



CASTLES

OF

STEEL

BY

NICK WRAY

A PLAY FOR RADIO SET AGAINST

THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND 1916

# CASTLES OF STEEL

---

A 60-minute radio drama set against the Battle of Jutland, 1916

BY NICK WRAY

“One man can lose WW1 in an afternoon...  
...but which man is it?”

Part 5 of 5 (Scenes 29 – 37)

The full text of ‘Castles of Steel’ by Nick Wray is now available  
on Amazon in print and e-book. [Click here.](#)

More information at: [www.castlesofsteel.com](http://www.castlesofsteel.com)

Copyright © 2018 by Nick Wray All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other non-commercial uses permitted by copyright law.

For permission requests, press, interviews etc. contact the publisher, addressed "Attention: Permissions Coordinator," via [nick@nickwray.com](mailto:nick@nickwray.com)

Published by Nick Wray  
[nick@nickwray.com](mailto:nick@nickwray.com)

Illustration and cover design: MTA Smith

Illustration copyright: MTA Smith 2018 all rights reserved

See more at <https://unbound.com/books/sir-gawain/> and [www.mythicalbritain.co.uk](http://www.mythicalbritain.co.uk)

## Biography

Nick Wray is a freelance writer who also works on 'Futures' projects. Nick has written for the *Independent*, *Screen Digest* and *Viewfinder*, as well as other publications and media. Nick has an MA in Interactive Media from the Royal College of Art and his polemic on the digital world, *The Living Garden*, won the ICL-Fujitsu prize for innovation in media. Nick's short play 'Heart of Glass', about Google Glass, was recently shortlisted by the Finsbury Theatre, London 'Little Pieces of Gold' competition.

Nick is currently working on '[Lunch with Jason King](#)' - a collection of short stories & bedtime tales from the past, present & future of the Digital Age.

\*\*\*

## CAST & FANTASY CASTING SUGGESTIONS

Gunner Armstrong (middle aged) - **Bernard Hill/Jerome Flyn/Robson Green**

Vice-Admiral David Beatty – Jellicoe’s second in command (the cruiser fleet) – **Matthew MacFadyen/ Peter Firth/ Michael Fassbender/Anthony Hopkins/Christian Bale**

Winston Churchill – Voice talent/doubling

Jack Cornwell (16 year old boy gunner from Leyton) – Voice talent

Lily Cornwell – Jack’s mother – **Julie Walters**

John ‘Jacky’ Fisher (Ex-First Sea Lord and naval driving force of the Dreadnought) – **Ian Holm**

Lieutenant Grant – Jellicoe’s gunnery officer – **David Tennant/Ewan McGregor**

Admiral John Jellicoe – Commander in Chief of the British Grand Fleet (the Battleship fleet) – **Ralph Fiennes/Jeremy Irons/Colin Firth/Ben Kingsley**

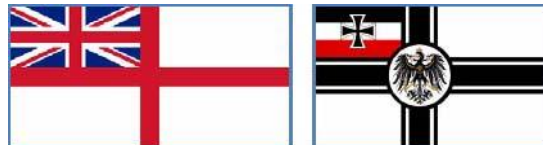
Lord Kitchener (Secretary of State for War) – Voice talent

Lieutenant Ralph Seymour (‘Flags’) – Beatty’s signal officer – **Kenneth Branagh/Rupert Everett**

\*

This work ‘Castles of Steel’, a play for radio, is a *fictional interpretation and re-telling* of the real events and characters in the contentious WW1 naval engagement of 1916 known as the Battle of Jutland, in which the British and German fleets met *en masse* for the first and only time during the course of the First World War...

\*



## Production notes

Lightest to heaviest ships have different acoustics to establish size:

*HMS Chester* (Jack) Lightest armoured scout: highest pitched engines, but harmonic.  
A happy ship.

