

Issue 5
Spring 2008

Scrabble



THE NEW ISSUE

FREE CREATIVE WRITING MAGAZINE PUBLISHED BY TELL US ANOTHER ONE



HELLO

After a long cold winter, spring has sprung! And it's time to get your sneakers squeaky clean and put that spring right on into your step. Scribble's here to lift your spirits and get you in the mood for light nights, long days and fresh opportunities. This issue we celebrate all things New with a host of wonderful poems and stories by established and up-and-coming writers. Fresh from Radio 4, poet and scriptwriter Anjum Malik gets the Scribble interview treatment and Suitcase Books give us a peak into their fantastic new love poetry collection. We also start a new feature looking at the stories behind great photographic images. All of this is topped off with our array of competitions and news items.

Enjoy and put your best foot forward!

Kim Haygarth
Editor



Scribble
c/o Tell Us Another One
Cartwheel Arts
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SCRIBBLE SPOTLIGHT ON... FRANK CHINN: LANCASHIRE LAD

As a young man working in one of Middleton's cotton mills, **Frank Chinn** listened to the stories that the old mill workers used to tell, and his interest in recording the Northern way of life was ignited. Following in the footsteps of Manchester folk musician Mike Harding, he bought himself a guitar, wrote himself a few songs, and got himself a few gigs. All would have been well, jokes Frank, but alas Lennon and McCartney came along and put the kaibosh on his musical career. Frank was also influenced by the poet Harvey Kershaw, a writer who used the 'tongue and talk' of the Lancashire people, so he resourcefully decided to turn his attention to stripping away the music from his stories, and writing poetry in a Lancashire dialect.

Frank's book **Seriously Funny**, was 20 years in the making and does what it says on the tin, compiles humorous, and less so, reflections on a Middleton life, in a truly charismatic voice.

Get your hands on a copy by contacting Frank on 0161 653 4501 or catch him at the monthly Open Mic night at the Olde Boar's Head pub in Middleton.

Love Poem

Ee lass come sit beside mi, the's summert a want ter say,
Ferget about the cleanin for a while.
Thast allus seems bi runnin round tha never seems ter stop,
But in spite er it, thast allus got a smile.

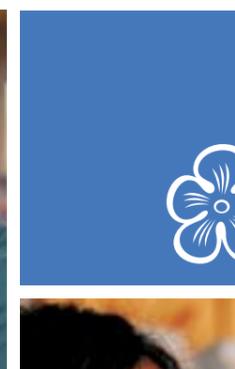
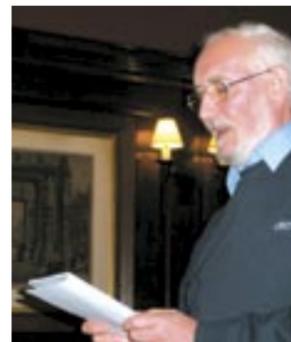
Wiv bin tergether now some years, yet it seems like yesterday,
As a asked thi ter go walkin by mi side.
A know thi ummed n arred a bit fore thi finally said tha would,
A wur chuffered ter bits, mi feelins a couldn't hide.

A know wi not the richest folk when talking about money,
An a knows tha meks it stretch ter mek ends meet.
But wiv allus food on table, an clothes ter go on our backs,
Mi wealth it's called mi family, aye that's reet.

Thast never aged a single year from first time as a saw thi,
Yer wur bonnie then, an yer just the same terday.
Thast still the looks ter catch a fellers eye, a know av seen em looking,
While me, mi bloody hair it's turning grey.

Aye lass, thast bin a tower er strength in this owd life er mine,
Through thick n thin wur allus there fer me.
Aye ad bi lost wi out yer an am not afraid ter say so,
Mi bonnie lass a really do love thee.

