

Free!

Scribble

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New
Writing
Poetry
Fiction
REVIEWS

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IN RESIDENCY:
JACK MOONEY
FOCUS ON SUMMER
TONY WALSH
FOCUS ON GHETTS:
ROCHDALE
LITERATURE &
IDEAS FESTIVAL

The invention issue

Words from the Editor



Hello, and welcome to Scribble magazine!

We publish Scribble quarterly and share ideas and anything that can be written, spoken, or performed! We are also celebrating involvement in this years Rochdale Literature and Ideas Festival 2014 which happens to coincide with Cartwheel Arts 30th Anniversary! So in as much as this is a literature magazine that of course takes new writing seriously it is also our party issue so expect some unexpected fun to spring out of our pages this season.

Our work takes us to meet with new and undiscovered writers from across the Greater Manchester boroughs of Rochdale, Bury, and Oldham where we deliver the "Tell Us Another One" project for writers of all levels of experience who are then given the opportunity to contribute to the pages of Scribble magazine with Poems, Fiction, News and Reviews and with featured articles of your favourite writers, poets and performers.

In usual Tell Us Another One fashion we are working with a theme for this issue which is Invention! How does it bring about change in a world that is constantly moving and progressing faster and faster. Invention and innovation seem interchangeable in the modern world, as well as looking back on our experiences of invention we look forward and see where our creative journeys take us.

We are inventors, we are creators, we are writers.



Danny Fahey
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TONY WALSH
INVENTION STARTS WITH "I"



SCRIBBLE ARTIST IN RESIDENCY
JACK MOONEY



FOCUS ON
SUMMER



REVIEW: OTIS GIBBS AT THE
BURY MET 2014



ROCHDALE LITERATURE
AND IDEAS FESTIVAL
- FOCUS ON GHETTOS

INVENTION STARTS WITH "I"

Here a very special poem written for us this year by the masterful Manc poet Tony Walsh, aka Longfella, sums up how we approach everything here at Tell Us Another One. Infinite possibilities, incredible ideas, and boundless energy. We couldn't express it any better ourselves! Read on for Tony's take on the subject of invention.

If it's "impossible" I'm immediately interested

I'm incredibly intellectually inquisitive
I'm impulsively impelled into investigating it intensely

Ignoring insistent idiots, I'll implement initial inspections
I'll involve innately impressive individuals
I'll introduce intrepid international innovators
I'll invest in illuminating independent inquiries into it

I'll inject inspiration!

I invariably instil infectious ideologies
I implant intriguing ideas
I incubate inklings
I improvise incessantly
I incisively interrogate important information
I input iconic images into itemised indexed inventories

I'm immersed in it!

I identify interesting improvements
I instigate impactful inroads into infamously intractable issues
I instinctively imagine initiating instantly ingenious interventions into illogical impediments including infuriatingly interminable inertia

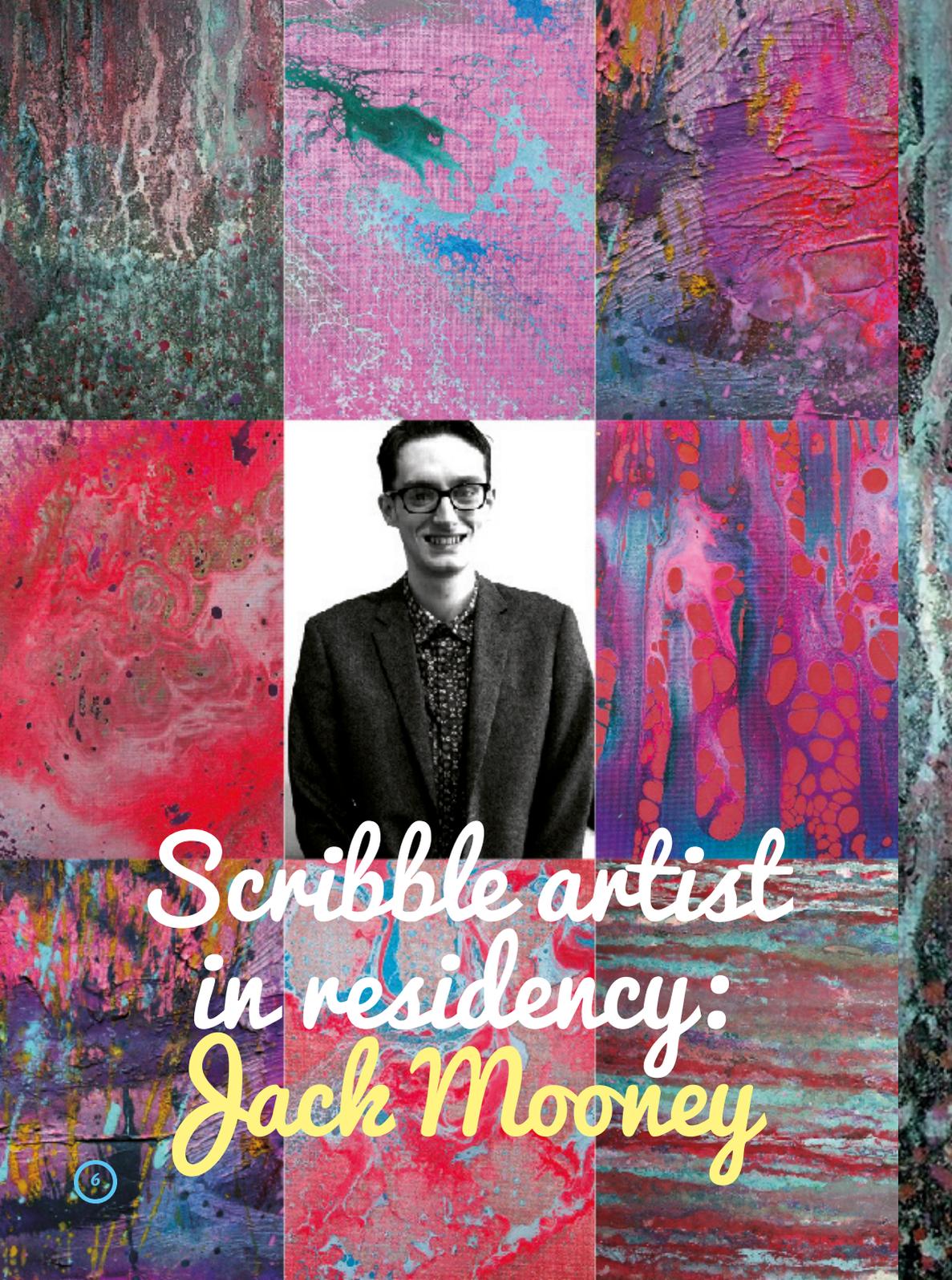
I ignite infernos!

I'm infinitely industrious
I'm infinitely industrious
I'm infinitely industrious

If inconsequential idle idiots insist it's inherently impossible
I interject immediately; insisting instead...

"It isn't impossible – I've invented it!"

