

Issue 11
Autumn 2011

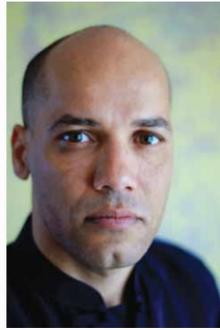
Scrubble



THE

CROSSING LINES

ISSUE



SCRIBBLE SPOTLIGHT ON... SEGUN LEE-FRENCH

The fabulous Segun Lee-French is a man with many strings to his bow. Not only did he do a fantastic job compering Scribble Festival this year but he has his own work published! Check out this itchy blinder from his collection 'Praise Songs for Aliens'.

My blood so sweet

I
I swear, these insects make a map
& take it back to show their people where
buried treasure lies.

Each sticky morning, their offspring
greet me with swelling hymns. A choir
of raw red bumps, they march
up & down my calves,
yelling hallelujahs,
scarlet & bright in itchy uniforms.

They stain my skin, bruise me
with sermons, colonise me,
bulging my arms
with cubist curves.

If I were like my aunts, bitter
flesh like kola nut,
my mouth would be a needle
& my blood would poison
all who bite.

II
My sainted aunts' dream: I go back
to my goddess land, infected,
imagining my ancestor's blessings
to have prophylactic powers.

But one day, I awake
with a burning bush on my brow,
their latent evangelist fever devouring
brain cells like fire ants.

Rice paper wings split my stubborn back,
compound eyes sprout like afro puffs,
I see their God & I vomit
antediluvian prophecies
with a persistent twittering buzz.

III
Who am I to contradict
half digested scriptures?

I can't even speak the language
of my gods

© Segun Lee-French



HELLO

Hello Scribblers!

As the nights draw in and the leaves begin to fall, to the shoes which beckon them from their branches, to be crunched and kicked by grown ups who enjoy the animated flourish of a swinging leg they so rarely get the chance to enjoy any more... sit back

get yourself all snug and warm, then enjoy our latest tantalising collection from your fellow Northerners.

It's all about crossing lines this season. Should you do the right thing? Should you stay or should you go? Should you brave the freezing waters? Should you go for the kiss? Should you clinch the deal? Should you stand up and be counted?

See what our writers think...

Emma Melling
Editor



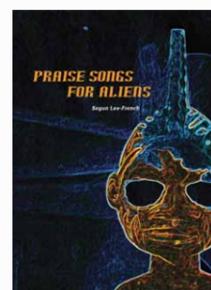
Craig Bradley monkeying around on Games Gone By

"Don't let the title – delightful as it is – fool you. These poems are not rooted in intergalactic space; rather they are terrestrial and grounded in the best sense. They try to 'speak in mud'...it is when we learn to fashion language out of our various soils that ironically, we find the ability, like aliens in their spacecrafts, to soar."

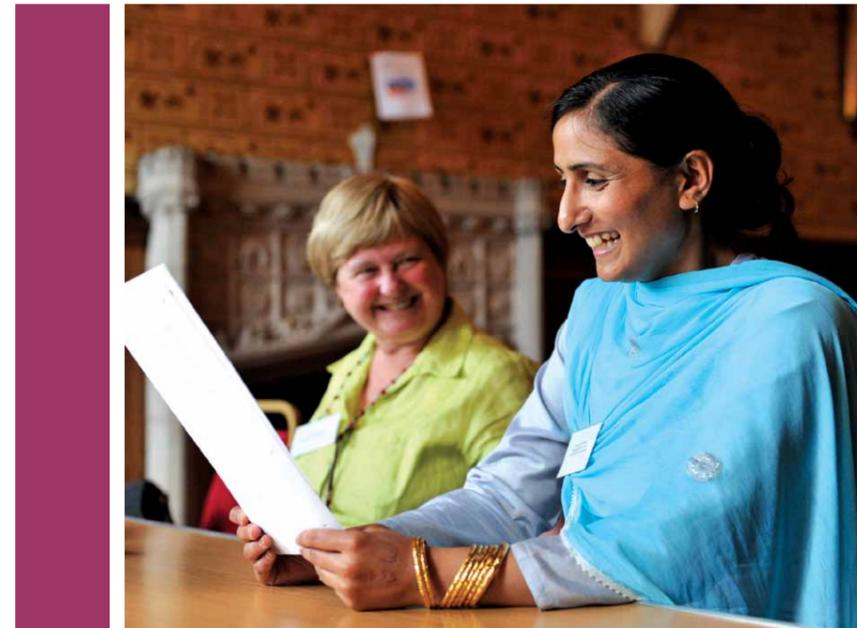
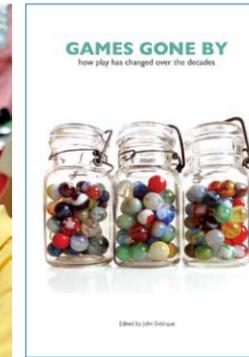
Kei Miller

