

**\*\*First Place Winner\*\***

***Heritance - DCBluesman***

1. Five-pack of calligraphy (dip) pen components (Retail \$50)
1. Ten-pack of vacuum-type converters (5 long and 5 short) (Retail \$80)

**ENTRY – F**

**Paul Dion (mostangrypirate)**

So, about six months ago, I got my \$600\$ IRS stimulus check. OH JOY!! I decided to use it to buy a new lathe. I cashed the check to keep it out of the bank. Money in the bank seems to disappear and I wanted it safe while I shopped around...(store that)

My six-year-old daughter always looks over my shoulder while I look online at pen stuff. Awhile back she was with me when we saw an article about pen blanks made from cow pattys and others made from shredded U.S. currency. She laughed about the “POO-POO!!” pens and was amazed at the “money” pens. She begged to try them. We read some more on how to make the patty pens, but I told I wasn’t sure where to get the right kind of “POO-POO”...(store that too)

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Two weeks after this, and without a second thought about it, I headed out to my shop to wrestle with my piece of junk lathe. When I opened the door I was assaulted by the most unimaginable stench in my life. My world was rocked to the core when I saw, what could only be “NUMBER 2” covering my entire left workbench and a pile of diapers on the floor. My pen kits were open and smeared with it. I turned away gagging and ran back to the house. I was nearly in tears thinking I had been vandalized, not knowing what else could be wrong with all my precious tools. I will eliminate the call to the police, the frantic shouts to my wife and come to the part where I find out that it was no malicious vandal, but the work of my helpful little angel. She was crying because of how upset I had been. I was telling her it was OK. “ more crying”.. "I wanted to see the POO pens and the MONEY pens!!!" That’s when I saw the pile of green confetti on the other workbench.

I was released from the hospital today and I was wondering if anyone is interested in a 600 DOLLAR PEN?!?!?!?

**\*\*2<sup>nd</sup> Place Winner\*\***

***bobskio2003***

Envelope of pen blanks

**ENTRY – M**

**Andrew Jordan (maxwell\_smart007)**

The sun glinted off of the highly polished mail of the assembled troops, reflecting blindingly back into the eyes of the defenders standing on the city walls. The wind fluttered the crimson capes of the legionaries below, making the entire valley look like it was covered in a sea of crimson blood.

The year was AD87, and the Romans had decided to subjugate the rebellious country of Dacia once and for all. This city stood in their path.

The townspeople huddled together behind the thick walls - not for warmth, but out of fear. The army encamped outside was none other than the mighty Thirteenth. Julius Caesar conquered most of Gaul under the banners that now waved menacingly just outside the city gates.

In stark contrast to the huddling masses, the troops of Dacia were unafraid. Every street was packed with eager Dacian soldiers awaiting the onslaught by the Roman army.

The crimson sea outside churned in anticipation, waiting for the bugles to sound the assault.

The Dacians were well matched with the fierce Romans, but the Dacian king did not want to risk his entire realm on a fair battle. He needed an advantage. .

He bellowed to his archers to throw the cauldrons of boiling linseed oil into the moat. Immediately, it produced a dense white cloud that floated over the entire valley, covering the crimson tide with an opaque white cloud.

In the cloudy confusion, the Dacians filled their catapults up with rock and iron and opened fire. One of these flying rocks hit the Roman horse pen, smashing the pen and causing horses to race through the valley in panic. Romans fought Romans in the confusion, as the Dacians threw anything they could from the walls, including the oil cauldrons and blacksmith tools. After a long battle, the Dacians finally crippled the Roman army.

History remembers this not as a decisive battle, but rather as the very first time linseed oil caused a white cloud that resulted in the destruction of a pen and the throwing of tools...

And the rest, as they say, is history!

**\*\*3<sup>rd</sup> Place Winner\*\***

***Klingspor***

Large bargain-box of gold sandpaper

**ENTRY – C**

**Russell Hansen (Pen Affair)**

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Dateline: 12:00pm, 21st February 2009

**Archaeologists discover earliest known Fountain Pen – scientific community in an uproar**

Archaeologists in Wales have discovered the earliest known fountain pen. Dated at 5,000 BC, this pre-dates the current earliest fountain pen, designed by a frenchman in 1702 by nearly 7,000 years!

