



MAR - JUN 2025

YOUNG

CHRISTIAN WRITER

Short Story
Competition
Results

Poetry
Competition -
New prizes!

A Day in the Life
of a Cameraman

FUN QUIZ
WHAT'S YOUR
GENRE?

A magazine of NZ Christian Writers

YOUNG CHRISTIAN WRITER MAGAZINE

Cover art by Mavis Glynn

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WRITING SUBMISSIONS:

Send us your writing to be published in our July-October 2025 magazine

Email Kathryn:

ycwmag@nzchristianwriters.org

Submissions need to be a maximum of 500 words and emailed as a Word Document attachment.

Next deadline is 1 June 2025.

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Welcome to our March-June 2025 edition of *Young Christian Writer* magazine. Our magazine is curated especially for you. It's intended as a resource for younger writers who would like access to inspiring content to help their writing. I'm excited for what God will do in and through you in your writing. Our world needs more Christian writers who can bring the faith, hope, and love that is only found with Jesus.

Our creative community is here for you. If you'd like to join our Facebook group, you can access this private group online. We currently have close to 400 friends who have chosen to be part of it. It's accessible here:

www.facebook.com/groups/newzealandchristianwriters

May I also encourage you by asking what is your writing goal for 2025? For many of our member writers, their writing goal for 2025 may be to publish a first or next book. It takes diligence, perseverance, skill, tenacity and above all, time, to complete a book. Let's remember it's your story for His glory. Be blessed in Jesus' name as you write with and for Him.

PRESIDENT'S NOTE:



Write on,

Justin

EDITOR'S NOTE:



*With love in Jesus Christ, from
Kathryn*

Recently I shared copies of *Young Christian Writer* and *The Christian Writer* magazine with my work friends. I work at a place called Bulbs Direct. We sell online thousands of flower bulbs to gardeners. My work friends were inspired by the magazines to each have a go at writing a poem. We decided the topic would be our boss's labrador puppy, Bella, and that the boss (Kayne) should be the judge of our informal poetry competition. I didn't win but I have shared my poem with you in this magazine.

One of the biggest struggles I see in writers of all ages is self-doubt. Doubts about whether our writing is good enough can discourage us from trying, or from sharing what we've written. I want to encourage you that learning to write is a life-long journey, but the journey is to be enjoyed from the start and all along the way. Your writing doesn't have to be perfect for you to share it and for it to be appreciated by others. Have fun with it and your readers will have fun too.



A Day in the Life of a Cameraman

Interview with Dean Whitehead



by Kathryn Paul

1. What kinds of activities are required in your typical workday?

There is never a typical day. One day you can be stalking Barack Obama on Te Ari golf course after talking your way onto a ride down a wave swept beach, then arguing with police and diplomatic protection units that you have the right to film on public domain... the next you can be seven kilometres underground in Auckland filming one of the the country's largest infrastructure projects.

2. Please share some of your favourite filming projects you have worked on?

I spent five years (on and off) travelling the world filming travel locations for an Air NZ travel video.

3. What advice would you give young writers who want to write and film a documentary?

Think it through; plan, plan, plan... planning saves money. Don't waste people's time and pay them what they are worth.

4. Tell us one of the most dangerous or scary moments you've experienced as a cameraman?

People can be scary, but mostly they are predictable (unless they are on P), weather on the other hand can be very unpredictable – so I found out in a helicopter flying through the middle of a cyclone.



Dean Whitehead: cameraman/video journalist, operating his camera

5. What kinds of equipment do you need to use for filming?

Buy the best you can afford, make sure it's what is the accepted format and brand, don't go off piste (track) unless you have a specific project that will pay for it. Don't fall into the trap of continually buying the latest gadget... you'll go broke.

6. Is there anything else you'd like to share with our magazine readers?



I've talked about this with other *Dean filming Saving the Kaimanawas with the Wilson Sisters* camera folk and I believe some people have an eye for this, others you can train but they won't be the same. Treat everyone how you would want to be treated – with respect. Love every day that you are filming and you won't work a day in your life.

