

WORDPLAY

Writers' Forum

Intelligent, Interesting, Informative, Inspirational

Ezine, Issue 9, October 4th 2010

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MEMBERS' SUCCESS CONTINUES

Welcome to the October issue of the Ezine. Given that WordPlay is here to encourage writers to write and get them read, we are always happy to celebrate our members' successes. Following on from her successful publication of her first book 'The Gift', Simone Segal – one of our original members – now hosts a weekly television programme 'Mind, Body, and Sol', based on the Costa Blanca. She is not alone in gaining new writing related credits and other examples appear elsewhere in this edition. On a more general front interest and involvement continues to grow in our sister publication 'The Story behind the Story' with submissions arriving by the week from all over the globe. Many have come from previously published writers, whilst others from new scribes. There is a place and something for everybody within WordPlay, so why not become part of it wherever

you may be. Details of our range of activities and services are available at www.wordplaywriters.com

Play with Words
Michael and Ian

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

This month we feature last month's internal competition winner, Gerry Wright.

Born and raised in a small Bedfordshire village, Gerry left grammar school in the mid-fifties with six GCE's. After two years as a Police Cadet, he served his National Service in Cyprus. On demob, he joined the Police service. Shiftwork's unsociable hours playing havoc with his health, he made a career change and joined the Treasurer's Department in Bedford. The round hole of local government did not accord

with his shape, and in 1974 he left to train as a teacher, obtaining his degree at Southampton University. He found his niche teaching Geography and Business Studies in St. Peter's School in Bournemouth. He enjoyed the work immensely until the politicians of the 90's began to meddle. When given the opportunity of early retirement, he thought about it for at least half a second before applying. Being on the top of the pay grade, his application was accepted. On 9/11, he and his wife relocated to the Costa Blanca, particularly for health reasons. Published credits to date include a short story in Frontier Tales. com and three short stories in Platinum Page, a NE England magazine. Recently he received a 'highly commended' in a Lorraine Mace Flash 500 Fiction competition. He is currently concentrating on his 'apprenticeship', in the Western genre, Mystic Tales and anything else in which he feels has an interesting angle.

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**WORDPLAY OPEN SHORT STORY COMPETITION
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CASH PRIZE SHORT STORY COMPETITION

NEXT CLOSING DATE 25TH OCTOBER 2010

Members and non members of WordPlay can enter our open short story competition

First Prize

£75

publication in Ezine and Showcase Anthology, WordPlay Writing Accreditation

Second Prize

£25

WordPlay Writing Accreditation

**Entries judged by judging panel,
more details at**

www.wordplaywriters.com

All entries from August and September have been rolled into the competition closing October 25th 2010. The above prizes will be awarded after the October closing date, so get your entry in!



WHAT ARE YOU READING?

Our members review their latest read.

THE TEHERAN TRANSMISSION

There are not too many books that stay with you long after you finish reading them, not too many characters who are so alive it seems like you recently met them. The Teheran Transmission is one of those books, and Tana Standish, the psychic spy created by Nik Morton in his first page-turning thriller (The Prague Manuscript) is one of those characters. We travel to Iran, Afghanistan, Kazakhstan and England and meet a variety of brilliantly portrayed characters – both chillingly cruel and highly talented, some of them torturers, others who control a team of remote viewers, others traditional British MI6 characters. The locations are so finely drawn we can almost reach and touch them, the atmospheres so vivid that we can shut our eyes and sense ourselves there. The topic of remote viewing is hot (see the successful film ‘The Man who Stare at Goats’ starring George Clooney, Ewan McGregor and Jeff Bridges), and is sure to stir further interest. Memorable characters include Hassan, whom Tana assassinates shortly after he regurgitates his enemy’s heart (which he has just eaten); Aksakov, Tana’s counterpart, who calmly strangles a man whilst having sex with him; a maniacal whirling dervish, as big as an ox, hurling a huge wooden club; two fearlessly loyal and courageous Iranian women working for freedom under cover...and there are plenty more, thanks to Nik Morton’s eye for detail. I can’t wait to read about Tana’s latest challenges!