"Praise Songs for Aliens is the literary equivalent of an adrenalin rush - guaranteed to keep your imagination awake long after dark."

Cathy Bolton. Director, Manchester Literature Festival



Praise Songs for Aliens is published by
Crocus at £5.
Crocus Books are published by Commonword
Enterprises Ltd.



Photos: Brian Slater, Maurice Jones and Paul Greenwood

TELL US ANOTHER ONE CHAPTER ELEVEN

Well, where to start? We had a *fantabulous* Scribble Festival in July at the beautiful Rochdale Town Hall, with input from no less than 11 workshop leaders and 31 performers! Congratulations to all those who braved the mic in such a dramatic location - you rocked!

The Tell Us Another One tent at Darnhill Festival went so well this summer we are publishing a book of the stories created, so all you talented young writers who joined in on the day watch this space for news on how to get your hands on a copy of your imaginative creations!

Games Gone By is our latest book (see left). It takes a peek at how play has changed over the past 6 decades and has provided some very amusing memories with **Craig Bradley** and **John Siddique** inspiring children in their own unique way (see the crazy looking guitar man on page 2).

The monthly Story Groups have been enjoying the writing wisdom of **Gemma Lees** (profiled on page 12 with her debut collection *Method in My Madness*) and **Sahera Parveen**. An exciting project will soon be underway with **Emma McGordon**, **Anjum Malik**, **Shamshad Khan** and **David Bateman** who will be visiting all our the 9 Story Groups to collect stories for a book box to be launched next year.

Our fab new website is getting lots of attention so check out our latest gems - www.tellusanotherone.org and *Borderlines* - an innovative project looking at the edges of our existence is underway across Rochdale, Bury and Oldham. Again, see the website for how to get involved.

Alternatively, if you like the sound of all this wordy fun and would like to get your creative juices flowing give me a call and we'll get you started - Emma (01706) 361300

Tell Us Your Story...

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

OVER TO YOU... CROSSING LINES

The wish of the Jordan bridge

I am the bridge
The sister of Palestine
The child of Jordan
I can hear my sister saying goodbye
I can see tears in her eyes
I want to send you back, but I can't
I am the bridge

I feel sorry when my sisters' children pass
Leaving their loved ones behind
I say sorry when anyone says goodbye
I fear they will never come back
I hope my sister's children live in peace
And never think to pass
I am the bridge

© Souhad Sharif, Falinge Story Group



Black and white sea

I enjoy the hustle and bustle of the world
Sometimes my heart wants to be by the seaside
in peace and harmony
Mentally I have crossed the border and am at the seaside
Like a duck that touches the water then rises
There isn't peace and calmness in the world
But I desire an end to turmoil
Calm after tsunami wave

© Rukhshada Aslam, Spotland Story Group

Staying in the Black

Nowadays I feel I need time out to myself
Relax, sleep, outing, peace
To socialise with friends and family
To help each other

I don't like it when I struggle financially
When I finish one job I find another
I don't bother if my husband has worked or not
I have a boundary for money – I don't like an empty bank
When my husband works a lot, he gives me it all.
In return he gets love and sympathy.