Short Story Competition RESULTS

The instructions for the short story competition in the Oct 2024 – Jan 2025 YCW magazine were:

Write a short story that has a message or theme relating to at least one of the nine character fruits of the Holy Spirit from Galatians 5:22-23.

The fruits to choose from are: Love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness and self-control. Maximum words 1000.

Well done to all who entered and congratulations to Taylor and Keziah who tied for first in the senior age group, and to Abigail who won the junior section.



In Gramp's Garden

by Keziah Alexander

Age 15 from Hawkes Bay



"I don't want to go to see Granny and Gramps." Indy kicked at a pebble. "Their house is boring."

"It's just for a few days." Mum folded something into her purse. "It'll be fun, Indy."

Indy scowled, puckering her seven-year-old features. It didn't seem fair that her little brother was getting to spend the holidays with her Uncle and Aunt. He was small and annoying, yet they had chosen to take him. Now he would get to have fun with the cousins whilst she languished with boredom at her grandparents' house.

Indy and her parents were ushered welcomingly into Granny and Gramps' home two days later. Mum and Dad followed a smiling, silver-haired Granny to the bedroom with the suitcases, but Indy lingered on the doorstep, uncertain.

"Well, if it isn't my favourite Granddaughter." Gramps gave her a wink, but Indy didn't smile. He'd just said that because she was his only granddaughter.

Gramps nodded to her suitcase. "Put that in the hallway, then follow me. I'll show you my garden."

Indy complied, seeing nothing better to do. She followed Gramps through the back door. It opened onto a garden, small but quaint, with a bird bath in the centre and brightly coloured flowers blooming against the brick walls.

"Come look at the flowers." Gramps crossed the springy lawn. "These ones are Snapdragons." He rubbed the leaves of a plant whose blossoms looked like funny little faces. "And that one there's honeysuckle. The bees love it." He gestured to curtain of golden flowers draping over the bank. "Ever seen bees at work, Indy?"

Indy shook her head. A bee had stung her once when she stepped barefoot on a daisy. Since then she'd steered clear of them. They were good for honey, but not much else.

Gramps was moving on. "Come see the bird bath."

But Indy had seen enough. Gramps was being too nice. Surely Mum had told him to be nice to her after her disappointment at not getting to see her cousins. She mumbled a "No thank you" and fled indoors. But not before she heard Gramps call to her.

"There's a lot of beautiful things in God's world, Indy. I hope you'll give them a chance."

Indy spent the rest of the day in her room, practicing her glares. She imagined all the fun things her brother might be doing right now. The thought made her scowl even harder at the ceiling. Mum had to call her twice for dinner, but she barely tasted it. She couldn't even enjoy the pudding that came afterwards. Not with Gramps observing her curiously from across the table.

In the morning when Indy awoke, her first thought was once again to glare. But as she furrowed her brows, she noticed that the ceiling was streaked with a crack of light from between the curtains. Anger gave way to interest, and she got up and padded over to the window.

Behind the curtain lay the garden, but it looked different today. There was something inviting about the way it sat, hushed and mysterious in the new dawn air. Indy decided to investigate.

She slipped silently through the house. The back door was unlocked, and she stepped out onto the garden path.

Instantly she felt as though she'd stepped into another world. The air, cool and heavy with the scent of dreamy flowers, wrapped around her like an embrace. She stepped off the path, cringing at first as the dew-beaded grass closed over her bare feet. But after a moment it felt nice.

She wound her way to the centre of the garden and peeped into the stone bird bath. The glassy water reflected her face like a mirror. Indy poked it with her finger, sending ripples racing around the rim.

A bird trilled from a nearby tree, startling her. She peered curiously at the shadowy boughs, but no bird was to be seen.

Perhaps the bird thinks it's time for his bath, thought Indy, but he doesn't want me around. I'll go watch from a hiding place.

She tucked herself behind the honeysuckle, not minding the dew soaking into her nightgown, and waited.

Soon a starling fluttered to perch on the rim. He dunked his glossy black head and shook it from side to side, spraying water from his feathers.