© Tony Walsh | 2014 | @LongfellaPoet



*Scribble artist
in residency:
Jack Mooney*

Jack Mooney, the artist also known as Paintcannon is our first resident artist in our new look Scribble magazine. A journeyman of the many arts projects emerging from Heywood's ubiquitous Cartwheel Arts, Jack is a unique find in Rochdale. His vast array of creative artillery ranges from the gruesome and cute characters he draws, all the way through to the very surreal and fluid canvas paintings, colours amassed in movement that you almost feel a part of. Only a cold and unfeeling heart would be unable to feel his passion, this season he has been creating art work in response to poems and writing submitted by participants many of which you will see alongside entries within these very pages. Jack was good enough to answer a few questions for us in a quick fire Q&A about his work and where he's headed.

What is Paintcannon all about?

Paintcannon is a way of giving my artwork an identity, all my paintings are vivid and colourful so Paintcannon seemed to fit. It's also the name of my group on Facebook.

Tell us about your arts space/studio?

At the moment I don't have an "art studio" per se, I actually use my shed in the garden where I can paint all day without worrying about getting paint everywhere, I'd recommend anyone who wants to paint to get a shed, it makes all the difference.

Did you learn to create art at college or university or are you purely self-taught?

I did four years of college but I was always keen on drawing since I was a kid, my older cousin was always artistic and I was forever copying him.

How has the business of art so far met your expectations?

I've realised you have to know who you want to sell to, you might have fantastic artwork but if you're showcasing your fantastic artwork in the wrong place to the wrong people you'll never sell anything.

How important is it that you exhibit your work and have you a large collection?

If you want to make a living by selling art then it's very important to get noticed, having your work in a shop window or a gallery will help, as will getting your work in the local papers or magazines. I have a large collection of my own paintings and hopefully I'll be buying other people's work soon.

Public art vs galleries?

I think I prefer public art because more often than not you get to meet the people who've done the work, whereas galleries can sometimes be daunting.

What is the big picture for Jack Mooney and Paintcannon?

I hope to keep painting and raise my profile enough to make a living through Art.

Where can we see your work exhibited or online?

I'm on Facebook as paintcannon canvases and art where I update regularly with pictures and news, and I have two exhibitions lined up, the first one is Wednesday 17th September to Wednesday 15th October 2014 at Communi-Tea, 234 Yorkshire Street, Rochdale, OL16 2DP and more in autumn following my residency at Scribble Magazine.

"You might have fantastic artwork but if you're showcasing your fantastic artwork in the wrong place to the wrong people you'll never sell anything"



RADIO

My old man's dad, he was wired up for sound
 there were no transistors when he was around
 there was wireless, phone boxes, twenty shillings to the pound
 in those days

Y'see my dad was a Walkman, he had his stations all preset
 you should have heard him talk, man, he had FM and cassette
 he was cool, he was groovy, he was funky, oh you bet
 in those days

but there's been a revolution, and it all began with me
 I'm all singing & dancing digital, you can call me DAB
 and I've got a cute little mobile, she's internet and into me
 most days

we're crystal clear, no fiddling with dials & knobs for us
 cut straight to the chase, at a touch, with a minimum of fuss
 were fitted in Ferraris, you won't find us on a bus
 not ANY day

we've got e-mail, apps & texting & twitter thanks to Steve
 me and Moby are a team, I'm her Adam, she's my Eve
 because it all began with Apple, no change there then, I believe
 since those days

but there's an unsung heroine, my life depends upon
 she enables me to play you songs and stories all night long
 for without my Charger, by dawn, I'd be wasted, dead and gone
 these days

Phil Barling Dumers Lane Writers Group



TIME

Everything I begin by looking at the time
 I have done since my childhood

My dad used to wake me at 3am
 to say my prayers, breakfast
 Recite two chapters of the Quran daily
 and then I would do my sewing by hand

Even now it's all the same for me

During Ramadan, I got up at the same
 hour following my childhood learnt
 timetable

On the day of Eid with no more fasting
 I still was up at my early hour to get
 everything ready to celebrate

I prepared a plate of sweet vermicelli
 Said my prayers over it to bless
 all those passed and all with us

Then I cleaned and prepared twenty five
 chicken legs, clean, spice up to marinade
 in the pot went the lamb for the rice and
 another pot for the curry the masala
 for meatball and potato curry, each ball
 spiced, made round and fried, piled high

I checked the time, the meat for the rice
 was ready, the stock strained and into the
 rice

I keep everything separate and tidy,
 organised

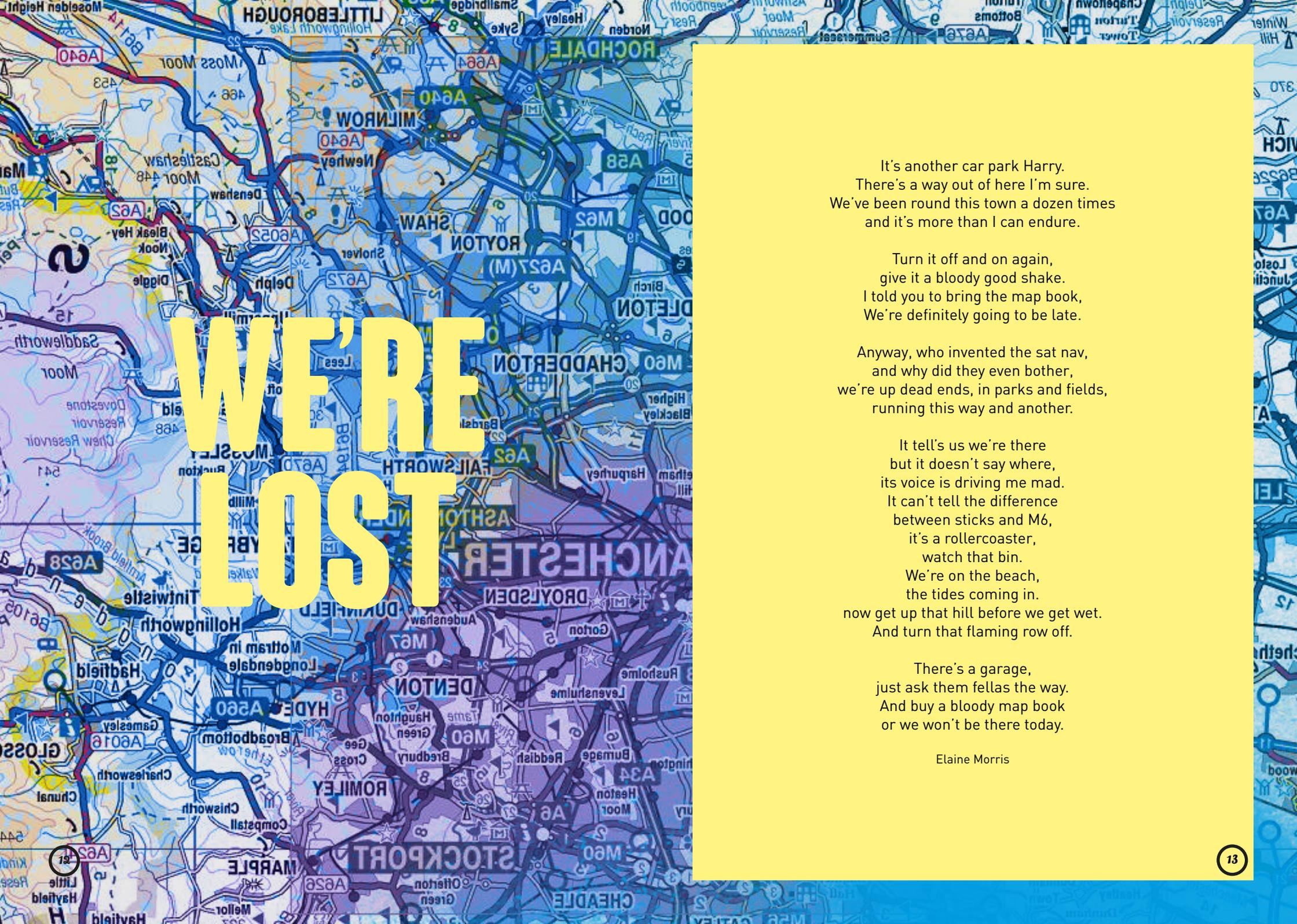
At 7am I placed the chicken in the oven
 to roast for an hour, then it will be ready
 I have an electric oven, it's fast, really
 good