© Frank Chinn



TELL US ANOTHER ONE:

CHAPTER FIVE

Over the winter Tell Us Another One has been putting the finishing touches to a number of projects. The office has been deluged with poems and stories for the **Dress Code** fashion story extravaganza and the **Guide to Living in Langley** book – both are due out later this spring. To make sure you receive your invitation to the launch parties, drop us a line.

Say It Loud, our World Book Day event in partnership with Bright Books and Write Out Loud, was a storming success with guest poets and open mic-ers from near and far coming together to share and entertain. We're planning on programming more multicultural poetry nights over the course of the year so watch this space. And of course our regular monthly **Middleton poetry open mic night** carries on at The Olde Boar's Head pub in Middleton, so come on down.

Our **monthly writing workshops** have been continuing in Darnhill, Deepish, Langley and Spotland; we've recently been graced with the presence of renowned poet and script writer **Anjum Malik** (see over the page for interview) who made us spill the beans about our embroidery disasters, book artist **Hilary Judd** who rescued us from pending glue disasters, and Lancashire children's writer **Irene Farrimond** who got us thinking we all want to be JK Rowling.

There are plenty of opportunities to get involved, so when you're doing your life laundry this spring, contact **Kim Haygarth** at Cartwheel Arts on: **01706 361300 / kim@cartwheelarts.org.uk** to find out more. Don't forget to have a look at **www.cartwheelarts.org.uk** for news, photos and downloadable publications.



Next Issue: Global
The deadline for submissions is **Friday 30 May.**

Contact details:
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SCRIBBLE FOCUS ON...
ANJUM MALIK:
DRAMA QUEEN



Photo: Tim Smith

Sizzle Of Love

Onions, garlic, ginger
 Chopped in a flash
 Dropped to sizzle
 Into the oil, warming in the pan
 Tomatoes, coriander and
 Green chillies follow
 The chop sizzle route
 Garam masala, haldi
 And the sauce is on its way
 Sizzling as it sets the juices flowing
 A few stirs are followed by
 Chicken, lamb or fish
 Whatever was in the shopping today
 Curries galore in our kitchen
 Chapatis roll off the pin
 And onto the tawa
 Hot, piping hot you made them
 Off the flame and onto our plates
 Tearing off big pieces we
 Scooped, slurped, chomped
 Our way through the saalan and roti
 We teased you, every time
 A map of India, Nah it's Thailand
 Mine's the best, it's England!
 You stood by us, smiling
 Your face glowing, satisfied
 You watched us eat your food
 Made with that one
 Essential ingredient
 Love
 For your brood
 We loved your cooking
 We loved you
 No dish was ever the same
 Each one a masterpiece
 Unique
 One and only
 As you were
 Our precious precious
 Dad.

© Anjum Malik

Following a weeks run on BBC Radio 4 with her play **The Interpreter**, script writer and poet, **Anjum Malik** has been leading workshops with Rochdale women and wowed a packed house at our World Book Day event at Bright Books. Here, Spotland women sit her down and grill her about her language skills, writing habits and failures as a seamstress.

Tell us about your early years.

I was born in Dharan, Saudi Arabia where I lived until I was 7 years old. I used to keep going missing - I'd run away to the desert. Then I lived in Rawalpindi in Pakistan until I was 11. Then we came to England.

When and how did you get interested in writing?

I have always written, I just didn't realise I was doing it. I was going to be a visual artist when I grew up; it was my dream to be a print maker. I still think I'll do that one day. I used to write a diary every day, which was actually poems, and many of them are in my first poetry collection, **Before The Rains**.

Do you write more in English or in Urdu?

I write more in whatever language I am most exposed to at the time; so in England it tends to be English with some Urdu, and when I am in Pakistan, it's mostly Urdu.

What themes interest you and inspire you to write your poems?

I couldn't say for sure, but whatever moves me, makes me smile, makes me angry or makes me sad. Other times I am commissioned to write on a specific subject. I have written poems for an insurance company, the Manchester regeneration office and love poems for WH Smith, amongst others.

