



NOV 25 - FEB 26

YOUNG

CHRISTIAN WRITER

Interview with
Monique Rowe

New Short
Story Writing
Competition

Short Story
Giant Cat
(part 2)

WINNING
ARTICLES

A magazine of NZ Christian Writers

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YOUNG CHRISTIAN WRITER MAGAZINE

Cover art, *Teal Waterfall!*
by Geraldine Crow

Young Christian Writer is our student magazine published three times a year by NZ Christian Writers.

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WRITING SUBMISSIONS:

Send us your writing to be published in our 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 10 February 2026.

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Welcome to our Nov 2025-Feb 2026 edition of *Young Christian Writer* magazine. Several years ago, when we first launched our *Young Christian Writer* magazine, our magazine editor, Kathryn Paul, prepared this fun, whimsical poem that we had produced into a Radio Advertisement. Here is the original script for your enjoyment:

Once upon a time, a writer wrote a rhyme, but where could it be published to be seen? The writer heard a hint, to get your work in print, try Young Christian Writer magazine! Learn steps to success, your writing will be blessed, new publishing knowledge you will glean. Stories, poems, laughter, happy ever after, writing competitions content clean. Sign up for free today! Their website is the way. So, the writer has joined up – very keen! Visit www.nzchristianwriters.org/join.

Re-reading it again, this fun poem still captures the original purpose and vision for the magazine which you have in your hands today. We trust you are blessed by our magazine, designed for you. Also thank you so much to Geraldine Crow who has contributed her *Teal Waterfall* artwork for the front cover of *Young Christian Writer* magazine. Thank you, Geraldine!

PRESIDENT'S

NOTE:



Write on, from Justin

EDITOR'S NOTE:



*With love in Jesus Christ,
from Kathryn*

What is self-talk and how can it impact you as a person and as a writer? Self-talk is the talk you are saying to yourself about yourself or your situation at any given moment.

Becoming aware of your self-talk is helpful, because you can identify if you are cheering yourself on or being too hard on yourself. You can pay attention to your thoughts and notice if you are telling yourself a truth according to God's truth, or a lie that perhaps has come from a negative source.

For example, I recently had to face a fear when I stepped out of my comfort zone to do an activity I'd not done before. For a moment, I was so scared I nearly changed my mind. But I determinedly changed my self-talk away from fear to, *Kathryn, you can DO this*. I also prayed hard for Jesus to help me. Then I breathed deep and did it.

What is some of the negative self-talk that can prevent us from writing? Perhaps, *I'm not good at this* or *I can't think of what to write* or *This is too hard*. We can change that self-talk to: *I'm okay at this and I'm getting better every time I do it, I can think of what to write when I give myself time. Nothing is too hard, when I pray and ask Jesus to help me, I can give it my best effort.*

Pay attention to your self-talk and keep it healthy, helpful and positive. Remember, Jesus loves you all the time.

INTERVIEW:

Featuring Writer, Monique Rowe

1. Hi, Monique. How old were you when you first began writing?

I took a long time to learn to read and write. The school gave up on me and said I needed a tutor. The tutor gave up and said I would never learn or amount to anything. My mother painstakingly taught me in the end, and my artist grandmother painted pictures and wrote stories about the birds in her garden for me to read.

I wrote my first short chapter book when I was eleven. It was about aliens who took on your appearance, took you to another planet where you lived in a giant dome and then replaced you on Earth. It was called Clones. Not quite as pleasant as birds in my grandmother's garden!

2. Who have been your greatest encouragers in your writing and publishing journey?

My mother for persevering with a child who had no interest in reading

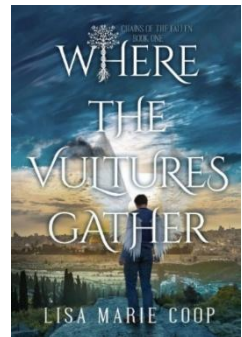
Now, hearing parents tell me how much they and their children enjoy my books is enormously encouraging. When I was twelve, I had a teacher named Mrs Koefoed. She would give out awards to students for their work. They were just gold, silver and bronze stickers, but they were so much more than that to me. I still have them, and I have never forgotten her encouragement.

