



MAR - JUN 26

YOUNG

CHRISTIAN WRITER

Interview with
George Bryant

Short Story
Competition
Results

New Poetry
Writing
Competition
and more

CARTOONS OF
THE GIANT
CAT STORY

A magazine of NZ Christian Writers

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YOUNG CHRISTIAN WRITER MAGAZINE

Cover art by Samuel
Broughton

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 June 2026.

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Welcome to our Mar-Jun 2026 edition of *Young Christian Writer* magazine.

We're excited to announce that in 2026 we'll have a brand-new website for NZ Christian Writers. This represents a complete overhaul and relaunch of our online presence to better serve our members. It will have improved functionality for our established and emerging members. Essentially, it will be an online portal that is more fit for purpose in 2026 and beyond. You may be interested to know that it will feature a user-friendly login where members can publish their own writer profile and book features. That means you can upload your own book artwork, profile photo, and create an online presence with clickable links for anyone online to buy your published books. Perhaps keep this in mind as you progress on your writing and publishing journey. NZ Christian Writers is here for you!



Also, thank you so much to our young cartoonist, Samuel Broughton, who created some illustrations for the *Giant Cat* story. One of those illustrations has made its way to our front cover of this *Young Christian Writer* magazine!

As always, write on.

PRESIDENT'S

NOTE:



Write on, from Justin

EDITOR'S NOTE:



*With love in Jesus Christ,
from Kathryn*

Have you ever moved house or changed schools? It can be fun exploring new places and making new friends. It can also take a while to adjust to the new, while letting go of the way things used to be.

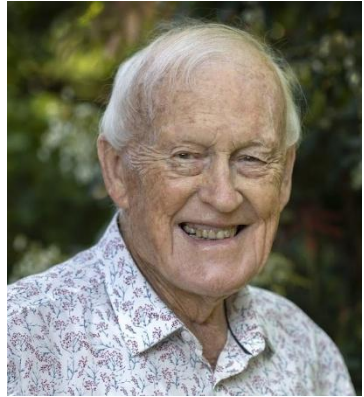
I'm experiencing that now, since I've recently shifted from rural Northland to rural South Auckland. The good thing about having new experiences is it can give us a variety of things to write about.

Writing on your own can be a solitary time, but you can also use writing to make friends. Writing, reading and sharing poetry or short stories in a group can be fun. You could consider joining or starting a book club or writing group. Make it an encouraging and safe place to be, so that everyone who comes looks forward to attending.

Connecting with friends is an important part of being a writer. When you know that Jesus loves you and you have good friends who care and encourage you, it's a real blessing.

Featuring Writer, George Bryant

- 1. George, this year you're celebrating five decades of writing. Can you share with our young writers, what got you started?**



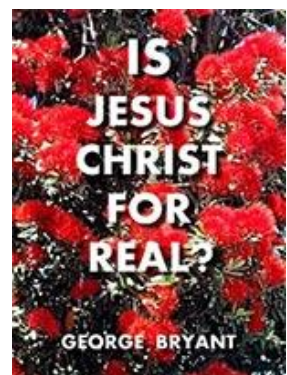
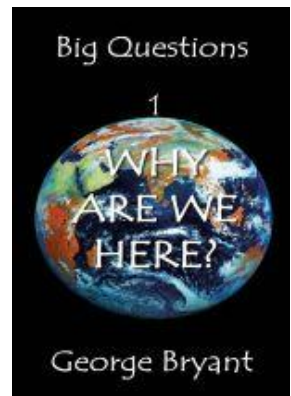
I was a below-average writer at school, but when I became a teacher, I had to learn how to teach the writing of essays. So, I took every opportunity to read widely as well as write articles for various magazines.

- 2. Your books are non-fiction, based on facts. Where do you get your ideas for writing your books?**

Numerous sources. Sometimes it's something that's appeared in the news, or something I've seen on television or a passage in a book or a verse of Scripture or even something I've been discussing with a friend over lunch.

- 3. You have been involved with helping others get their books published. What made you start doing that?**

As a founding director of DayStar Books (now closed) we published some 50 titles on themes that would help society move forward. We started doing that because we discovered writers who had good, positive manuscripts which they were unable to get published.