The pen appears to be formed from a piece of metal with a hexagonal shaped head on one end and small spiral fluting cut into the other end. Similar to a modern day bolt, it seems to be made from a substance similar to stainless steel. No rust is evident on the piece after thousands of years. A hole in the middle of the metal piece contained residue of components used to form early iron gall inks.

The end of the pen where the fluting is, leads out into what appears to be very much like a gold fountain pen nib, although much better than any of todays craftsmen can make. It is held in place by a cleverly shaped piece of amber like tree sap. The nib seems to have something inscribed on it like english letters, but all that can be made out is a H, RIT & CE.

Even more amazing than this discovery, the pen was found gripped in the hand of a male skeleton. In the other hand, was a piece of parchment very similar to copier paper. Scrawled across the parchment in what can only be described as some form of early greek script is an indecipherable message that looked like this.

CU ON IAP B4 XMAS – GNE 2 GT SUM WUD. MARTY SEZ HI

After the script, there is a never before seen Egyptian Heiroglyph that looks remarkably like a smiling rat. This must represent some unknown god.

To top it all off, the most amazing thing is what seems to have killed the man. Vehicle tracks were found on both sides of his body. Plaster casts of those tracks have been analysed and discovered to exactly match those of a 1981 Delorean. Scientist are unable to explain these bizarre phenomenom.

## ENTRY – A

**Wayne Richardson (1080wayne)**

Ever tell ya the story of m`dawg Trooper ? No ? Well , sit back , relax , an lissen a spell . Couple years ago , ol` Troop was hangin roun` the house with that bored dawg expresshun – ya know the one – tryin t`cide whether t`would be ma shoe or Missus` ta chew next . Light bulb went off in m`noggin – wonda what ol` Troop cud do on ma lathe ? Well suh , he took ta that lathe like duck ta water . The gouge was agougin , the shavins aflyin , the bowls were abowlin . Problem was , he cum ta dine , gave big shake , an Missus was areachin for the broom , an sooo mad ! Noggin light on agin – Troop needs ta make littler shavins . Mebbe shud interduce him inter makin fine writin instreemunts . Sooner`n ya cud lick honey off`n a spoon , the skew was askewin , an the instreemunts was acomin faster than banker Jones cud use one ta make his X on ma mortgage . Went thru evrythin from the affzeelea ta the zereecottee – an then that `which shoe` look cum agin , Is`n there anything more`n all this forren stuff ? , he was asayin .

Bout then had ta visit the little house out back , and `cided twas time Troop be interdoosed ta the great outdoors . As I`s doin ma bizness , cud hear Troop awoofin an ascurrin aroun` . Shur nuff , when I`s done , there`s Troop , proudly clutchin Missus` favrit dogwood bush ! Well !! More fine writin instreemunts . Now , Missus `cided Troop needed soupeevizshun on outins , an she wud provide . Off they went , ta the back 40 . Pretty soon Troop`s awoofin away . Missus goes investeegatin , an there`s Troop , hangin on ta an ol` whitetail antler . Course , it had the head an spine an a few ribs and legs attached , so Missus` willin help was needed ta get it ta the lathe . Even finer writin instreemunts !

Ol` Troop really outdid hisself with las` weeks expedishun . Off awoofin an ascurrin agin , an when Missus finds him , she has ta pull him away , cause ol` Troop has found the fine writin instreemunt raw mateeryul jackpot , an he was agettin greedy ! But ol` Troops`s goin retro with his writin instreemunt creatin . An he`s payin lot more `tenshun ta the vareeble cost of makin` said instreemunts . Why , these las` hunnerd an atey six only cost me a buck a quill !

## **ENTRY – B**

### **Tim Browne (PapaTim)**

#### **My First Pen**

Without realizing that bullet pens were for more advanced turners I decided to have a go at one for myself. I had some cartridges and a Sierra button click kit so I set about to mate them up, with snakeskin for the upper barrel. I found a nest of baby Red Cornsnakes, chose one that was short and fat, and then got a great idea! If I used corncob I could get him to swallow it and wouldn't have to hurt the little guy. Once I'd gathered all the materials together it was time to start turning and assembling.