The lamb rice pilau was ready and resting
 I was onto the sweet rice and boiling eggs

My son came home after his night shift
 and with my other son went to say Eid
 prayers at the mosque and then we ate
 our feast

Our family together before my other son
 Went to work at 12

Written in Urdu by Sufira Begum Deepish Writers Group | Translated and edited by Anjum Malik



WE'RE LOST

It's another car park Harry.
There's a way out of here I'm sure.
We've been round this town a dozen times
and it's more than I can endure.

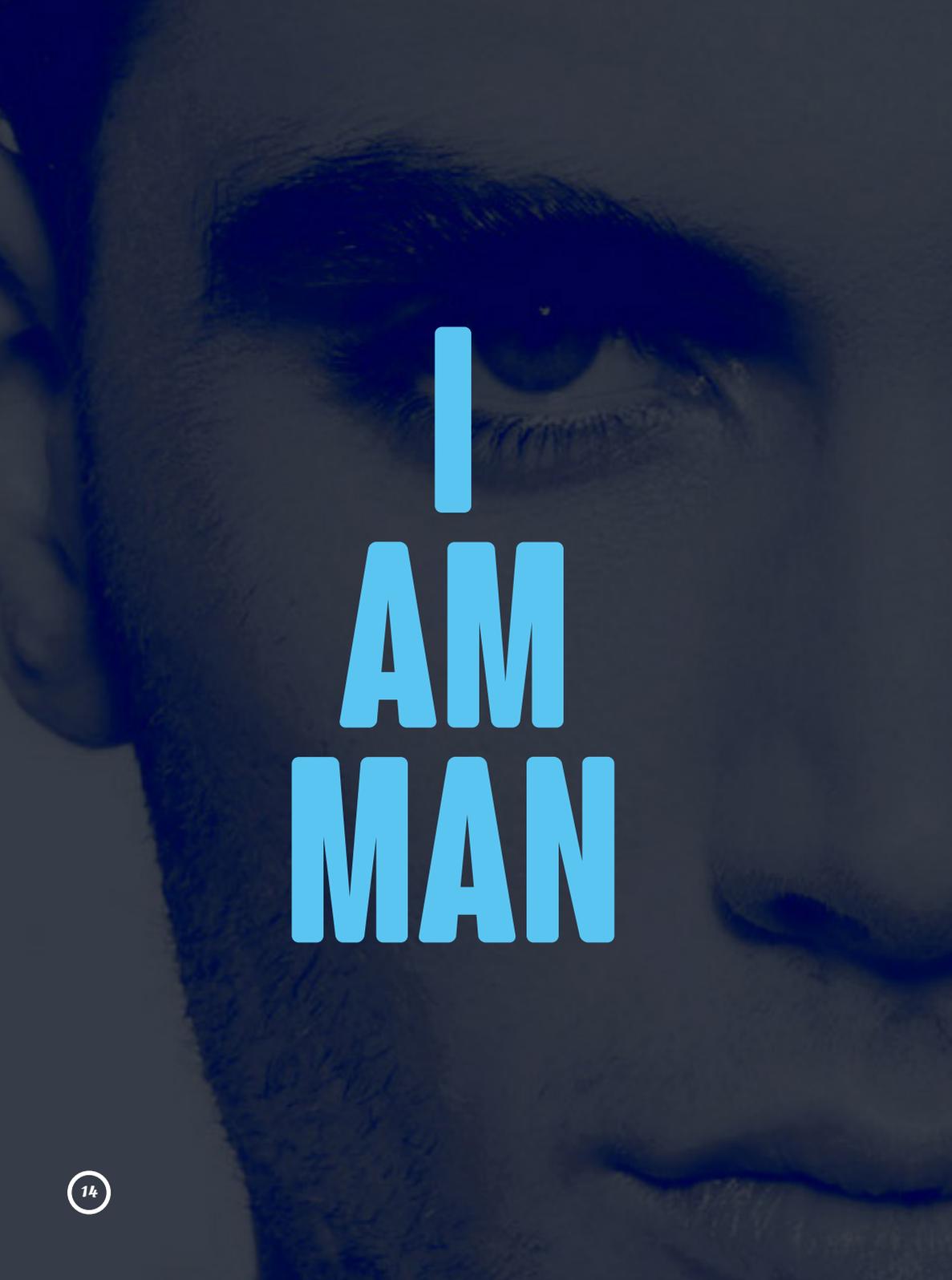
Turn it off and on again,
give it a bloody good shake.
I told you to bring the map book,
We're definitely going to be late.

Anyway, who invented the sat nav,
and why did they even bother,
we're up dead ends, in parks and fields,
running this way and another.

It tell's us we're there
but it doesn't say where,
its voice is driving me mad.
It can't tell the difference
between sticks and M6,
it's a rollercoaster,
watch that bin.
We're on the beach,
the tides coming in.
now get up that hill before we get wet.
And turn that flaming row off.

There's a garage,
just ask them fellas the way.
And buy a bloody map book
or we won't be there today.

Elaine Morris



I AM MAN

First I discovered fire and made weapons to hunt for food

Later they were used to kill people on a world wide scale

Then I invented the wheel, it was used for carts and carriages

Later we had bicycles, cars, planes, trains

And tanks

I found uses for herbs and plants for medicines for healing
Healing is big business

Sold to the highest bidder 'buy and you can live'

Then technology, televisions, phones, the internet
ipod's, iphone's, laptops, all making the world a smaller place

Scientists winning wars with deadly weapons, bombs, landmines
Bringing a country and its people to submission

I live in a world of selfishness and greed,
why can't we invent a world of love embracing everyone and live in harmony

I discovered fire, and made weapons to hunt for food

I am man

Frances Ardern Dumers Lane Writers Group



Focus on Summer

Summer seems such a long, long time ago, World Cup fever, Wimbledon, Glastonbury, so many hazy days spent basking in the British summertime. The Tell Us Another One project at Cartwheel Arts was also busy making the most of the weather, getting a shed load of work done while the sun was shining.

