

Issue 6
Summer 2008

Scrabble

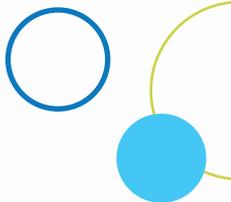


THE

GLOBAL

ISSUE

FREE CREATIVE WRITING MAGAZINE
PUBLISHED BY TELL US ANOTHER ONE



SCRIBBLE
SPOTLIGHT ON...

RUCHITA
GREEN:
ON THE MOVE

HELLO

Global warming, globalization, the global village...heard these words on the news by any chance? These days we're bombarded with a variety of messages about the state of our world: how it's getting smaller, hotter, more precarious, and the interaction between different nationalities and cultures here in the UK constantly makes the headlines.

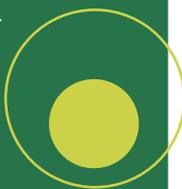
This summer we give you the Scribble take and whisk you around the world and in and out of the issues that interest our scribes. From our profile on Indian-born writer Ruchita Green to a little African safari humour in our In the Frame photographic feature, then onto a prize-winning story by Arizonan writer Michael A. Kechula followed by a moving reflection on belonging in How We Are Haunted by Anita Sethi (published with very kind permission by Penguin Books), you're sure to be transported. We've also packed in our usual news, competitions, pick of the arts and cultural highlights and the very best of your writing submissions. You'll see that we've got lots of flash fiction in our pages for the first time. We love it and think you will too.

Go on, globetrot with us.

Kim Haygarth
Editor



Scribble
c/o Tell Us Another One
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After finishing her degree in English Literature, Ruchita Green was faced with the choice of pursuing her passion for writing or following a more regular life path for a young Indian girl. She chose to move half way around the world from Pune in India to the UK and has recently graduated from Manchester Metropolitan University's highly respected Creative Writing MA.

Since then, keen to develop her writing career, she has wasted no time in getting down to business with a public reading at Manchester's Central Library, running radio writing workshops for Tell Us Another One in Rochdale and finalizing her first novel, Ira. So her move to the UK doesn't seem to have been such a bad idea after all. And what's more she says, "Believe it or not I love the weather. Gloomy as it is, it inspires me to write."

The marvellous British climate aside, what about if she could go anywhere in the world to write? "It would be a place called Mahabaleshwar in the state of Maharashtra, India. It is a hill station and has the most exotic views of the mountain ranges in that region. A solitary cabin high up in the hills would be ideal!"

Watch out for the rise of this talented young writer.



A Tribute

"As for the future," she said in a clear, distinct voice, as she lay on the ground, a trickle of blood running from her nose onto the street and into the drains.

Rodrigo stood there for a moment, hearing the last breath of life escape Macabea's lips and then walked away, wondering if this was the season for strawberries.

Madame Carlota had come running out of her house and was kneeling by Macabea's side, weeping and muttering, "I'm sorry my pet... I'm so sorry..."

A young girl who had just crossed the street was gaping at her, her mouth hanging open, her eyes puffy from crying when suddenly, relief washed over her face and she smiled.

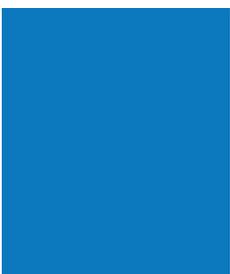
The driver of the yellow Mercedes rushed to the spot and seeing that the girl was probably dead, started inching away from the gathering crowd of onlookers, ready to flee.

A scrawny old fiddler in tattered clothes and matted hair came up to Madame Carlota and patted her head, his stale breath coming in short puffs.

A doctor came hurrying up and made his way through the small crowd, only to look at her and wrinkle his nose in disgust at the stench emanating from the limp figure lying on the street.

On the pavement outside Madame Carlota's house, a single dew drop that had escaped the sun, slid slowly down the tiny blade of grass and disappeared between the flagstones.

© Ruchita Green



TELL US ANOTHER ONE: CHAPTER FIVE

Tell Us Another One has been launching into new territories over the past couple of months. Ruchita Green (see opposite page) has been leading our four creative writing groups - Darnhill, Deeplish, Langley and Spotland - on the Sound Bites project, to develop food themed stories and group plays for radio. Keep your ears peeled this autumn - you might just find something tasty on your local station.