I prepped the corncob, let it cure overnight and turned it down slightly undersized to allow for the snakeskin. Boy, that corn really makes a mess until you get down to the actual cob! I put a couple of dabs of slow setting epoxy on the blank, enticed the snake to eat the cob and put him into the freezer overnight. Meanwhile I went to work on the cartridge for the lower barrel. I gingerly drilled holes for the refill at both ends and put a small drop of candle wax over each hole to keep everything in place.

The next morning I pulled the blank from the freezer and trimmed a bit off the snakes tail with a sharp blade. Once I was satisfied that the opening was big enough I added thin CA to seal it and prevent bleeding. Still being frozen, the Cornsnake didn't feel a thing. I put him on a sunny windowsill to thaw while I laid out all the parts and started assembly. I followed the kit instructions as best I could, making modifications as needed and eventually finished it. My first (and last) corncob-snakeskin-bullet pen! Unfortunately, the first time I tried my new creation, and I clicked it to start writing, the bullet went off. I knew I should have removed the powder before assembly. We now have a nice new TV in the living room. No wonder everyone says turning pens can get expensive.

## **ENTRY – D**

### **Philip Townsend (Leap)**

The Lat He

“Hey Pops” my grandson asked me one day as we was making some pens out in the garage, “How did you learn to do all this stuff?”

“Let me tell you a story,” I said as I eased back on the stool, “Bout your great grand mother and her Lat He.”

My Paw was being ornery as all get out this particular mornin. Seems Ma told him we was to get the back of the barn cleaned out so as her and the rest of the women folk here arounds could decorate it for your great ant Maybelle’s weddin. Heck I din’n know what all the fuss was about she done had three kids already and at 17 she wasn’t exactly a blushing bride no how. But when ma got her back up there weren’t no stopping her so Paw and I was up with the sun moving stuff out the barn and toting it all out by pappy’s old international harvester pick up. Bout half way back in the pile we run across this enormous chunk a metal with heavy cast iron legs and a bunch a pulleys on one end and this sliding contraption on the top. It had a pointy piece on the sliding part that turned and ‘nother point on the other end with 4 little blades around it. It din have no wheels or nothing and musta weighed in at more then Ant Betsy and Uncle Amos t’gether. And that werent no little thing let me tell ya. I asked Pa what in tarnation it was and how in the world we was gonna move it.

Now Pa aint hadn’t much book schoolin but he was a thinking sort of fella so he says how we ain’t gonna move it so we’s gonna lash somtin’ across the top o’it and use it as a table. “Look aint it got 4 good legs and a flat part on top?”

Round about this time Ma came in ta check on our progress. She took one look at the thing and says, “will you look at that? Its my daddys ole Lat He.

I recall him working with that when I was just a little girl, him and grand dad used to come out here an’ work on it when ever my Ma got angry and started throwing the pots and pans around the cabin.”

“What’s it do?” I asked.

“Well as I recall” ma had that look in her eye that meant Pa and I was about to have to do some heavy chores, “ they used it to make wood round.”

“Get on with yerself woman.” Pa shot back, “Wood comes out a the ground round you gots to use a saw to make it square.”

“Don’t you go getting all smart with me Pa,” she warned. “I know what I saw an they used to take some funny looking knives and whittle scraps a lumber into round sticks that was all smooth with bumps and dips on ‘em.”

“What they do with them sticks Ma?” I asked her.

“I don’t rightly recall but iffn you give me a bit I bettcha I can come up with a thing or two to use ‘em for. Now you boys get that thing cleaned up after you finished with the rest of this mess an I’ll get to making it run agin.”

Pa had always said that Ma could make anything run once she set her mind to it. He’d claimed he’d still be running iff’n her Daddy hadn’t had that gun.

The rest a the day we spent getting the last of the junk out the barn and sweeping up for the weddin. We didn' give that Lat He any more thought. It did work out good as a table. We took the sliding part offn it and lashed an old car hood cross the top and set the clay jugs an mason jars up on the top. The weddin was a big hit and Maybelle was made an honest woman what ever that ment.

