

Issue 3
Autumn 2007

Scrabble

THE

HAPPINESS

ISSUE



FREE CREATIVE WRITING MAGAZINE
PUBLISHED BY TELL US ANOTHER ONE

SCRIBBLE SPOTLIGHT ON...

ALI GADEMA AKA FRISKO

WORDSMITH EXTRAORDINARE

Fresh from hosting the Urban Stage at this summer's **Darnhill Festival**, poet, hip hop musician and stage and film actor, **Frisko** is undoubtedly an artist with many strings to his bow. You can catch him every week at **Freestyle Mondays**, a night that he set up behind Contact Theatre in Manchester where beatboxers and MCs exercise their lyrical dexterity by throwing one another words and topics for instant rhymes. This autumn Frisko continues to show his dedication to 'the word' in **Night on the Tiles**, a Scrabble-playing film parody of **Lock Stock and Two Smoking Barrels**. What makes him happy? Passing on his skills and knowledge to up-and-coming spoken word artists, a bottle of golden rum and Madlib's hip hop beats.

For more information about Frisko check out www.myspace.com/thegreenpooki



Us Is

Us is evaporated milk hitting hot porridge,
Countryside getaways,
Staring at constellations in the black night sky,
Champagne delight,

Us is you being prepared to go with,
When you could've stayed and been comfortable
Without

Us is cradles through tears
And back to back dramas
That we came out the other side of
Smiling

Us is a warm cuddle on an icy evening,
Soft skin to soft skin that I couldn't sleep without,
Tickles in the morning,
Funny voices that we would not speak for others,

Us is me being a penniless performer
And you having the faith that your man,
Will
One day
Make something that could feed us both,

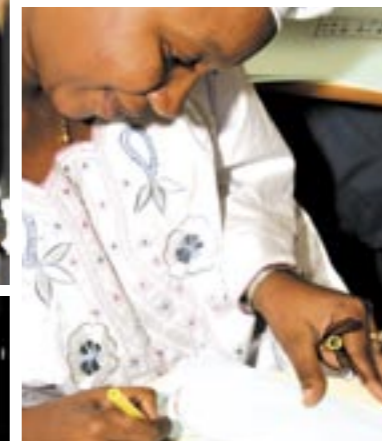
Us is not knowing what's up,
But not pushing too hard for an answer.

Us is playful banter.

Us is hot cooked home dinners,
Shared in the cold winter,
Us is insecurity, and embarrassment,
Without the shame.

Us is romance without romance,
Us is love.

© Ali Gadema aka Frisko



TELL US ANOTHER ONE: CHAPTER THREE

It's been a very fashionable summer for the **Tell Us Another One** project! Rochdale residents have been putting on their Sunday best to inspire stories and poems about what we wear and why, for our future **Dress Code** fashion story supplement. **Shamshad Khan** has been making poetry handbags with women in Spotland and Deeplish, **Helen Clare's** dressing up box has proven very popular as a motivational - and laughter - tool with Darnhill adults and **Chanje Kunda's** performance of a newly commissioned poem on the theme of African clothing, **Black Diamonds and Blue Birds**, was a knock-out at the **Karibu** event in June. We're still open for your poems and stories on the theme of **Fashion / Dress** for what will be a very special publication, but send them in soon - being fashionably late will not do!

In the meanwhile, **Langley Story Group** have been focusing on all things joyful in their own limited edition, handmade book, **Simply Happy**. Brighten up your day and hunt one out in your local library!

If you're itching to let your creative powers loose, come along to one of our four **story groups** which meet in **Darnhill, Deeplish, Langley and Spotland**. Each group meets monthly to write, tell stories, drink lots of tea and eat even more cake and biscuits.

For more information about any element of the **Tell Us Another One** project or **Scribble** contact Kim at Cartwheel Arts on 01706 361300 / kim@cartwheelarts.org.uk or visit www.cartwheelarts.org.uk

HELLO

With a dreadful summer behind us, we think you deserve a bit of cheering up!

In this issue of **Scribble** we're focusing on all things happy and bringing you sunrays of a literary kind. Check out poems by featured writers **Helen Clare** and **Frisko**, sample an extract from the new book **Homelands: Stories by African People in Rochdale**, and delve into the regular wealth of local talent on the **Over to You...** pages.

