

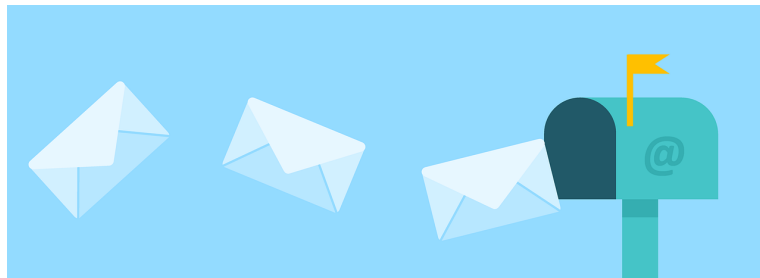
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## November 2025 News



From Diane Wordsworth <diane@dianewordsworth.com>  
To Diane <diane@dianewordsworth.com>  
Date 11-11-2025 4:20 pm

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## November 2025 News

Hello friends! How are we all? Welcome to the November newsletter.

I love November. We have Bonfire Night on the 5th, but we also have Remembrance Day. I love the way the nights draw in and it's darker in the mornings. And I love to watch the colours change to glorious golds and reds.

What do you like about November?

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### **big news...**

Readers of the blog will already know this, but the big news for this issue is we suddenly went from 2 of us to 4 of us. We adopted Son #2's 4-year-old cocker spaniel and we brought home a new puppy, a wire-haired dachshund.

I don't have many photographs of either of them at the moment as we're still working on getting them to sit together for longer than a nano-second. But as soon as I do, I'll share them. In the meantime, here's the graphic I made for the blog:



Hawley came to live with us on 23 October, and we collected Alfie 3 days later. Hawley went back to Son #2 for the day as it was a long drive to almost Whitby and back, the return trip with a 10-week-old puppy on my lap.

We're in our 3rd week now, but we're getting into a routine with them. They have play time together on their own a couple of times a day, they have play time together with one or both of us in the garden a couple of times a day, and we have Hawley alone time at the moment as well, either on his own if that's what he wants or with one of us, so that he feels he has a safe place to go and that the puppy isn't getting all of the attention.

He didn't like the fireworks last week. I thought he'd been all right with them at first, but they hadn't really started here yet. But when they did start, on Wednesday, they continued on into the weekend, and he didn't like them. Poor thing, he's had a lot to deal with in a very short time. But today he was back to playing ball with me, or hide-and-seek, or hunt-the-ball, and he also lets Alfie have the ball sometimes too.

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### **publishing news...**

Since the last newsletter, I've had 3 more books published:

- *Words Worth Reading: Issue FIVE*
- *Wordsworth Short #42 Bonfire Surprise*
- *Wordsworth Short #43 Fireworks at Killicrankie*

You can find them all in the link below to all my books. A link to the pdfs for all issues of *Words Worth Reading* is FREE for subscribers and can also be found below. (Issue TWO is still missing, but it will be up there soon.)

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### **the great novella challenge...**

In November 2024 I enrolled on a great novella challenge. The challenge was to write a novella a month for a year. Word-count was 15,000 to 30,000 words, and we had to submit it to Dean

Wesley Smith at WMG Publishing on the last day of each month.

At the end of October, I submitted my 12th and final novella! Ta-Da!



My reward was free access to all WMG Publishing writing workshops, that's workshops already gone (and recorded) and workshops still to come.

This bundle is currently worth almost £15,000 (apx. \$20,000) (new takers can buy the bundle for about £2,275 (\$3,000), unless there's another half-price sale), and I got the original challenge in a half price sale for around £225 (\$300). I'm using close estimates here as the fees depend on conversion rates and local taxes.

At times it was hard work getting those books in on time, but it was worth the hassle in the long run. Not only do I get the free access to all workshops, I also have 12 shiny new books in my hands.

Three of these will be stitched together into one longer book called *Catch the Rainbow*. The jury's still out at the moment on whether or not to release them as individual novellas first, but they all have their own covers so it is possible. One of the others was also the first instalment for *The Beast Within*. But generally, I think it was a good deal.

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**that's it for now...**

That's all for now. Until next time...

*Diane*

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**links...**

Don't forget, you can read my (week) daily blog [here](#), access the full newsletter archive to date [here](#), and *Words Worth Reading* magazine [here](#). Follow me on Patreon [here](#). And all of my books can be bought [here](#).

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**here's your next story...**

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## **poppy day**

For November, the weather had been particularly kind to them all. Not a cloud in the sky meant a watery sun shone down on the crowds lining the streets.

There was, however, still a chill in the air and Katy pushed her mittened hands further into the pockets of her warm duffel-coat. She felt very sorry for the young entertainer, belting out traditional wartime favourites, and Katy could see the singer's hot breath turn to steam as it hit the cold air.