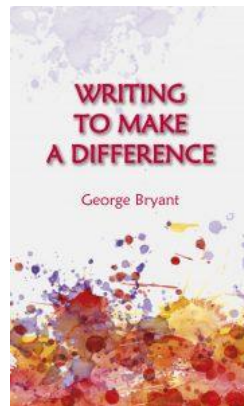


4. Who were your favourite authors, growing up?

I didn't read much as a school student. As my mind developed, I became influenced by the writing of Charles Dickens, Thomas Hardy, and the Austen sisters. Later, I found that one of the greatest wordsmiths of all was Shakespeare, especially his tragedies. Later still, John Grisham's direct, unadorned style made an impact. I've read all his novels.

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

When I'm working on a book I probably spend about three hours a day, usually in the corner of a coffee bar. But it's not just a matter of writing. Non-fiction requires ongoing research as well.

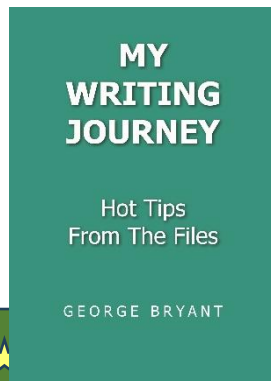


6. What have been some of the highlights of your journey as a published author?

It's always a highlight to actually hold the finished product in your hands after all the hard work. Over the years I've valued the favourable comments people have made about a particular book. Interviews on radio and television, orders from bookshops and libraries, finding one of your books has been recommended by a lecturer at a university... are all highlights.

7. What would you like to say to our young writers and readers of *Young Christian Writer* magazine, to encourage them?

I'm about to release a 50-page booklet title *My Writing Journey*. It outlines all the books I've written and why I've written them, including 38 tips for potential authors. Every young writer should get a copy when it is published in April.





TASK

Mr Mole

by Northland Christian Writers Group Contributors

Here's a fun task for you to try with some friends. Pass around a piece of paper and each person can add a sentence or two, building a story. We did this at our Northland Christian Writers group. The story we ended up with is called, Mr Mole.

"Hey", said Mr Mole as he popped his head above ground. "Hey, anybody out there? It's Mole here, ready to go. Can't see a thing."

Suddenly a gruff voice boomed out, "Pull your head in mate, you're in Australia." Mole, quite confused, did seem to have been digging for some time.

Mole tried to focus on the voice. It seemed to be coming from up a tall tree. "I'm up this gum tree," said the voice.

"I can't see that far," said Mr Mole, blinking his soft dark eyes against the bright daylight. "My eyes were designed by God for travelling through the darkness. I can't see you. Who are you?"

"I'm the one who sees all that goes on. You can't hide from me, even in the depths of the earth!"

"Hey, but I'm not hiding, I just can't see because that's the way you made me. I need your help getting back home; can you help me and show me the way?"

"Of course I can help you, but because you have wandered off course, you'll have to return to the place where you went off course (where you dropped the axe head)."

So, Mole turned to retrace his steps back to where he came from and the safety of his home underground.



Now it's your turn. Have a go and send it in to the magazine.

Competition Results

Short Story Writing

Instructions for the Short Story writing competition in the Nov 2025-Feb 2026 YCW magazine were:

- 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.

Congratulations to all who entered. We have two placegetters for the senior division and one for the junior division. Here are the results:

Senior Division:

First place – Keziah Alexander

Second place – Joshua McEwing

Junior Division:

First place – Elsa Amundrud



A Moonlit Mouthful

by Keziah Alexander

Age 16, from Hawkes Bay

The bells had struck eleven when the question came.

I was huddled on the church steps, as usual, clasping the frail blanket over the knobs in my wrists and preparing for the routine of sticking out the cold till another smoggy morning broke. The final high peal faded, except for what quivered in my marrow.

That's when I saw her.

A mere scrap of a girl, with hair the colour of the polished church door handle and little more flesh on her bones than on mine. A night-dress fell loose below her knees, a frilled shawl warding the chill air from her shoulders. Several pigeons followed her like cats, eyeing the basket at her arm.

"Would you like some bread?"

I looked up at the bit she held out to me, a silvery crust in the moonlight. "Not hungry."

Dimples popped into her cheeks. "I want you to have it anyway."

She walked right up to me. I couldn't remember the last time a person had done that. Quicker than warmth fades, she placed the piece of bread on my knee.

"Go away!" I said, in fright.

She smiled, leaving as softly as she'd come.

I watched till her slippers disappeared down the lamplit street. Then I snatched the bread and gobbled it to the last crumb.