Book artists **Hilary Judd** and **Lucy May Schofield** are currently working with groups in Rochdale to make simple but beautiful books by hand. On Page 9 you'll find **How to Make a Book**, a brilliant worksheet which will teach you how to create four different book formats to fill with your own words and images. This page acts as a template, but if you don't want to cut up your **Scribble** in the process (and so you shouldn't!) simply grab a piece of A4 paper and follow the step-by-step instructions.

Happy making, happy reading... and don't forget to send in your words on the theme of **Celebration** for our winter issue!

Kim Haygarth
Editor



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HELEN CLARE,

HEYWOOD'S OWN

Helen Clare is one very busy lady: writer-in-residence at the **Museum of Science and Industry**, creative writing teacher for **Lancaster University**, workshop leader on the **Dress Code** writing project in Darnhill, not to mention numerous poetry reading bookings and corset-making commissions! But she was still happy to make time to talk to Katie Haigh about life as a poet.

When did you start writing?

I wrote poems from the age of 6 or 7. I know my aunt bought me a poetry book around then, and that might have sparked off an interest. One of my first poems was something about eating a holly berry and dying. I have a horrible feeling I put it in a birthday card to my mum!

You used to be a biology teacher. Did you find your pupils encouraged you in any way in your writing or distracted you from it?

I wasn't really writing regularly at that time. I think one of the things I learnt from teaching was clarity. Children are great barrack-room lawyers - you have to say exactly what you mean. If you're not careful you'll get what you asked for and not what you thought you asked for. It also helps that I taught sex education for many years. I'm pretty much unembarrassable and I think that helps when writing about difficult subject matter.

Have you ever written poetry in order to shock?

I don't write deliberately to shock but I think some of my poetry is shocking. But life's shocking sometimes. Don't shoot the messenger....

How did you become the successful poet you are?

I am? Slowly, bit by bit, I learned my craft and I built up a reputation. If there is a short cut I didn't find it!

With all the work you do, when do you find time to write?

I set aside a day a fortnight for writing. I mark it in my diary and treat it as if it were a work booking. I then drive out somewhere taking my notebook with me, sit in a cafe, drink lots of coffee and write. I find that the ideas start to circle when that time's due. I also find that driving's quite good for loosening up the mind. I'm not sure loosening up the mind is good for driving though.

You also make corsets. Tell us a corset story!

My favourite of all the corsets I've made was cut from my boyfriend's old RAF uniform. I made it for a very beautiful woman. My boyfriend sent pictures of it to all his ex-forces mates saying, "Now that's how you wear a uniform". I'm just sorry I never got to see him in it - the uniform that is, not the corset.

You grew up in Heywood. Can you give us a simile about the town?

If the Pennines are the backbone of England, then Heywood's a little mole on the left cheek....

What three top tips would you give to other poets who wish to follow in your footsteps?

Be free in your drafting, be rigorous in your editing, and allow your life to enrich your work.

And last but not least, I hear you want to wear a dress made out of carpet that you once saw in an advert. If you managed to get hold of this dress where would you wear it?

Somewhere with faded grandeur - and not very warm. The Midland Grand at Morecambe perhaps.



One of These Days

It will be bright and cool. I'll wear cotton.
Fresh, as if the miles were moments away.

You'll be in the garden, with muddied knees,
your face soiled where you paused to scratch your nose.

The washing will be out, I'll climb the steps
to the kitchen. The pots will be unwashed.

You won't have shopped. I'll put the kettle on,
find fruit and cheese at the back of the fridge.

Neither of us will say hello.

© Helen Clare

Taken from her collection *Mollusc*, published by Comma



SMALL TALK

Children can both entertain and baffle in equal measure with their use of language. Send us your stories!

"When Sheila was a little girl, one day she was travelling with her mum on a bus full of people. All of a sudden in a loud voice she proclaimed, 'I am a prostitute'. Horrified by what her daughter had said, it took Sheila's mum a while to work out that Sheila had meant to say that she was a 'protestant'!"

OVER TO YOU... HAPPINESS



Autumn

Autumn and the world's aglow
The trees are red and brown you know
The garden is now going to sleep
And leaves they lie all around my feet.

The evening holds a sunset so beautiful and rare
The clouds form shapes you really can't compare
We walk the dogs, enjoy the view
And it's all free to me and you.

And no-one should miss the Autumn moon
And the geese that fly each night
Their formation is so wonderful
And makes a lovely sight.

It's dark now and stars come out
The houses show their lights
The day is over, the day is done
It's time to say goodnight.

