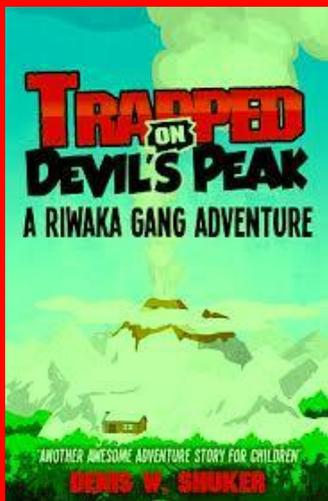


THE CHRISTIAN WRITER



MAGAZINE OF THE NEW ZEALAND
CHRISTIAN WRITERS

December 2014 – January 2015



Supporting
Members' Books

Trapped
on
Devil's Peak

by Denis Shuker



Rightly explaining the word of truth – 2 Timothy 2:15

(New Revised Standard Version of the Bible)



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Jan Pendergrast (email: jan@roads-end.co.nz)

The Christian Writer is published bimonthly by the New Zealand Christian Writers and distributed to all its members. Contributions on the theme of writing are always welcome. If you have some advice or encouragement for Christian writers, or an announcement of some event of interest to members, do send it to the editor for consideration by the 20th day of the month prior to the publication date. Submissions should be no more than 500 words long and hard copy manuscripts will not be returned unless a self-addressed stamped envelope is enclosed.

The editor reserves the right to condense and / or edit any contributions for reason of space. Ideas and opinions will not be edited, but editing of a technical nature may occur to maintain the highest quality of writing possible.

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THE CHRISTIAN WRITER

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The views and opinions of authors expressed in this magazine do not necessarily state or reflect those of the editor.

Website:

The current site, which provides useful information on the Magazine, Links, Groups, Competitions, Workshops and the Library, will continue to be available until a new and more efficient website is launched early in the new year. The link is as follows:

www.nzchristianwritersguild.co.nz

From the President

Greetings to you all.

It's already December with Christmas just around the corner. How this year has flown with the opportunities it brought. Over the past few months I have been busy writing notes on Revelation for our teenage Bible Study. This has certainly been a challenge and makes one realise that the return of Jesus Christ is very near.

Last Saturday, when we held our committee meeting at Fred and Jan Swallow's home, Fred spoke on Revelation 1:10 where John was told to write what he saw on a scroll. We too can use the things we see to share God's message of love with others. Fred also quoted Sue Hungerford as saying, 'If you get an idea, spear it with a pen.' Personally, I find that when I get an idea I need to write it down immediately or else it is forgotten.

At this meeting it was decided to give the Guild a name change, that being, we would simply go by the title New Zealand Christian Writers. We are also looking at changing our logo and website.

Justin St Vincent suggested that next year each of us could seek to encourage someone interested in Christian writing to become a member. In that way we could double our members.

It's only a matter of weeks now until our next retreat. As mentioned

previously, this will be held at Narrows Park, Hamilton from 5th to 8th February 2015. Some of the speakers will include Denis Shuker (My Writing Journey), Ruth Linton, Janice Gillgren (Websites), Debbie McDermott (Entering Competitions), Justin St Vincent (Features and Benefits of our New Website) and George Bryant. We look forward to seeing many of you then.

We are planning on holding the Autumn Workshop on 28th March at Rossgrove Chapel, Auckland.

I pray that you will have a wonderful Christmas and may 2015 bring many opportunities for you to share God's love with those who do not know Him.

Janet Fleming



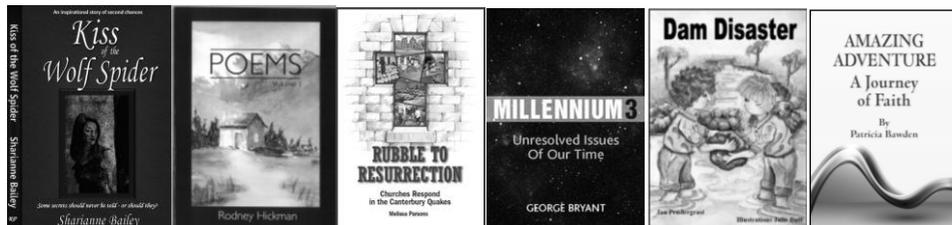
*Janet with grandson, Zach, at Paihia.
(Ed's note & apology: Caption for a previous photo of another grandchild read 'Jeremiah'. It should have been Jemima.)*

Announcing NZCW 1st, 2nd & 3rd Place Competition Winners for 2014

<p>LEVEL ONE 1st Place Susan Flanagan</p> <p>2nd Place Ruth Jamieson</p> <p>3rd Place Eion Field</p>	<p>LEVEL TWO 1st Place Shirley Jamieson</p> <p>2nd Place Judith Powell</p> <p>3rd Place Equal Jean Shewan & Prue Francis</p>
<p>LEVEL THREE 1st Place Lois Farrow</p> <p>2nd Place Equal Pat Kerr & Julia Martin</p> <p>Highly Commended Debbie McDermott</p>	<p>UNDER 30s 1st Place Bonnie Smithies</p> <p>2nd Place Danella Smithies</p> <p>3rd Place Ben Smithies</p>
<p><i>Congratulations to all prize winners. Susan Flanagan and Ruth Jamieson will now move up to Level Two. Shirley Jamieson and Judith Powell will remain at Level Two because they have entered less than four of the six competitions for 2014. Four is the minimum requirement for going to the next level.</i></p> <p><i>Do be encouraged to enter the 2015 competitions. Overall winners for the year in each level get \$60 for 1st Place, \$50 for 2nd Place and \$40 for 3rd Place.</i></p>	

Christmas Ideas

Why not support NZCW members who have published a book? e.g.



Authors' contact details on Page 27

New Zealand Christian Writers



Biannual Retreat

5th – 8th February 2015

Narrows Park, 442 Airport Road, Hamilton

Arrival time—Thursday 5th Feb, from 5pm onwards

Whole Weekend

\$200.00 per person
(including full catering)

Deposit for whole weekenders:

Payable by 9th January:
\$50:00 per person

Note: Balance outstanding for both whole weekenders and day trippers is payable on arrival.

Day Trippers

\$50.00 per person
for a full day (2 meals)

or

\$25:00 per person
for a half day (1 meal)

Deposit (full day & half day):

Payable by 9th January:
\$20:00 per person

Please send cheque to: Jan Pendergrast, Seales Road, Oropi RD3, Tauranga
Or pay online to: NZ Christian Writers Guild, a/c No 12 3040 0547346 00

Programme

Plenty of activities, as well as a number of sessions over the course of the weekend.

Various members from both the North and South Islands will share on a wide range of topics including: My Writing Journey; Websites; Entering Competitions; and Marketing.

Confirmed Speakers so far include

Denis Shuker

Julia Martin

Justin St Vincent

Janice Gillgren

Debbie McDermott

Jan Pendergrast

Ruth Linton

George Bryant

Concert

We will be having a concert on Saturday evening. All members are welcome to participate—either individually or as a group—so do begin preparing for it!