In the very limited Summer season we managed to help produce Heywood's Darnhill Festival, build an invention based on some local young people's designs, create a book of recipes and creative writing in partnership with Rochdale charity Petrus Community called "Food When", supported the development of an original monologue called "The Curious Case Of The Gurkha Knife." and by the time you read this we will have produced our own Festival of Creative Writing "Scribble Festival", created a graphic novel with the community in Rochdale called "BlackWheel" and supported the programming of and supported participants to perform in The Rochdale Literature and Ideas Festival 2014. Hopefully these photos will give you a taste of summer at Tell Us Another One and Cartwheel Arts.



REVIEW: OTIS GIBBS AT THE BURY MET 2014

Midweek in Bury, the weekend a million miles away. You need a pick-me-up, a shake down, good luck, not goodbye, some good music, good vibes. So you go to the Met, and I don't mean the tram.

Wednesday's evening sun is creating havoc with your eye line as you squint into Market street. Otis Gibbs at the Met Theatre, Cafe & bar.

Wander through the booking office into the stage area and you're greeted by the old Saturday Matinee darkness, a cavern black area where one or two seats carry signs saying "I am broken" and you're taken back to old folk clubs above pubs where the patrons seemed to hold similar signs over their hearts. Candles wink from Chianti bottles and strangers and friends whisper in anticipation. It's like you're inside a conjuror's hat, velvet black and waiting for surprise.

The man appears, denim and work shirt, red beard, baseball cap on the old way. Acoustic with pick up. Straight in to it. Songs about the Town that killed Kennedy, Ghosts of our Fathers, Back in the Day Blues, Joe Hill's Ashes, Small Town Saturday Night. A little bit Springsteen, Woody Guthrie, Steve Earle and Tom Waits with just a dash of Jack Daniels.

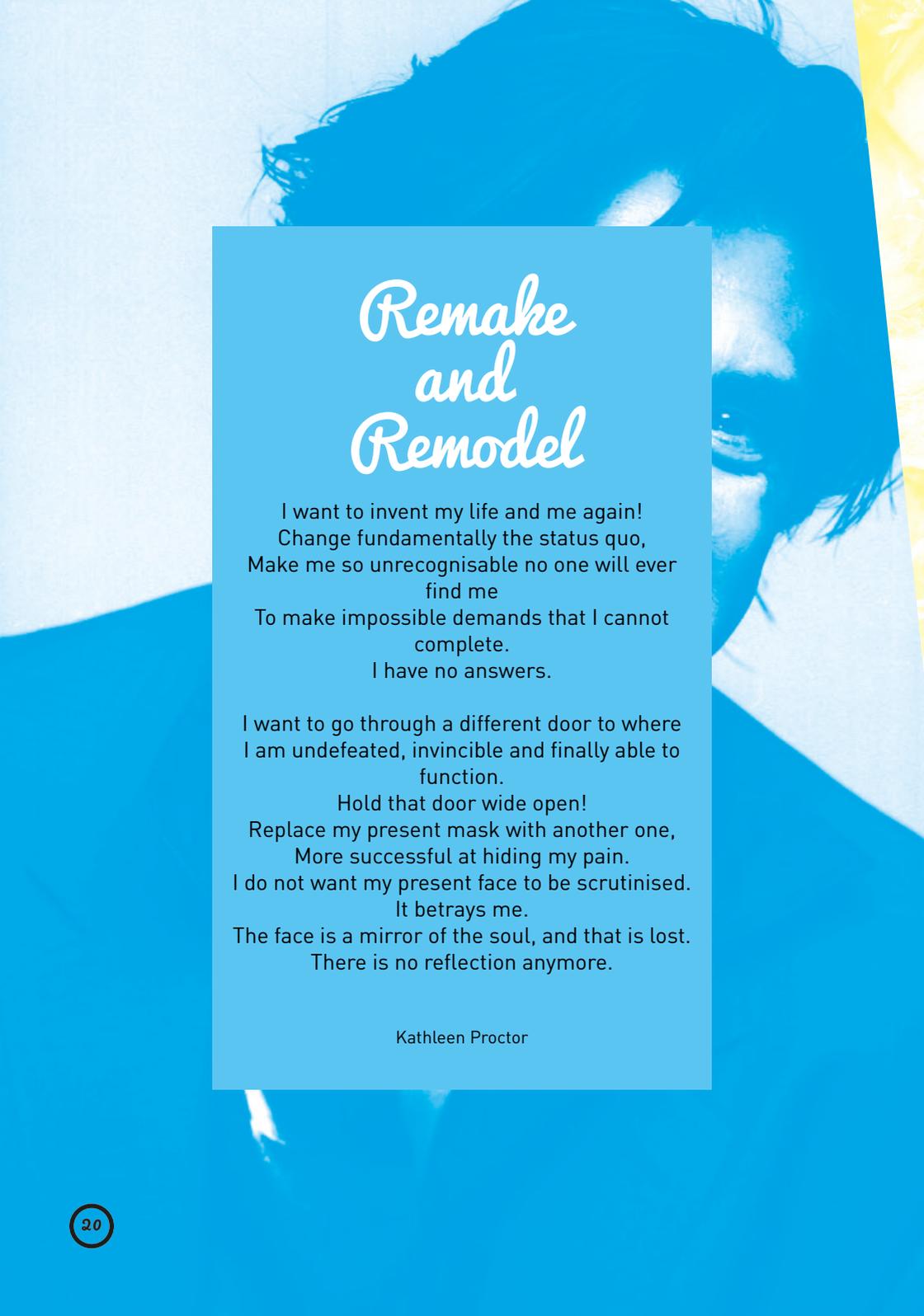
Otis played over sixty minutes. He comes from Indiana, planted trees for ten years, played in Honky Tonk bars; none of which applies to you. Yet his songs still speak to you and judging by the reaction, a fair few others in this mixed bag of silver folkies, students, drinkers and casuals, looking for some meaning on a midweek night in Bury Town.

Look him up. Doesn't matter whether you're into the politics or social issues. This is authentic music. Pure. And the tunes are pretty damn good. Here is a man who should be major league but maybe you prefer him right here. With us. Singing words that speak about growing up, growing old, songs about emotions that can easily be transplanted into your own experience of the world. Songs that speak about life, about us. To us.

Ladies and gentlemen, Mr Otis Gibbs. Let him into your hearts.

