as our 'box adverts' apply. For rates and further information about our Business Services visit www.wordplaywriters.com



A TO Z OF WORDS

PLAY WITH WORDS

Journey of a thousand thoughts and words

A is for action of adept minds as things accelerate through the 'bonce'.

B is for the bravery and courage to bounce words off each other.

C is for the caressing of each word as it escapes the brain's zoo like cage and for the courage needed to slay the doubts.

D is for the deliciousness and effervescence of every word.

E is for elation as each new sparkling word erupts and fondly envelops the reader.

F is for fortune and fortunate as each word forces itself through the fountain for words and thought that foists itself upon fools that have not written greatly.

G is for gregarious as words and scribes need to be and for being gargantuan when gorging themselves upon the plethora of printed matter that helps them on their way.

H is for holy and maybe for hell when no helping word comes along intentionally.

I is for independent, in joyous thoughts and words. (Leave deeds alone for they get in the bloody way.)

J is for the joy that words can bring in knowing.

K is for the knowledge needed and what it gives with love.

L is for the love of each word and when caressed by the author gives joy to the meritorious recipient.

M is for the mind that lets madness develop into a mental nurturing reward.

N is for the 'nutter' that allows the mind to release 'nutty' thoughts overtly.

O is for obstinate to get to one's objective passionately.

P is for pretensions and patronising that only a quaint soul should be.

Q is for queer captured back. Querulous, I can be, with not a 'queen' in sight. Royally, not so.

R is for rhyme that is almost absent from this. It is also for rhythm that we all need and search for.

S for scripts, scribes, and scribblers and Story Tellers everywhere.

T is for transparency and 'tongue in cheek' so that people have to guess what we are talking about, ultimately!

U is for the unlovely and for the ugliness that should not be in our minds, for there is no value there.

V is for vision that we all need to find our way out of the cul-de-sacs and valleys. So, wallow not.

W is for worship the page upon which we spill our ink so that we can eXcel.

X is for X-ray vision that allows us to X-amine the light that X-humes each word from the murkiness within everyone of you.

Y is for the you, the who, who dares to write the contents of their minds for others to see - zealously.

Z goes with the Zee in Glee that zips and zaps through us to allow zymological matters to progress.

The End that will only come in time.

WordPlay's regular last page is the final, favourite part of the ezine. Here members are simply invited to do what we all do - Play with Words. Sign up at www.wordplaywriters.com and start playing. Whatever you do, enjoy writing.

WORDPLAY CLASSIFIEDS

WOMAN WANTED!

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

POSITION FILLED!

**THANKS TO
WORDPLAY**

WORDPLAY CONTACT DETAILS

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list**

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