

Issue 2  
Summer 2007

# Scrittole

THE

LOVE AND RESPECT

ISSUE

FREE CREATIVE WRITING MAGAZINE PUBLISHED BY TELL US ANOTHER ONE

# HELLO

Welcome to the second edition of **Scribble**, Rochdale Borough's very own story and poetry magazine.

We've got a bigger (and even more packed ) issue for you this time, on the theme of 'Love and Respect'. You'll find special poems by published poets, fantastic contributions from local writers, interviews, competitions, book recommendations and a poem by Heywood writers Just Poets, inspired by this very magazine! ....All that you should need for an afternoon soaking up the sun in your garden (fingers crossed).

When you've finished reading, why not get your pen out and scribble down your story? We're always looking for new writers to showcase. Our contact details are below. We very much look forward to hearing from you!

In the meanwhile, enjoy.

Kim Haygarth  
Editor



**Scribble**, c/o Tell Us Another One, Cartwheel Arts, 110 Manchester Street, Heywood, OL10 1DW. Email: [kim@cartwheelarts.org.uk](mailto:kim@cartwheelarts.org.uk)

If you are submitting stories by mail and would like them returned to you, please send an SAE. Maximum number of words for any submissions: 300.

## SCRIBBLE SPOTLIGHT ON...

### SHAMSHAD KHAN, MEGA-POET

Mega-talented poet **Shamshad Khan**, is currently running writing projects for **Tell Us Another One** on the topic of dress and fashion. An astounding performer, Shamshad has shared her poetry, including a one-woman show, at events and festivals across the country and internationally. Her first solo collection of poems, **Megalomaniac**, is published this summer by Salt.



Photo: Sue Fox



#### it was my mother who taught me how to love

heavy soaked and laden with drops love  
dripping paisley patterns  
maps of pakistan undivided  
butter ghee sticky love  
you think you want more than you do love

bright sky blue love  
love that watches as you eat love  
love that hasn't learnt not to hurt when you leave love  
love that's learnt not to weep love  
love that loves that you love love  
love that stays awake to watch love

it was my mother who taught me how to love love

© Shamshad Khan





## TELL US ANOTHER ONE: CHAPTER TWO

It's been a busy few months at the **Tell Us Another One** office. The **Hair** poetry performance, workshop and hair-styling event at the Wheatshaf Library in January was a great success, with lots of local people taking part, and taking to the stage! See Carol Farran's fantastic poem on page nine on the theme.

Just Poets have been working with Woodclough Day Centre and Bowlee Junior Wardens in Langley to help launch the Respect Agenda on the estate with some very loud and lively poetry workshops! See pages five and six for the results. Artists Sketch City have since transformed one of the poems, **Respectation**, into a fabulous graffiti mural.

In the last magazine we reported on **The Gathering** project with African men and women in Rochdale. Well, we are pleased to announce that a beautiful illustrated book, **Homelands**, is now out! Look out for free copies in your local library or contact **Tell Us Another One** to receive one.

We've also been working with Bolton organisation, Write Out Loud to launch a new **open mic poetry night** for all those writers in Rochdale Borough. This event will continue to take place in Middleton's characterful pub, The Olde Boar, on the last Sunday of every month.

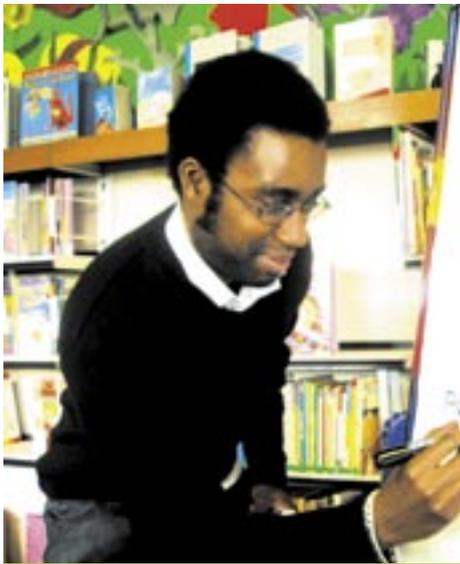
Later in the year **Tell Us Another One** will publish an anthology of writing on the theme of Fashion and Dress. Workshops will be taking place in different communities in the coming months and a brilliant new dress will be created for the **Karibu** African cultural event at Rochdale Town Hall on Sunday 24th June. If you have a poem / short story on the topic of fashion that you would like to be considered for the collection, send it in!