In July we worked with Rochdale Libraries and Commonword to present Anjum Malik and Friends, an extremely amicable gathering of some of the region's hottest new poetry talents. This is the first of our new line up of multicultural spoken word events in the Borough. Watch out for more from September. In the meanwhile, don't forget that our regular monthly Middleton poetry open mic night (in association with Write Out Loud) runs every month - see page 12 for details.

New activities are in the offing for the autumn including a new children's storybook project, Children of the Dream, working with parents at Surestart centres, and plans to celebrate Black History Month. If you would like to find out about these or any other of our projects, contact Kim Haygarth at Cartwheel Arts: 01706 361300 / kim@cartwheelarts.org.uk. And check out www.cartwheelarts.org.uk for news, photos and free downloadable publications.



Next Issue: Taste
The deadline for submissions is **Friday 5 September**

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CATH
STAINCLIFFE
MURDER
SHE WRITES



Photo: Paul Herrmann

Every Generation

You're not going out like that, Dad exploded. Yesss! Exactly the response she was looking for. Her heart soared.

Gladrags

Karen's daughter poses, draped in ethnic chic: smock, flares, beads and bangles. Smiling, Karen's eyes brim, pride and love mixed with the sharp sweet memories of a younger self.

Both © Cath Staincliffe

Cath Staincliffe is the Manchester writer behind the long-running ITV smash hit *Blue Murder* (starring Caroline Quentin), a host of crime novels including *Towers of Silence* and *Dead Wrong*, and most recently a Radio 4 mystery play, *Look Sharp*. She's also a champion of micro fiction - see below for some bight size treats. Here she spills the beans about nightmares, posh frocks and criminal inspiration.

Tell us about what you're working on at the moment.

I'm in between projects. I've just finished a novel and a *Blue Murder* TV script and now I'm thinking about new ideas.

When and how did you get interested in writing?

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

And you've recently had a radio play on Radio 4, *Look Sharp*. Did you enjoy writing for radio?

Yes, very much. Because it is radio you have to really focus on the words, silences and the atmosphere.

How did you get interested in crime writing?

An editor suggested it to me - my science fiction was veering in that direction. I never looked back!

Do you scare easily?

Yes, I do. Last night's dream was terrifying and a week ago I froze to the spot when a cow loomed into view on the country footpath ahead where I was walking.

How do you do your research for crime writing?

I don't watch *Crimewatch* or use true crime stories but I'm sure the drip-drip factor of news stories is at play and I just absorb stuff. Talking to people is the best way to find out something but the Internet is great too. And all those cop shows on telly.

What's the best crime novel ever in your opinion, and why?

Impossible to answer this - too hard to pick just one. Sorry.

How do you feel when you see one of your stories on TV?

Chuffed.

You also love writing micro fiction - why's that?

Small is beautiful. It's like a little puzzle and a real pleasure to do something that only takes a few hours when a novel might take 18 months. They make me laugh too.

What has been your most glamorous moment as a writer?

Must be when I was short-listed for the CWA Dagger in the Library and went to the swanky do in London. I didn't win but I did enjoy myself and got to wear a posh frock.

What are you reading at the moment?

The last few books - all great, all very different - have been: *Bleeding Heart Square* by Andrew Taylor, *Crow Stone* by Jenni Mills, *Kittyhawk Down* by Gary Disher and *Mistress of the Art of Death* by Ariana Franklin.

What are your future writing plans?

I like writing for different media so I hope to do more TV and novels and radio. I would really like the opportunity to write in a different genre - or at least push the boundaries of crime.

This issue of Scribble has a 'Global' theme. In your opinion, what would make the world a better place?

Peace. And for that I think we need more equality and a fairer use of resources.

Where is your favourite place in the world and why?

I want two. My garden, because I made it and it's constantly changing and I feel at peace pottering out there (apart from the planes taking off overhead!) And the Yorkshire Dales because it's the most beautiful landscape and I spent a lot of time there as a child.

What would your three top tips be for writers interested in getting into crime fiction?

