

# IN YOUR OWN WORDS



Baaa Braa Blacksheep have you eny wool  
no sir no sir no bags full  
said the horse

Paula Traill Age Seven

Thanks:

To the North West Arts Association, age 3½,  
Manchester Cultural Services Dept, age 95,  
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for their continued financial support.

Apologies:

To the kids whose work we were not able to  
include.

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# START HERE




On Saturday 9th June Withington held a festival in  
Rippingham Road Park. Besides the usual refreshments and  
sidestalls, there was a traditional Punch and Judy show,  
a fancy dress competition and folk dancing displays. In  
contrast, there were rock groups, a local steel band and  
a street theatre group.

Commonword, a writers' workshop based in Manchester,  
were invited to run a children's stall. We set up a long  
tressle table equipped with plenty of paper and coloured  
pens. Even before the posters went up explaining our  
intentions, we were surrounded by kids only too pleased  
to draw and write - for free.

This little magazine is a selection of some of their work.  
We think they're great and if you think you could do as  
well....or better, then send your entries to:

Commonword Writers Workshop  
61, Bloom Street,  
Manchester M1 3LY

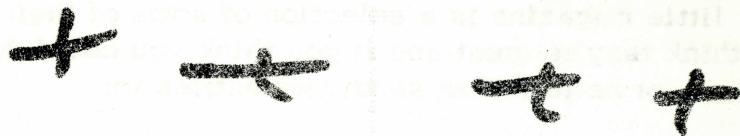
When we have enough stories, poems and pictures, we'll  
print them in the next "IN YOUR OWN WORDS", so watch  
out for it - your story could be there, on the last page!



# THE FESTIVAL

I got up at 9.00 am on Saturday the 9th of June. I went downstairs and made my breakfast. When I had finished my breakfast, I went upstairs and had a wash. I went downstairs and got dressed. By that time it was 10 am so I went to call for my friend. When we had packed everything, we left. We arrived at the carnival at about 10 past ten. They were just starting to set everything up. When everything was set up there was a first aid tent, Neighbour exchange tents, tombolas etc.

Yvonne Berry Age 12



It started like this. It was the Withington Festival. My friend and I came to it. We had two pounds each. My friend's name is Michelle. My name is Joanna. When we got there the first thing we did was get a cornetto because it was too hot, then we got a drink of ice-cold Pepsi. After all that we watched the Yew Tree boys play the drums. But now I hopw we watch the Morris dancers and after we have seen them, we are going home.

Joanna Parkes Age 10



## Little Esmerelda

The Withington Festival had begun. Little Esmerelda wasn't allowed to go because her mother had kept her in bed with a cold. At last her mother went to have a bath. Little Esmerelda knotted her sheets and began to climbout of the window. Of course, the sheets broke and she fell twenty feet, breaking a leg. Being a girl of intelligence and initiative, she tore up her red flannel petticoat and bound up her leg. She managed to limp to Rippingham Road park and began to stumble around.

Well, one of the little groups of dancing girls was one short, so Little Esmerelda volunteered. She borrowed a uniform and cleverly managed to hide her broken leg with a quick rearrangement of her hairstyle. Well, the dance went on. The other girls did not like little Esmerelda, so after the dance they took her round the back and ripped her dress and broke both her arms. Well, she was rather upset and she had to use iron girders to bind her arms because she'd used up all her red flannel petticoat.

She carried on and went to see the fortune teller who suggested that she put her broken limbs on buckles. Later on at the rock concert someone got her drunk and she started dancing. Well, she decided that she'd try to impress people by unbuckling her leg and waving it around her head on a string. Everybody was rather frightened by this and decided that she must be ill. They strapped her to a bicycle and took her home. Her mother was terribly angry with her for ruining her new red flannel petticoat and as a punishment she left Little Esmerelda at home while she went out to the concert.