As soon as the sun was up the next morning Ma had Pa and me back in the barn cleaning the rest the grease and junk off'n the Lat He. It had been greased up good with cosmoline and when we was finished it didn't have hardly any rust or nothing on it. Ma told us that her Pa had used belts an a water wheel to run it but since the old mill had burnt down afore I was born we was gonna have to take the old truck into barn to use for power. Pa and I had to move all the junk we had piled around the truck an haul it into the barn . Ma had the truck engine running in no time an we jacked up the frame on some old blocks and run a leather strap from the wheel rim on the back end to the Lat He. Ma said it would work ok but we'd need to keep a good cedar pole in the barn to lift the truck iff'n she needed to change the straps on the pulleys. Turns out we didn need to do that much as she had me sit in the cab and shift gears for her when she wanted the thing to go faster. She liked to start in first when the wood was rough like then shift to third after she got it all smoothed out. Bull low was good for sanding. She even had me shift inta reverse some times. Ma used a piece of leaf spring an half of a piece of pipe to make some funny knives. Bout wore me out working the hack saw then peddling the grind stone as she put an edge on em. Ma got some book bout making stuff with lots a pictures of candle sticks an such. Afore we knew it ma had started turning every piece of wood she could lay her hands on into candle sticks and everybody we knew had a couple of dozen of her gifts. She went through the wood pile in no time. Pa was steady griping about hows we was all gonna freeze come winter but that didn't slow her much. Pa an' me was left to fend for our selves in the kichen. We liked to starve till we got the hang of burning the shavings. I ended up doing all the cooking and cleaning for a spell that summer and by harvest was getting pretty good at it.

After a bit she set to making these little bowls an such. Of course she needed bigger pieces of wood so Pa and I had to go into the woods with our axes and fell down a mess o trees. Before we knew it we had all these wooded bowls setting on every flat spot in the cabin. Ma said she needed De nature alkyhol for drying the wood seeing as how it was green and the bowls would'n be no good to use lessun we dried them out for a bit in the alkyhol. Pa and I could'n see how soaking them in something wet was gonna dry em any. Besides Pa holler'd "I aint got no de- nature alcohol alls we got is the real thing. And you ain't using that on no wood." Well as usual Ma won that argument and Pa had to set the still to working double time to make 'nuff alkyhol to keep Ma happy. 'ventually she got the blacksmith to make her some new knives only by then she had fancy names for 'em like gouge and skew. The animals was the ones that got the good end of the deal that summer. They always had loads of fresh shavings for bedding and the hay we usually used was kept in the loft for feed. Ma spent 'bout every waking hour in the barn making loads of stuff for everybody an their kin. The big candle holders she made for the church are still there to this day. "After a bit I figured out that if I showed some interest in what she was doing I could get out a working with Pa so much an I started hanging out with

Ma and asking her loads a questions about how she did her turnin' as she had taken to calling it. Afore long she had me making bits of round wood an eventually worked my way up to bowls an stuff. She started making them round pieces that go in the back a chairs and we got some right decent money selling them to a fella that made the chairs. Folks came round now and then ask for something special made and Ma usually did some tradin so we always had plenty of soap and honey and such stuff that Ma didn't like makin and didn have any time left for anyhow. We was getting more cash then Pa got from runnin his still which annoyed him to no end. We worked on that Lat He all through the summer and didn't quit until it got to darn cold to spend much time in the barn. The next summer Maybelle got herself another kid and Ma spent most of her time with the baby so I was left to run the Lat He by myself. I was always busy cutting more trees and stacking the wood so as it could dry and turning stuff when ever I was done working with Pa. Ma came out the barn when ever she had some spare time but mostly I did all the turning. Eventually I met your grandma and we had your pa and the rest a your ants and uncles so there was not much time to be working on the lathe as I had learned it was called. When the 'lectricity came up the road I finally got rid of the pickup and put a motor in the back of the lathe. I got some store bought tools an the "lectric grinder to keep them good an sharp. The rest as they say is just shine through the still. Now I just come out here to make my pens and stuff and get away from your grandmother when she gets in a mood. But don't you tell her I said that or neither of us will be getting any dessert after supper. So you see that's how I learned to use a lathe and how to cook and clean and such.

"Is this the same lathe Pops?" my grandson asked.

"No, I gave that one to a museum over in the city. They said it was an antique an wanted to display it to show people how things were done in the old days. This ones got electronic variable speed, 24" by 36" capacity and was made all the way up in Canada. Heck I spent more on this thing than I spent on my first three or four cars put together. But that ain't the half of it. If your grandmother knew how much I got in tools out here she would sell em all and send me packin. But 'nuff about all that. Why don't you get me a couple pieces of that paper towel and those two bottles of glue so we can finish this pen afore your grandmother starts hollering for supper? I for one have no intentions of missing out on dessert."

