

WORDPLAY

Writers' Forum

Intelligent, Interesting, Informative, Inspirational

Ezine, Issue 4, May 6th 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!**

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STANZAS, SCENES, PARAGRAPHS

Welcome, once again, to the WordPlay ezine. The whole WordPlay project continues to gather pace. More members, more readers, and more contributors. Just who is Roberta? WordPlay's aim of encouraging writers to write and get read continues to grow. Already we have spawned a separate, allied, offshoot, in the form of a collective poetry project - a stanza of poets, no less. A similar scriptwriter' section is bubbling under the surface, soon to emerge. A scene of scriptwriters, possibly? What next, a paragraph of prose writers? The best is yet to come. Next month sees the launch of a major move on our part. As a result, all of you - friends, readers, colleagues, contacts - anyone and everyone - will be able to participate in our full range of activities and services. WordPlay is about to become The Word. Watch this space; and in the meantime, enjoy the read. Spread the Word. Encourage others to Play.

Ian and Michael

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

Featured this month is the man behind

our new poetry stanza, John Edwards.

John was born in 1945 in a simple country cottage situated in the agrarian county of Herefordshire. It was very much an uncomplicated way of life and by today's standards, very quiet and perhaps even boring. Europe, and England, was now changing after the war had ended and his life has continued to be one of almost continuous change. Village primary school life soon became Grammar school life and examinations. This was quickly followed by leaving school at sixteen and making a life changing decision to leave this rural idyll and go to London. He was not a stranger to the metropolis as he had family living there and he had visited it each summer. He joined The Metropolitan Police and, throughout the time that he spent with that organisation, witnessed many changes. He lived through some strange times and saw many social events which have become part of modern history. Amongst all these events and many others he witnessed every day life with all its good fortune and tragedy. He was lucky that many of the people around him had a terrific sense of humour and that they were able to maximise it. He was almost always involved in operational work although in the latter third of his career he was involved in training as well. He has always valued knowledge. He has known some sad days and this drives him on to make the best of each day. He values the married life that he has, and the people that are around him who give him love and support. He has children

in London and Holland and grandchildren in both places. They have fun. He has been writing for three years and he belongs to The Poetry Society. He is in contact with other poets but intends to broaden his writing beyond poetry.

*John has already started broadening his writing. Read his short story 'Two for One' on page 3.

MEMBER'S WORDS AIRED!

WordPlay member Gareth Turpie will soon be hearing his written words over the airwaves. Portsmouth based radio station, Express FM, created new radio soap "Conway Street" after recording people's memories for story lines. With the help of Louise Page (scriptwriter for BBC radio's "The Archers"), Express FM commissioned local scriptwriters to write the various episodes for production. Gareth now has four episodes 'in the can', co written with his writing partner Louise White. He writes on his Spanish balcony, and she in grey, wet Pompey: the magic of the internet allows the pair to splice their work together and produce the finished article for production. With WordPlay's website going live next month, we hope to report more internet collaboration. Perhaps other WordPlay members will see similar success to Gareth. For more information of this new radio soap, visit www.expressfm.com.

WordPlay

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THE WORDPLAY MONTHLY WRITING COMPETITION WINNER

Theme: The Odd Couple

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.



Odd Couples by Ian Alexander



Cheese and pineapple (served sumptuously on, well, actually, a stick!). Gammon and pineapple (still the height of fine dining in some parts – always preceded by Prawn Cocktail, and followed by Black Forest Gateaux; fancy, foreign food if you ask me, but itself an odd Germanic Franco coupling.) Well broccoli and pineapple then. Why not? Who decides what foodstuffs sit together? **Nouvelle Cuisine.** 'Small portions at extortionate prices' is the literal translation from the French. Look it up if you like. I once had a steak – really good – that came with six, count them, six chips, presented in a Jenga style tower arrangement. Who really wants to eat a pate of partridge and pigeon served on a coullis of crushed kiwi – the latter doubtless drizzled onto the former? By the way, if Eskimos have 21 words for snow then did you know the English are the same when it comes to drizzle? Light drizzle is driffle, and you really can look that one up! **These strange pairings are not just confined to food. Take drink. Cider and blackcurrant. Who came up with that? Lager and lime, even, though this one takes twice as many to get up to the magic 'five a day' fruit intake. Similar bizarre partnerships happen everywhere. A pub conversation I was a part of, in West London, near to the Isleworth HQ of Sky TV, went down the route of inventing odd sports we would like to see. That's how pub conversations go, or at least the ones I am involved in. My personal favourite was Underwater Show Jumping, clearly more entertaining than the land based original. I don't know about you, but I would pay good money to watch horses in giant snorkels and flippers. Lo and behold, and this might be coincidence (yeah, right!), Sky had a programme aired weekly, and fronted – in every sense of the word – by the estimable Helen Chamberlain. It was voiced by the bloke who did the 'Top Bombing!' adverts featuring Peter Kay, for John Smith's Bitter. I think it was called something like 'Real Sport' – a bit like 'Real Tennis', odder sibling of the 'Lawn' version. It included such events as the Under Hurdles Race, where contestants ran around a conventional athletics track ducking under rather than jumping over the hurdles. They even had 'World Records'! So, any two random things can go together. Phones that take Photos. Bring on a camera that makes calls. Odd coupling, indeed!**

