

We salute our Paralympians!

New Zealand's team won 9 GOLD, 5 SILVER, 7 BRONZE P.3



**Symbolism in
Writing: P.6**

**Show and
Tell: P. 8**

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FICTION: P. 12**

NZ Paralympians poorly treated by Halberg Awards

The annual Halberg Awards recognise and celebrate our best sportspeople. There are ten categories. ONE is for disabled sportspeople.

To be 'the best' all sports people must rise through the ranks, spend their own money on equipment and travel to competitions etc. They willingly do this because they love their sport.

We cheer them on and we support them financially. Good ones float to the top, like cream.

Those who have a bit of recognition will catch the eye of various support services, including government. These support services provide the extra assistance needed to help them become 'the best' in their field.

The crème de la crème perform on the world stage and some get nominated for a Halberg Award.



Paralympic athlete William Stedman with one of his medals

But consider the vastly different levels of media coverage, financial support and public acclamation given to able-bodied versus disabled athletes.

For three years we never hear about our disabled athletes. There is almost no media coverage, almost no financial support from sponsors nor government, and very little public recognition - until the Olympic season.



In the 2016 Rio Olympics the para-olympians gained 21 medals including 9 golds.

A few weeks earlier, our able-bodied athletes achieved 18 medals including 4 golds.

Which group were collectively the highest achievers? That's easy: the paralympians out-performed the able-bodied by a country mile!

Back to the Halberg Awards.

Let's see whether the imbalance shifts in 2016.

But don't hold your breath. □

Brian Morris | Principal

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

Paralympian Passion and Pride

by **Lorna Allan**

How did the New Zealand team perform at the Paralympic Games?

The biggest obstacle we all face when pursuing success is the demon in our mind that dismisses our chances and counts us out before we start.

If you are really determined to succeed, in any field, can you be stopped?

Paralympians have overcome more doubts than most people ever face, in any endeavour.

And it may be easy to dismiss the achievements of paralympians because *'They only compete against other disabled people.'*

Nonetheless, most of us would not attempt—able-bodied—the things they have done disabled.

You may have physical disabilities, other disabilities or none, but stories about *anyone* who shows courage, fortitude, commitment and tenacity have the potential to inspire us. (That's why they are on page one. BM)

Paralympic athletes have trained hard, sometimes several times a day, for the last four years or more, to reach the qualifying standard for the games.

That is commitment beyond the usual.

Their dedication is to be greatly admired.

They hold on to their goals with fortitude, driven by a desire to achieve for themselves — and for their countries — but also to inspire others, to show them they too can reach goals.

Many of these young people talked about their desire to have the Paralympics publicised as much as the regular games.

And there did seem to be more publicity this time around, more than ever before.

I'm a Kiwi and I couldn't be prouder, or more in awe, of the achievement of these amazing young people. I don't know much about the athletes from other countries but I admire them all.

Whether or not they won medals, I think they have won their own personal gold by just getting to Rio, although no one competes without wanting to win.

New Zealand's team came first in the world on the list of medals won per million of population.

They finished with 21 medals:

9 GOLD, 5 SILVER, 7 BRONZE

The team exceeded its pre-Games target.

How can we not admire such focus in a team of achievers?

Here are some stories about a few of the Kiwi athletes in the team:

Liam Malone was born with fibular hemimelia (congenital absence of the fibula bone) in both legs. South African Olympian Oscar Pistorius had this condition too.

When he was 18 months old. Liam's legs were amputated below the knee ...



Today ... after receiving blades through crowd funding, supported by New Zealand residents, he has become known as **New Zealand's Blade Runner**.



Liam achieved gold medals in the men's 200 and 400 metres, and a silver medal in the 100 metres.

When asked how he felt about his achievements he said:

"Oh I just go out there and give it my best, putting one leg in front of the other ... FAST!"

Liam recounted how, after losing his mother to an illness, he had gone to Australia to 'get away'. He took to partying and drinking, as many do who are drifting. But one day he recalled some words his mother had said: "One day you will be in the Paralympics."



