

Issue 10
Summer 2011

Scrabble

THE

FAMILIES

ISSUE



SCRIBBLE

SPOTLIGHT

ON...

JOHN SIDDIQUE

Here are some wise words on writing from John's latest collection *Full Blood*.

On Becoming a Writer

Learn to sit and be invisible, surround yourself with ordinary things. Take no notes in public.

A glass of water with your coffee will let you sit for longer. Never appear interested in the talk.

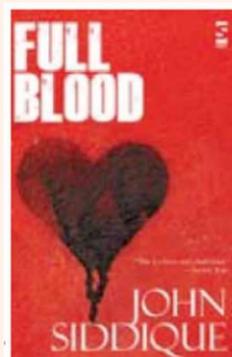
Be plain on the outside. Inside your mouth is a diamond; never speak of it before you set its ways in ink.

© John Siddique 2011

Taken from *Full Blood* (Salt Publishing)

ISBN 9781844718245

Available at your Bookshop, Library & Online Store



John Siddique's new collection takes the reader down the street and round the world. This is a brave and a bold book of linked poems whose subjects range widely from love to hate, from war to peace, from childhood to adulthood, from the real world to the world of myth. Siddique is interested in everything. Tender and open-hearted, these poems are full of wonder at the power of love. Dreamy and yet direct, this is Siddique's most powerful collection yet.' Jackie Kay.

HELLO



Welcome back to Scribble. It has been a busy Spring for us at Scribble HQ, AKA Cartwheel Arts, with lots of entries to our magazine to look through and new Tell Us Another One projects getting under way.

This issue is all about families - their warmth, their foibles, their sometimes painful memories and their ability to rise to every challenge, whether that be long term illness or the fourth game of cards on a wet campsite in March! We are amazed with the breadth of ideas contributed to this issue. The quality of submission for the writers competition has been particularly high so thank you and keep writing! We have celebrations for the Heywood Active Families project at Darnhill Festival on 2nd July and Scribble Festival is on 13th July so come along and meet us in person if you want to extend your passion for creative writing further. Enjoy the summer!

Emma Melling
Editor



Memories Made Of Ink

A picture of a child
With eyes shining blue
Curls tumbling unruly
Smiles of light
In a moment of happiness
Enjoyment, love and laughter
Squealing with excitement
As the swing goes higher and faster
Mother's satisfaction
Reflected in a daughter's joy
A moment of bliss
Frozen in time
An image to remember
As time unravels the years
Memories made of ink
Never disappear

© Katie Haigh



Ron Silliman, 2011



Protein 13, Christian Bök, 2011



The Xenotext, Christian Bök, 2011



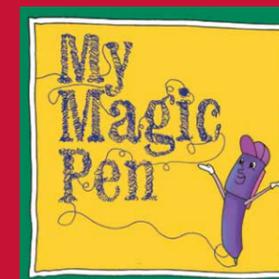
Studio Schwitters, Pavel Buchler, 2010, Installation view Bury Art Museum, 2011, Courtesy the artist and Max Wigram Gallery, London

TELL US

ANOTHER ONE

CHAPTER TEN

Well, where to begin?!... There have been lots of exciting new mini projects taking shape since the last magazine. *Heywood Active Families* continued - Vik and writer **Joy Winkler** creating activity cards and a book with Heywood families called *My Magic Pen*. A special book launch will take place as part of Darnhill Summer Festival on 2nd July so come along to Argyle Parade and celebrate with us!



Games Gone By, an intergenerational project in Seedfield (Bury) and Fitton Hill (Oldham) began, with writers **Craig Bradley** and **John Siddique** enthusing primary school children and adults to write about how play has changed over the decades. The book will be out in the Autumn.

The monthly Story Groups have been enjoying workshops with **Cath Staincliffe**, **John Siddique**, **Anjum Malik** and **Shamshad Khan**. (Story Group photos by Brian Slater and Maurice Jones).

We also met at the fantastic Bury Text Festival for our Members Lunch Club in June, enjoying language as a form of visual art. Check out the photos on the left. Many thanks to Arts and Museums Manager and Festival Curator Tony Trehy and Front of House Supervisor, Stephen Walton for an excellent day out. It was great!

And finally, a dedicated website will be up and running in July - www.tellusanotherone.org and Scribble festival will take place on 13th July as part of the Arts Feel Good Festival. If you would like to join us or would like more information about our books and projects contact Emma on 01706 361300.

LET US INTRODUCE YOU TO THE TEAM



Writers Anjum Malik and Shamshad Khan have been working with Emma and Vik to lead the regular monthly Story Groups across Rochdale, Bury and Oldham. They began working with Tell Us Another One back in October 2005.