And of course, our four story groups in Darnhill, Deeplish, Langley and Spotland continue to meet regularly each month. If you are aged 18+ and are interested in writing or storytelling, come and join us.

The theme of the next **Scribble** magazine is **Happiness**. Got any poems or stories about it? Then send them in too!

For more information about any of the above contact Kim at Cartwheel Arts on: 01706 361300 / [kim@cartwheelarts.org.uk](mailto:kim@cartwheelarts.org.uk)





FUNNY BUSINESS:

## JULIAN DANIEL

Manchester's best-loved comic writer, **Julian Daniel**, recently shared his poetry expertise at workshops in Langley and Darnhill. Here he shares some heartfelt words on the subject of 'Love' and lets us inside the mind of the comedian.

### Are you funny even when you're not writing?

I tend to be quite funny in normal life. Obviously there are times when it's best not to crack a joke. For example, humour never seems to work with stressed out women. I've always found that being polite and making people laugh makes them more likely to ignore your deficiencies. Plus if you're funny, people tend not to put you in positions of responsibility, which is a result from my point of view.

### Have you ever written a sad or serious poem?

I find it hard to sit down and write a serious poem. I have serious thoughts about ways to improve society but hide them behind jokes.

### If a film were made about your life, who would you like to play you?

They'd have to be good looking, with an air of intelligence and have a nicely toned body. There's only one person who could fit that description and that's me.

### What books have you enjoyed?

I liked **Fever Pitch** by Nick Hornby and silly books like **Round Ireland with a Fridge** by Tony Hawkes.

### What would be your top tip for writers who are trying to inject some comedy into their work?

I find humour everywhere I go, so I'd say look around you and note all the absurdities of modern life.

For more of Julian's humour, check out his website:

[www.juliandaniel.co.uk](http://www.juliandaniel.co.uk)

## I Just Can't Stop Loving You

When you walked out the door,  
I never stopped loving you.

When you took the children,  
I never stopped loving you.

When you took my heart,  
I never stopped loving you.

When you took my shiny red sports car,  
I never stopped loving you.

And when you took my playstation,  
I knew you'd gone one step too far.

© Julian Daniel



## SMALL TALK

More cute wordplay from children!

"Simon (aged 6) was visiting his grandma one day. She was telling him a story about his great grandad, so of course kept using the phrase 'your great grandad'. Simon butted in and said 'But grandma, my other grandad's great as well!'"

If you have a funny story about what your children have said, send it to **Scribble**.

## A BOOK I LOVE

This summer, read a book that someone else heartily recommends. Here are some great ideas for the beach...or the garden.... or the sofa if the sun disappears!



**Sue Siddall** recommends **Ugly**, the harrowing childhood memoir of Constance Briscoe who became a leading barrister: "I couldn't put it down, it's so real."



**Anne Wareing** loves **The Heretics Apprentice** by Alice Peters: "This brings history alive for me".



**Anne Kennedy** loves Catherine Cookson books but **The Dwelling Place** is "the most memorable."

# OVER TO YOU...

## LOVE AND RESPECT

### Chicken Pox

My granddaughter, Emma, was not very well  
 There was something the matter you really could tell  
 Then in the night she woke up red and hot  
 And there on her little nose mummy noticed a spot.

“Oh no, little darling, there’s something wrong”.  
 With more spots appearing before very long  
 Mummy sent for the doctor and he gave her some lotion  
 But when she tried to use it there was such a commotion!

“You’ve got chicken pox”, mummy told her,  
 “But in a couple of weeks, it’ll all be over.  
 We’ll keep on with the ‘calamalising’  
 And very soon once again you’ll be smiling.”

