

Issue 9
Spring 2011

Scribble

THE
FRESH START
ISSUE



FREE CREATIVE WRITING MAGAZINE PUBLISHED BY TELL US ANOTHER ONE

SCRIBBLE SPOTLIGHT ON... JOHN LINDLEY:

Art work: Heather Wray

John Lindley was born in Stockport. His poems have been widely published in magazines and anthologies and he has been a prize winner in a number of national competitions. Six collections of his poetry have been published previously. An experienced performer, his work has also been broadcast on radio. He lives in Congleton and works freelance as a poet and creative writing tutor and facilitator. He was appointed Cheshire Poet Laureate in 2004 and Manchester Cathedral Poet of the Year in 2010. Here is an extract from his latest collection - The Casting Boat.

Start Your Own Parrot

Begin with two small feathers
handed to you by a stranger in the pub perhaps
but begin.

Don't think overmuch about working conditions.
Warm weather, the sound of tropical rain,
strange vegetation and leaves underfoot –
none of this really counts for much.

It's not the detail or even the outcome
but the intent that matters.

It's the starting not the finishing.

There are easier things to do after all,
parts are hard to come by
and instructions less than useless.

Just remember

a fully-plumed macaw is not the aim.

For myself, ending up
with the overhanging half of the beak,
a wingtip and one of those dragon-scaled gloves
for a left or right claw would be enough,
providing I could put them together in some way.
Attempts at parrots are like attempts at art; worthwhile.
No need for justification. The best art speaks for itself.
Of course, the best parrots do too
but one can't have everything.

© John Lindley

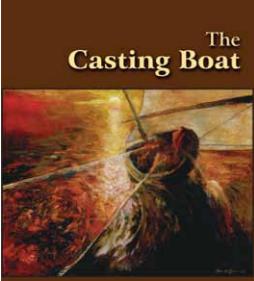
*".... a quirky, lively talent with a way for the unexpected image.
Nothing seems to escape his attention."* Mary Knight, Prop

*"Lindley's is an acutely observed world...(his) poetry is sexy,
lyrical and by turns melancholic."* Keith Armstrong, Link

The Casting Boat
Signed copies of The Casting Boat can
be obtained by contacting John Lindley
on 01260 273219
or at j.lindley1@sky.com
or visit <http://johnflindley.wordpress.com/>

The Casting Boat is published by the
prestigious and long-running poetry
publisher, Headland.

Headland have been responsible for
the publication of some of poetry's
leading lights, not least the current Poet
Laureate, Carol Ann Duffy.



John Lindley



HELLO

Hello and welcome to the first issue of Scribble in a long time! For those new to the magazine, an especially warm welcome and a big thank you for your recent involvement in the project.

Here and in the quarterly editions of Scribble to come, you will find interviews with professional writers, poetry and short stories from our regular story groups, news of exciting projects, digital opportunities to come and lots of inspiration for having a go at writing at home. So get yourself a nice hot mug of tea, sit back and enjoy!

This issue is all about fresh starts and new beginnings, how we all have chapters close in life only for new ones to begin – sometimes daunting, sometimes exciting but always full of anticipation with new lessons to be learned. Enjoy!

Emma Melling
Editor



Part 2

Tell Us Another One Part 2
We're all looking forward to
Writing more poems in their glory
Laughing as we reminisce in our story

So cheers to Cartwheel Arts
Who knows deep in our hearts
We love you all as well
Lets Celebrate to what we'll tell

So raise your glass and raise your voice
Let's be merry and rejoice
To the good times in the future ahead
Bring out inspiration that we put to bed

© Julia McClay
Langley Story Group



TELL US ANOTHER ONE CHAPTER NINE

Thanks to the Big Lottery Fund and Arts Council England, we have 3 more years' funding to continue Tell Us Another One fun. We kicked off back in October with **Joy Winkler** hosting a re-launch for our existing Story Groups at the Wheatsheaf library in Rochdale and have begun workshops in Falinge (Rochdale), Fitton Hill, Coldhurst (both Oldham) and Seedfield (Bury).