Liam realised his lifestyle wasn't working for him. He returned to New Zealand from Australia with a goal to become a Paralympian.

Now he is. Two golds and one silver!

Holly Robinson was born with a congenital limb reduction; her left arm ended just below the elbow.

She began para-athletics aged seven, first representing New Zealand at age 12.

She has also coached, wanting to 'give back' to her sport. She managed Otago's team in the Halberg Junior Disability Games.

The 2016 Paralympics weren't her first. Holly also represented New Zealand in London in 2012.

In Rio, Holly was selected to be flag bearer at the opening ceremony, and later won the silver medal in the women's javelin.



Her best throw was a personal best: 41.22 metres.

New Zealand Paralympic team *chef de mission* Ben Lucas said Robinson was an inspirational role model.

"Not only does she give it everything she has on the field, but she goes above and beyond in her local community as well. As an ambassador for para-sport, she is simply outstanding."

Add to that, all going well, Holly is on track to be one of New Zealand's stand-out performers during the Rio 2016 Paralympic Games."

And she was. Silver medal!



William Stedman, from Christchurch, at 16, was the youngest New Zealand 2016 paralympian.

William has cerebral palsy. He got serious about athletics after being inspired while on holiday in London during the 2012 Paralympics.

William sprints. **Fast.**



In the 800 metres he overtook half the field over the last quarter, achieving a personal best time — and the bronze medal.

He also won bronze in the 400 metre final.

Paralympic Passion and Pride ...

Sophie Pascoe was accidentally run over by a lawnmower; both her legs were severely damaged. As a result of the accident, her left leg was amputated below the knee, and her right leg was terribly scarred.



Despite this setback she became a competitive swimmer and has represented New Zealand at three Summer Paralympic Games. She has won nine gold and six silver medals. Five of these were won at Rio.

She won the 100 metre backstroke, 100 metre butterfly and 200 metre individual medley (in world record time). Sophie also won silver in the 50 and 100 metre freestyle races. Her 50 metre medal is the 200th won by New Zealand at Paralympic Games.



With fifteen paralympic medals (nine of them are gold medals), she overtakes Eve Rimmer's eight gold medals in a total of fourteen; Sophie Pascoe is New Zealand's most successful Paralympian.

Cameron Leslie is a swimmer.



Cameron has a quadruple limb deficiency and began swimming at age eleven, internationally since 2008. His second interest is in wheelchair rugby.

For more details and video, [look at this link](#).

Cameron's view: *"Back when I first started, you weren't really compared on a level playing field, whereas now my achievements are ranked beside able-bodied counterparts, which shows the credibility Paralympic sports are getting."*

*"We don't do it for a pat on the back. We're not doing it for participation at all. It's about **winning**."*



Cameron went to Rio ranked first in the world for his event, having won gold medals in both Beijing and London. He was unstoppable in the 150 metre individual medley final, again winning gold, and posting his third world record time.



In Conclusion ...

Similar stories could have been written about ALL the athletes at the Paralympics.

And while the Paralympics is a rich source of inspiration, achievers in any field can be used as examples of what can be done, with sufficient desire.

Be inspired by these medal-winning athletes. Go out and find your own gold. ■

This article previously appeared in [Excellence Magazine](#). Writer **Lorna Allan** is a New Zealand Landscape Artist. You can see her work here: <http://lornaallan.vc.net.nz/>

How to get a job is an ebook you'll find at Amazon.com This short **\$1 book** gives you all the steps for getting a job - age 16 to 65. Click here for the book.
<http://tinyurl.com/pgvgiky>
 Call 0800-801994 for a chat about your other career options.

CONTACTING NZIBS

Our toll free telephone number is **0800-801 994**.

But we've been stretching it lately so we invested in extra telephone services. Have you called the office recently without getting through? Our apologies.

We're almost always open from 8am-5pm, Monday to Friday.

There is an ANSWERPHONE service for messages after hours.