Phil Barling Dumer Lane Writers Group

*Find more out about otis gibbs on
www.otisgibbs.com*



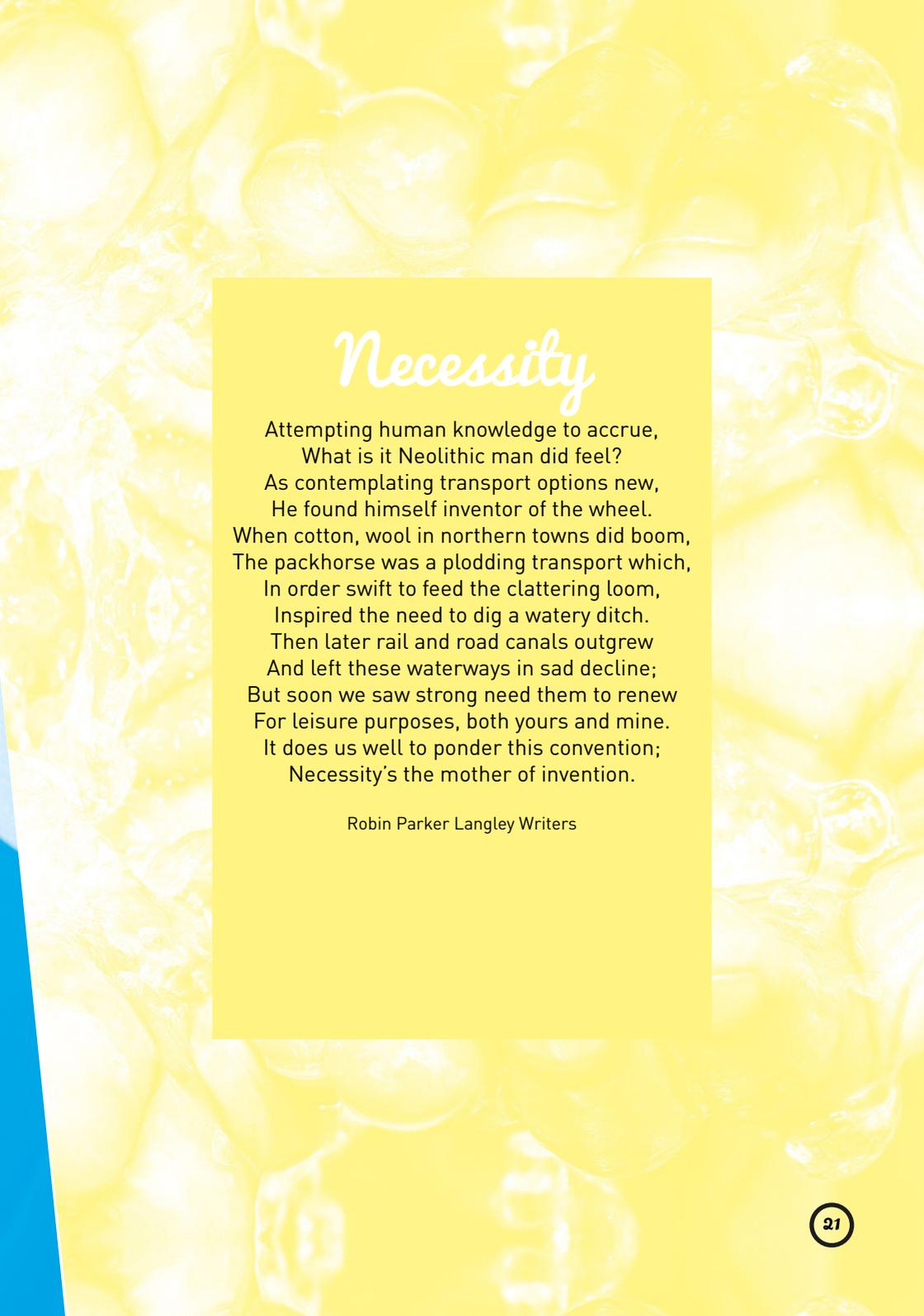
Remake and Remodel

I want to invent my life and me again!
Change fundamentally the status quo,
Make me so unrecognisable no one will ever
find me
To make impossible demands that I cannot
complete.
I have no answers.

I want to go through a different door to where
I am undefeated, invincible and finally able to
function.

Hold that door wide open!
Replace my present mask with another one,
More successful at hiding my pain.
I do not want my present face to be scrutinised.
It betrays me.
The face is a mirror of the soul, and that is lost.
There is no reflection anymore.

Kathleen Proctor



Necessity

Attempting human knowledge to accrue,
What is it Neolithic man did feel?
As contemplating transport options new,
He found himself inventor of the wheel.
When cotton, wool in northern towns did boom,
The packhorse was a plodding transport which,
In order swift to feed the clattering loom,
Inspired the need to dig a watery ditch.
Then later rail and road canals outgrew
And left these waterways in sad decline;
But soon we saw strong need them to renew
For leisure purposes, both yours and mine.
It does us well to ponder this convention;
Necessity's the mother of invention.

Robin Parker Langley Writers

Wash &nd Go

I remember when I was 14 living in Pakistan
Washing our family clothes with my mother

We started in the morning and finished
In the evening.

I would put the soap on and my mother beat
them with a stick, then rub hard with our hands
until clean, then rinse in clean water squeezing
with our hands to get as much of the water out
as we could.

To dry them, we would go to the roof top
carrying heavy loads up the stairs and
hang the washing out on the line.

We would get so tired after a whole day of
washing.

Now in these days
with washing machines
life is so easy
Just put your clothes in
turn the machine on
in one hour its washed
cleaned, dry.
8 hours work done in one hour

Shugufta Jabeen Deeplish Writers Group
Edited by Anjum Malik

I Need You

You're a fruity multitasker
Connecting me
To family and friends
You're my co-writer
Correcting my spelling
Keeping count of my words
You're an imagination enabler
Giving me the tools to create
You're a 'you've got mail'
A searching swap or sale
You're a photo collector
A memory reflector
You're my ability to still write
When my hands don't work right
You're my necessity
My flexibility
My eyes for sight
You're mine
And I need you
To enable my life

Katie Haigh Darnhill
Writers Group

I
Need
You

BLACK PEA HEAVEN

Here at Scribble magazine we have heard tale of The Black Pea Man, a legend of the 50's and 60's, a tall man with a dark leather bomber jacket who rode a loud noisy modified motorcycle with a heated metal box attached. The 50's image of the leather clad Biker with fearsome intent seems to fade away when people speak of The Black Pea Man, of how he would call and happily dish out the Lancastrian treat he peddled from street to street in Rochdale and beyond.

The Black Pea Man was brought to memory by members of our Petrus Green Gym group who took part in the "Food When" project who all spoke fondly of him and his Canadian Maple Black Pea dish, a savoury evening treat for children in the 50's and 60's, and The Black Pea Man didn't stop delivering until 1973. The Black Pea Man, who we now know was called Arthur White passed away in 2007 but his legacy lives on in this excerpt of work from local writer Sophie Russell.

Anticipation, anticipation, anticipation,
a mantra to extend pleasure
The eternal nationwide drawing
slowly to that inexorable end

Watch which taboos you accept
"Foreign food" is not to be tolerated,
It needs to be loved

Get the bowls ready,
I can hear the bell summoning the faithful
to the Black Pea supper
Dad adds Daddies sauce,
Mums at work, Kids add Salt

Knowing with every mouthful
the end of pleasure is drawing close

Where has he gone with his
Triumph motorcycle and his goggles?
Bring back my childhood on your sated horse

Don't trust a stick thin cook, little chefs are best avoided
Try to find a well fed purveyor of fine foods, and drink

If you want to remind yourself
what food used to taste like visit France, Italy and Spain
But stay away from the force fed Goose

Take moderation in moderation
The soporific state of the well fed soul,
is the closest thing to heaven
Apart from a George Best goal!