How long do you spend writing a poem?

There is no fixed time; it can take minutes to hours, but never days or weeks.

Where do you write?

I write everywhere and anywhere; when a poem comes, I have to write it. I pull up if I'm driving, get out of the bath (once!), and regularly write on trains and in cafés. I also write a lot in the middle of the night when it's quiet.

What made you move into radio and film script writing?

I like telling stories and I grew up on a diet of Bollywood and Hollywood. My words being spoken on the big screen, on a stage, or in a radio play is really the best I could ask for, apart from me reading my own poems live to audiences as well!

What issues do you write about in your scripts?

I have written across the spectrum: from very dark dramas about kitchen fire deaths in my first radio play, *Snaking Flame* for BBC Radio 4, to comedy dramas and crime and police thrillers.

What's the best film script ever in your opinion and why?

Chinatown - it's a great thriller, fantastically written, acted, directed and produced.

You've been leading storytelling workshops on the theme of embroidery. Can you tell us about your embroidery experiences?

My mother hoped that I would want to be good at sewing like she was; I was quite good but found it really dull. In order to encourage me to sew, my mother said she would buy me any fabrics I wanted, but I had to sew all my own clothes. I was not amused. I got myself a part-time after-school job at the local supermarket and used the money I earned to buy my clothes ready made. It was a sign of things to come, my independent streak!

What are you reading at the moment?

The Writer's Journey by Robert Vogler for the umpteenth time! I read novels too, most recently it was **The Kite Runner**, a great read.

The theme of this Scribble is 'New'. What one change, above all others, would you like to introduce in the world?

One thing I would change is to give all children an equal chance for education.

What are your three top tips for other poets?

1. Keep writing
2. Always grab a chance to stand up and read out your stuff
3. Always support other poets

Find out more about Anjum at www.anjummalik.com. Her book, **Before The Rains** is available from her website or by contacting her at anjummalik@talktalk.net

OVER TO YOU...

NEW

Wedding

A golden celebration
 With all the joy it brings
 A day of love and happiness
 Bright colours, loud music: fun and exciting
 People laughing and dancing
 The aroma of traditional food all around
 People chatting with family and friends
 Giving presents and money
 Something for the bride
 Something for the groom
 A bottle of perfume
 A pack of shirts
 That time can fly so fast
 Your beautiful love – it lasts.

© Attiya Malik



Reborn

The moment was crisp
 The second crunched in my mind
 My eyes had never seen such a sight
 It made my insides flutter
 My skin tingle
 As the light before me shone
 I felt lighter than flesh and bone
 I floated into the air
 The illumination of colours
 Willed me towards it
 Yet an insatiable sadness overwhelmed me
 The yearning for those I'd lose
 I knew there'd be grief
 Life would go on
 No longer wanting to fight
 I let go
 Allowed who I was to become no more
 So who I am can become new
 To be reborn

© Katie Sheila Haigh



In Search of Truth

My father stood before me
 In my infancy and youth
 As only a Father can be;
 Upright, tall and bruised
 From battles fought and won
 And fought and lost
 In search of truth.



He stood, with arms outstretched,
 His love kept tight within
 And outward, high above my head, he preached
 And I too short to learn,
 But still, with moral trial
 And mortal error
 He earned and lived to yearn.

As a child he stood more man
 Than I dreamed to be;
 Too long of back and large of hand.
 I guess my Mother was more me,
 Her politics more pure,
 Her feet forever roaming free,
 And my youth forcing me to disagree.

Now I stand an inch above his head
 And though my hands and mind
 Are damp from the dews of what I've read,
 And though he still dreams
 Of the truths he hasn't laid,
 And though the man will be Father to his son,
 We both now know the limits of those means.

So he sits while I stand around,
 No longer worried by our truths,
 No more upset by what he found
 Than I was in my youth.
 But now the clearings cleared a way
 For comfort
 Cruel, cold and uncouth.

