

Competitions

◆ Still more writing and photography challenges to inspire you. Come, join in: many eager fans await.

To GCSB, or not?

◆ The spymasters bill will encroach on us all.
◆ Have you protested? Are you going to? All that's needed for evil to succeed is us to allow it to.

The America's Cup

◆ Kiwis, through their Government's largesse, have a lot riding on the latest version of the auld mug race.

◆ Will the investment pay off? And will Grant Dalton's mission to win the thing, so Kiwis can control it again and reduce the cost of future participation? May the wind be with our sailors.

Stalking a PM

◆ Who killed Julia Gillard's premiership? The media, Kevin Rudd, her own party, or none of these? And was there a conspiracy? Read Kerry-Anne Walsh's new book and find out.

Chicken Solutions

◆ Ready to trade in your bio-compactor for a two legged alternative?

Does it matter whether citizens can be spied on without cause?

Are Kiwis ready to have 'everything' exposed? Do YOU want to live with this?



Job Opportunities, near and far

◆ Do you want a new career, or a new part-time position, or perhaps you'd just like to 'see what's out there'? There are plenty of possibilities here. Including, maybe, the one you've been waiting for.

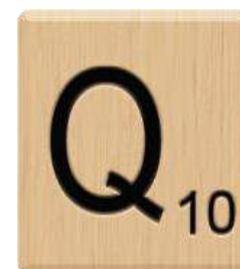
Show and Tell

◆ Jean Drew advises how to make your fiction sparkle.

Welcome George

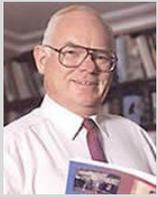
◆ Finally the royal baby came, the future George VII?
We won't find out for 60 years or so . . .

Death by Scrabble



◆ Do those tiles have power? If they do, can you harness it for your own ends?

Fiction is on page 12.



The GCSB bill: it's a licence to spy

If the Government's GCSB Bill becomes law we had all better become very careful.

Not that I expect you are planning sedition, treason or smoking in the Air NZ dunny. But there are people just waiting to be outraged, offended and insulted by the most trivial things.

We call them "single-issue zealots" and they are fuming mad about something.

When spying on your fellow citizens becomes a legal activity they will dob you in for it.

You'll be easily spotted talking on your mobile phone while driving, buying a lemon tree on Easter Sunday or patting a vertically challenged person on the head.

Should you put \$10 on the All Blacks to win, you'll be branded "a gambler".

Should you look for a gift in Victoria's Secret catalogue you'll be branded "a pervert".

Should you decide to stay home and medicate your flu instead of attending the Anzac Day service, you'll be branded "unpatriotic".

Once a complaint is lodged with NZ Police, due process must follow.

You will need to defend your questionable action.

The courts will become clogged with trivial and frivolous cases.

You'll be considered "a questionable character" until you win your case.

You may have also noticed some 'big' names expressing disquiet over GCSB. It's a clear signal we should start taking real notice.

Letters to the editor and opinions on talkback radio are a measure of the public pulse.

Ordinary citizens expressing disquiet over the unseemly haste in passing the GCSB Bill into law is one thing. But when heavyweights like Sir Geoffrey Palmer, Dame Anne Salmond and the NZ Law Society among others, also express anxiety we should be concerned.

Ordinary behaviour will become 'a cause for concern' if the GCSB Bill becomes law.

For example, Hussain al Khawahir, a Saudi citizen, was arrested by US Customs officials because they found a pressure cooker in his luggage. Hey, my mother had one of those.

Sharon Swinhoe killed her ex-partner in Brighton England and put his body in her freezer. Hey, I've got one of those.

Louie Gohmert, the US politician, explained how last year 611 people were killed in USA with "a blunt instrument, such as a hammer".

Hey, I've got two of those.

I can expect a knock on my door anytime soon.

"Excuse me, sir, we have reason to believe you own hammers, golf clubs and a freezer. Would you accompany us to the SIS HQ for a little "Please Explain" session.

I didn't start this paranoia thing, John did.

He told us, "In New Zealand, there are people who have been trained in al Qaeda camps, who operate out of New Zealand." He didn't produce any proof.

I don't like where this is heading. "If I don't turn up for work next week, please make enquiries about my wellbeing." □

Brian Morris ♦ Principal

Conundrum

A man and his son were in a serious road crash. They were both taken to the same hospital. But when the surgeon saw the boy a problem arose. "I can't operate. I'll be too nervous. He's my son."

Q What's going on here. What's the explanation? *Answer on Page... 8.*

Chickens: Your free waste-disposal units

In Pincé, a tiny village in North West France [pop. 206], the council has decided to offer householders a pair of chickens. It's hoped that the birds will eat their way through as much as 150kg of organic waste per year, saving the town disposal costs.

The chickens will naturally supply eggs, saving some food money. The mayor thought there might be some social benefit too:

"Just as villagers already look after neighbours' dogs and cats during holiday periods, then they'll also keep an eye on the hens!"

Sometimes persistent old problems just need a bit of fresh thinking. Read more here:

<http://digitaljournal.com/article/322025#ixzz2aymya4td>

NOTE:

N Z Institute Mailing Address

To help us get your work back to you quickly, please check the return address on your return envelopes (We used to have a different mailing address and you may have some old ones):

**NZIBS
PO Box 282288,
Auckland 2147**

Please handwrite the new PO Box number on your reply-paid envelopes.
Thank you.

Carol Morris ♦ Registrar



On our website

Learn new skills and make a new career for yourself.

Freelance Travel Writing and Photography:

http://nzibs.co.nz/?page_id=40

Journalism and Non Fiction Writing

http://nzibs.co.nz/?page_id=38

Sports Journalism

http://nzibs.co.nz/?page_id=60

Creative writing

http://nzibs.co.nz/?page_id=28

Romance writing

http://nzibs.co.nz/?page_id=58

Mystery and Thriller writing

http://nzibs.co.nz/?page_id=50

How to write poetry

http://nzibs.co.nz/?page_id=44

Writing stories for children

http://nzibs.co.nz/?page_id=83

Writing short stories

http://nzibs.co.nz/?page_id=79

Writing your first novel

http://nzibs.co.nz/?page_id=85

Life Coaching

http://nzibs.co.nz/?page_id=46

Digital Photography for Beginners

http://nzibs.co.nz/?page_id=30

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http://nzibs.co.nz/?page_id=56

Information on any course we run is available by telephone:

09 5329059 or **0800 801994**.