We've brought on board writers **Shamshad Khan** and **Anjum Malik** to inspire groups with their magical writing talents and had guest writers **John Lindley**, **Gemma Lees**, **Helen Clare**, **Michelle Green**, **Joy Winkler** and **John Siddique** running Story Groups and workshops for our mini projects *Winter Spells* and *Smells* and *Heywood Active Families*.

For World Book Day we held our first Members' Lunch Club with representatives from the Story Groups volunteering their time to feed back on the project so far and shape future development. We were entertained by magnetic poetry and writers **Qaisra Shahraz** and **Pete Kalu**.

On World Book Night we received 30 copies of 'Life of Pi' by Yann Martel and Alan Bennet's 'A Life Like Other People's'. These are being distributed to participants and competition winners so thank you World Book Night!

On Wednesday 13th July we will be holding the annual Scribble Festival as part of the Arts Feel Good Festival in Rochdale. We will have workshops in the afternoon and performances in the evening at Rochdale Town Hall so get the date in your diary and head on down!

We will also soon be holding digital sessions and hosting a shiny new website so check out www.cartwheelarts.org.uk for news of all this hot off the press.

DIGITAL CREATIVES



Vik
Tell Us Another One
Project Worker
vik@cartwheelarts.org.uk
Cartwheel Arts
110 Manchester Street
Heywood
OL10 1DW
01706 361300

The Internet can be an amazing tool for writers - it can help us with a whole load of things, from publishing our work easily, to doing research or keeping in touch with other writers. It can also be fun - and even revealing! For instance, have you ever seen www.wordle.net? Put in some text - maybe something you've written - and it'll create a graphic which brings out some of the unexpected patterns and connections in your writing.

"Digital technology" can include all sorts - anything from simply using a word-processor, to using txts or Twitter as a format for short poetry, or making digital recordings of authors reading their work. "Digital" can be a whole new kind of creative platform; it can inspire us to make work that's contemporary, and that uses and plays with the way we communicate in everyday life.

So that's why Cartwheel is inviting you to explore the world of "digital" with us in 2011. For a start, *Tell Us Another One* will soon have its own website, with lots of tools and interactive elements that you can use to help you with your writing. Watch this (web) space!

THE SCRIBBLE YOUNG WRITERS' AWARD

We are pleased to continue the Young Writers' Award to encourage up and coming talent. St Luke's Rainbows in Heywood have been working hard on the theme of fresh starts.

Congratulations to Heidi! A book token is heading your way.

If you know a young people's group who would like to submit to the Young Writers Award get in touch with us.

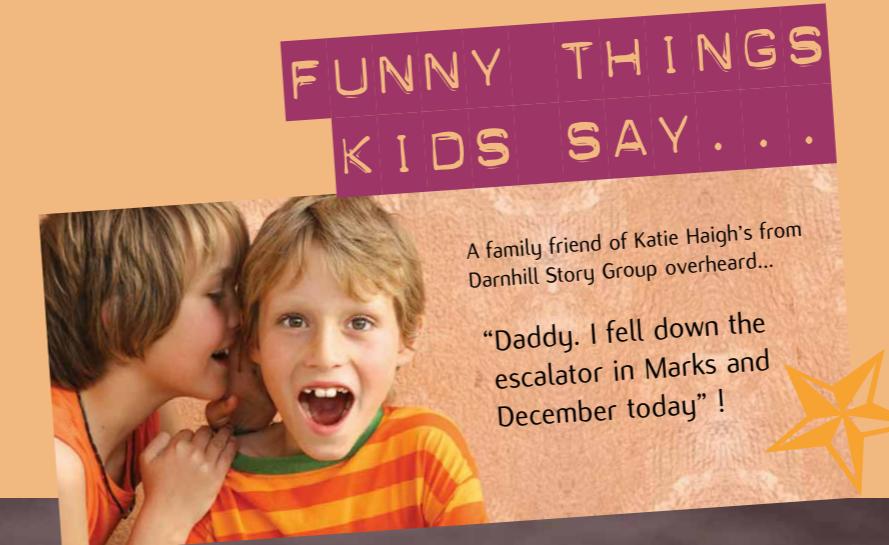


Spring

Spring is at a time of year
When flowers grow
And it is warm
I love spring
But I love summer more
© Heidi, age 6



