

**Time Out For
Good Service**

♦ At your local: P. 4

**New Career
Opportunities**

♦ Look Inside >>

**Misbehaving
Politicians?**

♦ Brian Morris muses: P.2

Age is simply a number

**How young will you be when your passport says you're 90?
Ask Regina Brett. Eg: When you don't get what you want, you
get something better – experience. Everything changes when
you change. Burying your talents won't make them grow.
Read some of her wisdom. P.6**



Something's Up

♦ Are You? P.11

Life Begins At 60

♦ A Handy Viewpoint P. 8

Fiction

♦ The Visit: P.12

Politicians behaving as we expect?

Do you feel a wind of
change in politics?

People make jokes about
musical chairs among Australian

Question Time in the House of
Commons used to be a bunfight,
a pantomime, a disgrace.

Members would stand and shout
and gesticulate across the House
like hooligans.

Questions couldn't be asked
and answers couldn't be heard.

At his first session of PMQ
Jeremy Corbyn introduced his



prime ministers, but we can't
influence their participants.

In USA, Hillary Clinton is
learning to share the limelight with
Bernie Sanders.

Britain changed their leader of
the Labour Party, hence Jeremy
Corbyn now leads HM Opposition.

His first week in the job
introduced an interesting wind of
change. More a gentle breeze.



new, quieter style of parliamentary
questions.

Suddenly the rambunctious,
rowdy behaviour of members
stopped. He asked the Prime
Minister six questions (his limit)
from among 40,000 questions
sent to him by constituents.

"These people want to be
heard," he said.

Prime Minister David Cameron
gave his answers in a dignified
manner.

Quite suddenly members'
braying and gesticulating wildly
stopped. It just STOPPED.

Order was restored. It took one
session. (Plus firm instructions
from the boss most likely.)

Will our politicians learn from
this and follow
suit? I hope so.

Brian Morris
Principal



On NZIBS website

Learn new skills and create
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

Internet Entrepreneur

http://nzibs.co.nz/?page_id=1726

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

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Digital Photography for Beginners

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http://nzibs.co.nz/?page_id=130

Proofreading and Book Editing

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provide is available by telephone:
09 536 6182 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

Indie Publishers Book Fair

Saturday - Sunday

3-4 October

10am – 4pm

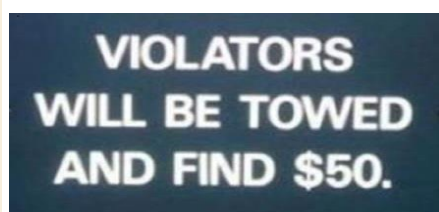
North Shore

Events Centre

Silverfield, off Porana Road

Takapuna, Auckland

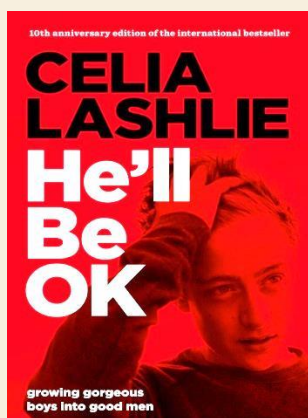
*You'll be amazed who
you meet there...*



Proofreaders are always needed.

A book for our times

Recommended by Brian Morris.
ISBN : 9871775540809



A fitting tribute to Celia Lashlie's lifetime work and to its timeless relevance.

How do you raise boys to become good men in a world where a hundred kinds of trouble beckon at every turn?

How do you make sure they learn the 'right' lessons, stay out of danger, and find a noble path to follow? How do we ensure they'll be OK?

How to promote a business that's got nothing new to say

Lots of our graduates and students operate businesses. They produce newsletters, flyers, bulletins, ads etc. Often they ask "How do I promote a business that, week after week, doesn't have much that's new to announce?"

One answer: having a contest where your newsletter readers or customer visitors are encouraged to participate. Do whatever keeps them involved with your business.

Email principal@nzibs.co.nz and ask for Report 787.

It's free, and there are dozens of other promo tips in the report. □



No time to yawn! It's time for the **first 100 words of your**

novel. October 2015 is OPEN.

This is our usual monthly **SDB** competition. Place your entries before **31 OCTOBER**.

Closes: 11.59pm, 31 October

The rules are unchanged from last month. **Exactly 100 words.**

Fiction please. Adventure or romance or medical or historical or murder ... The **THEME** is not the rugby world cup.

The theme is the SCRABBLE WORLD CUP.

Location is London. Big crowds. Screaming fans. Cheering. Banners. Tension. Excitement.

All that about games of **Scrabble**. Would players kill for the Scrabble World Cup? You decide.

Would players fall in love at the Scrabble World Cup? You decide. Enter as many stories as you like.

First prize is a book from the Brian Morris Personal Library.

Job Opportunities

[Photographer](#), Duo Photography Franchise, Auckland
Be your own boss of a mobile portraiture studio. Full training provided. Apply now.

[Medical Photographer](#), Capital and Coast District Health Board, Wellington.
Support clinical assessment and documentation, teaching, research and publications. Closes 6 Oct.

[Web Content Writer](#), Private Advertiser, Christchurch.
Research, write and edit articles for travel websites. Apply now.

[Journalist/News Editor](#), MediaWorks NZ, Auckland
Source and write online content, write SEO-friendly web headlines. Closes 9 Oct.

[Technical Writer](#), Absolute IT, Auckland
Design minimalist documentation to support new software features. Apply now.