© Mary C. Houghton



Me and My Mother

The colour of my face is exactly the same shade as hers
But the pitch of her voice is lower than mine.
We both have long hands
She hates TV; I love watching dramas.
Two identical heads of dark black hair
But she is more hard-working than me.
We smile the same - and through stressful times
But she grows coriander while I cook with it.
Our soft skins match
But I'm more strict with children.
Both very fussy, perfectionists
But I have the height of my grandmother.
We both cry easily; at tragic stories and animal cruelty
But I laugh more than she does.
The same long bodies
But she hates cooking chicken pilau rice.
She keeps chests of drawers, wardrobes, green sofas, lots of things
I sell them to a second-hand shop and buy a new cooker with the money.
Both creative and skilled in craft: embroidery, glass
But she's the expert at crochet and knitting.
She guides me in everything; she is the expert but teaches me well.

© Spotland Story Group

My Grandma painted her eyebrows on

My Grandma painted her eyebrows on
And lived in a palace full of gold
She had a turret just like Rapunzel
And maybe a horse and carriage

My Grandma painted her eyebrows on
And looked like a lady from a black and white film
She had gowns and beads and long, long gloves
And grew special purple hair

My Grandma painted her eyebrows on
And never made me drink flat lemonade
Sometimes she had to breathe into a special machine
But she was never too tired to play

My Grandma painted her eyebrows on
She would have won all the glamorous Gran competitions hands down
Other Grandmas just sat knitting and drinking tea
Not mine
My Grandma painted her eyebrows on

© Gemma O'Neill



Happiness,
one of those fly-away words
that variously makes me think of birds.

© Phil Hulme



OVER TO YOU...

HAPPINESS

Happiness (How to beat it)

You could say I've been to the bottom
Of the bottomless pit of despair
I must say I've prayed for salvation
But no one has answered my prayer
OK I'm filled with self-pity
As my tears fall like rain in the night
You could say I'm having a good time
In a way I suppose you are right

Because it's great being upset and downcast
Having total depression is fun
And I'd hate to be happy and cheerful
When I can be gloomy and glum

When nothing goes right in the morning
With luck you will have a bad day
That can last right through to late evening
If you're careful to keep it that way
But don't forget to go moaning
There is nothing quite like a good groan
Make sure that everyone suffers
It's best not to feel bad alone

Yes, wallow in all of those bad times
There really is naught to lose
Don't ever whistle a bright tune
When you can be singing the blues

Now if by some mistake or error
You chance to feel happy and smile
Whatever you do, do not panic
Take my word it will pass in a while
Remember we're all made to suffer
Recall that soon we must die
You'll soon see there's nothing to live for
Except to break down and cry:

Happiness is a feeble delusion
Pleasure explodes then is gone
Enjoyment is lost in a moment
Only misery goes on and on and on and on and on ...

© Paul Blackburn



What's in a Name

*Don't call me that you little brat
that's not my name... I used to say!!!!!!*

Now, it's a different story

brigid, bridget, bridie, breda, biddy

Warmed to it, through age.
Wined and dined with it.
Grimaced and smiled about it.
Mulled over its origins.
Never go anywhere without it.
Worn like a skin,
it reminds me of where I begin.
Repeated to strangers,
slowly spelt out loud.
My heritage reclaimed as
it proudly proclaims,
a place on the Earth
once more saintly common than rare.
Now a name buried so deep,
my children despair
should I ask gently,
'Any chance you'd name a child after me?'
Then a laugh in reply,
'You must be mad, you might well be Irish, Mother,
and I do love your name.
But, all the same,
NO child of mine is going to be called
after a Scottish pasty!!!'

© Bridie Breen

Wanted: A Romantic Boyfriend

Someone who will buy flowers for any occasion
You will need to know several restaurants to take me to
And be able to whisper 'sweet nothings'
That make me feel a million dollars in an apron
To make any and every day feel special
To kiss me awake in the mornings
No matter how much we drink
But then only to drink occasionally
Because the last one drank too often

© Anne Wareing

Passionberry Lip Balm

I can smell fruits growing in the garden, cocktail fruits too,
A big yellow grapefruit - my favourite food, it's good for you.
I think of when I was a child going into sweetshops to buy pear drops.
I smell milkshake
It invites me to
Participate,
Touch,
Taste.