Sophie Russell Green Gym Writers Group



ROCHDALE LITERATURE AND IDEAS FESTIVAL: FOCUS ON GHETTS

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In October between Friday 25th October and Sunday 26th October, Rochdale Literature & Ideas Festival will be exploring literature and the spoken word in all of its forms as well as other ideas and notions that are often communicated through creative writing. One of the artists that will have the spotlight shining on his talents is the musician Justin Clarke aka Ghetts. Here at Tell Us Another One we have a great network of friends and champions and one of them is music journalist Mike Wood of Earmilk.com who did us the great honour of interviewing Ghetts for this Autumn edition of Scribble magazine. Here's how it all went!

A storm approaches, as Rochdale Literature and Ideas Festival prepare to welcome one of the UK's most talented rappers, East London's Ghetts will grace the stage during the Festival weekend. The festival is a vast change from the usual type of bookings he receives, which usually see him performing to thousands of Hip Hop and Grime lovers across the UK & Europe. Danny Fahey, a talented emcee himself (known as Fallacy) and also manager of Cartwheel Arts creative writing project 'Tell Us Another One', has been instrumental in the booking of Ghetts, and wants to use this gig as a platform to show people that there is a whole generation of people with the skills, talent and ideas that are perhaps overlooked due to perceptions people may have.

Some people may have looked at Ghetts' name on the line up amongst the flurry of authors and poets, not knowing who he is or what he does. A quick Google search should reveal that he is a rapper from East London who has an impressive discography that stretches all the way back to 2005 when he released his first project '2000 and Life'. With

just this small snippet of information, the thoughts of drugs, violence and degrading women would have been whirling around in people's heads, a mindset that Ghetts believes has already started changing across the pond in the USA. "I feel like in America they've kind of accepted that rap is a lot more than just someone shouting into a microphone a bunch of words about guns and drugs" he offers, "whereas I think over here, people need to dig a bit deeper, it's still kind of new to people in the UK".

So with the Great British public not looking past particular stereotypes as often as they should, the UK's more urban artists are overlooked as intellectual talents who produce their own brand of art, something Ghetts strongly agrees with. "Yes, I definitely think that rappers are not celebrated as much as they should be, there are emcees that are lyrically amazing but they're not praised for their lyrical ability or anything like that, it's more about where their tune charted, it's never taken on content alone".

Indeed the Plaistow native's latest offering, the brilliantly crafted album 'Rebel Without A Cause', sees the East London emcee transform himself from the Ghetts that's seen as a pioneer of the Grime scene, to Justin Clarke, the artist who's Gospel roots saw him take in a whole host of influences including jazz and punk rock, which can be really felt on his latest project. "For me as a person, I like evolving, I like the art of music and I want to learn more" Ghetts states before adding "I know a lot of people are going to view me as just a rapper but I really like to push boundaries within the music that I'm making".

Whilst he continues to try and push his →

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creativity as far as he can go, he still has that “roadman” persona that was bestowed upon him when he first came into the music scene back in '05, as just another kid off the estates of London. Balancing himself out between the Ghetts everyone loves from the Grime scene, to the man he is today is an arduous task, and one which Justin himself finds tough to deal with. “I feel like an outcast most of the time, like I’m between a rock and a hard place” he opens up, “I feel like I’ve outgrown the person that everyone loved me for when I first came into the game, so it’s kind of a lose-lose situation for me as people may have a pre-conception of my music or sound or how I was as a person many years ago when they first heard of me and they’ve tarnished me with a brush already. They always say first impressions last forever, and I believe that’s very true”.

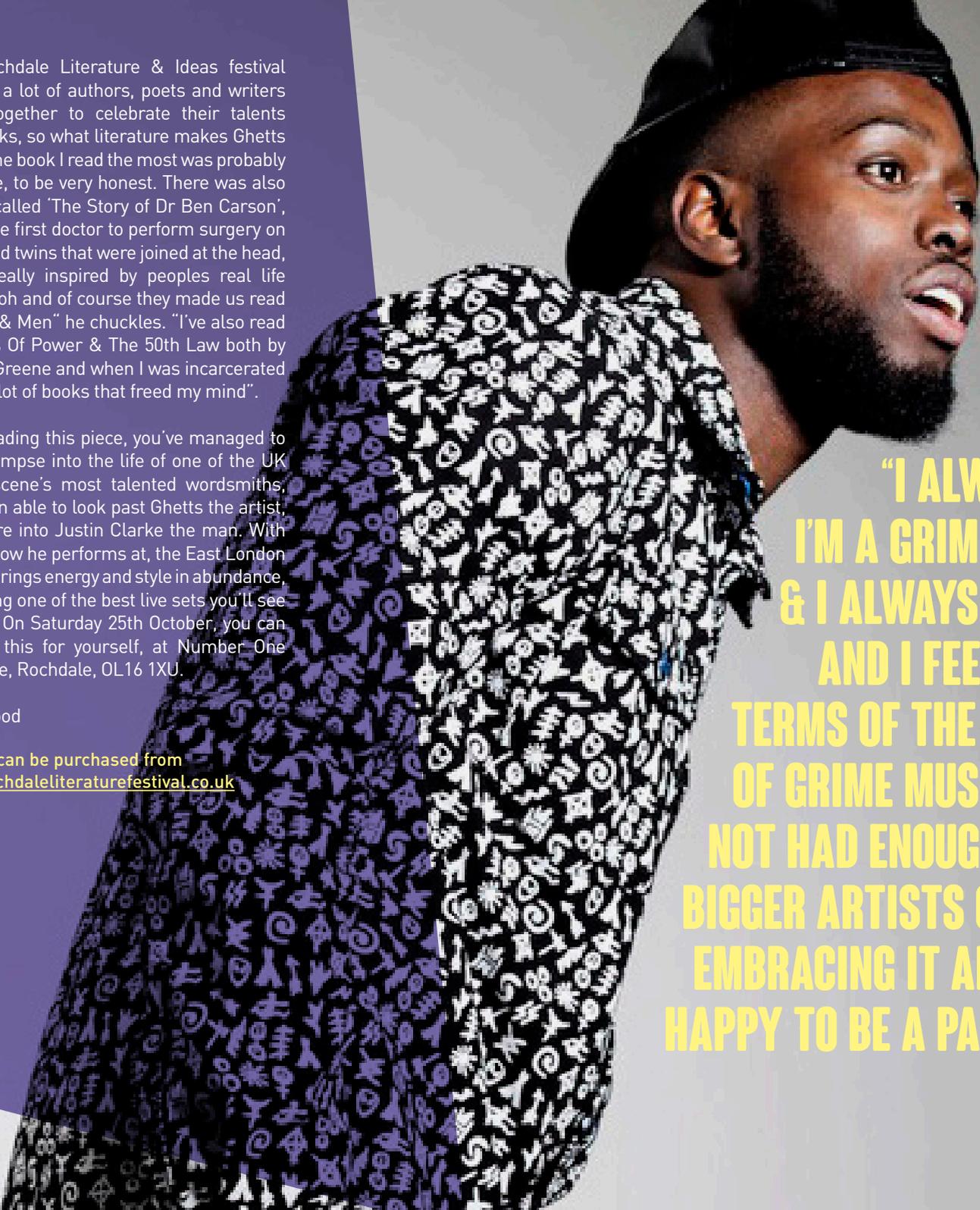
Success breeds contempt, and there will always be a group of people who dislike the transformation that an artist undertakes, especially if their sound evolves, which is something that Ghetts is quick to break down. “I don’t like to be boxed in like that, I always say I’m a Grime artist and I always will be, and I feel like in terms of the culture of Grime music, we’ve not had enough of our bigger artists or faces embracing it and being happy to be a part of it” he states, before quickly adding “I’m trying to say it at every chance so people know I’m proud of what we’ve accomplished and proud of what we’ve built to this point and I plan on helping to build it up even more by pushing the boundaries”.