[Casual Journalist](#), Fairfax Media, Warrnambool
Write stories and features for the local community. Closes 14 Oct.

[Reporter](#), Fairfax Media, Wanganui
Write stories for print and digital platforms including social media. Closes 13 Oct.

[Reporter](#), Fairfax Media, Auckland
Cover news for the North Shore Times. Closes 13 Oct.

[Trainee Reporter](#), North London Newsquest, London
Write breaking news for the East London and West Essex Guardian Series. Closes 9 Oct.

[News Editor](#), Trinity Mirror Plc, Newcastle
Commission and edit content for www.chroniclive.co.uk. Closes 9 Oct.

[Business News Editor](#), Talent Propeller Limited, Manawatu
Manage and develop editorial content for NZX Agri. Closes 26 Oct.

[Editor](#), Hayleymedia Ltd, Auckland
Create exciting articles from scraps of information. Sound like you? Apply today.

Good service brings customers back

From **Grad's Club Report #1103**

Reproduced for educational purposes.

You might call this a lesson on how to run a small shop, or ANY kind of service-orientated business.

NZIBS Principal Brian Morris went walkabout to Mt Eden recently, but arrived at 9.02pm. Yes, two minutes after their normal closing time. [1]

Staff had just brought in the pavement blackboard. [2]

"The door was closed and locked, but when they saw me on the other side of the glass, they opened the door and welcomed me with a smile. [3]

"I was happy; I live 40km away [4] and don't often go to Mt Eden. [5]

"I knew exactly what I wanted. [6]

"The two staff members (Wyoming and Mikhail) [7] knew exactly where my intended purchase was [8] in a bookshop with 18,642 titles. [9]

Wyoming put my 3 books [10] into a paper bag." [11]

The bag was printed with **Time Out** features and benefits. [12]

It said by buying my books at TIME OUT BOOKSHOP my money stayed in the local community.[13] My purchase endorsed the concept of supporting a local bookshop.[4, 14]

My purchase meant I was helping to pay the wages of local people.[15]

The recyclable paper bag wasn't plastic, so I was supporting the environment.[16]

By supporting a local shop, I was helping make Mt Eden a more vibrant village.[17] By preferring a boutique bookshop I took advantage of specialised product knowledge of those who love to work there.[18]

Buying [19] at an Indie bookshop supports entrepreneurship. The last line on the paper bag said "Thank you" – All very polite.[20]

By preferring TIME OUT BOOKS I demonstrated my belief that small bookshops will flourish if they follow these twenty steps. [21]



What are the LESSONS behind the numbers?

Brian Morris gives his report:

1. You want to close up shop and go home but if a customer shows up, OPEN THE SHOP, sell them something and take their money.

2. The pavement blackboard is a cheap way to interact with passing foot traffic. Tip: Be provocative. Be funny. Be informative. Above all, write something NEW every day.

3. It takes training by the owner and effort by the staff to manage a genuine SMILE after the shop has been open 12 hours and the wind is blowing straight off the snow.

4. I live in Beachlands, 40km from the shop I consider MY LOCAL. Don't let distance be the decider where your customers will come from. They'll decide.

5. I had to park 100m from the bookshop. But I knew the visit would be a HAPPY EVENT FOR ME.

6. Sometimes I know what I want ("He'll Be OK" by Celia Lashlie, ISBN 9871775540809.) Other times I go in to browse and I wait to be inspired. Invariably I buy something.

7. I know the names of the staff because they told me. "My name is Wyoming." "My name is Mikhail."

8. When staff know exactly where to find a given title, they show they know their shop. They seem to LOVE WORKING THERE, and it shows.

9. How many titles in the shop? No one knows except me. Anyone want to prove me wrong?

10. I was going to buy one book for myself (grandfather mode) but when Wyoming asked "How many parents of young boys do you know?" I increased my number to three. If one sale is good, three is better.

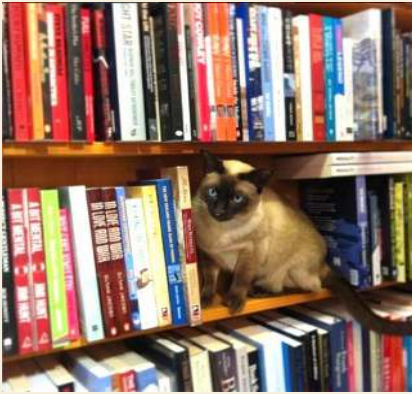
11. I was given a choice of plastic bag or paper bag or no bag. If it was raining I'd have opted for the plastic bag. Both options will get recycled.

12. Printing a message on the paper bag instigated this unashamed plug for TIME OUT BOOKSHOP.

TimeOut.co.nz 432 Mt Eden Road, Mt Eden Village, Auckland 1024. Telephone 09,6303331.

Students with ID or Press Pass may ask for an **NZIBS discount** on their purchase, even from Invercargill.

13. 14. They gave me a warm feeling that my money was going to support my favourite bookshop.



I'd hate to see it close through lack of patronage.

15. I'm sure Time Out staff will spend some of their wages in local shops. Make-the-money-go-round.

16. I got another warm fuzzie when I chose the paper bag option.

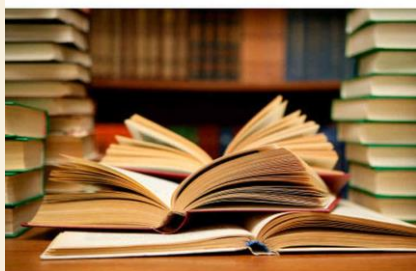
17. Mt Eden is friendly with a wide variety of locally-owned businesses. Whenever I visit I tend to spend. Everything looks so appealing.