For the pains of age are settling
 And his shoulders bow and weep;
 The strands of time competing
 For the ends of life to reap.
 And though the bells may soon be tolling
 And a sadness there must ring,
 The great last truth of life
 His death will surely bring.

© John Foster



OVER TO YOU...

NEW

The Journey

My grandad and grandma lived in Burewala. They had four children who lived in different towns. We would all travel to Burewala to celebrate Eid. My uncle lived in Karachi. First he picked us up, then my aunty's family. Three families in a van with one lamb. This traveling was full of enjoyment and amusement; we shared a lot of jokes and laughter without reason. You could say this was our Eid before Eid.

© Rukhshanda Aslam



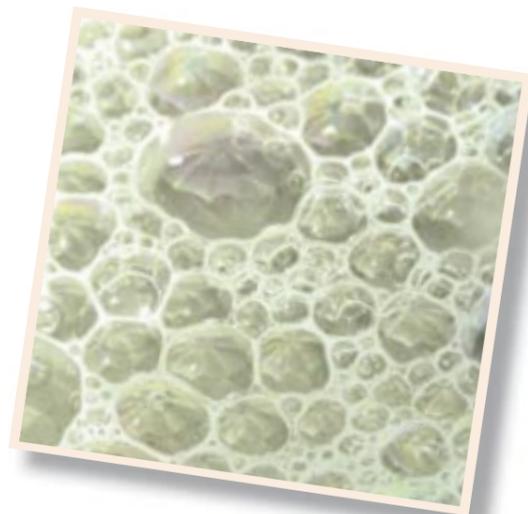
I love the skin you're in

Softness, which soothes stifled screams,
whispers gently
and breathes hope
through a skin of pain.
Tenderness, which tells truth in dreams,
reveals reality
to a reframed self,
made ready to love again.

Laughter, a measure of joy,
oozes from every pore.
Senses surge as consciousness tracks
a trail of desire
and yearning
to an uncharted, molten core.
Scarred marks signal shapes of the past.
Mutual memories linger
of loves that did not last.

Yet, in a breath
taken together, and enjoyed,
the pleasure seeps through sighs,
washes over sands of time,
traces a gossamer veil
and binds an unfaltering stare
between new love filled eyes.
Words can lay silent
no longer cauterised by deceit.
Simplicity delivers depth
when kindred spirits meet.

© Bridie Breen



Almond-Oil Soap

I can smell...
Mum washing our clothes
Fresh homegrown vegetables
The flowers in the garden
A Pakistan soap
Perfumes and shampoos.



I think of ...
The nice personality of my husband
The special smell of my nephew when he was first born
Lying in my mum's lap when I was small
And the way that I recognize the smells of those that are close to me.

© Shazia Hussain, Shakila Bi, Shakila Kamran, Shaista Bi, Shaista Nawaz

A New Home

I can see it all

Our stubborn birth
Our new moon
Lit by a ring of flame
Ashes
Joining the already gone

The blur of maps & lights
& finding our new dark earthly position

Our place
A home
As we wave, shout & cry

No one is near enough

© Gareth Storey



Starting Over

This is a day to start anew,
To cast off the shackles of oppression,
Maybe begin to form a different view,
Instead of languishing in a deep depression.

Second chances are rare, grab them with both hands,
They're yours for the taking if only you had the eyes to see,
An opportunity to drift off into weird and wonderful lands,
Maybe be the person you really want to be.

It isn't where you start but where you end up that counts,
There's joy to be had and glories to be won,
Stand tall in the face of the pressure that mounts,
And bask in the warmth of the summer sun.

I look back at the battles I fought,
Fond memories of the demons I faced,
Bravely pursuing the treasure I sought,
Ghosts of the past so powerfully erased.