It's a flourishing genre but still hard to break into. So:

1. Keep writing and sending things off and don't sit back and wait for something to happen.
2. Consider feedback carefully, don't be too precious and try to improve your writing.
3. Keep an eye on the CWA website - www.thecwa.co.uk - and enter their Debut Dagger competition.

Missing, Cath Staincliffe's seventh title in the Sal Kilkenny mystery series, is now out in paperback and available from all good bookshops and websites. Keep in touch with Cath's latest news at www.murdersquad.co.uk

OVER TO YOU...

GLOBAL



Saving the Earth

Eco-warrior Arnold Flint
Ran round the fields with a lighted splint.
His mission was to save the earth,
So he searched out cows for all he was worth.

When frolicking cows chew up the grass
They tend to emit a dire greenhouse gas.
Not CO₂, though that's bad enough,
But methane gas, much worse stuff.

When you burn methane it forms CO₂
And that's what Arnold set out to do.
So each cow he managed to find
He crept up to its brown behind.

Global warming could be prevented
If all cows' wind were lit when vented.
So he ventured out into the dark
Holding a little lighted spark.

As his work progressed with ease,
The North Pole seas began to freeze.
And Arnold believed with all his might
The earth was saved by his little light.

© David Ryder

(Methane is 20 times more potent than CO₂ as a greenhouse gas)

Location, Location, Location

Everyone knows my street
'Cause it's 'round the back of Aldi
In easy reach of the chippy
And the newsie who sells booze gone midnight
Even the cabbies who run red lights
Know they can't get away with clocking up extra miles
'Cause everyone knows my street
And the route that saves you 20p
To put towards your fags and your leccy
Tots with exotic-sounding, fabricated names
Are dragged by wrist or reigns
Down my street
"What a shame" the old dears tut
As they fold their handbags into their bust
Then return to discussing the rain
And moaning that the bus is late again
They're waiting to be taken away
Far away from my street
Behind the shelter, lads do brazen business
Buying and selling and smoking
And stubbing their cigs out on the floor
Only stopping to scrawl on the wall
That they woz ere on my street
A pit-bull tugs his owner
Past the corner pub
"It cost five tonne you know"
That's where the money goes on my street
A middle-aged, mini-skirted lush
Stagger in to beat the breakfast rush
'Cause twenty-four hour drinking
Will never be enough on my street
You always know where you are
From abandoned sofa to jacked-up car
Walking on shit-stained slabs
Barely anchored to the ground
Seeing the sights and hearing the sounds
Of black eyes and not knowing right from wrong
And that endless drum 'n' bass that reverberates
Right through the bricks and mortar
And those squares of dirt
The Council calls gardens
You soon learn that's all you're worth
You soon learn that's where you belong
When you live on my street.

© Gemma O' Neill

Candle

Look at her, the dancer!
Graceful and all fire
Turning, changing clothes
Climbing into heaven
Dancing with the wind.
So wild, so fragile.
One blow, she is gone
She is no more
Melted into the air
Merged with the wind.
Who took her flame?
Who took her passion?
No, my breath transformed her
Gave her a new life
Cool, exciting, invisible.

© Ghazala Jabeen





Tracing

Tracing my fingers round the edge of the world
 Pausing only momentarily over China, Burma burning through my skin
 I recollect nations of despotic leaders, democratic liberation in India
 Coal glistening black in Poland only to feel chilled to the bone as the wind licks my hair
 Reminding me to put that old grey cardigan over my shoulders left by my Irish Granny
 Knitted with love in every knit one pearl one stitch
 Tracing my fingers over the seas of the world
 Whales rub against my fingerprints circling the indentations left at my birth
 Sharks nip my palms, while coral rarer than gold clasp my outstretched hand

© Gail McPhillips

The I of Today

Gill Scott Heron said our favourite letter of the alphabet is I.

I as in me.
 The satisfaction of self,
 of the Id,
 of I.

I, as in the seat I don't give up
 I, as in the places I don't kneel
 I, as in the stomach I fill
 I, as in the stomachs I leave empty
 I, as in the paint on my walls
 I, as in the walls I leave unpainted
 I, as in habit
 I, as in the fuel I burn
 I, as in the car I drive

I, as in war
 I, as in hate
 I, the face in the clouds of explosions
 I, in the burning of flesh
 I, swimming in the rivers of blood of a hundred Holy wars.
 I, standing idly by.