NB: There is some ground space available for motor homes or campervans should the number of members coming exceed the number of beds available.

For further details, contact Jan Pendergrast on jan@roads-end.co.nz

Each One, Reach One

By Justin St Vincent

As a recently appointed new Committee Member serving the New Zealand Christian Writers Guild, I've had the privilege of connecting with many encouraging and inspiring ideas to help grow our membership. One observation was that the subscription base for the guild has been steadily reducing over recent years. A call was made to arrest this downward trend, and a challenge to make a significant difference for the greater good of the guild. Our focus is for sustainable growth so that NZ Christian Writers has a healthy and vibrant future. Now is the time we need to mobilise our membership to take the future of the guild in our own hands.

Our goal is to double membership from 75 to 150 members for NZ Christian Writers by December 1st 2015. Will you help us achieve this big hairy audacious goal? Commonly referred to as a BHAG (pronounced BEE-hag), this is a strategic statement created to focus our attention on a single goal. Its intention is clear and compelling, serving as a unifying focal point of effort, acting as a clear catalyst to foster team spirit. Like all goals, this has a clear finish line, so we can all know when we have achieved our goal. As writers we all like to aim for clearly defined finish lines.

How can you help us achieve this goal? Well, we ask you to share a strategy known as 'Each One, Reach One'. Essentially, each member of the NZ Christian Writers needs to reach out to encourage a new member to join. The simple power of personal invitation has proven to be the most effective. So simply ask another Christian Writer that

you personally know to join the NZ Christian Writers. As a nationwide collective throughout New Zealand, we offer inspiring workshops, writers retreats, plus fellowship with other Christian Writers to encourage, inspire, and up-skill people in their writing. NZ Christian Writers' vision is to cultivate, encourage, and inspire a vibrant community of Christian Writers throughout New Zealand. We do this through our mission of connecting Christian Writers in New Zealand.

Invite Christian Writers to enquire about
Membership at:
www.nzchristianwritersguild.co.nz

The Best Gifts of All

By Carole Soole

*The best gifts of all at Christmas
Are acceptance, faith and love
Friendship, hope and compassion
These gifts filter down from above.*

*Jesus the hope for all people
Gave us these wonderful gifts
Perfect love and forgiveness
Peace and joy in our midst.*

*Be giving and forgiving
Be kind and generous too
Dwell on the good in others
Let God's light shine through.*



Christmas Sentiments

By Debbie McDermott

'Tis the season to be jolly' is a line from an old Welsh Christmas carol dating back to the 16th century. While most people can relate to being jolly at this time of year, there are others for whom Christmas is a sad time. The widow or widower, for instance; or the orphan; or the parent who has lost a child. Sometimes they don't know the pain is still there—until Christmas comes and then it emerges again.

I know what they feel because I too am a widow who still misses her husband at Christmas time. But I have learnt that when I miss Sean most, I need to seize hold of the true meaning of Christmas by looking beyond Christ the baby, to Christ who has died, risen and is now seated victoriously at the right hand of God the Father.

The Bible says that Jesus came to heal the broken-hearted, to destroy the works of the devil and to set the captives free. It also says he triumphed over the grave and that the dead in Christ will rise to meet him in the air when he comes again. Jesus is preparing a place in heaven for all who love him and believe in him; and he will one day fetch those of us who are still here to be with him there forever. But we won't just be with him. We'll also be with every other believer who has ever lived.

The Bible calls those believers who have died in Christ 'the great cloud of witnesses'. Whenever I read this verse, my sadness lifts as I get an image of Sean cheering me on from the sidelines while I run the race God has set before me. My husband is alive and well, and one day we will be together again, praising and serving our God for all eternity with the saints who have gone on before.

Bible verses to read: , Mark 16:19; Luke 4:18; 1 John 3:8; Heb 12:1; 1 Cor 15:57; 1 Thess 4:13-17; John 14:2

CONDOLENCES

Our sincere sympathy goes to

Prue Francis

whose beloved husband

Rev Kim Francis

passed away on 18 October 2014

and to

Lesley Edgeler

whose mother passed away on

22 October 2014

Five Senses In Poetry

By Tynea Lewis

Taste, touch, sight, smell, and hearing.

Your five senses help you take in information from the world around you. These senses are also a powerful tool to use when you're writing. They help convey a message to readers by providing a strong image in their heads.

How do I write with my senses in mind?

As you prepare to write, think about how your topic could be described using one, two, or all of your senses. You might want to write down each of the five senses and any words that describe your topic using those senses.

For example, let's say I'm writing about ice cream.

Taste: smooth, cold, melt in your mouth, sweet

Touch: Wet, cold, slimy, frozen

Sight: mounds, white as snow (vanilla), little crevices, puddles (when it melts)

Smell: sweet, minty (mint chocolate chip)

Hearing: plop, splat (when it falls on the floor)

Once you've done some brainstorming, you're now able to think about adding those descriptors into your poem. Do you need to use all of them? Absolutely not. Only use the ones that best convey the message.

Examples of poems that use the five senses:

Nature's Way I Wish
If Only I Knew Haiku Year
He Is There What I Love About You

To view these lovely poems go to this website and click on the links under the article:
www.familyfriendpoems.com/poem/article-5-senses-in-poetry

Writing a Travelogue

1. Decide on the purpose of your travelogue. Whether it is for a magazine, for friends or just for yourself, determine your writing style.
2. While travelling, take notes about what you see, places that you visit, and people you get acquainted with. Keep a diary of your impressions. If you don't have enough time to write, perhaps a recorder would be a smart option for keeping a diary. Also, collect various brochures, tourism maps, and guides. They may come in handy when you start writing a travelogue.
3. Take as many pictures as possible. A photograph doesn't necessarily need to capture an historic or famous place. Sometimes, a photo of a crowded street, neon signboard, or an old man, conveys a stronger impression of a place you've visited than the images of monuments that anyone can see on the Internet.
4. When you return home, take time to review your recordings. Sort them out by date, personal importance, or based on any other criteria. Choose photographs which best illustrate the brightest moments of your journey.

5. Create an outline of your travelogue. This must not be a detailed report yet. The outline is necessary for you to structure your thoughts and to see if the story flows logically and is easy to understand.
6. After you've completed the outline, write the full travelogue. Try to make it as interesting as you can. Add vivid descriptions, historic and factual information, and educate your readers on the customs and traditions of the country that you've visited.

Topic Selection

Since a travelogue is written after your trip to another country or place, the main topic of this type of writing is a description of your experience there. Though your travelogue can contain many areas of focus, when writing a travelogue, you can concentrate on:

- local customs and traditions
- cuisine
- depictions of places of interest, local history and culture
- your adventures
- prices and transportation
- entertainment

*With acknowledgements to Academic Help
Write Better Website*

Warm Welcome to NEW MEMBERS

Jill Roche
of Auckland

Stephen Whitwell
of Tauranga

GET CREATIVE

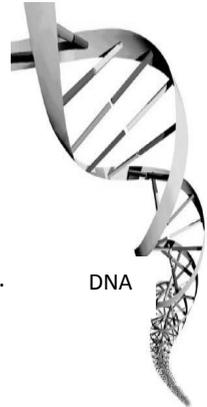
Many thanks to Erling Jensen for submitting this lovely piece of poetry on *Breathless*.