Then one night mummy said  
 As she was putting Emma to bed,  
 “Look at this little spot, Emma, it’s head has come off”.  
 “Oh no”, Emma said with a pout, “will the chicken come out?”

© Roni Prior



### Our Mother

Floral aprons, shabby coats and down-at-heel shoes  
 This was our Mother:  
 Knitting needles, patterns, bags of wool and woolly pullovers;  
 This was our Mother:  
 Red raw hands on laundry days, curling tongs on Sunday;  
 This was our Mother:  
 Small, light brown hairnets and salted peanuts;  
 This was our Mother:  
 Library books, long walks, jam butties, stew and dumplings;  
 This was our Mother:  
 Intelligent eyes, quick, clever mind, worn down by drudgery;  
 This was our Mother:  
 Bingo cards, coloured pens, winnings stashed under rugs and in old handbags;  
 This was our Mother:  
 Crocheted shawls, baby boots, pushing prams and babysitting;  
 This was our Mother:  
 Gold hung from wrist, diamonds on fingers;  
 This was our Mother:  
 Frail body, useless hands, shuffling feet and slurred speech:  
 This was our Mother:  
 Asleep; too soon; forever lost; forever with us, always around us, constantly guiding;  
 This is our Mother.

©Kathleen Chorlton



### Recipe for Being a Mother

#### Ingredients

20 kg love  
 10 kg kisses and cuddles  
 1kg patience  
 A handful of knowledge  
 A bundle of energy  
 A dash of hope  
 A few plasters

#### Directions

Mix together the 20 kg of love with 10 Kg of kisses and cuddles.  
 Marinate for 18 years in 1 kg of patience.  
 Throw in the dash of hope for the future.  
 Wrap together with a bundle of energy.  
 When required, take the handful of knowledge you have collected over the years and place in for good luck.  
 Have a plaster or two to hand as these are always needed.

© Paula Devlin

### Respectation

Respect person to person and nation to nation  
 Worship at the church of many denominations  
 Listen to the beliefs of others and their explanations  
 And show respect in every situation.

© Clients of Woodclough Day Care Centre and Langley Junior Wardens



## Can We Fix It?

When people say Langley is rough  
maybe they are not looking or listening hard enough.  
Some might be unsure about the pace of change  
and the way the place is being re-arranged  
but Bowlee playing fields, where people now "score",  
Peter remembers as being a theatre of war.

It's great when fireworks of palm trees light up the night  
but bangers and rockets give Martha a fright.  
We all need privacy and to be allowed to rest,  
to be left undisturbed and not to be messed with  
by gangs and motor bikes and strangers we don't know,  
but maybe we need to learn to go with the flow.

Though most people are kind, some judge too soon.  
"If criminals had to join the army they would change their tune."  
Langley is better now than it used to be  
so let me tell you what this place means to me...

Community policing helping us beat crime.  
Good neighbourliness now, nearly all the time.  
Young people, free to enjoy  
a happier childhood than when Harry was a boy.

All these changes in the modern world,  
are they for the better or for the worse?

We'll tell you this, by way of confirmation.  
we think Langley could become the best place in the nation.

This place might not always have worked according to plan  
but

Can we fix it? YES WE CAN.

© Clients of Woodcrough Day Care Centre and Langley Junior Wardens  
Facilitated by Just Poets



## Alan's Habits

Alan had a habit of phoning at the same time each morning to  
make sure you were feeling alright, then later on asking what  
clues you had for the crossword.

He loved walking in the rain.

He had the habit of sitting on the sofa, stroking my dog's head  
while he was talking.

Another habit was walking up and down when speaking on the  
phone.

A nice habit he had was that when he met people, he would  
give them a hug and say, "Are you OK?"

He always made you a brew whether you wanted one or not.

But the habit I liked best was the way he would give you a  
smile and a wink just out of the blue.

Alan was a man of habit.

He was my son-in-law, six foot four and everyone called him the  
gentle giant. When he died suddenly the minister called him a  
giant man. I think that described him better still.