'as mad as a box of frogs'

'a face like a bulldog chewing a wasp'

'as much use as a chocolate teapot'

'born with a silver spoon in his mouth'

'pushing water uphill with a rake'

Oh, Really!

WordPlay are looking for silly sayings: you know the sort, the one's that say it all without any basis for comparison. Show and Tell in a half sentence.

After all, have you ever seen a box of frogs, or a bulldog with a wasp in its mouth, or a chocolate teapot?

And, that baby, born with a silver spoon in its mouth? Oh, really!

Now you know what we are talking about, send your silly sayings to:

wordplayezine@mail.com

Last month was the start of the silly season. May sees this continue: elections, soccer leagues sorted, Greece down the pan....whatever next: Poets writing prose?

Two for One by John Edwards

The closer things are, they can become more difficult to see, and I have been missing something very important. Absolutely and clearly, I could have seen it all coming. I will explain. Once upon a time there lived very happily, two of the best 'sorts', that you could ever want to know. They were country people, through and through. Clean air to breathe and with room to stretch out in. Beauty was so close at hand, that they could touch it and feel it. At this time of year the hedgerows, although a little later than normal, had already sprung into their bright spring colours. All pastures in their lives were green and there was no need for either one to seek anything that was over the other side of that fence. They had no issues with the world or each other. They were simplistically happy. The forthcoming election with all the posturing that politicians seem hell bent on doing, just went shooting over their heads, as they carried on their life in their rural idyll. Not for them the lying and cheating that you could read about in the papers or see on the news. No extra matrimonial activity here and no pretending which one was their actual home. What would they need a second home for anyway! They knew all they needed to know about their home and who was responsible for all the bills: no matter how costly living is, at current prices. However, just recently they had begun to notice changes. The cold winter, much colder than normal, had alerted their senses. Something, that they could not quite connect with and something that they could not get a firm feel on. Warmer days came and their concerns seemed to disappear with the approaching summer. However changes had become more evident and there was much more noise and more traffic could be heard above the sighing of the wind in the trees. They noticed that the local fox no longer paused on top of the hedgerow but furtively glanced at them and slid away into concealment. Overhead the croaking call of the ravens, although high in the sky and circling steadily around, were able to permeate a feeling of gloom. The clear calls of the others flying overhead brought a little calm, but not that much. All of them had their own overview of all of this – all different, of course. So, what is happening? I can cast my mind back to a similar setting where everybody knew everybody else. So when they came to me with their concerns and their unease I had empathy with them. I shared their concerns and their unease. After all I was their friend and we all need someone to share our doubts with. Don't we? They had begun to hear different voices in the area with just the odd passer by uttering an alien greeting. Just recently they had new neighbours that had arrived without any warning or consultation. They had no notice at all and suddenly the atmosphere on their home turf just changed. To them it seemed to change overnight but I am sure that it was much more of a slower process than that. Perhaps they were aware of a creeping presence that some of us did not have the sense to see. Their own little plot was more crowded now and there became less space to relax in. Crowds were never their scene. They were true blue country people and just liked to be in their own bit of green that had always been their home. Not now it appears. They were never concerned about colour or worried by it. It had never been an issue for them wherever they had lived. Why should any of this be a problem after all life had always been black and white to them or maybe black or white? Other colours and races had been introduced into their small world. They had not noticed nor could remember when it had all begun. They could not even remember when they had felt that first moment of unease. Then that very morning when the sun was really warming the ground they became aware of something very different. They had never known giants before and their presence perturbed them so much that they became alarmed. I knew that something was wrong when I went along to see them. Standing at the gate I could smell their unease. Although I had known them for a long time and we had been friends for several years I had no idea what they were going to say. I was shocked when they said that they felt let down. They had not been extended any courtesy and no one, but no one, had consulted them. 'How would you feel, if someone had put a new road in outside your front door?' she asked. I replied 'I would not like that for I am a 'nimby' 'OK, so what really is so upsetting to you?' I asked glibly. The wife replied. 'This really is the last straw. You have put into this – no our bit of God's earth - three giants. We don't like them. The two white ones are bad enough but the third one is a bit too grey and he is - scary. Then the others that you brought along too, those two waddling fat ducks are definitely not our type. We don't like their choice of housing either'. 'I am sorry but we have to draw the line somewhere. Those little brown ones are cute but really do you expect us to integrate? I think not, for we now feel that we are the odd ones out. Dick and I will always be whiter than white'. Then without warning she silently walked away. The very next morning Dick the Cock came to the gate alone. He was now the quiet one.