You already have one foot on the first rung of a ladder. Your climb could take you to the stars.

*call **Carol Morris** ♦ Registrar, now.

International Writers' Workshop

meets on the 1st and 3rd Tuesday of each month, February to November inclusive, at the Lake House Arts Centre, Takapuna. <http://www.iww.co.nz/>

Hibiscus Coast Writers

Members enjoy workshops and up to six competitions a year including poetry, short stories, drama and non-fiction, all judged externally. <http://hibiscuscoastwriters.weebly.com/>

Photography Clubs

They are everywhere - nationwide. Photography clubs keep you up to date with events, seminars, competitions, and more.

NZ Photographic Society details: http://www.photography.org.nz/clubs_map.html

Kiwi Write 4 Kids

Kiwi Write4Kidz is an organisation for adults who like to write tales for children. If you want to learn more about technique, you can hear it direct from the mouths of the finest Kiwi children's authors. <http://www.kiwiwrite4kidz.co.nz/>

Lighthouse

*A lighthouse stands alone
on a rocky promontory
flashes intermittently
a ribbon of radiance
in the inky blackness of the night*

*A ship frantic in the storm
searches for sanctuary
exposed like a hapless moth
drawn towards the light*

Ignores the warning

"Not here . . .

"Not here . . .

"Not here . . ."

*but lured by a false God
is tossed ever nearer*

*"Be sure the light you have
is not your darkness"*

*Let not Neptune's fury
Dash all hope upon the rocks.*

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Job Opportunities

Publicist/Marketing Coordinator, Museums Wellington

Prepare and deliver publicity plans across all mediums. Closes 16 Aug.

Photography and Stock Prep, Hamilton

Photograph clothing and footwear for online retailer. No closing date.

Senior Advisor – Marketing Communications, ACC, Wellington

Develop and implement high-quality marketing solutions. Closes 16 Aug.

Online News Reporter, NZX Agri, Manawatu

Seeking digital journalist with basic photography and video experience. No closing date.

Video Journalist Producer, SKY News, Auckland

Seeking multi-skilled broadcast journalist with strong writing ability. No closing date.

Marketing Designer, Random House, Auckland

Passionate about marketing and love books? No closing date.

Journalist, Key Media, Auckland

Write insightful and thoroughly researched news, analysis and features. No closing date.

Customer Service/Photography Positions, Blackcat Group, Akaroa

Photograph Harbour Cruise and Dolphin Swimming customers and sell them photo packs. No closing date.

Weight Loss Coach, Jenny Craig, Whangarei

Help people achieve their weight loss goals. No closing date.

Ministry for Primary Industries, Web Content Writer, Wellington

Seeking experienced web writers to write plain-English content. Closes 9 Aug.

Sub-editor, New Idea, Auckland

Experience in Adobe InDesign is essential. No closing date.

Every businessman should speak at least two languages

Murphy was a furniture dealer in Dublin. He decided it was time to expand the range of furniture in his store, so he flew to Paris to see what he could find.

After arriving in Paris, Murphy visited some manufacturers and selected a line of beds he thought would sell well back home in Ireland. To celebrate placing his new order for 20 beds he decided to visit a small bistro and have a glass of wine.

As he sat enjoying his wine he looked around and noticed the small place was so crowded the other chair at his table was the only vacant seat in the house.

Before long, a very beautiful Parisian woman came to his table, asked him something in French (which Murphy could not understand), so he motioned to the vacant chair and gave the hand sign for her to sit down.

He tried to speak to her in English, but she did not speak his language. After a couple of minutes of trying to communicate with her, Murphy took a napkin and drew a picture of a wine glass and showed it to her. She nodded, so he ordered a glass of wine for her.

After sitting together at the table for a while, he took another napkin and drew a picture of a plate with food on it, to which she nodded.

They left the bistro and found a less crowded cafe nearby that featured a small group playing soft romantic music.

They ordered dinner, after which Murphy took another napkin and drew a picture of a couple dancing. She nodded, and they danced until the cafe closed and the band was packing up.

Back at their table the young lady took a napkin and drew a picture of a bed.

To this day, Murphy has no idea how she figured out he was in the furniture business.

America's Cup hopefuls Emirates Team NZ do some Public Relations in San Francisco



Getting NZ products into American shops, restaurants, hospitals etc is hard, slow, frustrating work. The Americans usually don't expect to find any significant life beyond California.

That New Zealand invented the Hamilton jetboat, electric fences and prem-baby incubators comes as a complete surprise to most Yanks.

You can imagine the looks on their faces when our AC72 scuds across San Francisco Bay faster than cars cross the Golden Gate Bridge. Impressive.

All designed and built in New Zealand by New Zealanders.

"OK, tell me about these products you guys make" is the normal and expected response from the 120 executives who visit the Kiwi SFO compound each day.

Our sailors are helping our salespeople get 'NZ-Made' goods into America.

It'll be even easier to get time-of-day when they see AC72 beat Oracle on the water, and the America's Cup comes home to New Zealand.

Real racing starts 6 September.

But you can see some practise action here:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=viWamVheYrQ>



Stalking Julia

This is the story of one of the most extraordinary episodes in recent Australian political history; how a powerful media pack, a vicious commentariat and some of those within her party contrived to bring down Australia's first woman prime minister.

When Julia Gillard took the reins of the Australian Labor Party on 24 June 2010 she did so with the goodwill of the majority of her party and a fawning Canberra press gallery.

The man she had supplanted, Kevin Rudd, led an isolated band of angry Labor voices at this surprising turn of events. The collective political and media verdict was that his time, short though it had been, was up.