18. I was taking advantage of the specialised product knowledge of the people who work there.

I'll know I can expect a sensible answer to ANY QUESTIONS to do with books, authors, sequels etc.

19. As an entrepreneur myself, it feels good to support other entrepreneurs. Good karma.

20. The big bookshops are going, going, GONE - but boutique bookshops are flourishing.



21. I've enjoyed analysing my visit to Time Out Bookshop. ☐

Please pass these tips on to your friends with local businesses.

Job Opportunities

Photographer,

My Food Bag, Auckland
Use your camera skills to make food look beautiful. Apply now.

Rehabilitation Coach, Bupa, Hamilton

Coach and empower people with disabilities towards independence. Apply now.

Coaches/Corporate Trainers, YB 12 New Zealand, Wellington

Empower corporate clients. Be your own boss. Apply now.

All these jobs were listed on the Student Discussion Board SDB when first found.

That may have been several days ago! But there may have been no suitable applicants.

Has the date expired? Put yourself forward anyway!

Photographer,

Kindermoments, Canterbury
Become a child care photographer and become your own boss. Full training provided. Apply now.

Content Developer,

Fisher & Paykel, Auckland
Turn complex information into clear, concise copy for a range of channels. Apply now.

PR Advisor, Momentum Consulting Group, Auckland

Write editorial and develop a social media strategy. Apply now.

Communications Advisor, Priority Communications, Christchurch

Write marketing content for social and print media and websites. Closes 6 Oct.

Reporter, BusinessDesk, Wellington

Write stories including regular market coverage, sub-edit and assemble content. Apply now.

Trainee Sports Reporter, Newsquest, Watford

Write breaking and submitted sports stories for websites. Closes 5 Oct.

Trainee Reporter, Newsquest, Clacton

Report, in print and online, for the Standard and its sister titles. Shorthand required. Closes 9 Oct.

Job Opportunities

OIA Writer,

Chandler Macleod, Wellington
Write and answer Official Information Act requests. Temporary position; immediate start. Apply now.

Reporter,

Allied Press, Dunedin.
Interview people, take photos and write news stories for the Otago Daily Times. Closes 12 Oct.

Communications Specialist, Weta Workshop, Wellington

Find stories and write press releases, articles, and social posts to capture fans. Closes 7 Oct.

Media and Communications Advisor, Parliamentary Service,

Write media releases for the New Zealand First Leader's office. Closes 6 Oct.

Not so much a JOB, as an opportunity to help someone. Paul Mulvaney knows someone who wants help writing company documents and writing Tender responses. This is specialised writing. If this interests you please email your 50 word response to: registrar@nzibs.co.nz Someone will say "Thank you". Where it might lead... Time will tell.

If the closing date has passed, ask whether the position was filled. You could still be considered for it.

Editor, Fairfax Media, Auckland

Lead a team of writers, editors, visual journalists and designers to produce the Sunday Magazine. Apply now.

Web Copy Editor, Traverse, Wellington

Compile content and search engine optimize existing website. Closes 18 Oct.

Layout/Copy Sub Editors, Fairfax Media, Wellington

Prepare content for daily Australian newspapers/websites. Apply now.

Portrait Photographer, She Is You Photography, Auckland

Make women feel great; work with makeup artists and an experienced photography team. Immediate start. Apply now.

Society of Authors

The NZ Society of Authors works in the interests of authors in New Zealand. The Society 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: (Student rate applies)

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

How to get a job is an ebook you'll find at Amazon.com. This short \$5 book gives you all the steps for getting a job - age 16 to 65. Click here for the book.

<http://tinyurl.com/pgvgjky>

Call 0800-801994 for a chat about your other career options.

The Poets Society

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

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? If you haven't found a suitable writer's group locally, look online. Here's where you can go to connect with other writers - wherever you live.

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

Romance Writers of NZ

This non-profit organisation was founded in 1990 by Jean Drew (NZIBS tutor). RWNZ has over 260 members (published and unpublished writers) from NZ, Australia, 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. One size fits all.



Don't wait for old age to wear purple

From Graduates Club Report #935
Reproduced for educational purposes.
by **Regina Brett**

To celebrate becoming 45, I wrote the 45 lessons life has taught me. Here they are:

1. Life isn't fair, but it's still good.
2. When in doubt, take the next small step. Doubt means caution.
3. Don't waste life hating anyone.
4. Your job won't take care of you when you are sick. But your family, friends and parents will.
5. Pay off your credit cards every month. Use the 55 free days, but not one day more.
6. You don't have to win every argument. Agree to disagree.
7. Cry with someone. It's more healing than crying alone.
8. It's OK to get angry with God. He can take it.
9. Save for retirement starting with your first pay cheque. Learn to put 10% away for a rainy day.
10. When it comes to chocolate, resistance is futile. Besides, chocolate is a good aphrodisiac.
11. Make peace with your past so it won't screw up the present or your future.
12. It's OK if children see you cry.
13. Don't compare your life with the lives of others. You have no idea about their journey.
14. If a relationship has to be a secret, you shouldn't be in it.
15. Everything can change in the blink of an eye. But don't worry; God never blinks.
16. Take a deep breath. Ten of them. It calms the mind.
17. Get rid of anything that isn't useful, beautiful or joyful.
18. Whatever doesn't kill you really does make you stronger.
19. It's never too late to have a happy childhood. The second time around is for you, no one else.
20. If we all threw our problems in a great pile, then saw everyone else's, we'd take ours back.