A WORD FROM SHAMSHAD KHAN...

I have worked with Cartwheel Arts on Tell Us Another One in the past - when Kim Haygarth was in post. I worked with the Deepish and Spotland groups who created poems they silk screen printed onto cotton bags. "Take me..." the bags said and listed beautiful places that we might go. I didn't suspect then that I'd be taken back to Spotland and over to Coldhurst to meet more inspiring, enthusiastic and committed writers.

As part of this new appointment which runs until May 2013, myself and Anjum Malik have two groups which we can focus on. It is exciting to be able to share creative ideas with each other and with invited guests like John Siddique. Going back to Spotland felt like meeting up with family after a long break, warm, fun and occasionally uncontrollably lively. Coldhurst is a new beginning with a Bangladeshi group. With no common first language we are thrown into intimate communications with our eyes, hands and energy.

With both groups the themes have allowed us to share deeply with each other. Stories of the first time they ate an apple. Most of these women climbed trees, or threw stones to get their first bite.

Their discussions around defining family included people who cared and shared in times of need. These ranged from a grandparent who had to take the place of parents lost in early childhood, to a neighbour who replaced family for a woman who had newly arrived to this country and who felt really isolated.

In English, Urdu and Bangla we are learning from each other how words work.

Shamshad Khan

Here is flavour of Shamshad's beautiful way with words, specially dug out of the archive for our Families theme:



Shamshad captivates with her hypnotic tones

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

A WORD FROM ANJUM MALIK...

My first memories are of meeting the women and being welcomed as if I had always been part of their lives. It was tremendous, the feeling of walking in and finding so many amazing women, willing and ready to tell their stories, in their own words. Only they didn't realise it at the time and it was my job and pleasure to nudge them gently into putting it all in words. And they did, laughing, joking, eating biscuits and drinking tea.

The thing is, we as women, whatever age, single, married, divorced, daughter, mother, wife, working at home or outside, whatever background, ethnicity; we all have in common this great skill to look after people, give, arrange, organise and do all the things it takes to run our lives and aid our loved ones. And somehow a lot of times we forget about us, what we are thinking, feeling, remembering, whom we are missing, grateful to be beside or wishing to get away from!

When the women gather in the different groups, it's usually the only time they have of their own, a window of time to think, talk and write. They don't even have to think about making a cuppa or getting the biscuits, that's my job - together with stopping them talking (and believe me they can!) and getting them to write down in words what they have to say.

Time after time, I am amazed, delighted and privileged to see the participants' words appear, and when they read their work out, a lot of the time they not only surprise me but themselves. Because the women (the majority are women, although in some groups men also attend and are very welcome) are ordinary women, living everyday lives.

We don't hear about these normal folk through their own words, that for me is what makes these groups and their writing unique, special and so different. Added to this that they make time to get to the venue for every session and have a go at all that I ask of them, and so many times they bring what they have written at home. I do encourage home writing, and I admit I am demanding. But most of all I say thank you for letting me be part of this wonderful project, I am very lucky indeed.

Anjum Malik



Anjum dazzles with her feminine charm

A handy hint...

if you find you have hit a writers' block or indeed you cannot get started. Stop being hard on yourself, do something physical, walk, go to the gym, clean the house, the car, the garden, wash and iron clothes... you'll be glad to get back to your writing after all that and be too tired to fight the flow of creativity!