*HMS Lion* (Beatty) a large cruiser: acoustic mid-range bass, but dissonant. HMS Lion's engines  
etc. always have a discordant quality (rising with the action)

*HMS Iron Duke* (Jellicoe) Largest battleship: deepest, most powerful, but also harmonic  
acoustic. Include theme of chess clock ticking (UNDER) each time scene opens

### “Der Tag!” Map of the Jutland/Skagerrak battle area

The ‘Jutland’ battle area (blue, below) where the British Fleets (commanded by Jellicoe & Beatty) Met the German Fleets (Hipper & Scheer) in 1916



Reproduced with kind permission of Battle-of-Jutland.com whose excellent Battle of Jutland map and image resource pack is available at [www.Battle-of-Jutland.com](http://www.Battle-of-Jutland.com)

## SCENE 29.

EXT – SCAPA FLOW

FX (FADE IN) WIND AND SEA AT SCAPA FLOW. HAWSERS  
CLANGING LIKE CHURCH BELLS. SEAGULL SCREECHES.  
ARMSTRONG FINISHES SOLO VERSION OF HEARTS OF OAK.

CORNWELL'S MOTHER: Thank you Gunner (BEAT) Mister//

GUNNER ARMSTRONG: Mister.

CORNWELL'S MOTHER: Mister, Armstrong. (AWKWARD SILENCE)

GUNNER ARMSTRONG: We all liked, Jack, Mrs Cornwell. I'm sorry for your loss.  
(PAUSE)

CORNWELL'S MOTHER: What really happened, Mr Armstrong?

GUNNER ARMSTRONG: (BEAT) Well. Just like the papers are saying, Mrs Cornwell.

CORNWELL'S MOTHER: Lily.

GUNNER ARMSTRONG: Lily. (FALSE BONHOMIE) Laughing and singing up to the end.  
Keen as mustard, he was, Lily. We all was, if I'm honest.

CORNWELL'S MOTHER: Did he (PAUSE) suffer?

GUNNER ARMSTRONG: (FALTERING FALSE BONHOMIE) Didn't feel a thing. Bang, out  
of the blue it came. Luck of the draw. Well bad luck



(APOLOGETICALLY) If you get my drift. Happy ship we was. Just  
(PAUSE) bad luck. We'd been playing trumps 10 minutes  
before, you know.

CORNWELL'S MOTHER: His cigarette cards? The one's I sent him?

GUNNER ARMSTRONG: He kept winning hands down, too. Full set, he had, too. 'part  
from the Kaiser's ships.

CORNWELL'S MOTHER: Can I see them?

GUNNER ARMSTRONG: (PAUSE) His cards?

FX GUST OF WIND. DISCORDANT CLANGING OF METAL WIRES  
FROM SHIPS AT SCAPA.

CORNWELL'S MOTHER: You have them? (PAUSE)

GUNNER ARMSTRONG: I'm. I'm. I'm not sure where I left them, Mrs Cornwell. (BEAT)  
Lily.

CORNWELL'S MOTHER: You have them, don't you? Why won't you let me see them?

GUNNER ARMSTRONG: They're just a bit. They're //

CORNWELL'S MOTHER: Please? Open your hands. Let me see.

GUNNER ARMSTRONG: You don't want to see, Mrs Cornwell, no!

FX SOUND OF MRS CORNWELL TAKING GUNNER ARMSTRONG'S  
HANDS

GUNNER ARMSTRONG: Please. Don't, Lily. Don't look. Please!

FX SOUND OF CARDS BEING TAKEN AND VIEWED ONE-BY-ONE

CORNWELL'S MOTHER: (GRIEF/WEEPING PULLED BACK).

GUNNER ARMSTRONG: I'm sorry. I'm really sorry. I couldn't. I tried. I really tried. I just couldn't get it out of 'em.

CORNWELL'S MOTHER: (OBLIVIOUS, BARELY RESTRAINING GRIEF) There you go Jack, me love. Sleep peacefully, now my boy. The sea'll wash them clean for you.

FX SOUND OF CARDS LANDING IN THE SEA AND WAVES FALLING  
(FADE DOWN)

## SCENE 30.

EXT – NORTH SEA. STORM.

FX (FADE UP HMS HAMPSHIRE SAILING IN STORM. WIND & RAIN.

SOUND OF EXPLOSION AND CRIES AS SHIP HITS MINE. SOS  
MORSE CODE. SOUND OF SHIP FOUNDERING (FADE DOWN)

VOICE OVER:

*The Times:* 6th June 1916: With deep regret we record that Earl Kitchener, Secretary for War, went down with the armoured cruiser *Hampshire*, and 650 hands, West of the Orkneys, last night, after hitting a mine laid by a German U-Boat. Lord Kitchener was on his way to the Russian port of Archangel... (FADE OUT)

## SCENE 31.

INT – ARMY & NAVY CLUB

FX BACKGROUND GENTLEMEN'S CLUB MURMURS. DRINKS.