Breathless

By Erling Jensen

Praise the Creator's design, His handiwork is truly divine.
Imagine a closed string, a ring of some elusive thing.
A tiny loop rotates, twists and rotates.
As the loop wriggles around, imagine that it
 resonates in many different modes,
 sending out cosmic codes like heavenly violin strings.
Imagine strange abodes, dancing around in everything—
 from the workings of a cell to the structure of the cosmos.
Who can fathom hula hoops, spinning around
 in vibrant loops?
Unknown dimensions still elude us!
Scientists penetrate atoms, atolls, dissect electrons, neutrons, protons—
 a bottomless series of Russian dolls—
 and peer at fleeting life in plankton,
 a molecular link, a mysterious sheen.
The search is on for curly quarks no one has ever imagined nor seen.
 and life goes on in endless walks.

So let our God-given talents shine,
praising God for such amazing design.



The next topic will be **The Greatest Wonder of All**

Maximum 40 lines for poetry and 250 words for prose.
Include the words 'Get Creative' with your submission. Although work is not judged,
the best pieces received will be considered for publication.

Email submissions to the editor no later than 10th January 2015

Exclamation Marks Add Emphasis To Your Writing!!!

By Janice Gillgren

I'm sure most of my readers would have heard the Scottish Bagpipes at some time in their life. These magnificent musical instruments are made for the Highlands, where their piercing chords can reverberate across the mountains. It's no wonder this old instrument is still so well known and loved by many.

My early memories of the bagpipes are from the welcoming of the New Year, when one of the residents of a beach I often stayed at would strike up the lyric of Auld Lang Syne at midnight. The distinctive wailing sounds bounced off the ocean water creating an almost romantic effect. Amazing!

However, I don't recommend you listen to the Bagpipes in an enclosed space. I recently heard a whole band of about 50 bagpipe players in a building. It was overwhelming; the musical equivalent of a barrage of exclamation points!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I was grateful I was near the entrance of the room, and could make a hasty getaway.

Before diving into the dicey discussion on the demerits of exclamation marks, it is useful to see what they are used for:

- Conveying anger, scorn and disgust.
- Indicating sarcasm and reverse meanings.
- Underlining expletives and insults.
- Conveying an ironic tone
- Commanding.

Quite simply, an exclamation mark can make a short sentence, or even just a word, say a great deal more than you could without it. It's a Spartan way to use words to great effect.

'All things in moderation' is a useful saying, but also problematic, since

everyone has a different idea of what moderation actually means.

Some publications (particularly newspapers) don't like exclamation marks at all; others are more tolerant.

How do you use exclamation marks effectively?

- Exclamation marks don't need to be completely eliminated from your writing, but use them sparingly.
- There is no need for more than one exclamation mark at the end of a sentence. Using more than this is the sign of an amateur writer.
- You seldom need an exclamation mark at the end of more than one sentence in a paragraph, so select the sentence that you want to emphasise the most.

Here is an example of overuse:

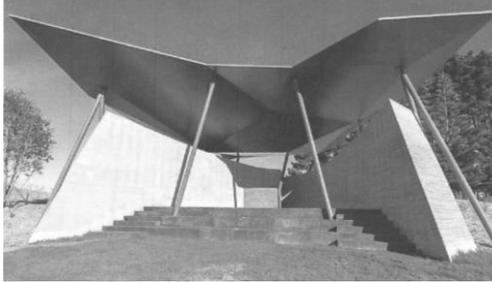
'Jason went to golf—again! That's the second time in two days!! He says he's training for the tournament!!!'

- Conveying irony or reverse meanings is usually best done with exclamation marks, such as in "Thanks a lot!" Without the exclamation mark, you would probably need to explain that you mean the opposite.
- That very overused phrase 'Oh My God' could seem like a pious statement without the exclamation mark to imply that you're not actually addressing the Almighty at all. (Of course, it could be used if you are addressing Him too, but you'll probably need to show that you are, because this phrase is so often used without a skerrick of reverence intended).

Exclamation marks don't need to be eliminated from your writing; but use them frugally for best effect.

WRITING BRIEFS

Inspiring Christian writing of today and yesteryear—by Frederick Swallow



Rore Kahu or Soaring Eagle Christian Heritage Centre celebrates significant New Zealand Bicentenary.

ON Christmas Day, December 25, 1814 Samuel Marsden—missionary, pioneer and farmer—gave his first service at Rangihoua in the Bay of Islands at the invitation of Chief Ruatara. The opening hymn ‘All people that on earth do dwell’ (attributed to the pen of William Kethe in the 17th century) is known as the Old 100th, based on Psalm 100. The reading, from Luke 2:10, was ‘I bring you good tidings of great joy.’ Present were about four hundred Maori folk, missionary/settlers and seamen from the ship *Active*.

TO mark this historic celebration the Marsden Cross Trust Board, working with local iwi and others, have built Rore Kahu or Soaring Eagle Centre at the head of the valley leading down to the Marsden Cross at Oihi Bay, for the use of visitors, displays, worship and school groups. Displays will include explanatory signs showing a path down to the Cross.

A Commemoration will be held at Rore Kahu on Sunday, December 21 at 10am and a televised Christmas Day service will be held in the Bay on Thursday, December 25 at 10am.

Bibliography

Thanks to Marsden Cross Trust Board, Wikipedia and Google.

Library Corner

Book Review

By Debbie McDermott



Trapped on Devil's Peak

By Denis Shuker

As the second book in the Riwaka Gang series, *Trapped on Devil's Peak* is another fast-paced, exciting adventure story for both boys and girls. What begins as a holiday climb to a cabin located on the slopes of Devil's Peak (a fictional active volcano that hasn't erupted for years) quickly develops into a tale fraught with danger when the four children discover a kidnapped girl tied up in a mine shaft beneath the cabin's floorboards. One thing leads to another when the kidnappers appear on the scene. With no way to go but up the slopes of a volcano that is rumbling more than usual, the children have to think on their feet. And so begins the biggest adventure of their lives.

What I most enjoyed about *Trapped on Devil's Peak* is how often the children ask God to help them; and how he answers their prayers by giving them innovative ideas to get out of tricky situations, or keeping them safe in unexpected ways. As most people have a tendency to pray when they're in fearful situations, it is highly likely that anyone reading this book would easily relate to these prayers, especially as they are short and simply worded.

All in all, *Trapped on Devil's Peak* is an exciting and easy-to-read fictional adventure story that would make an excellent Christmas present for some boy or girl.