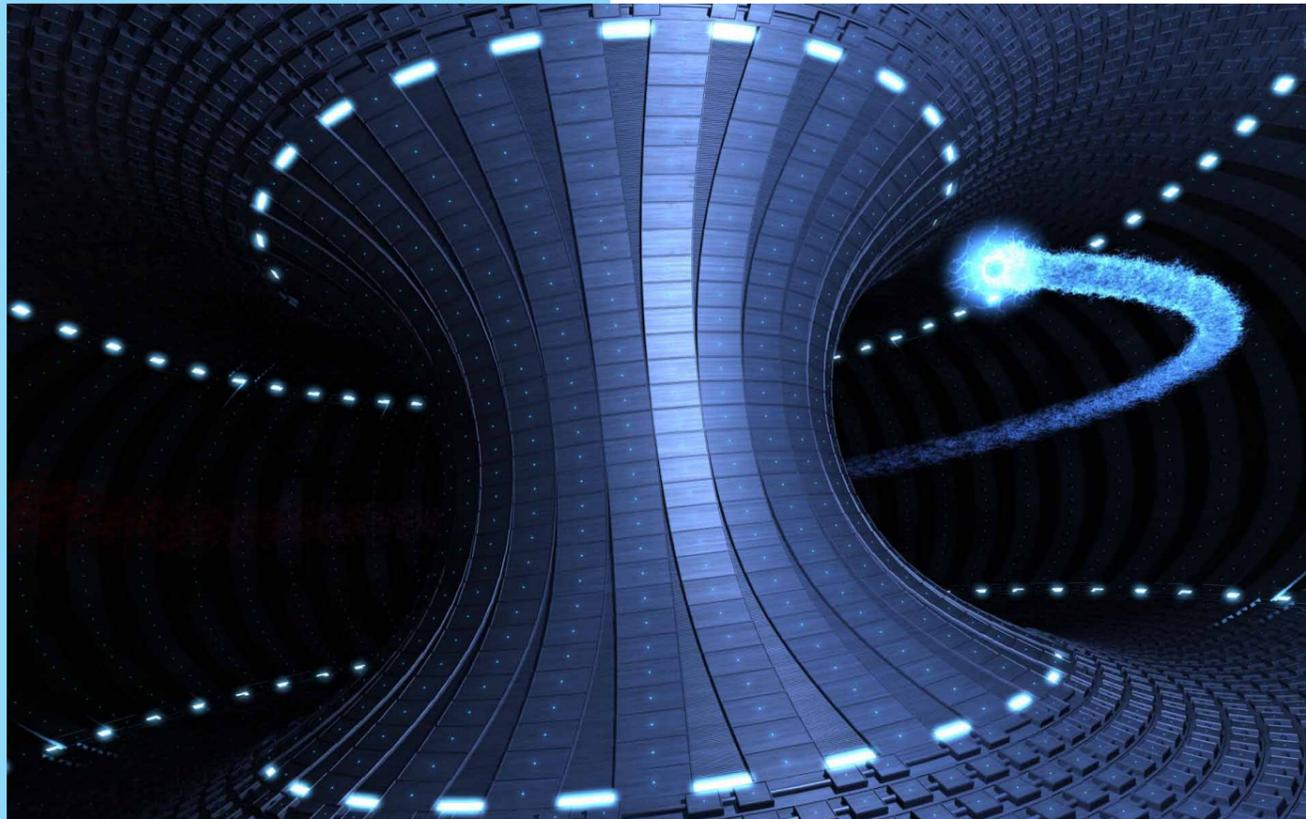
The Sizzle of Love

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
Gram 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 its Thailand
Mine's the best, its 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 N Malik

The **big** news this month is that Tell Us Another One's new website will be up and running in July - perhaps by the time you read this! It's at www.tellusanotherone.org - have a look!

DIGITAL NEWS



The site will contain a page for each of our nine story groups; and group members will be able to edit their page themselves, and use it as a showcase for their writing. So if you're a Story Group member, we'll soon be showing you how to do this, and you will be able to start taking control of your section of the site. It will also be somewhere that you can point friends and family to, if you want to show them your writing!

The site is also for those who don't go to a Story Group - it will be full of news about Tell Us Another One events and projects, plus poetry and stories by participants and professionals, and useful resources to help you with your writing. We're hoping eventually to have podcasts by writers, and online activities that you can do to improve your writing skills. Well worth checking out - and you'll be able to download a copy of Scribble from it too!

The other big news on the digital front is our training sessions to help you improve your digital skills. In the next few months, we'll be offering three sessions, in different venues around Bury, Oldham and Rochdale. They're open to everyone, not just Story Group members, and they include:

- **The web for writers** - useful websites and tools to bring a new dimension to your writing. You don't need any online experience to do this workshop - learn how the Internet works as you go along!
- **Audio recording** - learn how to make a digital recording of someone speaking, and edit it on a computer using a simple, free program that you can download and use at home. With these skills, you can go on to record yourself and others performing their work, record interviews, make podcasts, and more! No previous experience needed.
- **Social networking adventures** - Facebook and Twitter are not just for teenagers! Demystify the world of social networking - find out what it can do, and how artists and writers are incorporating them into their work. No prior knowledge of social networking is needed.

If you're interested in attending one of these workshops, email vik@cartwheelarts.org. uk and let me know what area you live in and which session(s) you're interested in; or phone me on 01706 361 300. I generally work Wednesday to Friday so don't worry if I don't get straight back to you.

Tell Us Your Story...

If you want to contribute to Scribble have a go at our competitions on the back page

OVER TO YOU... FAMILIES



Family is...

Family is my wife
Family is my backbone
Family makes you want home
Family is to live for
You never lose them

© Wilf Ellis, Fitton Hill Story Group

Grand Mother Love

She always say it's good to be in God's hand

It's about commitment and devotion.
God is power, he's got
more power than anyone in this universe
she always say

What kinds of soft touches, and unemotional answers?
When you angry, no-one can see it,
you always be patient, but assertive.