CHURCHILL: Don't be hard on yourself, Fisher. It's not your fault.

FISHER: No Winston. It isn't! It's the German's fault. For running away.  
It's Beatty's fault for running away!

CHURCHILL: The *press* think its *Jellicoe's* fault. For running (BEAT) for not  
pressing home the attack.

FISHER: At dusk! Into smoke and haze? Into U-Boats? And fast torpedo  
destroyers and God knows what, else?

CHURCHILL: Still, at the end of the day, the German Fleet ran back to  
mother. Our losses are negligible and we've given them a  
black eye.

FISHER: Not exactly the Trafalgar Two Point Zero you wanted, though,  
is it?

CHURCHILL: *C'est la guerre?* You've heard the news, I take it?

FISHER: Kitchener?

CHURCHILL: Yes. Shame.

FISHER: (SARCASTICALLY) That Lloyd George wasn't on the mission with him, as planned?

CHURCHILL: (LAUGHS). Not just that. I wanted to sound Kitchener out about an idea I'd had for armoured 'land ships', for the next big push. Still. One advantage of all this//

FISHER: //(SARCASTICALLY) Oh do tell!

CHURCHILL: If the German Fleet won't fight us//

FISHER: Man-to-man?

CHURCHILL: Or ship-to-ship.

FISHER: Well?

CHURCHILL: Well, one advantage, is that the Kaiser's going to have to go back to submarines. And if he does that //

FISHER: Winston?

CHURCHILL: // they'll probably end up drowning some more Americans.

FISHER: Winston!

CHURCHILL: Well If it wasn't for them sinking *Lusitania* last year, we might have ended up with the United States *against* us in this war. They have a point. Our starvation blockade does rather interfere with 'free-trade'.

FISHER: So what's to be done?

CHURCHILL: Word is that Beatty's odds-on to take over command of the entire fleet?

FISHER: What! From *Jellicoe*?

CHURCHILL: Yes. All's fair in love and war?

FISHER: Beatty? After the mess he left at Jutland? Anyway, he's got no manners and an impossible American wife! Isn't she (BEAT) consorting elsewhere, these days?

CHURCHILL: Beatty may be 'rudderless', but think about it, Fisher. *He* got (BEAT) blooded?

FISHER: Beatty shed more of his own men's claret than the Huns'!

CHURCHILL: But still, he hurt *some* of their ships //

FISHER: He lost 14 of our ships including three of his own cruisers against 11 of theirs. Most of which I hasten to add, Jellicoe bagged. All Beatty had to do was tell Jellicoe where to find the German fleet. That's all. And what did he do? He blundered in. He fumbled the ball. We could have killed the fox.

CHURCHILL: You're mixing your metaphors. (ASIDE) Waiter, Champagne Cocktail (NORMAL) Still you owe me a Guinea, I think?

FISHER: No! You owe *me* a Guinea. It was Beatty's fault! If he had only told Jellicoe what was happening, sooner, we could have destroyed them all.

CHURCHILL: Shall we call it a draw, then?

FISHER: (PAUSE) Done!

CHURCHILL: So, we are where we are.

FISHER: Back where we were. Yes. It was rather a damp squib, wasn't it?

CHURCHILL: Therefore?

FISHER: Yes, yes, yes, I get it. We need to distract the public //

CHURCHILL: Exactly! //

FISHER: And your press!

CHURCHILL: So?

FISHER: So. We need a hero?

CHURCHILL: Bravo! And I may have found one. Cornlaw, or something. A boy seaman off the *Chester*. Now, he could fit the bill quite nicely.

FISHER: Wasn't he shell shocked?

CHURCHILL: No one needs to know he was lolling round like a headless chicken.

FISHER: *Legless*, I think?

CHURCHILL: Whatever. The papers don't know the real story, and I've pulled a few strings. He'll get a gong, which should be good enough for a few morale boosting column inches.  
(HOPEFULLY) And if he dies, who knows, he may even get upgraded to a Victoria Cross?

FISHER: Really, Winston sometimes//

CHURCHILL: So, we have a hero. Can we further distract attention with a (PAUSE)?

FISHER: Villain?