21. When it comes to going after what you love in life, don't take 'NO' for an answer. Don't expect "YES" from someone who hasn't the authority to give approvals.

22. Light the candles, use the nice sheets, wear the fancy lingerie. Don't save them for a special occasion. Today is special.

23. Over-prepare, then relax.

24. Be eccentric now. Don't wait for old age to wear purple.

25. The most important sex organ is the brain.

26. Put every so-called-disaster in context with these words
'In five years, will this matter?'

27. Put people before things.

28. Forgive everyone for everything, every time.

29. What other people think of you is none of your business.

30. Time heals almost everything. Give TIME time.

31. However good or bad a situation is, it will change.

32. Don't take yourself so seriously. No one else does.

33. Believe in miracles. The evidence is all around you.

34. God loves you because of who God is, not because of anything you did or didn't do.

35. Don't audit life. Show up and make the most of it now.

36. Growing old beats dying young.

37. Your children get only one childhood. Make it happy.

38. All that truly matters in the end is that you loved.

39. Get outside every day. Miracles are waiting for you everywhere.

40. Envy is a waste of time. You already have all you need.

41. The best is yet to come. It comes one day at a time.

42. No matter how you feel, get up, dress up and show up.

43. Yield. Let someone else enjoy the front seat view.

44. No one else is in charge of your happiness but you.

45. Life isn't tied with a bow, but it's still a 'gift'. ■

Trained technicians and scientists say "Goodbye"

NZ Customs CEO Carolyn Tremain reported to Parliament about low morale among customs officers at Auckland International Airport.



"A lot of that's about working in a demanding environment where you have wave after wave of aircraft passengers come into the terminal," she said.

In 2010 dozens of experienced customs officers were made **redundant**. This move was to help 'balance the books'. But the staff cuts put a heavier burden on those left to patrol our airports and shipping. No wonder there is worker stress and pressure.

Yet incidents of fruit fly are a constant problem; drugs keep coming in; contraband of all kinds still has to be policed – all with fewer people.

So the call goes out:

"Hire more customs officers". But when they come, they are rookies. Those with experience and skills were made redundant – and not so long ago. Remember?

What have we learned?

Not much, it would seem.

Current news says 83 technical and science jobs will be cut at our Crown Research Institute, to help 'balance the books'. These are the highly skilled people tasked with developing 'added value' exportable products based on our farm production.

Their research helped us convert simple milk into baby foods, yogurt, ice cream, casein, dietary supplements and specialty cheeses.

These exported products all sell at much higher prices than simple dairy commodities.

But now the people who created these 'added value' export opportunities are being let go.

"Ultimately, many scientists and technicians will be forced to look (for work) overseas, meaning their skills and knowledge will be lost to New Zealand," said Erin Polaczuk, PSA national secretary.

"This is environmental research in our most productive sector ... It's unbelievable," said Jacqueline Rowarth, Waikato University professor of agribusiness.

"People are shaking their heads at the lack of logic - and what's happening to them."

Which brings us back to learning the lessons of our past.

Why do we keep repeating the same silly mistakes? "Ko te iwi, he mea iwi, he mea iwi. **It is people, it is people, it is people.**" □



Don't ask . . . just paint the lines.

Job Opportunities

[Sports Editor](#), Stratford-upon-Avon Herald, Stratford-upon-Avon
Write about your passion for an independent series of publications.
Closes 5 Oct.

[Portrait Photographer](#), You Photography, Auckland
Specialise in making women feel great; work for boutique photography studio She is you.
Immediate start. Apply now.

[Real Estate Photography Franchises](#), Open2view, Whangarei
Be your own boss and secure photography contracts with real estate brokers. Other locations: Hamilton, Invercargill, Auckland, Bay of Plenty. Apply now.

[Course Writers](#), Open Polytechnic, Wellington
Design online training and assessment materials for business subjects. Apply now.

[Bid Writer](#), Jacobs Group (Australia) Pty, Auckland
Prepare proposals and marketing material for public and private sector clients. Apply now.

[Technical Writer](#), Serco Asia Pacific, Auckland
Write policies and procedures for Mt Eden Correctional Facility.
Temporary role. Apply now.

If the closing date has passed, ask whether the position was filled. You could still be considered for it.

[Marketing Assistant](#), GS1 New Zealand, Wellington
Craft proposals, reports and PowerPoint presentations to promote GS1 business services.
Apply now.

[Administration Support](#), Storage Box Ltd, Auckland
Assist with social media management, photographic projects and weekly reporting.
Apply now.

[Content Producer](#), Movio, Auckland
Create and maintain social media blogs about movies. Apply now.

[Portrait Photographer](#), Timeless Images Photography, Auckland
Can you take portrait photos and retouch them? Apply now.

Online Openings

for editors and proofreaders

When searching online, search for **variations** of what you want:

- **Proofreading**
- **Proof reading**
- **Book sub-editing**
- **Boook editting**
- **Editing / Editor / Editer**
- **Manuscript correcting**

Be creative. Look for spelling variations. (That's why they need you.)