But when Gillard announced, in February 2011, that her government would introduce a carbon pricing tax scheme, Rudd and his small team of malcontents got in lock-step with Canberra and interstate journalists in a drive to push her out of the PM's chair.

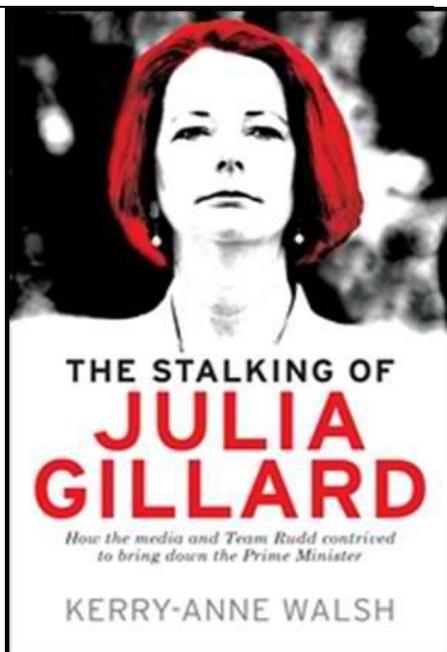
Never has a prime minister been so assiduously stalked.

Cast as a political liar and policy charlatan, Julia Gillard was also mercilessly and relentlessly lampooned for her hair, clothes, accent, her arse, even the way she walks and talks.

This is the story about how Team Rudd and the media's treatment of its slow-death campaign of destabilisation had a disastrous effect on Gillard and the government's functioning. It is about a politician who was never given a fair go in the media, by Rudd, or by some in her caucus.

ISBN: 9781742379227. About \$40 printed. Or \$10 on Kindle download: <http://tinyurl.com/k9afvsn>

Kerry-Anne Walsh worked in the Australian federal parliamentary press gallery, for over 25 years, as chief political correspondent for major publications. She is a regular political commentator on Sky News and Radio New Zealand.



Does a new royal baby trump the republicans?

by Brian Morris

Even the non-British world rejoiced over the safe birth of HRH Prince George of Cambridge, and that includes the republicans among us.

Now, I say, let the young family raise their child in peace while we all get on with our own lives.



But I fear the tabloids will salivate over paparazzi photos of young George dribbling, first his Farex, then his soccer ball, then his warm British beer.

A writer once suggested the best way to understand modern China was to enable your mind to hold two contradictory positions simultaneously. I think this is also the best solution to the royalty versus republicanism debate.

That serious question won't be resolved in my lifetime, so I've adopted the position whereby I see merit in both arguments. I am now comfortable with each scenario.

I recommend my solution.

Job Opportunities

[Creative Designer](#), Fairfax Media, National

Provide design and creative support for marketing initiatives. Closes 14 Aug.

[Senior Communication Advisor](#), Wise Management Services, Hamilton

Public relations, copywriting, marketing and more. Closes 5 Aug.

[Data Capture & Photo Layout](#), LC Scott, Wellington

School photography company needs good all-rounder. Closes 5 Aug.

[Editorial Assistant](#), NZ Magazines, Auckland

Requires a basic understanding of both Photoshop and InCopy. No closing date.

[Journalist/Writer](#), The Main Report, Christchurch

Positions are available either as a contributor or full time for the right person. No closing date.

[Chief Reporter](#), Te Manu Korihi Maori News, Radio NZ

Identify the day's top Maori issues stories and air them on news bulletins and programmes. Closes 23 Sep.

[Digital Content Manager](#), We Love Travel, Auckland

Requires copywriting and proofreading skills. No closing date.

[Celebrity Photo Editor](#), More Images, Auckland

Edit images, captions and headlines. No closing date.

[Graduate Editorial](#), Castleford Media, Auckland

A chance to advance your writing career. No closing date.

[Journalist](#), Northsouth Multi Media, Dargaville

Seeking a journalist for The Kaipara Lifestyler. No closing date.

[Personal Assistant](#), Horizon Recruitment, Auckland

Requires proofreading skills. No closing date.

[Business Journalists](#), Image Centre, Auckland

To apply, tell them why you'd be an asset to their team. No closing date.

Society of Authors

The NZ Society of Authors works in the interests of authors in New Zealand. The Society (PEN NZ Inc) is guided by values of fairness, accountability and responsiveness.

The mission of the Society is to support the interests of all writers in New Zealand, and the communities they serve.

Join here:

<http://www.authors.org.nz/>

How to get a job is an ebook you'll find at Amazon. This short \$5 book gives you all the steps for getting a job. Age 16 to 65, this is the book. Call 0800-801994 for a chat about your upskilling career options.

<http://tinyurl.com/pgvqjky>

The Poets Society

Membership of the New Zealand Poetry Society entitles you to their bimonthly magazine and reduced fees in their annual competition.

Several other benefits include a **members-only** website page.

<http://www.poetrysociety.org.nz/join>

New Zealand Freelance Writers' Association

Have you found their site yet? You can't always find a writer's group, so here's another place you can go to connect with writers.

<http://www.nzfreelancewriters.org.nz/>

Romance Writers of NZ

This non-profit organisation was founded in September 1990 by Jean Drew (NZIBS tutor) RWNZ has over 260 members (published and unpublished writers) from NZ, Aust, USA, UK and SA.

<http://www.romancewriters.co.nz/>

MEDIA caps for NZIBS graduates

- ❖ Journalist,
- ❖ Sports Journalist
- ❖ Photographer
- ❖ Travel Writer.

If you'd like one, please send \$10 and a letter detailing your name, postal address and former student number. White. One size fits all.