Then I turns to you.

You, whose insides are stone.
 You, whose heart is just a grey pebble the world has left behind.
 You, whose memories are random and guilty.

You, the dust collects on your soul
 Ready for the next generation to blow it away.
 You think you can organise freedom.
 You, whose secret hideout with yourself conceals
 The stolen fruits of Eden.
 You and your primal temptations.

You stare up at twilight, see a thousand unsightly scars gathered on the moon,
 These are the wounds transcended from your war
 And one day, the creature that is yesteryear will reach
 With its hands of truth and grasp at your throat
 And choke you till your last breath,
 Your last gulp of air
 Your last satisfaction of self
 Your last affirmation of I.

Gill Scott Heron said our favourite letter of the alphabet is I.

I think he is right.

© Bridie Breen

OVER TO YOU...

GLOBAL



Angel

(dedicated to the Grandma I never met)

You were a million miles away
 Yet our blood connected us
 You were the voice on the phone
 Friendly, you sounded different
 You were almost make believe
 Grandma in New Zealand
 The face framed on the wall
 I'd search your features
 For similarities to mine
 Then a time came
 Sadness touched my dad's tear-stained cheeks
 Your time had arrived
 Leaving this world
 You became an angel
 Watching over us
 Yet a disappointment remained
 I wish I had met you
 The voice on the phone

© Katie Haigh

Scout Moor

On the hill tops proud and high
Three pointed mushrooms turn in the sky

From far away they can be seen
So majestic, so serene

Symbols of a victory
For honest folk like you and me

Who know that it just can't be right
To belch out carbon day and night

Just to generate the power
To feed our TV hour by hour

Or let the status quo remain
To satisfy the NIMBY brain

That doesn't want to face that fact
That global warming will enact

A terrible revenge on those
Who just ignore what science knows.

Three pointed mushrooms turn in the sky
'Look at the windmills!' the children cry

© Colin Knight

(NIMBY: Not in my back yard)

UP IN wind FARMS

Hills of the north rejoice
Giant windmills for all to see.
The silent turbines have no voice
But the protest reached TV.
The global warriors had to be persuaded
By government grants to spend on the invaders.
But hey, this is no battlefield,
The majestic aliens are urban art,
They have created divisive opinions
That have torn neighbours apart.
These erectile soldiers will fight no war
Just cutting swathes through the clouds
They're not an eyesore.
Mankind has greed for power, some say it's a blight,
But are we really prepared to read by candlelight?
Only the 'antis' are locked in battle,
Village folk, tittle tattle, prittle prattle.
Let's all join hands and celebrate
Our need for progress, not denigrate.
Awesome, silent, powerful statues
A salute to the windfarm.

© Pam Ashton



If you would like your words to be considered for these pages, get in touch! The theme of the next magazine is **Taste**. Think as widely around this word and its associations as you like - we're looking for lots of original ideas. Think style icons, your favourite foodstuffs, killjoy diets, bad taste behaviour... Scribble contact details are on the back page. Get in touch by **Friday 5 September**. Submissions under 300 words are recommended. Please note that Scribble reserves the right to edit submitted material. Prizes will be given to a winner and a runner up. See page 12 for details.

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



OVER TO YOU...

GLOBAL



What is it Mummy?

What is that in the sky Mummy?
It is the moon.
Is it real?
Are your dreams real? Am I real?
It is real, just as you are.

What is that in the sky Mummy?
It is the moon.
Can I touch it?
Can you touch the wind? Can you stop a wave?
No, you cannot touch it.

What is that in the sky Mummy?
It is the moon.
The same moon as yesterday?
Yes, the same moon, the same light,
The same magic as before.

What is that in the sky Mummy?
It is the moon.
Can I go there?
Can you fight dragons? Can you speak to angels?
Yes, you can go there.

What is that in the sky Mummy?
It is the moon.
Will it be there always?
Do I love you? Do butterflies make you smile?
It will always be there.
As I will.