## **ENTRY – E**

**Paul Sherman (pssherman)**

This is my entry:

A short time ago I showed some of my pens to the Army, Navy, and Marine recruiters here in town. I thought they might like to get some of the larger ones for display purposes in their office. Well, the army recruiter liked the military cartridge pen so much that he called his commanding officer. That pen kept making its way up the chain of command until a general decided that it would be a good idea, for moral, to give each active duty soldier one of these pens. Well, I was contacted and asked if I could provide 10,000 pens each year for the next 5 years. This left me stunned, to say the least. I replied that with my present production facilities there was no way that I could do it. Then I told them that if I were to get 35% of the money up front, I could upgrade the facilities, hire assistants, train them and could have the first 10,000 in about 14 months and then every 12 months after that. The general told me that that would be acceptable and he had the contract drawn up.

A couple of weeks later I received the down payment and began upgrading my facilities and production processes. After all, I was going to have to make about 30 pens per day. I leased a suitable building, with an option to purchase, out in the county in order to avoid building codes, permits and zoning restrictions. I purchased an array of machines so that each could do one function without having to change the setups. I called my suppliers to order all of the necessary materials that I would need. I trained several assistants to do the cutting, drilling, gluing, and trimming for the upper blanks. I trained several other assistants to process the casings and bullets. This freed me up to do the turning, sanding and finishing. After a large quantity of parts had been made ready, we all got together to do the assembly work. We are currently on schedule to complete the first 10,000 pens.

## **ENTRY – G**

### **Marcel LeBlanc (Marleb)**

Just wanted to share my experience in learning to turn pens.

It happened because of a coworker of mine brought a Gregg pocket hole pamphlet to work one day along with a penkit.

Yea, I now know that pens and pocket holes don't go that well together, but the guy was pulling my ear and I was too woodwork-ignorant to notice it at the time.

He explained to me that it was to make the holes in pieces of wood for making pens. I hadn't touched woodworking since high school more than 35 years ago, so I didn't know better (and he was a straight face Brit, so who would have guessed?)

Anyway, I went out and bought a pocket hole kit and a router (that's what you need to make it round right?), and then starting adding to the tools.

At first I didn't think of a lathe as he had told me that a router was ok to round off the square pieces of wood I cut. I just couldn't figure out how to drill a straight hole with the damn pocket hole thing-a-magig. I kept asking him for advice and he kept telling me that I wasn't using it properly, he then told me I probably got a defective unit... he just kept giving me one plausible excuse after another for almost two weeks.

I had purchased 10 Euro fountain pen kits (Hey... Mont-Blanc sold theirs well!) and the instructions were discarded as my "Friend" told me I didn't need them because his method didn't require me to purchase extra tools such as a lathe.

I've made a few pens since then (that was 2 years ago) but never managed to make one with the router and pocket hole machine.

My friend has since moved away and hasn't even seen one of my turned creations, and his "joke" on me ended up costing me close to \$20k for my tools, as I took a real liking to this hobby.

My wife still doesn't think he was funny!

## **ENTRY – H**

**Kirk Franks (kirkfranks)**

"I read all the contest rules.  
I always read all the directions from the pen kit before starting.  
If I still have trouble I ask my wife for help."

## **ENTRY – I**

**Keith Russell (jkrussell)**

### My First Pen Order

My neighbor saw me carrying home my new lathe, and asked if I could make 300 pens for his company party. Sure, I can handle that. At \$500 for the order, I would make back all of the cost of the lathe, plus have \$50 left over. And the party was nearly two weeks away.

The next Saturday morning, it was cold. I knew that I needed to get the lathe out of the box and get started, but I hate cold weather. I decided to read more about making pens, and hoped for better weather on Sunday.

Saturday's reading was pretty eye-opening. You can't use the lathe unless you have turning tools. So, on Sunday, I rushed off to Harbor Freight and bought a good set of 12 tools for \$19.99. I also bought sandpaper and a can of polyurethane to make those pens shine.