© Attiya Malik, Deeplish Story Group



Line-age

I've crossed many invisible lines in my life,
Baby to toddler,
Teenager to wife.

Next to the mother of two small boys
I watched them grow,
Shared their sorrows and joys.

Mum became Grannie as the years rolled on,
The last line to widowhood,
My beloved has gone.

Here, at last, we see a trace,
Everything has fallen into place,
Those invisible lines now show,
Crossed, on my face.

© Audrey Sadler, Seedfield Story Group

Crossing Black Lines

Way back then, decades ago rather than single years, I made a choice. I was at school and the bullies had a field day with me. Their imagination knew no bounds; names like square head and Frankenstein were their weapons. I took it most of the time, when I fought back with bad language it was against three or more. I learnt to fight back with my fists, small respite when I was outclassed at every move.

Years passed and this continued. I lost myself in music, feeling at home with 80's music. No more the odd one out being bullied or scowled at. With an identity and part of something more than nothing. Not to get women or beat the bullies but for me. Music like The Cult, Sisters of Mercy, All About Eve and The Mission were a soundtrack to life. Looking back the songs meant a lot to me and are a life bridge between the difficult school years in Thatcher's Britain to now, where I have no job or girl or car. My music will always keep me on track till I find my true north.

It still stings what the bullies said. I know that words are the most powerful weapon. I bear them no malice or hatred. My music chills me out, even the dark songs. I don't regret my choice in 1987 to be alternative and put my music first. Black clothes became a look for me and I was no longer a nerd into planes. I was gothic in my image and music taste. I'm proud of the bands I've seen and some of the Goth singers are friends. There's no going back. How many young souls have decided to be a Goth after being bullied or harassed? A life-saving move giving them something of their own.

I turn my back upon the bullies and haters; I am me and not one of them. My choice made, to be alternative and into music. Now I have European gothic bands that walk step by step in my life. My mother doesn't approve but she never did, wait till she sees my new gothic friend! Stay gothic! Frankenstein was a Goth!

© Nick Armbrister, Fitton Hill Story Group

Victim

She walked into college
Head held high
Bible under arm
Cross visible atop her cardie
Her bright optimism
Blinded her
To harsh comments
Her peers disapproving looks
As she handed out leaflets
In the name of God almighty
Smiling
Oblivious
She continued
Until he crossed her path

He wasn't a believer
He was hurting inside out
Her cheery God-like nature
Got under his skin
Glistening sharply
On stolen light
It only took one second
To thrust the knife into her heart
Her light left her
Her body lay still
Was her religion
A reason to kill?

© Katie Haigh, Darnhill Story Group



Welcome to my home

I like being in the home
I really like cooking, staying in and making lovely dinners
If anyone comes from outside I welcome them very well
I go out to do shopping, meet my parents
My friend says "come over"
I say "come to me"
It is a habit from childhood
Staying in the home

© Naseem Akhtar, Spotland Story Group



The warmth of home

I am a home
 I am a brother of Rochdale
 I am a child of Littleborough
 I hear rustling in the trees and birds singing
 I see roads and trees around me
 I want heat and light
 I am a home
 I feel calm and relaxed
 I say "I love having a happy, loving family inside"
 I fear the dark of night
 I hope my house stays safe
 I am a home

© Nathan Rich, Falinge Story Group



Time Free

I don't like to clean the bathroom.
 This week I am not going to do it!

Today I left the bathroom behind, alone.
 I am not thinking about the bathroom.

Today I am looking at the bathroom.
 I want to tell him "No, not today!
 Wait until next week!"

Today I will relax and enjoy time with my children.
 We will all watch Harry Potter.