Maureen Moss

The girl with the dragon tattoo

I am always a bit wary of books that appear to have been over hyped. But there was Stieg Larsson’s ‘The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo’ sitting on a Torrevieja library book shelf (English

dept) so I decided to give it a go. The opening chapters were a maze of confusing characters within the same family (I forgot to refer to the family tree page) but slowly I was hooked into the plot. Larsson tends to occasionally stray off into seemingly irrelevant detail but be patient and give him the benefit of the doubt (translation problems?) He builds up the tension as you try to fathom out who is guilty, who will survive and how many more tricks the main female protagonist, Lisbeth Salander, has up her sleeve as she forges an unusual partnership with Blomkvist, the book’s hero. The events and outcomes may change your mind about Sweden – perhaps not quite the peaceful country most of us imagine. When I read the last sentence, I knew immediately that I had to read the 2nd and 3rd books in his trilogy. They were also gripping and, of course, easy to get into as by this time Blomkvist and Lisbeth felt like old friends as their lives became even more intertwined and complicated by mysterious goings on. Bottom line? Yes there has been hype but with eBook sales alone of over a million they have to be worth a look. A pity we are unable to look forward to any more Swedish adventures from this talented late author.

Rob Innis

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John Edwards is one angry writer this month. Just what we like to see, a man or a woman having a moan in one hundred words.

TON UP!

THREE FOR THE PRICE OF ONE....

Goal?

I have been a dedicated follower of controversy and goal line technology. The latter is now obsolete. I realise that we can reduce the unemployment figures by several thousand and it is simple that by employing people to stand in the corner of each goal and to observe the line and obviously watch the ball. When that ball crosses the line they say so. Easy isn't it? I would not employ anyone over about 3'6" as anyone else would be height disadvantaged and we cannot have that. The closer their eyes are to the ground the better I say.

Fat or not?

I have come to the conclusion that fat is beautiful and that we should all stuff ourselves full at every opportunity. We should all be indulgent. Why? Because I want to walk slowly in front of everyone on the narrow pavements and move just as slowly at the checkouts. I want to annoy as many people as possible and I 'love it' when it's hot so that I can perspire and taint the air. The best for me is on a bus or an aeroplane because they can feel themselves trapped. I taste their disgust. Lovely grub!

Is this news?

Did you see the news the other week.....'gastric banding' for those that cannot stop themselves eating. This is to reduce their stomach size so that they cannot eat so much and thereby save themselves from an earlier death. I am a tax payer, still, and I and you have to fund all this fashionable surgery to make fat people thin. I am disgusted that money, in these austere times, should be spent like this. Dust out the dungeons and chain a few to the walls. Let's get into shock treatment. Mine's a 'fatboy' slim full of lovely cream. What the hell!

WORDPLAY

Writers' Forum

Intelligent, Interesting, Informative, Inspirational

How our internal 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.



THE WORDPLAY INTERNAL WRITING COMPETITION WINNER

Theme: 'Forest Fire'