Sunday afternoon, I finally got busy. Boy, was I surprised. I had no idea that I would need a mandrel, CA glue, bushings, a vise for drilling, a press for assembling . . . and what the heck is a pen mill? I searched the internet for information. Around midnight, I found the IAP website. From the classifieds, I ordered all of the gear that I would need to crank out those pens. About \$1,500 later, I felt like I had ordered everything I would need.

I called in sick on Monday, and spent the day trying to make pens. Did I mention that it cost me \$500 to buy the pen blanks at Woodcraft? You don't get a discount for buying every blank in the store. Ok, so I've spent about \$2,500 so far. At least I'll get back \$500 for making these pens.

Around 2am on Tuesday, I gave up. Monday's work yielded a grand total of 4 pen blanks that were covered in sticky polyurethane. Disgusted, I went back to the IAP website and vented my frustrations. Amazingly, several members volunteered to make the pens for only \$1,500. My neighbor received his order on time, and he was pleased.

You could say that I've spent \$4,000 and haven't made any pens. You might even say that I haven't learned anything. But I say that I found IAP, and that makes it all worthwhile.

## **ENTRY – J**

**Gregor Novak (George)**

Hello !

First congrats on great idea. I look forward to read all storys. Please find below my story with 349 words. I apologize for some grammatic mistakes, but it has been a while since I finished school.

It was a cold winter afternoon and me and my wife were alone. Kids went out to a birthday party and were not expected back till evening. The basketball match on TV was about to start, I had a nice set up of snacks and un-alcohol bear in front of me, and it was on of those moments when you say: » Yeah, life can be beatiful«.

But then wife set next to me, took my hands and said: »What a magic hands«.

My eyes popped out when she whispered:« You know what I would like right now ?«.

It took me half a second to turn off the TV and start running towards the bedroom.

But she stopped me with her voice. »Not that... what I would like is to have my own Americana pen.«

What a bummer. I started looking for a TV remote, when she started again:« If you make me a pen, I will make it up to you«.

I stayed cold as ice, but she went on. »You know that stakes you like so much ? We could have them for dinner. And for desert we could have pancakes....with ice-cream«.

Ok, my ice mountain started to melt.

»And tonight I could read a book , and TV would be all yours. And later ? It could be a long night« she went on, but I could not hear the end, because I was running down the stairs to the workshop.

Damn, it was cold. My fingers were freezing when I was holding ice cold drills, and gluing the tubes has never lasted that long. But finaly I started turning, messed up the stupid tenon, but I started to smell the pork from the kitchen above, when I put on the first CA layer. Damn white spots. And each layer needed so much to dry. WHY DID I WENT WITH CA?

After 4 hours I came up, throw here the pen, and went straight to bed. I was to exhausted to watch the TV, eat the stakes or had anything to do with my wife.

## **ENTRY – K**

### **David Miller (mudpuppie)**

After thinking about all of the contest and trivia here at IAP , I couldnt decide on what to enter . I knew that i'll be in the newbie contest and the slimline contest but never the ugly pen . How could I even think about that , I have never made a ugly pen . However one of the things in the ugly pen contest that was being judged on is most unusual materials .

Put on my warm coat ,off to the frozen shop to look around for something unusual .It was around 0° the night before , warmed up to about 20° that day . I was going to make a good looking pen for the ugly contest .There had to be something there to use but what ? Just a few wood blanks , one nice birds eye maple ,coffee bean blank and some arcylic . There has to be something that hasnt been done .The only thing around my lathe was some wet / dry sandpaper from where I sanded the arcylic pen that I entered in the slimline contest . The water dish setting there was frozen solid. Then it hit me . ICE . I didnt know if it had been done before but I was going to use ice.

It shouldnt be to hard. First I removed it from bowl , cut it into blank size .I drilled it out with 17/64 bit so it would be alittle tight . Warned the tube and pushed it in .Let it set so the tube will freeze in ( cool no glue ). Turned easily but was a little messy , warm breath polished it. Now to press it together . I have done it , a pen like no other !

I had to show of my new creation to my wife. To the house i went all excited to show it off. Laid it down to show her .Cool pen but who would beleve me . Where is the camera ? Got it, batteries low. Where's the new batteries ? Buy the time I found them it melted . You can see pictures at ugly pen contest post 119.

## **ENTRY – L**

### **Bruce Deeks (bad)**

I invented the information super highway.

Hey, if it worked for Al Gore then why not me? And it is less than 350 words :-)