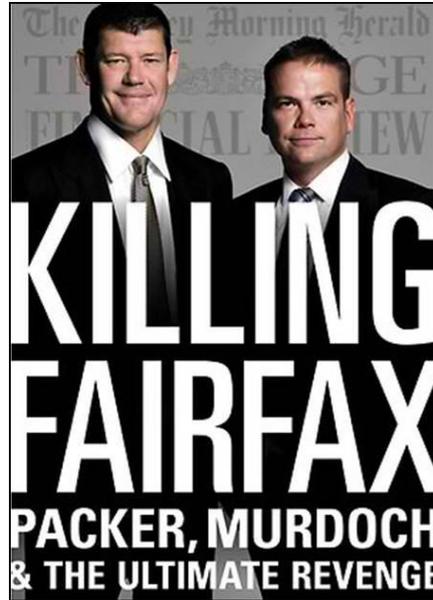
That magnificent feud of those newspaper men

by Brian Morris

The Capulets and Montagues. The Hatfields and McCoys. Now it's the feuding Packers and Murdochs.

Pamela Williams has written an interesting book:

Killing Fairfax: Packer, Murdoch & The Ultimate Revenge.



She recounts the many feuds, fights and boardroom tussles between Rupert Murdoch and Sir James Packer, now carried on by their sons.

Other players caught up in the feuding include: David Kirk, Julia Gillard, Gina Rinehart, Sam Morgan and dozens more.

At the heart of the battle was the way Internet sites such as TradeMe, Seek, RealEstate.com.au and CarSales.com.au were killing the classified business which had been the sacred cash cow of newspapers for a century.

Major papers like The Age, Sydney Morning Herald and dozens of others were haemorrhaging money as the Internet took over their classifieds.

If you enjoy reality boardroom blood feuds, this is your book.

For the rest of us, beware. "When elephants fight, it is the ants that die."



An extract from

KILLING FAIRFAX

The gleaming Rolls drew closer. Prime Minister John Howard and Commonwealth Games Organising Committee chairman Ron Walker waited with British PM Tony Blair to greet the Queen.

Ron Walker looked on at the approaching procession with particular satisfaction, as he had borrowed the Rolls-Royce through the prime minister's department during the final stages of preparation for the Queen's visit.

Suddenly Walker spied James Packer in the VIP precinct and he resolved on the spur of the moment to invite Packer and his girlfriend Erica into the enclosed area with the possibility of perhaps meeting the Queen. He lifted the red tape to beckon them in.

But Packer had something else on his mind: he purposefully took the long way around the tape to Walker, and then put an arm around his neck, pulling him in tight and close in anger.

Packer was completely furious. He berated the chairman of Fairfax for welching on a deal to buy ACP's magazine group in New Zealand, saying Walker would not have treated Kerry that way and that this act of bad faith would not be forgotten.

Startled at the sight of the chairman of the Games in what appeared to be a headlock, police moved towards them, shouting to Walker, "Are you OK?"

Walker disentangled himself and Packer, still angry, stepped back.

"It's just friends greeting each other," Walker said with a smile as the Queen's Rolls glided in.

It was March 15, 2006 and this brief altercation was the denouement of a fight that had its origins four months before, while Kerry Packer was still alive.

In early November 2005 - not long after the appointments of Walker as Fairfax chairman and David Kirk as Fairfax chief executive - the two had met with James Packer, PBL's chief

executive John Alexander and other executives, at their Park St offices to commence what Walker hoped would be a new era of peace in the media industry.

As part of the proposed new transparency, Kirk and revealed their interest in TradeMe. But Kirk did not know that TradeMe was already on PBL's radar.

Walker, meanwhile, had opened separate talks with James Packer about an entirely different New Zealand acquisition for Fairfax - ACP's New Zealand magazines and trade papers.

On February 17, 2006, the (memorial) service for Kerry Packer was held at the Sydney Opera House. Walker attended the memorial for his old friend, and after it was over he bumped into John Alexander and asked him what price he wanted for the New Zealand assets.

Alexander nominated the huge sum of \$530 million, reflecting the insane valuations for media at the time. Walker agreed to take it to his board and they shook hands. Walker phoned Kirk.

The following day, February 18, Walker flew to London on business for three days.

As the chairman headed off, David Kirk considered the conundrum he faced over the ACP New Zealand assets with their hefty \$530 million price tag.

Kirk's focus was TradeMe, which he anticipated would strip classified print ads from the New Zealand trade papers that Alexander seemed so keen to offload. It would all go to the internet. Kirk had other worries too. (Founder) Sam Morgan had warned Kirk he had competition - without naming names - and Kirk was convinced it was Packer.

Kirk could see Fairfax paying James Packer over \$500 million for his NZ publications and Packer then using the money for TradeMe.

And now there had been a handshake on the Opera House steps between the Fairfax chairman and the chief executive of PBL. Kirk could not see how to get out of this 'handshake deal'.

Two days later, Ron Walker woke in the Berkeley Hotel on Wilton Place in Knightsbridge. It was the middle of a rainy London night and he could hear his phone ringing. A furious John Alexander was on the other end.

The conversation was so heated that the Fairfax chairman could barely get a word in. Eventually Walker understood the reason for the anger on the line from Sydney.

Fairfax's Sunday paper, The Sun-Herald, had just published a gossip item by the tapped-in social writer Annette Sharp reporting details about women in Kerry Packer's life, which had distressed his widow Ros.

By the time Alexander had finished, Walker was under no illusions. No one at PBL wanted to be doing business with Fairfax.

Back in Sydney the phone line to David Kirk melted down as well. The new chief executive of Fairfax had been in the driver's seat for just four months, but he got an early taste of life in the fast lane when Alexander called.

This call, like the call to Walker in London, concluded with a terse declaration that Fairfax could forget about a new era doing business with PBL when it behaved like this.

It was music to Kirk's ears. If there was ever a moment when a news story had got a company off the hook, then this was such a moment for Fairfax. Kirk used it to pull out of the ACP deal.

On March 6, 2006, Kirk announced that Fairfax had brought TradeMe for NZ \$700 million (\$625 million). Packer had thought he would sell his magazines and acquire TradeMe, but he had lost on both counts.

Ron Walker found that his hopes of peace in our time had evaporated, too, when an enraged James Packer confronted him nine days later at the opening of the Games as the Queen's motorcade rolled into view.