3. Who were your favourite authors growing up?

Margaret Mahy, Maurice Gee, Enid Blyton and Roald Dahl.

4. What kind/s of writing do you like to do now and why?

I enjoy writing books that children like to read and that teach them something new. In a way, I am writing books for my younger self. I have also recently completed my first two Christian children's manuscripts. I also write adult fiction, and I am currently working on a Christian psychological thriller.

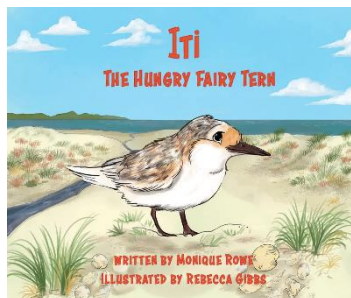


5. How much time do you spend writing each week?

I am currently working at least six hours a day as I have a deadline for a proposal to a literary management agency. But on a normal day I will try for at least three.

6. What have been some of the highlights of your journey as a published author?

After keeping working on them for five years, my children's story about a DOC ranger was finally published in collaboration with the New Zealand Fairy Tern Charitable Trust and supported by The Department of Conservation. It is the first book I have been paid for, and my first traditionally published work. My other books are all self-published.

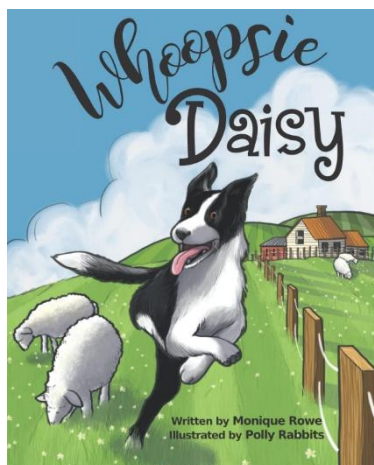


Recently, I received an email from a Literary Management Agency in the United States asking to start the conversation about representing me. A literary agent represents an author by selling their manuscript for publication with a publishing company. Their job is to get the best deal possible for the author. Most big publishing companies won't look at an author's work unless it comes through a literary agent.

7. What would you like to say to our young writers and readers, to encourage them?

Do not let fear stand in your way and give everything to God. If you give your writing to God, He will do amazing things with it. If you want to be an author, read and then read more. Then write. Write anything. Just fill the page with whatever comes into your head and soon ideas will flow.

Find a tribe. Find a group of people who read the same books as you, and maybe they write too. That way, you have people who will encourage and pray for you on your journey and you can do the same for them. They will be the best people to bounce your ideas off, talk with about your wins and your losses, your struggles and achievements, share what you are working on and learn from their feedback. Here is a good word to learn for your writing career. Your word for the day is **reciprocity**. Search 'reciprocity for authors'.



Monique also writes under the name, Lisa

Marie Coop. To order Monique's books visit: <https://monrowebbooks.com>.

What's that Delicious Smell?

by Clive McKegg

My mother sure loved her KFC
 With its eleven-part secret recipe
 At special occasions it was her request
 Pizza or Chinese were okay, but KFC was best!

Many have tried to speculate
 What those ingredients were that made it so great
 The delicious flavour of the crunchy batter
 And chicken cooked in that special manner

What makes a recipe set apart?
 Is it a science or some special art?
 Surely it can't be that hard they say
 So they analyse and experiment right to this day



And maybe life's like that recipe?
 We're given a goal, but we fail to see
 That we need to develop parts, one at a time
 Until, wisdom, character, and fruits of God's Spirit we find

And when we're working on one, don't forget the rest
 It's all the parts together that bring out the best
 Mixed under the hand of the Colonel from on High
 Until our lives smell like Heaven to all who pass by.

Scriptures

Galatians 5:22-23 *But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faith, gentleness, and self-control. Against such things there is no law.*

2 Corinthians 2:14 *Now thanks be to God who always leads us in triumph in Christ, and reveals through us the sweet aroma of his knowledge in every place.*

Competition Results

Non-Fiction Writing

Instructions for the Non-Fiction writing competition in the Jul-Oct 2025 YCW magazine were:

- Describe a hobby or pastime you enjoy doing, showing what materials, tools and expertise or training you need.
- Describe how God can use this skill for you to help others.
- Optional: Include one photo that helps illustrate your article.
- Minimum three paragraphs. (A paragraph needs to be more than one sentence.)
Maximum 500 words.
- Give your article an attention-grabbing title.