The website is open 24/7. The FORUM is always open and available, day and night, 7 days.

Or you can email ...
registrar@nzibs.co.nz
principal@nzibs.co.nz
tutor@nzibs.co.nz

If you have some good news to share with everyone, use the Student Forum.

We ALL love reading about students' new books, competition wins, even small achievements.

Students can look in all sections and post comments, not just the subject you're studying.

That means proofreaders and story writers can see what the photographers are getting excited about. And so on.

There are monthly competitions all students and grads can enter. Participate in the full student life!

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.



**SHOPLIFTERS WILL
BE PROSTITUTED**

Avoid Overdoing Symbolism and Themes

A few years ago I picked up a literary novel everyone was talking about.

In the first chapter there was a storm; in the second, someone was washing his hands; then a character was crying; then there was a baptism.

I remember thinking, OK, I get it. Your image is water and your theme is cleansing—now get on with the story.

Problem was, from that point on, guess what I was doing?

Yes ... looking for the next way the writer was going to weave a water image into her story.

And she delivered, scene after predictable scene.

As a reader I was no longer emotionally present in the story. I'd become a critic, an observer. It's definitely not what a storyteller wants her readers to be.

The more your readers are on the lookout for your images, your themes, your symbolism, and so on, the less they'll be impacted by the real essence of your story.

Does that mean themes and images don't have a place in your work?

Not at all.

But it does mean rather than

building your story around that theme (love, forgiveness, freedom, etc.), or advice ("Follow your dreams," "Be true to your heart," etc.), or a cliché ("Every cloud has a silver lining," "Time heals all wounds," etc), it's better to drive your narrative forward through tension and moral dilemmas.

So, instead of using the theme of 'justice', let the events of the story pose a more engaging question: "What's more important, telling the truth or protecting the innocent?"

Rather than giving the advice, "You should forgive others," let your story explore a dilemma: "How do you forgive someone who has done the unthinkable to someone you love?"

Let your story do more than reiterate the cliché, 'The needs of the many outweigh the needs of the few'. Instead, challenge that axiom by presenting your characters with situations that raise the question, 'When do the needs of the few outweigh the needs of the many?'

Respect your readers. Assume they're as smart as you are. If you can easily identify your own imagery, symbolism, themes and so on, expect they will too. As soon as they do, they'll be distracted from the story itself.

There's always work for proofreaders



Websites to explore

Instapaper

Instapaper enables you to save interesting pages or articles you come across online for reading later. 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 move.

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

Where cool things happen

This photo blog covers the entire spectrum of human experience, from sushi art, to driving dogs, to Mongolian desert hotels, plus a look at Google's server farms. 😊

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



Dreaming of a Billion?

Mark Zuckerberg was in his first year at Harvard when he created **Facebook**.

He surely did not realise the global fame and \$46 billion wealth that would follow. If YOU have an idea you think has potential, do something with it.

Start here:

www.nzibs.co.nz/Internet-entrepreneur

Spend \$1 and download the first tutorial of 'Internet Entrepreneur'. Taking even a small action beats doing nothing – every time.

Thinking about Christmas yet?

There's a wild rumour principal Brian Morris wants a T Shirt like this:



Keeping Te Reo Alive

Northland students took three of the top five prizes in the Manu Korero public speaking competition.

More than 100 students from all over New Zealand gave polished speeches in both Te Reo and English.

It's important to keep our Maori language alive. It's also important for our tamariki to learn public speaking and debating skills instead of relying on shouting or grunting or fighting.

Northland College head boy **Paerangi Kopa** won the prestigious Sir George Henare trophy for the Ta Himi Henare - bilingual section of the competition.

In his 12 minute speech Kopa argued that only Te Reo Maori should be used in powhiri.

"The integrity of Maori would be lost by speaking English in a powhiri, which is one of the most sacred parts of maoridom."

Kopa won with his composure, fluency and knowledge of Te Reo Maori. He spoke with passion and humility, and his humorous touch captured the audience.