To obtain your own copy, log onto Denis Shuker's website for more details:
www.denisshuker.com

Additions to the Library

Many thanks to Rod Hickman for donating his latest volume of poems:

Through My Eyes

To obtain your own copy, contact Rod directly on rodney.hickman@primaryito.ac.nz

More Christmas Ideas

CWG 30th Anniversary Anthology

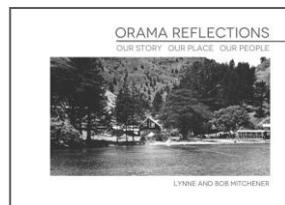


Containing 41 devotions and a photo on each page (many in colour), *In the Stillness* is the perfect gift and costs only \$10.00 (excl. postage). To order and confirm post costs, email Jan Pendergrast on jan@roads-end.co.nz.

Cheques can be posted to Jan at Seales Road, Oropi RD3, Tauranga. Or pay online to NZ Christian Writers: a/c No 12 3040 0547346 00.

Orama reflections

The perfect collector's item, this beautifully bound hard-back book on Orama has



been compiled by Lynne and Bob Michener. To obtain your own copy or find out more, email Lynne direct at: mitchener@watchdog.net.nz

Bookmarks

For colourful and informative bookmarks on great Christian men and women, email Fred Swallow on rise@xtra.co.nz

Competition Results

Under 30s

Judge:
Vicki Nogaj

Requirements:

Do a diary entry addressed to God from Job.
(Dear God / Are you there God? It's me, Job...)
Use a modern day context and language.
400 words.

First Place



**Bonnie
Smithies**
of Christchurch
(16 years old)

I Hate Injections, Remember, God?

Dear God,

It wasn't enough that some thugs stole my bank account numbers and took everything in the accounts so now I'm completely bankrupt.

It wasn't enough that those same thugs burnt down one of the banks I own, along with almost all of my employees, and now those employee's families are wanting me to pay them compensation because their loved ones died in my building.

It wasn't enough that when all my kids were on the same plane flight to go to my son's birthday disco, the plane disappeared and no one's managed to find it or my kids yet.

Yeah.

I just came back from Christchurch Hospital and guess what – they can't fix my condition! Apparently (or so the

specialist said) they've never seen anything like the boils and sores I have before. So, lucky me, they're experimenting on me. They've given me eight different creams to try, two lots of steroids and a round of injections starting Monday.

I hate injections, remember, God?

What did I do that makes you want to chuck all this at me? Have I really caused you that much pain, just trying to manage a couple of banks with integrity and fairness?

God, I've always followed you. I've always trusted you. I've always done my best for your glory and tried to raise a family that honours you.

Now what? That entire family I've raised for you has been wiped out apart from my wife and I. Most of my employees (that I've tried to show your love to and tried to evangelise) have been killed. All the money that I've used to further your kingdom has gone. Just like that.

I sure hope you know what you're doing, God, because I don't know what you're doing. And I really, really, really hate these painful boils, just saying! I'm in absolute agony all the time.

What have I done to deserve this?

Confused but still trying to trust you,

Job

Judge's Comments

This entry grabbed my attention straight away by the 'It wasn't enough...' openers. The format was informal and in the first person which is perfect for a diary entry. I

was looking for personal questioning and evidence of relationship and this was done very well and with appropriate humour i.e. hating injections. The 'Yeah' on its own confused me and didn't seem to fit in but in the context of a diary I overlooked it. Overall a good balance and an enjoyable read. Good job!

Second Place



**Danella
Smithies**

of Christchurch
(15 years old)

Dragged Backwards Through a Thorn Bush

Dear God,

Please help me trust you more. It's been so hard these few days. It's difficult to see your finger moving when everything goes wrong. I know all things work together for good but at the moment it seems impossible.

How can I ever stand back up again now all my investments and savings have been mysteriously stolen with no trace and I still have all last month's bills to pay. As if my financial mess isn't enough, yesterday evening the police called and said that a train had derailed and crashed through my son Benjamin's house where all my children were at a party. They have been killed. All of them! I still can't understand why you let that happen. One day I will see my children again but until then my life seems so lonely. Grief is such an awful thing but please help me keep honouring you through everything. It all just seems too much at the moment, the prospect of living seems too hard.

Another reason why I feel so terrible is because of these nasty sores that I discovered this morning. I have already been to see the Doctor but he says, due to the nature of them, nothing he can prescribe will make any difference. I have never seen anything like them before, they are such deep sores and so painful I feel like I have been dragged backwards through a thorn bush. They are starting to welt up and I'm convinced are about to get worse. How can I ever bear the pain if it gets greater than this?

Earlier today I received a text from John saying that he wants to come over here with Angus and William. I really can't face the thought of more visitors, but John said that they all want to be an encouragement after what I have been through. I sure feel like I can do with some encouragement.

I'd better go now as I think I can see them coming in the distance. Please give me strength to survive another day and help me to remain faithful to you even when it all seems so hard.

Ever your servant,
Job

Judge's Comments

I liked the tone of exasperation and grief running through this entry but be careful not to overuse the same word to portray this i.e. 'all', I counted five in the first paragraph.

Another thing to watch is using clichés which this has as its title. There was evidence of a personal relationship and I like the naming of his friends and the mention of them coming as one would in a diary.

Nice work.

Third Place



**Sophie
Smithies**
of Christchurch
(14 years old)

Why Have You Allowed Me To Go Through So Much Suffering?

Dear God,

I haven't written to you for so long as recently a whole lot of awful things have been happening to me. I just cannot understand it.

First of all I received a Facebook message from my share broker saying that the share market had just crashed and I had lost all of my investments.

Then before I had even gotten over my first blow I received a phone call from the bank explaining that somehow or other there had been a critical error and all my savings had been lost. Shocked and bewildered I pulled out my cell phone to text my loving brother for prayer as my mind was too full to be able to say anything at all to you.

That was when I saw a new text that had only just arrived. Hurriedly I skimmed the content and gasped in despair. My oldest son's house, where my other sons and daughters were staying, had been very poorly built and so had collapsed when a strong gust of wind had gone past, killing all of my children and their families.

Then yesterday morning I woke up in torturing pain and found that I had broken out in hundreds of sores from the soles of my feet to the crown of my head. All I could think about was that I needed

something to scratch my itches with. I grabbed a piece of tupperware and scraped myself with it until I was bleeding all over. Later that murderous day when my friends saw me from a distance they could hardly recognize me.

Oh, why have you allowed me to go through so much suffering? But I know that you give and you take away and so I am still going to praise your Holy Name.

Sincerely,

Job

Judge's Comments

I like the title and the beginning statement, of not being in contact, as it shows personal relationship but also gives a clue of things being strained. I remember writing excuses in my own diary of why I couldn't write sooner! I noticed three of the paragraphs started with 'Then', 'That' and 'Then' which interrupts the flow and is a little repetitive. There were also a couple of adjectives that seemed unnecessary i.e 'Hurriedly' and 'murderous', be careful not to use human emotions to describe things that aren't. Overall a lovely piece.