© Karen A Porter, Attiya Malik, Shahida Parveen



Five Thoughts on Happiness

- 1 Nothing is more beautiful than the love that has weathered the storm of life
- 2 To get full value from joy, you must have someone to divide it with
- 3 Love is the Quest, marriage the Conquest, divorce the Inquest
- 4 Love looks through a telescope, envy through a microscope
- 5 The most lonely place in the world is the human heart when love is absent

© Shaista Aamir Butt

Glorious Aromas

Fresh roses that are still growing
A cup of hot tea and a piece of toast (with lots of margarine)
The smoky smell of wet wood in the sunshine after mist
Sandalwood – expensive – at the cash and carry, or in an essential oil
The lavender air freshener I spray right through the house
My next door neighbour's rosemary that I touch every time I walk past
Onions, vegetables, bacon – anything that's cooking
Chips when I've an empty stomach
Palmolive shampoo with almond and honey – nice and fresh
My perfumes: Soi Rouge, Poison, Night Musk from Avon
Ylang Ylang in baby oil
Melons in the summer
The first smell of mud when it starts raining
The big jasmine flowers in our garden in Pakistan and the bracelets and earrings that I make out of them and wear until they wilt
The rose flowers growing next to my sister's house. In the morning we breathed the scent
In
And out....
In....
And Out....

© Spottland Story Group



Whisky

See walls magnolia brown.
Frameless photographs of a yacht.
Portable TV, library books.
See through eyes, red with white lines.
White hands with brown tips.
Holding a chipped crystal glass.

Your hands shake too often now.
Smoke sloths in the small space.
Ice chinks in the silence.
Melts in the cold.
Yellow waves break.
One day they'll be broken glass.

© Scott Devon

If you would like your words to be considered for these pages, get in touch!

The theme of the next Scribble is Celebration. Think as widely around this word and its associations as you like – we're looking for lots of original ideas. Get in touch by Friday 26 October. Scribble contact details are on the back page. Maximum number of words for any submission: 300. Please note that Scribble reserves the right to edit submitted material. 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.

OVER TO YOU...

HAPPINESS

Power
To the writers
Who, with pens and insight,
Take us on mystical journeys
Riding magic carpets covered with words.

Power
To the artists
Who, with sureness of touch
And inspired vision,
Keep us mesmerized
By the light and shade.

Power
To the music makers
Who, with their passion,
Make the music
That carries our souls to ecstatic heights.

Power
To the people
Of different colours
Religions
And cultures
Who make our world
A beautiful place.

© Kathleen Chortlon



A Good Night In

I love a

- Phone chatting
- Chippy then chocolate eating
- Husband snoring
- Hot bathing
- Feet resting
- Cocoa making
- Desperate Housewives watching
- Good book reading
- Getting boring
- Comfy slipper-wearing
- Peace loving
- TV soaping
- Electric blanket switching
- Sofa lounging
- Family gathering
- Chores hovering
- Child playing
- Radio 2, 3, or 4 listening
- Bacardi drinking
- Hand warming
- Into bed jumping
- Cookie dunking
- Solo dancing
- Hairbrush singing
- Doorbell ignoring

© Darnhill Story Group

night in.

Green Weekend

Swiftly, as from siren's call
We drove from peopled throngs
To play where tiny beasties crawl
Amid our nature's songs.

We drove and left behind the grey
Square cut lands, and packed
Our little lively days
Upon our pale, soft backs.

Then, ancient, searched a place to hide
Upon a peopled park.
Between road and river side
We played into the dark.

© John Foster



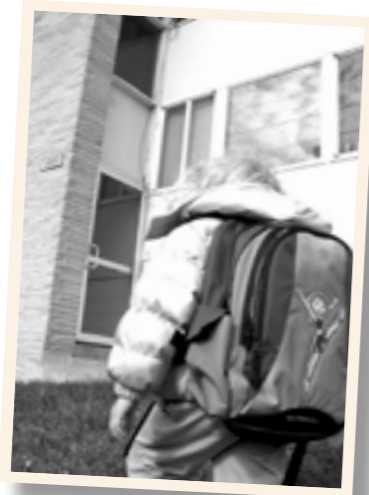
Happiness is found....

Happiness is found....
In the brightness of the sun
In the vividness of a flower
In the babble of a stream
Is where happiness is found

Happiness lies....
In the eyes of a parent
In the arms of a partner
In the actions of a friend
Is where happiness lies

Happiness is heard....
In the purr of a cat
In the laughter of a child
In the song of a bird
Is where happiness is heard

© Sirah Quyyom



HOW TO...MAKE A BOOK out of a single sheet of paper, without GLUE, no tricks, no funny business.