You're the role model in our family, Grand mother -
It's all about love.
I wish you could have stay in this world
And see your great-grandchildren.

© Arsene Essabe, Falinge Story Group

Shielding Shell

Mother is sweet like metai, honey, rasgulla
Mother is beautiful like rose and lily
Mother is caring
Mother is a person who gives you good advice
My feelings relax when I share my problems with my mum
Mother is a special fragrance
Mother is a whole world for me
Mother is a good supporter in good and bad times
Mother is like a tree
You can sit under the shadow
Mother is like a shell that shields

© Shaista Nawaz, Spotland Story Group

(*Metai' or 'mittai' is the generic name for 'indian sweets'.
Rasgulla is a specific milk based sweet/dessert).

Grandma's Knee

Years ago when I was young
I'd sit on my Grandma's knee.
Where she'd regale with well told tales
of when she was young like me.

She remembered times of hardship and strife
and the games she used to play.
No fancy toys or clothes for us,
was what she used to say.

Easy come, easy go
is the way life's lived today.
No scrimping and saving for things you need
like they did the old-fashioned way.

Now that I'm a Grandma,
my grandchildren, a total of three.
They sit upon my knee sometimes
while I relate their family tree.

I tell them of the hard times
my Grandma had to endure.
And remind them how lucky they are;
they will never be that poor.

They love to hear my stories
about the way things used to be.
Tell us more of your stories Grandma,
and can we sit upon your knee.

© Carol Keys, Damhill Story Group



My Daughter's Birthday

Each year my daughter's birthday reminds me
That I really want to say
I am very glad I know her
I think of her each day

I hope she enjoys her birthday
And all the pleasure it has in store
And because I appreciate her
I hope she has many more

So happy birthday to you Aysha
From the bottom of my heart
And may your good times multiply
Till they're flying off the chart

© Attiya Malik, Spotland story group

Aunt Amelia

She was red-haired and had a heart
of gold
A gold never seen in long distant
memories
A gold that helped people
I got its eternal reward

© Ophelia Moorcroft, Fitton Hill Story Group



Daughter

On hot summer nights she dreams about
ice cool lemonade

On cold frosty nights she dreams about
hot chocolate and biscuits

If she was a time of day
she would be dinnertime
that's when she wakes up

If she was an animal
she would be a cat
graceful, aloof and slow

A memory - in the park pushing a swing
She's three years old

What happened?
She grew up.

© Neil, Falinge Story Group

Remember

I remember her
remember her long black straight hair
sometimes she would cry when they were doing her hair
they would pull it so tight

I remember her brown beautiful eyes
how she used to convince me to do things for her
doing her puppy-dog gaze

I remember when she used to introduce me to all her friends
how she used to brag about me to all her friends
proud of me

I remember, remember, remember
I remember everything about her.

© Mahshid Rezaie from an idea
by Fink Mulongo, Falinge Story Group

Mum

She sit on the side, quiet, not talking or blinking
And keep herself to herself.

So I put on my red nose,
Play my circus role,
Roll around twist and turn
And play the monkey
To make her smile.

That is when the house feel like collapsing
As she smile and laugh like a drum
Not angry any more

And yes, they say I am nice, kind,
A caring person with a pure heart -
So I'm just like my mum,
A special lady with a golden heart,
A gift from god.

© Fink Mulongo from an idea
by Mahshid Rezaie, Falinge Story Group

Yasmin

My sister is beautiful like the ka'ba house
She is like a peaceful river
Not like a tiger
She is relaxed
A smiling face

© Nasima Khatum, Coldhurst Story Group

OVER TO YOU... FAMILIES

You Three my Family

Empty kettle again? Tea pot tea strain.
Stain on your carpet, blue blanket, feed the dog.
Your turn, how your cash burn.
I've learnt a thing or two off you
In my time, you all give me strength in mind.
Now I find I choose you, unconditional,
Pivotal moments, good and bad, happy and sad,
Always beside me with this poignant cup of tea.
You boost my morale, this always hopeful
I can count on you for a belly full,
Until it's my time to cook, tasty!

Momentous occasions, birthdays, christenings,
Listening time, Mum and Dad I'm glad for you
How lucky I am, some are not!
Treated badly, no cup of tea, no morale, no support,
No safety net, sod off into the world and don't bother me,
So-called friends so called family,
The remedy is not so simple, not same situation,
Engraved upon your treatment, turn you out
Early years learning life, we all have tears,
Family should be sanctuary, hope given to children
To grow up decent and respectful,
Belly full, teas strain, blue comfort blanket
Passed down, just remember to curb your frown,
Just sit down and explain this to me
Why? Because we three are your family!