An edited extract from **Killing Fairfax: Packer, Murdoch And The Ultimate Revenge** by Pamela Williams, published by HarperCollins.

Job Opportunities

[Intranet Communications Advisor, DOC, Wellington](#)

Create, edit and quality assure intranet content to best practice standards. Closes 11 Aug.

[Digital Content Editor, NZ Racing Board, Wellington](#)

Tailor communications to modern customers. Closes 12 Aug.

[Senior Corporate PR Consultant, 3rdeye Recruitment, Auckland](#)

Be the go-to strategic communicator between media and clients. No closing date.

[Brand Writer, 3rdeye Recruitment, Wellington](#)

You will be the one to help tell the story of the brand. No closing date.

[Online Content Producer, Radio Network, Dunedin](#)

Drive the success of the Farming Show programme online. Closes 9 Aug.

[Editor, Computerworld & Reseller News, Auckland](#)

Write high-level, business oriented IT profiles and features. No closing date.

[Project Manager \(Communications\), Madison Recruitment, Wellington](#)

Research, write, edit and proofread all newsletters, media releases, etc. No closing date.

[Reporter, The Christchurch Star Company](#)

Would suit someone who is about to start their career. Closes 2 Aug.

[Town Centre Communications Coordinator, Waimakariri District Council](#)

Provide professional and proactive communications support. Closes 12 Aug.

[Communications Manager, ESR, Wellington](#)

You must be skilled at translating technical information into plain English. No closing date.

Online Openings

for editors and proofreaders

When searching online, search for variations of what you want, i.e.:

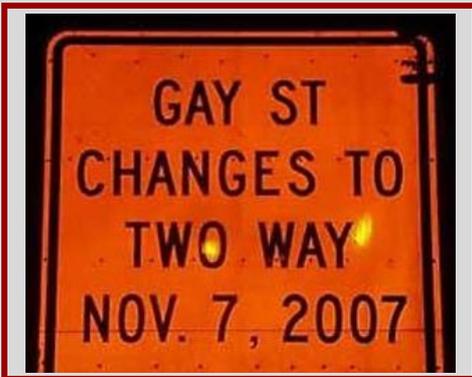
- **Proofreading**
- **Proof reading**
- **Book editing**
- **Editing**
- **Manuscript correcting**

Get creative. Some more ideas:

Craigslist.org

Remember this international billboard of opportunities.

<http://auckland.craigslist.org/>



Online Writing Jobs.com

<http://www.online-writing-jobs.com/jobs/freelance-proofreading-jobs.php>

Virtual Vocations

The whole spectrum of vocations are here – so use a targeted search to find your specialty.

<http://www.virtualvocations.com/jobs>

iFreelance

Advertise your services here:

<http://www.ifreelance.com/>

Freelance Writing Gigs

Online references, contract jobs and plenty of contacts.

<http://FreelanceWritingGigs.com>

Freelance Writing

This site gives links to writing, proofreading and editing work:

<http://FreelanceWriting.com>

E lance.com

<https://www.elance.com/q/find-work/online-work-overview/>

Donanza.com

Donanza does draw its job listings from other places, so you may see ads you've seen elsewhere.

<http://www.donanza.com/jobs/proofreading>

Conundrum **Answer:**

The lad's mother is the surgeon.
Women can do anything!

Show and Tell

Adapted by Tutor **Jean Drew** from material by Shannon Donnelly

Showing and telling often confuse new writers. Telling, to be effective, has to be important information.

If you tell a reader "he was average", this is not important.

Why? Because the author has not yet told the reader anything to make that character outstanding. The reader doesn't have any vital information.

Tell the reader what they must know to see and understand your character.

There is a very good reason Indiana Jones has that hat and bullwhip – those things tell the reader things about this character (That he never loses that hat also tells us a lot.)

You want to figure out one main distinctive trait that sets your main character apart from all other characters in this world.

Does your character wear an eye patch, not because he's lost an eye but because it's easier to pick up women in bars with it?

Does he keep his hair cut in a Billy Ray Cyrus mullet (two decades after mullets are out of fashion) because that's how his favourite uncle wore his hair?

Does your heroine always wear red power suits with sensible heels because she once read it's the colour of power, and she needs all the help she can get, yet no way will she risk her ankles on heels?

See how those telling details tell the reader something specific about each person – and it makes that character stand out in a crowd.

You want to tell important stuff – otherwise, you're just wasting words.

And you want to tell things that the reader can visualise, or you'll leave the reader lost.

Think about it this way: what would you tell an actor who is going to portray your character?

Words to avoid: "typical" and "average". These are meaningless. After all, what's typical?

What may be typical to someone in New York is likely not at all typical to someone in Texas.

So you need to go for what makes your characters stand out – and everyone has such things.

There's the woman who goes shopping in bunny slippers.

There's the man who only wears shorts, no matter the weather.

We all have our little quirks – even if it's just only wearing coral lipstick, or some other small detail.

But this telling detail must matter to the character.

It's your job as the writer to come up with something that makes your character unique – some little description that intrigues the reader and makes the reader know this is going to be an interesting person to read about.

Average and typical will not get you there – the devil's in the details here, so you want to find the right detail to help the reader start to get a handle on this character.

This is where you want to get into the habit of reading your work aloud and editing – a lot of the time, you'll find less is more.

Try not to get confused and between another character's opinion and telling because this means you've muddled showing and telling.

One trap is having a "laundry list" of features – no one thing will stand out. So, for a female character, say; take her hair and make that more distinctive.

We can tell the reader through another's eyes with vivid description, which does not show how a character thinks of this woman.

"Lady Phoebe entered the room and the candlelight caught the fire in her hair, set ablaze the hints of red, and spun the long curls into pure gold. No woman other woman in England possessed such hair—morning sunlight danced on the tips, deeper amber hues shone near her face, and that hair—those long, curling, swirling locks—fascinated men and tormented other women. But Lady Phoebe wore it tucked up and swept back, as if she could not be bothered with it."

Notice this is now all about her hair – how amazing it is. The details tell the reader a lot about this woman—both how this is her unique feature and how she's not particularly taken with it herself.