Kopa displayed great oratory skills not many young men his age have.

Remember this young man's name: **Paerangi Kopa**.

Life hacker

'**Lifehacker**' is a lifestyle tips and software site. Recommended.

Job Opportunities

[Business Storyteller, Turboweb, Dunedin](#). Write website content for small to medium businesses. Full time. Apply now.

[Digital Content Writer, Amplify Group, Auckland](#). If you have a passion for architecture and interiors and love writing, this job is for you. Part time flexible. Apply now.

[Communications Specialist, Debbie Graham & Associates, Auckland](#). Write and coordinate external and internal communications for different audiences. Full time. Apply now.

[Executive Assistant, Health and Disability Commissioner, Auckland](#). Organise the office life of senior government executives. Full time. Closes 20 Oct.

All these jobs were put on the Student Forum when they were first listed.

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

Has the date expired? Check. Put yourself forward anyway!

[Rehabilitation Coach, Bupa, Gisborne](#). Assist clients with personal care and motivate them to follow their paths to recovery. Casual/vacation. Apply now.

[Rehabilitation Coach, Bupa, Whangarei](#). Work with people as they strive to recover their independence. Casual/vacation. Apply now.

[Journalist, Fairfax Media, Katherine, AU](#). File community stories for both the printed and website version of the Katherine Times. Full time. Closes 19 Oct.

[Journalist, Fairfax Media, Taree, AU](#). Write sport reports for the Manning River Times and other mastheads. Full time. Closes 19 Oct.

[Periodical Editor, Multimarketing Ltd, Auckland](#). Plan, edit and produce a magazine for local Chinese community. Bilingual applicants preferred. Full time. Apply now.

Tips if you're a photographer?

Use the back side of your business cards to advertise. Remind people you will help them put their **memories into physical form:**

- Any special ceremony
- Significant event at work
- Wedding
- Engagement
- 21st birthday party
- Silver wedding, golden wedding anniversary
- Christenings
- Boat launching
- School awards presentation
- Police College graduation
- Military 'Passing Out' parade
- University graduation
- Tribal ceremonies
- Company's 25y anniversary
- New building ribbon-cutting
- Club dinner
- Bar mitzvah
- Cultural special event
- Sports field competitions
- Club prize-giving
- Masonic or Rotary club annual dinner
- Citizenship ceremonies
- 'Thank the speaker'
- New president inauguration, etc.

Anyone can use the back of a business card to promote themselves. **Are you doing it?**



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.

Show and Tell

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

'**Show and tell**' often confuses 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 wears a **hat** and carries a **bullwhip** — they tell the reader things about this character. (That he never loses his hat also tells us a lot.)

You want to figure out one main distinctive trait which **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 your lead character stand out in a crowd.

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

You want to tell things 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 New Lynn.

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.

The man who wears shorts, no matter what the weather.

We all have our little quirks — even if it's just wearing only 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 which 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 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 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: take her hair and make that more distinctive.

We can **tell** the reader through another's eyes with vivid description, but it doesn't show what 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 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 which stands out so they can see the character vividly.

Think: What makes your character stand out in a crowd?



A Photographic Challenge

from Robert van de Voort

Perhaps the word 'challenge' is too much of a challenge. Should I call it an invitation to participate? Yes.

You participate by submitting a simple photograph based on the poetry principle of Haiku.

To explain Haiku: it is a Japanese form of poetry which is based on a very simple principle: a haiku poem consists of 3 lines.

The first and last lines of a haiku have 5 syllables and the middle line has 7 syllables. And it is not necessary to make the words rhyme.

Haiku poems date from 9th century Japan to the present day.

Haiku is more than a type of poem; it is a way of looking at the physical world and seeing something deeper, like the very nature of existence.

As you can see, the principle of a haiku poem is very simple, and my idea is for you to create or visualise or conjecture an image in your mind out of those 3 lines.