© Anne Kennedy

## Your Gifts

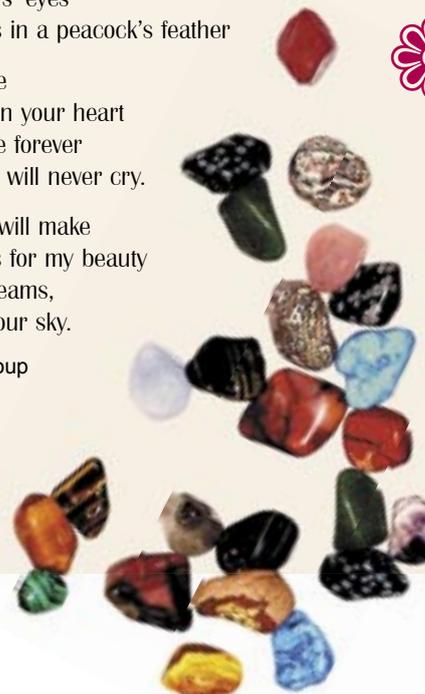
You gave me a stone  
Red as a rose but without the thorns  
Red as a flame without the burning  
Red as my heart with its passion yearning

You gave me a stone  
Blue as a tropical summer sky  
Blue as all our lovers' eyes  
Blue as the patterns in a peacock's feather

You gave me a stone  
Clear as the purity in your heart  
Diamond hard, mine forever  
Clear as tears that I will never cry.

With these stones I will make  
A crown, and jewels for my beauty  
I will encase our dreams,  
Make a rainbow in our sky.

© Spotland Story Group



If you would like your words to be considered for these pages, get in touch! The theme of the next magazine is *Happiness*. Contact details are on the back page. If you are submitting by mail and would like your piece returned to you, please send an SAE. Maximum number of words for any submission: 300.

## Dylan

1 cheeky boy mixed with  
a gallon of freckles.  
A bucket full of chocolates  
mixed with a snuggy wuggy quilt.  
8oz of playstation chopped  
with a batman toothbrush.  
Slowly boil-wrap in  
glow-in-the dark pyjamas,  
Sweeten with a favourite cup  
and transfer to a comfy bed.  
Season with smiles to  
Form a good night's sleep.

© Alison Kirkpatrick



## Our Love

Our love is unbreakable,  
It's stronger than the seas,  
It's wilder than the waves,  
You mean the world to me.

Our love is precious,  
An unconditional bond of hearts,  
As beautiful as rare jewels,  
We will never drift apart.

Our love is passionate,  
But also as gentle as a baby's skin,  
More powerful than gale winds,  
A force that's from within.

I'll always be there for you,  
It's all I want to do,  
Holding on to you forever,  
Because our love is true.

© Diana Kilduff

## Love

Love is pink  
Love is a bird with open wings  
Sailing in the sky.

Love is flowing water in the river, sparkling like tinsel  
Love smells like roses, lilies, and freshly cooked bread  
Love tastes like chocolate (Belgian)  
Love feels soft and feathery  
Love sounds like hummingbirds.

© Shagufta Jabeen and Sharifa



## Love Talk

Hi Babes

Will you go and get my medicine from the chemist?  
Are you brewing up, dear?  
Who says you're better than me?  
Where's my Valentine's card?  
When will I see you again?

I love you, but picking up your dirty socks  
is not part of the deal.

Come and have a snuggle.  
Thank you for loving me.

© Darnhill Story Group

## Young Love

Teenagers sharing a coat, one sleeve per person.

Butterflies, can't eat, can't sleep  
Continual clock-watching for the next meeting

Glued to the phone  
Texting 24-7: the modern love letter  
How will they ever do their homework better?

Dressing up in new clothes, jewellery, shoes  
Straightening hair for two hours – lots to prove.

Hand-holding  
No-one else exists  
Perfume, watches, teddy bears: expensive gifts.

Adrenaline rushes  
But parents who don't approve mean secret meetings,  
Hiding in the bushes  
You see these couples every day in Falinge Park.