The same thing happened at eleven the next night. I jolted from a doze feelin' like I'd missed a passing flicker of warmth. On my knee was another crust—larger than the first. I stretched off the step to catch a vanishing flash of nightrobe. Then I gulped the new bread in two bites.

Next time she came, I only *pretended* to be asleep. I waited a few minutes for her to disappear after feeling something placed on my knee. Then I opened my eyes to find a third hunk of bread—larger than the previous two combined. Snaffling it up, I began ramming bites into my gullet.

"Don't eat it so fast," said a voice beside me. "It'll make you sick."

I jumped, scooting back against the wall. The little girl sat on the step beside me, the basket between her slipped toes. I scowled, crumbs dropping on my blanket. "Why should you care if I'm sick?"

"Because I know Someone who cared about everyone who was

sick.” She pointed to the door of the church behind us. “You could learn more about Him by going in there.”

I scowled blacker than the shadows in the bell tower. “Don’t think I don’t know who you’re talking about. Your friend ain’t never gonna want *me* in there.”

“Of course He does. He wants everyone.” The little girl looked right at me—like she actually saw *me*, not just the lank hair crowding my hollow eyes. “Even if they don’t want *Him*.”

I hugged the blanket tighter. “It’s not *Him* that’s the problem. It’s the people.” Like the man who kicked me out of my job.

She smiled sadly. “Even church people can get it wrong, but He never does.”

I gnawed my blanket. “I told you already—I’m a castoff. He won’t want me.”

The girl put her basket in her lap and scooted to the bottom of the church steps. She motioned me down alongside her.

“Look.” I tipped my head back as she pointed. A sprinkle of silver pricks showed through the smog. We lay side by side, heads pillowed on the concrete step, watching the distant sparkle of the stars. “Just remember,” said the little girl softly, “that the One who takes care of the stars cares for you, too.” She got

up. “Come to church. You never know what good thing might happen.”

Then she was gone.

She didn’t come back the next night, or the next. Finally, I decided to go.

The service had begun when I skulked in the back door and slipped into the final pew. Voices swelled the cathedral hall, borne on the strains of an organ. Like the voices of angels.

The preacher got up to speak. Something about the Good Shepherd hunting a lost sheep. It touched my raw spot. I broke down. He wanted me, after all.

The little girl smiled at me across the room.

A few Sundays later, I met the man who’d kicked me out of my job. He wasn’t the man he’d been. He offered me my old position back in the city, if I would forgive him and start over.

I’ve never seen that little girl since. Never been back on the streets. I’ve eaten many fine meals and slept in places far comfier than a church’s concrete step.

But I’ve never tasted anything as sweet as what the girl offered me that night.

And it was more than a mouthful of bread.

For the Sake of the Call

by Joshua McEwing

Age 13, from Auckland

The school bell echoed through the hallways of Springwood High signalling the end of the school day. Students rushed out of their classrooms and flooded the hallways like a raging river. It was Friday afternoon, and everyone couldn't wait to get home to play on their gaming consoles. Soon all the students had left the school grounds except for 2 boys, they were Robert and Matthew Southbridge. They were the most smart, respectful, Christian and helpful. They always talked about the 10 commandments (Exodus 20), expressed that they believe in God and advertised church events around school. They were also the sons of the pastor at the local church (Springwood Church) and majority of the students and teachers knew that they were Christians. Ms Thompson was the only teacher that attended their church and believed in God. Robert was 16 years old and Matthew was 14 years old.

They packed up their stuff before Matthew said "Goodbye Ms Thompson, see you on Sunday at church." "Oh yes, take care boys." replied Ms Thompson. Robert and Matthew then walked out of the

classroom headed towards the main gate of the school. As they approached the gate, the boys saw their mum waiting for them leaning against one of the family cars (a red Mazda CX-3). They all hopped into the car and within 15 minutes, they had arrived home. They had youth group tonight starting at 7pm, it was currently 3.30pm.

3 hours later...