OVER TO YOU... FRESH STARTS



Volcano

Suddenly we heard a voice
Loud and distractive
Very explosive and dangerous

I trembled as I walked towards the window opening
I saw black fog everywhere

The moon and stars were hiding behind the black smoke.
People running for safety.
The ash and smoke touched high up in the sky
It seemed so dark all around my house
No one could find their loved ones

So shocked and sad.
The night seemed so hot and long.
Once finding their way home,
It was straight to bed.

Waking up the next morning
with hopes and new thoughts
In hope of a new beginning.

© Attiya Malik
Deepish Story Group

New Beginnings
New beginnings
Fresh starts
Tell Us Another One
Cartwheel Arts
Plays and poems
Stories galore
Emma and Vik
Tell us more
Friends of old
Acquaintances new
Writing and reading
Having a brew
A packet of biscuits
Cups of tea
Food for thought
You and me
Digital sessions
Let us get
All our work
On the internet
New beginnings
Fresh starts
Welcome back
Cartwheel Arts
© Anne Robinson
LangleyStory Group



We Know it's Spring when...

We can get out of bed more easily in the mornings!
Flowers open and fields become a rainbow of colour.
We know it's spring when we see daffodils,
the snowdrops and crocus are all out
and the trees get their buds.
We know it's spring when we see lambs,
they are jumping around the fields.
There are pet hairs on the carpet.
The Easter Eggs are in the shops.
We can drive home without our headlights
and the streets are filled with children's laughter.

© Darnhill Story Group



OVER TO YOU... FRESH STARTS

Nature Sights Quietly

It started with a raindrop
This touched the concrete plane
It spread upon the surface
To reach the deepest grain
The concrete cracked and broken
Released a growth within
An explosion of colour
The cycle had begun
Green blades of grass in multiples
Rainbows of flowers scattered
Thick statues of tree trunks stood solid
Branches tangled intertwined
Reaching to the sky
Trickles of tranquil waterfalls
Rushing to oceans deep
Cooling winds, refreshing rain
Sun warming
Feeding natures need
Nature sights quietly
Relieved within a calm
It began with a single raindrop
That echoed through the land

© Katie Haigh,
Darnhill Story Group

Reminiscing the Chase

The dream is still the same:
a highly strung sun
a fettering breeze, as you twirled away spring
with the windchime of your laughter.

It was nothing, but it was everything.
Now it's all I have. Kismat, makhtub, fate;
I'm back to taste life
immersed in that moment but
now all I want,
all I ever wanted, is to find you.

Explore the greens of this chase, pick
memories of gay abandon,
then to go where we sat,
where I left you.

Though the surroundings
spin through the kaleidoscope
of seasons, the air still carries your
scent lingering hope and

though the fountain springs no water,
it springs that same hope, and
even though its dial will tell me otherwise,
what I felt was timeless

Although others stop here for a rest
I want to tell you that
I will be here waiting
and I will keep waiting

'til the day I am shaken out of this moment
looking around wondering
where all the animals have vanished
and how I have changed.

© Iqbal Chowdhury



The List

Bread bin, toaster and kettle - a tenner.
Hitachi fridge freezer and coal effect fire -
forty-five quid. Bevelled mirror
and round brass frame that familiar faces
will no longer entertain - fifteen pounds.

Oak standard lamp and shade,
pewter teas service with plated tray.
Wooden folding stepladders,
folded away. New World gas cooker
and washing machine - priced the same.