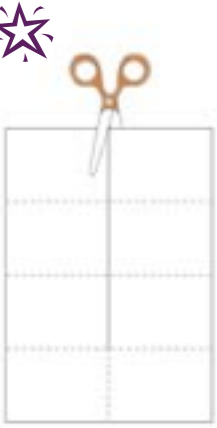
Just cut off this top strip
instructions to any piece of A4 paper. Sit down with a cup of tea and prepare to self-publish your poems, stories and drawings!

4 A Concertina book

This simple structure is a common one used in creating artists books, and can have covers added.

Take a fresh sheet of A4 paper and fold as before (in step 1), into 8 rectangles.

Using scissors, cut along the centre fold from the bottom, three quarters of the way up the fold, ensuring the sheet is still attached by the top rectangle. The sheet should resemble a pair of trousers!



5 A Concertina book

Begin at one end of the sheet, fold forward and back in turn, creating an accordion fold.

Continue along one edge and then fold around the joined corner and along the other side.

Stand it on the table to see the full effect.

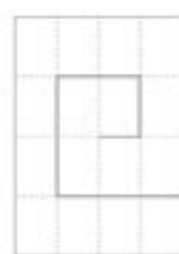


6 Variations

Variations on the concertina book:

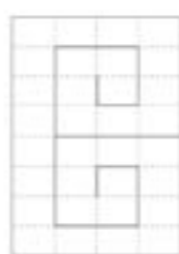
The Spiral Book

16 rectangles folded



The Ram Book

16 or even 32 rectangles folded



3

Now, holding the sheet at the sides push together towards the middle...

making a four point star shape.

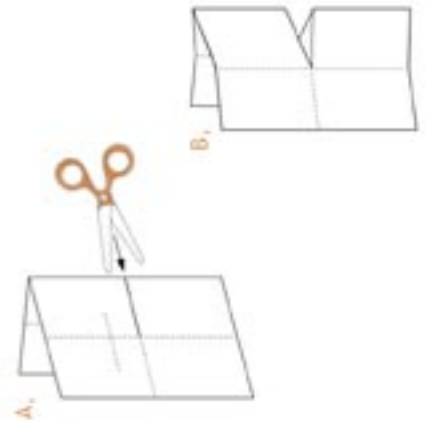
Finally wrap the pages around one another..

creating a fully functional book from just one sheet of paper!



2

Next, fold the sheet in half again, as before. Using a pair of scissors cut a line from the folded edge up the centre of the sheet, half way up. This creates a beak!



Simple Book Structures

1 The Beak Book

The structure is easy to make & only needs to be printed on 1 side.

Fold in half width ways using a bone folder. Unfold & fold in half again length ways, edge to edge.

Unfold & then fold each side into the centre, creating 8 equal rectangles.



A bonefolder, good for making sharp creases

You'll need a pair of scissors & a bonefolder if you don't have one, scissors handles will do!



MY LIFE STORY

Scribble caught up with **Mathieu Wetu**, professional interpreter, participant in the **Homelands** African story project, and originally from Democratic Republic of Congo, to find out about his story preferences.

What is the Swahili word for 'story'?
Hadisi

What were your experiences of stories as a child?
In Africa storytelling is a way of life. It's a common way of passing both historical and cultural values from one generation to the next, particularly in rural areas where telling stories is seen as the only form of entertainment because of a lack of TV or libraries.

Who is the best storyteller you have ever met?
My Grandfather because he told stories - true stories and fables - that were so interesting. He made me laugh, but he also taught me so many lessons about life. He has gone now, but I still remember the stories he told me as clearly as ever.

Would you rather read a real-life story or a fictional one?
I think that real-life-stories are inspiring because they are facts not myths.

Do you keep a diary?
Yes. To remember things and keep old memories.

What was the last film that you enjoyed watching?
I seldom watch movies. I would rather watch a documentary because they are about real life. After all life itself is a reality isn't it?

THE SCRIBBLE YOUNG WRITERS AWARD

This issue **Scribble** is pleased to launch its **Young Writers Award**, to encourage up-and-coming talent. Over the summer **St Lukes Guides** in Heywood have been working hard on the theme of **Happiness**.

Congratulations to **Rebecca Nadin!** Your book token is winging its way to you.