My feeling is the same as my daughter when I am watching a movie.
 As though I'm 6 years old.
 We go in our imagination.
 I am in a dream world and I am not thinking about anything which gives me worries.
 Today there is no time limit.
 We just eat popcorn, crisps and drink coke.
 We enjoy all of them.
 Today is free time day.
 We can feel like birds - we have no time limit
 We feel free.

© Shaista Nawaz, Spotland Story Group



Rochdale

I am Rochdale
 My mother is Falinge
 I hear shoppers
 I see you in the market
 I want sunshine
 I am Rochdale
 I feel happy
 I fear gangs
 I hope it will be safe
 I am Rochdale

© Mussarat Khanum, Falinge Story Group

OVER TO YOU... CROSSING LINES

The day before Amy Winehouse died

The day before Amy Winehouse died
 Earth shrieked and Heavens sighed
 Parents wept, their children cried
 The day before Amy Winehouse died

Full of hope in the spring of youth
 Eager for learning, looking for truth
 Darkness observing, standing aloof
 The day before Amy Winehouse died

Ideology cast its evil spell
 Fundamentals tolled the death knell
 Capital triggered no warning bell
 The day before Amy Winehouse died

Historic crusade, no mercy inside
 Bullets screamed and victims fried
 Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide
 The day before Amy Winehouse died

Mowed down ruthlessly, left where they fell
 Unspeakable terror, survivors now tell
 Utøya Utopia, blood-stained Hell
 The day before Amy Winehouse died

Schisms carved into time and space
 Wake up call for white Christian race
 Thirties history lurched back in place
 That dark day before Amy Winehouse died

© Robin Parker, Langley Story Group

Pain Limit

Today I am not going out.
 I'm going to stay at home.
 Today I'm going to watch a TV drama.
 Today I don't want to do anything.
 My heart doesn't want to go out.
 It frightens me to go out.
 I don't like my own people.
 When someone says something my heart cries.
 Neither do I say anything to anyone
 Nor do I listen to anyone.

© Parveen Akhtar Spotland Story Group

Crossing the Line

Wearing jeans at Ascot
 Eating a cake or three
 Having controversial opinions
 Or is that just me?!

Eating meat on Friday
 Painting my face bright blue
 Dyeing my hair purple
 Is something I might do!

Rules are made to be broken
 And I've cracked quite a few
 We should fight, rebel, protest
 I know I will, won't you?

© Frances Ardern, Seedfield Story Group



Manchester

I am Manchester
 Brother of Oldham
 I am the child of Northern England
 I hear people
 I see buses, shoppers, buildings
 I want the riots to be stopped
 I am Manchester
 I feel bad about the riots
 I say proudly "Manchester is one of the biggest
 cities in England"
 I fear the riots might come back again.

© Paul Murkelete, Falinge Story Group

Holy Day

sisters at home

today
is a holy day

today
we will look at the laundry
and say wait

we will leave
the dirty dishes
use the one clean champagne glass
for a drink
of water

today
we shall roll round heaven
with our children
rubbing our noses
into soft flesh
smelling our own
innocence

sisters
today
we will not cook
over hot fires
we will feast
on the strength
of our awakening

© Jean Binta Breeze



The Threshold of home

No cooking, no cleaning, no planning
I like.
I will spend time with my children
Go outside with my children on a trip to Blackpool

Sometimes home is a peaceful place
Sometimes outside is boring
Sometimes home is too hard
Sometimes outside is too easy

©Jannatum Choudhry, Coldhurst Story Group

Crossing Cultures

No cleaning, cooking, dirty floors.
No hot iron.
I will go shopping to buy nice clothes.

I cooked in Bangladesh on an open cooker.
In England - a gas cooker, so I think a gas cooker is very easy.

With my children I watch a comedy - Mr Bean.
When I first crossed the border to England it was so very different
but now it is ok.

© Shahina Begum Lovely, Coldhurst Story Group

OVER TO YOU...