© Kate Chorlton



I need my car

You don't understand: I need my car
This saving the planet stuff's gone too far
I've got to get the kids to school
I know there's buses but, as a rule,
They'd have to queue - in the open air!
You never know who's lurking there
I need my car

With muggers, druggies, weirdos, pimps
And scruffy blokes who pick up dimps
The streets aren't safe for us today
And if there's trouble, anyway
Nobody stops; they just drive by
And you still ask the question, 'Why?'
I need my car

I recycle, with the weekly shop,
But you can't expect me to carry the lot
Without my car, it'd get me down
The supermarket's out of town
Who knows why they put them there
Guess it's cheaper, I don't care
I need my car

I know road building should be banned
It ruins our green and pleasant land
If more vehicles on roads we cram
We'll just end up in a bigger jam
It's not my fault, it's the others see
Don't point your ecological finger at me
I need my car

Pedestrians, cyclists get in the way
We should tarmac over the whole UK
Then we could get from A to B
With maximum efficiency
Tax on petrol's just not fair
And to hell with your precious ozone layer
I need my car

You'll have to drag me screaming from the wheel
I've got so used to it that I feel
It's part of me, a second skin
One that lets no riff-raff in
With child-proof, thief-proof, riot-proof locks
I'm insulated from life's shocks
I need my car

It's my real home where I can reign
As lord of my motorised domain
Don't cut in front, overtake or brake
Don't get me mad for heaven's sake
I can't be blamed for what I'd do.
You understand! You do it too!
You need your car

© Julian Jordan



How We Are Haunted

Anita Sethi



'I'm turning into my mother,' she sighed, as she peered at the ghost staring out from the dark-green Guyanan passport which lived beneath layers of dust and cobwebs and old letters and jewellery at the bottom of her wardrobe in Old Trafford, Manchester.

'Do you think I look like her?' she asked, gazing into the mirror, pulling at her flesh and making funny faces.

As two-dimensional as the passport picture was the map of the world Blu-Tacked to the wall of my bedroom. A blue biro line cut through Guyana, the 'Land of Many Waters', bordered by Suriname, Brazil and Venezuela in South America. All of the Guianas reach out towards the Atlantic Ocean, reaching out to the Caribbean Islands, reaching further out to North America, to England, to India. Another blue biro line cut around England, and another around Kenya, where Dad was born. Roots are as tangled as seaweed, wrapping around each other, and when storms come, they tighten their grip on each other, pulling, pushing, trying to ebb and flow at the same time – the Caribbean, the Indian, the British jostling for control. Mum left for England when she was twenty-one years old, in 1969, after British Guiana broke away into independence. Dad, too, left Kenya when the country gained independence.

I took my first step in Guyana, aged one. It is one of those memories that I am not really sure of; perhaps it is just a photograph come to life, coloured to such intensity that story and life blur, their edges melting into each other. We were staying at Wellington Auntie's house, so called because she lived in Wellington (named after the Duke when the British arrived and set up shop). There were so many aunties that the only way to distinguish them was to name them after their place or trade.

That first step was shaky, stumbling upon a world whose boundaries were unknown. And yet traversing history is as uncertain still as that early ground beneath my feet; I never do know when the earth will give way to a huge crater, a sudden hole beneath me where there is no knowledge, when I will get lost all of a sudden with no arrows or signposts to point me in the right direction.

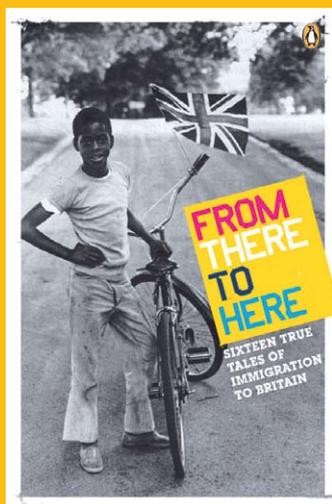
Although Mum knows that her ancestors were originally from India, she is not quite sure which generation or which part of India. And so there's a blank patch in my history, as if someone has burnt away a portion of memory, a blind spot where knowledge vanishes. History and fiction blur as she seems to make things up: one time we are from Calcutta, another from Agra. So we just do not know.

