

Autumn News



Image by kalhh from Pixabay

Hey {{ contact.FIRSTNAME | default : "there" }}.

I was so busy during the summer that a lot of things fell by the wayside. I should have caught up in September, but I ended up publishing a magazine instead.

If you haven't seen it already, you can read all about what I've been up to between our last natter and this one [on the blog](#).

A lot of work went into the magazine. I ummed and ahed about whether or not to publish it as a proper magazine, as a colour magazine, as a mono magazine, or just as an ebook. And then I ummed and ahed again about making it just a pdf, making it a free pdf, or making it a paid for pdf.



In the end, I published it as an ebook exclusive to Amazon and as a paperback version of the same. Publishing it as a magazine was just too expensive and too difficult.

If you're a member of Kindle Unlimited, you can read the 'bookazine' as part of your membership [here](#), or you can buy it there too. If you want the paperback version (and I've not checked it yet), you can buy it [here](#). Or...



...once the 90-day exclusivity period is up, subscribers to *this* newsletter can follow [this link](#) to the pdf of the magazine! At the moment it's a placeholder for you to bookmark. As soon as it goes wide, you can view the pdf or download it.

When it does go live on the website, expect to see errors on the first issue. I spent far too long on the pdf before going back to the ebook and didn't get chance to go back before it was published. I hope you will forgive me on this occasion.

Whitby

At the end of August we had a lovely week's holiday just on the outskirts of Whitby. We stayed in a cosy cottage in one of the outlying villages from where we had a terrific view of the sea.

Here are some of the poet's pictures (they're smaller to save data space):



This is the poet's car parked outside our little cottage. It looks tiny from the front, but it goes back a long way and has a private garden.



A terrific view of the abbey across Whitby harbour and the town.



We visited a place called Sands End. It was a first for both of us and the poet was inspired to paint a picture of it when we got back to the cottage.



Rufus isn't fazed at all when he's



We saw this strategically place

out on his wheels. They didn't stop him digging a big hole.

cannon in Bridlington.



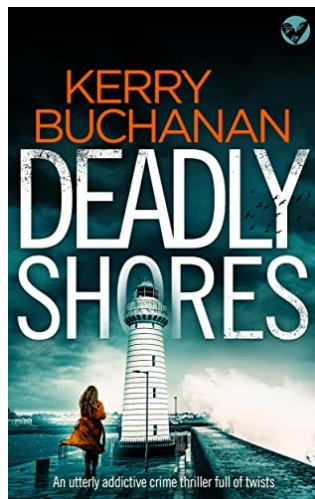
Seeing the Yorkshire Belle in Bridlington Harbour brought back happy childhood memories for the poet. His parents always took him to Bridlington and they always went out on the Yorkshire Belle.



Bridlington has a beautiful sea front. Most of North Yorkshire does. We were lucky with the weather too and managed to dodge any showers.

Currently reading

I'm currently reading *Deadly Shores* by Kerry Buchanan.



This book is from Joffe Books, which is one of my favourite publishers.

I've had *Deadly Shores* to review for a long time, but during my recent project of moving all of my ebooks to Google Play Books, I realised I didn't have this one saved anywhere other than on my Kindle.

So I decided to read it next.

And I must say, I'm thoroughly enjoying it.

NaNoWriMo

I'll be taking part in NaNoWriMo again this year. I'll be doing it in the true spirit of writing a brand-new novella in 30 days.

Well, I say 'brand-new', but it's actually one that's been percolating for

years. I wanted to write it but didn't know where it would fit, and so it kept going on the back-burner.

Now, I have *Words Worth Reading*, issue 1 of which will be coming out on 1 January 2023. And I need to fill it with new content as well as archive material.

As part of my prep work, I'm taking part in a Zoom class and I've downloaded a NaNoWriMo Excel workbook that includes daily word-counts as well as character and structural notes.

Also as part of my prep, because we can upload a cover pic to NaNo, and mostly because I like to do this for every story before I start, I've already had a go at the book cover.



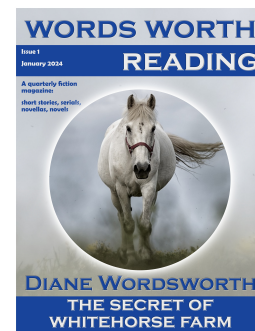
option 1

This one utilises my current branding.



option 2

This one is in the style of my other novella, *Mardi Gras*.



magazine

This is how the magazine cover is currently looking.

Seeing the book covers side by side here makes them look different sizes, but they're actually the same.

The magazine cover has been designed in Affinity Publisher, the two book covers have been designed in Canva.

The illustration (by Wendy Corniquet from Pixabay) is available on Canva and Pixabay, which was useful when transferring the design. In future, I'll be checking Affinity stock photos first.

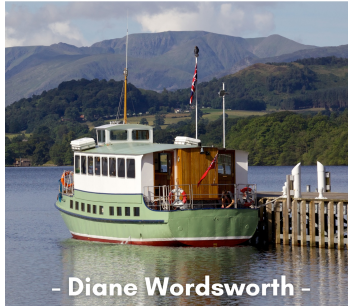
[Send me an email](#) to let me know which cover you prefer and why. In fact, feel free to send any feedback or questions to this address.