CHURCHILL: Your words, not mine. But Beatty's friends are already planting stories: 'Jellicoe and his band of tardy battleship brothers' from what I hear. Very chummy with the press that man. He'll go far!

FISHER: Jellicoe will be devastated.

CHURCHILL: We'll throw him a bone. People will forget soon enough.

FISHER: If only it hadn't been so late in the day. If only we could have pressed home the attack. If only we'd been able to hit a few more //





## SCENE 32.

INT – CORNWELL’S MOTHER’S HOUSE.

FX KNOCK ON FRONT DOOR

POSTMAN: Hello Mrs Cornwell. Making yourself a nice cuppa?

CORNWELL’S MOTHER: (WARY) Special Delivery? For me?

POSTMAN: You have a nice sit down.

FX DOOR CLOSING AS POSTMAN LEAVES. WE HEAR KETTLE BEGINNING TO HEAT UP IN BACKGROUND. CORNWELL’S MOTHER SITS DOWN AT WOODEN TABLE. WE HEAR CHINKS OF A TEACUP. SHE OPENS AND READS LETTER.

CHURCHILL (as V/O): 14th July, 1916. Dear Mrs Cornwell. I thought you might appreciate something I chanced upon in the *Spectator*. Your Servant. Winston S Churchill.

CORNWELL’S MOTHER/V/O: (CORNWELL’S MOTHER BEGINS READING OUT THEN CROSS FADE VOICE OF INCREASINGLY ZEALOUS AUTHOR WHICH SHOULD BE SPED UP, HIGH PITCHED AND INCREASING FAST. NARRATION TO MERGE WITH HIGH PITCHED KETTLE AT END OF NARRATION) “Several suggestions have been made for honouring the memory of Jack Cornwell so that the lustre of his deed may shine where boys and girls are quick to catch the reflection of lofty and honourable conduct. Cornwell’s

photograph should be hung in every elementary school. But surely much more is possible and desirable? A statue could serve the purpose of inspiring every school in the land.

Photographs of the statue could then be distributed, and so a double effect would be achieved; the figure of the boy would stand out much more imposingly and children would learn how great deeds earn reward in great art? How they move the powers of lyrical expression, of reverence, or of admiration in an artist's brain. And why one, and not two statues (FADE UP KETTLE BOILING OVER NARRATION) [EDITED FROM AN ORIGINAL SPECTATOR EDITORIAL FROM 14TH JULY 1916]

FX

OVER NARRATION FADE UP AND OVER KETTLE SCREAMING

## SCENE 33.

FX IMPRESSIONISTIC SOUND MONTAGE TO SIGNIFY TWO MORE YEARS OF FIGHTING:

V/O “November 11, 1918. The terms of the Armistice include the surrender at Scapa Flow of all 74 remaining German fighting vessels including battleships, battle cruisers, light cruisers, destroyers and submarines.” (FADE OUT)

EXT – SCAPA FLOW.

FX BRITISH SAILORS CHEERING SURRENDER OF GERMAN FLEET AT SCAPA FLOW

GRANT: What an innings! Four years, 14 weeks and two days.

SEYMOUR: And the Germans were still batting, despite our best efforts.

GRANT: It’s not really batting if they stay in the pavilion, is it? Look at the state of them.

SEYMOUR: The ships?

GRANT: The men and the ships!

SEYMOUR: Discipline collapsed in the last months. They mutinied in Wilhelmshaven.

GRANT: I'm not surprised, cooped up in port like that for two whole years after Jutland.

SEYMOUR: You know Beatty's claiming all this as his bag, don't you?

GRANT: Yes.

SEYMOUR: He's coming up to Scapa to take their formal surrender.

FX CHEERS OF SAILORS GET LOUDER

GRANT: I'd heard.

SEYMOUR: So what about Jellicoe?

FX FADE DOWN BRITISH SAILORS CHEERING INTO SLOW CHESS  
CLOCK-LIKE TICKING FOR NEXT SCENE

## SCENE 34.

INT – JELLICOE’S CABIN HMS IRON DUKE.

FX BACKGROUND OF BRITISH SAILORS CHEERING SURRENDER OF  
GERMAN FLEET AT SCAPA FLOW. CHESS CLOCK TICKING.  
KNOCKING. PAUSE. REPEATED.

JELLICOE: Grant! It’s good to see you. Come in. Come in. I’m sorry. I didn’t hear you knocking.