Now we have strong telling so instead of a lot of detail, the reader has one feature that stands out and so they can see the character vividly.

What makes your character stand out in a crowd?

The Farmer's Law

One weekend a lawyer from New York decided to go bird hunting in Vermont. He drove to Vermont and found a good hunting spot. The lawyer soon sees a bird, shoots it and watches it fall to the ground just the other side of a fence.

The lawyer climbs the fence, retrieves the bird and climbs back. Just as he gets back over, a farmer comes up to him and says, "Give me my bird."

The lawyer replies. "Your bird? No, no. no. I shot this bird; it is mine."

"It landed on my property," says the farmer. "It's mine."

"Look" says the lawyer, "I am a lawyer and I will sue you."

"No" says the farmer, "that's not how we do it here in Vermont. We use the three kick rule."

"OK" says the lawyer, "how does that work?"

"I kick you three times, hard as I can, then you kick me three times. We keep going until one of us gives up."

"Fine" says the lawyer, "let's go." "I'll go first" says the farmer. So he kicks the big-city lawyer as hard as he can in the groin.

Of course, the guy bends over in pain, so the farmer kicks him in the face.

The lawyer is wondering just how he got into all this, when the farmer kicks him hard in the stomach.

It's a few minutes before he's over the agony.

"Now it's my turn," says the lawyer.

"No, that's OK," the farmer says, "I quit. You can have the duck."

Off the clock

By Rebecca Dudley
News-Tribune Editor/Publisher



My ex-husband had this annoying habit of bringing greasy old carburetors and things into the house to work on. So, last week, when my friend called to tell me this story, my first response was, "Where did this guy live?"

Now reassured that I was never related to him by marriage, this really is too hilarious not to share.

The way my friend told it, this guy pushed his motorcycle from the patio into his living room, where he began to clean the engine with some rags and a bowl of gasoline. When he finished, he sat on the motorcycle and decided to start it to make sure everything was still OK. Unfortunately, the bike started in gear, and crashed through the glass patio door with him still clinging to the handlebars.

His wife had been working in the kitchen. She came running at the noise, and found him crumpled on the patio, badly cut from the shards of broken glass. She called 911, and the paramedics transported the guy to the emergency room.

So far, the story is humorous — in a "that is what you get for being a big enough lout to bring your motorcycle into the house" kind of way.



But here is where I really split a gut.

Later that afternoon, after many stitches had pulled her husband back together, the wife brought him home and put him to bed. She cleaned up the mess in the living room, and dumped the bowl of gasoline in the toilet.

Shortly thereafter, her husband woke up, lit a cigarette, and went into the bathroom. He sat down and tossed the cigarette into the toilet, which promptly exploded because the wife had not flushed the gasoline away. The explosion blew the man through the bathroom door.

The wife heard the explosion and her husband's screams. She ran into the hall and found him lying on the floor with his trousers blown away and burns on his buttocks. The wife again ran to the phone and called for an ambulance.

The same two paramedics were dispatched to the scene. They loaded the husband on the stretcher and began carrying him to the street. One of them asked the wife how the injury had occurred. When she told them, they began laughing so hard that they dropped the stretcher, and broke the guy's collarbone.

Talk about instant karma.

Four friends spend weeks planning the perfect backwoods camping and fishing trip. However, two days before the group is due to leave, Frank's wife puts her foot down and tells him he isn't going.

His friends are naturally upset, but what can they do?

Two days later, the three get to the camping site only to find Frank sitting there with a tent set up, firewood gathered, and fish cooking.

"Damn man, how long you been here and how did manage all this?"

"Well, I've been here since this morning. Thing is, last evening I was sitting in my chair. My wife came up behind me and put her hands over my eyes.

She says 'guess who?'" I pulled her hands off.

Well, she was wearing a brand new see-through nightie. She took my hand and took me to our bedroom. She'd put candles and rose pedals all over. And, on the bed, was handcuffs and ropes! She told me to tie and cuff her to the bed, which I did. And then she said, "Do whatever you want."

Well, here I am.

(Maybe she'd been reading 50 Shades of Grey?)

Job Opportunities

Editor, Learning Media, Wellington

Develop engaging, research-based health information materials. Closes 5 Aug.

Project Manager (Communications), Madison Recruitment, Wellington

Develop, manage and implement PR, media and communication strategies. No closing date.

Photographic Technician/Sales, Browns Bay Photo & Digital, Auckland

You must be a keen photographer. No closing date.

Ecommerce Content and Communications Junior, Federation Clothing, Auckland

Manage digital promotions and marketing. No closing date.

Photographic Retail Sales, Photo Warehouse, Auckland

Seeking someone passionate about photography. No closing date.

Communications Advisor, Tertiary Education Commission, Wellington

Requires excellent writing and proofreading skills. Closes 6 Aug.

Editorial Production Assistant, Pagemasters, Auckland

Involves image-handling, design and tracking the progress of pages for client publications. No closing date.

HeraldHomes Editor, APN, Auckland

Lead and coach a team of writing and photographic contributors. Closes 9 Aug.

Communications Adviser, Christchurch City Council

Keep residents, key stakeholders and staff informed about the Council's activities. Closes 7 Aug.

Marketing Manager, Sheppard Industries, Auckland

Drive NZ-wide marketing strategy and initiatives. No closing date.

Publicist, SKY TV, Auckland

Write weekly programming highlights and feature articles for the channels.

No closing date.

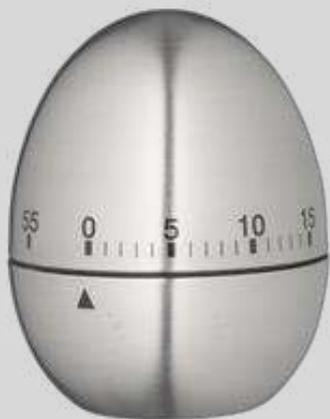
Websites to explore

1. Make Use Of

MakeUseOf maintains its own 100+ best free software lists for [Windows](#), [Linux](#) and [Mac](#). There are best of compilations for [iPhone](#) and [Android](#) users as well. Check them out. ☺

<http://iwastesomuchtime.com/>

2. Egg Timer



More than just another countdown timer; this one has other features.