© James Whitrow, Langley Story Group

Asian Families (Light of my eyes)

A family can be defined in a pyramid hierarchy.
Parents hold the top of the pyramid followed by
grandparents, then uncles and aunts and last but not
least, siblings. A family can truly benefit if they build
enough tolerance and love to live together under one
roof. They can really support one another both
emotionally and financially.

When I was growing up in Pakistan we used to live in
a similar establishment. All my uncles, aunts and
grandparents used to live under one roof. My uncle
loved me like his own daughter and I loved him just
like my father. My dad was very firm so I used to
ask my uncle if I needed anything. It would be fair
to say I had more of a friendship with my uncle than
my father. When I was in my teens my father started
working in a government department that required
him to move around the country. When we moved out
we used to take turns every Eid (Islamic holy festival)
to visit each other every year.



A Boy and his Mother

A boy has a love for his mother
A love so strong it can smother
Brothers and sisters, grandparents too
Come second and third, even fourth in the queue
Yet even a Mother, whose love is so great
Must take second place when his heart starts to break
He'll wander around like a fool in a fog
Having just lost his heart to a black and white dog

© Eric Maney, Langley Story Group

I still remember the green glass bangles that he once
bought me for Eid, they were beautiful. When I was
in my twenties, uncle asked dad for my hand in
marriage for his eldest son. I refused because I had
five brothers and I considered him to be my sixth
one. My mum tried to explain that before marriage
we're all brothers/sisters but she didn't get through
to me.

My uncle and aunty were obviously upset by my
decision but that did not affect the love they had
for me.

When I moved to the UK we used to speak on regular
basis. Three years ago my dad passed away and last
year my uncle also departed this world. I feel I was
blessed to have not just one but two father figures
in my life.

© Gazala Jabeen, Deeplish Story Group



Family Baking

When we were children we baked buns. Mum showed us how to make Victoria Sponge. She used to make cheese and onion pie too. I used to do a fancy edge on the pastry with a fork. When mum used to bake bread or muffins we could smell it for days.

© Julie Pilgrim, Fitton Hill Story Group

Family

As I wake up every day
I always have a family that cares about each other.

The calm of wind
and the sadness of life when things go wrong,
My mum is always there, happy, considerate.
She wears her hat with flowers
in the garden and the sunshine and the happiness of life -
my mum's always there.

As the sky is full of sun and bright colours,
I always think of my dad's help
helping others stay positive.
As I look around life I see
that everyone should stay positive
because your family really cares about you.

© Nathan Rich, Falinge Story Group

My Good Neighbour

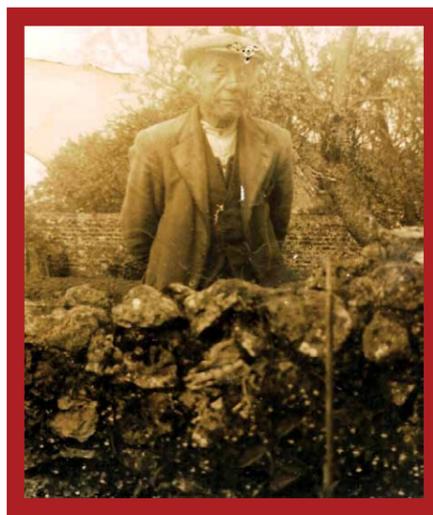
My name is Rukhsana Haq, I came to England on the 12th January 2007. The weather was very cold and I missed my country when I left my brother and sister behind. I met new people that became good friends. After three months I met my new neighbour who I got on with very well. Slowly we became very close and I learnt a lot from her, such as cooking and sewing. Also, I met new and friendly people through her and we had dinner together. To this day I still miss her. If I need any comforting or support I speak to her. We go through thick and thin together. She will always be in my heart.

© Rukhsana Haq, Deepish story group

Promises and expectations

I can't promise we won't argue. We probably will.
Life's a game of give and take
Sometimes we have to learn to be less serious about things
Lighten up a little
Learn to laugh
Transcend above things
Don't dwell on the bad things in life
Don't let an argument fester
Learn to forgive and forget

© John Morris, Fitton Hill Story Group



Grandad

Granddad went round with a horse and cart so he always had a smell of manure. His clothes smelt horsey. Along with this was the smell of new wooden pegs and mopping stones.