Imagination, then, is called on to play its part in the immigrant tale (although my mother does not like to be referred to as an 'immigrant'; the word sounds so negative in the current climate, she says, and she would rather be known as a 'migrant'). I have trawled through what facts I know, shoring them up like pebbles on a beach, hard and tangible gifts. That is why my experience, as the daughter

of two immigrants born on opposite sides of the globe, South America and Africa, pushes geographical boundaries and also pushes the boundaries of narrative forms. Its fractured nature seeks containment in the page, its sure edges, its black-and-whiteness, its finite word limit, as it at once wriggles out of those confining boundaries.

There are ghosts on the other side of the family too, in a corner shop which curves around a road of Old Trafford, this rainy town, opposite the Lancashire Cricket Ground. The shop is shuttered up now, since Mama died. We are going up to my father's mother's bedroom, past the living room with its brown furry carpet and the photograph of her husband, framed and gazing out on to her emptiness, past the cupboard which stored old dolls the grandchildren had outgrown, up into the attic at the top, which we are sure is haunted. I am sure it is haunted, that I felt her presence, heard something move in the dark, musty-smelling room with a picture of her on the side table and a copy of the Mahabharata in Hindi on the bedside table.

The room grows chilly and black rain begins to cover the city again.



'From where do you belong?' asks the cashier in the supermarket, a question thrown out innocently enough, but the answer is too convoluted to give quickly, in the time it takes to put the bananas and apples into the bag. History will ooze through clear-cut boundaries and boxes; I come to fill out the application form for this competition and my hand hovers over the boxes, unsure of where to place myself, whether I am British Asian Indian or whether I am Other.

'From where do I belong?' has no single answer; it shifts and changes as I am asked to tell people my name. I pronounce my surname differently; sometimes I say it softly, my tongue crushed against the back of my teeth so that the 't' is soft, Anglicized, the way my mother says it. Other times I roll the vowel in the word out and push my tongue to the roof of my mouth so you can hear the 't', the way my father says it and the way it is said in India, so that my name trips out of my mouth and into the world sounding like a different name entirely. But sometimes I open my mouth to say my name and the two ways of being clash against each other, the soft and hard sounds, the open and closed, and what comes out is muffled, discordant.

I stumble over my own name, clumsily, like a child taking its first steps through language, unsure yet of the boundaries of their world, physically or linguistically, and I am asked to repeat myself, so I have to start all over again with that tricky business of saying my name.

I have to choose which identity to imbue into the sound, which ghosts I shall allow to haunt me.

IN THE FRAME



Scribble asks photographer Ian Edmondson to explain this monkey business.

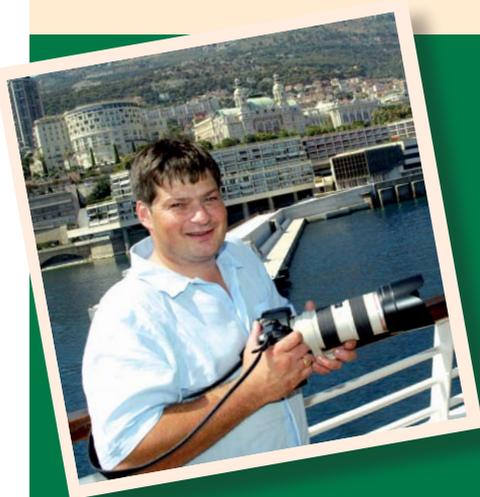
“On a shoot with two crazy French Kitesurfers who were attempting to cross Cape Point on kites and surf boards (one of the most dangerous stretches of water in the world and full of ‘big fish’), we had managed to complete the task and on packing up back at the car park at a fantastic beach within the Cape Reserve, we were approached by a troop of baboons.

I had forgotten to wind the window up as I closed the car door and a female carrying a baby jumped inside the vehicle and proceeded to steal the sandwich box which belonged to one of the French guys. Now as previously stated these French guys are quite crazy. Seb decided to give chase to the baboon so as to recover his sandwiches. At this point the male pictured stole the box from the female and sat down no more than 10 metres from the vehicle in pure defiance and began to eat the sandwiches choosing his favourite bits.

A couple of days later I returned with a different group and again the same thing happened, although this time it wasn't my fault!”