Then three sparrows joined him at the bath. Indy watched delightedly as they chattered and flapped and scolded one another.

And as she watched, the sun broke over the wall. Suddenly every bead of dew was imbued with gold, a scattering of fiery pearls across the grass. Indy forgot her anger at her brother. Perhaps this world really did hold many beautiful things to discover.

"Well now, if it isn't my granddaughter, gone and become a naturalist." There was Gramps, watching her. Indy found her own face reflecting his grin. Gramps pulled a magnifying glass from his pocket. "Let me show you how this works."

It was well after the breakfast bell had rung when the pair returned indoors. Indy gulped her breakfast in a way that made her mother stare, then tugged Gramps back outside. "Show me more!"

Over the next few days, Indy discovered joy in a thousand things she had never noticed before. She watched bees gather nectar from velvety blossoms, counted the colours of a bubble, held a butterfly in her hand and marvelled at its wings, feather-thin mosaics painted with a thousand microscopic scales. She thought less and less about the fun her cousins might be having and more about what she might discover that day.

And when her brother came home, Indy didn't sulk or glare at the ceiling. Instead she took him by the arm, leading him to the garden.

"Come," she said, pressing a magnifying glass into his hand, "there's a lot of beautiful things in God's world, Thomas. I hope you'll give them a chance."

The Melody of a Mistake

by Taylor Foster

Age 20 from Tauranga

9
First Place Equal

"Make sure you hang out the laundry first," Ma called from the kitchen.

"We will Ma, we will," my older sister, Ceila, replied as we ran onto the front porch. She grabbed my arm, eyes sparkling. "C'mon Mary, I'll show you the fledgling."

She darted away, her blue dress disappearing around the homestead corner. I stepped to follow but my eyes flicked to the window. Ma was straining away at the dishes. A twinge hit my stomach. We should be doing the laundry.

"C'mon, you slowpoke!" Celia whined.

Tripping over my new slip-ons I darted round the corner. I did so want to see the fledgling. We lived far up in the Kaimai ranges, in the wild native bush. New Zealand birds were like treasures, hard to spot but utterly delightful. This fledgling was supposed to be a Morepork baby. I'd never seen one before.

I made it to the back of the house just as Celia disappeared into the forest. Darting forward, I ducked my head under the washing line, strung between the house and a big pine. I swallowed. The pile of laundry sat in the wicker basket, waiting.

Celia's blonde head popped from the trees. "It might be gone if you don't hurry up."

With a look at the washing, I ran after her. If I went quickly, I could see the fledgling and get the washing done before Ma came out to check.

As I entered the forest, the light grew dim. I scurried between stumps and jumped over logs. Twigs caught in my lilac dress, dirt smudged my shoes. Ma wouldn't have it if I ruined my best clothes. We were set to meet Granny and Grandpa in the evening, down in Katikati. But, I had to risk it.

Suddenly, pain shot through my toe. I was on the ground in seconds, dirt and pine needles smushing into my face. My hands stung as I got up, bewildered. Looking back, a thick log lay across the path. How did I not see it? Red began to seep through my new shoes. I had to get back to the house.

"I'm going back Celia," I called into the trees. "Hurt my toe." I hobbled back toward the house. "I'll go back and fix these shoes. Then, I'll somehow get the washing done." I shook my head. "Ma will be livid if I ruin both things."

Finally, I emerged into the light of our backyard. I froze. Ma was at the washing line. She was huffing and sighing, dragging and heaving. A pang went through my stomach, more painful than my foot. We said we'd do it and we hadn't.

The wave of guilt wanted to sweep me around the corner and out of sight. But Ma straining away seemed to drag my heart toward her. I hobbled over with my head down.

"Ma," I whispered. I put my hands behind my back. The washing line hung between us.

There was a sigh. The click of a peg followed.

"I'm sorry, Ma. I'm sorry I didn't do the washing." My eyes began to burn. "I'll start now. I'll help you." Frantically, I picked up one of my petticoats and flung it over the line. I straightened it out, making it perfect. Head down, I picked up another. My foot throbbed with my heartbeat.