Level One

Judge:

Debbie McDermott

Requirement: This Christmas Day 200 years ago, Samuel Marsden brought the Gospel to NZ for the first time. Research this memorable occasion, and the events leading up to it. Then imagine you are one of the characters involved in one of these events and write about it in the first person point of view. 500 words.

General Comments

I was surprised to only get two entries to this competition, especially in this bicentennial year when there is so much happening in

Christian circles to raise awareness of New Zealand's rich Christian heritage. Be that as it may, Ruth and Susan did an excellent job of researching the event and then telling the story in the first person POV as though they'd witnessed it for themselves. Although both entries were completely different in their approach, they were so well written that it was impossible to consider one better than the other. Hence the reason I have awarded them First Place Equal. Well done ladies and do keep writing.

First Place Equal



**Ruth
Jamieson**
of Whakatane

Mrs John King

“Are you okay Hannah?”

“Just a little queasy, John.” I was grateful for my husband’s supportive arm as I lifted my long skirt and maneuvered my swollen belly out of the canoe, stepping onto the sandy beach. Oihi, New Zealand—this was now to be home.

“Stay with us Phillip.” I grabbed my fifteen-month-old son’s hand, squeezing it hard—perhaps too hard, because he squealed; but after watching yesterday’s raucous performance by the natives, I was still nervous... besides, it was only five years ago that natives in this area had massacred and devoured European sailors.

Last night John had tried to ease my fears reminding me why we were doing this—leaving the world, as we knew it, for a Godless country.

“Our baby is due in two months. What if it should...?”

“God has promised to protect and provide for us.” John had interrupted, enfolding me in his arms... now he strode on ahead with my brother Thomas and fellow missionaries William Hall and Thomas Kendall, leaving me with their spouses, Dinah and Jane and the five children between us.

“Let me look after Phillip.”

“Thanks Mother.” I felt blessed to have my parents with me but knew it was not for long.

“We will have to leave after you have given birth in February,” she had said. “Your father has to take Reverend Marsden back to New South Wales. If he stays on as captain of the ACTIVE we may get back to see you and my grandchildren.” Mama’s voice had broken slightly.

Bare-chested native men, in flax skirts, now stood around a fenced area in stark contrast to their chiefs who wore uniforms given to them by the Governor of New South Wales. Young chief Ruatara accompanied our beloved Reverend, leading the way to the enclosure, before directing our party to the improvised pews—upturned canoes.

Reverend Marsden stepped up onto the makeshift pulpit, bible in hand. This had long been his dream — to bring the gospel to New Zealand. He led us in singing the one hundredth Psalm then spoke from Luke chapter two verse ten. “Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy.” All was quiet, serene... a divine moment. I reflected on that good news; Jesus left His ‘world’ as He knew it, to live among mankind, because of His love.

“Heavenly Father, fill me with Your love for these people... only Your love can cast

out my fears.’ I exhaled deeply, feeling the release of the tension within.

Following Reverend Marsden’s closing prayer there were whispers among the natives. Ruatara spoke to the Reverend before speaking in his native tongue, giving a brief interpretation of the sermon of good news and great joy. The natives seemed impressed, but then two or three hundred of them surrounded us, breaking out into a war dance, yelling and shouting.

I breathed a quick prayer, ‘Father, Your love casts out my fears.’

Ruatara assured us that they were expressing their joy!

I shall always remember this Christmas, 1814.

Electronic Documents /Internet.
www.1814hansenfamily.org
<http://homepages.ihug.co.nz/~tonyf/ruatara/ruatara.html>
<http://www.gospel2014.org/history/>
www.biblesociety.org.nz

Judge’s Comments

Apart from the title which could have been more interesting, Ruth met all the requirements of this competition very well. Her entry is written entirely in first person POV and the dialogue between her and John is excellent as it draws the reader not only into the event itself, but also into the emotions Hannah is experiencing. I also enjoyed how Ruth highlighted the joy of the Maori people as they received the Gospel.

The bibliography Ruth provided is also indicative of the level of research she has put into writing her story. However, it should be noted that only two of the website resources refer directly to Christmas Day 1814, and the iHug link is unavailable. When providing links to websites in a Word document, it is a good idea to click on those

links prior to sending in your entry as sometimes they do not work.

Grammar and punctuation are generally good. However, when using ellipsis points to break up a sentence, do note that there should be a space after them but not before them; e.g. ‘I was still nervous... besides, it was only five years ago’. Numerals above ten should also be written as figures, not words; and thoughts should be shown in italics rather than put in quote marks.

Other corrections / recommendations are as follows:

- Para 2—‘manoeuvred’ is incorrectly spelled.
- Para 4—insert ‘by’ before ‘reminding’.
- Para 6—replace the full stop after “...provide for us,” with a comma, and the three ellipsis points with a full stop. Begin ‘Now he...’ as a new sentence.
- Para 11— I think ‘as He knew it’ should be left out of the final sentence.
- Para 13—Connect this para with the one before it by adding ‘merely’ so that it reads: Ruatara assured us that they were merely expressing their joy!

Apart from the above, this is an excellent piece of writing, Ruth. Keep it up.

First Place Equal



**Susan
Flanagan**
of Paihia

Dinah Hall's first New Zealand Christmas

It was to a glorious Christmas morning that we emerged from below deck. I am gradually becoming accustomed to these

southern hemisphere Christmases although I don't believe it will ever feel right somehow. Yesterday we watched from the 'Active' as Ruatara made preparations onshore for Reverend Marsden to take Divine service for us and Ruatara's people. We laughed at the show made of landing of cattle and horses which created quite a stir amongst the natives. My husband, William, and I had met Ruatara on board the convict ship the 'Ann' on our voyage from England to Australia 5 years ago. I found Ruatara to be a most open and engaging person. An opinion which only strengthened with time and occasion of meeting.

Earlier this year William left me and our son, Willie, in Australia to journey here to New Zealand. He came with Mr Kendall to build relationships with the Maori people and explore the possibility of establishing a mission station. William had tried to prepare me for what I would see and experience on these shores but I must own that nothing quite prepares one for the reality of a tribe of Maori with tattooed faces and spears in hand standing on a shore bordered by tropical wilderness. With the memory of the fate of the 'Boyd' and its crew only 5 years before, I freely admit I am more than a little nervous of this fierce looking people. I am also mindful that I knew when I married William mine would be no ordinary marriage, as he was then already preparing for the mission to New Zealand.

This morning however the sight of the English flag flying on shore, albeit in this strange setting, gladdened my heart. There are no houses such as I know but I have observed some shelters on the hill to the left of us and Ruatara has done a wonderful job of fencing off an area for today's Christian service. In fact the red in our

homeland's flag is reflected in the red of the abundant blossom of the trees which Ruatara told me yesterday are called Pohutukawa. My heart longs to reach out to these people with the good news of Jesus' life, death and resurrection so that we can be one family in God, and live together in peace.