© Spotland Story Group



# OVER TO YOU...

## LOVE AND RESPECT

### Friendship

Friendship buds and blossoms  
Like a summer in full dress  
Good friendship is sustaining  
Of lots of joys and happiness.  
Friendship is being very close  
Through winter's winds and snows  
Friendship is there to cherish  
Through being shared it grows.

© L.M. Davies



### Schooldays

Danny Riding  
Bum-fluff lip  
Eyes bulging  
Friends re-united?  
Like hell

© Gerry O' Gorman



### Africa is...

a population  
with many languages  
no cold in the air

the African woman is the key to building bridges  
and the African girl is wary before marrying  
courtesy and respect exists

but Africa is also

very difficult

communication  
transport  
medical health care  
education  
expense of life

there is no peace and justice

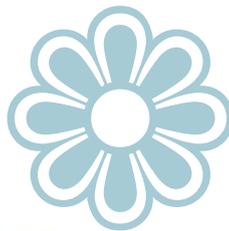
© Therese Badifu, Getou Kisimba,  
Marie Lubanda, Bernadette Mutasha



### Scribble

Selected thoughts, randomly drawn,  
coupled imperfectly in rhyme to warn  
readers that any imposition of order  
imprisons the writer behind man-made borders,  
brings him to book to examine his lines  
beyond all reason and beyond all rhyme,  
leaves behind the first draft (the only real proof),  
erases all traces of uncomfortable truth.

© Just Poets: Pam McKee and Norman Warwick



## Bliss!

Bliss! A night on my own. No football or war films. Turn the TV off! Some relaxing music, feet up, good book. Heaven.

What's that? Something's not right. I can't see or hear anything but – Oh no, it's an eight-legged monster crawling along the skirting board.

Why is there never a man around when you need one!

© Freda Robinson

## Hair

A woman's hair (so I'm told) is her greatest asset

Her crowning glory people say  
So why does mine resemble hay,  
Left outside in wind and rain  
Then dried and brought back in again?

Holding scissors in my hand  
I cut away each lifeless strand  
My hair no longer looks a mess  
It's mostly sticking to my dress  
Now I really am depressed.

Will someone dress this wayward hair  
With skilful hands and lots of flair?  
That I may smile when people say,  
"Your hair looks really nice today  
Not its usual thatch of hay".

Please make today my good hair day!

© Carol Farran



## Heywood

A couple in love forever  
A suicide bridge  
A park filled with laughter  
Dog walkers near  
Shops in the centre  
Market up the road  
Schools not so far  
Pubs galore  
A "Crusty the Clown"  
Round the corner  
A loving grandma  
Up the street  
Youths out boozin'  
Civic shows for all to see  
This is our town  
Simple as can be  
It's the place  
Where I grew  
Into the woman  
I might be