"Make sure you remember your bible and notebook, we will leave in 5 minutes." yelled their mother. The boys hopped in the car and their mother drove them to their church. They arrived at about 6.55pm and when they went straight to their friend groups. At 7.15pm all the youth were told to enter the main auditorium. Once everyone was seated in the auditorium, Joel Springfield walked onto the stage and yelled "Who's excited for the Word of God?!" Joel was a youth pastor who was excited and energetic for everything. "I will introduce a challenge at the end of my message," announced Joel. "Many of you will know that at Easter Jesus died on the cross for our sins (Matthew 27). He suffered what we should have suffered, He took the pain that should have been

ours (Isaiah 53:4). Jesus rose from the dead after 3 days. While we were still sinners, Christ died for us (Romans 5:8). Later, there was the great commission and Jesus says, “All authority has been given to me, go make disciples of all nations, baptize them and teach them all that I have commanded you,” (Matthew 28:18-20). Thank you.”

“Whoever invites the most people to youth group in the next 5 weeks wins a prize. You can collect pamphlets from the front desk,” announced Joel. Robert glanced at Matthew, both already thinking the same thing. This was exactly what they loved doing. After the service ended, the boys walked straight to the front desk and grabbed a stack of pamphlets each. On the drive home, Matthew broke the silence. “What if we invite people from school? Like actually invite them, not just hand them a flyer.” Robert nodded. “Yeah. Some people might laugh, but that’s okay. Jesus said people wouldn’t always accept it.” Over the next few weeks, the brothers did exactly that. During lunch breaks and after class, they talked to classmates who seemed lonely, stressed, or just curious. Some said no, some ignored them, and a few even mocked them. But a surprising number listened. One boy admitted he had never been to church before. A girl said she’d

been struggling and needed something hopeful. Every Friday night, Robert and Matthew watched as a few new faces walked into the youth auditorium. They greeted them, sat with them, and made sure they didn’t feel alone. The numbers slowly grew.

Five weeks later, Joel stood back on the stage, smiling. “I just want to say something before we announce the winner,” he said. “This challenge wasn’t really about a prize. It was about obedience.” He paused, then continued. “But the brothers who invited the most people were Robert and Matthew Southbridge. Over the last five weeks, they invited 27 people, and 14 of them came to youth group.” Applause filled the room, but Robert and Matthew didn’t feel proud of themselves. Instead, they felt grateful. Grateful that God had used them, and grateful that others had taken a step closer to Him. That night, as they walked out of Springwood Church, Matthew smiled. “Even if we didn’t win, it would’ve been worth it.” Robert nodded. “Yeah. This is what we’re called to do.”



Detective George van Weasler and the Case of the Gem Thief

by Elsa Amundrud
Age 11, from Northland

My name is George Van Weasler, and I am a detective weasel. I live in Zootropolis, a city full of animals of all kinds. My last case occurred a few weeks ago. Let me tell you the story...

I was asleep when the telephone rang, shattering the early-morning peace. I sat up, blearily rubbing the sleep from my eyes and picked up the receiver. I didn't have time to say anything before an irate voice exploded from it, causing me to flinch. It was my boss, Winston Grey—a Great Grey owl and head of the Agency.

"Weasler!" he barked. "Head Quarters, NOW!"

A new case had arisen.

I didn't waste time as I hurried out the door, while pulling a coat over my pajamas. Grey was waiting in his office. His back was facing me as I walked into the room. He spoke without turning around.

"Weasler," he growled, "we have a dilemma. Are you familiar with Jake Foxington?"

I nodded. Jake Foxington was a fox millionaire and the owner of several companies throughout the city.

"Yesterday, Jake came into possession of the biggest ruby in the world. He bought it at an auction for thousands of dollars. He held a party to put it on display last night, but this morning, it was gone.

Stolen, we believe." I stifled a gasp and nodded for him to go on.

"Weasler, I want you to find it," Grey growled.

"Yes sir, I'll do my best," I promised.

"It was last seen in Jake Foxington's house." Boss handed me a slip of paper. "Here is the address. And Weasler," he added as I turned to leave, "...get out of those pajamas."

"Yes sir," I promised sheepishly.

In no time, I was standing in front of Foxington Manor, Jake Foxington's house. As I turned the door handle, I observed the door was unlocked.

"That's odd," I muttered to myself. Jake was currently on a business trip in another country. But I dismissed it as insignificant.

One hour later, I stepped back out of the house without a single clue. The house was spotless. *Too* spotless. It was time to pound the pavement and interview the prime suspects.

A few hours later... I was sitting in the room with three animals—a sloth, raccoon, and armadillo.

“Thank-you for coming, everyone,” I acknowledged politely.

“Why are we here?” the sloth demanded irritably.

“Well, I understand that each of you has met Jake Foxington.” I scanned their expressions for the slightest of reactions but detected none, and continued.