If you know a young adult group who would like to submit writing to the **Young Writers Award**, get in touch with us.

DIAMOND MINES

I have worked in the mines in the Congo before, mostly when I was a student. During the two-month holiday, most students go there to work to get money to buy books and pay school fees: a holiday job. Basically that is the only type of work available. To do it you need to be energetic and muscular – it is hard indeed. As you travel to the mines you hear stories of people being killed, so it is really threatening, but you need to take your courage and try your luck. You find that many of the students end up not finishing school - they enjoy the money too much.

© Mathieu N Wetu and Cartwheel Arts
Taken from **Homelands: Stories by African People in Rochdale**

Contact Kim at **Scribble** for a free copy of this beautiful book or watch out for it in libraries this Autumn.

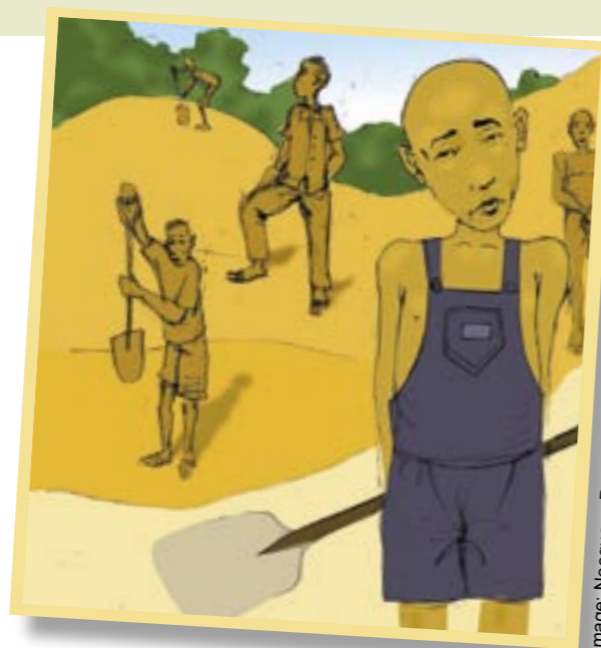


Image: Neequaye Dsane



Happiness

Happiness is an extra slice of Christmas cake
A nother walk by the lake
P eople around you
P eople who care for you too
I nside you fizz and bubble
N o-one gives you trouble
E njoy the feeling
S wing and dance on the ceiling
S way and enjoy happiness,
It may not last forever.

© Rebecca Nadin

POWER WINNING WORDS

We received lots of great entries to our writing competition asking for your musings on the word **Power**. It was a really hard job picking a winner but **Gerry O' Gorman** just pipped the others to first place! A couple of the runner-up poems are here for your enjoyment.

Congratulations also to **Sylvia Currie** who is the winner of the Readers' Competition. The correct answer to the question **what does a megalomaniac obsess about?** was of course **power!**

Turn the page for this issue's competitions.

P lenty of muscles
O lympic strong men
W ires and plug sockets
E lectricity
R eally really loving your family like I do
© Jade Summer Kilduff

When you're lying in bed and someone walks in and hurts you.
Is this POWER?
Someone gives you a meal which you like.
Is this POWER?
A hand is lifted to you which gives you a fright.
Is this POWER?
You can beat whatever the world throws at you.
Is this POWER?
© Gillian Hinsley

Tick-tock
Voices
A door closes
A lace fastens...

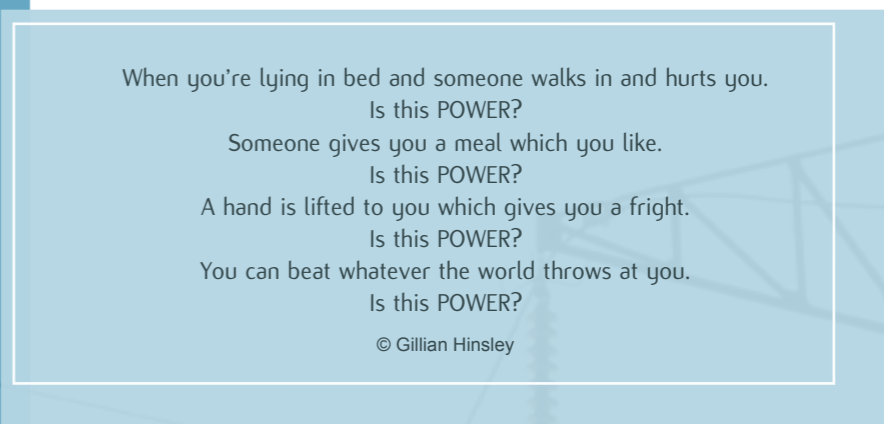
'I got the power'
Said old James Brown
But power's more than an abstract noun
Or 2 to the power of 3
Or Austin or Tyrone
Or a windmill tilting breeze
Or power behind the throne