Congratulations to all who entered. We have two placegetters for the senior division. No entries were received for the junior division. Here are the results:

Senior Division:

First place – Penina Ifopo

Second place – Taylor Foster



Twisting Wires to Help Flyers

by Penina Ifopo

Age 15, from Tasman

One of my favourite hobbies is making miniature trees out of recycled copper wire. When I first started this particular hobby, I didn't know anything about making copper trees. At the beginning it was all trial and error, but I became better and better as I practised. The first step of the tree-making process is to strip electrical wiring. Inside most electrical cables there are three smaller cables, each filled with

about twenty separate stands of wire. The dimensions of the inside cables differ depending on the type of cable; I can use any size, resulting in different size trees. After I strip the wire and straighten it out, I cut it to the length I need.

As I mentioned before, there are about twenty strands in a single small wire, so I separate the strands and then twist them together. I twist certain amounts of wire together to

create a selection of branches varying in thicknesses. Once I have the twisted pieces, I wind the wire around a skewer (sometimes I use the handle of a paintbrush for a larger circumference). Slipping the spiral gently off the skewer, I thread on small, coloured seed beads to add to the look of the tree. For example, the beads might represent leaves, blossoms, apples, snow, or I customise trees and people can choose whatever colour they like.

After the beads are on, I flatten the spiral and bend it so that it meets the other side of the spiral, forming a branch with a small, flower-like spiral at one end. I continue this pattern until I have three or four of these sprays. Joining them together I make one big, single branch. Once I have made at least eight of these bigger branches, I twist them all together and a tree is shaped. To finish the leaves, I rearrange all the sprays to perfect the shape of the tree.

Having completed the foliage, I then move on to the roots and the mounting of the tree. Making a trip to the stream just up the road, I search for pretty rocks to serve as a base. I prefer white rocks, as the copper colour shows up better than on other coloured rocks. I mould the tree roots around the rock, glue them on, and trim them where needed. Sometimes I might add a

twist to the trunk to give it a different gnarled look.

Once complete, I sell the trees to friends, family and neighbours. Since I was thirteen, each Christmas I have been giving a donation of what I have saved up during the year to MAF (Mission Aviation Fellowship). This organisation uses planes to reach out to isolated areas all over the world and brings the Good News of Jesus as well as medicine, food, and Bibles to needy people in over 30 countries. Now, instead of saving up throughout the year, I can bless MAF with the money I get from the sales of my miniature copper trees.



Every six minutes, every single day, a MAF aircraft takes off and lands.

In this series, follow the bush pilots throughout an entire year, from jungles to deserts, mountains and savannah, where every second counts.

Watch *The Bush Pilots on Shine On Demand.*

Singing for the Soul

by Taylor Foster

Age 21, from Tauranga

I have quite a few hobbies, but the one that stands out is singing. Singing is the art of using your voice to create musical melodies and tunes. I got started singing when I was in primary school by being in the school choir and taking part in singing lessons (taught by a specialist singing teacher). The main genres I sing are musical theatre songs, Christian music, classical and modern/contemporary. Singing is a hobby that can be just for you as well as for others to enjoy.

If you like to sing and want it to become a serious hobby, you may need to invest in training. This can be in the form of a singing teacher in your area or joining a choir. Here, you will learn the real techniques and skills behind singing, such as proper breathing, vowel sounds, warming up your voice and dynamics.

When you want to start practising singing, you will need backing tracks. These are songs where all the words have been removed so you can sing along. There are plenty on YouTube (just search “karaoke”). You may also need lyrics or sheet music (if you want to follow the actual notes). You can easily get lyrics online, whereas sheet music is easier to get through a singing teacher.

God can use singing to bring joy, entertainment and connection to

others. For example, I have been blessed to use my skills to perform old songs for dementia patients. They were delighted to hear the songs of their youth and have something exciting to be a part of. I am still moved when I remember how they sang along to *We'll Meet Again* by Vera Lynn alongside me. Jesus' love poured into them through singing together. This shows how our voices have the power to bless people in good and hard times.