© Doris Smith, Fitton Hill Story Group

OVER TO YOU... FAMILIES

Sunshine

She has an innocent face
She always looks after my little daughter
My daughter likes my sister
My sister
She thinks about everyone

Why are they sad?
She makes them all laugh
She is like sunshine on everyone
She is tall like a tree
Inside she is beautiful like a white rose

© Jannatum Nahar Choudhury



Holidays

When I was young holidays were the highlight of the year. We had two weeks a year and had to make the most of them. During the war it was not easy to go away but we always seemed to manage it.

I remember going to a farm in Derbyshire where we stayed for a week. They had cows, which my sister and I could milk if we wanted to. I was not very keen. They were rather large for a little girl like me. In the garden was a pool with gooseberry bushes behind it and a form to sit on when the sun was shining. For breakfast we had fresh buttermilk, straight from the cow, but I did not like it. I think I was an awkward child.

On one occasion we visited the Blue John Mines, they were great! I still have the piece of crystal we bought there.



Some Poet

Oh! Anjum Malik. What have you said?
To make me lie sleepless here in my bed
With thoughts and ideas going round in my head

Write me a poem, she said with aplomb
She might as well tell me to go and make a bomb
So just to appease her I thought I'd write some

The ideas are tough and the thoughts they are rough
And I can't find the means of expression
So I'll go and make a brew, and let the thoughts stew
Then perchance I will make an impression

Here I sit after tea, it's no better than before
Pen in hand poised to write, you'd think I'd know the score,
Many lovely words and phrases flit across my mind
Surely amongst all these there's something I can find

But no, I cannot find the spark
To make a perfect rhyme.
And just between you and me,
I'm running out of time

Well! Miss Malik. Now you see. That I can write verse
I only did this exercise just to be perverse.

© Audrey Sadler, Seedfield Story Group

Another year we went to Edale with my parents, who came by train. We went with our aunt and uncle in their car.

Running through the garden of the cottage we rented ran a stream which we played in every day. As a treat we all went to see a film 'State Fair'. Afterwards my sister and I pretended we were in the film and made "marmalade" out of rotten wood pulp and water, then picked wild flowers to put in jam jars. We also went to the seaside at Benllech Bay on Anglesey, again with our aunt and uncle and I remember crossing the original bridge at Colwyn Bay. We stayed in a boarding house run by Mrs Shaw. We also went riding on the beach and round the lanes. Happy days.

© Claire Schofield, Seedfield Story Group

FUNNY THINGS KIDS SAY...

Warning! We must prepare you for this one - if you're eating anything, put down your plate - it may put you off!

One time at my Local Surestart Centre my son put his finger inside his nose, the staff said "eeewww don't pick your nose" and my son replied, "I wasn't going to eat it, I was recycling it" oohh talk about going green I thought!

Mmmm. Many thanks to Julia McClay of Langley Story Group for this amusing anecdote.



FOCUS ON... JOHN LINDLEY

On the theme of families, we couldn't resist including this beauty from John Lindley's latest collection *The Casting Boat*. If you're as moved as we are treat yourself to a copy - £7.99 @ johnflindley.wordpress.com



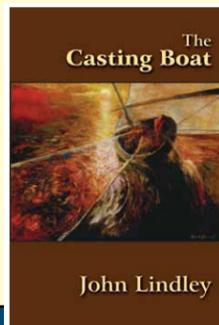
In and Out of Touch

Not long before it was too late
I began to remember to kiss my mother,
to plant one on her cheek firmly
and wetly enough to make up
for all the years I hadn't.
Same now with handshakes
with my brother and hugs for my sister.

I've never done family physical.
I've come to it late. But now I readily clench
and clasp to our comings and goings
part, it's true, due to absences, distances
but part to ground myself, to walk
willingly into what I'm part of,
what I'm scared to be parted from.

Missed the boat with my dad -
thirty seconds dead, my dry lips to his forehead
couldn't have counted for much.
He knew I loved him though;
would have heard it above the noise
of me never saying it.

© John Lindley



FOCUS ON... GEMMA LEES



-How did you get into writing?

I've always written poetry, stories and plays but started to take it more seriously at college; this led to a creative writing and writing for stage, screen and radio degree.

-How did the Middleton poetry night come about and evolve?

Write Out Loud run open mic nights across the country for people to perform. They realised that it needed a night that was more accessible for poets from Heywood, Rochdale and Middleton to attend. I came on the first night to share some poems and over the years, I became a joint co-ordinator and recently the sole co-ordinator of the night.

-Who inspires you?

I write about everything I see and feel. I write about people I know and those I've just 'people-watched'. In terms of other writers, I am inspired every day by the other Write Out Louders and my favourite poet, Jackie Kay.