CROSSING LINES TO HELP OTHERS

They say every picture is worth a thousand words.
Well check out this corker which won Noam Kortler Best Wildlife Photographer of 2008.



Colourful business, by Noam Kortler

Fish that cruise past the Moses Rock, off the coast of Eilat, Israel, get a quick clean - whether they want one or not. "A little cleaner fish will dart out and pick off a couple of parasites," says Kortler.

Most big reef fish, though, make a point of turning up at the cleaning station for a daily grooming session, which can last several minutes. The cleaner fish advertises its identity and its services with its black-striped livery and a special jerky swim.

Here, a dazzlingly colourful bullethead parrotfish holds its mouth open so a cleaner can peck inside for titbits. Queues can form as reef fish wait their turn. www.newscientist.com/gallery/dm14854-best-wildlife-photography

As with the story of the Good Samaritan, this cleaner fish is helping the bigger parrot fish by acting as his dental hygienist! The parrot fish gets a clean mouth and the cleaner fish gets his daily meal. Crossing lines or crossing the road to help others can lead to life changing results for you and the person you help.

FUNNY THINGS KIDS SAY...



At the local petting farm...
"What's that donkey doing mummy?"

"Getting some milk from it's mummy. Remember, like your little brother used to from his mummy?"

"When he was a donkey?"

Ewan Greenwood, aged 2. Many thanks to Kerry at Cartwheel Arts' office who remembered this one from her adorable eldest.

Can you think of a funny statement from the mouths of babes? Drop the Editor an e-mail and it might get in the next issue of Scribble - emma@cartwheelarts.org.uk

Peering over the edge

They say it's different over there
All you need is courage and the fare
Stepping into the unknown can be a scare
That's why you have to take stock and dare

New situations are never the same
You just have to be game
It's no use sitting at the cross roads
Never knowing what will unfold

Having took the leap you have found
You didn't stumble to the ground
Instead you flew
Just like your heart knew

Next time don't moan
Just know that life begins
At the end of your safety zone

© Maggie Shriane, Darnhill Story Group



OVER TO YOU... CROSSING LINES

Crossing the line

You can cross the line by many means. Some are good and some not so good. With good intent when we go on Hajj, we cross one country which we leave behind and enter a new country. Even if we are there and with all the distance travelled, if your heart is not into forgiveness, then there is no point in travelling to Hajj. Even for all the distance travelled and all the hardship travelled if one's heart is not with good intentions the journey is not worth the effort.

Weather can be seen as crossing the line, some times there is very heavy rain it does not want to stop, and sometimes very thick snow and ice which does not want to melt. This also has a positive effect as in cold weathers bacteria and germs are killed.

Community is one where we should feel the sense of belonging and share values. But when one becomes isolated it is the community member who crosses the line, they reach into their heart and become one.

Rich cross the line by exploiting the poor and weak. The poor exploit the weak poorer than them, all people have the capability to make someone's life unbearable, whether one is rich or poor.

© Attiya Malik & Parveen Akhtar, Deeplish Story Group

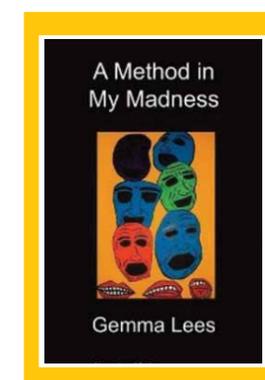
SCRIBBLE SPOTLIGHT ON...