*Pack up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag* didn't immediately remind Katy of the war in Iraq, when she had lost her dad to a mortar attack in 2007. But the organisers needed to fill in more than one war on this day of remembrance, and perhaps *Girlfriend* by Avril Lavigne or the Kaiser Chiefs' *Ruby* weren't really suitable alternatives.

The lady singer finished with a popular Vera Lynn anthem, then she was superseded by a military brass band as the parade formed up.

Katy spent a few precious moments thinking about the conflict that had left her fatherless in a war most people thought was illegal. Then she recollected happier childhood times and

memories of her dad that she clung to instead.

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As the procession passed by, Chris saluted his old regiment. He didn't have to, he wasn't in uniform and he was without a cap, let alone a badge. But he saluted them anyway.

Despite the cold chill that penetrated his thick, warm, woollen overcoat, as his old regiment marched by Chris was instantly transported back to the hot, dry, parched and dusty desert in Afghanistan. He and his friends were travelling along a dirty pot-holed track on their way to start a peacekeeping mission in one of the townships that had gratefully surrendered. Chris's regiment was one of a number that were sending representatives.

Nobody expected the roadside explosion that would take out half of the convoy. They didn't see it coming, they didn't hear it. One minute they were all laughing and joking and looking forward to a relatively easy posting at the end of their tour before going home when relief arrived. In the next moment, those survivors who could still walk were saving the lives of those comrades who couldn't.

*Yellow Bird* became *Colonel Bogey* and the brass band dragged Chris back to the cold November day, back in dear old England.

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The tail-end of the Remembrance Day procession disappeared around a corner and Chris spotted a café offering hot teacakes and a pot of tea. As the crowd fell-in behind the parade, Chris was so focused on the corner café that he didn't see the pretty little brunette until it was too late.

He reached out to try and stop her falling to the ground following his clumsy collision and, in doing so, lost his own footing too and the pair of them collapsed in a heap on the damp tarmac. Silently he cursed the new leg he wasn't used to yet.

"I'm so sorry –" he stammered at the same time that she shrieked out in surprise.

"It was my fault –" she said.

They both gave themselves and each other a cursory check-up and assured each other that there were no bones broken.

Chris helped her to her feet and brushed down the duffel-coat.

"I've not see one of these in years," he said, giving the damp grit just one more gentle swipe.

"I've had it a long time," she replied.

"Look," said Chris. "I was just going to nip into that café for a pot of tea." He pointed at the property on the corner of the street. "If

you're not dashing off anywhere, I'd love to apologise properly."

She started to decline the offer, looking at her watch while she pulled a mitten on tighter.

"Please..." he smiled.

"Okay then," she agreed, unable to resist.

"I'm Chris," he said, as they crossed the now-clear road.

"I'm Katy."

They made their way to the little café where, luckily, a table was in the process of being cleared.

An open fire roared in the grate and cooking from the kitchen wafted in more warm air. They both appreciated that and made themselves comfortable, awkwardly answering each other's questions and sharing the memories that had brought them both to the Remembrance Day parade today.

"Of course," said Katy, "I've been coming here for years."

"I've only just come back home from a tour of duty," said Chris. "And I'm not usually home in November anyway."

He went on to tell her about the friends he had lost on that fateful day, along with his own left leg and, possibly, his army career. He hadn't decided yet.

She told him, truthfully, that she hadn't even noticed the leg.

"It's why I lost my footing," he admitted. "I twisted it, but it's fine again now."

She told him about her dad and how they'd received the news of his death. Then they moved on to much less painful memories, the fun times. Before they knew it, one pot of tea had turned into lunch followed by afternoon coffee, and by the time they dragged themselves away, it had turned dark outside and the temperature had dropped even further.

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Katy shivered against the chill air as she watched the poor Vera Lynn impersonator belt out the same tunes. A familiar arm crept around her shoulders. Chris gave her a hug and she smiled up into his eyes. It was two years on and they'd done the same last year. Somehow the memories were becoming less painful for the both of them, but still they remained poignant.

As the parade disappeared around the corner, Chris let go of Katy and pushed the buggy across the road towards *their* café.

The baby gurgled and blew a bubble at them. She dropped a

mitten, which a passing soldier in full winter uniform retrieved for them.

"What's her name?" asked the soldier.

"Poppy," said Katy.

He chuckled the baby under the chin. "Hallo, Poppy," he smiled. "Lovely name," he said to the parents. Then he saluted Chris, who saluted back, before leaving them to it.

Chris was in uniform again. He was going back in a few days following his recent paternity leave. Fortunately, for the family, it was to a desk job now. And nor was it half a world away.

the end

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