I wake each morning with a vibrant smile,
The future now is so very much brighter,
Dwelling on things I can't change? No longer my style,
In spite of the odds against me, I'm so glad I remained a fighter.

© Nadeem Zafar

If you would like your words to be considered for these pages, get in touch! The theme of the next magazine is **Global**. Think as widely around this word and its associations as you like – we're looking for lots of original ideas. Think saving the environment, think holiday from hell, think world domination, think international, think local, in fact think anything that this word inspires. Scribble contact details are on the back page. Get in touch by **Friday 30 May**. Submissions under 300 words please. Please note that Scribble reserves the right to edit submitted material. Prizes will be given to a winner and a runner up. See page 12 for details.

Don't worry if you have sent in work and don't see it here. We receive a lot of material through, but we do keep it all and may publish it in a later edition of Scribble.



Tree calling bud

Hi bud, yes it's time to get up
To push through the bark and brighten us up
It's been four months now with nothing to wear
In the cold and the rain, seem to think you don't care
We've had a few frosts chilled down to the root
My branches are ready to carry a shoot
That's it now, open up into blossom
A show in the spring makes me look pretty awesome
That's looking good, as the leaf starts to form
The summer sun's rays make us wrinkled and drawn
We like a good water, we build up a thirst
It does us no harm, a prolonged shower burst
Long light in the summer, not long to rest
But here comes the autumn, my colour the best
A chill in the air you wrinkle and fall
I'll rest till the spring, then I'll give you a call

© Paul Broadhurst



OVER TO YOU...

NEW

New Recall

Serotonin, from the brainstem, floods the brain with happiness
 And conversely,
 Low serotonin, feeling low
 So
 You have to stand on your head to get the blood pumping
 And be happy again
 Or
 Ride a raging Catamaran through the deadly Manacle Rocks with the Porthkerris Divers, with the cold spray in your face until the life surges back into you
 Or
 Go chasing ghosts over the Rialtos' heaving girth like a half mad thing flying between the two worlds
 Or
 Weave stories from shadows and half forgotten passions for actors to tell and, standing full square and still, be there 'till the telling is told.

Silly Man for not coming with me.
 Silly Man for not trusting how I am with you.
 Silly Man for staying sad.

© Anna Taylor



"New"

In those days it was seldom heard,
 It hurt the purse just to say it.
 Restricted to the calendar of newness:
 Whitsun, and Christmas at first,
 Then September with the uniform.
 In those days boys dressed like old men
 And were grateful.
 New was better than hand-down.
 New was a statement then as now.
 Just not as frequent.
 We turned out with the best
 Measuring ourselves against the neighbours.
 "We don't buy our clothes from the Market Hall you know
 But on a Provident cheque from our local independent shop".
 I don't remember us getting the new oak sideboard,
 The matching dining table, four chairs,
 Incongruous pieces of solid unmoving architecture
 Dominating our kitchen,
 Bought from my father's Navy pay off.
 That suite outlasted both of them.
 Our legacy, the guilt of house clearance.
 "Just take the lot."
 "New" meant "bought to last."
 Unless an item was beaten beyond repair
 Tested to destruction
 Unfit to pass on or hand down within
 It could still be given away to someone worse off
 Or traded for a goldfish or a silver sixpence
 From the rag and bone man.
 But that was fifty years ago.

© Dave Morgan



New Arrival

Like a knotted handkerchief,
 Like a pit-bull pup.
 My new baby, my new baby.
 Blue skin, fat folds, bunched up.
 My new baby, my new baby.
 Like a slasher flick,
 Like a trip gone wrong.
 My new baby, my new baby.
 Punch drunk, white walls,
 Messed up, so small.
 My new baby, my new baby.

I'm interrupted, out of step.
 My hips don't swing when I walk anymore.
 My new baby mewls, I tut, I sigh.
 It calls to me, I'm tired, I cry.
 I'm a milk machine,
 I'm a beating heart,
 I'm a pair of arms,
 I'm somehow apart.