My stomach was a quivering mass of nerves as we left the ship to go ashore this morning but the welcome we received when we landed settled my fears and I was able to join in the singing of the Old Hundred Psalm with a joyful heart. I must own that I was relieved to be back on board the 'Active' after the service was over and when Reverend Marsden administered the Holy Sacrament this evening it was with both gratitude for the Lord's faithfulness and trust in His provision for our future here. As our Lord said in the garden of Gethsemane, 'not my will, but thine, be done'.

Judge's Comments

Susan has met all the requirements of this competition with a lovely, reflective piece of writing that flows very well. I particularly enjoyed the quaint but effective language style she used, as it is contemporary with the period in which the story is written and made me feel like I was 'there'. However, the story should have included the Maori response to the gospel as this is what NZ's bicentennial celebrations are all about.

Susan's bibliography is also excellent and I commend her for using books rather than the internet to conduct her research. While it is easier to surf the net, properly published historical records are often more accurate.

Grammar and punctuation are good, but do note that the names of ships should be in italics. Numerals below 11 should also be written as words, not figures. Other recommendations are as follows:

- *Title—‘First’ should begin with a capital letter.*
- *Para 1—3rd sentence: Delete the second ‘of’ so that the sentence reads ...made of landing cattle and horses...*
- *Para 2—5th sentence: Put ‘that’ before ‘mine’ so the sentence reads ‘...married William that mine would be no...’*
- *Para 3—3rd sentence: ‘pohutukawa’ does not need to begin with a capital as it is a common tree such as an oak.*

This is otherwise an excellent entry, Susan. Well done and do keep writing.

Level Two

Judge:

Julia Martin

Requirement:

Find a photo of any person who is completely unknown to you and create a character description of that person. There should be no plot, but the character should be thoroughly described as if for a fiction story. You can include a scanned copy of the person if you wish. 400 words.

General Comments

This competition must have seemed difficult as there were only two entries. Neither entry included a photograph, but each entrant attempted to create a character description by describing the person’s physical features and by revealing their thoughts, speech, emotions, reactions and behaviour.

Painting a portrait with words alone is no easy task. The success of a story can depend upon its characters and they need to be vivid, real and believable if they’re going to have an impact on the reader.

A good writer wants the reader to become emotionally involved with a character and share in their conflicts and struggles. Shirley’s depiction of Gina is a good example of this. We’re drawn into Gina’s

dilemma and we’re made to care about this lovely girl who is struggling to know how best to live her life.

Judith’s entry also compels the reader to become involved in the confrontation and relationship of the two women.

Both entries had punctuation errors, especially the placement of commas. There were several careless mistakes and ‘lumpy’ passages that needed re-writing. It’s always a good practice to read aloud written work to pick up these mistakes and to ensure the language flows smoothly.

Well done to you both however, for attempting this difficult exercise and achieving some success.

First Place



**Shirley
Jamieson**
of Featherston

Gina

The girl in the photo seemed to stare back at Gina with accusing eyes. Dressed in lacy lingerie, her lips pursed in a silent kiss, she looked promiscuous. The way she was told to stand completed the impression.

The agency photographer had winked, said she was one cool sexy chick and made a blatant invitation to spend the night. Gina had left after the shoot feeling degraded.

Still angry, she ripped the advertising circular into shreds. Fragments of her image scattered on the floor and lay there untouched as she paced the floor.

"I'm not that kind of girl," she stormed to herself.

But what kind of person was she? At 20 years old and at veterinary college, Gina had felt sure of herself, until now.

Her love and rapport with animals was a certainty. Getting along with most people and able to hold an interesting conversation was another. She cared about them and they knew it.

Gina always looked back on her school years with positive memories. She loved learning, and group sports a fun challenge. Science subjects were her favourites, especially biology.

Now studying in depth, the incredible, intricate way each animal was formed sparked questions in her belief of evolution.

Stopping pacing, she regarded her reflection in the mirror. Glossy brown hair spilled over her shoulders and down her back. Large hazel eyes, often glinting with laughter, now held a serious note.

Morals mattered to Gina. Her parents had taught her the value of ethics and the reasons behind them. It resulted in being a good citizen, they'd told her. Religion didn't come into it but Gina had heard of the Ten Commandments. She'd gone to Sunday school with a friend in Primary School.

Since, she'd decided society was better off if people observed those rules.

"Could God be real?" she wondered aloud. Somehow she knew if he was, he wouldn't have approved of her modelling job.

Her friends had encouraged her to do it. "Go on! You've got a great figure, tall, and you're really pretty," they said. Gina laughed and filled out the application online right then. She loved a dare and the money was a necessity.

There'd be other ways to help fund her years of study, Gina decided now. Her future held the promise of a varied and challenging career. Marriage and a family was another long held dream.

She watched her reflection in the mirror begin to smile.

Judge's Comments

Shirley's character study is an interesting one. We're immediately caught up in Gina's dilemma after doing something she regrets, and the fall out that ensues.

We're given a good idea of her physical attributes and her character is revealed by her actions, thoughts, memories and aspirations. I like the way Shirley draws the reader into Gina's mental and emotional state as she shares her struggle with ethical and moral issues.

Gina is a believable and memorable character who stays in the reader's mind, and that's an accomplishment for a writer.

From a technical aspect however, I felt Shirley's piece needed considerable editing and rewriting:

- *Para 1—Second sentence. I suggest re-writing it as, 'Dressed in lacy lingerie and with her lips pursed in a silent kiss, she looked promiscuous.'*
- *Para 3—Overuse of word 'floor'. I suggest, 'As she paced the room, fragments of her image lay scattered on the floor'.*
- *Para 7—Sentence two. Change to, 'She loved learning and regarded group sports as a fun challenge'.*
- *Para 8—No need for commas in this sentence.*
- *Para 9—'Stopping pacing' is a clumsy expression. Change to 'motionless'.*
- *Para 10—No capitals for 'primary school'.*

- *Para 11—Replace ‘since’ with ‘She’d now decided...’*
- *Para 12—No need for word ‘aloud’*

Well done. A good attempt at a demanding assignment.

Second Place



**Judith
Powell**

of Canterbury

The Meeting

“Well, explain yourself,” she said. I cringed, feeling like the gauche school girl I had been twenty or so years earlier. This woman even looked like a head mistress. Although she appeared severe her silver grey hair, cut in a bob to her collar, was oddly casual, ruffled and untidied by the wind. Her cheeks were slightly flushed and she wore just a hint of pale lipstick, while her ears, bare of adornment, were as tidy as the rest of her. Although she was probably the same height as me, only five foot six, she seemed taller and more composed. She was neatly dressed in a straight navy skirt and a white blouse, but wore well polished flat brogues as though she had been out walking rather than sitting behind a desk.

“Mrs Reynolds,” I began, but faltered as her dark grey eyes looked directly at me. Fleeting I thought of Mark Twain’s comment that wrinkles should merely indicate where smiles had been. I could see no hint of a smile on the face before me. It was as stiff as her body, which itself was sparse as though it had never been indulged in any way. Her face was lined as much as any other woman’s of the age my mother would have been now.