-Tell us about your involvement in the Winter Spells and Smells project

I was very lucky to be asked to work with a year two class and adults from Darnhill the estate in Rochdale on this project. We wrote and performed poetry at the Darnhill Christmas Festival. With St Margaret's School I guided the children through several methods of generating work until we had a final class poem. The theme evolved over the process until we had a 'recipe' for a perfect Christmas and winter delivered by some adorable mini chefs (pictured right).

-What do you enjoy most about writing and performing?

I find the whole process enjoyable from that first idea to performing a poem but I especially enjoy an audience who are responsive and inspired by a piece of work I have crafted.

-This issue of Scribble is all about families. What's your funniest family memory?

I remember when my cousin was little; he asked me what beefcake meant. I explained to him what it meant and he became very concerned and asked me: "only cannibals eat that kind of cake, don't they?"

-What top 3 tips would you give to anyone wanting to have a go at writing professionally?

- 1) Do that you want to be; if you want to be a writer, write every day.
- 2) Share your work and network; go to open mic nights, help out with festivals, etc. This leads to more opportunities, gigs and paid work.
- 3) Don't give up at the first rejection; just because one publisher doesn't want your work, it doesn't mean that another one won't.



Check out Gemma's profile at: www.writeoutloud.net/poets/gemmalees or look her up on Facebook for more samples of her work, to find out about gigs, events and her upcoming book. You can email her at deedlenu@hotmail.co.uk.

Jongleur

He's got ample ambition and an amp on wheels
They keep him in school five days a week
The fools; he don't need no education
How far's he gonna get on Shakespeare's sonnets
and angles of elevation?
He's seen Soapstar Superstar and every episode of Glee
Watches the extended X Factor coverage on ITV2
He ain't like me and you
He believes that eventually he will be,
'Cause he's meant to be, a somebody
Every Saturday and Sunday and all summer holiday
He's there; his stage is Bolton town square
Or outside Manny TK Maxx or Boots when it rains
It's always the same; he's only got one backing track
A mix of boy band ballads and feel good hits
They keep his cap full of pennies and the odd couple of quids
But he ain't really doing it for the sake of that

That's just the small time
One day he will be awash with fans and cash
Just waiting for Britain's Got Talent to begin again
After standing in line since four am
He will wow them all; he's the next Ray Quinn
He's SUBO on speed; he's got everything they need
A marketable image, a sob story that's true
And he'll never get enough of being told what to do
By Simon Cowell and his hit machine crew
He won't be like the others who were forgot in a month
His fame's gonna last, you'll remember his name
If you only I could remember it, you know, that young busker lad
The one on a Saturday outside TK Maxx
The one who's songs are always the same
You know, that lad who's been infected by the fatal fame game

© Gemma Lees

COMPETITION CORNER

Thank you to the All Souls Brownie troupe in Heywood for taking part in our Families competition. Congratulations to Katie for her winning poem. A voucher and certificate are heading your way!

Last month's proud winner, Heidi - ahh!



The Stranger Collector

A stranger came this morning
Dressed all in black and grey
He put every thing into a bag and
took it all away

The screaming of my Brother
The shouting of my Mum
The snoring of my Dad
And the bubbling of the bath

The crying of my sister
And then the stranger was gone

© Katie Wolstenholme, aged 7



Congratulations to Winnie Innes for this wonderful piece for our Writer's Competition. A £20 voucher and Anwen Lewis' debut poetry collection are on their way to you.

Spam Days

Father's in the army, my mum works in the mill;
Street lights aren't permitted because of war peril.
I'm unaware of danger with being only six,
Innocently playing while Germans bomb our bricks.

Long days in summer sunshine are spent at Daisy Nook,
Picking buttercups and daisies then bluebells near the brook.
The long walk home seems such a trail to see a cheery sight;
The celery man with horse and cart yells out with all his might.

My Mam's not home from work, cos' the milk jug's on the sill –
It's covered with a lacy mat that's got a beaded frill.
The atmosphere of evening brings the promise of a treat
When neighbours sit on cushions on their doorsteps in our street.

So they can sit and watch the kids run and shriek and scatter,
As we play a game of rounders until it's time for supper,
Then it's dash indoors for basins, for chips and battered spam
From the corner fish and chip shop and som 'specials' for my mam.
Snatching time, my ear is pressed against the wireless set,
Until the dreaded order comes "It's up to bed you get!"

© Winnie Innes

We were really impressed with the quality of submissions. Julia Holden (printed left) came second and close at the finish line were David Ryder and Mary Tickle so please don't give up - keep sending competition entries in!