GEMMA LEES

Start Something

Prescribe me not anti-psychotics
Antidepressants don't touch this ache
Instead give me paper and pens
And pastels and pencil crayons
Hours of calm in cool, lofty rooms
To sketch and paint
And make beautiful mistakes
I'll retain each failed experiment
There's no shame in here
Nowt's screwed up and chucked away
Even dried up old acrylic tubes
Are kept for their distinctive aesthetics
We draw them
And record each dent and ding
'Cause maybe there's a tiny bit of
Beauty in everything
And if you're ever gonna find it
You'll probably find it here
Between creating and crafting
Feel free to catch conversation
With anyone
There ain't no cliques
No art critics
Just tea and empathy
Toast and unspoken understanding
No pressure to discuss diagnoses
No pressure to disguise them
No pressure to produce perfection
No pressure
Prescribe me not anti-psychotics
Antidepressants don't make me feel this way
Don't give me a full day
Of not just something to do
But the drive to do it too
And the freedom to Start something new

© Gemma Lees and Chipmunka Publishing



Gemma's fantastic debut collection 'Method in My Madness' is available through Amazon for paperback and kindle or you can contact Gemma directly at deedlenu@hotmail.co.uk. She is also having a book launch on 3rd October, 7pm for 7.30pm start at Bury Central Library, Manchester Rd, Bury. Books are priced at £10 and if you ask nicely you might even get a signed copy!



"Gemma's poetry leaves a lasting impression - like a coffee stain on a medical file, like a lipstick trace on an abandoned pastie, like a fag burn on a Primark sleeve. Like a scar on a forearm. Gritty and witty, insightful and raw she shines her unflinching poetic gaze into some of the darkest places and illuminates them for us all. Recommended."

Tony Walsh, Poet In Residence at Glastonbury Festival 2011

"Gemma's poetic voice is loud, clear and clever. Her poems are sharply observed, faithful cameos of life 'down her street', as well as more personal topics; all delivered with a humanity that never sentimentalises. She presents to us the worlds she sees in the grains of sand that comprise the quotidian existence of 'real' people, in their vernacular. Such is Gemma's forte. Her brilliance outshines even that of master of the genre, Cooper Clarke. He's a gem, but she is Gemma."

Julian Jordon, Write Out Loud.

FOCUS ON... RACHEL CONNOR

Rachel Connor's first novel 'Sisterwives' launches in October. Take a peek at the extract below in what looks like a fantastic new book.

A kitchen full of dishes is not what Rebecca needs. Not after an afternoon in the schoolroom. It may be Amarantha's birthday, but if Rebecca is preparing the celebration tea, the least her sisterwife could do is clear up.

Rebecca bangs the screen door shut with her hip, arms full of books that she slides onto the kitchen table. She looks quickly away, trying not to think when she'll find time to look through them. Certainly not tonight. There are never enough hours in the day, even with another pair of hands to share the work. This morning she was up at six, weighing the dry ingredients for the saffron buns and the ginger cake before preparing the day's lessons, waking the girls and getting breakfast for them all.

From upstairs, there's the sound of singing. Amarantha's voice. The volume increases as the others join in, Martha first, then the older girls who ran straight up the minute they arrived home. Sometimes she acts more like a sister than another mother.

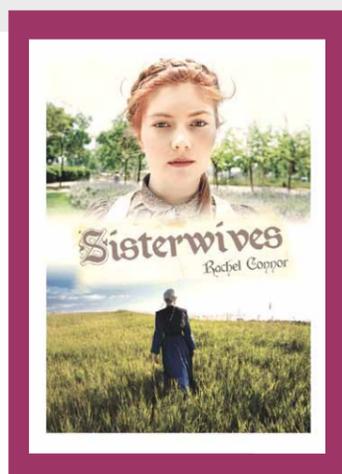
More like a daughter than a sisterwife.

© Rachel Connor



"The quality of the writing impressed me enormously. There are passages of remarkable beauty and intensity."
Sara Maitland, winner of the Somerset Maugham award and author of A Book of Silence.

"A beautiful debut. Sisterwives provides a window on the unseen world of polygamy, giving us a female take on the complexities of marriage and desire."
Suzannah Dunn, author of The Queen of Subtleties and The Confession of Katherine Howard.