Boxes of tools and bric-a-brac,
electric heater and antiquated
vacuum cleaner, all provide
the list divisive; the trophy cups
at two pounds already disregarded.

This is the list addressed within
anxious moments, a one-to-twenty
of household effects, removed
from rooms stripped bare of curtains
with not needed candles poised under the sink.

This be the list, the remnants of an age,
no longer polished or occasionally
re-arranged in this space - steam cleaned
of character now with the decorators in...

And when their last straight edge
is all but done, for someone out there,
a new list has already begun.

© Steve Garside

If you want to contribute to Scribble have a go at our writing competition on the back page.

Destruction

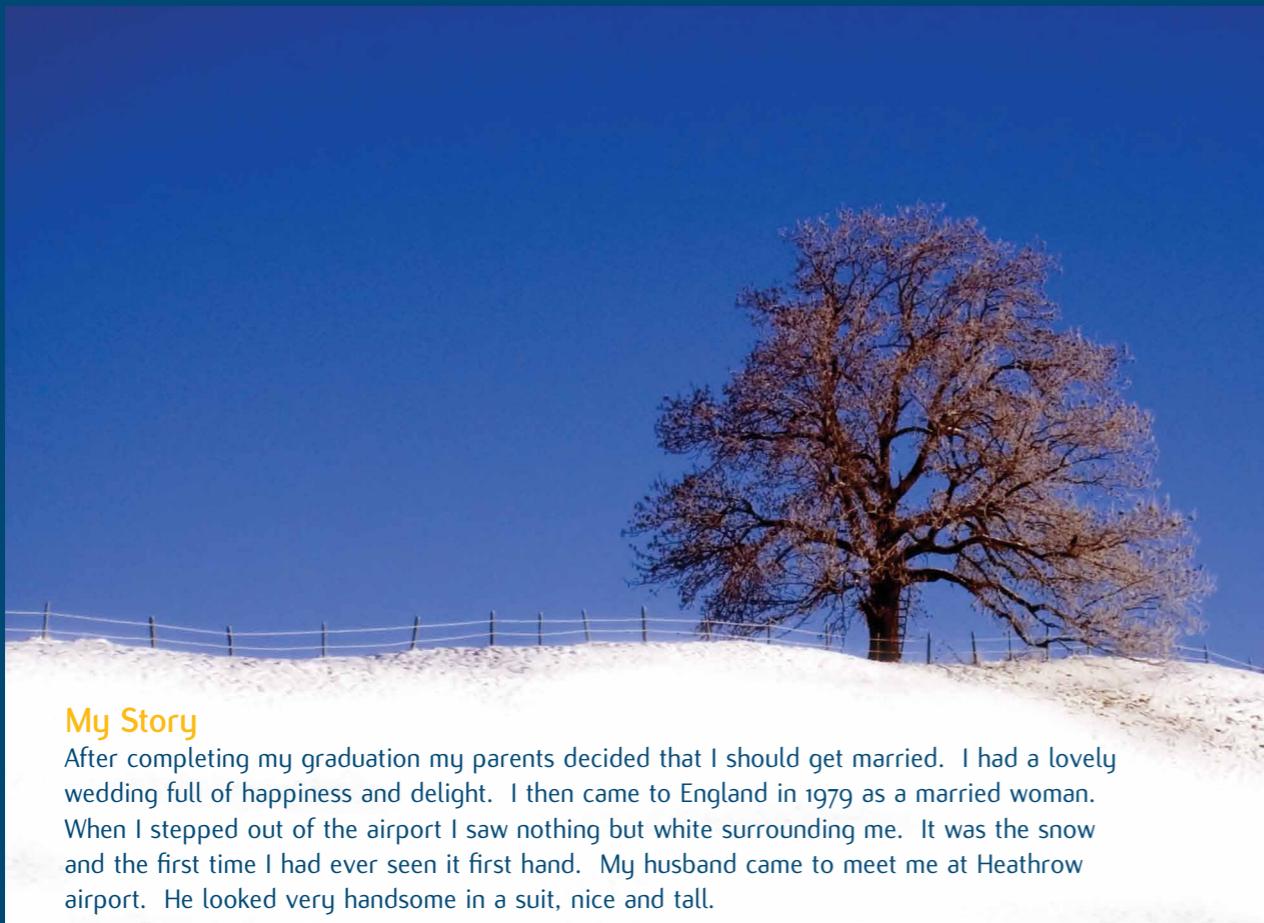
He came from nowhere
to settle amidst those familiar;
an unknown mystery only I could unravel.
With fire in his eyes,
generosity in his hands...
He was the illusion of all that was pure.