Craigslist.org

Check this international billboard for opportunities, jobs etc.

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

Hibiscus Coast Writers

Members enjoy workshops and six competitions a year including poetry, short stories, drama and non-fiction. Meet local writers.

<http://hibiscuscoastwriters.weebly.com/>

Online Writing Jobs

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

Flag Changing Challenges

What will we do about our coat of arms?



Look: She's holding our country's official flag.

If there's a change of flag what should she hold? If there's a change will we have to change the New Zealand coat of arms as well? Is there any end in sight to these down-stream extra costs?

"Life begins at 60" say Elizabeth and Charles Handy

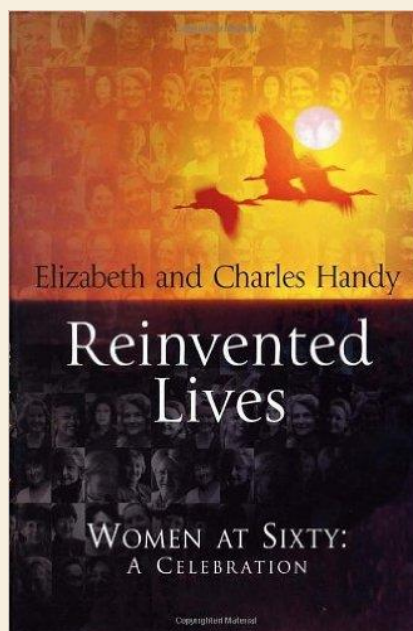
by **Vicky Jane**

Reproduced for educational purposes.

British entrepreneur **Prue Leith** started off selling pâté to pubs, and spent the next 30 years building this into a business with an annual turnover of \$14 million and 350 staff, before re-inventing herself as a best-selling novelist.

Former secretary and employment agency owner **Gillian Reckitt** was forcibly retired at 60, but she found new life in an organic restaurant in Kent with her daughter.

There are among the 28 life stories that Charles and Elizabeth Handy collected together for their book, ***Re-invented Lives: Women At 60.***



Some, like Prue Leith or **Anita Roddick** (founder of The Body Shop), are household names. Others are primarily known as the hub of their busy households.

What they all have in common is they're members of an unusual generation of women. Most married and had families in their 20s but, unlike their parents' generation, they have been granted an extra chunk of healthy, active life in which to redefine themselves.

That same sense of freedom may not be available to subsequent generations of women who tend to start families later and are likely to have aged parents hanging around.

"I really think it's a sea change in society," says Charles Handy.

"We're all talking about how we're healthier and living longer but this is the first batch of people actually doing something with it — and it's very exciting."

Well-known as a management guru and best-selling author (his books include *The Age of Unreason*, *The Empty Raincoat* and *The Elephant and the Flea*), Handy is a keen observer of social trends.

He now works with wife Elizabeth whose recently cultivated talents as a portrait photographer add a more personal dimension to this and their previous joint publication:

The New Alchemists.

The British-based couple have become regular visitors to New Zealand where their daughter now lives.

Elizabeth Handy's late-flowering career was in some ways the catalyst for exploring how other women of the same generation are dealing with a decade many feared might be 'some kind of ante-room to death', as Roddick described it.

In talking with the Handys and writing about herself, Roddick now says "the past is prologue — it may have made you what you are but that doesn't necessarily determine what you do next."

"What's exciting is that this extra decade or two is a largely expectation-free zone. It's the point in life when society declares you pensionable— officially dispensable.

"That could either be very depressing or very exhilarating," says Charles H. "You could see it as society saying 'You're not needed any more, so go park yourself somewhere'. Or it could be society saying. 'You've done your duty, now you can do what you like'."

This sudden change in expectations is often mirrored by changes in family expectations.

It's a time when children marry and parents die.

"The latter is both painful and strangely freeing," says Elizabeth.

Charles agrees. "Whether you're aware of it or not, much of your life is spent either meeting or reacting to parental expectations." His father was a vicar from whom he inherited a strong sense of duty.

"I certainly grew up with the sense there were things one **ought** to do. I didn't take my own desires very seriously. Luckily, I married Elizabeth, who said, 'Don't be so bloody silly'."

"Just as well," adds Elizabeth, "that I was brought up by extremely flamboyant parents who drank and ate a lot and always had a good time. Your parents were always doing things for other people. They never had much fun."

For one of the book's subjects, her mother's death was a trigger for change.

"I was devastated," writes Pippa Weir. "She had been my friend and confidante for most of my grown-up life. After her death, I felt there was nothing left for me to do. I thought I had fulfilled all my uses in this world. I now felt useless. I had to find out who I was."

So she donned a backpack and, for the first time in her life, travelled alone around the world for nine months, before the 9/11 attack prompted an earlier-than-scheduled return to her family. She discovered you don't have to do anything amazing to re-activate your life.

"Just try something. You'll change, inspire and help yourself and other people while having a fantastic time."

"Other subjects also had a trigger for change" says Elizabeth Handy. These included a serious illness, the death of someone close, a relationship break-up, or the unexpected discovery of a new love late in life.

Elizabeth's trigger was a trip to the US a few years ago to find and visit the grave of a child she had never seen.

"I had a stillborn baby 18 years ago. Being in America at the time, they rushed my baby out of the room and I never saw him or knew where he was buried. So I went to reclaim that baby. After finding his grave, I was able to move on . . . It gave me a sense of freedom to leave that part of my life behind."