Power owns, power runs,
Power down the barrel of a gun
Power is land and property
Power for you, none for me
Blessed power, power divine
Power to your elbow, what about mine?
Like Geoff Capes pulling a tractor,
Or Simon Cowell on the X-Factor
Absolute power corrupts
Absolutely, power sucks
Unless power's on the other foot
And the foot is limping and blistered...

Not Sea power, Air power,
Pen poised, flags hoist
Three bags full power
Or I don't love you anymore power
Power on show, so Macho
...I mean...

Shhh power, fawn power,
breathe, listen, read power,
buttercups and daisy power,
you go first power,
it doesn't matter power,
about power

Slate grey
Water drips
Doors close
A glove stretches...
© Gerry O'Gorman



WHAT'S GOING ON?

Shorter days, even more rain...
Never fear, there are plenty of arts and culture opportunities on offer this autumn to keep your spirits up!

Open Mic Poetry Night

Fourth Sunday of every month, 8pm, £1
The Olde Boar's Head pub, Long Street, Middleton

This regular night for poetry writers and appreciators goes from strength to strength. Great atmosphere and friendly welcome guaranteed. For more information contact Paul Blackburn at Write Out Loud on 07796 475490 or just come on down!

Life and Freedom:

Experiences Of War And Independence

Until Sunday 4 November, Free

The WaterWay, Imperial War Museum North

A small but powerful display of photographs and personal stories to mark the 60th anniversary of the Independence of India and foundation of Pakistan - one of the major events of the 20th century. The exhibition provides a fascinating glimpse of the enormous contributions made by Indian people during the Second World War. Call 0161 836 4000 or visit www.iwm.org.uk/north for more details.

Manchester Literature Festival

Thursday 4 - Sunday 14 October
Various venues across Manchester

Building on the success of last year's inaugural Festival, a cutting edge programme of events will feature some of the world's most inspirational and well-loved poets and authors. For more information visit www.mfestival.co.uk or ring 0161 236 5725.

Linton Kwesi Johnson

Friday 5 October, 8pm, £12
The Performance Space, Oldham Library

Known and revered as the world's first reggae poet, Linton Kwesi Johnson has toured the globe with his unique storytelling. Don't miss this brilliant opportunity to catch the master wordsmith in intimate Oldham surroundings. To book tickets call Ticketline on 0161 832 1111 or log-on to www.ticketline.co.uk

Shades of Brown

Tuesday 20 - Saturday 24 November
The Library Theatre, Manchester

Around the globe money and time is poured into tanning or bleaching. From a South African albino to a skin-bleaching Indian bride, Rani Moorthy, with her celebrated mix of warm and powerful storytelling, transforms herself into funny and poignant characters who share an ironic kinship through the one thing they cannot hide, or hide from - their skin.

Bookworms Love Bright Books!

Bright Books in Rochdale has been selling excellent books at great prices for 10 years. They have an amazing range of children and adult books in stock including an unbeatable dual language and foreign language selection. If you're looking for something different drop in on them at Shaw House, Shawclough Road, Rochdale, OL12 6ND. Ring first on 01706 641617 to check opening hours.

COMPETITIONS

FOR THE READERS:



To win a £20 book token and a very special limited edition Poetry Bag and other goodies, simply answer this question:

Who is the author of the classic novel, War and Peace?

FOR THE WRITERS:

A Short Spell of Peace and Quiet

This issue's challenge is to write a poem or story using a maximum of 100 words inspired by the phrase **Peace and Quiet**.

The winner will scoop a £50 voucher of their choice, a Poetry Bag and more besides, and of course be published in the Winter edition of **Scribble**.

The three 'dos' are:

- * make your work unique and interesting
- * give your submission an original title
- * make every word count!

Entries to both competitions should be sent to Kim Haygarth at the **Scribble** email / postal address (details below) by **Friday 26 October 2007**.

If you have entered **Scribble** competitions before, don't worry enter again!



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