© Katie Sheila Haigh

## TRIBUTE:

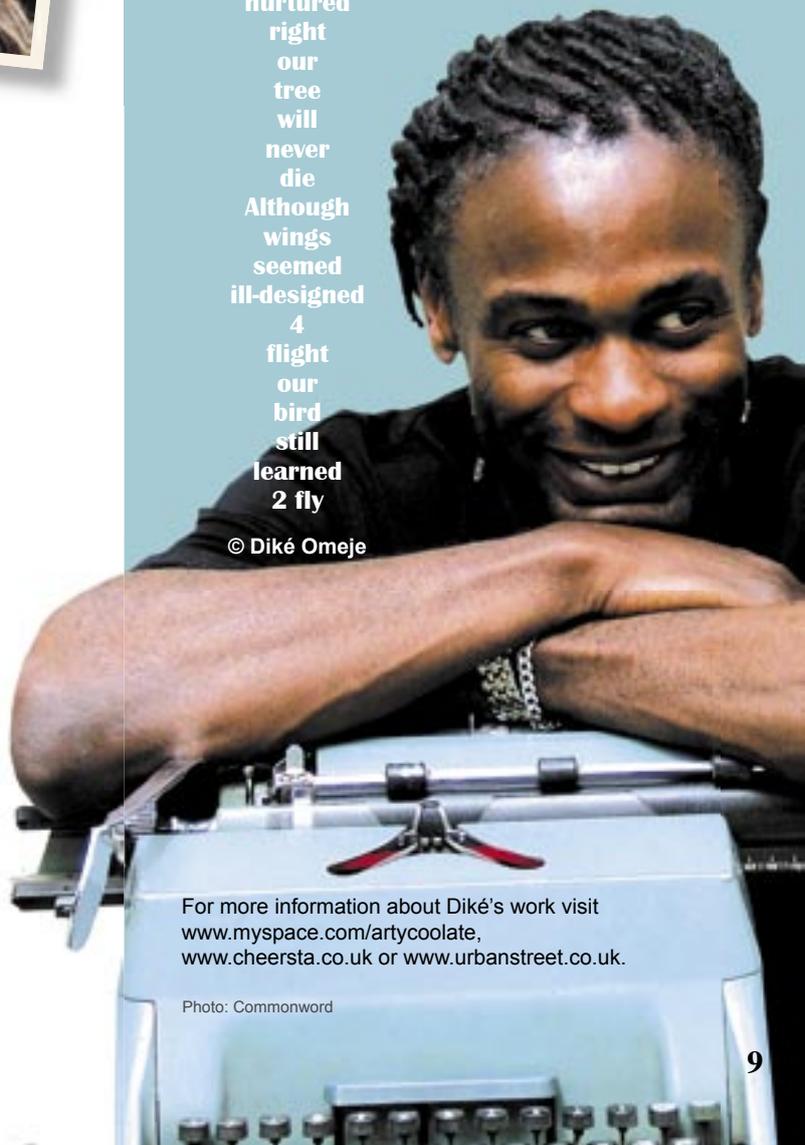
DIKÉ OMEJE (1972 – 2007)

In January of this year the North West poetry scene lost one of its finest assets, **Diké Omeje**. Diké was a charismatic performance poet who mesmerized even the toughest audiences. He was Manchester Poetry Slam champion so many times over that he was persuaded to retire from the competition to give other performers a chance of winning. At the time of his death he was earning an international reputation.

### Totem Two

If  
there  
be  
those  
that  
need  
you  
more  
than  
I  
then  
we  
must  
say  
good-bye  
Although  
roots  
were  
never  
nurtured  
right  
our  
tree  
will  
never  
die  
Although  
wings  
seemed  
ill-designed  
4  
flight  
our  
bird  
still  
learned  
2 fly

© Diké Omeje



For more information about Diké's work visit  
[www.myspace.com/artycoolate](http://www.myspace.com/artycoolate),  
[www.cheersta.co.uk](http://www.cheersta.co.uk) or [www.urbanstreet.co.uk](http://www.urbanstreet.co.uk).

Photo: Commonword

MICHELLE GREEN

Last winter performance poet **Michelle Green** worked with African men and women in Rochdale on **The Gathering** project to collect their stories and develop new poetry. Her first poetry collection, **Knee High Affairs**, was published by Crocus Books last year. Here's a poem from this collection, specially chosen to go with our theme.



THE WAY THAT I WANT YOU

the way that I want you is with the sun mixing pink and orange behind the hills  
and the traffic noises quiet and barely there

I want your secrets left stuck in the ends of my hair  
bolder than you dare admission swinging from the highest branch

I want you with your eyes closed and lashes dusting your cheeks  
3am air humming club drumming beats

I want you in silent rooms with stories on your lips  
a smile that trips me at the door

forget what's past  
forget before

the way I want you is present and incorrect  
regardless of hour  
sweet sour songs  
second guessing gone

I want you before I wake early morning  
sugar lemon pancake grin  
peeling back sleep  
pulling me in

I want you with the sun mixing orange and pink  
past the point of feeling for  
hairline links  
needing to think  
I know  
who you are  
despite changing shapes  
breath and tension escapes -

and all that I know  
about what I know  
is that this is the way that I want you

© Michelle Green



MY LIFE STORY

This issue **Scribble** grills Ann Jones, Darnhill's much-loved Librarian, about her way with words.

