

---

## March 2026 News

 From Diane Wordsworth <diane@dianewordsworth.com>  
To Diane <diane@dianewordsworth.com>  
Date 04-03-2026 2:11 pm

---



## March 2026 News

Hello friends! How is everyone? Welcome to the March newsletter.

---

### news...

This is going to be the last newsletter for a while. It won't be closed down permanently, but it will be going into hibernation for a few months. I hope to have it back up and running by January 2027 at the latest, and sooner if I'm able.

---

### home...

We've put an offer in on a bungalow and it's been accepted. We've already jumped through hoops proving that we are who we say we are, that we have the cash to buy the house, and demonstrated that we're not money launderers. We've also had the survey done. Now we wait for the legal side to plod along.

The soonest date we expect to be able to move is 24 April, although it could be longer. Whenever it is, we'd like some crossover while we get the bungalow into a condition we can move into once we've been handed the keys. That means we'll be running between the 2 houses for at least a month, possibly 2 months.

It needs a new kitchen with an oven (yes, that's correct, there's a hob but drawers where there should be an oven, and we're both cooks), we'd like to replace the shower tray with a bath and over-bath shower, we have to take out some fitted wardrobes that make the master bedroom even tinier than it already is, and there's a coal fire with back boiler we want taking out.

Once we've moved in, there are windows and doors to replace, a chimney to cap and re-flash, a roof and solar panels to clean, guttering to make good, brickwork to re-point, a hot water cylinder to remove or re-site, a chimney to block off, and decorating and carpeting/floor-laying throughout.

Then we have a hard-landscaped garden to demolish and replace with grass and beds before turning to a studio and workshop in the garage...

All of this needs researching, budgeting, funding, arranging and project managing, and in the meantime, we have packing and decluttering to do.

---

### **dogs...**

Readers of the blog will already know that Hawley went back to his former human on the last Friday in February. The potential hole he left has already been filled with keeping the puppy occupied and upping his training. Hawley was over the moon to be back with his mammy, and he was delighted when he saw the lovely long garden she'd bought especially for him.

Fortunately, Alfie doesn't seem to be missing him too much at the moment. But when we go out on walks, he does get over-excited when he sees other dogs, especially black dogs, and super especially cocker spaniels.

---

### **fiction writing...**

The newsletter isn't the only thing that's going into hiatus. I'm taking a break from writing fiction, long and short, to free up time for the above.

I already ducked out of 12 Stories in 12 Months from Deadlines for Writers, which was an accident when it happened, but I took it as a sign from the universe when it did. I was already contemplating leaving the challenge. Forgetting to post a story for February simply paved the way. The story was written, I just completely forgot to send it.

I'm removing the open calls for submissions from my calendar

for the time being too, so I don't get tempted. If I want to write fiction, I have novels and novellas that need completing first.

---

### **study...**

I *will* be continuing with my study, both via video workshops and creative writing hand books and courses. I'll also have a go at those assignments I think may make half-decent short stories or longer in the future.

I find the video workshops in particular both relaxing and motivating. I just want to take the pressure off myself so I'm not beating myself up if I miss a deadline again.

---

### **non fiction...**

I'll be continuing with blog posts, on the website, on Patreon and on Medium. I'll continue with the monthly writing prompts, the monthly 'take one idea', and the monthly 'who to send it to', because these do earn money, even if it is only pennies on one of the platforms. And I'll be writing Book 3 in the project management for writers series, because the first 2 books in the series are 2 of my best sellers.

I'll also be serialising chapters on Patreon and Medium, from all the existing writers' guides.

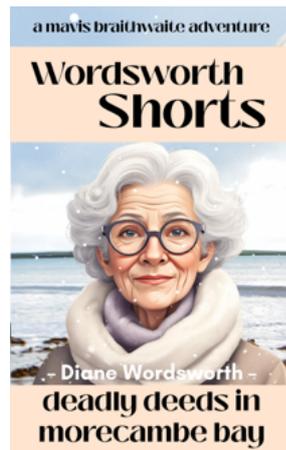
---

### **publications...**

In February I published the Mavis Braithwaite adventure, *Deadly Deeds in Morecambe Bay*, and a very short story, *Valentine's Date*.

I don't have any publications due out in March. The next one, *Words Worth Reading: Issue SEVEN* is due out in April. This is the last issue of the bookazine for the foreseeable future while I take a break from the fiction writing programme and concentrate on moving house and training the puppy.

I'm only publishing the bookazine in April because Part 4 of *Catch the Rainbow* will be in it. I didn't want to cheat readers who have already read the first 3 parts out of the end. If Part 4 wasn't going in this issue, I would have put it on hiatus sooner.



---

### client work...

I do have client editing and proofreading in or lined up, and I'll carry on with that as well. The money will be useful when all of our savings have been spent on the new house.

---

### that's it for now...

And that's about it for now. Until next time, when I hope you'll all still be there...

Thank you for reading so far.

