

LADETTE AT THE WRITING CLASS

Hi ya Sharon. Tiffany here. It's about time aa gi' ye another bell ti let ye knaa what the score is. It must be fower weeks since ye rang to calm iz doon about ye gannin' oot wi' Bernard. Hey but worra laugh! Ye really took the 'lastic oot ov 'e's Y-fronts that neet. Thanks for tekkin' 'im doon a peg. Burra shurra done it mesel'. Nivvor mind, aa thowt aa'd just keep ye up ti speed wi me latest gannins-on. Aye. Me father's still trying to keep iz on the stright an' narra'. Fat chance! As much as Gazza orderin' lemon tea at the Marriott. Anyhow, Aa'm playin' alang win 'im at this moment in time. The latest is - him an' Father Ignatius thowt it wad be good for me soul if aa joined a local writin' class an' thowt about meanin'ful things an' expressed meser, on paper. Why, aa've got nowt against expressin' mesel'. As ye knaa, aa like nowt better than a few bevvies doon me gullet and deein' a Amy Winehouse at the karayoke. But that's not what they had in mind. So last Monday neet sees iz offti the chorch haall wi' me biro an' a writin' pad in me anorak pocket.

Why, ye bugs man! Aa've seen nowt like it ootside a museum. There's these siven examples o' the livin' deed sittin' roond a table. Why, they're not exactly wrinklies. They've gone past that - aa think crumblied wad be the best word ti describe them. Anyhow, this aad fellow, thin an' bendy in a broon suit, says, Hello Tiffany, how very pleased we are to see you. My name is Roger. Take a seat beside Isabel here an' let us have a look at your portfolio.

The dorty aad sod. Roger, eh? More like Roger the bloody lodger, aa thowt. Me portfolio? Aa'd nivvor hord it caalled a portfolio afore. Anyhow, neebody sees my portfolio as easy as that. Not on a forst date anyway. An' sortainly not an aad buffer like him what waddn't knaa what ti dee win it even if it jumped up an' bit 'im. An then the penny drops - Your poetry and prose, 'e says. 'E's not taakin' dorty efter aall, 'e just wants to see what aa've wrote. He'll be lucky. Aa hevven't wrote nowt since aa left school, except notes for the milkman. An poetry - aa d read nen o' that unless ye coont, There was an aad lady from Leeds.

Noo this Isobel, ye wadn't believe it, but she's gorra thick for coat on an" a bloody fox around 'er neck. Aa looks doon at aa shoes but they not red, so I decides she is wearing' knickers. Anyhow she seems a canny body cos" she pats the empty chair an' says tiv is, Welcome to our little literary gathering, Tiffany. I trust that tomorrow we will be repairing to your place of residence for breakfast, ha, ha, ha.

Place o' residence, me backside, thinks aa. Aa'm bloody sick ti the back teeth o clever-clogs crackin' that feeble joke again an' again, so aa says tiv 'er, Pardon me French, missus, but aa'm nee Holly Gostuffinlightly an' ye'll get nee Breakfast at Tiffany's even if ye sleep wi' me father.

Noo aa nivvor said stuffm' cos' aam tryin' to be polite - but ye get me drift. Anyhow, aa knaas striteaway that aa've gone weell ower the top, so aa apologises an' says it's cos' aa'm norvous. An' give the woman credit, she says, That's alright dearie, we understand. We've all been young ourselves you know.

Eeh, aa'm an evil bitch, me, aa knaa, burra couldn't help thinking That musta been when ye wor at school wi' Florence Nightingale.

Nivvor mind. Isobel introduces iz ti the other five specimens that should really hev been in jars o' surgical spirit. There's William wi' the droopy tash, Claud in his pepper an' salt suit, Minnie in 'er twin-set an' porls, Bessie wi" crew-cut an' collar an' tie - a rampant lezzie an' nee mistake, an' Antoinette, stright oot o' The Scarlet Pimpernel, a French piece wi' pompadour hair. Ye get the pitcha.

When aa tells them aa haven't wrote nothin', Roger, the chairman, says, You mean, you haven 't written anything.

Why aa thinks, That's what aa've just said. Is the aad duffa deaf, or just away wi' the fairies?

Anyhow we settles doon an' they aa'll read their bits o' composition an' pat theirsels on the back an' say hoo clivvor they are an' hoo their bits should aall be published in The Woman's Weekly.

Then aa gets put on the spot when they decide we'll dee what they call extempory writin'. Roger says some aad codger caalled Ornest Hemingthingy once won a bet he could write a story in six words He wrote, For Sale, Baby Shoes, Never Worn.

Why even aa thinks. That's clivvor, aa waddn V mind hevvin' a go mesel' So we aall sets away scratchin' wor heeds wi' wor pens an then scribblin' bits an' pieces doon. Then we reads wor stories oot:

Roger puts, Everybody What Loved Iz Is Deed. That figured, aa thowt. Isobel came up with, Fower weddin's, Three Kids, Then Cancer. Oh poor owld lass, aa was sorry aa'd been see nasty tiv 'er. The others were quite canny an' aa!! - Not Quite What Aa Was Plannin' - Trust iz Aa Did Me Best-I Am Here For A Porpose-Just Beginning To See The Light- and To Save Humankind He Died Again.

They wor aal! the kind o" things that aad folk wi' one foot in the grave wad write But even a slag like me was touched. Eftor that aa didn't want to read mine oot but they med Iz Aa knaa ye'll laugh but this is worra wrote. Milk, Lemonade, Alcopops, Tetleys, Aftershock, Diamorphine. Gi' them their due they aall laughed at it an' said it was good as we drank wor teaan' scoffed wor wagon-wheels.

The homework for next week's ti write a short poem. Buna divven't knaa if aa'm gannin' back or not. Aa'11 hetta taak it ower wi'ye. Ye might even come win iz. Anyhow, if aa dee gan back aa think aa'll write a bit startin" wi'. There was a young fellow from Ryton. Aa can think ov a good rhyme for Ryton but aa divven't think it'll dee. It's ower crude. Aa've been gannin" on like a fishwife aal! this time an' ye hevvent gotten a word in edgeways. Burra hev ti gan noo, me father's shootin' e' wants e's byuts cleanin. It's alreet for some. Aal gi ye a bell the morra neet an' aa promise ti keep me gob shut an' let ye dee aall the taakin. Keep a haad Sharon. Byeee.

Bryan Harbottle