INTO THE FIRE by Michael Barton

For Mary Forest, this holiday to New York had, so far, been no more than an extension of her mundane life in the suburbs of Swindon. Daylight hours spent listening to Greg barking orders down a phone to his office menials, twilight hours watching him drink himself to a stupor, the hours after midnight in separate beds. Remaining time was filled with a frosty silence between the long married couple, a cold war between two people whose relationship had run its full course. With her fingers caressing the handle of the hotel room door, she looked at Greg lying prostrate on his bed. His oversized stomach wobbled like a walrus with every pitbull growl from his overworked nostrils. An unshaven chin was the only concession he made to time off work. This holiday, which Greg had promised would put them back on track, had completely derailed them. With his snoring rattling in the background, she couldn't hear herself think. She turned the light off, closed the door behind her, and walked along the corridor with the timpani of his stressed breathing still drumming in her ears. Exiting the hotel, and with the cold night air enveloping her, she hesitated. Was it too late for a woman to be wandering around a strange city on her own? Maybe she should return, place a blanket around her husband's considerable frame and resign herself to her fate. A couple passed her on the sidewalk at the foot of the hotel steps. About her age, arm in arm, talking and, well, just enjoying each other's company, they were the trigger that made up her mind. She needed space, if only for an hour or two, to consider her options. She couldn't do that in the presence of Greg's snoring bulk. And so she walked, not knowing where she was going but enjoying the nervousness of her temporary freedom. Noise and neon lights lit the streets. Along Wall Street, late night workers were refuelling on Chilli Dogs and coffee. The theatres of Broadway were emptying, the bars filling. Yellow cabs buzzed around like hornets. Main Street was a melee of early hour revellers. The aroma of spaghetti and meatballs, steak and fries, French onion soup, and a hundred other dishes from around the world, freed her senses of the last dregs of Greg's strangling presence in her life. The city was still alive, and suddenly so was she. She could feel the heartbeat of New York working its way from her feet to her head, and she liked it. Then she came to the quiet zone, where nothing seemed to move: the shrine to the tragedy of 9/11. Here, a cocoon of calmness: safe, yet at the same time terrifying. She thought about all the people who had lost their lives here. Perhaps her lot wasn't so bad after all. With Greg, at least she knew she was safe. What would the world hold for her if she left him? She stood at this spot for several minutes. The outside world - full of hope, excitement, and people living for the moment - just a few feet away, could have been on a different planet. But it was a magnetic planet, and so she walked back to the lights and noise that she craved. At the corner of the block where her hotel stood, she came to a cocktail bar she hadn't noticed before. Still undecided as to what she wanted for her future, or how to explain to Greg what that was when she had, she entered with the hope a drink would help. The place was empty, but enticing nonetheless. She took a seat at the far end of the counter, and the barman came over. 'Yes, Ma'am?' he asked. She loved the New York accent, the way the vowels rounded into the next syllable. 'What have you got?' 'Ma'am, here I've got just about anything you could wish for. I've got drinks to make you happy, and liqueur to bring on the blues. I've got concoctions that will help you sleep and potions that will wake your soul. Whatever you want from the moment, I can mix it for you and serve it in a glass.' 'I'm not really sure what I want.' He looked into her eyes, and held her within his stare for a moment longer than she would have liked. Then he broke away and turned to his bottles behind him. 'You look mighty undecided, Ma'am. With your permission, I'll just throw a little something together for you. May I ask your name?' 'Mrs Forest,' she said, immediately wishing she hadn't been so formal. She looked in the mirror at the back of the bar and saw him watching her as he pulled bottles of different colours, shapes, and sizes. 'Well, Mrs Forest, I'm going to fix you something special here.' With the deftness of a dancer and the rhythm of a rock band, he worked bottles from shelf to shaker and back again. When finished he turned and placed a tall ballerina shaped glass in front of Mary. He pushed it toward her so it sat beneath a spotlight. The liquid came alive in a multitude of mesmerising colours. 'What's it called?' she asked him. 'I call it "Forest Fire",' he said. 'You can drink it like this, if you wish. It will tantalise your tongue, and line your throat with the taste of honey. Or,' he said, turning and picking a lighter from behind him, 'you can use this and bring it to life.' He offered her the lighter, again looking into her eyes. 'It's a little more dangerous, but will leave you with an afterglow that will live with you forever.' A soft smile traced across his lips. She sat hypnotised. Could she have her cake and eat it? Or in this case, more precisely, her cocktail and drink it? She returned his smile. Then she took the lighter from him.

Following on from Ian's Rant about Writer's Block in August where he challenged people to write based on 3 random words, he has done so.

THREE RANDOM WORDS

Three is a magic number, apparently. I don't know who said that (it might even be a song lyric from the past). It is, supposedly, how we remember things best, in groups of three. Everyone knows their three times table, though there are those who struggle beyond that number. A multiple of three is nine. It happens to be three threes. The nine times table is perfection itself, given that every answer up to ten multiples adds up to nine. Nine times four – 36 – three plus six equals nine. Try it. Perhaps this 'magic number' explains why there are so many TLAs (Three Letter Abbreviations) in business. KFC, BBC, ITV, BHS, the list goes on. Maybe these are etched in our memory more so than lengthier equivalents – NAAFI, for example. I can't remember exactly what it stands for. Sometimes the same word said three times provides a memorable soundbite. 'Education, Education, Education'. It never happened, but we all remember it. Three is everywhere. Music. Ask any Beatles fan – there are some still alive – which song title first comes into their head. It is likely to be 'She Loves You' or 'Let It Be'. It might not be their favourite, but it will be the first they recall. More surreally, the only Captain Beefheart album title from the same era that anyone can remember is 'Trout Mask Replica'. In cards everyone knows the phrase 'Three of a Kind' because it contains the word 'three'. The technical term among card players is 'prile'. In football, or cricket for that matter, a hat-trick is seen a special. So there you have it. 'Three Random Words' has produced this piece of writing – and I didn't even get on to the second and third triggers. (Even though these thoughts are Random and expressed in Words.)