Find out more about Ian's photographic adventures at:
www.escapephotography.co.uk and www.expix.co.uk

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



WINNING WORDS

First and second prizes for writing on the **Global** theme go to **Claudia Lowe** and **Michael A. Kechula** respectively. It was great to receive some quality micro fiction. *Congratulations!*

Well done to Sue Holt who won last issue's Reader Competition. The correct answer to the question, **What are the names of the Channel 4 TV duo who have set up their own highly successful book club?** was of course those old stalwarts, **Richard and Judy**.

Turn the page for this issue's competitions.

For Sale

"It's in need of development," the estate agent said.

"I'm looking for a project," I assured him.

Even so, the outside was unprepossessing - coated in smoke, choked with grime.

"Previous owners abused it," the agent continued, as we picked our way through black oily pools on melting snow to get to the front door.

There was a puddle of black slime on the doorstep. Inside was worse. Doors hung off their hinges, ceilings were caving in, floorboards gave way under our weight. The mud of the first rooms yielded to grubby sand. Litter filled every room - polystyrene containers, bottles and tins, plastic bags stuffed into every crevice. This place had clearly been home to many, but now there was debris decaying. Foul, stinking air coated my lungs. Breathing was a struggle. Cockroaches - the only sign of life - crawled unchecked.

The temperature rose as we made our way to the centre of the building. The main room with a hearth was stuffy, steamy, stifling. Here the litter was ash from old fires, rotting vegetation and food remains. I put a hanky over my mouth: pestilence stalked this space. Roaches as large as rats lurked on the floor. How had the old tenants managed to live here? Housekeeping and waste disposal were clearly not their major concerns. Had they no thoughts for the future? No care for their descendants?

Along another corridor we passed barren, colourless rooms full of trash. Some were flooded, oozing water. As the temperature fell once more, we made our way to the yard. Again there was dirty snow and pools of grey sludge, but no signs of life - no birds or plants.

The estate agent waited for comments.

"Beyond repair," I said, gloomily.

He made a note on his clipboard: Planet Earth, no interest.

© Jean Russell

FOR SALE!



THE SCRIBBLE YOUNG WRITERS AWARD

All Souls Brownies in Heywood have been going global with local artists, writer Katie Haigh and her musician brother Simon Haigh in a very lively music and words workshop. The group were inspired to write individual poems about the environment after the workshop ended and Katie and Simon chose **Jade Kilduff**, aged 7, as the winning writer! The judges loved Jade's rhythm and rhyme and the perspective she gives on the world. *Bravo Jade!*

I Love

I love huge tall elephants
I love tiny buzzy bees
I love smelling pretty flowers
I love climbing apple trees

I love the deep blue sea
I love the sandy beach
I love the bright sun and moon
I love the stars that I can't reach

I love playing with my friends
I love the sound of a dogs bark
I love being with my family
I love to go with them to the park

I LOVE MY ENVIRONMENT!!!

© Jade Kilduff

The Scribble Young Writers Award was set up by Katie and Scribble to encourage new local talent. If you know a group who would like to take part, get in touch at the Scribble address.

Dire Warning

Thousands of gigantic flying saucers with blinking lights hovered over the entire landmass and oceans of Earth for three days. The lights spelled out a warning in every language: REPEAT OR DIE! Everyone was petrified.

The Amalgamated Nations held emergency meetings with representatives from every nation on the globe. After heated discussions, the Secretary General of the AN declared, "We have no choice. We are completely unprepared to resist this Martian threat. Everybody on this planet must perform every action twice as they've ordered, or they'll destroy us."

The Earth's population was notified of this decision through email, radio announcements, phone calls, TV newscasts, telegrams, loudspeakers, smoke signals, jungle drums, handbills, Morse code, letters, road signs, semaphore, graffiti, theatre marquees, banners, telepathy, and sign language.

Fearing for their lives, Earthlings complied immediately by eating breakfast twice, reading newspapers twice, speaking every sentence twice, brushing their teeth twice, etc. Nevertheless, Mars attacked and obliterated the entire population of Earth with thermonuclear weapons.

"Why didn't those idiots obey my orders?" yelled Mars' fanatically religious Emperor. "Stubborn idiots! They could've saved themselves."

The Emperor ordered an investigation. A blue ribbon panel was formed to look into the matter.

