



CampNaNo Newsletter #2



(Image courtesy of National Novel Writing Month)

This week's news

Hey {{ contact.FIRSTNAME | default : "there" }}. Can you believe we're already a week into July?

Well, last week's newsletter got into a bit of a muddle, didn't it? My apologies for the confusion. The test message I sent to myself was fine, so I can only put it down to being unfamiliar with the block editor (I really don't like block editors), or a glitch somewhere, or simply just me being a crap editor on this occasion. Hopefully, this week's will be better.

Friday

Friday was 1 July and the start of Camp. However, I was still in planning mode, and also still uber busy on the work front. I'd had a mare of a week technology-wise, had to do a factory reset on my laptop twice (the second one was a hard reset), and lost a full two days trying to get everything back up and running. I also had client work to do.

So my writing camp didn't really start on time, although as I say I was doing prep work still.

The weekend

We also had a busy weekend. The poet's band was working Friday night. We went out for the day on Saturday. And Sunday was a family day celebrating the kids' birthdays.

On Saturday we went to Bempton Cliffs and we arrived just in time for dinner. We already went to Bempton a few weeks ago to see the puffins, but they'd only just arrived and were still out at sea for much of the time.

This time our mission was accomplished, and the poet got some lovely pictures of some of the chicks as well.

Here are some pictures from our visit (all © Ian Wordsworth):



They do run puffin cruises at Bempton, but we think this may have been a fishing vessel bobbing off the cliffs.



Kittiwakes with chicks. (Can you see the babies?)



This is what we went to see, the puffins. We think the puffin on the left here might be a juvenile/first year. It's a bit grainy due to me cropping it and blowing it up.



A small guillemot colony with one chick visible. Apparently, when the chicks fledge, they don't fly, they simply, and hopefully, glide down onto the sea where the male parent then keeps an eye on them. Then they swim off into the sunset. Bempton are expecting to say bye-bye to the guillemots very soon.



My favourites.

Monday

On Monday I was still catching up thanks to my tech issues. I had to go and grab some of the prep work from last week and spread it out over this week. Fortunately, I was able to keep the forecast dates for actually writing the first drafts for the stories, and that helped with the brainstorm/outline part too.

Once I'd finished catching up with admin work, I started off the Pomodoro and started to write draft 1 of *The Kite Festival*. This story is one I'd already outlined and it features the same family who starred in *New Year's Revolution* and *Careful What You Wish For*. If I can get it polished as well in the next few days, it will be going off to *My Weekly*.

If *My Weekly* don't want it, then I'll publish it myself as a Wordsworth Short (as I already know now at the time of writing that it's more than 1,200 words). If it was shorter than that, it would be a Wordsworth Flash Fiction. The target is really 2,500 words initially. *My Weekly* want 800, 1,900 or 2,600 words, so I'll see how long it runs out at when it's been polished.

I've allowed myself 2 x 1-hour slots over 2 days for each draft 1, as I know I can hand-write around 1,000+ words per hour. I'd try and write them in one sitting, but I have other work to do and if they do run out at 2,500+ words, then the break will be helpful in between everything else I write.

I was about a quarter of the way through the first half of my first draft when I realised how sloppy my handwriting had become. I couldn't even read much of it back to myself. So I broke off to have 10 minutes of handwriting practice. It worked. It was easier to read, but it meant I only wrote 624 words in the end before having to put it to one side and get on with client work.

There was still plenty of storyline to go before I finished the first draft and as I counted the words (by hand) I started to get a few ideas to expand on the story a little. Before the end of the day I wrote a bit more and ended up with 943 words.

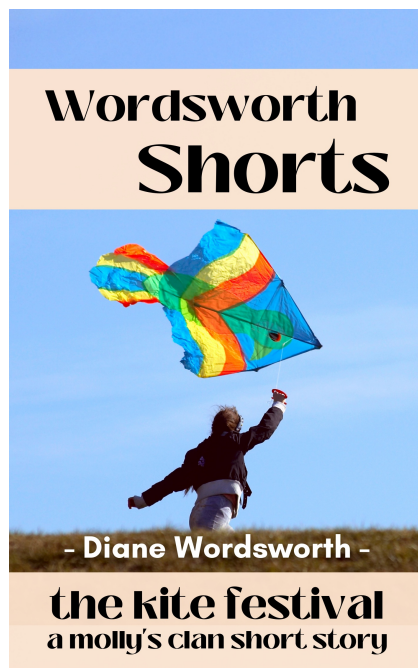
Tuesday

Before I did anything else on Tuesday I finished the first short story and added another 590 words. This brought the first draft to 1,533. That's a bit short for what I wanted, but I think I can expand it when I write the second draft, which I'll do in a few days. I think it will run to 1,900 words, and that will be a perfect length to send off.

Book cover

This is why this short story will ultimately be a Wordsworth Short rather than a Wordsworth Flash Fiction – it's more than 1,200 words.

Even if *My Weekly* do accept it, I'll still hold the rights to it once



they've published it.

I already have a draft cover – what do you think?

Now I have to change Toby's kite into a fish.

One story down, nine to go.

The rest of the week

I'm afraid that after that the week went a bit pear-shaped. First of all I caught the poet's cold. Then I still had ghostwriting and editing to catch up with. And then, as soon as news started to come out of Parliament, I was transfixed to the news sites and the television. I can't believe how work came to a standstill.

The plan was to give it another go on Thursday, but then, of course, the news just kept on coming. So I wrote off the morning (we went out anyway, to get cold remedies), and started again in the afternoon. Unfortunately, I didn't do any more writing for Camp, but I do have several stories planned out and ready to go.

Hopefully next week I'll have more to report.

Progress

Here's how the stories are progressing so far:

- *Around the Campfire*:
- *Harvey's Festival*: [This one is already outlined.](#)
- *Bramble Jelly*: [This one's next. It's already outlined.](#)
- *Silver Darlings*:
- *Fireworks at Killiecrankie*: [I've started to brainstorm this one.](#)
- *The Last Pirate of Penzance*:
- *Killer Queen: a Marcie Craig short story*:
- *A Guy for Penny*:
- *The Curse of Tutankhamen: a Toni & Bart short story*:
- *The Kite Festival*: [Draft 1 = 1,533 words.](#)

This content has not been reviewed by National Novel Writing Month. For more information, please visit nanowrimo.org.

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