For instance:

**Autumn moonlight
a worm digs silently
into the chestnut**

That is something we can all visualise into a very simple image. Here's another:

**Falling to the ground,
I watch a leaf settle down
in a bed of brown.**



We can all visualise the situation in our mind. Click here for full details: <http://nzibs.co.nz/wp-content/uploads/2016/08/372-Aug-2016.pdf>

August NZIBS newsletter, page 9.

How to write original, interesting blogs and newsletters

by Debra Bradley*



"Can you do the speech, Debra?"

I felt quite pale and cold when I was asked this question on the night before my parents' fiftieth wedding anniversary celebration.

Our family had travelled from Waihi, Auckland, Nelson and Brisbane to spend five days together to mark this milestone in Wanaka.

I'm not a natural public speaker, so even though this was a small family event in an informal setting, I was nervous.

But it was fair that I should do it. My husband and my sister were sorting the food for the day, which is not my forte.

The three of us had brainstormed ideas for the speech so I had key points to mention.

Less than an hour before everyone arrived I ripped some pages from an exercise book, pored over last night's shared notes, and just wrote.

I included aspects of Mum and Dad's life together that we could see had contributed to their happiness and stability as a couple. I added in real life examples, followed by some things we three children particularly appreciated about them as parents.

Later, I read the speech in a halting way, choked up with emotion and with tears blurring my view of the words. The presentation was far from perfect but I awoke next morning so pleased to have done it, and to have added to the celebration in that way.

*[This is how Debra began her business newsletter #5. It has the personal touch real people can relate to.]

As solo professionals, we can write and speak from the heart about who we are and the work we do. We can

do this in a far more personal way than is possible for larger businesses.

This is our advantage - speaking with our unique voice is what will capture the attention of our ideal clients. Even though our presentations may not be as polished, **large companies can't speak authentically with a personal voice in the way we solo operators can.**

So, next time you think about writing a blog, a newsletter or website content, and you wonder whether you're really enough of an expert to say anything at all, **start with something that has happened in your own life.** Then link it to an insight related to your work, as I have done in this newsletter.

This newsletter was inspired by a Michael Katz presentation on **'Storytelling - how to create, use, tell and benefit from stories in your writing and marketing'.**

***Debra Bradley** is a recent graduate of the NZIBS course: ['Internet Entrepreneur'](#). Nationwide service.

You will find many helpful URL links on her website.

You're welcome to share this newsletter with your friends.

***If you need someone to write your website, newsletter, or blog,** email: debra@nzwritingservices.com

or visit her website -

www.nzwritingservices.com

Debra helps solo professionals highlight their expertise with:

- website content
- articles for publishing as blogs, newsletters or on social media
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We're delighted to give a free plug to graduates starting their exciting new business. You can be next!

Check these blogs by Michael Katz: <http://bluepenguindevelopment.com/2015/08/tell-more-to-sell-more/>

>>>

<http://bluepenguindevelopment.com/2015/06/3-pretty-good-marketing-ideas/>

Graduates Club

Why join NZIBS Graduates Club?

Students who graduate are invited to join the Graduates Club and enjoy these services:

- # Access to your former tutor for Q&A. Ask as many questions as you wish. Either through email exchanges, telephone, Skype etc.
 - # Access to the Principal, ditto.
 - # Monthly newsletters.
 - # Access to Student Discussion Forum, 24/7/365.
 - # Free entry to all NZIBS competitions.
 - # Information about worldwide competitions.
 - # Annual renewal of PRESS PASS where applicable.
 - # Annual renewal of STUDENT ID CARD. Discounts in some shops.
 - # Access to graduates and students who will proofread your manuscripts, without a \$ fee.
 - # Access to a tutor for manuscript appraisal, for a fee.
 - # Assistance with finding placements for articles, photos, book manuscripts.
 - # Help with finding paid work.
- All that for **\$100 subscription** seems a modest charge.

PS: As a consultant any of these people could charge \$75 per hour.

Rants & Raves

NZ Herald has a daily dose of these R&Rs. It's a game we all play.