Now, Little Esmerelda had read cautionary tales for children and she decided that, just for a laugh, she would set the house on fire. Well, she was just pouring a bit of paraffin onto the fire when suddenly she heard her mother returning. She quickly hid in the cupboard where the fire had started. Her mother came in, slightly inebriated, and saw smoke coming from the cupboard. She reached for the Alka-Seltzer and began to laugh. Little Esmerelda had actually been suffocated by this time, which although it was a small step for a child was a great step for childkind.

Little Esmerelda's mother was not terribly heartbroken, and immediately advertised for a lodger to live in Little Esmerelda's room. She lived happily ever after without ever having guilt feelings for the way she had brought up Little Esmerelda.

The Moral of this story is, Never Go To Withington Festival Especially Wearing A Red Flannel Petticoat.

Charlotte Bill



# POEMS

There was an old woman  
Who lived in a shoe  
She had so many children to do with.  
She had no money  
So she sent  
Them to live with a friend.  
She ran away for two years  
And died of hunger and that  
Was the end of all the children who lived in a shoe.

Caron Neary Age 11

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall  
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall  
He did not smash or break at all  
But bounced back upon the wall  
A trampoline was on the ground  
And Humpty Dumpty is safe and sound.

ANON

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe  
She had so many children she didn't know  
What to do. She gave them some honey  
And plenty of money and sent them away to  
A home. They ran away for a year and a day  
And went to their nanna's to live, but their Nanna said  
"Go back to your mother's and work" So they  
went back to their mother's and lived happily ever  
after.

Stephanie Joyce

# SCHOOL

What I like about school  
 it isn't very much,  
 You just sit and do things.  
 Subjects I dislike at school  
 Are horrid. Anything you do is silly.  
 The subject I like is German and English.  
 In the school we go to we're  
 only allowed three playtimes.  
 The school is very big and I am very small.  
 The dinners are terrible but the teachers  
 think the dinners are excellent.  
 I don't think so, though they may be right.

Linda Age 11

I hate school it is terrible  
 My teacher is an old bag  
 She always knocks you in the back.  
 At dinner they say you have to have everything.  
 One teacher said if you do not bring your  
 Swimming kit, you will have to go in  
 With nothing on. I think the kids should decide  
 What play they have.

Jacqueline Age 10

Maths, English they make me sick.  
 Five times a day at school.  
 It's horrible, ugly, sicking too.  
 They make me feel terrible inside.  
 I run home at night and  
 No more fights to do.  
 I run home feeling good  
 And having my freedom.  
 School, school,  
 Bomb it down!  
 Use dynamite to do it  
 But do it PLEASE!!!

John Age 11

My school  
 is very big and  
 I go to school  
 every day except  
 for Saturday  
 and Sunday

Rachel Lievney Age 6

I hate school, school, school.  
 If you talk you get the stick, stick, stick.  
 I am bad but not too sad, sad, sad.  
 I like drawing but you're not allowed, allowed, allowed.  
 My teacher is a snob, snob, snob.  
 When assembly come we have him practice, practice, practice.

Anne Age 10

10/10 VG

# MORE POEMS

## SANDMAN BEACH

Sandman Beach had a face like a peach  
Had pebble eyes full of sighs  
A bulky nose and little fat toes  
He had stubby little feet and was always neat.

Now Sandman Beach  
Had a pet leech  
It was black and squiggly  
He had another leech, green and wiggly.

Sandman's meal  
Is cutlet and veal  
For afters perhaps  
An apple to elapse.