That was when Elizabeth decided to become a photographer.

The sense of a break with the past is common to many of the women's histories.

Roddick has described her departure from The Body Shop as escaping from a coffin. In a sense, what people create becomes the thing that defines and limits them, whether it's family or business.

"Sixty can become a gateway to somewhere else. Men can also be limited by work roles or status.

"Apart from some glorious exceptions, men don't reinvent themselves in later life, they just slow down. I guess, in a way, most feel they've had their lives."

Not all of the women in the book have made major changes as they approached 60. Some found a deeper sense of self-expression in the same work.

Artist **Pauline Bewick** says: "I'm painting larger works, with more excitement. Age liberated me from trying to please anybody else.

"The first level is achieved when people prove themselves in life by running a business or raising a family.

"The second is when they move on to something they really love doing — and that is also successful.

"Not everyone gets this opportunity to grow up creatively," says Elizabeth.

"I think it's terribly fortunate to realise early enough - this life is not a dress rehearsal. I remember someone saying to me years ago that **the saddest words in the English language are 'You're too late.'**"

"I guess at some point, it will be too late." Meanwhile, she is discovering what it means to be a woman at 60. What a great time to enjoy life and **try new things.** □

Job Opportunities

Public Relations Manager, Heart Foundation, Auckland.
Part time (32h pw). Ellerslie office.
New position. Will suit journalist with public relations experience.
Closes 4 Oct. Study HF website:
www.heartfoundation.org.nz
Send cover letter + CV to:
jobs@heartfoundation.org.nz

COPY & DESIGN business for sale., Hibiscus Coast, Akl. Details Graeme Perigo 021676067.

[Advertising Executive](#), FishHead Magazine, Wellington
Create advertising copy and source new clients. Apply now.

All these jobs were listed on the Student Discussion Board SDB when first found.

That may have been several days ago! But there may have been no suitable applicants.

**Has the date expired?
Put yourself forward anyway!**

[Photographer Opportunities](#), Open2view, Hawkes Bay
Purchase a real estate photography franchise and be your own boss. Apply now.

[Magazine Editor, Key Media, Auckland](#)
Write and edit the New Zealand Lawyer Magazine and Australasian Lawyer Magazine. Apply today.

[Reporter](#), Fairfax Media, New Plymouth
Write news stories for the Taranaki Daily News. Apply now.

[Reporter](#), Fairfax Media, Wanganui.
Can you spot a great story a mile away? Write for The Chronicle. Closes 13 October.

[Santa Photography Set Supervisors](#), Scene to Believe, Tauranga, Christchurch, Auckland
Manage a studio over the busy Christmas season. Month contract. Training provided. Apply now.

[Technical Writer](#), Comsmart, Wellington
Format technical documents into plain English. Contract. Apply now.

Listen to me

When I ask you to listen to me
and you start giving me advice,
you have not done what I asked.

When I ask you to listen to me
and you begin to tell me why I
shouldn't feel that way, you are
trampling on my feelings.

When I ask you to listen to me
and you feel you have to do
something to solve my problem
you have failed me,
strange as that may seem.

Listen! All I ask is that you listen.
Don't talk or do – just hear me.

Advice is cheap: 20 cents will get
you Dear Abby and Billy Graham
in the same newspaper.

And I can do things for myself.
I'm not helpless.
Maybe discouraged
and faltering - but not helpless.

When you do something for me
that I can and need
to do for myself,
you contribute to my fear
and my inadequacy.

But when you accept
as a simple fact that what I feel,
I FEEL, no matter how irrational,
then I can stop
trying to convince you
and get about this business of
understanding what's behind this
irrational feeling.

And when that's clear,
the answers are obvious.
I don't need advice.
Irrational feelings make sense
when we understand what's
behind them.

Perhaps that's why prayer works,
sometimes, for some people –
because God is mute.

God doesn't give advice
or try to fix things.
God listens and lets you
work it out for yourself.

So please LISTEN, and just hear me out.

But if you REALLY NEED TO TALK,
wait a minute for your turn –
and I will listen to you.

Poem by Gary Jones / Stacia Gilmer

Why learning English is hard

Graduates Club Report #852

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This is for those who think English is easy. It's not.

Explain this to your neighbour
who is learning English as a second
language. Or children who struggle.

- 1) The bandage was wound
around the wound.
- 2) The farm will produce produce.
- 3) The dump was so full that it
had to refuse more refuse.
- 4) We must polish the Polish
woman's furniture.
- 5) He could lead if he would get
the lead out.
- 6) The soldier decided to desert
his dessert in the desert.
- 7) Since there is no time like the
present, he thought it was time to
present the present.
- 8) A bass was painted on the
head of the bass drum.
- 9) When shot at, the dove dove
into the bushes.
- 10) I did not object to the object.
- 11) The insurance was invalid for
the invalid.
- 12) There was a row among the
oarsmen about how to row.
- 13) They were too close to the
door to close it.
- 14) The buck does strange things
when the does are present.
- 15) A seamstress and a sewer fell
down into a sewer.
- 16) To help with planting, the
farmer taught his sow to sow.
- 17) The wind was too strong to
wind the sail.
- 18) Upon seeing the tear in the
painting I shed a tear.
- 19) I had to subject the subject
to a series of tests.
- 20) How can I intimate this to my
most intimate friend?