Their final report said, "The warning light project for our spacecraft was accidentally outsourced to Goofus, an illiterate, third-world planet near Saturn. We saved the treasury one trillion jeboolas by doing this. However, Goofonians made a typographical error. Unfortunately, the flashing lights on all our spacecraft dispatched to Earth ordered Earthlings to REPEAT instead of REPENT."

© Michael A. Kechula

WHAT'S GOING ON?

Open Mic Poetry Night

Fourth Sunday of every month, 8pm, £1

Olde Boar's Head pub, Long Street, Middleton

It just keeps going! Rochdale Borough's one and only night for poetry writers and appreciators to come and share their work. For more information contact Paul Blackburn at Write Out Loud on 07796 475490 or just turn up on the night.

Under African Skies

Saturday 19 July, 12pm and 2pm

Studio, The Lowry, £8

Mamodou is no hunter; neither is he a warrior and as the time approaches for him to prove he is a man, he runs away from his village. Join him on this journey of adventure and discovery as his trek becomes a rite of passage. A charming tale, incorporating traditional fables from across the African continent with song, drumming and audience participation. Phone 0870 787 5780 or book at www.thelowry.com

Urban Moves

Friday 25 July - Sunday 27 July

Manchester City Centre, Free

Feel like dancing in the streets this summer? Step down to this unique open air dance spectacle with a variety of international acts in unexpected places. Check www.urbanmovesfestival.co.uk for full programme details.

Hay Fever

Until Saturday 9 August

Royal Exchange Theatre

Much more fun than a streaming nose, Noel Coward's classic is a must-see. When each member of an eccentric theatrical family invites a guest to stay with them without telling the other, the stage is set for a memorable and madcap weekend in the country. A mass of mishaps and misunderstandings make this one of theatre's greatest comic creations. Book tickets on 0161 833 9833 or by emailing box.office@royalexchange.co.uk

Opportunities:

Migration Stories

From the Irish Potato Famine and the flight of the Huguenots from France, to the more recent exploits of the British Empire, Crocus Books' Migration Stories anthology seeks to weave a tapestry of these diverse stories. They want to give fictional and fictionalised voice to UK migrants of both recent and more distant times and are seeking short fiction of up to 8,000 words from people living in the North of England. Anyone can submit work - new writers as well as more established writers, and of any cultural background. The closing date is 30 October 2008. For more information please contact cultureword@commonword.org.uk / 0161 832 3777.

The Manchester Poetry Prize

The Writing School at Manchester Metropolitan University is launching The Manchester Poetry Prize, a new literary competition celebrating excellence in creative writing. The first prize is £10,000! Entrants should submit a portfolio of poetry (3 - 5 poems; the total length of the portfolio should not exceed 120 lines). The poems can be on any subject but must be new work, not published elsewhere. The deadline for entries is 1 August. For more information visit www.manchesterwritingcompetition.co.uk

COMPETITIONS

FOR THE READERS:

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

Who is the winner of the 2008 Orange Broadband Prize for Fiction?

FOR THE WRITERS:

Taste

Write a poem or story (max 300 words) on the theme of the next issue.

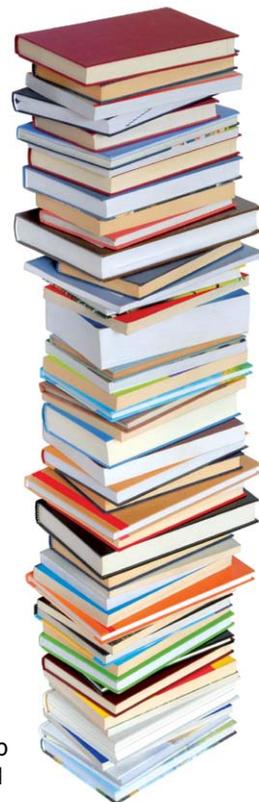
The best submission will take away a £40 voucher of their choice, the runner-up a £20 voucher, and both will be published in the autumn edition of Scribble.

Don't forget to: give an interesting perspective on the theme, give your submission an original title and make every word matter!

Entries to both competitions to Kim Haygarth at the Scribble email / address (details below).

Deadline for both: **Friday 5 September 2008.**

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



Scribble

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