GRANT: I’m afraid my hands are still pretty useless these days. Even for knocking.

JELLICOE: I’m sorry to hear that. Your face is (PAUSE) your other burns are healing well. And the pain?

GRANT: Nothing to write home about, Sir. At least the war’s over, now.

JELLICOE: So when will you be marrying that charming fiancée of yours?

JELLICOE: She (BEAT) we called it off, Sir. (PAUSE). I came to let you know. The German ships. They’re arriving for the surrender. Sir? (PAUSE) Admiral?

JELLICOE: I won’t be there, Grant.

GRANT: Sir?

JELLICOE: I’ve (BEAT) not been invited.

GRANT: (OUTRAGED) What?

JELLICOE: Now, now. No need for the fleet to mutiny. Anyway, I have to pack.

GRANT: Pack?

JELLICOE: I'm leaving the fleet. For a desk job.

GRANT: It's wrong, Sir. The men, everyone, will say so.

JELLICOE: That means a lot to me, Grant.

GRANT: The men wanted me to give you this, Sir.

JELLICOE: What is it?

GRANT: It's a chess set sir.

JELLICOE: I'm going to have plenty of time to practise my endgame.

GRANT: Every man on the *Iron Duke* had a hand in it.

FX SOUND OF CHESS BOX BEING HANDED OVER

(PAUSE) Time for one last game? I'm afraid you'll have to move my pieces for me.

JELLICOE: Thank you, Grant, but no. I've rather lost my taste for chess at the moment.

## SCENE 35.

INT – BEATTY’S CABIN. HMS LION

FX IMPRESSIONISTIC MIX OF GROANING SINKING SHIPS WITH  
BEATTY’S NIGHTMARE

BEATTY: (MID-NIGHTMARE) No, no. they can’t! Come back. They’re mine! They’re mine

FX IMPRESSIONISTIC MIX OF GROANING SINKING SHIPS WITH  
BEATTY’S NIGHTMARE RISES TO CRESCENDO

SEYMOUR ENTERS

SEYMOUR: Admiral Beatty, Admiral Beatty! Wake up Sir.

BEATTY: (SLEEPILY) Waa, what is it? Seymour. Thank goodness. I was dreaming. (RELIEVED LAUGHTER) The Germans. They were sinking their own ships!

SEYMOUR: They have. They’ve scuttled them! In Scapa. Their entire fleet. All of them! I was coming to tell you.

BEATTY: (ANGRY REALISATION) What? What! They can’t! They were mine! Mine!

FX (FADE UP) ANGRY GROANING OF SINKING GERMAN SHIPS



## SCENE 36.

V/O

(OFFICIOUS VOICE). 21st June 1919. “Dear Mrs Cornwell. We are sorry to learn of your circumstances following the death of your husband, Eli, and son Arthur whilst on active service. We have taken this into consideration. However, the committee of the Boy Cornwell Fund are of a mind that, under our articles of incorporation, we cannot offer you the financial assistance you request. Public donations were made solely for the creation and maintenance of artworks to commemorate your son, Jack Cornwell’s, heroism, *im memoriam*. We now consider this matter closed. I remain your servant, etc...

## SCENE 37.

INT – ARMY & NAVY CLUB. GRANT ENTERS

FX BACKGROUND GENTLEMEN'S CLUB MURMURS. DRINKS.

GRANT: Admiral Beatty.

BEATTY: *Earl* Beatty. What do you want Seymour? You look like you've been in the wars?

GRANT: I'm Grant, Sir. Seymour commit/ Seymour's been dea//

BEATTY: //Yes, yes. Foolish man. I kept telling him my niece wasn't interested. Messy business. (PAUSE)

GRANT: A Player?

BEATTY: What?

GRANT: A cigarette?

FX SOUND OF CIGARETTE CASE BEING OFFERED

BEATTY: Navy Cut, eh? Apt. I will. Thank you.

FX SOUND OF CIGARETTE BEING TAKEN FROM CASE AND LIT.

BEATTY: You've dropped something. On the carpet. There. What is it?

GRANT: A cigarette card. My nephew collects them.

FX BEATTY BENDS DOWN AND PICKS UP CARD.

BEATTY: Let's see. I can't read it. Who is it? Nelson? Me! (PAUSE) Come on man? Well?