"That's a shot in the arm for the home team." The commentator means a fillip, a helping hand, a zesty boost. But does the commentator know the term derives from what heroin addicts do when they give themselves a dope fix.

Not a good choice of phrase.

"Why not buy this product?" Elizabeth Barrett Browning said, 'Let me count the ways.'

'Why not' is the negative twin of 'Don't forget'. Our subconscious brain absorbs these negatives as single words, the exact opposite of what we intended to convey.

The case for short words

Graduates Club Newsletter #326 L

by Richard Lederer, Ph.D. Abridged.
Reprinted for educational purposes.

When you speak and write, there is no law that says you have to use big words.

Short words are as good as long ones, and short, old words - like sun and grass and home - are best of all.

A lot of small words can meet your needs with a strength, grace and charm large words do not have.

Big words can make the way dark for those who read what you write and hear what you say.

Small words cast their clear light on big things - night and day, love and hate, war and peace, life and death.

Big words, at times, seem strange to the eye, the ear, the mind and the heart.

Small words are the ones we seem to have known from the time we were born, like the hearth fire that warms the home.

Short words are bright like sparks that glow in the night, prompt like the dawn that greets the new day, sharp like the blade of a knife, hot like tears that scald the cheek, quick like moths that flit from flame to flame, and terse like the dart and sting of a bee.

Here is a useful rule: Use small, old words wherever you can.

If a long word says just what you want to say, don't be afraid to use it. But know that our English language is rich in crisp, brisk, swift, short words. Make them the heart of what you speak and write.

Short words are like best friends.

They will not let you down. The title of this essay and the paragraphs you have just read are wrought entirely of one-syllable words.

In setting myself this task, I did not feel especially cabined, cribbed or confined. In fact, the structure helped me focus on the power of the message I was trying to put across.

One study shows 20 words account for 25 percent of all spoken English words, and all 20 are monosyllabic.

In order of frequency used they are: I, you, the, a, to, is, it, that, of, and, in, what, he, this, have, do, she, not, on, and they.

Other studies indicate the 50 most common words in written English consist of a single syllable.

For centuries our finest poets and orators have recognised and employed the power of small words to make a straight point between two minds.

Many of our proverbs punch home their points with pithy monosyllables: "Where there's a will, there's a way"; "A stitch in time saves nine"; "Spare the rod and spoil the child"; "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." Get the idea?

Nobody used the short word more skilfully than William Shakespeare, whose dying King Lear lamented:

And my poor fool is hang'd!

No, no, no life!

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,

And thou no breath at all?...

Do you see this?

Look on her, look, her lips.

Look there, look there!

Shakespeare's contemporaries made the King James Bible a centrepiece of short words: 'God said, "Let there be light: and there was light. God saw the light, and it was good..."'

The descendants of such mighty lines live on in the 20th century. When asked to explain his policy to Parliament, Sir Winston Churchill responded with these ringing monosyllables:

"I will say: It is to wage war, by sea, land and air, with all our might and with all the strength God can give us."

In **Death Of The Hired Man**, Robert Frost observed

"Home is the place where, when you have to go there, they have to take you in."

William Johnson used 10 two-letter words to explain his secret of success: *"If it is to be, it is up to me."*

You don't have to be a great author, statesman or philosopher to tap the energy and eloquence of small words. When I taught English, I traditionally asked my 13 year olds to write an essay composed entirely of one syllable words. My students greeted my request with the expected moans and groans, but when they returned to class with their essays, most felt that, with the pressure to produce high-sounding polysyllables relieved, they had created some of their most powerful and luminous prose.

Here is a submission from one of my students:

What can you say to a boy who has left home? You can say he has done wrong, but he does not care. He has left home so he will not have to deal with what you say. He wants to go as far as he can. He will do what he wants to do.

This boy does not want to be forced to go to church, to comb his hair, or to be on time. A good time for this boy does not lie in your reach, for what you have he does not want. He dreams of ripped jeans, shirts with no starch, and old socks.