Feature: Michael Barton, two times WordPlay competition winner, gives his view of 'Write what you Know'



The Golden Rule of Writing?

“Write what you Know.” On many Creative Writing courses, these are first words the tutor speaks. It is, perhaps, the most repeated piece of advice any new or aspiring writer is given. As such, many consider it the most important of all rules of writing and certainly, as a starting point, I would have to agree with this advice. To captivate a reader, writing must be believable and written from a base of knowledge. To be otherwise is rapidly found out. How such knowledge is acquired is a subject for separate discussion. At this time, I want to question the validity of the golden rule as the primary concern of a writer. If we think about some of the world's best selling books - for example Drac-

ula, Lord of the Rings, and the more recent Harry Potter series – we can immediately dismiss the notion they have been written from an authoritative base of knowledge. Unless, of course, you believe that Bram Stoker drank human blood, Rowling is an expert in wizardry, and Tolkien was an Orc fighting Hobbit in a previous life! What these three literary giants share is life experience. And yes, before the howls of protest reach fever point, I do consider J K Rowling a literary giant: 500 million book sales tell me this! The good news for all aspiring writers is we all have knowledge of these life experiences. The emotions of fear, love, happiness, sadness, loneliness – the list goes on. Over and

above this knowledge, the Greats have an ability (natural or coached) to phrase their stories and bind them together with descriptive prose that draws the reader in. They use their knowledge of emotion, and the traits of people they know, to create believable characters. This then leads to a great affection for story and plot, and a book that the reader is unable to put down. The point I am trying to make is that plots, stories, characters, - whole worlds, even - are only limited by a writer's imagination. It is the writer's knowledge that then augments this. A good writer should never let imagination be restricted by the golden rule.

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

MAKE THE CASE

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

‘Cutting The Royal Family to a number of 4 is an extremely bad idea to the British economy’

This England (and we should be incredibly patriotic for a few days at least) is something that we all should be proud of and be ready to answer to the call of duty. ‘The Royal Family’ all listen to us now because they have to. It may be a monarchy but it is still a democracy! We've been involved in butchery really only about once when it came to trimming the numbers of ‘The Royals’ down by one. Another Charles believing in a divine right to govern ignored public opinion and had his head trimmed off his shoulders by the swinging axe of change. Then look what happened – they were all invited back, and now we have the best collection of royal palaces, mansions and country houses that any country would be proud to boast of. Wonderful architecture, for generations to admire. Republicans, look at the numbers of tourists that flock here to admire what we have. They swarm to see the guards changing at the back of Buckingham Palace. They swarm to every ‘Royal’ appearance and look at the real estate they own. Who would look after all the palaces? You couldn't trust a politician. I say keep the lot. The more of them there are, the more children and the more weddings there will be. All good for publicity and bringing the finger clicking Japanese and Americans in. Republicans do your sums. Keep the tourists pouring in.

John Edwards

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THE POETRY PAGE

The Writer

Day after day, he sits on the terrace
Surveying the landscape of his lofty aspirational
dreams.

Reality is bleak – nothing is built
Beneath the power-crazed pylons,
Except for a children's park
With see-saw, slide and swings.

Women work hard, despite the September sun
Wearing protective gear of broad-brimmed hats
And long-sleeved camisetas. Chattering gaily
They clear the land, of parched, weedy, shrubs
Behind a boastful block of empty commercial
cells.

How did he earn his keep
All those adult years?
By some sleight of hand
And crafty subterfuge –
It clearly now appears.