Sisterwives is published by Crocus at £7.99
Crocus Books are published by Commonword Enterprises Ltd,
Available from Amazon

SCRIBBLE XTRAS: THE MASKEW COLLECTION EVENTS



Discuss Mr Darcy's behaviour, dive 20,000 leagues under the sea, fall down a rabbit hole into Wonderland and discover the real Mrs Rochester...

The Maskew
Collection

Classic Reads

A reading group for anyone passionate about the classics which thrilled the people of the past and are cherished by the people of the present.

First meeting: Saturday 13th August 3pm - 4pm
Then every second Saturday of the month 3pm - 4pm
Rochdale Central Library, Wheatsheaf Centre



For further information please call Suzi Heslan, Literature Development Officer on (01706) 924933 or call into the library for a programme

How do we know that we really exist?
What is so special about the human mind and thought?
Are we really free to choose who we are and what we do?

The Maskew
Collection

Philosophy Coffee

Are you someone who is always asking awkward and thought provoking questions?
Why not come and share your awkward thinking with others who think the same way!

First meeting: Saturday 24th September 2pm - 4pm
Then every fourth Saturday of the month 2pm - 4pm
Rochdale Central Library, Wheatsheaf Centre



For further information please call Suzi Heslan, Literature Development Officer on (01706) 924933 or call into the library for a programme

Library Legacy of Literature

One of Rochdale's most inspirational yet largely unknown stories is about to be remembered with the launch of a new book collection, social networking and a series of special events. It's all been possible, thanks to the generosity and vision of Annie and Frank Maskew, a Rochdale couple who married in January 1955. They both shared a passion for reading and thinking, and originally met in Rochdale library. Annie, a teacher at the former Queen Elizabeth High School died in 2006, but she left a bequest to the library in her will, to be used on English literature and philosophy to ensure classic works are available for future generations. The new Maskew Collection at Wheatsheaf Library is being launched in November.

To get involved, check out the Philosophy Coffee and Classic Reads meetings above and left.

COMPETITION CORNER



Young Writers' Award

This quarter's Young Writers' Award goes to Josie Wylie who sent us this wonderful surprise poem which she ties well to the theme of Crossing Lines - "My sister was afraid of dogs, she wouldn't walk past them in the street, Molly has helped her conquer that fear and overcome it."

Molly guards our house at night,
Shouts at anyone within her sight
She makes sure that I'm well looked after
And fills my days with fun and laughter
Molly is a party girl, she loves to dance
And enjoys a twirl
She does not care about what you look like
She loves all sorts of people
Like Judith and Mike
Molly is happy with the simplest of things
And is a great role model for all human beings
Molly is happy to be your friend
Her love goes on it never ends.
Wherever Molly goes, Molly is loved
She does not ask for much, but she gives a lot.



© Josie Wylie, aged 12



Facing our fears is one of the hardest lines to cross, so well done Josie for such a great poem and we hope finding it published here is as wonderful a surprise as the one you gave us! We'll be sending you a book token for your efforts.

If you want to enter the Young Writers' competition, tell us your age and follow the details for the writers' competition on the back page. The winner will receive a book token worth £10. Good luck!

Readers' Competition

Congratulations to Robert Waring for this wonderful insight into a book which crossed a line:

Immediately on reading about your Readers' Competition on the theme of 'Crossing Lines' a book I've had for 20 years sprang to mind and is 'Life Unlimited' by Dr David Lewis, a psychologist, lecturer, and a Director of a non-profit making organisation which assists people with stress and anxiety problems. The book has led me to reassess many of my lifelong habits including eating, general health, future outlook and attitude towards ageing. The premise discussed in the book is how to avoid the eternal and expected degeneration of the human body as it ages, so that any person may enjoy life to the best of one's individual circumstances, and along with eye-opening facts are personal assessment tests which can be periodically taken to monitor one's improvement (or otherwise). The book is subtitled 'Peak Performance Past Forty' and this is what drew me to browse through it prior to buying, because I was in my mid-thirties at the time. I have my own pet name for the book, I call it the 'Body Bible' and I still periodically dip into it in order to find comfort and advice from within it's pages.