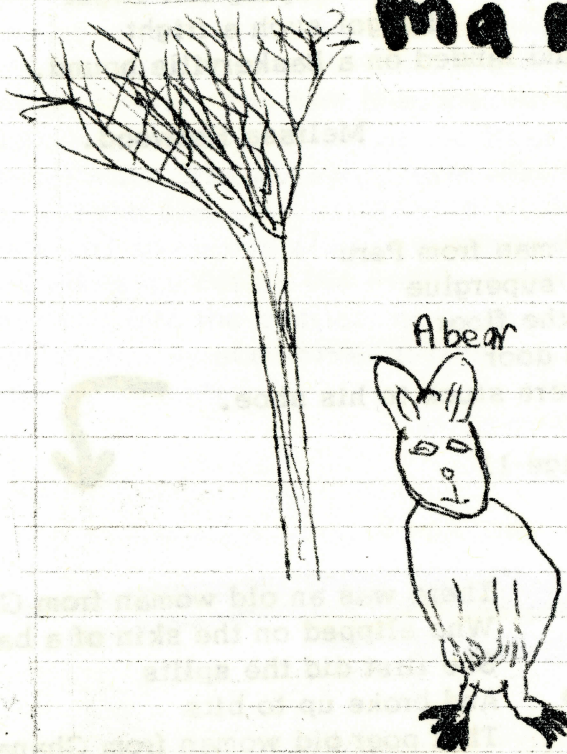
Sam Crowe Age 8

One day I was at  
the shop and a car  
nearly knocked me  
off. He was very quiet.  
He make me drop  
the eggs and  
my mum was  
dead cross and my  
dad was dead cross.

Neil Age 7

Samantha

Ma Edison



I have drawn a bear  
with a tree.

Age 8 1/2

# → AND MORE POEMS

There once was a worm in the ground  
Who tried to leap a fence in one bound  
When leaping full flight  
He got such a fright  
And landed on a Baskerville hound.

Melissa Harwood.

There was an old man from Peru  
Who got stuck in superglue  
He was stuck to the floor  
Then stuck to the door  
And his fingers were stuck to his shoe.

Fiona Ogunyemi Age 11

There was an old woman from Ghana  
Who slipped on the skin of a banana  
She first did the splits  
And broke up to bits  
That poor old woman from Ghana.

Fiona Ogunyemi Age 11

There was a man from the Pru  
Who found he had nothing to do  
He sat on the stairs  
Counting his hairs  
And found he had 82.

Anne Whittaker Age 13

# MY CAT

My cat loves a little bird who lives in the top of my very own sycamore tree. When the bird flies down instead of the natural instinct of grabbing it by the neck and crunching its bone's until it's dead, my cat licks it and then purrs. The bird then sits on the old smelly dustbin and slowly pecks at the fleas and parasites on my cat's fur. The pecking, however, does not annoy my cat and the bird starts talking to it. My cat is a bit thick and so cannot always understand the bird so the bird takes my cat by the neck and swings it round and throws it into the compost heap where it lies for the rest of the day and serves it right for not getting properly educated.

Melissa Harwood.

~~There once was a man on the moon  
he had a nose like a baloon  
his face was red  
his eyes were green  
he was the funniest monster ever seen  
with 3 legs here, two arms there  
and a tail 3 foot in the air~~

Adie Burke

# MUM N DAD

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Commonword is a writers workshop for working people. The Workshop is held every Monday night at 61 Bloom Street, Near Chorlton St Bus Station, at 7.30pm. People bring along their own work to read and discuss. Much of it is printed in our magazine WRITE ON available from the above address or Grass Roots Books (25p + 15p P&P)

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Some people write enough to fill a booklet on their own. One of these is Joe Smythe, a railway guard from Fallowfield. Over the last three years, Joe has written voluminously, often in the dead of night before or after working a shift, and we have recently published a book of his poems, COME AND GET ME. The poems in this collection are mostly about Manchester, the history of a big city, Joe's own childhood and his work, with thoughts on the world cup and British Rail thrown in for good measure.

".....a song of the old and the local with the old fashioned names, end of the line names. The song curled round us like a blanket."

64 Pages. 25p + 15p postage and packing from Commonword.

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Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall eating a banana.  
Where did he put the skin? - Down his best pyjamas.

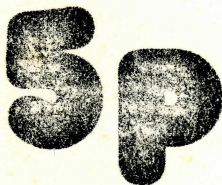
Niel McCormack age 8

"The best book I have read in ages"

William Shakespeare age 400

"Outrageous!"

Local Headmaster age  $2\frac{1}{2}$



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