For he has no skill
Other than to spill
Verbiage on the page
With an imaginary quill.
If truth be our gauge
Often against his will.

Migel Jayasinghe

The Source, The Outlet

Ezine came to me,
WordPlay the source
Just what I needed
A source for my soul.
Writing needs doing,
Reading the more so.
My soul is unlocked,
My writing unkeyed.
Thank you to WordPlay
I now have a voice.

Roberta

LUCENTUM

Lucentum slow stark gaze,
Across the burden of the days,
Who will be the followers of the new Carthage?
To arrive in all their ways
And who come who stays
To linger with the memories in their haze

Chris Blunt

WORDPLAY POETS ON A JOURNEY

WordPlay has spawned its first offspring: a new poetry group with the aim of encouraging the art amongst WordPlay members.

The brainchild of John Edwards, its first meeting was held at John's house in San Miguel and the first verse of a collaborative poem written (the theme being 'The Journey'). The members at this inaugural meeting were a mixture of poetry veterans and virgins.

To facilitate the creative process, WordPlay has set up a dedicated email address and already emails have been exchanged with lines, rewrites, and ideas.

It is hoped that 'The Journey' will produce several individual poems as well as the group poem.

We hope, over the next few issues, to feature some of these odes, and will keep you all informed as to progress.

If, as a member of WordPlay, you want to get involved, why not drop an email to John at wordplay-poetry@mail.com?

WordPlay

The Writing is on the Wall

'The writing is on the wall'
Could be the slogan for us all;
A cliché of our times
When progress - purely technological
Is gained, at the expense
Of the planet's sole survival.
Miles away from the lands of their birth
Migrants roam over the still habitable earth,
Ignorant of the future they create for themselves
Churn up a cauldron of chemical reactions.
Superannuated by labour-saving devices
Turned into cyborgs with pre-programmed lives.
Freedom, democracy, and human rights
Liberal capitalism, power to the masses
Words mean nothing – yesterday's shibboleths;
Consumerism reigns, pop-culture passes
For art and erudition. Dumbing-down delights
With instant gratification via pornographic sites.
While we live longer, obese, prone to sickness,
Hospitals, hostels, hospices, and homes
For the old and incurable, are filled to excess.
Much to the disgust of the few taxpayers,
With billions in debt incurred by their forebears
To explore space, fight interminable wars.

Migel Jayasinghe



WHAT ARE YOU READING?

Our members review their latest read.

CIDER WITH ROADIES

By Stuart Maconie

Popular broadcaster Stuart Maconie is often described as the British Bill Bryson. His books trace his travels with wit and whimsy. His other titles in this genre are 'Pies and Prejudice' a portrayal of northern England, from where he hails, and 'Adventures on the High Teas', a more southerly equivalent. 'Cider with Roadies' is, in effect, about his love affair with music, an affair which led him to becoming a writer – with the New Musical Express. This 'must read' weekly for the musically aware also spawned the careers of Tony Parsons, Julie Birchall, Danny Baker, and Danny Kelly – to name just four of my favourites from a very long list. 'Cider' tracks (musical pun intended) his evolution from early childhood exposure to the Beatles through modern music's own historical journey. It's all there: Northern Soul; Prog Rock; New Romantics; Punk; Heavy Metal; Glam Rock; Arena Anthemic (U2 anyone?); Madchester; Indie, if it happened it's in there. Many of his references in each of these 'waves' include familiar favourites of mine, and many more beyond my knowledge. Maconie is an aficionado – despite which there is no reference to my own particular favourite, and influential, Prog Rock band, Family. A serious omission Stuart! (Like, as if you are reading this). I, like a lot of people share his passions, just not his depth of knowledge. My reading ranges from serious contemporary literature to 'pick up and put down' material, relating to my pastimes and pleasures, such as music and sport. 'Cider' is a latter joy. Stuart Maconie always writes intelligently, interestingly, and positively. In 'Cider' there is only one negative piece, for which the writer makes no apology. His work is always accessible, unlike, for example, Will Self's constant obscure, thesauric vocabulary challenges. If you like your music, read 'Cider with Roadies' and reminisce.

Ian Alexander

TON UP!