But like an extra head
 She grows on me.
 A new way of thinking,
 New eyes to see.
 New mummy speak,
 I sing, I coo.
 I wipe the sick
 And sniff for poo.

Like a landlocked mermaid
 I strap on some legs.
 My new baby, my new baby.
 Like a rising star,
 Like a god to her,
 Like Mother bloody Nature.
 My new baby, my baby,
 Mine.

© Louise Fazackerley



NEW LOVE

This February saw one very romantic book being launched. **The Suitcase Book of Love Poems** is an eclectic new volume of poems, both contemporary and ancient, bringing together the best love poetry from Black and Asian writers in the UK and beyond. From confessional poems, to urban remixes of some of Shakespeare's sonnets, there's something here for all tastes. After you've sampled the poems below, you can order your copy at www.amazon.co.uk. For more information about Manchester-based Suitcase Press visit www.suitcasebooks.info



Both photos by Miselo Kunda



Love in Translation

He turns up scrubbed and shaved,
 a clean tee shirt on.
 He's anxious to be out
 hopping about –
 I should have known then

A waiter paces the gum-stained
 pavement, we don't notice
 disagreeing as we dine.
 He eats, I drink
 feeding our different languages

We sit and chew the fat as he slowly
 chews his food, I savour a mango lassi
 through a straw.
 He likes spending time wid me
 and I agree, I like it 2

Sharing jokes along the shop fronts,
 neon flashing in his eyes
 we idle our way back towards the car.
 Language in translation, now
 I can hear the love in his laugh

© Anwen Lewis

Front seat

(Kabba bus Oct 2000)

The thin white cry
 of some bird high
 above the motor's drone.

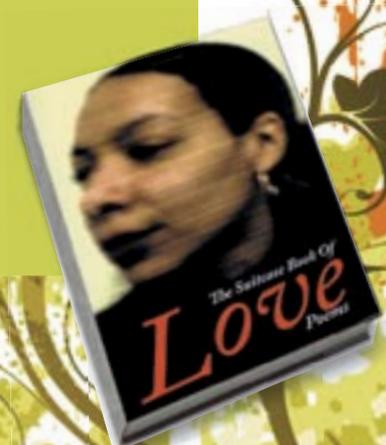
The bare chassis against my toes,
 hot steel, rust
 & thru the holes
 I see the road.

Yr leg hangs over mine,
 we change
 to 2nd gear & climb

this hill
 will never end,
 I pray

& shield yr eyes
 from sun.

© Segun Lee-French



IN THE FRAME

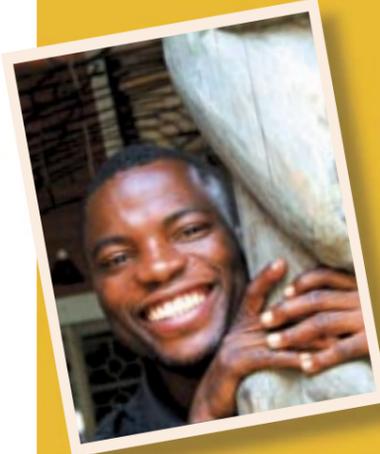


Scribble asks Nigerian photographer Andrew Esiebo about the story behind the photo.

"This image depicts a young boy from the Kano royal family in Nigeria. He's riding on a decorated horse during the annual Durbar festival in the northern part of Nigeria. Durbar festival history dates back to when the northern emirates used horses for warfare. Once or twice a year, the regiments were invited by the emirate military chief to display their dexterity in horse riding, prowess for war and loyalty to protect the emirate. Today, the Durbar festivals are some of the most spectacular in Nigeria. They are organised in different northern cities and are celebrated at the culmination of two Muslim festivals, Id el-Kabir and Id el-Fitr. After prayers, royal family members on their beautifully adorned horses ride in front of the Emir palace. Later they ride around the town greeting their subjects. This event attracts thousands of Nigerians and foreigners."