His smile was the sunrise
yet he brought the storm with his words...
A storm knowing no boundaries
to wreak havoc on my world.

Buried within his heart, was the seed;
the seed of chaos
he could not control.
It grew, it ignited... It consumes him still.
With whom he is battling
he is yet to know.

He left a brand; he spread the fire
leaving a trail of destruction...
along his intended path.
All but a memory lingers in his wake;
A flash of light... intentions of best
but also a blanket of smoke:
Heavy... Suffocating... Stifling... Darkness.

© Sheba Mirza



My Story

After completing my graduation my parents decided that I should get married. I had a lovely wedding full of happiness and delight. I then came to England in 1979 as a married woman. When I stepped out of the airport I saw nothing but white surrounding me. It was the snow and the first time I had ever seen it first hand. My husband came to meet me at Heathrow airport. He looked very handsome in a suit, nice and tall.

We then drove to Oldham where my new home would be. When I arrived I was relieved the house was nice and warm compared to the snowy outside.

It was early January and my husband decided to take me on a shopping trip to buy me a new coat and suitable shoes for the snow. However, I ended up falling a couple of times before reaching the shops!

My English was quite weak. However, there were some other Pakistanis living on my street who I could speak to comfortably, so I soon made new friends. I adjusted to the change in environment and accepted that this would be my permanent life now.

© Shagufta Jabeen,
Deeplish Story Group



Spring Beginnings

At last spring is here,
milder weather,
away from the cold, wintry days
and freezing nights.
I'm so glad spring is here.

Sunlit mornings glistening through
drawn curtains lighting the room,
beginning of a new day.

Dew on the grass, leaves on the
trees, birds are singing and flying
around, tweeting and chirping
making their sound.

Flowers are blooming, Daffodils
glowing bees are buzzing
to and froing collecting pollen
as they go.

© Karen Porter
Spotland Story Group

OVER TO YOU...
FRESH STARTS



Getting my first cat

Me and my mum went to the shop, we met her friend Tommie. On the way back I saw a cat and he was beautiful. He had fiery eyes and ginger and white hair; he looked like a tiger. I stroked him and he followed me home.

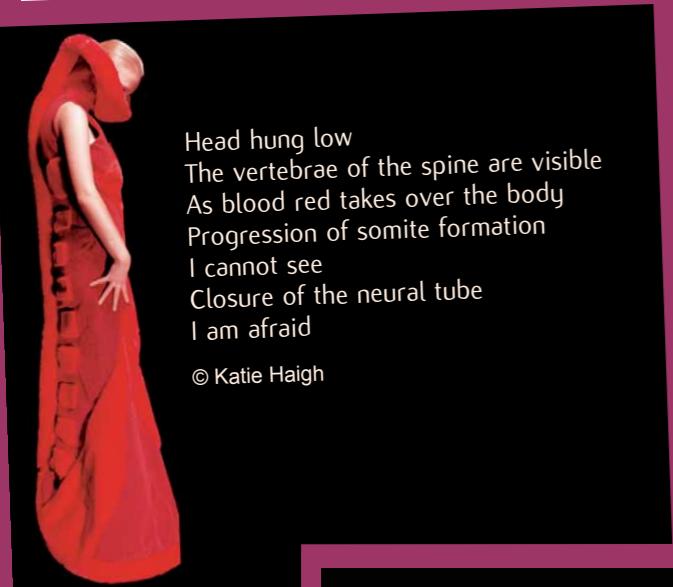
My mum was not impressed one bit. I opened the window and let him in when we got home. My mum didn't know I had opened the window as she was having a brew with Tommie in the kitchen.