"Mary." Ma's voice was tight.

My stomach clenched as I kept going. Pick up and peg. Pick up and peg.

"Mary, your foot." Ma was suddenly kneeling before me.

I looked down as she tugged off my shoe and gasped. The nail of my big toe hung off. Blood was everywhere, my toe purple with bruising. The world seemed to fade and go fuzzy.

"What happened?" Ma looked up at me, her eyes sharp. "You're so pale. Lie down, lie down."

I sank into the grass as Ma grabbed a clean shirt and pressed it against my toe.

"I'm fine," I spluttered. I didn't deserve Ma's help. I got hurt disobeying her.

"No. Let me deal with it." Ma wound the shirt around my toe and tied it into place. "I'll go and get some vinegar."

"Ma, wait."

She stopped and leaned back on her toes.

"I'm sorry." I looked at the grass. "I got hurt following Celia to look for a fledgling. We didn't do as you asked." I looked down at my dress, caked in dirt. Another thing I'd ruined. "I don't deserve your help. I'm so bad, so... unfaithful."

Ma placed her hand on my knee. "Yes, you didn't do as I asked. Neither of you did." She glanced into the forest. "But it

won't stop me helping you. You're my daughter."

"A mean daughter," I mumbled.

"Mary, it's ok. Next time do as I ask first. Then, maybe, you won't get into such a scrape." She rubbed her hand down my dirt-covered dress. "But this wound needs tending and I'll do it because I love you."

Ma's gentle smile covered her face. She was so faithful, so forgiving.

"I want to be like you one day," I resolved, nodding my head.

She rubbed my hair gently. "You're well on your way Mary. You're well on your way."

That evening when we saw Granny and Grandpa, they noticed my bandaged foot. I explained all about the incident while Celia looked at the ground

"Ma was faithful to me," I said, "even though I'd let her down." I smiled as I remembered Ma's final teaching as she'd helped me back inside. "Ma was like how the Christ is to us - faithful, gentle and kind, even when we make a mistake."

Granny squeezed my cheek. "That's right Mary."

I turned to Celia on the seat next to me. Silently, I put my hand in hers. She looked up with tears in her eyes and smiled. If Ma could be faithful and Christ never gave up on me, I could do the same for Celia.



The Gem Ain't Mine to Steal

by Abigail Murray

Age 12 from Canterbury

11

First Place Juniors

Without his parents knowing, Shark snuck out of the ragged beaten-down house where he and his parents lived. Following the dirt road they lived on, Shark crept through the shadows to a random shed overgrown with weeds. This particular place was where he and his gang met up to get together and cause some mischief around town. He and his gang called themselves the Rogue Cobras, relating to how rogue they acted.

Entering the rusted shed, Shark held his breath, for the inside of the shed smelled like rotten meat. Once Shark's eyes adjusted to the unwelcoming darkness, he could make out five other humans sitting in a circle on the dirty floor.

"Yo, Shark," the leader of the gang, Jake, fist pumped him. Joining the circle, Jake resumed the meeting.

"So, gang, we have all day. What kind of mischief do you wanna get up to?" Jake asked, eagerness to cause trouble edging his voice.

"Throw stones at someone's window!" Roxy, the only girl member of the group, enthusiastically grinned.

"Nah, lets set up traps 'round the neighbourhood, like putting a brick under a hat!" Jett, the boy with the scar on his cheek, laughed, "That'd be so funny to watch!"

"But that's such a classic trick!" Ranger, the most adventurous one of them all, exclaimed, "Bro, we need something more...more mean!"

"Hey! We should go down to the market and steal some expensive stuff!" Draco, the naughtiest of them all, sniggered.

Everyone agreed to that.

The Rogue Cobras snuck down to the market, eyes looking from left to right, looking for something they wanted to steal. First, they walked up to a brown tent, filled with bracelets and necklaces. No one wanted anything to do with that, not even Roxy even though she was a girl. Heading to the next tent, everyone didn't want anything from there also.

"Why is everything here so *BORING?*" Roxy grumbled.