The Rochdale Literature & Ideas festival will see a lot of authors, poets and writers come together to celebrate their talents and works, so what literature makes Ghetts tick? “The book I read the most was probably the bible, to be very honest. There was also a book called ‘The Story of Dr Ben Carson’, about the first doctor to perform surgery on conjoined twins that were joined at the head, I was really inspired by people’s real life stories, oh and of course they made us read ‘Of Mice & Men’” he chuckles. “I’ve also read ‘48 Laws Of Power & The 50th Law’ both by Robert Greene and when I was incarcerated I read a lot of books that freed my mind”.

After reading this piece, you’ve managed to get a glimpse into the life of one of the UK music scene’s most talented wordsmiths, and been able to look past Ghetts the artist, and more into Justin Clarke the man. With every show he performs at, the East London emcee brings energy and style in abundance, delivering one of the best live sets you’ll see all year. On Saturday 25th October, you can witness this for yourself, at Number One Riverside, Rochdale, OL16 1XU.

Mike Wood

Tickets can be purchased from www.rochdaleliteraturefestival.co.uk



**“I ALWAYS SAY
I’M A GRIME ARTIST
& I ALWAYS WILL BE,
AND I FEEL LIKE IN
TERMS OF THE CULTURE
OF GRIME MUSIC, WE’VE
NOT HAD ENOUGH OF OUR
BIGGER ARTISTS OR FACES
EMBRACING IT AND BEING
HAPPY TO BE A PART OF IT”**

A man with a beard, wearing a red t-shirt, is performing at a microphone on a stage. In the background, a drummer is visible. The title 'The Cinquain' is overlaid on the left side of the image.

The Cinquain

A Cinquain, pronounced "sin-cane," is a form of poetry apparently known as the cousin to the Haiku. In form they are fun and challenging and use the rule of 2 syllables in the first line, 4 in the second, 6 in the third, 8 in the fourth, and 2 in the last. Tell Us Another One had a guest writer over summer, the larger than life poet Reece Williams of Manchester poets collective Inna Voice, who introduced the Cinquain to a number of participants, two of whom have stepped up to the challenge and embraced the form, submitting some of their own poems using the theme of invention as their starting point.

I love
Multi Layered
Long and velvety soft
Packs of loo roll
And sod the price
Lovely

Denise W Dumers Lane Writers Group

My phone
This invention
My hearts desire my love
Rings at most inopportune times
Switch off

Fran Ardern Dumers Lane Writers Group



Lost At Home

The mobile phone has
changed everybody's life.
This has benefits and disadvantages.

But there are more disadvantages
than benefits.

When there were no mobile phones
the family would sit together and chat.

They would know how each other was doing.

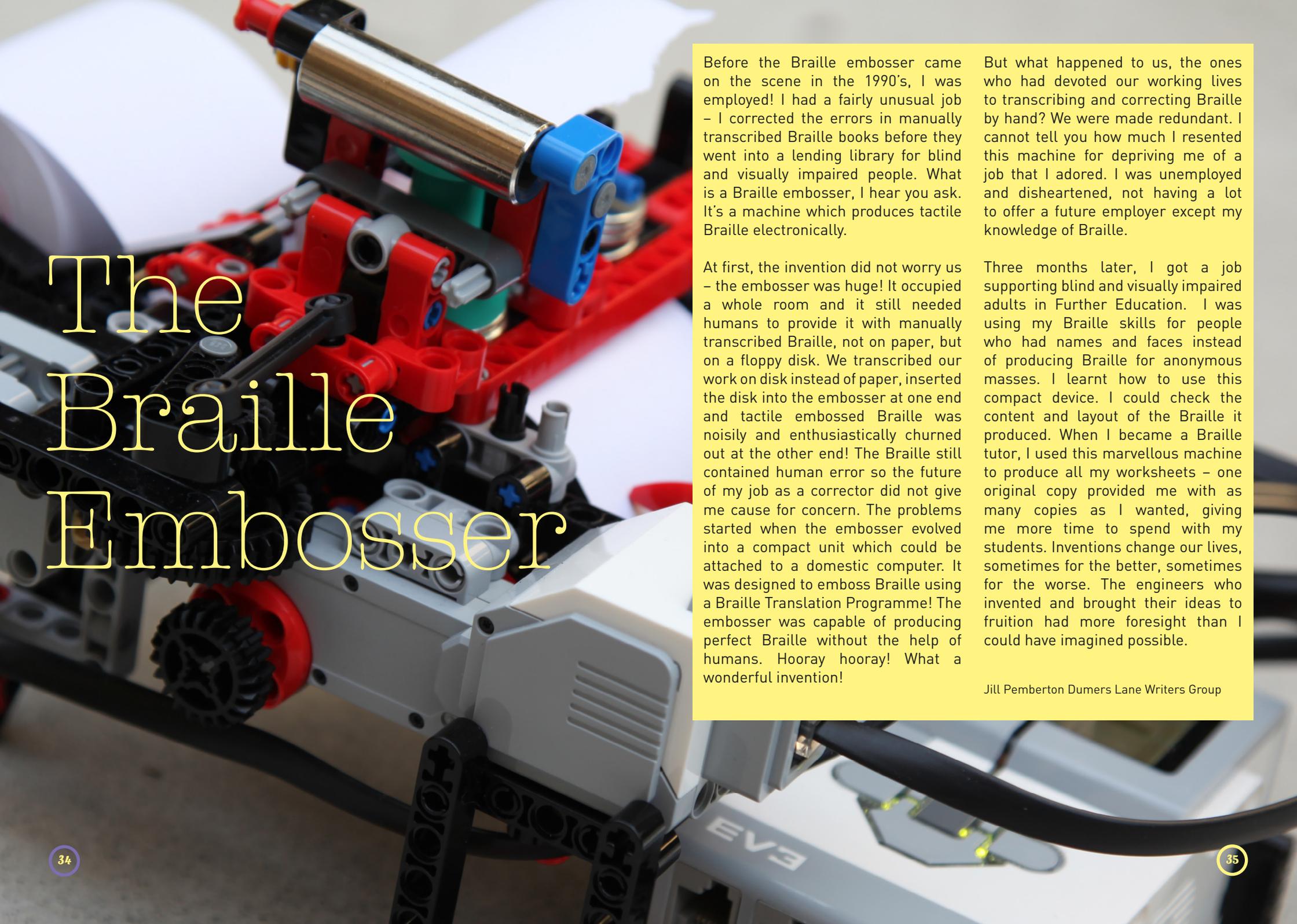
After the arrival of the mobile phone,
everyone is shut away in their rooms.