My mum came in and showed him out and said, "How did that get in?" I said "I don't know." He got back in and showed back out about five times. She got that fed up she said "OK! You can look after him till we find out where he's from."

We found out that he wasn't wanted; I begged my mum to keep him. Then I came home from school one day and he had a nice blue collar on. I was so happy, he was such a lovely cat.

© Natalie Wood
Seedfield Story Group

Rolling with the theme of Fresh Starts, the poems below were inspired by images from Helen Storey's exhibition 'Primitive Streak' which looks at embryo development represented in fashion. Writer Helen Clare led Langley Story Group through a writing exercise and the extraordinary and inspiring resulting poems are below.

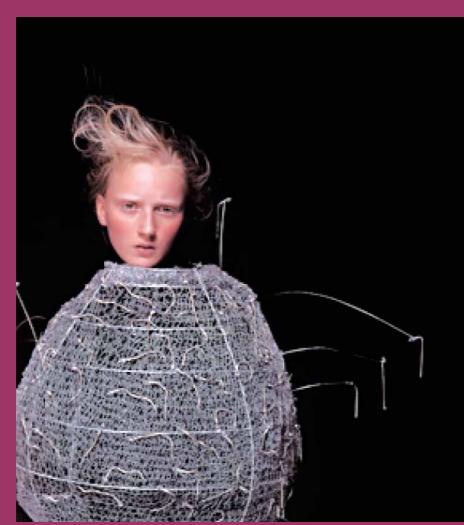


Head hung low
The vertebrae of the spine are visible
As blood red takes over the body
Progression of somite formation
I cannot see
Closure of the neural tube
I am afraid

© Katie Haigh

Chromosomes gathering from
another place
blood drained from a body
by spirit clinging on
for dear life
still living
still existing
just

© Steven Busby



Webbed Freedom

It's knitted opaque nylon mosaic laced
mono-tonal controversial egg dress
The web spider like cocoon of silver tube
reminiscent of skeletal framed architectural splendour
contrasts to the balanced background of nothingness
Nervously shimmering like dew on a frosty moon
stark and ribbed this mosaic mono-tonal bubble
as a spherical format of cocoon like structure
The laced plastic shapes juxtapose against knitted nylon
This is a philosophical structure of webbed freedom
representing the fertilised egg opaque mosaic
mono-tonal web

© James Whitrow



Siren

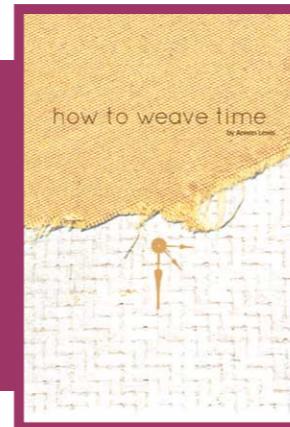
Created monster of beauty
Simple fabrics woven into
Object inspiring deathly visions

Painstaking detail energises
Symbols that explode my mind
Stimulating creative darkness

Pale almost dying flesh
Strangled by alien string
With spidery fingers
Falling from above
Below creeping upward
Unseeingly to finalise
Unsuspected demise

© Robin Parker

More information on this fascinating collection can be found at <http://www.helenstoreyfoundation.org/pro2.htm>.
All images courtesy of Justine. Model - Korrinna @ Model 1



HOW TO WEAVE TIME

We are proud to publish a piece from Anwen Lewis' debut collection which launched at the Green Room in Manchester in January. In How to Weave Time, Anwen maps her personal journey of discovery as a trans-racially adopted person and the experience of her recent reunion.

Here is a taster...