GRANT: It's Jack Cornwell, Sir. (PAUSE) Jack Cornwell. Victoria Cross. (SILENCE). You've heard? The news?

BEATTY: Admiral Jellicoe?

GRANT: Sir.

BEATTY: Yes. I'd heard.

GRANT: Will your wife be coming to the service, Sir?

BEATTY: (DISBELIEVING) My wife?

BEATTY: Seymour.




GRANT: It's Grant, Sir.

BEATTY: What will they say if I fail to attend?

GRANT: What will they say if you do? (PAUSE) Sir.

GRAMS (FADE UP) ORCHESTRAL VERSION OF 'HEARTS OF OAK' OR SECTION FROM ROYAL MARINES BAND BEATING RETREAT FROM HMS VICTORY

\*\*\* END \*\*\*

 Total Force of Camperdown Force 8,221 Total Casualties 825 Per cent of Force 10.04				 Total Force of Trafalgar 17,772 Total Casualties 1,691 Per cent of Force 9.51				 At Jutland Total Force of Grand Fleet about 60,000 Total Casualties 6,688 Per cent of Force 11.14			
BATTLE OF CAMPERDOWN				BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR				BATTLE OF JUTLAND			
Ships, & Complements	Killed	Wounded		Names of Ships, & Complements	Killed	Wounded		Names of Ships, & Complements	Killed	Wounded	
Triumph 634	29	55		Victory 815	57	102		Barham 1,124	22	46	
Monarch 593	36	100		Royal Sovereign 811	47	94		Marlborough 1,119	2	2	
Venerable 587	15	62		Britannia 786	10	42		Valiant 1,063	-	1	
Russell 584	-	7		Temeraire 711	47	76		Warspite 1,048	9	32	
Montagu 584	3	5		Dreadnought 703	7	26		Malaya 1,032	33	68	
Powerful 584	10	78		Prince 679	-	-		Colossus 884	-	9	
Bedford 584	30	41		Ajax 668	2	9		Tiger 1,281	20	46	
Director 485	-	7		Tonnant 664	26	50		Lion 1,229	95	51	
Veteran 485	4	21		Conqueror 622	3	9		Princess Royal 1,202	19	81	
Monmouth 485	5	22		Mars 621	29	69		Queen Mary 1,264	1258	6	
Ardent 485	41	107		Colossus 617	40	160		Invincible 1,027	1026	1	
Lancaster 485	3	18		Revenge 610	28	51		Indefatigable 1,017	1017	-	
Belliqueux 485	25	78		Achille 605	13	59		Defence 902	902	-	
Isis 338	2	21		Spartiate 599	3	20		Warrior 832	65	36	
				Nephtis 595	10	34		Black Prince 856	856	-	
				Leviathan 592	4	22		Southampton 498	29	60	
				Minotaur 586	3	22		Dublin 469	3	27	
				Defiance 582	17	53		Chester 424	29	49	
				Bellerophon 569	27	123		Calliope 363	7	29	
				Defence 568	7	29		Castor 358	12	26	
				Swiftsure 557	9	8		Caroline 338	2	-	
				Belleisle 556	33	93		Broke 225	47	36	
				Thunderer 556	4	12		Tipperary 188	184	4	
				Orion 543	1	23		Acasta 6	1	-	
				Africa 475	18	44		Ardent 78	1	-	
				Agamemnon 475	2	8		Defender 1	2	-	
				Polyphemus 461	2	4		Fortune 67	2	-	
				Phoebe 294	-	-		Morsom -	1	-	
				Naiad 275	-	-		Nessus 7	7	-	
				Euryalus 273	-	-		Nesbor 6	8	-	
				Sirius 238	-	-		Nomad 8	4	-	
				Impregnable 32	-	-		Obdurate 1	1	-	
								Onslaught 5	3	-	
								Onslow 2	3	-	
								PeIard 9	6	-	
								Spenshaw 6	-	-	
								Spittire 5	20	-	
								Shark 85	3	-	
								Porpoise 2	2	-	
								Turbulent 89	-	-	

## RIP



\*

The full text of 'Castles of Steel' by Nick Wray is now available on Amazon in print and e-book. [Click here.](#)

Copyright © 2018 by Nick Wray All rights reserved.

Contact the author: [nick@nickwray.com](mailto:nick@nickwray.com)