Ian Alexander

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THE WORDPLAY INTERNAL POETRY COMPETITION WINNER

Theme: 'A Table for Two'



NATURE'S MAJESTY by Michael Barton

Anticipation hovers
Lustful of nature's table below.
Eagle eyes wide with excitement,
The pang of hunger beginning to grow.

They scan the stretched tablecloth,
Knitted patchwork in abundant hues,
Cloaking an unsuspecting feast:
Soon anathema to rich tapestry views

Ice wind's song whispers gently
Through taut limbs of sinew and feather.
The main course of rabbit blue rare,
Targeted in deep wilderness heather.

In unison, they swoop forth.
Silent assassins toward their prey,
Their speeding shadows fly unseen.
Spearhead talons seek out their dinner tray.

The King and Queen of the skies
Now, in grandeur, dine cordon bleu.
Their quiet regal prowess unhindered
In this, their realm, Nature's table for two.

Michael Barton

THE CARDINALS OF SCHENGEN
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www.peterhudsonthrillers.com



BE ORIGINAL AND STAND OUT FROM THE CROWD

One of the growing markets for writers is the competitive writing market. Although there are competitions for novels, the main arena is poetry and short stories. For unknown, perhaps unpublished writers, not only can competition writing provide a valuable source of critiques – with some competitions offering cheap, or even free writing appraisals – but also a way in which hard work (as well as talent) can be rewarded financially. Winning entries are often published, and so a published credit can be added to a writer's résumé. As one of the judges of WordPlay's Open Short Story Competition, there are certain prerequisites that I look for in any entry. Of course, the writing must be of a standard high enough to be deemed of suitable quality. Grammar must be precise, and in line with good practice. Dialogue should be noteworthy, realistic, and add to the tale, not distract from it. The writing should be show not tell, though often more telling is allowed in short stories than the novel genre, for instance, because of the constraint of word allowance. The first paragraph or two, at most, should set the scene, perhaps introducing the protagonist and antagonist, and give a lead to the conflict within the story (yes the story must have conflict). The pace of the piece should make the reader want to continue reading. Remember: you have only a small amount of words to tell the story, and the reader knows this. Get bogged down in unnecessary descriptions and you will lose the reader's (judge's) interest, and lose your chance of success. Finally, the formatting of the words on the page should be as the competition administrator requests. Assuming you have adhered to all these points, you could reasonably expect to hear the good news that your entry has been deemed to be the best received from a whole arm of writers. Couldn't you? Well, the answer to this question is 'no', because there is one requirement that is not included in the list of good competent writing above. And that requirement is, perhaps, the most important of all: *originality*. It is the ability to write something that captures the imagination of the reader that will set your story apart from all others. This is no mean feat, considering that there are only seven basic story lines (google it!). For example, boy meets girl, they fall in love, and live happily ever after (are you asleep yet?). The art is how to make the story different and captivating. If the story is, say, Israeli soldier meets Islamic girl, in the Gaza strip, with the girl held at gunpoint by the soldier's Commanding Officer ... well, perhaps there is a story worth reading. Hopefully you see what I mean. Many competitions request writing around a theme. Here's a good exercise to keep your writing fresh and original. On a blank piece of A4 paper, write the theme. Then, without hesitation, write half a dozen ideas for stories. Review them. Spend ten minutes thinking about them. Then discard all of them, and come up with a seventh idea. The first six ideas you have will be the same as those of a million other writers. The seventh will be unique to you. And writing this story will improve your chances of success. One final tip, whilst on the subject of originality. Never title your piece the same as the theme (unless, of course, it is a stipulation of the competition – very rare). Show from the outset that you are an original thinker, and different to other writers in your approach. Good luck with all your writing.