**What is your favourite word and why?**

Praise. I love to praise children for things they do. Lots of children don't get enough praise.

**Name a book that you have read that you really didn't want to end and say why.**

**Trowel and Error** by Alan Titchmarsh. He left school at 15 and was told he wouldn't make anything of himself. This book tells how he proved this wrong and I also love it because he writes about nature.

**Which soap opera / film / book character do you most resemble and why?**

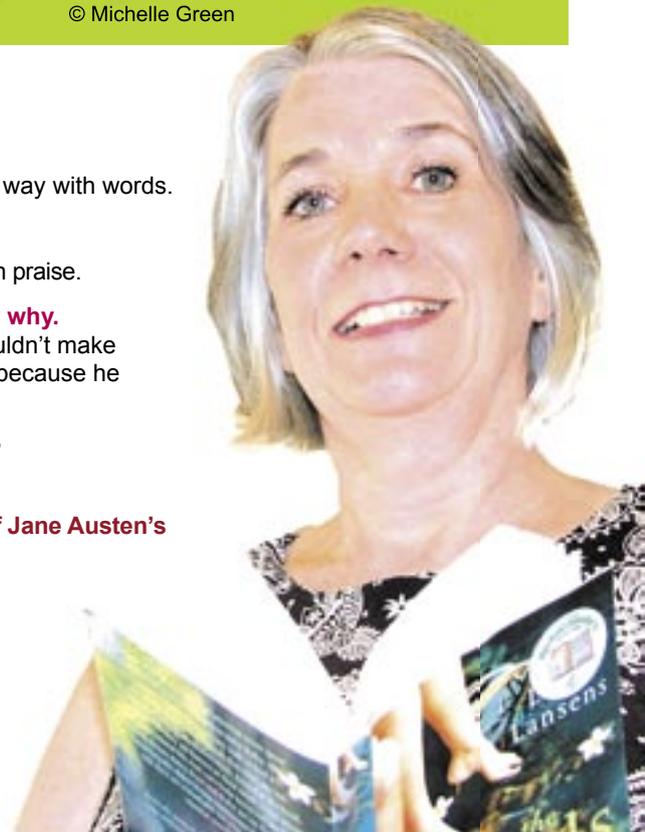
This is a difficult question! I'm just me.

**Which would you choose to read out of the following: a horror novel, one of Jane Austen's books or a celebrity gossip magazine?**

Jane Austen because of the period her work is set in, there is no swearing, she depicts the cold harsh English weather well, and her books have intrigue.

**If you were to write your autobiography, what would the first line be?**

One day I will have peace.



# JOHN SIDDIQUE:

## WORDS OF WISDOM

The busiest man in poetry, Rochdale-born **John Siddique** takes time out to talk to Freda Robinson.

### Did you dare to show that you were interested in poetry at school?

I wasn't interested, and I don't know how it would have been if I was. My high school was full of the usual football types, and if you weren't a sporty type you were on the freaks bench. I guess I leaned to embrace my freakiness.

### How did you come to write your first poems and realise you were good at it?

I started writing diaries when I was 27, trying to figure out what I was doing with my life. I ran a landscaping company at the time, but felt that nothing had ever touched my soul. I heard a poem by e.e. cummings on the telly, and I was amazed by his use of language and how it said much more than simply the words it was made of. So I turned my reading to poetry, and my writing started trying to capture the idea of things being more than they appear to be. I have no idea whether my early written work was any good. I learned to write by reading, and still love reading more than writing to this day.

### When did you realise you could make a living at writing?

It depends what you mean by a living. I don't have huge amounts of money coming in; I travel, I have a house, a car, and a family - we do okay. It really wasn't a choice. This is what I do, and I guess if you do your life's real work, well it doesn't feel like work, and the universe supports you.

### How much do you have to learn about structure etc or does it all just come naturally?

I learn by reading, not always to study, but simply for pleasure. Then I guess the many books I read leave their imprints on me so I know how to work with the text. It's a balance I suppose, as I do study how things work too.