But, as soon as she said that, the first thing they all saw in the next tent was a shiny gem, which, according to the price tag, was worth \$30,000!

"Wooooaaahhh."

Everyone's mouth dropped open, including Shark's. He didn't feel comfortable stealing a gem worth \$30,000. That was a lot of money compared to what he and his parents owned!

Jake looked at everyone with an evil smile on his face.

"I think we might've found what we've been looking for," he looked at everyone, smiling.

Jett grinned. Roxy rubbed her hands together. Draco looked at the gem greedily. Ranger clicked his knuckles. Shark just stood there, not believing what he just heard. They were going to

steal a \$30,000 GEM! Shark felt like he was going to be sick. He wanted it badly, but he knew he shouldn't steal it.

The gang gathered in a bush behind the tent with the gem in it, plotting a plan to steal the gem without being caught.

"Okay, so I'll go in and pretend to be looking around the tent wanting to buy something," Jake began.

"Hey!" Ranger frowned at him, "How come you get to be the person to steal the gem!"

Jake rolled his eyes.

"I'm the leader, remember?" Jake scowled at him.

Ranger shrugged, as if he didn't seem to care. Ignoring him, Jake carried on.

"The rest of you create a diversion while I get the gem. As soon as I got it, I will whistle, and we can all run back to the base," Jake explained.

Everyone nodded.

Suddenly, Shark couldn't hold it in any longer.

"We shouldn't do this," he blurted out.

Everyone turned to look at him. Jake got up from where he was sitting and towered over Shark.

"What, are you chicken?" Jake sneered at him, and everyone else sniggered.

"N-no. I'll stay here and call out if someone is coming," Shark quickly lied.

Jake narrowed his eyes, and then beckoned everyone else to follow him to the tent.

Shark looked out from where he was hiding and looked at the gem. It looked so shiny...surely it wouldn't hurt if he stole it. Shark was tempted to call out to the gang he would help them steal it, then he shook his head.

What if you got caught? Then what would you do? Shark thought to himself.

Watching the scene, Shark gasped. Jake had just got caught! He watched in shock as the owner of the shop snatched the gem out of Jake's filthy hand and back onto its stand. From where Shark was, he could hear the owner yelling at Jake. Usually fierce looking, Jake looked so weak while he was being told off.

Running off and shouting behind him, Shark yelled, "I QUIT THE GANG!" and he never came back.

Many years later, Shark joined a church and renamed himself Christian. He never forgot the story about when he quit the gang that no longer existed. After thinking about it one day, Christian realised that what had happened had taught him something. What did it teach him? Well, I won't tell you. But all I'm going to say is from that day on, after knowing what the experience had taught him, his favourite fruit of the spirit was self-control.

Contributions for *Young Christian Writer* magazine are always welcome. Please email as a Word document. Maximum 500 words.

The editor reserves the right to condense and/or edit any contributions for reason of space. Ideas and opinions will not be edited but editing of a technical nature may occur to maintain a high standard of writing. Views and opinions expressed do not necessarily state or reflect those of the editor.

Everette Bravestock

by Zoe Kite

Age 9 from Dannevirke



I am Everette Bravestock, and I live alone. My life is with two very far away aunts; Miss Brick and Miss Becky and married brother and sister named William and Nanette. Some people even think I'm an orphan with blonde, yellow hair and white skin with freckles on my nose. I have a big sister who moved out and got married five years ago, so I live by myself in a little home.

I travelled outside as the roof was damaged and leaking and the rain started falling. I galloped into a shop, full of wonder, I looked at the beautiful new objects I had never seen before. The shop owner behind the table looked at me in thought, "What's your name?" said the person to me, "Everette Bravestock," said I, enthusiastically. "Everette Bravestock, Everette Bravestock," murmured the woman, "Are you the orphan who lives in an underneath tiny house?" said the woman again. "Yes," said I uncertainly. The woman ran quietly, "How very nice to see you Miss Everette, or should I call you Eve?" said the woman. "Everette," said I, looking at the cheerful woman almost dancing in front of me, "How I'm pleased to see you, my name is Annabelle Flick, Anna for short," said the now dancing woman. I saw the rain stop and the sun shining and excused myself from that shop. After I was out of sight of that shop I ran fast and finally stopped at my house. How weird that felt, I thought.