Not only does God use my singing to help others, but also to help me. When I sing, I am expressing myself, singing straight from my heart and I find such joy in that. It is also a special gift *for* God. I can use my singing voice, which He gave me, to sing back to and with Him.

Singing is a hobby that I don't think I'll ever move on from. And, if you have any desire to give it a go, do it! Have fun finding karaoke on YouTube of your favourite songs and maybe see if you can find a singing teacher or choir to join up with.

My voice is a gift from God that I can use to help others and myself. But it's also a gift back to God. He loves to hear me sing whatever I sound like, wherever I am, and no matter who does, or doesn't, hear me.

BACK 25

COMPOSED BY RANDY NEWMAN

Handwritten scribbles and a signature.

s there when
ng, listening
get all your
e great
ve done

Swing C G7#5 C9

You've got a friend in me. —
You've got a friend in me. —

F F#°7 C/G C

You've got a friend in me. —
You've got a friend in me. —

F C/E E7 Am

When the road looks rough a-head and you're miles
If you got troubles, I got 'em too. —

F C/E E7 Am

and miles from your nice warm bed, —
There is - n't an - y-thing I would-n't do for you.

F B/F# C/G E/G# Am F7 E Am

you just re-mem-ber what your old pal said. — So you've
If we stick to- geth-er we can see it through, 'cause you've

D7 G7 C A7

— got a friend in me. — Yeah, you've —
— got a friend in me. — Yeah, you've —

D7 G7

1. C E7/B Am G#7 C/G C°/G G7

— got a friend in me.
— got a friend in me.



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An example of sheet music



by Tania Purdon

I was invited by a friend to come to the Northland Christian Writers group. I came not knowing what to expect and just to see what would happen. I'm new to the group and this is the first time I've written a research article on doves. This is a new learning curve to see where this will take me, despite the challenges that I face. It's not easy because of my hearing situation, but I'm grateful for the love of God and His grace.

God's creation is beyond our understanding and this is what encouraged me to write about doves. Doves have a significant meaning in our lives.

The interesting fact that has been discovered is, there are hundreds of different types of doves and they come in fascinating colours. Dove birds have interesting characteristics which give them their own personality. Also, pigeons are the same family as doves, but they individually have their own characteristics which highlight that they are the same shapes and design, that almost match the identical characteristics. Choosing one for a prime example; rock dove and rock pigeon come from the same family. They share the same unique blood system. How can you distinguish between two characteristics of doves and pigeons? A rock dove can have a smaller body and a pigeon has a slightly bigger body.

How possibly this creature is so unique and so special to each person who comes across one in their lives. Doves are wild birds but also this does mean these doves are pets too. You can see them in your backyard flying in groups and this gives them the opportunity to loosen their tension after being caged in. It also gives doves great joy to spread their wings. There are times when often we feel like that in our lives, that we need to spread our wings to grow by having a relationship with Jesus. Also, you see them in the backyard, in big trees and flying beside you as you are driving along the road or out in the country on the hillside. On another note, Noah in the *Ark* did the same thing when he released a white dove to find the dry land and it came back with an olive branch in its beak. This is the same way with us when we go off track and are losing our way. Like the dove brought back the olive branch, this encourages us to do the same with Jesus by praying, reading His words and others confirm things to our lives.

Doves are a most interesting bird which come in different or similar shapes and sizes, characteristics and personalities. Are these doves here for us to enjoy or is there much more than we could have ever imagined? Then how did God create these dove birds? Are they here for us to look at or to give us a sign of hope, peace etc. When Jesus got baptized in the water the Spirit come down like a dove from Heaven and rested upon Jesus. A dove or doves are very significant in our daily lives when we see them only by God's grace.

We can learn a lot more about doves that is way beyond our curiosity.

The Monarch Butterfly

by Gwenyth Frear

The monarch butterfly was fluttering around among the branches of the swan tree looking for a place to lay its eggs. “Ah”, she thought, “that looks like a good place to settle”, and she fluttered over the branch and then settled down to business. When she had finished laying her eggs, she felt she had completed what she was meant to do and flew off into the blue sky. After that big effort, she was rather tired and wanted nothing more to do than to sit down and rest.