Adapted for Ezine publication from the WordPlay Creative Writing E-Course, available from www.wordplaywriters.com



KEEP YOUR PC RUNNING SWEETLY

As the nights begin to draw in and perhaps it is getting a little too cool to dip in the pool or sea it might be time to think about an autumn clean of your computer – ready for the winter writing season. Because you will be writing lots on those long dark nights won't you! **Many of the standard Windows housekeeping functions are a bit slow and hidden away. So why not download Glary Utilities, (Google search Glary Utilities) free software which is also virus free and easy to use which I mentioned briefly in last April's edition.** Having downloaded and installed the program - start by clicking on 1-click maintenance which does exactly what is says on the screen. **Then click on the Clean-Up & Repair – amongst the useful four options is Uninstall Manager. Why not review what is installed on your computer and maybe remove those unwanted programs that you never run. But if in doubt DO NOT uninstall programs you may later need.** Another useful section is System Tools giving you very easy access to some Windows utilities including an option to check your hard disk and also to 'defrag' which again will help your disk to function at optimum speed and efficiency. **There are over 20 options within Glary Utilities all of which will help keep your PC running sweetly. But if in doubt about any of them – don't use them until you are sure. Always better safe than sorry.**

REVIEW: SONY E-BOOK READER

Having wanted to acquire an eBook reader for a while I decided Waterstone's offer of a Sony PRS-300 at £99.99 was too good to miss. **Apart from the good price, it appealed to me because it is a basic model with no additional features such as built in text reader (yes some will read to you!) or photo – video viewer etc, that I was neither interested in using or paying for, and less to go wrong.** I just wanted it for reading eBooks and it does that very well via the anti-glare (yes even in bright sun light) 5" screen. The text display can be set to one of three sizes so adapts to your eyesight. It is simple to operate and easily connected to a PC to load the eBooks which are available from the internet for low prices or even some for free. **eBooks can come in many different file formats but although the Sony is compatible with most formats another option is to use file conversion 'Calibre' software (free) on your PC to overcome any compatibility problems.** The Sony is charged from the PC via the USB cable, so no additional clumsy chargers to worry about and you can read many books on one charge. **It holds up to 300 books but does it matter as you can store them in your PC and of course easily back them up and not lose them.** So easy to use, well built with usual Sony quality and I have not found any real drawbacks – except that Sony have already discontinued this model, which although not a problem for me is a great shame for other potential buyers. The replacement has more features and yes, you guessed it, sells for a higher price.

Rob Innis



THE THIRD SEASON

Nature in her wisdom
makes way for another season;
summer acquiesces –
makes us muse upon the reason.

Autumn's inspired paint brush
has burnished summer's trees,
has stippled, veined and spotted
and prettied up the leaves.

Amber, scarlet, ochre leaves
drift down as light as whispers
to kiss this mother earth of ours
like hushed and soft-sung vespers.

The light is muted, delicate –
sky quilted grey and blue –
as Zephyr's cheeks, extended, blow
awry the multi-coloured carpet,
oh so new.

Joy Lennick

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.

RANT

A rant could well be poetry
When it's not overtly political
You are not taking sides;
Even science is not value-free
Especially on environmental damage;
Reputations must be protected,
Kow-towing is a very apt term
We learnt that from the Chinese.

Big business in the role of Big Brother
Winks at Saudi royals being bribed,
With a fleet of bombers bearing blondes.
It's bad press when bishops bugger
And the Pope silently infallible;
Will Whitelaw come to the rescue
When they massacre innocents for the cause?
Yes, the file can be closed, QED.

Hang the Iraqi dictator, on
Flimsy evidence of WMD
Wiping out hapless bystanders
By death squads, torture, renditions;
Then point the finger at others
For human rights violations;
So, could a rant be poetry?
It's for you to decide, buddy.

Migel Jayasinghe



Haloween Day

I feel fine, though my blood-sugar is high
Checked after a swig of cold water and lime,
Porridge for breakfast, with raisins and prunes.
An oscine bird sings, (NOT obscene, I groan!),
Outside the window in "full-throated ease"
Perched on a bougainvillea, lovingly grown
By my dear wife - it graces the terrace,
A playground for sparrows, to butterflies a maze.