The next day a letter came for me in the mail drop. It was from aunt Brick, as I called her. She's very nasty and strict with everybody; how I was disappointed when I saw the letter was from Aunt Brick. It firmly said inside:

Dear Miss Everette Bravestock

I have found out your plans and rescued your aunt Becky from an exotic fever, even though I have no liking for your Aunt Becky.

How I couldn't bear Aunt Brick but how lovely and cheerful aunt Becky is! What plans? I thought.

I have decided to collect you to my house in Harrington Valley, you won't be able to survive in Peter Bay, you'll come to Harrington Valley by tomorrow.

Holly Brick

By tomorrow I felt better about the journey to Miss Brick, and I was surprised when I heard a knock on the door and a youth, about 15 years old was in the door outside. He had very black hair and white skin, dressed in a shirt including suspenders with trousers. "You're Everette Bravestock?" said the youth. "Why yes, I am Everette Bravestock." "Miss Brick is outside waiting for you, you need your luggage, petty coats, underpants, stockings, suitable shoes, dresses, bonnet, a tight corset and a blouse. You must start packing up." said the youth. "Of course," I said shutting the door on the youth. I ran into my room, picked up all my clothing and placed them into the suitcase and started for the door.

The journey was very quiet but when it stopped, I stepped outside and felt the fresh air hit me; and then I looked around at shops and people. It was very busy in Harrington Valley today, I thought. I stepped into a big house full of

workers and a gardener, a young gardener, about 14, was digging holes in the garden. I felt wide eyes as I saw the young worker working hard, very hard as I could see. I gave the luggage to a servant and asked Miss Brick if I could go over and see him, but the answer was no, "You too young to be around that lad, he's too dangerous." said Miss Brick. All that time the boy was leaning on his shovel watching me. The shovel slipped and the boy fell over which seemed to concentrate the boy more into his work.

Even though Miss Brick said that he was dangerous, I knew he wasn't dangerous, he was just unseen just like me, unseen, unnoticed. He looked just like Annabelle Flick though. But then I knew that he was the love of my life, and I hope he also thinks so. In the night I heard stones at my window. I opened it and put my candle on. I saw the youth gardener and looked at him in delight. There was a branch I could reach. I used to climb trees all the time; I took hold of the branch and hung when I felt another lower branch which took me to the bottom of the tree. "What's your name?" I said to the youth. "My names Nathaneil Hampton, yours?" said Nathaniel Hampton, "Everette Bravestock, I really already like you," I said.

Nathaneil started staring at me. He seemed to lean closer and closer; when he fell over again, this time in front of me. He got up very red and embarrassed, "I am very clumsy, nobody wants to know me, that's why I got to be a gardener," said Nathaneil. "I'd love to be a gardener," said Everette, "You do?" "I do." said Everette, "What's your mother's name?" said Everette, "Annabelle Flick," said Nathaneil, "Annabelle Flick," murmured Everette, "Annabelle Flick!" said Everette in surprise remembering that woman she'd met in that shop.

The next day Miss Brick came up to my room and said, "I've found a nice boy for you in Brindon valley. He's rich with a friendly family. His name is Charles." "Thanks, but I've got Nathaneil now," said I. Miss Brick stared right into Everette's eyes hard and strict, "Your dresses, they're not suitable for you. You'd look like a clown in them, bright colours. You need dark green and a red roan, with a layered under dress," said Miss Brick. She started to go for the door and muttered to herself, "Nathaneil," snorted, "Nathaneil the youth gardener." When she was gone Everette started giggling hard, Nathaneil may be a gardener, but he would have to tell me more of that Annabelle Flick! Humph.