So now this boy is on a bus to a place he dreams of, a place with no rules. This boy now walks a strange street, his long hair blown back by the wind. He wears no coat or tie, just jeans and an old shirt. He hates your world, and he has left it.

- Charles Shaffer

You too can tap into the vitality and vigour of compact expression. Take a suggestion from the Highways Department. At the boundaries of your speech and prose place a sign that reads: **"Caution: Small Words At Work."** □

This is the way crazy stories start

There were some dramatic floods in Australia in 2011. Some pigs were swept away ... Reporter Daniel Burdon interviewed pig farmer Sid Everingham about it. He asked how many pigs were lost in the flood.

Sid replied "Thirty sows and pigs." That's a significant stock loss, so Daniel phoned through his COPY to the Bulletin news desk.

The story got printed as ...

"more than 30,000 pigs were floating down the Dawson river."

When you say the words aloud "Thirty sows and pigs" you can understand how the error occurred.

This is why a human proofreader with mature nous will question the veracity and feasibility of the story.

We know a software spellchecker has no brain, no nous and no worldly experience to call upon.



Long live human proofreaders.

NZIBS Competitions



Have a go! 😊

For details of all competitions, click the links and join in. Entry is free!

Winners' names are posted on the Student Forum 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>

2017 Commonwealth Short Story Competition

The 2017 Commonwealth Short Story Competition is now open for entries.

Closing date is 1 Nov 2016.

The judges seek the best English unpublished short fiction. (Length 2,000-5,000 words)

Entry is free. Top prize is \$5000.

<http://www.commonwealthwriters.org>

Photo Competitions

Heaps of competitions ...



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

Among them all, there **will be at least ONE for you. Enter it.**

Job Opportunities

[Photographer, Backpacker Board, Auckland.](#) Take travelling photos with a small team. Learn on the job.

[General Reporter, Māori Television, Auckland.](#) Report daily, present live in studio, file online and live from the field. Bilingual applicants only. Full time. Closes 14 Oct.

[Content Writer, Trinity Mirror Plc, Cambridge, UK.](#) Deliver commercial packages for print and online. Full time. Closes 21 Oct.

[Trainee Multimedia Journalist, Trinity Mirror Plc, Cambridge, UK.](#) Research and write original news content for The Cambridge News. Full time. Closes 27 Oct.

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

[Trainee Reporter, Packet Newspapers, Falmouth, UK.](#) Write for digital and print versions of the Packet Newspapers, South West Farmer and Smallholder magazine. Full time. Closes 21 Oct.

[Web Writing Student, Gisborne District Council, Gisborne.](#) Research historical events, write and upload content to the council website. Contract/temp. Closes 10 Oct.

[Corporate Solutions Coach, Dale Carnegie Training, Auckland.](#) Coach groups of business people to learn by doing. Contract/temp.

[Photographer, Beyond Recruitment, Auckland.](#) Shoot and edit location and product stills. Full time. Closes 7 Oct.

[Ecommerce Content Manager, Farmers Trading Company, Auckland.](#) Create online content to drive brand engagement. Full time.

[Reporter, Fairfax Media, Auckland.](#) Cover West Auckland community news. Full time. Closes 12 Oct.

[Reporter, Fairfax Media, Timaru.](#) Write compelling news stories for digital and print publications. Full time. Closes 12 Oct.

[Lifestyle Editor, Fairfax Media, Melbourne, AU.](#) Commission and sub-edit Home & Lifestyle daily content. Full time. Closes 11 Oct.

The Widow's Tale

by **J. Chris Lawrence**

Reproduced for educational purposes.

Our was a curious love. He would come every day, spending his time working on what I heard him call his "Classic Chevy"; a gargantuan beast of rust and steel, he spoke to it like a female.

And I was always his lucky one.

A young spider, fresh on her web. I watched each evening as he shuffled through the door, killing any he found. The tragedy was that none of us had any way of knowing before we made our nest. It was a game of chance, and I just happened to weave mine safely out of the way between a window pane and a shelf in a corner.