Newsletter archive

That's all for now. [Here's the link](#) to the newsletter archive, where you can also download the pdfs.

Here's your free short story

wordsworth flash fiction



- Diane Wordsworth -

meet me in glenridding

Meet Me In Glenridding

Maddy was more than miffed. Jed had only booked them a holiday and they couldn't afford it. He was out of work and refused point blank to get married until he was earning again. Yet here he was spending part of what should be paying the deposit on a house. They didn't need a holiday. They couldn't afford a holiday.

"It's hardly a holiday," he argued. "It's only down the road for a start -"

"Exactly!" snapped Maddy without meaning to. "We can go to Ullswater for a day trip any time."

"Ah, but we can't walk up Hallin Fell first thing in the morning and watch the mist rise from the lake. And it's only a B&B, it's hardly the Ritz. Besides, a break will do us good."

Yes, Maddy had to concede, he had a point there. They'd had so much stress since Jed had been laid off. First the house had fallen through, then they'd cancelled the wedding and lost all of the deposits. But they both agreed that the wedding wasn't essential, they'd find another house when they were ready, and so long as they had their health and each other, that was all that mattered. Jed would find a job soon enough... wouldn't he?

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The first day of their holiday, or "short break" as Maddy preferred to call it - to ease her conscience - was spent exploring many of the places they already knew so well. They walked up Hallin Fell after a hairy drive through Martindale, and watched the morning mist rise from the lake. They had an orientation drive around the lake, over to Windermere and then back again via Grasmere, where they visited Dove Cottage and ate Rushbearing Gingerbread in the tea room next door. They even did that tourist thing in Pooley Bridge and fed the ducks and bought ice cream. It was all so civilised and lovely and perfect that Maddy half-expected Jed to propose all over again.

"Are you having a nice time?" Jed asked her over coffee after a very romantic evening meal.

"I'm having a lovely time," she admitted, smiling and holding his hand. And she really was. "It's good to be able to forget everything, just for a day." They hadn't even been bothered by phone calls because there was hardly any signal in Ullswater.

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The following morning at eight o'clock they struggled once again through a hearty, freshly-cooked, five-course full English breakfast

when Jed suddenly jumped to his feet. He dashed down the last of his coffee, grabbed a slice of toast, and kissed Maddy on the top of her head.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

“Here,” he said, fishing a ticket out of his wallet and giving it to her. “Meet me in Glenridding at ten o’clock. I’ll leave you the car, you can park at the boat station.”

“But what about you?”

“I’ll see you there. Gotta dash.” And he was gone.

Maddy had no idea what he was up to, but he was clearly up to something. There was really nothing more she could do, though, except finish her delicious breakfast.

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The boat ticket Jed had given her – *another* extravagance they could ill-afford – was for the ten o’clock sailing. At a quarter-to she was in the car park paying for her parking ticket and she saw she’d get a free cup of tea over at Pooley Bridge if she kept her stub. Hmm, she thought, tucking it into her purse. Every little helps...

It was another beautiful day without a cloud in the sky. The glass-like surface of Ullswater was navy blue. A lovely day for a steamer ride. Maddy wandered around the souvenir shop, read some of the news stories pasted to the wall, availed herself of the facilities, but there was no sign of Jed.

She made her way down the pier and back, checked the shop in case he’d been in the loo too, looked through the main door towards town to see if he was on his way. No Jed.

The “Raven” chugged her gentle way towards the jetty and, once she was safely tethered, Maddy watched the passengers alight in case Jed was among them. No.

As the boat bounced against the pier and the Glenridding passengers lined up to board, Maddy started to worry. He’d definitely said to meet him in Glenridding at ten o’clock and her non-transferrable ticket was definitely for this sailing. Her watch was right, there were no messages on her mobile phone, but there was still no signal anyway.

Well, it would just serve him right if she went without him, she thought, loathe to give up her ticket when it was already paid for. As the queue moved Maddy decided she was jolly well going to join it, and she’d make sure she enjoyed the ride too.

As a member of the crew helped her on board she scanned what she could see of Glenridding one last time. Perhaps he’d meet her at Pooley Bridge instead.

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Maddy took her seat on the “Raven” so that she was facing towards the wheelhouse. She could just see the back of the skipper’s head as he manoeuvred the boat back onto the lake. For a moment she thought he looked just like Jed, but as soon as he spoke into the microphone she knew.

“You devil,” she laughed, joining him in the wheelhouse. His face crinkled into a cheeky smile, he was very proud of himself. “Go on then,” she continued. “How did you wrangle this?”

“I got a new job,” he grinned, briefly checking the dials, twiddling a wheely thing and glancing around.

“But when did you learn to... drive?”

“I’ve done all the training, and they paid me too. That’s how I could afford the holiday. We won’t be rich, but it’ll do me, and it beats driving a lorry for a living.”

“Well done you,” she said, genuinely pleased for him – and for them.

“So, Miss Maddy,” said Jed, giving her his full attention for a moment. “Will you marry me?” And he added, “Again?”

the end

Diane Wordsworth

Rotherham, England

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