Andrew has an exhibition at Gasworks in London between 14 April – 30 June. Find out more at www.gasworks.org.uk/residencies

If you have a photo that tells a story, contact Scribble.



MY LIFE STORY

Scribble educates itself about Shamshad Ash, manager of Rochdale's Family Learning Service.

Ask someone in your office to describe you in 3 words. Do you agree with them?
Creative, resourceful, forward thinking. Yes, I agree.

What stories did you like being told as a child?
I loved listening to my mum and dad's childhood stories.

What is the best book you have ever read and why?
It was an Urdu book, *Aur Talwar Tut Gai*, based on Islamic history. I enjoyed it as my dad and I used to read it and discuss the events. I loved sharing views with my dad.

If you were to write a book about your life, what would the most interesting chapter be?
My childhood experiences. I had a wonderful childhood; it was full of adventures, love and life. I could and would love to write about my childhood.

How many different languages do you know?
I speak English, Swahili, Urdu, Punjabi and little Gujarati. Apart from English, I can read and write Urdu. I don't have much opportunity to write in Urdu but when needed I do translations for work purposes.



WINNING WORDS

Last issue we wanted you to contemplate **Fortune**. It's been a very opportune exercise for Jean Russell and Lisa O'Reilly who run away with 1st and 2nd prizes respectively.

Well done to Alison Bond who won last issue's **Reader Competition**. The correct answer to the question, **What is the name of the prize-winning book written by Monica Ali and set in London's Bangladeshi community?** was of course **Brick Lane**.

Turn over for more competitions.

New homes - good fortune?

Wasteland right on the edge of town
where houses that were homes are now pulled down
They called them slums said they weren't right
must demolish they looked a sight
They build towering blocks of 12 or more storeys
communities disbanded heart-wrenching stories
dangerous stairwells dismal landings
ideal places to hide criminals banding
The idea of high-rise to leave space for leisure
Neighbours in streets now that was pleasure
mothers with children would gather to chat
now major problems if Joe's forgotten his hat
The future plans for this overgrown site
are still in the planning - They must get it right

© Jean Russell

Lucy's mum explained the white rose was a gesture of good will and fortune. Every year it came, signed "Thank you", always anonymous.

Was it from the lady whose garden Lucy swept? Was it from the man whose newspaper Lucy collected? The family whose dog Lucy walked when they were too busy with the babies? Or someone from the nursing home whom Lucy played dominoes with? Who knew?

But it always lifted Lucy's heart and it did bring good fortune. Lucy skipped to school leaving her mum ringing the florist, placing her order: "Yes...that's one single white rose please."

© Lisa O'Reilly



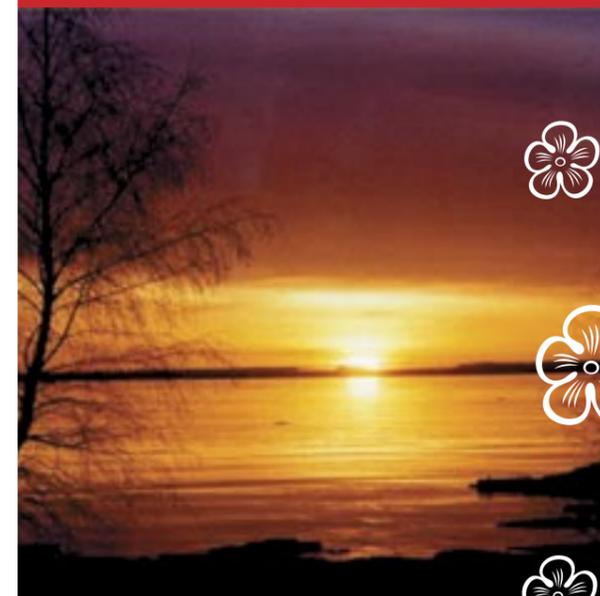
THE SCRIBBLE YOUNG WRITERS AWARD

Spotland Primary School have been turning over a **New leaf** with tuition from writer Katie Haigh and their class teachers. It might be April but Katie's chosen winner is **Happy New Year** by Mariam Akhtar because of its delightful feeling and sensitivity. Well done Mariam!