I switch on the PC; no e-mails do I see
The TV draws me next to the Saturday morning show
Of classical concerts on the Spanish Channel, y'know;
I am still in my sarong; hope the neighbours won't be
Curious 'bout a garment made fashionable by Beckham
Being worn by a man who once lived in Peckham.
Outside I hear the wind-chimes calling
And hoist the sunshade for an hour's cogitating.

Someone at the gate: 'Where have you been
To say you didn't know - today's Hallowe'en?

Migel Jayasinghe

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LIFE OF LUCIFER - a minute poem

Ferocious pull on abrasion,
Sparking crimson.
Animate State
Dangerous mate.

Lucifer's life burning sun bright,
flashing hot white,
flame amber blue,
Hell's devil flew.

Recedes with acrid aroma,
spent black coma.
Ashen, life done,
a match for none.

Roberta

Engine

It ticks, it clicks

Marking time in its own rhythm

Chugging an idle tune

Sparks fly in sequence

As night follows day

Parts unseen pump its

Food, from mouth to

Belly and out

Whilst the pedal of life

Awaits command from

The leather sole above

Roberta

NEWS FROM WORDPLAY AND ITS MEMBERS

WORDPLAY – WAYS TO GET INVOLVED

We hope you enjoy our monthly publication, the content of which is provided by WordPlay members and competition winners and read around the world.

You'll find each issue packed with a variety of great writing, from short stories to poetry, as well as valuable tips for writers, and regular features such as the A2Z of Words.

WordPlay also offers a **comprehensive range of services** to suit all, and we are adding to these all the time. See here for more information:

<http://www.wordplaywriters.com/servicesforwriters.html>

WordPlay Members can take advantage of **huge discounts of up to 50% on all our services**, as well as access member only pages and submit contributions to our publications. This link provides you with more information:

<http://www.wordplaywriters.com/membership.html>

The WordPlay Short Story Competition

Our monthly short story competition is open to all, with a first prize of £75 and publication of the winning entry in the Ezine and end of year anthology. Entry is free to WordPlay members, £5 to non-members. Find out how to enter here:

<http://www.wordplaywriters.com/writingcompetitions.html>

Finally, as part of our main aim of encouraging writers to write, and then to get them read, we will be developing **a range of e-courses**, the first of which (Creative Writing) is available here:

<http://www.wordplaywriters.com/id30.html>

Each issue of the WordPlay Ezine is delivered to your email account at the beginning of the second week of the month. Please read and enjoy, and feel free to post onto your contacts, and print off a copy to place in your local bar, café, sports club, etc.

STOP PRESS!

EZINE HAS A SISTER

Here at WordPlay, we love great fiction. We also love to promote great fiction, particularly stories penned by (as yet) unknown talent. We also love to reward writers of great fiction.

So, we thought it would be a great idea to give great writers of great fiction an outlet, and reward them for their efforts.

This is where our new quarterly publication, working title “The story behind the story”, comes in.

We want YOU to submit stories of between 1500 and 2500 words, in any genre from thrillers to romance, murder mystery to humorous (excluding erotica).

Add in a 100 word biography, written in the third person, and a couple of sentences about the inspiration that led to the writing of your story.

For each story submitted by a WordPlay member, and accepted for publication, we will pay £10.

All stories accepted for publication from non members will be rewarded with a WordPlay Writing Accreditation for the author.

Initial circulation will be to subscribers of the WordPlay monthly Ezine, and selected Literary Agents.

Closing Date for submission for the first edition is 30th November 2010, with and expected edition date of January 6th 2011.

For more information see our website www.wordplaywriters.com

Member News

- ◆ **Send your writing news to wordplayenquiries@mail.com, and we will try to publish it on the website, and in the pages of the ezine.**

THE WHYS AND WHEREFORES OF WRITING

WordPlay member John Edwards tells us his Why's and Wherefore's.

Where do I write?

I have my desk where I can visualise what I want to say together with plenty of ready sharpened pencils to hand. I like to feel good about where I am and what I am doing. I then put it on the computer – it enables me to make changes easily!