FUN TASK: *Imagine you could interview Moses. What questions would you ask? What answers do you imagine he might give? Have a go and write your imaginary interview – questions and answers.*

Question: _____

Answer: _____

Question: _____

Answer: _____

Question: _____

Answer: _____

Question: _____

Answer: _____

Question: _____

Answer: _____

POETRY COMPETITION

ENTER THE NEXT WRITING
COMPETITION

NEW CASH PRIZES:
\$50 FIRST PLACE
\$30 SECOND PLACE.

Here are the instructions:

- Write a poem about a Bible person or a Bible event. This can be any style of poetry. For example it could be rhyming or a haiku or limerick, etc.
- Give your poem a title.
- Include your name, age and area where you live.

There is no minimum or maximum word count.

Send your poem in a word document attachment to:
ycwmag@nzchristianwriters.org with 'YCW Poetry
Competition' in the subject line.

Competition closes 15 May 2025.

Anyone up to age 25 can enter. There is no minimum age. If necessary, we will split the competition into two age groups; senior and junior. More than one entry per person is permitted. There is no entry fee. Non-subscribers are welcome to enter, but we recommend subscribing to ensure you receive a copy of the magazine.

Competition results and winning entries will be published in the next issue of *Young Christian Writer* magazine.

QUIZ:

What's your Genre?

How well do you know the many genres (this means categories and is pronounced similar to 'John-ra') of writing? Which genres might suit you most? Take this fun quiz to find out.

Read the questions and choose your answers. Alongside your answers are the number references for the genres you might enjoy writing. Look at the list of genres on page 18 to find the numbers that match yours. Place a tick in the list beside each one. If your selected answer is the middle one, both lists could be possible for you – or not! At the end of the quiz, count up your ticks to see which genres you scored the highest amount of ticks for. Have fun!

You prefer making up pretend stories:

Yes 100%, 1, 10, 12, 14, 18, 19, 28, 32, 34, 38, 41, 43,

Mostly 50-50,

No way, I've got to find out what's real here! 3-5, 7, 13, 15-17, 20-27, 30, 31, 33, 35, 37, 40, 42, 44, 45, 46.

My stories must have illustrations or photos:

Yes 100% who wants boring only text?, 2, 4, 6, 8-13, 17, 20, 21, 23, 27, 33, 35, 39, 40, 42, 44, 46

Sometimes yes, sometimes no.

No way, let's get into the story pah-leeze. 1, 3, 5, 7, 14-16, 18, 19, 24-26, 28-32, 34, 36-38, 41, 43, 45

I like keeping my writing simple so that kids can understand it:

Yes 100%, 4, 6, 8-14, 28, 36, 41, 46

Maybe I do, maybe I don't.

No we all need to stretch our vocabulary to the max! 1, 3, 15, 19-26, 32-34, 37, 42,

I like to keep my settings and characters as real life as possible.

Yes 100% good writing must be believable. 3-5, 7, 13, 15-17, 20-27, 30, 31, 33, 35, 37, 40, 42, 44, 45, 46.

It depends on what I'm working on.

No way – blobby aliens and creative new inventions keep me awake at night! 18, 28, 32

My writing always has to have a message, moral or lesson in it.

Yes 100% what's the point otherwise? 15, 16, 22, 33, 45

Not always.

No never – I just write and don't think about that. (All the numbers except those five above).

Everything I write has a rhythm and words or syllables that rhyme.

Yes 100% I'm always counting a beat. 29, 36

I can do this but it's not everything I write.

No way – I ain't got time for that! (All the numbers except those two above).

My writing is all about people's lives.

Yes 100% people matter. 5, 7, 15-17, 20-27, 42, 45

Sometimes yes, sometimes no.

No – I'd rather focus on other things than people. (All the numbers except those 15 above).

I like to study history, visit museums and ponder the days gone by.

Yes 100% it's a favourite pastime. 5, 7, 17, 19, 20,

It's interesting and I look into it whenever I need to.

No I'd rather be in the present and thinking future! 32, 33

I'm always writing instructions on how to get things done.

Yes 100% it's got to be right. 15, 16, 21, 22, 25, 30, 33, 37, 45, 46

I do this when necessary but only if I have to.

No – I leave people to figure it out for themselves. (All the numbers except those 10 above).