I turned to the sloth. “Mr. Sebastian. You were at the auction and also bid for the gem, but Jake won the bid.”

I turned to the raccoon. “You, Ms. Rhonda Racocon, were sent to jail fifteen years ago; caught picking a lock so you could steal gems from a jewelry store.”

I fixed my gaze on the armadillo. “And you, Mr. Andy Armadillo, were admiring the ruby so much last night that it was almost suspicious, as Jake says. As Foxington’s house cleaner, it would be all too easy for you to steal it.” I sighed, eyeing the three animals suspiciously.

Is it possible that Mr. Sebastian stole the gem because he was angry about losing the bid? Or that Ms. Rhonda has a love for jewels that could cause her to steal one? Or that Mr. Andy was so admiring the night before that he would want it as his own?

I felt very discouraged when I returned home that evening without a single clue who the gem thief was.

“God, please give me wisdom like King Solomon,” I whispered, sighing heavily. Soon, I was fast asleep.

I woke up again in the middle of the night, sitting bolt upright. “I know who it is!” I exclaimed.

“Thank-you very much for meeting me again,” I said to Andy, Rhonda and Sebastian.

“Yeah, you’re lucky I came in the middle of the night,” Andy muttered under his breath.

“I am pleased to announce that I know who the gem thief is.

“You do?” Sebastian exclaimed.

“I do. The gem stealer is... Rhonda Racocon.”

Rhonda gasped, angrily.

“Prove it!” she retorted, indignantly.

“Fifteen years ago, you picked a lock to steal gems. You are a known Lock Picker.. That’s exactly what you did last night. However, you made one mistake. It turns out, you aren’t so good at *relocking* doors,” I said remembering the unlocked door of Foxington Manor with a smile.

Rhonda bolted for the door, right into the wings of Agent Grey and his constables. Case closed.

And that is how I cracked the case of the Gem Thief. .

COMPETITION

POETRY

WRITING COMPETITION

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

Instructions:

- Write a rhyming poem.
- Your poem must have the name, Jesus, in it somewhere.
- Maximum four verses. There is no minimum size.
- Give your poem an attention-grabbing title.
- Include your name, age and area where you live.

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

Competition closes 15 May 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.

COOL BEANS



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

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



Here's a visual recap of Parts 1 and 2 of *Giant Cat*, with thanks to cartoonist, Samuel Broughton.



Giant Cat (Part Three)

by Kathryn Paul

A story written using dictation,
(see previous two issues).

Peggy parked at the veterinary clinic and Dr Michael came outside. He saw the police cars and the reporter getting out of his car with his camera. Dr Michael stared up into the sky at the helicopter.

“Something tells me this ‘giant cat problem’ is for real,” he raised his eyebrows, smiling at Peggy.

Peggy relaxed a little under his warm smile. *Perhaps everything will be okay after all.*

“Shall we go inside the horse float with Angel-Cat?” he asked Peggy.

“Uh-uh,” she said, “one of the police officers tried to do that and Angel-Cat swatted him with her paw. Her paws are very large, you see.”

Dr Michael frowned, “I expect her claws are too. I wouldn’t want to get hooked by a giant claw. Perhaps we can sedate her to make her dozy.”

A loud, plaintive meow reached everyone’s ears.

Peggy eye-rolled, “She wants me to let her out.”

“Unfortunately, she will have to stay there for now,” Dr Michael said, shaking his head.

The horse float began to rock and loud bangs and scratching noises came from inside.

“She’s trying to get out over the back door,” said a police officer, sounding panicky.

“Okay,” said Dr Michael, “we need to move fast. How much do you think she weighs?” He asked Peggy.

“She’s about the same size as one of my horses,” Peggy answered. “A big horse is around 400 to 500 kilograms so I’m guessing she’s something similar. I wonder, how much does a lion usually weigh?”

“Good thought,” said Dr Michael. “I’ll look that up.” He quickly used Google on his phone to find out.

“Yes,” he said, “I can see how much she will probably weigh so I’ll prepare her sedation.”

Peggy started moving toward the horse float, “Okay, while you’re doing that I’m going to slip inside with Angel-Cat and see if I can calm her down. She trusts me, I should be safe.”

Peggy let herself in through the side door of the float. Giant Angel-Cat was happy to see her and meowed a loud welcome.