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

Breaking News

I am fed up. I like to keep up to date with what's going on in the world. But when a so called 'big story' hits, every news channel has this "Breaking News" scrolling bar. It just keeps rolling round for the next few hours. Incessantly. Repeating what the reporter is saying (and repeating). Listen: after a half hour, it's no longer breaking news. Sky, BBC, CNN, etc....the technology is out there to have two scrolling bars. Use it. Keep me informed of ALL news. The Breaking News bar is the information age equivalent of a Jehova's witnesses. Change. Thank You.

Michael Barton

Balls Up!

There is UEFA, FIFA and The FA and those two last letters signify what has been done. Sweet fanny adams. All they do is talk, take the best seat in the place and look good. Technology, they have never heard of it, but, we all have it home. So what are they playing at? Not a lot it would appear. Two referees instead of one - so no 80 metre dash every five minutes. Then another man in black to administer justice fairly by using that 'wot is screened'. Throw in a timekeeper and that is game on! Thank You.

John Edwards

Out of Date

If manufacturers are going to bother to put Use By dates on products why don't they actually make them visible! These are meant to protect the consumer from eating, inhaling or rubbing on products past their safe to use date. Or is it to protect the manufacturers from being sued? So, if you have 20/20 vision equivalent to a fighter pilot, congratulations. You are in with a chance of actually being able to read the date and be protected. For the rest of us visually challenged mortals - we will just have to use the product and hope. Thanks for nothing manufacturers. Thank You.

Rob Innis

Early-Birds

What really tee's me off are self-righteous people who get up early! These irritatingly smug people who rise at dawn give me the pip. It was claimed that Margaret Thatcher needed only 3 hours sleep, and look what happened to her. I stayed at my sister's place in Canada and when I surfaced for breakfast at 9.30 a.m. she'd leap up and say "Oh there you are!" as if I'd been lost in the Clondyke Valley. I need 8 hours sleep a day! I need 8 hours each night as well, and that's what I'm ranting about. Thank You.

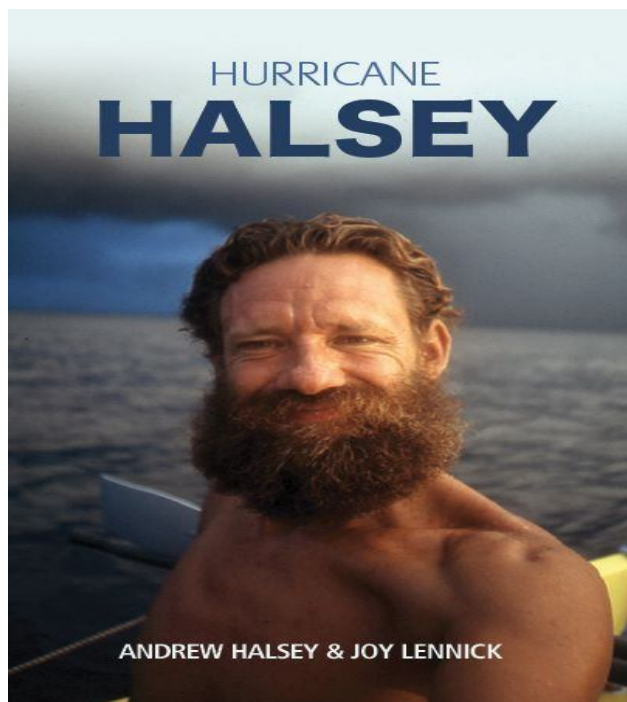
Mery Kilduff

What's in a name?

The publication of a piece announcing the engagement of a certain Miss Wild Rose to a Mr. Bull (cross my heart) started it all. My interest in names, that is. It struck me that some parents have a lot to answer for. **Thereafter, a casual browse through my, then, local telephone directory (not recommended for those who like a more traditional beginning, middle and end to their reading matter) revealed such surprises as: Brokenbra, Jelley, Gotobed, Bagel, Freelove and Loos, just for starters. Really!** Fuelled by the discovery of such unusual names, I poked through some of the tomes in the library and was amazed at the wealth of material and diversity of the subject. There were hereditary names, locative, topographical and occupational surnames, surnames derived from personal names and nicknames. Some meanings are clearer than others. Take Straightbarrel (discovered in the 14th C.) – it may refer to a special form of cask, in which case it could have been a nickname for an oddly-shaped gentleman, or there again it may not...It is open to conjecture. Was Stringfellow originally a 'Strongfellow'? Did the first Mr Dikemon maintain or dig ditches? Was the earliest Mr Chauntrell a bell-ringer, or a singer? **Many modern forenames too have a long history. Vincent was known as both forename and surname in the 13th century, Walter was introduced to England by the Normans at the time of the Conquest, and Sharon is a biblical place-name adapted as a forename by the English Puritans – originally a male name, but since around 1945, used as a female name. Serena (serene, calm) was documented in 1761, Joyce and Joy were known way back 1199, and Anne had been a popular name in France, Germany, Italy, Spain and England for many centuries. Anyone appreciative of succinctness would applaud the surname 'O'(no writer's cramp when writing signatures) – there are ten such surnames in the Brussels directory it seems. And, while on brevity, how about U NU – the name of an ex Burmese Prime Minister. Laffan, Cryan and Smylan all attended Clongowes Wood College in Ireland, and a vicar in Southport answers the telephone with the words "Hello, Heaven here..."**