Meantime, the eggs she had laid, began to attach themselves firmly to the branch, and they settled down to the serious business of growing and then hatching. Soon there were half a dozen little caterpillars wriggling out of the eggs which were rather large by this time. Their little black heads could be seen through the skin of the egg. When they first came out of the egg, they were very small and were coloured white, but after a short while, they changed colour and became a deep yellow colour with black stripes.

The caterpillars didn't really know what they were there for, all they knew was that they were awfully hungry. They began to chew at the leaves nearest them, and found they tasted pretty good. So, they began to move along the branch and then go to the next one. It wasn't long before these six caterpillars had chewed through all the leaves nearest them, so they moved a bit further to the next branch. Some caterpillars on the next tree, which was quite small, found that they had eaten themselves out altogether!

One caterpillar still had enough leaves to chew on and he grew bigger and bigger. He was a handsome thing with his big black stripes all the way down his body. He had this feeling that there might be other things out there that might attack him, after all, what were those big things with flapping wings that seemed to be hanging around? But then he began to feel lazy as though all he wanted to do was to go to sleep. *Where should I go?* He wondered. But one day he just settled down where he was on the branch and hung himself upside down by his tail. “Ah”, he thought to himself, “This is so nice, I just can't be bothered doing anything else. I think I will just go to sleep here”.

While the caterpillar was asleep, he began to change. A hard case began to crawl over his body and at the same time his striped coat he was so proud of began to split. Then it dropped onto the ground leaving him to swing there in his new case.

After another week or so, he began to wake up, still not realising that he had completely changed. He had a new body! Not only that, but as he came out of his case, he felt these things down his side. He stretched a bit, and found these things were on his body! *Whatever are they for?* He wondered. He stretched some more and found he could move them! By this time, they were starting to dry off, and he found he could flap them! He flapped a bit more and found he was off his branch, and in the air... what a wonderful feeling that was! He was getting stronger all the time, and more awake than he had ever been in his life before. He gave more flaps and left his branch forever, to enjoy a new life such as he had never dreamed of.

You know, girls and boys, that this is what it is going to be like when we leave this old body behind and see Jesus, face to face. We have no idea now, while we are on this earth what that is going to be like, but all we know is that we are going to be like Him, and that we will be leaving all the pain and disappointments of this life behind us forever. This is what the Bible tells us, and we must learn all it has to tell us of the wonderful new life ahead of us so we can be sure to find it.





The Mosquito



by Jenny de Vetter

Why God, why did You create the mosquito? Was it just to show us another aspect of your marvellous creativity, and to continue the cycle of life for many other creatures, giving them a source of food? After researching this tiny intricate creature, I marvel at the way in which You have created it. It lives in every corner of the planet and annoys both man and beast. We can't eradicate it, but have to live with it all our lives.

When it comes to visit us for a meal, it opens its amazing mouth which has seven tools of destruction, lined up at the ready. Different saws to cut through our skin, depending on the hardness of the surface. It injects us through its first syringe with a numbing agent. This also works as an anticoagulant, to allow our blood to flow freely into its second syringe, which draws up our blood to feed its young. Often, we don't feel the initial probe. It only starts itching after it has finished drawing our blood, due to the initial numbing agent in the first injection. This starts to wear off once it has sucked up our blood.

Sure, You have made the mosquito as food for other creatures, like birds and other insects, but God, did You really need to create them to like or need OUR blood? That is one question I would like You to answer when I get to Heaven. I do enjoy watching the swallows dive for insects to take back and feed their young. I just wish You gave us more swallows to eat up all the mosquitos around our place.



Often it is the small things in our lives that irritate us the most. The big things are obvious, and even though we can't eradicate them, we are usually able to avoid them or step around them, but it is the little annoying things that irritate us the most, like other people's habits or ways that are contrary to ours. God, you have given us your fruit to act as a soothing balm, when other people annoy us. Help me to activate your fruit; love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness and self-control.

Next time when an annoying little mosquito comes my way, I will try to see your purpose in creating it, but more likely, I will respond with a loving swat, before it has another meal from me and leaves me with another itchy lump under my skin.