If it told the story of her life I was not able to read it.

Haltingly I told Mrs Reynolds my story, too nervous to even try to explain my actions. Expecting a reprimand, or an instruction to pull myself together, I was surprised to see her face, looking so intently into mine, soften. Was it my imagination that her eyes moistened? She seemed to understand everything I couldn’t express.

The woman patted my hand. “I believe we can sort this out together.” I inhaled deeply. At last, with her by my side, I felt I could stand and fight. With a sudden assurance I realised I now had the support of a woman whose life had perhaps been difficult, but instead of making her bitter it had made her strong. This was a woman I could rely on for support and guidance.

“Thank you Mrs Reynolds” I breathed.

“Call me Caro,” she said, and smiled.

Judge’s Comments

Judith has approached the topic in a slightly different way. Instead of creating a character description from a photograph, she has used a scene where the person in question is placed in a situation which reveals her personality and character along with her physical features.

We gain a good impression of her appearance and her character is revealed by her speech and body language. The discussion piques our interest as to what the young woman’s problem is all about. This makes us want to read further and that’s always an achievement for a writer.

A few corrections and some rewriting are required:

- *Para 1—Sentence four: The commas are incorrect. I suggest, ‘Although she appeared severe, her silver grey hair cut*

in a bob to her collar was oddly casual, ruffled and untidy by the wind'. Sentence five: '... her ears, bare of adornment, were as tidy as the rest of her'. Hard to imagine what tidy ears look like!

- *Para 2—Sentence five. Clumsy expression and needs rewriting.*
- *Para 3—'Haltingly' needs a comma after it. Sentence two: No comma needed after 'reprimand' or after 'face'.*
- *Para 4—Comma needed after 'bitter'. Replace 'This' by 'Here was a woman...'*

A good attempt. Thank you, Judith.

Level Three

Judge:

Ruth Linton

Requirement: You are in a long queue at the reception desk of a local WINZ office. Staff and clients are working methodically at office desks and the security person sits, bored, at a front desk. Describe the scene in two ways:

1. As it is, quiet and orderly
2. When the security officer is called to restrain an unruly client.

200 words max for each of the two scenes

General Comments

Being able to set the scene well is an important skill to learn, especially for fiction and facton writing. Skills include using appropriate descriptive words to describe the atmosphere as well as using speech and actions of people concerned. The well-known adage, 'show, not tell' is excellent advice.

Contestants were required to set the scene in a local Work and Income NZ (WINZ) office both on a normal humdrum day and on a day when routines were challenged and danger lurked. The entries received fulfilled the criteria well and the layout and

grammar of the work was excellent. Thank you for making the effort and paying attention to detail. It makes judging so much easier.

First Place



**Pat
Kerr**

of Roxburgh

WINZ: Scenario One

The man in front of me smelled different. Not an offensive smell, yet not pleasant either. Sweetish, smoke-like, strange...

Behind me someone broke wind. Ugh! Not just noise. A bad odour, reminding me of teaching days with testosterone charged teenage boys fuelled by baked beans.

Cheap breakfast: mid-morning classroom stink. Someone here must be a baked bean cook.

Rueing old-aged benefit status I buried my nose in my scent-infused scarf. Glancing at the wall clock I realised I would miss the last bus at this rate. Oh well, I'll be having the evening walk without the dog tonight. He'll have to be happy with a romp around the yard.

Somebody hiccupped. Another coughed. A phone warbled in someone's pocket. At least this phone had a decent tune. I can't afford a cell phone but I don't want one either. My handbag is heavy enough already.

No movement in the queue. That's been ten minutes now. Pension paperwork improves patience. No doubt about that. Fourth visit, this time with a paper version of my power- bill to prove my address!

"You missus..."

“Who? Me?”

“Yes, you’re next. Over there.”

“Oh, thank you so much.”

At last.

WINZ: Scenario Two

I was creaming the cake with yummy chocolate ganache when all hell broke out.

“Don’t move! No-one!”

Panic. I wanted to run, home, anywhere...

This is the WINZ office in my little old hometown. This is not reality TV. Is this really happening?

A little old lady wept. A young mother grasped her baby so tightly it wailed... loudly.

The front doors locked audibly. Red lights flashed over the counters, now empty of staff. I presumed they were on the floor. Safe! But what about us clients?

“Get down on the floor!” roared the now ruddy security guard brandishing something in his hand. Did he mean all of us or just someone? First don’t move, now get down on the floor. Confusion. Panic. Stress.

Near me I could hear some noise, incoherent moaning, getting louder and discernible.

“I need my money! I want my money now! No more forms! No more words! Money, now! Give me my money!”

His arms were waving wildly, matching his bulbous eyes. He was getting closer to me.

A girl fainted. The baby screamed up an octave. I could feel my blood pressure rising.

The security guard pounced. “Got you!”

Peace restored.

Judge’s Comments

Pat has set the scene well—WINZ offices can be over-busy and boring. Her descriptions of people are pertinent and almost humorous. The order of events in the second scenario is almost muddled. This may be a fault but in situations such as she describes everything is likely to be out of order. I also enjoyed the use of short crisp sentences. Some were actually incomplete but in this type of writing that is acceptable. When we speak we often use incomplete sentences but we all understand what is intended. It would be useful to use exclamation marks at the end of short statements such as those ending each scenario (‘At last!’ and ‘Peace restored!’)

The one error I noticed in Pat’s work was a missing hyphen between ‘testosterone-charged’ boys in paragraph two of the first scenario. This links the two describing words into a single adjective. (You cannot have one without the other here!) It would also have been a bonus to have given each scenario a suitable title.

Second Place



**Julia
Martin**
of Cambridge

Visiting WINZ

Hm... it’s quiet in here today. Shouldn’t have to wait too long.

What a mixed bunch of people coming and going – all colours, shapes and sizes. Must be a depressing place to work with everyone after a handout – including me. No wonder the staff look jaded.

Easy to see what those two are after with their tattoos and bare feet. If they tidied themselves up they might get work.

That woman over there in the flash designer gear looks out of place. I bet she's applying for superannuation. Bit cheeky expecting a government handout when the country can't afford it and there are heaps of more deserving cases.

Poor old security guard at the front desk. All he's got to do is sit and play with his cell phone.

I bet he'd love an incident to liven up his day.

Well, we're moving at snail's pace, but there's only three ahead of me now. I can't wait to get back to the real world.

What was that? What did that chap say?

"Sorry, ladies and gentlemen. We're closing early today for a union meeting. We're open again in the morning."

Bother it...typical of my luck. What a useless place!

Here I am again...same boring, dreary place as yesterday. Let's hope there aren't any setbacks today.

Hey, what's that guy doing, barging through the line to the front desk? Who does he think he is?

"Get out of the way no-hopers. I've got a score to settle here."