### John's Top Tips for Aspiring Writers:

- 1 Buy or borrow some books
- 2 Read them
- 3 Repeat steps one and two for the rest of your life



Image: GMWN

## WINNING WORDS

**Karen Johnson** from Heywood is the proud winner of the last **Scribble** competition with her poem, **Red Shoes**, which was inspired by this image. Turn the page for your chance to enter the new writing competition.



### Red Shoes

In these red shoes I'm a dancer,  
Always spinning, twirling,  
As my skirts are swirling.  
I am a dancer  
Under ever vibrant lights  
In my shoes I can happily dance all night.

In these red shoes I'm a temptress,  
Always seductive, mysterious,  
As I make men delirious.  
I am a temptress  
Swaying down the street,  
In my shoes I'm a devil you'd kill to meet.

In these red shoes I'm a princess,  
Always shouting, screaming,  
As my crown is gleaming.  
I am a princess  
Peasants bow when I pass,  
In my shoes I'm a higher social class.

In these red shoes I'm a film star,  
Always pouting, whining,  
As I go autograph-signing.  
I am a film star  
Photographers take a shot  
In my shoes I can be something I'm not.

@ Karen Johnson



## WHAT'S GOING ON?

Summer's the perfect time to get out there and enjoy yourself. **Scribble** brings you some of this season's delights.

### New Open Mic Poetry Night!

Fourth Sunday of every month, 8pm, £1

Olde Boar pub, Long Street, Middleton

**Tell Us Another One** and **Write Out Loud** have launched a regular new night for poets across the borough. Come and share! For more information contact Paul Blackburn on 07796 475 490 or just turn up!

### Feast! Picnic by the Lake

Fri 1 June (7-11pm) – Sat 2 June (5-11pm)

Platt Fields Park, Manchester

Feast! is a massive picnic with entertainment for families, and groups from every culture and interest, round the lakeside in Platt Fields Park. More information from 0161 224 0020.

### Wish I Was Here

Fri 8 June

Royal Exchange Theatre, Manchester

A live reading of two tragically funny short stories from Jackie Kay, one of Britain's best known and loved writers. Ring 0161 833 9833 for more information / tickets.

### Karibu 2007

Sun 24 June

Rochdale Town Hall

Come and enjoy fashion, music, and food from Africa. More information from NESTAC on 01706 868923 / 860405.

### Darnhill Festival

Sat 7 July (12noon-6pm)

Heywood Community High School

A day of family entertainment with a carnival parade, attractions, arts activities, live music, dance and children's storytelling. For more information ring Niki at Cartwheel Arts on 01706 361300.

### Edinburgh International Book Festival

11-27 August

Venues across Edinburgh

The world's largest celebration of the written word; a vibrant meeting place where people of all ages can enjoy events by some of the greatest writers and thinkers on the planet. For more information contact the festival office on 0131 718 5666 or visit [www.edbookfest.co.uk](http://www.edbookfest.co.uk)

### The Fight to End Slavery: A Local Story

Until 9 September

Touchstones, Rochdale

2007 marks the 200th anniversary of the end of the slave trade in the British Empire. This exhibition examines the ensuing struggle to end slavery in North America and Rochdale's unique and fascinating role in this story. For further information call Touchstones on 01706 924492.



## COMPETITION

### FOR THE READERS:

To win a £20 book token and a fantastic pile of books including Shamshad Khan's **Megalomaniac**, and **Peace Poems** published by Crocus Books, simply answer this question:

What does a megalomaniac obsess about?

All entries to Kim Haygarth at the **Scribble** email / address.  
**Deadline: Friday 27th July 2007.**



## COMPETITION

### FOR THE WRITERS:

What's in a Word?

# POWER

Write a poem or a story inspired by this word (maximum 200 words).

The best one will win its author a £50 voucher of their choice, a copy of Shamshad Khan's **Megalomaniac** book and will be published in the next edition of **Scribble**.

All entries to Kim Haygarth at the **Scribble** email / address.  
**Deadline: Friday 27th July 2007.**

**Scribble,**  
c/o **Tell Us Another One,**  
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design and print by **Tyme Design** 0161 234 0717