I picture in my mind all the details of a scene, including sound effects.

Yes 100% that's where the action is! 9, 28, 31, 39, 41

This is important but so is the plot and everything else for my story.

No – I just write and the ideas flow from there. (All the numbers except those five above).

I would rather talk than write a whole lot of words.

Yes 100% listen up! 22, 23, 30, 31, 35, 36, 45

I'm okay with both.

No, public speaking isn't for me – let me hide! (All the numbers except those seven above).

My writing is mainly to people about what's happening.

Yes 100% let's connect! 4, 23, 25, 26, 30, 31, 35, 42, 45, 46

I do some of that, but that's not all.

No, I'd rather keep to myself, thank you! (All the numbers except those 10 above).

It's important to me to get all the technicalities and legalities correct.

Yes 100% there's no other way. 21-25, 33, 37, 46

I try but it's not the end of the world if I don't, (usually).

No I hate restrictions, let me fly free as a bird! (All the numbers except those eight above).

I must describe to people about where I've been.

Yes 100% or how will they know about these awesome places? 4, 17, 26, 35, 42

If I think they'd be interested I might do that.

No way – all my favourite places are top secret! (All the numbers except those five above).

You enjoy describing products and services for customers.

Yes 100% got to. 4, 35, 37, 46

I can do this along with everything else I do.

No way – let me get on with my writing project. (All the numbers except those four above).

List of genres for you to place your ticks beside::

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Adults' fiction | 23. Journalism. |
| 2. Adult literacy first readers | 24. Legal writing. |
| 3. Adults' nonfiction. | 25. Letter writing - business. |
| 4. Advertising. | 26. Letter writing - personal. |
| 5. Autobiography. | 27. Magazine article writing. |
| 6. Bath books for babies. | 28. Movie script writing. |
| 7. Biography. | 29. Poetry. |
| 8. Board books. | 30. Public speaking |
| 9. Children's comics/graphic novels. | 31. Radio writing. |
| 10. Children's first chapter books | 32. Science-Fiction |
| 11. Children's first readers. | 33. Science nonfiction |
| 12. Children's illustrated fiction. | 34. Short Story writing |
| 13. Children's illustrated nonfiction. | 35. Social media - posts and blogs. |
| 14. Children's novels. | 36. Songwriting. |
| 15. Christian teaching. | 37. Technical writing. |
| 16. Devotionals. | 38. Teen fiction. |
| 17. Family history. | 39. Teen graphic novels. |
| 18. Fantasy. | 40. Teen non-fiction. |
| 19. Historical fiction. | 41. Television script writing. |
| 20. Historical nonfiction. | 42. Travel writing. |
| 21. 'How to' nonfiction. | 43. Young adults' fiction. |
| 22. Instructional/teaching nonfiction. | 44. Young adults' nonfiction. |
| | 45. YouTube influencer. |
| | 46. Website building. |

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Puppy Love

by Kathryn Paul

Bella the puppy
Has eyes dark brown
Her coat is golden
She acts the clown.

She runs to meet me
And wags her tail
Chases my spade
Knocks over a pail.

She cheers my day
Makes me smile
Her heart is sweet
Labrador style.

Strewn in the yard
Are bones and toys.
Odd bits of plumbing,
Are some of her joys.

She shares her love
With cuddles and licks
She's smart and funny
Learning new tricks.

Inside at lunch
She stares hard at me
Wanting my food
Hopes I'll agree.

Then she flops down
Beside Kayne's chair
Trying to get treats
Is a tiring affair.

I'm glad God made
Puppy love for us
She soothes our souls
Simple joy, no fuss.



Bella belongs to my boss, Kayne, –
it's great fun having a puppy at
work!

Mission: Connecting Christian writers in New Zealand.

Vision: To encourage and inspire Christian writers throughout New Zealand.

Values: Christian faith, God's Word, professionalism, quality and social outreach.

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NZ Christian Writers' vision is to create a vibrant community of Christian writers by connecting them to other like-minded writers in New Zealand. We welcome both beginner and experienced writers.