When do I write?

This just depends on what is happening. One evening recently I watched a storm and I sat outside watching it and writing. One poem, was about that storm, and was almost written completely there and then. I was in the process of writing something totally different at the time, which was completed later.

How do I write?

I keep an A4 size diary and use that, together with my pencils that I feel comfortable with. At a certain stage it goes on the screen and I think that it is important to keep everything in date order with all the rewrites.

Why do I write?

This is because I want to and I like playing with words. We have a beautiful language and I want to enjoy it more and more.

What do I write?

I have been concentrating on poetry and I write as often as inspiration allows me. More recently, thanks to Wordplay, I have also focussed on short stories of which I have now written several. Memoir writing is now on my agenda and who knows what else.

OVER TO YOU.....

Tell us about your writing.

Email them to wordplayezine@mail.com

WORDPLAY CONTACT DETAILS

**For inclusion on Ezine email list
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**To make contact with any writer published within
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A TO Z OF WORDS

PLAY WITH WORDS

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.

A is for 'addled' This is a good one to start with and goes with a sulphurous smell.

My mother used to break an egg into a tea cup and not into the mix-just in case. Also goes with brains –the living, the just walking zombie kind. Get the message.

B has to be for 'barking mad', generally used with an anglo-saxon front end additive or if you are Irish, substitute the 'u' for an 'e'.

C should stand for 'clearly' but anyone using it generally has not got a clue about what is going on. Often used by politicians and some experts.

D is for 'dunce' It is out of use these days but still makes a good use for a traffic cone instead of the usual 'dunce's' hat.

E. That could be for 'excellent' but often means that will 'have to do, for now'. It can go with 'irony', of course.

F for 'faucet'. What's the matter with tap – it has not so many letters. Anyway, 'fawcatted' sounds ridiculous, 'tapped' sounds more well English don't you think?

Have you ever been 'tapped up'?

Gorgeous will have to do for **G**. Saves you from saying what you really think- it's fine by me.

H could be 'hi ya' – sounds lazy but what is the matter with saying 'hello,you'?

I could be for 'ingesting', saves eating or tasting it, I suppose

J has got to go with 'jack of all trades'. There are some skilled people around but do not confuse it with a specialist 'bodger'

K definitely goes with 'I will kill you'. It doesn't normally happen – otherwise there would be 'rivers of blood'

L is for 'love' How many times do you hear 'love you'? It saves saying goodbye or 'cheers'. The word has been devalued by this generation and so I say, say what you mean and mean what you say. I love you all!

M is for 'masterful'. This could mean full of a master. Oh well! Someone has to get lucky!

N is for 'nonce' and I am being politically correct. This word is dated from 1884 in O:E:D 1st edition,. Thank you to the first editor James Murray. Enough said of 'hi-jacked' words! There is just no sense in it.

O is for 'ole' because old sounds better without the 'd'. Like 'Ole John? Bless him.

P is for a lovely word that is 'Prestidigitation'. It deserves the capital P, if only for its length. Think of slight of hand or 'quick fingeredness' There is a clue is in the word.

Q. My mum said that she felt 'queer' when she was not well. She probably would have said that she was 'gay' and she had every right to say just that. Now both words are 'hi-jacked' by those 'other people'

R is for 'ratty'. No, not anything to do with a river bank and he was a vole anyway. It simply means irritable, testy or just 'keep your hair on'!

S is for 'slithy'. Work it out for yourself. Thank you Lewis Carroll and Jaberwocky

T is for 'totally'. This is another 'polispeak' word. It is only a genius that can totally understand everything

U is for 'uranus'. Often used by backward boys when trying to be rude or clever.

V has got to be for 'verse', which can be a few lines called a stanza or I could say, a series of metrical feet forming a rhythmical unit of one line. If you understand everything about meter then it could be said that you are well 'versed'.

W must be for William Wordsworth. He has written a few bits and pieces. You should look him up versically speaking only because he is dead.

X is for 'xmas' for indolent people that can't spell 'Christ' or am I missing something?

Y is for 'yobo' or 'yob'. They are all backward.

Z is for 'zip code. There must be a reason but for me 'codigo postal' is just copasetic!

John Edwards