I'm afraid you'll have to wait your turn, sir," says the lady behind the desk.

"I'm not waiting for anyone," shouts the intruder. "You've fobbed me off long enough. I want action and I want it right now."

With that he pulls out a gun and brandishes it in the air. A woman screams. Clients rush for the door. I freeze on the spot.

The security guard surges forward and lunges at the man. The gun flies out of his hand.

Someone calls the police and within moments two burly officers rush in, grab the man and throw him on the floor.

"Don't panic," one shouts. "The situation's under control."

The intruder is marched out to the police car and driven away.

Those of us remaining are offered counselling and invited to give statements. Stunned, I choose to leave.

It's unbelievable. I'll have to return again. Third time lucky- I hope.

Judge's Comments

As evident by the use of italics, Julia relied on the client's thoughts to set the scene and tell the story, especially in scenario one. Thoughts are normally placed in italics and do not need speech marks even though we are actually speaking in our minds. I enjoyed the way she viewed the people, describing dress and stance and drawing conclusions (not always correct of course) about the types of people also in the queue.

The second scenario contains a good mix of dialogue and action. I felt the action was somewhat muted especially as a gun was involved. However, the range of actions and reactions of other clients and staff were authentic.

The final sentence of the second scenario has a hyphen between the words 'lucky- I hope'. This should really have been an em dash which is longer than a hyphen. The way I make an em dash is to insert two hyphens in the space between the words and the computer automatically changes it to the longer dash as you type the rest of the phrase. Do not insert a space before or after the dashes.

*I especially enjoyed the twist at the end—
having to go to WINZ three days in a row.
Very frustrating!*

Third Place



**Lois
Farrow**
of Christchurch

Time Stands Still

Brenda's wait in the WINZ queue seemed interminable. That was the trouble with dropping the kids off on the way and getting here late.

"Hi Brenda!" Carol's voice came from behind as she joined the queue. "How's it going? How's your Mum?"

"She's going down slowly," replied Brenda. "I've got to go over today and arrange more care for her. You know what it's like."

"I sure do," Carol sighed. "I'm not sorry that phase is over, although I still miss Mum a lot."

"I just wish this queue would move," said Brenda. "Why do they have only one receptionist? That man up front seems to be stuck and all the other staff are busy. Look, there are more people behind you now, and I haven't moved for ages."

"Everyone seems to be very patient," said Carol. "And this gives us time to catch up."

"Look at that security guard at his desk, must be bored to death," said Brenda. "If it was me I'd want to be reading my book. But I guess he has to stay alert while waiting for some drama to happen."

"Ha," said Carol. "No exciting dramas here."

Drama

Brenda hurried into the WINZ office but was already fourth in the queue. Now she would have this dreadful wait. Her eyes scanned the office where staff at their desks dealt with despondent clients.

"Hi Brenda," the cheerful voice of her friend, Carol, came from behind.

"Hi Carol," she answered. "Look at this. Only one receptionist, the queue's not moving and I'm in a hurry. The only person with nothing to do is the security guard; he has such a boring job."

A cry came from the counter. Some commotion was going on. An agitated man was shouting. The security guard leaped forward to the counter. He gripped the man's arms and pinned them behind his back.

The orderly queue disappeared as clients crouched behind pot plants or fled outside. Brenda thought she glimpsed a knife.

From behind his glass window the manager dialled 111. The police would be on their way.

"Best to head away and come back tomorrow," said Carol, grabbing Brenda's arm.

"I guess so. We won't get dealt with today, that's for sure."

"I don't envy the staff here," said Carol. "They must deal with some pretty hard things and desperate people."

Judge's Comments

I liked the way Lois gave each scenario an appropriate title. Well done.

Lois sets the scenes well and uses the kind of 'small talk' we often do to pass time. In the second-to-last paragraph of scenario

one I would split the first sentence into two thus: "Look at that security guard at his desk. Must be bored to death!" Though not a complete sentence this is everyday colloquial speech and makes the dialogue more real. I wonder if Carol's final remark should be "Huh!" not "Ha." ('Ha' conveys a sense of surprise, even glee, at being able to contest a comment on a decision.)

In the second scenario the tension could have been increased by telling us what the agitated man yelled. By shortening/dividing the sentences in the fourth and fifth paragraph the feeling of fear would also have increased. For example: The orderly queue disappeared. People crouched behind pot plants. Others fled outside...

Try the same idea with the final three paragraphs: "Quick! Let's get out," whispered Carol grabbing Brenda's arm... And 'I don't envy staff here,' gasped Carol... once they are safely outside.

Replace 'hard things' (last sentence, scenario two) with 'hard cases'. 'Things' is too vague. Try and use the best word for the situation. Good work nevertheless.

Christmas Ideas

Contact details for the authors of those books you want to get as gifts (see page 5)

Kiss of the Wolf Spider by S Bailey
sharib@slingshot.co.nz

Poems Volume One by Rod Hickman
rodney.hickman@primaryito.ac.nz

Rubble to Resurrection by M Parsons
m_parsons@clear.net.nz

Millenium 3 by George Bryant
bryantgw@xtra.co.nz

Dam Disaster by J Pendergrast
jan@roads-end.co.nz

Amazing Adventure by Pat Bawden
pmbawden@xtra.co.nz

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offering inspiration, encouragement
and useful tips for writers at all levels.

www.wordsandscenes.co.nz

Competitions for February 2015

Due by January 10th

EMAIL ENTRY AS AN ATTACHMENT, COMPLETE WITH WORD COUNT AND YOUR NAME.

Font: Times New Roman, 11 points. **Line spacing:** single.

Spaces between Paragraphs: 6 points **Paragraph Indentation:** None.

Please send a high resolution photo of yourself in the event you are awarded a place.

Level One—no age restrictions

Requirement: CREATIVE—Beginning with the phrase ‘It was a dark and windy night...’ write a story with a cliff-hanger ending. 450 words.

Email entry to: Debbie McDermott at: sddp@xtra.co.nz



*Debbie
McDermott*

Level Two—no age restrictions

Requirement: POETRY—Write a descriptive poem (using all five senses) about a special place that makes you feel close to God. The poem should have clear rhythm and rhyme. 20-30 lines.

Email entry to: Janice Gillgren at: mj_gillgren@ubernet.co.nz



*Janice
Gillgren*

Level Three—no age restrictions

Requirement: TRAVELOGUE—Assume your family (imagine it includes two children of school age) has just returned from holiday overseas. Write a travelogue advertising the country visited as a family holiday destination. You may research the country chosen if you have not had a chance to go overseas yet. Please include one suitable photograph, or an acknowledged scan. Max 350 words.

Email entry to: Ruth Linton at: noru@woosh.co.nz



*Ruth
Linton*

Under 30s—11-30 year age group

Requirement: Write from one of David’s sheep’s POV (Point of View) when he killed the lion and bear. 300-350 words.

Email entry to: Vicki Nogaj at: nogaj@vodafone.co.nz



*Vicki
Nogaj*