A Mrs. Salt and a Miss Pepper were assistants in a food store, while the names Crow, Parrot, Rook, Peacock and Condor belonged to the staff of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds. A Mr. Argument was once appointed Justice of the Peace in Cheshire; Argue and Phibbs are names of a firm of solicitors. A brewery in Tadcaster employed a Miss Glass and a Mr. Bottle, while a Mr. Booza managed a Carlisle wine and spirits store. The arm of coincidence is a long one. In the USA a Mr. and Mrs. Pigg called their son Ure, and as if that were not enough, his middle name begins with an A. Now a successful restaurateur in Oregon, he has risen above his initial embarrassment and claims to be proud of his name. Do you suppose Ima Rose Bush and Cigar Stubbs took kindly to their 'handles'? Both are products of the eccentricities of American parents; as are Mac Aroni and Cherry Pye. As for checking the derivatives of names in Spain, what with a wife's maiden surname being included by law, double trouble there! **Although my surname of Lennick is fairly unusual (husband's grandparents came from Poland) it was probably something like Lenikavitski – although that sounds more Russian...At least I heeded one piece of advice, given on a certain famous record, and didn't name any of my three sons Sue!**

Joy Lennick



Coming next month: we review Joy's book, Hurricane Halsey.

A TO Z OF WORDS

PLAY WITH WORDS

From the March issue....

Antonym. As good a starting point as any depending upon your view: it could be a love/ hate sort of word.

Bald. Without a follicle on your head, though I have heard it said that others are balder. I don't think so.

Chaste. If you were, you probably wouldn't be.

Desire. Having sired, is it actually possible to desire?

Elongate. A large garden opening in Yorkshire.

Freak. A lot of people do this out, but never in.

Guts. Is it really necessary to be overweight to be blessed with bravery?

Honest. When do you trust a person that says "to be totally honest"? What, you mean you aren't usually?

Indecision. Clearly the decision that's all the rage. Like the "in" place to visit, or the clothes that are "in" vogue.

Just. It's true and fair to say that just is a word that's exactly, barely, correct.

Kick. If someone kicks you, should you give them a kickback? Like an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth?

Lawyer. Someone who always gets away with daylight robbery.

Melancholy. Is this a hybrid fruit/vegetable? What a sad idea.

Neurotic. I've met several of these, but have yet to meet an old rotic.

Nightfall. Every 24 hours night falls. In between day breaks. It's a mad world.

Onus. Where the responsibility always lies.

Peculiar. Look at it, read it, study it. Take it apart and put it back together again. Now tell me peculiar is not a strange word.

Romance. In this day and age of sexual equality, why does the affair of the heart have to have a man in the middle?

Social. The new byword for 'acceptable'.... "I only do it to be sociable." Like social smoking, social drinking, and casual sex.

Terminal. A place where it would be best not to disembark.

Unfinished. Right where we are with this alphabet.

Vice Versa. Why not the other way around?

Wake. Something I hope to down when I go to sleep.

Xmas. A word invented to save ink. Like email.

Yellow. Something I do when I stub a toe.

Zeal. Excessive fervour to accomplish an end. Which is where we are.

And now, all 26 words used.....

The bald headed lawyer had a desire, he wanted romance. Knowing time for indecision was past, it would take guts, the antonym, being yellow, was not an option. He just had to kick his old habits and be honest. The onus was on him to complete his unfinished business with a zeal. Before nightfall he would be social, maybe a little melancholy. He got peculiar looks wearing his tuxedo, making his way to the unfinished Xmas dinner dance, from a freak in the bus terminal. Cynthia was neither neurotic nor chaste. It was her he wanted to wake next to and hopefully vice versa. How was he going to elongate the night ahead?

Rob Innis

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