The Beaver's Story

by Brian de Vetter



Humans aren't as smart as they think they are. They haven't had much rain for

months. The ground is becoming almost draught like. The narrow stream is barely flowing. It looks like a longtime situation now. Yet we know how they can solve this major problem, and with minimal cost.

Why don't they get us beavers on the job? We'll turn the area into a much more healthy and functional state, because when we dam the flow there will be a gradual buildup of trapped water. The slower moving current will allow nutritious sediment to settle to the bottom, which usually results in plentiful feed for insects. The birds eat the insects. Grass and other vegetation multiplies, both from the increased water table and the spread of the seeds via the birds. Small animals eat the grass and fertilise the ground. Trees begin to grow, which supplies the shade and cover that larger animals need and the tree roots prevent erosion during floods.

We are air-breathing mammals who spend a great deal of time in the water. For this reason, God has given us amazing equipment. We have special valves in our ears and nose. When we dive below the surface these valves automatically close so that no water can enter. On resurfacing, the valves reopen, and we can freely breathe again.

Did you know that us beavers can swim underwater for 800 metres (a half-mile) or more? Our large lungs and liver allow for the storage of more air and oxygenated blood. Also, our heart beats more slowly when we dive, to conserve oxygen, and the blood is restricted to our legs, while the vital supply to the brain remains normal.

You humans think you invented swimming goggles, but God was first to do so. He designed us beavers with 'built-in' goggles. Our eyelids are transparent, so we can close our eyes underwater and still see extremely well. Also, our transparent eyelids protect our eyes from water-borne irritants.

During the winter months, when ice covers the pond, we often need to chew our food-sticks underwater. We can do this because we have fur-lined mouth flaps between our front incisors and our rear molar teeth, which are set considerably further back. These two folds of skin, one on each side of the mouth, meet behind the incisors and seal off the rest of our mouth so we don't drown while eating underwater.

So, some big lessons you can get from us, is that we have learnt to work together as a team so we can build a protective fort to provide for us for eating and breeding. Also, we can't ever be lazy or our whole lifestyle will just wash away and disappear; we must continually be vigilant that there are no breeches in our home and environment. As you can see, we can truly solve the dilemma of the people's drought.

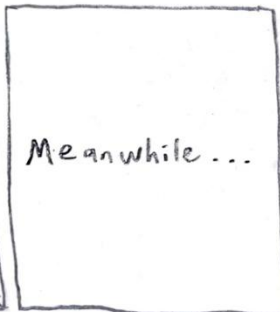
CARTOONS

Samuel Broughton is a Christian cartoonist, writer, artist and filmmaker.

If you would like to contact Samuel, here is his email: fruitnom@cloud.com.



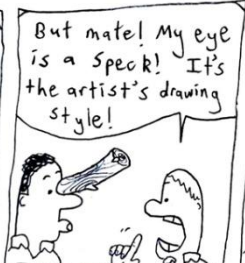
Samuel B



Samuel B



Samuel B



Samuel B

Giant Cat (Part Two)

by Kathryn Paul

**A story written using dictation,
(see previous issue).**

Peggy quickly phoned the veterinarian.

Dr Michael answered the phone and Peggy explained her big problem.

“Are you pulling my leg?” he said.

“No, there’s a reporter here and everything. It’s going to be on the news. This is real,” said Peggy in distress. “I don’t know what happened. My cat had a cold, that’s all. Now she’s as big as a horse!”

“Did you bring her in to be seen for her cold?” Asked Dr Michael.

“No.”

There was a pause on the end of the phone. Peggy waited.

Dr Michael cleared his throat, “All I can think of,” he said, “is that the virus she has is a mutation and has caused this. Either that or she’s eaten something very strange. Do you have any unusual plants around the farm or chemicals?”

“No, there’s nothing different from normal,” Peggy answered.

“We’ll have to do some tests,” he said. “How safe is she to handle?”

“She’s very cuddly and smoochy but because she’s so big she can knock you down.”

“Okay well, just as long as she doesn’t try to scratch or bite, we’ll be fine. Did you say you have her in a horse float?”

“Yes, she’s safely locked inside.”

“Good. Well done. Please bring her to our clinic. I’ll meet you there.”

As Peggy drove to the vet clinic, she pondered about her problem.

