

A limerick romp through time



Arnie Wilson
with foreword by
Peter James

Thanks to the late Peter Tory's encouragement, who used almost 100 of my limericks in his Diary columns in the Star and The Sunday Express in the '80s and early '90s, I seem to be addicted to writing limericks. Or trying to. As often as not for friends. I do think a book of them might make good stocking fillers. Unlike Edward Lear's, the last line of my limericks is NOT a repeat of the first line and the last line also usually contains a (hopefully) funny pay off. What's more – my limericks do usually scan! "As someone who specialises in mysteries of all kinds and at all levels, it remains something of a mystery even to me how my old friend Arnie Wilson manages to write such daft but undeniably amusing limericks. In fact they're Dead Funny! (Regular readers of my Roy Grace thrillers will get that pun-ishing joke.)" Peter James, author of the Roy Grace thrillers

About the author

Although Arnie Wilson comes from an artistic background (his father, Bernard, was a composer who met his wife Joan, a concert pianist, at London's Wigmore Hall where they were both featured in a concert) he has inherited few of their talents. 'I failed to learn the French horn, my favourite instrument, but did manage to play the flute in the Canterbury Youth Orchestra for a while,' he says. It was as a journalist rather than as a flautist that Wilson made his mark. He spent 15 years in television – on screen for 10 of them – and several years in Fleet Street, before becoming the *Financial Times* ski correspondent and skiing every day of the year in 1994 (thus entering the *Guinness Book of Records*). He also wrote regularly for the FT, occasionally interviewing celebrities for the paper's 'Lunch With The FT' feature. In 2001 he became editor of *Ski+board*, the Ski Club of Great Britain's magazine. Wilson, who has four skiing daughters from his first marriage, is the author of several books, but this is the first that is not about skiing. He and his Swedish wife, Vivianne – who were married on the mountain at Jackson Hole, Wyoming in 2000 – live in West Sussex, England.

Review - John Swinfield

This review should be penned in verse, rhyme or as a limerick, but being hopeless at such things I must persist in plain, unvarnished prose. Arnie Wilson is a limerick writer of wit and talent – he's a limericist, is there such an adjective? If not, there should be. His charming little rhymes cover the water-front, from show business to sport, from celebrity, politics and personality, to lines closer to home about his family, loved ones and dear ones. All human life is here, fleeting moments and emotions neatly captured in a few short, very clever lines. As with all good writing, Mr. Wilson's limericks are easy to read (though I suspect, on occasion, teasingly difficult to compose). They're fun, they're often silly and they're all endlessly entertaining. A compendium of delight and warmth, laced with a knowing, worldly, rascally humour, which perhaps mirrors – in some way – his career in Fleet Street and in television. Buy it. It's such fun.

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