Peggy spoke lovingly and soothingly to Angel-Cat and reached up to rub her on the neck, where she knew Angel-Cat would like it. Angel-Cat relaxed, sat down and began to enjoy the sensation. Soon she was purring loudly.

After a short while, just as Peggy was wondering what had happened to Dr Michael, he quietly opened the side door.

"That sounds like a happier cat," he said quietly. "Don't move now," he warned Peggy.

She sat still, patting the rumbling cat, while he moved in close and then jabbed a syringe with sedation liquid into Angel-Cat.

Angel-Cat barely noticed, only flinching a little at the feel of the injection. But she quickly relaxed again, enjoying Peggy's soothing massage. Soon Angel-Cat's head began to droop. She rested it on the floor.

"Great," said Dr Michael. "She won't be sleepy very long, so I'll have to move quickly." He got on with taking blood tests and checking Angel-Cat's vitals, such as her heartbeat, temperature and listening to the mucus sounds in her lungs.

He checked inside her big mouth and swabbed some mucus from her nose.

"Lungs don't sound too happy," he commented. "You did say on the phone that she's got a cold. I'll take these samples to the lab immediately and we'll see what we can find. How fast did you say this unusual growth into a giant cat happened?"

Peggy explained, "It happened within minutes. I was walking along the track with Sunshine, my dog, and Angel-Cat was following us with her runny nose. She suddenly grew larger and larger. She sneezed and her mucus went all over me."

"Oh, I'm glad you told me that," said Dr Michael. "At least that means if you're still normal, the mucus isn't contagious to humans. Have you got somewhere at home that you can keep her?" He asked.

"I do have an old woolshed," Peggy said. "I didn't think to put her in it last night. I didn't expect she would wander. But I'll take her home now and shut her in."

"Good, good," said Dr Micheal. "If I need to see her for more tests, I'll come and visit. In the meantime, please keep me updated."

Peggy nodded. Together they climbed out of the horse float, leaving Angel-Cat to snooze.

Peggy turned to the police staff and the reporter who had been standing by waiting. "I'm going to take her home now," she said, "and shut her in the woolshed."

The policeman who had been swatted by Angel-Cat's giant paw told Peggy, "We will come with you to ensure that you manage to keep her contained. We need to make sure the neighbourhood stays safe."

The reporter asked, "Can I get a quick photo of her while she's sleeping?"

Peggy nodded. She let him take a picture and quickly answered the reporter's questions. Then she drove home to the farm. She reversed the horse float up to the woolshed door so that it was an easy transfer for Angel-Cat into the woolshed.

By this time the giant cat had woken up and was pleased to walk into the familiar woolshed. Peggy put out a big bowl of water for her and a heap of cat food. Peggy eye-rolled, "This cat is going to be expensive to feed," she muttered. She found some blankets for Angel-Cat to curl up on.

Then a nasty thought occurred to Peggy, *Oh my, what am I going to do for a litter box?* She wrinkled her nose at the thought, *Uh-oh, I bet a giant cat does giant, really stinky poop!*

Angel-Cat lay down on the blankets and went back to sleep. Peggy sat beside her stroking her. *Angel-Cat what are we going to do?* Peggy fretted. After a while, Peggy felt drowsy. This crazy day had worn her out. She lay down beside Angel-Cat and dozed.

When Peggy woke up, she found herself in her own bed. The late morning sun was peeking through the curtains of her bedroom, indicating she'd overslept. A normal-sized Angel-Cat was asleep at the foot of the bed.

Peggy sighed in great relief and eye-rolled, *Had it all been a dream?* Angel-Cat's snoring was loud with her runny mucus nose. Peggy picked up her phone and rang the local veterinary service. The receptionist answered.

Peggy explained, "I'd like to book my cat in for an appointment. She has a cold and I don't want the problem to become any bigger!"

(Read parts one and two in the previous YCW issues!)

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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Editor and Membership Secretary: Kathryn Paul: editor@nzchristianwriters.org

For magazine contributions, address changes, membership queries.

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Printed magazines \$75 or student (up to 25yrs) \$55.



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NZ CHRISTIAN
writers

NZ CHRISTIAN WRITERS is a nationwide collective of authors, bloggers, editors, lyricists, poets, publishers, songwriters, storytellers and writers throughout New Zealand. Along with our bi-monthly magazines and competitions we offer inspiring seminars and writers retreats to encourage, inspire and upskill people in their writing.

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.