I wonder how much this vet appointment is going to cost me? She thought. *If only I had taken her to the vet straight away the small problem wouldn’t have grown into such a big problem.*

Suddenly she heard frantic honking from the vehicle following behind. Looking in her rear vision mirror she realised that Angel-Cat who, like most cats, didn’t mind a horse float when it wasn’t moving, but was now objecting to travelling along the road. She had put her huge paws over the top of the back door and her head was looking out over the door at the vehicle behind.

Oh, dear, Peggy thought. *I hope she doesn’t try to climb out.*

She drove a bit faster hoping it would discourage Angel-Cat from looking out over the top of the back door. Sure enough, the rough driving around the bends in the road caused Angel-Cat to drop back down on all four paws. But now Peggy was speeding and suddenly the honking behind her was replaced with a siren. Someone had probably called the police about the giant cat in the community playground.

Peggy suspected the reporter was still following her too.

Well, there’s no point in stopping, she thought to herself. *No one behind me can help me. I just need to get to the veterinarian as fast as I can.*

Soon Peggy heard another noise. It was coming from the sky and she glanced out her driver’s door window

just in time to spot a helicopter overhead.

"Oh, my goodness," she exclaimed. "Are they following me too? Perhaps I should have told the police where I am going and why."

As Peggy drove down a steep hill she looked ahead and at the far end of the highway before her she saw police cars creating a roadblock.

She eye-rolled, "Oh, you've got to be kidding," she muttered. She began to slow down and came to a stop at the roadblock.

She felt puzzled that none of the police were approaching her. Then she heard someone shouting, "Step out of the car, Miss, and put your hands up in the air."

Peggy eye rolled and did what she was told. One of the policemen began to walk towards her. But then he stopped and froze as the loudest, plaintiff meow they had ever heard came from the horse float.

Peggy dropped her hands down halfway and shrugged helplessly, indicating to the policeman that she was feeling in a helpless predicament.

"I'm trying to get to the veterinarian in a hurry," she explained. "Something is very wrong with my cat. As you can hear, she is not happy. I'm trying to get her there as fast as I can."

The policeman answered, "Well, shouldn't your cat be in a travel box in your car? Why is your cat in the horse float?"

Peggy answered, "The problem is a bit bigger than usual."

The policeman walked towards the float. "Do you mind if I take a quick look through the side door? I promise not to let her out."

Peggy nodded, "Go right ahead. I doubt she will fit through that small door anyway. Just remember it's at your own risk, she's a little scared of strangers."

The policeman raised his eyebrows at her questioningly then partially opened the side door on the float. Just as he was about to look inside, a giant cat-paw shot out and batted him hard, sending him sprawling sideways.

Peggy leaped forward and quickly shut the door. Then she looked with concern towards the policeman who was picking himself up off the ground. "Are you okay, Sir?"

The policeman looked confused. "I'm not sure, did I just get hit by a giant cat?"

"Yes, that's right, Sir," Peggy nodded solemnly. "As you can see, I have a giant cat which is a big problem. I need to get her to the veterinarian. Can you help me please?"

The policeman nodded. "We will escort you," he said. "It's important we try to keep this big problem contained."

"Thank you, Officer," said Peggy gratefully.

She jumped back in her car and soon was on her way again, now with two police cars in front, two behind and a helicopter flying overhead.

As Peggy continued to drive to meet Dr Michael, her mind thought back. *Have I done anything different to Angel-Cat lately?* She wondered. *I wonder if it was the beef liver I gave her?* She dismissed the thought. *This is the strangest thing I've ever had happen to me,* she decided.

(Read part three in the next YCW issue!)

SHORT STORY WRITING COMPETITION

PRIZES: \$50 FIRST PLACE, \$30 SECOND PLACE

Instructions:



- Write a fictional short story.
- Your story must have at least one character who is a Christian and who shows it by his/her actions.
- Maximum 800 words.
- Give your article an attention-grabbing title.
- Include your name, age and area where you live.

Send your short story as a Word document attachment to: ycwmag@nzchristianwriters.org with 'YCW Short Story Competition' in the subject line.

Competition closes 15 January 2026

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 for the *free digital copy* 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.

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

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