White Envelope

20th June 12pm

It's just happened
cast on my welcome mat
in unfamiliar hand
a white envelope ticks
amongst the bank statements and
supermarket vouchers

through the tour bus tiredness and
motorway night drive
unletterheaded type swims

were you born in...
during the early part of...
no urgency in reply...
use the SAE provided...

tears slip and splash
dampening the mat

I reply by return
It loops back by phone from the agency

your mother's been registered
to make contact with you
for over ten years, and you've siblings too.
The matronly contralto rises excitedly:

oh, and it's your dad who
was the one who was black
he's still about and wants in on the act!

STOP

I can't stand the jubilant babbling
from a stranger who knows
more about me than I do. I

fix a trip, so they can tell me
face to face
where mine came from

© Anwen Lewis

"An invaluable and selfless contribution to our understanding of the lifelong impact of adoption."

Lynn Charlton,
CEO After Adoption

*"It takes great courage to do what she has done. And even more to write about it. It's ironic and oft missed that we who find our birth family reflect so well on the nature of family.
We are time weavers."*

Lemn Sissay



How to Weave Time is published by Crocus at £7.95
Crocus Books are published by Commonword Enterprises Ltd,
www.cultureword.org.uk/events/how-to-weave-time

Many thanks to Commonword for their cooperation in re-producing this extract.

WHAT'S GOING ON

So, if you live locally, why not join us for the next Story Groups?

- Deeplish Community Centre, Rochdale, first Monday of each month, 1-3pm
- Darnhill Library, Heywood, second Monday of each month, 1-3pm
- Fitton Hill Library, Oldham, third Monday of each month, 1-3pm
- The Art House, Falinge Park High School, first Wednesday of each month, 9.30-11.30am
- Northmoor Library, Coldhurst, Oldham, first Wednesday of each month, 1-3pm
- Moorside Library, Seedfield, Bury, first Thursday of each month, 11am-1pm
- Falinge, NESTAC, 237 Newstead, Rochdale, second Thursday of each month, 1-3pm
- Langley Library, Middleton, fourth Thursday of each month, 1.30-3.30pm

As Spring has sprung why not get your boots on and get down to one of the upcoming local events? Go on, it'll do you good!

Bury Text Festival

This internationally recognised event investigates contemporary language art (poetry, text art, sound and media text, live art). Opening on 29 April it runs into July. www.textfestival.com

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

Freed Up

is The Green Room's open-mic night in Manchester. Also The Language Moment, 8pm on 15th April is the opening event of the international Text Festival and on 28th April VaudeVille presents deliberately absurd performances, poetry, and visual art that embrace the extraordinary, the irrational, and the contradictory.

Touchstones, Rochdale

run a free monthly creative writing workshop.
More info from Lesley Farris on 01706 924 492

Royal Exchange, Manchester

9 May at 7pm Carol Ann Duffy and friends

Scribble

c/o Tell Us Another One

Cartwheel Arts

110 Manchester Street

Heywood

OL10 1DW

T: 01706 361300

F: 01706 361400

E: emma@cartwheelarts.org.uk



COMPETITION

FOR THE READERS

To win a £15 book token and a unique hand-crafted poetry bag simply answer the following question:

Who won the Man Booker prize in 2010?

COMPETITION

FOR THE WRITERS

The next issue of Scribble will be on the theme of **FAMILIES**

Write a poem or short story (maximum 200 words) inspired by family. Perhaps your family members have some amusing quirks you want to share or perhaps you have a poignant memory of a family member that shaped your view on life. You can be as abstract as you like - elephant families, estranged families, strange families... whatever tickles you.

The winning entry will win a £20 book token and a signed copy of the new book How to Weave Time by Anwen Lewis (covered on page 11). The runner up will receive a £20 book token and both will be published in the next issue of Scribble.

Deadline for both: Monday 30th May 2011

If you have entered Scribble competitions before, don't worry. Enter again!



design and print by Tyme Design 0161 234 0717