Happy New Year

A new year is beginning
To peek through,
Softly beautiful and different
Like new snow falling,
Each day unique
Shaped just for you.
My wish for your new year
Is beauty and softness,
With surprise thrown in for delight
Love for each day
Bringing happiness to you,
Making your life a scene
Of sparkle and shining sunlight.

© Mariam Akhtar



The Scribble Young Writers Award was set up by Katie and Scribble to encourage up-and-coming local talent. If you know a group who would like to submit their writing, get in touch.

WHAT'S GOING ON?

Open Mic Poetry Night

Fourth Sunday of every month, 8pm, £1

Olde Boar's Head pub, Long Street, Middleton

Fun and friendly as ever, this night is open to poetry writers and appreciators to come and share their love of words. For more information contact Paul Blackburn at Write Out Loud on 07796 475490 or just turn up on the night.

Read All About It in Rochdale

2008 is National Year of Reading, so don't be a solitary bookworm; get out of the house, meet new friends and share your passion. There are currently 12 library based reading groups meeting in the Rochdale Borough, including two poetry groups.

Most groups meet monthly, and they all welcome new members – phone the appropriate library to find out the date of the next meeting. Every group is different so you may want to try a few to find the group that's best for you.

MONDAY	TUESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
Langley 2pm	Milnrow 10.15pm	Milnrow Poetry Group 11am	Alkington 2pm	Littleborough 10.30am
Wheatsheaf 1pm	Wheatsheaf 1pm	Smithybridge 1.30pm		
Balderstone 2.15pm		Spotland 2.15*		
Middleton 6pm		*Spotland Library has two reading groups		
Spotland 6.30pm*				
Littleborough Poetry Group				

Watch the media for further details of National Year of Reading, or look on: www.literacytrust.org.uk

Rochdale Libraries are also planning some special reading based activities locally, so look out for events in a library near you!

SET UP YOUR OWN READING GROUP

Want to run your own group?

Some pointers to get you started:

- **Do some research** - there are plenty of websites offering advice - you could even join an online reading group.
- **Speak to friends, relatives, neighbors and work colleagues** - you need between 4 and 12 members to sustain a lively group.
- **Decide where to meet** - this could be in one another's homes, a pub or café, or your library if there isn't already a group running.
- **Decide when to meet** - a work based group could meet during lunch break. If you choose a pub pick a time when it won't be noisy.
- **Contact your library** - staff will open a reading group membership for you and give further help and advice.
- **Work out roles** - who will order and collect books from the library? Who will control the discussion? Who will research background information about authors?
- Choose your first book then order copies from your library or book shop.
- **The first meeting** can be spent deciding how the group will run and the type of books you will read.
- **From then on just enjoy your reading.** Remember to review the group every so often to check it's meeting members' needs.

COMPETITIONS

FOR THE READERS:

To win a £15 book token and other bookish goodies, answer the following question:

What are the names of the Channel 4 TV duo who have set up their own highly successful book club?



FOR THE WRITERS:

Global

This time, write a poem or short story (max 300 words) on the theme of the next issue. The best submission will take away a £40 voucher (of your choice), the runner-up a £20 voucher, and both will be published in the summer edition of Scribble. As always the three 'dos' are: aim to make your work unique and interesting, give your submission an original title and make every word count!

Send your entries to the **Reader Competition** and **writing on the Global** theme to Kim Haygarth at the Scribble email / address (details below).

Deadline for both: **Friday 30 May 2008**

If you have entered Scribble competitions before, don't let that put you off - try again.



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