We had some great entries this time. Here's another we couldn't resist by our Langley Story Group member Julia McClay:

The first book which made me cross the line was the famous Tufty Club book, which taught me and others road safety; The Green Cross Code, in a fun cartoon manner, the mascot was a Squirrel and I'm sure we got stickers and stuff. It was a fun way to learn a lifetime safety skill. We got given the books and did all the activities with our Primary School around age 5.

Writers' Competition

Congratulations to Carolina de la Cruz and the mysterious J.M.O.W, for these wonderful pieces for our Writers' Competition. Carolina just pipped our mystery writer to the post so a £20 voucher and John Lindley's The Casting Boat are on their way to you, with a £20 voucher heading to J.M.O.W. Enjoy!

Forgiveness

A line drawn in the sands of time,
Honour thy father and mother.
Addiction blurs that line,
Making right and reason,
Disappear in chemical confusion.
Theft of mother's precious memories,
Pawned for the price of a fix.
Never redeemed, they have become
Someone else's keepsakes.
Repetition of the 'sorry' word,
Never quite enough to dispel,
The sense of loss and betrayal.
Yet, you always remained my beloved son,
As I lay flowers on your grave - you always will.

© Carolina de la Cruz



First time

First time move out
New house, town too
Living on your own
Fully independent
Yet all alone
Feel slightly sad
Slightly blue
It's not that bad
Really not that scary
Helps when family nearby
Had to connect the gas
Sixty quid what a farce
Cooking, cleaning what the hell
Have to do it or it begins to smell
Finding places makes you frown
As bargains you hunt down
Always remember the rent
Imagine other things on
It you could have spent
Must pay by the week
If you don't, a new place
You will have to seek
Cross a line, bridge or two
As one era ends
Another opens up anew

© J.M.O.W



There are more opportunities to write for Scribble overleaf. The competition opposite might also take your fancy.

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

Library Legacy of Literature

see page 13 for some exciting upcoming events at Rochdale Central Library.

Royal Exchange, Manchester

Carol Ann Duffy and friends

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

Open Mics

- **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

Touchstones, Rochdale

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.

Langley Writers have teamed up with Rochdale Library Service and Just Poets to run a series of writing days. 2 have taken place but check out these if you are in Rochdale:

Saturday 22nd October - Littleborough Library, 2-7.30pm, Just Poets and poet

Angela Topping.

Saturday 12th November - Wheatsheaf Library, 10-4pm, Just Poets and storyteller **Ray Stearn.**

For bookings contact (01706) 924941

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Scribble

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COMPETITION FOR THE READERS

Our next issue of Scribble is on the theme of **Play**. To win a £15 book token and a copy of Rachel Connor's book *Sisterwives* (featured on page 12) simply answer the following question:

What was your favourite children's book?

Think back to that age when all you did with your spare time was have fun and play (oh, the memories!) Which was the book you always used to insist was read to you before you'd even think about shutting your eyes and contemplating sleep? Which was the book which scared you out of your wits? Which was the one you knew word for word and fell apart at the spine you read it so often? The best answer will be printed in the next issue of Scribble so step back in time and revel in the first books that inspired you.

COMPETITION FOR THE WRITERS

As our next issue of Scribble is on the theme of **PLAY**

we want to hear your stories and poems about your favourite games, either ones you remember as a child or the grown up games you play to keep you young - your best moments on the football pitch, your cunning tricks when cheating at Monopoly, paintballing or Pacman.

The winning entry will receive a £20 book token and a signed copy of Gemma Lees' *Method in My Madness*. The runner up will receive a £20 book token and both will be published in the next issue of Scribble.

Deadline for both: **Wednesday 30th November 2011**

Please stick to the topic of play to be in with a chance of winning. 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!

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