Let's face it - English is a crazy
language. There is no egg in
eggplant, nor ham in hamburger;
neither apple nor pine in pineapple.
English muffins weren't invented in
England, nor French fries in France.

Sweetmeats are candies, while
sweetbreads, which aren't sweet,
are meat.

We take English for granted.

But if we explore its paradoxes,
we find that quicksand can work
slowly, boxing rings are square and
a guinea pig is neither from Guinea
nor is it a pig.

And why is it that writers write
but fingers don't fing, grocers don't
groce and hammers don't ham?

If the plural of tooth is teeth, why
isn't the plural of booth, beeth?

One goose, two geese. So one
moose, two meese?

One index, two indices?

Doesn't it seem crazy that you
can make amends but not one
amend? If you have a bunch of
odds and ends and get rid of all but
one of them, what's it called?

If teachers taught, why didn't the
preachers praught?

If a vegetarian eats vegetables,
what does a humanitarian eat?

Sometimes I think all the English
speakers should be committed to
an asylum for the verbally insane.
In what other language do people
recite at a play and play at a
recital? Ship by truck and send
cargo by ship? Have noses that run
and feet that smell?

How can a slim chance and a fat
chance be the same.

And why is a wise man the
opposite of a wise guy?

You have to marvel at the lunacy
of a language in which your house
can burn up as it burns down, in
which you fill in a form by filling it
out and in which an alarm goes off
by going on.

English was of course invented
by people, not computers, and it
reflects the creativity of the
human race.

But the human race is not a race
at all. That is why, when the stars
are out, they are visible, but when
the lights are out, they are
invisible.

As you go off to sleep tonight,
don't count sheep, rather wonder
why the word Buick doesn't rhyme
with quick . . . ❑

WHAT'S UP?

You lovers of the English language might enjoy this.

It concerns a two-letter word that has more meanings than any other two-letter word, and that word is **"UP"**.

It's easy to understand UP, meaning toward the sky or at the top of the list, but when we awaken in the morning, why do we wake UP?

At a meeting, why does a topic come UP? Why do we speak UP and why are the officers UP for election and why is it UP to the secretary to write UP a report?

We call UP our friends.

And we like to brighten UP a room, polish UP the silver, we warm UP the leftovers and clean UP the kitchen. We lock UP the house and some guys fix UP an old car. People stir UP trouble, line UP for tickets, work UP an appetite, and think UP excuses. To be dressed is one thing, but to be dressed UP is special.

The UP word is confusing.

A drain must be opened UP because it is bunged UP.

We open UP a store in the morning and we close it UP at night. Whereas closing it down is much too final.

When it rains, it wets the earth and often messes things UP. And when it doesn't rain for awhile, things dry UP.

When it threatens to rain, we say it is clouding UP. When the sun comes out we say it is clearing UP.

We seem to be pretty mixed UP about UP! To be knowledgeable about the proper uses of UP look the word UP in the dictionary. In my dictionary, the word takes UP almost a page and can add UP to about thirty definitions.

If you are UP to it, you might try building UP a list of the many ways UP is used. It will take UP a lot of your time, but if you don't give UP, you may wind UP with a hundred or more.

One could go on and on, but I'll wrap it UP, for now my time is UP, so it is time to shut UP. □

Competitions



Have a go! 😊

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

Winners' names are posted on the SDB after the competitions are judged at month's end.

See the competitions here:

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

Photography competitions:

<http://nzibs.org/forums/forumdisplay.php?f=4>

Oops!



Hopefully, Her Majesty won't mind being queen of **Britan . . .**



Please drive trancefully . . .

Job Opportunities

Reminder :

About 60% of jobs and work projects are NOT ADVERTISED. That is why you need to be proactive.

How to become proactive:

Step 1. Make a list of 50 places: companies, publishers, schools etc where you'd LIKE to work.

Step 2. Draft an EMAIL (5-9 sentences) letting your target know about you. You're trained. You have qualifications. You're available for work right now.

Step 3. Write 12 DIFFERENT headlines which go in the 'Subject Box'. Make them interesting, intriguing, timely.

Step 4. Send 50 emails every month, during the first seven days of the month. Use a different SUBJECT line every month.

Step 5. Starting on day 15, Send an email* to each person on your target list advising that you've just finished a project (eg proofreading a book, thesis, document etc), so they know you're available again.

Step 6. Study NZIBS Report 1020. Create another list of 50 targets.

Step 7. Work YOUR SYSTEM. Repeat all the steps until you are turning work away.

If your email address is 'wildkid@' 'fairygogoprincess@' or similar, **change it**. Emails are free. Get one that suggests you're a professional worker.

If the closing date has passed, ask whether the position was filled. You could still be considered for it.

[Contract Technical Writer,](#)

Beyond Recruitment, Auckland
Document the industry-standard approach to management of physical works contracts.
Apply now.

[Technical Writer,](#)

Global Attract, Auckland
Write, maintain and publish modular software documentation.
Apply now.

The Visit

by **Karen Phillips**

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The old man wakes early, lies still in the dark, listening. The rain is barely audible above the pounding of the sea. High tide. A gust of wind blows through the tall trees behind the house catching loose iron on the corner of the roof. The iron screeches as it lifts, then groans as it settles back into place. He should have fixed it last summer.