<http://e.ggtimer.com/>

3. Instapaper

Instapaper is an awesome tool that allows you to save interesting pages or articles you come across online for later reading.

How it works:

Instapaper makes a **Read Later** bookmark.

When you find something you want to read, but you don't have time, click [Read Later](#).

Come back when you have time, or read your articles on the go. ☺

<http://www.instapaper.com/>



2013 DANA AWARDS Fiction, Poetry, Novels

Novel award . . . for the first 40 pages ONLY of a novel either completed or in progress (in-progress submissions should be as polished as possible). All types of novels accepted (NO MEMOIRS). No novels for or by persons under 16. Typed, double-spaced only.

Short Story award . . . for the best short fiction. Maximum 10,000 words per short story. No stories for or by persons under 16. Typed, double-spaced only.

Poetry award . . .for the best group of 5 poems, judged on the overall excellence of all 5. 5 poems per entry. No light verse or verse for or by persons under 16. Poems may be thematically related but need not be. Poems longer than 100 lines are discouraged. Typed. Single-spaced preferred.

Submission deadline is Oct 31



The Fish Awards Short Story and Poetry

Stories on any theme written in English, maximum of 5,000 words.

The 2013/14 competitions will open soon. Details here:

<http://www.fishpublishing.com/writing-contest-competition.php>

The Story Mint

Participate in a serial here:

<http://thestorymint.com/story-mintery>

You can add one chapter of up to 500 words to the latest serial.

Put your name down for a slot and write 480 -500 words to carry the story forward.

GLIMMER TRAIN



SHORT STORY AWARD

Open only to writers whose fiction has neither appeared, nor is scheduled to appear, in any print publication with 5000+ circulation. Most entries run from 1,500 - 6,000 words, but any lengths up to 12,000 words are welcome.

Next deadline: August 31.

Writer's Relief

30 day Know Thyself Challenge. Define who you are as a writer – and there's a prize... but you have to enter to discover it.

You do need a facebook account.
<http://www.facebook.com/writersrelief>

Photo Competitions



216 competitions are listed here:
<http://www.photographycompetitions.net>
Among them all, there **will be at least ONE for you. Enter it.**



Do you think you can write a great story in less than 1,500 words? Enter the Annual Writer's Digest Short Short Story Competition for your chance to win \$3,000 in cash. Winners get published in Writer's Digest magazine, and win a paid trip to the popular Writer's Digest Conference in New York City. The winning entries will be on display in the 14th Annual Writer's Digest Competition Collection.
<https://app.wizehive.com/apps/log/in/WDSHORTSHORT13>

Competitions



Come on . . . have a go

For details of all competitions, just click the links - and join in!

What's the Question??

(Answer supplied - you write a question that matches)

<http://nzibs.org/forums/showthread.php?t=5043>

That's Life!

What's happening?

<http://nzibs.org/forums/showthread.php?t=4953>

Chinese Whispers

(write a new verse for the poem)

<http://nzibs.org/forums/showthread.php?t=5041>

Proofreading and Editing

(find the mistakes)

<http://nzibs.org/forums/showthread.php?t=5044>

Romance

(write the next 50-100 words)

<http://nzibs.org/forums/showthread.php?p=25673>

Fable rewriting

(the fox and the hedgehog)

<http://nzibs.org/forums/showthread.php?p=25662>

Creative Photography

(August challenge: corner, tenderly and lipstick!)

<http://nzibs.org/forums/showthread.php?t=5037>

The first 100 words

(Write a novel's first 100 words)

<http://nzibs.org/forums/showthread.php?t=4965>

And more competitions here:

<http://nzibs.org/forums/forumdisplay.php?f=11>

Competition Winners

People enjoy our competitions because they keep the students' brains agile. Congratulations to these mental athletes.

- Suzanne Walker
- Marilyn Wheeler
- Nikki Frittman

There was no prize this month for several competitions because no one entered. Hey, if YOU had entered you'd be declared the winner!

< Which one will you enter first?

Chinese whispers - with a difference . . . Try adding your piece this month!

She hoped this was but a dream
but the tiny cupboard shrieked with screams,
jagged breaths, arterial torrents,
legs of lead, the trick abhorrent.
Her blind love hardened into solid hate.

Her blind love hardened into solid hate
but alas! It was too late
It was not a dream, but all too real
She felt the pain from that cold steel
With deadly intent, implanted deep
She felt her life ebb, with defeat.

She felt her life ebb, with defeat
adrift upon a wave of pain
allowed herself to fade away
for her no more the light of day

for her no more the light of day ...
but for the traveller breezing by that way,
chancing upon her lying askew, none
other than the pasty, Dr Who!
A reckoning he had with that fella, Jim.
The biter would be bit.

Embarrassing moments

An introvert goes to a bar and spots a pretty woman sitting alone. He musters his courage, then timidly approaches to try his luck.

"Ma' am, would it be OK if I sit here and talk with you?"

She responds immediately, yelling, "No, I won't sleep with you tonight!"

Bar customers react, staring. Embarrassed, the guy returns to his table dejected and ashamed.

The young woman waits a little and then goes to the guy. With a smile she says, "I am sorry if I embarrassed you. I am a college psychiatry student. I am writing a paper about how people react to embarrassing moments. I was experimenting with you."

The guy understands. He yells at her: "What do you mean, \$500?"

Job Opportunities

Employment Consultant, In-Work NZ, Auckland

Coach, motivate, inspire and support clients. Closes 14 Aug.

Senior Business Case Writer, Department of Corrections, Wellington

Seeking an experienced senior writer. Closes 8 Aug.

Editorial Process Administrator, Drake, Auckland

Ensure the timely processing of manuscripts. No closing date.

Marketing and Communications, Drake, Auckland

Manage the production and design of a magazine. No closing date.