Nevertheless, even the more discreet of us would suffer the fate eventually. If he was not in any such of a rush and caught sight of us along the wayside he would stop, glaring closely into our eyes.

Then came the spray.

I watched how they writhed and twitched as the sickly sweet fumes infected the air. They would try to wash it off, but I suspect that only made it worse.

It was a slow, painful death, and when it occurred each of us simply stared on. In our hearts, we knew our time would come as well.

It had been a rather fruitful night when he finally came my way, his massive eyes glistening mere inches from my body. But there would be no spray. He simply stared as I wrapped and twisted a fly, binding it like the other I had managed to already catch.

"Good job," echoed his voice.

I wasn't sure what he meant at first. Yet days passed and still the spray did not come.

The following night I caught another, while the next, luck served me with three. I had grown rich with food, the only web cluttered with them, and as my collection expanded, he would come by, his massive face spreading into a grin, showing large, pale teeth.

"Good job, you get those bastards!" he'd bellow.

In time, I became the only remaining survivor. I thought perhaps I was special.

With each pest I fed upon there came his lovely smile; and I was growing, as was my web. Molting and aging, I admired my long, darkening legs. I would lavish in their lithe grace and power as I fell upon the prey, my fangs injecting a spray of my own. I was safe and rich in my little corner.

One day, as the last of the amber leaves outside danced adrift on frigid winds, I caught sight of a rather beautiful change.



My dull orange markings had finally grown into a vibrant, piercing crimson! Such a rich contrast against the fresh, deep obsidian of my body. I knew he would come as he always did, and I was eager and proud to show him my pretty new form.

That evening, I lay on my web, upside down, pleased with myself. Yet as he entered, he turned to me with eyes wide, and my heart sank as that precious smile turned to sneer.

"You're a Widow?" he growled.

My skin tingled as instinct surged a warning through my body. Suddenly, he was upon me, spray in hand. I felt I should go, but I hesitated. I had to be sure.

The murder in his eyes was all I needed to see.

He raised the can and I ran; my web crystallised with beads of dripping poison. But he did not stop. He pursued me as I went, spraying a long swath in my wake. I dropped hard to the cold floor, ducking under what he called a lawn mower.

Then he finally gave up.

Frightened, I waited for his noise to fall silent. Then I waited longer.

The air was thick with the poison's pungent aroma. It dizzied me, turning my guts. My instincts called me to my window, to my pestilential web, but I knew there would be no returning; the noxious stench was reminder enough of what dour fate awaited me there.

Thrice my luck had saved me. I was alive, and free to make my leave. But as I lay in the dank shadow of the mower, I thought hard about where I should go. I knew from my window that outside was a vast, frightening land of light and cold. I would have to traverse that to find another warm, dark home. Yet I could not leave yet. I did not understand his actions! I desired closure.

Resigned to my decision, I abandoned my safety, crawling along the cluttered floor into the mouth of danger. It was upon the open hood of his Chevy that I settled, waiting long through the night for him to come again.

And he did. He opened the door with a choke, waving his hand through the dusty air. Perhaps his spray is not so good for him either, I thought as I watched him walk past my abandoned web, uttering a pleased grunt.

He shuffled his way toward his Chevy, closer and closer to me. I watched as he pulled a tool from his work table and, with a cough, bent over the engine below me.

Calm and stoic, I gazed down upon the dark curls of his hair, the pale pink nape of his neck. I felt quite the mixture of emotions. Perhaps I should have hated him. I wanted to! But I admit I felt a certain love for him as well.

I wanted to be bigger than hate, better than that. Perhaps I would never understand his sudden rage, but I did not want to leave.

So I chose to forgive.

Sliding silently along my silk, I descended, my legs outstretched. I knew I would need to leave, and soon, but as my dark limbs fell gently upon his soft flesh, I wanted to give him one final kiss goodbye.

"Yeeeeooowww!"