It's hard to get out of bed when the room is cold and his joints are stiff. He lies there until light. He hears the neighbours' back door open and knows they will be wondering if he is okay, so he eases slowly out of bed and switches the light on to reassure them. He goes into the kitchen; looks at the clock. It's still early but his daughter will be at work now so he won't ring. Last year there was a time when he thought she would bring the boy home. She lost her job. He doesn't know how someone with her education can lose their job. They insisted that their kids get a good education so they would have the kind of jobs they could not lose. She got another job soon after and the thin line of hope that she might move closer to home grew brittle and snapped.

The boy needs to know where he comes from; the kaimoana at the front door, the fight of the kahawai, the depth and shifts of the tuatua. He needs to see the sand flurry of flounder as they wriggle from the lantern light at night and to learn the patterns of the tides so that he knows the best time to go for mussels and kina and paua. He wants the boy to come home before he is too old to teach him. This boy carries his name.

She said she would ring to let him know when they were coming up or maybe it was to say that they weren't. He can't remember which. He's not sure about her partner, the boy's father. There's tension in his voice when he answers the phone.

He boils the jug; the steam writhes up through the cold kitchen air. He opens the front door and a beam of pale wintry sun follows the cat in. The wood box is empty but some old fence battens are stacked behind the shed. He can split those with the kindling axe. That'll be enough for tonight.

He feeds the cat, then, as he does every day, walks to the front gate and looks out to sea. The beach is a mess of storm-tossed seaweed. Along the water's edge the falling tide leaves a

rim of foamy, brown scum. A storm always brings in hanks of fishing net, rope, lengths of timber, traces and sinkers; all useful stuff. He smiles with anticipation, starts across the road, then stops. He can't hear the phone from here. Maybe he will wait until the boy comes; teach him what to look for.

Later, he's dozing in the afternoon sun at the back door. A slight chill wind creeps around the side of the house, waking him. He cranes his neck to look at the clock above the stove and frowns because he thought it was later than that. He looks at the sun and knows the clock is right. The phone rings. He's almost afraid to pick it up in case she's changed her mind.

"Grandad, in one more sleep I'm coming to your house."

"That's good, Boy."

"I packed my bag, Grandad."

"What did you pack?"

His daughter takes the phone. She talks about times and distances and the arrangements for her partner's kids. This is the second time round for him. The kids play sport in the weekends. That's why they can't get home often, his daughter says. He doesn't know.

"Put the boy on." He doesn't want her to talk herself out of coming.

"Grandad, when I come to your house can I watch television?"

"Boy, you won't have time to watch television."

Next day he's up early. There is a lot to do. He cleans out the old ashes from the fireplace. The wood box is empty again. He crosses the paddock to where the axe leans on a pile of logs from the old pine trees felled along the fence line. He frowns. Pine is quick burning; doesn't give much heat. He turns to a pile of old grey puriri fence posts. The wood is hard but it gives off the best heat. He wants the boy to be warm. He grinds the axe against the sharpening stone, picks it up, giving it a tentative swing. It lands with a dull thud on its side on the log.

He straightens his back, steps back from the log, legs planted firmly apart, eyes focused. With both hands he swings the axe high and this time it floats through the air and the blade lands sharp and true exactly where he aims it, slicing the log in two, and for a fleeting moment he has caught the rhythm of his youth when he cleared this land and he feels the shadow of his wife beside him. The logs creak as they split. Chips fly into the air, spinning around and around before falling to the ground. It's hard work and he's soon tired and sits down on a log to rest, the

early morning sun warm against his back. He takes the logs in armfuls and stacks them neatly in the box at the back door. When the boy comes he will show him where to collect dried pine cones for kindling. He won't let him touch the axe. It is too sharp.

Neighbours call in. "Anytime now," he says when they ask what time his grandson is arriving.

"Come over for a cup of tea."

"No. I've got things to get ready."

"Well, come when you've finished."

"I'll see," but he doesn't want to leave. He needs to be here, waiting for them. The day gives way to a dark, cold night. He draws the curtains, stokes up the fire.

"Don't worry about tea. We'll stop at McDonalds," said his daughter, but he's got a stew simmering on the stove just in case. The room smells of winter; of food and warmth. He pulls his chair up to the fire and waits, ears straining for the sound of her car. There is only the spit and sizzle of the fire and the gentle slap of waves against the rocks.

He dozes then wakes with a start, swings around to look at the clock. It's only 8pm. He pulls the curtains apart in the middle so that the light shines out onto the porch, because he forgot to get a new bulb for the porch light. He sits down in front of the fire again to wait. He wishes that he knew how far away they were.

Then light pours through the curtains. He's out the door, standing in the rain watching as she eases up the drive. It's dark in the car. He looks into the back seat but can't see the boy. His daughter turns the headlights off, slides out and hugs him.

"Dad, the traffic was awful. Don't stand out here. It's too wet. I'll bring him in."

"No. Let me."

He peers through the window and sees the shape of the boy slumped low in his car seat, head lolling to one side in sleep. He opens the car door gently so as not to wake him. He fumbles with the catch on the car seat straps and the boy stirs.

"It's okay. I've got you," he says to the boy and he lifts him gently out from the tangle of straps and blanket. He holds him against his shoulder. The warmth of the boy mixed with relief eases into his bones as the first small wave sinks into dry sand at the turn of the tide. He holds him tightly and buries his face in his hair. The boy opens his eyes. He smiles.

"Hello, Grandad. I've come to stay at your house."

"So you have, my boy. So you have."