Freelance Journalist, NZ Security Magazine, Auckland

Website, social media and photography experience would be helpful. No closing date.

Personal Assistant, Zealong Tea Estate, Hamilton

Tasks include editing and proofreading all internal and outgoing documents. No closing date.

Personal Trainers, Christchurch

Help change people's lives for the better. No closing date.

Web Site Editor, anzi Imports, Auckland

Seeking someone with a bit of Pizzazz who knows what works on a web page. No closing date.

Content Coordinator, Trends Publishing, Auckland

Liaise with advertorial, editorial and advertising clients to discuss requirements. No closing date.

Senior Journalist, Bay of Plenty Times, Tauranga

Strong reporting and writing skills are essential. No closing date.

Web Content Writers, NZ Retail, Auckland

Seeking writers for English, German, and Russian content. No closing date.

Web Content Editor, Sourced, Christchurch

Convey concepts to a non-technical audience. Closes 12 Aug.

Death by Scrabble

by **Charlie Fish** (abridged)

A short story example reproduced for students and graduates.

It's a hot day. And we're playing Scrabble. That's how bad it is. I'm 42, it's a blistering hot Sunday afternoon and all I can do with my life is play Scrabble.

I should be out, doing exercise, spending money, meeting people. I don't think I've spoken to anyone except my wife since Thursday. On Thursday morning I spoke to the milkman.

I play, appropriately, BEGIN. I put N on the little pink star. 22.

I watch my wife's smug expression as she rearranges her letters. Clack, clack, clack.

I hate her. I almost chew one.

She doesn't like me chewing letters, but it's what I do. All our letters are chewed.

If she wasn't around, I'd be doing something interesting right now. I'd be climbing Mount Kilimanjaro. I'd be sailing the Vendee Globe on a 60-foot clipper called the *New Horizons* - I don't know, but I'd be doing something.

She plays JINXED, with the J on a double-letter score. 30 points. She's beating me already.

If only I had a D, then I could play MURDER. That would be a sign. That would be permission.

I play WARMER for 22 points, and as I pick new letters from the bag, I realise the letters will tell me what to do. If they spell out KILL, or STAB, or her name, or anything, I'll do it right now. I'll finish her off.

My rack spells MIHZPA.

The sun's heat pushes at me through the window. I can hear buzzing outside. I hope it's not bees. My cousin Harold swallowed a bee when he was nine; his throat swelled up and he died. If they are bees, I hope they fly into my wife's throat.

She plays SWEATIER, using all her letters. 24 points plus a 50 bonus. If it wasn't too hot to move I would strangle her right now.

I am getting sweatier. We need to rain. As soon as that thought crosses my mind, I find a good word. HUMID on a double-word score, 22, using the D of JINXED.

I hope she has lousy letters.

She tells me she has lousy letters.

She plays FAN, with the F on a double-letter, and gets up to fill the kettle and turn on the air conditioning.

It's the hottest day for ten years and my wife is turning on the kettle.

I play ZAPS, with the Z doubled, and she gets a static shock off the air conditioning unit. I find this remarkably satisfying.

She sits back and starts fiddling with her letters again. Clack clack.

My heart is beating. I'm sweating. As the whistle builds it makes me feel hotter.

She plays READY on a double-word for 18, then goes to make a cup of tea. No I do not want one.

I steal a blank tile from the letter bag when she's not looking, and throw back a V from my rack. She gives me a suspicious look, as I play CHEATING, 8eight letters, using the A of READY. 64 points, including the 50-point bonus.

I'm beating her now.

She asks me if I cheated.

She plays IGNORE on the triple-word for 21 points. The score is 153 to her, 155 to me.

The steam rising from her cup of tea makes me feel hotter. I try to make murderous words with the letters on my rack, but the best I can do is SLEEP.

My wife sleeps all the time. She slept through an argument our next-door neighbours had that broke a door, smashed a TV and spilled the stuffing from a Teletubby Lala doll. And then she bitched at me for being moody the next day from lack of sleep.

If only there was some way for me to get rid of her.

I spot a chance to use all my letters again. On a roll. EXPLODES, using the X of JINXED. 72 points. That'll show her.

As I put the last letter down, there is a deafening bang and the air conditioning unit fails.

My heart is racing, but not from the unexpected sound. I don't believe this coincidence. The letters made it happen. I played EXPLODES, and it happened - the air conditioning unit exploded.

Before, I played the word CHEATING when I cheated. And ZAP when my wife got the electric shock. The words are coming true.

The letters are choosing their future. The whole game is - JINXED.

My wife plays SIGN, with the N on a triple-letter, for 10 points.

I have to test this. I can play something unlikely, to prove that the letters make it happen. My rack is ABQYFWE. Not many options. I put the B in my mouth, start frantically chewing on it.

I play FLY, using the L of EXPLODES. I sit back in my chair and close my eyes, waiting for the sensation of rising up from my chair. Waiting to fly.

Stupid. I open my eyes, and there's a fly. An insect, buzzing around above the Scrabble board, surfing the thermals from the tepid cup of tea. That proves nothing. It was probably there anyway.

I know; I must play something unambiguous. Something absolute and final; something terminal, that won't be misinterpreted.

Something murderous.



My wife plays CAUTION, using a blank tile for the N. 18 points.

My rack is AQWEUK, plus the B in my mouth. I am awed by the power of the letters, and frustrated that I cannot wield it. Maybe I should cheat again, and pick out the letters I need to spell SLASH or SLAY.

Then it hits me. I have the perfect word; a powerful, dangerous, terrible word.

I play QUAKE for 19 points.

I wonder if the strength of the quake will be proportionate to the points it scored. I can feel the trembling energy of potential in my veins. I am commanding fate. I am manipulating destiny.

My wife plays DEATH for 34, just as the room starts to shake.

I gasp with surprise and vindication - and the B I was chewing on gets lodged in my throat. I try to cough. My face goes red, then blue. My throat swells. I draw blood clawing at my neck. The earthquake builds to a climax.

I can't breathe, and my wife is just . . . watching. □