Congratulations to Carolyn Crossley for correctly naming who won the Mann Booker prize last year for our Reader's Competition. A £15 voucher and poetry bag are on their way to you.

Family Recipe

Four branches form my family tree
One Welsh, two Irish, that makes three
Plus one who left a Northern land
Passing the baton from hand to hand
The double helix coming through
Mixing up a potent brew
From all the ones who went before
Soldier, seamstress, man of law
Add a dash of music hall
Stir it well to mix them all
Features carried from the past
Down the line from first to last
What dictates the way I look?
What writes the genetic cookery book?
What makes my family recipe?
How much of me is really me?
Or am I just an echo
Of seeds sown long ago
And someone yet to be
How much of me is DNA?
How much is really me?

© Julia Holden

There are more opportunities to write for Scribble overleaf. Also, check out these competitions to get the creative juices flowing...

The Manchester Fiction Prize 2011

The Manchester Writing School at MMU is launching the third Manchester Fiction Prize - a major international literary competition celebrating excellence in creative writing.

The Manchester Fiction Prize is open internationally and will award a cash prize of £10,000 to the writer of the best portfolio of stories submitted. The competition is open to entrants aged 16 or over; there is no upper age limit.

A bursary for study at MMU will also be awarded to an entrant aged 18-25 as part of the Manchester Young Writer of the Year Award*. Eligible entrants are asked to indicate on the entry form if they would like to be considered for the Manchester Young Writer of the Year Award in addition to the main prize.

Entrants must submit a complete short story of no more than 3,000 words in length (not including the title or page numbers). Deadline 12th August. Go to www.manchesterwritingcompetition.co.uk/fiction for more details and to enter.

The Short Story

The Short Story was set up in 2011. It is designed to showcase the best short stories from around the world. The idea is simple. Submit your story to us and you will automatically enter The Short Story competition. Three cash prizes will be awarded.

- First prize: £300
- Second prize: £150
- Third prize: £50

The winners will be published at www.theshortstory.net. Deadline for submissions is 15th September 2011.

Trinity College London International Playwriting Competition 2011

- closing date 1st September, 2011.

Write a one-act play in English (20-40 minutes in duration) for young people: either for performers of 11 years and under or for audience of 12-16 year olds.

Prizewinners in each category will receive £1,000 + publication of their play + an inaugural performance at a central London Theatre + travel and accommodation to the performance and prize giving. Runners up £500.

Entry fee £10 or £20 for feedback. Entry form at trinitycollege.co.uk/site/?id=1996



WHAT'S GOING ON

If you live in Rochdale, Oldham or Bury, why not join us for the next monthly Story Groups?

Full details at www.tellusanotherone.org



Bury Text Festival

This internationally recognised event investigates contemporary language art (poetry, text art, sound and media text, live art).

Opening on 29 April it runs into July. www.textfestival.com

Royal Exchange, Manchester

Carol Ann Duffy and friends

<http://www.royalexchangetheatre.org.uk/event.aspx?id=239>

Open Mics / Writing Groups

- **Write Out Loud** are now running their open mic event at Ring O'Bells, St Leonard's Sq, Middleton, 8pm every fourth Sunday.
- **Weaving Words** is the second Monday of each month, 5.30pm at the Wheatsheaf Library, central Rochdale.
- **Manky Poets**, Chorlton Library, Manchester is the third Friday of each month at 7.30pm.

Just Poets...

run Touchstones Writing Group in Rochdale. This is free and monthly. They also run an Open Mic night at The Baum, Toad Lane, Rochdale at 8pm on the second Sunday of each month. Call 01706 670829 for more info.

Scribble

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COMPETITION FOR THE READERS

Our next issue of Scribble is on the theme of **crossing lines**. To win a £15 book token and Alan Bennet's *A Life Like Other People's* simply answer the following question:

What book made you cross a line?

It could be something which really inspired you or something which changed the way you thought about a certain event or topic. Think outside the box. The best answer will be printed in the next issue of Scribble so get your thinking caps on!

COMPETITION FOR THE WRITERS

As our next issue of Scribble is on the theme of

CROSSING LINES

We want to hear your stories and poems about breaking barriers, finding peace, overcoming adversity even resisting change - whatever it is which describes that familiar transition stage life seems to perpetually throw at us.

The winning entry will receive a £20 book token and a signed copy of John Lindley's *The Casting Boat*. The runner up will receive a £20 book token and both will be published in the next issue of Scribble.

Deadline for both: **Wednesday 31st August 2011**

All entries gratefully received, so whether you're new to it or not why not try? You never know what might come up if you give it a go! To keep the competition fair please send only your best entry in.

Please note changes are made at the discretion of the Editor.