Even in a two bedroomed house,
it is difficult to find anyone.

The advantage is that if you urgently need to meet
someone, time is no issue,

You can get in touch anytime.

Shahida Parveen.
Translated from Urdu by
Shahida Parveen and Shamshad Khan



The Braille Embosser

Before the Braille embosser came on the scene in the 1990's, I was employed! I had a fairly unusual job – I corrected the errors in manually transcribed Braille books before they went into a lending library for blind and visually impaired people. What is a Braille embosser, I hear you ask. It's a machine which produces tactile Braille electronically.

At first, the invention did not worry us – the embosser was huge! It occupied a whole room and it still needed humans to provide it with manually transcribed Braille, not on paper, but on a floppy disk. We transcribed our work on disk instead of paper, inserted the disk into the embosser at one end and tactile embossed Braille was noisily and enthusiastically churned out at the other end! The Braille still contained human error so the future of my job as a corrector did not give me cause for concern. The problems started when the embosser evolved into a compact unit which could be attached to a domestic computer. It was designed to emboss Braille using a Braille Translation Programme! The embosser was capable of producing perfect Braille without the help of humans. Hooray hooray! What a wonderful invention!

But what happened to us, the ones who had devoted our working lives to transcribing and correcting Braille by hand? We were made redundant. I cannot tell you how much I resented this machine for depriving me of a job that I adored. I was unemployed and disheartened, not having a lot to offer a future employer except my knowledge of Braille.

Three months later, I got a job supporting blind and visually impaired adults in Further Education. I was using my Braille skills for people who had names and faces instead of producing Braille for anonymous masses. I learnt how to use this compact device. I could check the content and layout of the Braille it produced. When I became a Braille tutor, I used this marvellous machine to produce all my worksheets – one original copy provided me with as many copies as I wanted, giving me more time to spend with my students. Inventions change our lives, sometimes for the better, sometimes for the worse. The engineers who invented and brought their ideas to fruition had more foresight than I could have imagined possible.

Jill Pemberton Dumers Lane Writers Group



Matches

We were celebrating my daughter's birthday with all the works, decorations, lights, music, a mountain of presents and a room full of family and friends and of course the cake with the right number of candles ready to be lit but we had no matches in the house and no one smoked – so they all claimed. It was so funny, I tried lighting a candle on the electric hob but it melted before I could get it to the cake. A little box with tiny sticks, what a great invention, we realised its great importance. And then a friend arrived, happy to admit she smoked and had matches, the party could begin.

Written in Urdu by Balqis Akram
Deeplish Writers Group
Translated and edited by Anjum Malik



Sewing Machine

When I was young I liked to stitch and sew dolls clothes. At that time we had a hand machine which only my mum used. She would sew our school uniform, bed sheets, quilt covers, dresses etc. When I completed my GCSE's I had a three month holiday, during this time my mum sent me to sewing classes and learn more about craft. After that I was allowed to use the sewing machine and make my own dresses, and I would also help my mum to make household things, like making cushions, sofa covers etc.

Hand machines are very difficult to use, at the end of the day my arm would feel very heavy and painful. When the new invention was introduced, which was a motor machine we were able to work the machine by pressing the foot control using our foot, my arm was free from the pain! Life would be much easier, dresses which I would sew in a few days using the hand machine, I would now sew in a few hours using the motor machine.

I would bring material from the shop and start to sew clothes. Nowadays machines are very advanced, we can make any design & pattern using the machine. Completing embroidery by hand.

Attiya Malik Spotland Writers Group

What's Going On? Join In!

October 2014

Tell Us Another One at Cartwheel Arts present Scribble Festival
Thursday 23 October 2014

Venue: Middleton Arena, Manchester
Price: FREE
Info: 01706 361 300

Rochdale Literature and Ideas Festival 2014
Friday 24th October – Sunday 26th October 2014

Venue: Number One First Street, Rochdale
Price: Various
Info: www.rochdaleliteraturefestival.co.uk

November 2014

Comedy at the Coliseum
Tuesday 4th November 2014

Venue: Oldham Colliseum, Oldham
Price: £12.00
Info: 0161 624 2829

Heywood Civic Motown Soul
Saturday 29th November 2014

Venue: Heywood Civic centre
Price: £6.00
Info: 01706 368130

December 2014

Once More with Meaning
Sunday 21st December 2014

Venue: Bury Met
Price: £3.00
Info: gemmathepoet@hotmail.co.uk

Cinderella
Monday 1st December -
Wednesday 24th December 2014

Venue: Middleton Arena
Price: £13.00
Info: 0844 855 4020

Anyone can join our Tell Us Another One regular writing groups which we support across the Greater Manchester Boroughs of Rochdale, Oldham, and Bury. Groups meet monthly and are always welcoming towards new members. For more information contact 01706 361 300

Darnhill

Darnhill Library
Argyle Parade
Heywood OL10 3RY
Second Monday of each month 1pm-3pm

Spotland

Spotland Community Centre
92-96 Spotland Rd, Rochdale OL12 6PJ
Fourth Wednesday of each month 9am-11am

Deeplish

Deeplish Community Centre
Hare St, Rochdale, Lancashire OL11 1JT
Third Tuesday of each month
1pm – 3pm

Fitton Hill

Fitton Hill Library
Fir Tree Avenue, Oldham OL8 2QP
Second Saturday of each month
11am – 1pm

Dumers Lane

Dumers Lane Library
245 Dumers Lane, Radcliffe M26 2GN
Third Friday of each month
11am – 1pm

Moorside

Moorside Library
Parkinson Street, Bury BL9 6NY
First Thursday of each month
2pm – 4pm

Scribble

Scribble Magazine is part of the Tell Us Another One Project, a three-year creative writing project, run by Cartwheel Arts in the North-West of England, the project operates in the greater Manchester boroughs of Rochdale, Bury and Oldham and is funded by Big Lottery and supported by each borough respectively.

We run monthly creative writing groups for adults in locations around the three boroughs considered to be in need of cultural provision.

These groups are free and open to everyone with no previous experience of creative writing needed, you don't need to have perfect grammar and your first language need not be English.

If you're interested in creative writing and would like to try new forms and styles, from poetry to ultra-short fiction, to song lyrics to dramatic monologues or playscripts, if you'd like to meet and work with well known professional writers and if you'd like to know other people in your local area who enjoy creative writing, your local Tell Us Another One group is waiting to welcome you.

 Find us on Facebook: Cartwheel Arts

 Follow us on Twitter: @cartwheelarts

 Watch us on youtube: Cartwheelartsonline