*Diane*

---

### links...

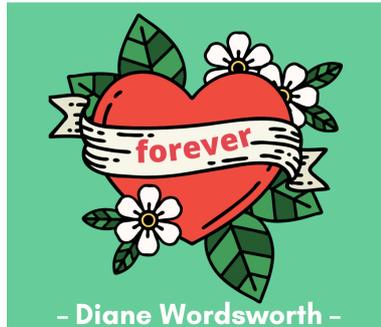
Don't forget, you can read my (week) daily blog [here](#), access the full newsletter archive to date [here](#), and *Words Worth Reading* magazine [here](#). Follow me on Patreon [here](#). And all of my books can be bought [here](#).

---

### here's your next story...

---

## wordsworth flash fiction



### pippa & davey forever

As the condensation started to clear, Pippa peered at her reflection in the bathroom mirror and she caught sight of the blurred but still garish mark on her upper arm. The once-bright colour had faded long ago to an ugly blue-green. She allowed the fingers of her other hand to trace the blue-black outline that remained. The tattoo was so old and faded now, this was the only time she even remembered it was still there – when she glimpsed it in the mirror.

Her memory backtracked to a heady, sunny Saturday afternoon in the late-seventies. They were both a little drunk, having spent a couple of midday hours in the bierkeller halfway down Needless Alley, a cobbled, hilly side-street lined with small shops that sold incense, hand-crafted jewellery, and second-hand records. They were still drinking, but this time it was cheap booze out of bottles from the offy, and they were in what they called Pigeon Park but what others called the boneyard – the graveyard surrounding the cathedral smack in the centre of town.

They were happy, laughing, playing truth-or-dare when Pippa lost and her best friend Monkey – her real name was Monica – dared her to go to the closest tattoo parlour and have a tattoo. This was before the days of HIV-infected needles and over-zealous health and safety rules. Before the days when an artist refused to give you a tattoo if you looked too young, were drunk, or didn't already have at least three tattoos. Before the days of ambulance-chasers and people suing other people for even the slightest thing.

No, these were the days when a drunken seventeen-year-old could (a) be served alcohol in the first place, and (b) walk into any tattoo parlour and get her first tattoo.

Pippa & Davey Forever she wanted, on two hearts with arrows through and a scrolled ribbon linking them together. The first heart-ribbon was to say 'Pippa & Davey'; the second 'Forever'.

"Are you mad!" Monkey had squeaked. "You've only known him for a few weeks."

"What were you thinking of, then?" asked Pippa.

"Oh, I don't know. A rose, or a unicorn, or even just a heart with an arrow through. You don't have to go the whole hog."

"We've been seeing each other for a few months, actually," Pippa had replied. "He won't mind. He says he loves me."

She tried to remember the pain she had still felt despite her inebriated state at the time as the fine needle seemed to slice through the delicate surface of her young, fair skin. But, like childbirth, it was almost forgotten by now.

"Do you need a break?" asked the gruff, hairy biker, himself covered with ink on every visible part of his body.

"No ta," Pippa bravely replied. "I'd sooner get it over and done with."

"I can make you a cup of tea," he insisted. "Strong and sweet?" But she smiled and shook her head.

"I think I need one!" squealed Monkey. Even if Pippa hadn't sobered up, Monkey had.

The tattoo artist, whose name was Nathan (Tats by Nat), indicated she help herself, and she made a cuppa for him too, as he continued with his work.

Several days later, having plastered Savlon onto the scabby, itchy skin after bathing it every day, Pippa peeled the final dressing from her arm. The bleeding had long stopped and the angry redness around the tattoo had faded. She couldn't wait to reveal it to Davey...

"What the—?" he'd blustered, scattering expletives throughout his speech. "What have you done?" He was furious. "We've only been going out for three months! Don't you know it's bad luck to carve someone's name on your body?"

His reaction frightened Pippa, but his fury was short-lived. As she burst into tears, he gathered her into his arms. "Ah well, it's done now," he said.

"I'm sorry," she stammered. "Maybe it'll cover up."

Now, as she remembered, Pippa stroked a hand over the faded artwork. She never had covered it over. She should have done really, and now she contemplated having it removed altogether. She could certainly afford the laser treatment now, in her dotage, as she jokingly referred to herself these days.

~~~

Two weeks later Pippa peeled another dressing from her arm, just as she had done all those years ago. She was eager to show her husband the result and, although he had pretended not to be, he was eager to see it too.

The old, faded tattoo had been covered over with a newer, brighter, more modern, prettier version, but with yellow and blue roses added to the ribbon scroll. The hearts were a deeper red and the outlines had been redefined with a deeper, blacker ink.

Davey's face lit up with happiness rather than turning ashen with shock as it had the first time. But then, he had at least been expecting it this time.

"It looks beautiful," he said, truthfully. "And just in time for our fortieth wedding anniversary too."

He had meant it all those years ago, when he'd told her he loved her, and they'd stayed together, married, had children, and now grandchildren. And the whole family would be celebrating with them. Even Monkey was still around, and married to Nat the Tat, with a family and tattoos of her own. Pippa treated herself to a fancy, strappy dress for the party, to show off her 'new ink', as they said these days.

It really had been Pippa & Davey Forever in that dim and drunken past.

the end

---



You received this email because you subscribed to our list. You can [unsubscribe](#) at any time.

Braithwell  
Rotherham  
United Kingdom

Sent with  EmailOctopus