



**A Place
of Contribution**

Creative

WRITING

**BY THE
MAKE IT HAPPEN
COMMUNITY**

Foreword

Creative Writing has been one of the most popular sessions at Place of Contribution this year, with both community members and CARE Project volunteers getting involved.

It has played an important part in delivering our Theory of Change by becoming part of the educational programme for volunteers and community members alike.

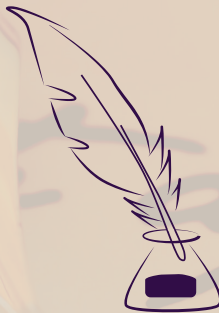
Initially set up merely as an activity, it soon became a vehicle for people to explore and learn about their own feelings and place in their lives, enabling people to develop techniques for working through poor mental health, and allowing us to signpost community members far better to relevant local services.

Foreword

It also helped build up people's confidence, leading them to take on opportunities such as a Library Technician Diploma and branching out to volunteer as befrienders at The Ark.

The selection in this book barely scrapes the surface of what our wonderful community has achieved in these sessions, many thanks to all of you for your brilliant contributions.


We hope you enjoy reading the work created by our community, enjoy!



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Everything is quiet now,
The big people come by less, now,
The waves keep on crashing, now,
The sun keeps on shining, now,
yet the Symphony of the seaside, is dulled somehow.
There were so many voices, then,
the waves broke over, happy shiny people then,
The sun lit up their hearts, then.
The band has packed up,
The people moved on,
The seaside lives on forever,
under the watch, now, of the birds.

Olive Hilton


The spider that came to visit and only stayed until Saturday. Two weeks ago, I was feeling upset and unwell due to stress!

Couple, of days previously I hadn't been sleeping due to the heatwave and the never-ending bus and train strike.

I decided to write a story about my childhood memories: that had lifted my spirits, and this had made me feel more relaxed, also optimistic. Wednesday night I decided to have an early night:

I, went to the bathroom, to clean my teeth, wash and brush my hair. To my great horror I saw a huge house spider. This had frightened me to the core; I wanted to run away, leave my flat and move out of the area. All my nightmares had come all at once.

I had nobody to pick the insect up and put it outside. I tried to scream, but only an eek came. I, then chased the insect into the closet where I had all my belongings. The spider would come out at 11pm. I would have to chase it out. In my backroom, it had run under the radiator; Friday night 11pm, it was running around, crawling back under the closet. I left the light on just in case I didn't step on the spider.



Saturday, I decided to do my housework in the flat. That afternoon I went shopping - socialised with my neighbour.

Then I had forgotten about my unwanted house guest! Saturday night at 11pm, my house spider started crawling and scurrying fast.

Enough is enough. I will conquer my fear! What I did I sneaked up with a drinking glass and sheet. Bravely I put a glass over the spider, placed a piece of paper underneath the spider. I came carried the glass, spider and paper, opened the window. Allowed the spider to escape. Unfortunately, a few flies have bothered me during the past week and wished my spider was back again.

Never thought I was brave or strong. Gillian, yes I conquered my fear as I didn't have anybody to remove the insect for me.

Gill Harris

My Community

My community, my hub, the bad and good.

Signals and vibes, family tribes, encapsulating life -

"colourful" and bright.

My position has but a miniscule part to play in the grand

scheme of things,

but a momental impact of a character built over the

decades.

Hardened by my culture, yet softened by the generosity

of my neighbour, who would gladly give the last penny of

his worth.

Yes! My community gave birth to me - a decent and

rounded human being.

Michael Henry

My Skin

Moisturising, cared for, looking after myself worth, getting a tan.

The touch of mine against another.

The largest organ of the body.

Ageing: wrinkled, loss of elasticity.

Race, bigotry - defined by colour.

Models of an unreal perfect, that are used to sell things.

Deodorant?

Price of Chanel Blue - is it really worth it? Boots perfume counter - take a sample, sales girls dirty looks.

Thick skinned, indifferent.

Thin skinned - caring, sensitive.

Skin as Metaphor.

Robin

I came out of the cottage to the windswept beach nearby. There was only one woman and her two Labrador dogs. The woman was wearing a green mac and a headscarf.

She walked into the wind which eddied and died around us. Her dogs were chasing the white frothing surf and then running back, away from the incoming tide. My footsteps left an imprint and replaced the worm casts on the wet sand.

There were seagulls gliding and then diving above. They screamed and continually called to each other. The wind eddied and twisted hither and thither around me.

I walked along the perimeter of the incoming tide taking care that the surf should not get into the lace holes of my boots.

Assorted shapes and colours of shells crunched under the weight at the human filled boots of mine.



The pebbles were arrayed here and there
on the flat, silken sand. Smooth by clashing
together by the hidden currents of the
restless sea.

I almost slipped on a damp pebble but
managed to right myself in the end. The
wind still twisted and howled. The howling
couldn't and wouldn't replace the howling
entities thoughts within my mind.

Only the pain of dream filled sleep could go
some way towards subduing those
thoughts.

I trudged onwards.

David Horn

High class, no class, which church are you?
Who is your favourite football team?
During my time of growing up it was very good,
lovely parents and even liked my sister Jenny.


However, I detested school as it was a sea of the
church school and my father was a Catholic, Cornish.
The children who lived near the school and church
were well off (also the teacher had them like pets).
Strange school. You were moulded into a form and
shape!

If you are good at games, you were good at
everything. It wouldn't matter if you were good at
any other subjects. You are compared with other
children by what you like and what your parents job,
did for living. This defined me as a child - adult.

When, my partner of 15 years, we had split because
he had left me for a woman 10 years younger than
his age. He had thrown me out from our house and
the local housing estate near Birkenhead!

Not only I had lost material things, my dog plus my
dog Rosie, my old friends who I had known from the
past when I was 18 years - 38. They all dropped me
from a big height when Paul and I had split up. I went
to live in a two-bed flat near Upton!

The same friends (really, liked me from the age of 18
to 38 years). As I used to live in Bebington, now I
realise they were all a lot of fur coat and no knickers
snobs, addicted to more than what I could have!
However, I would never fund a solution to somebody
I love.



You can live in a nice house, can have a lovely car. You can have an IKEA wardrobe and Magenta kitchen, Nespresso coffee maker but no George Clooney. You can have a Fiat Punto/prefer a new electric!

People have a card, MasterCard, platinum card and visa card. To buy things on a new laptop or phone, zoom, buy yourself a pair of shoes 'next day' Amazon - the delivery arrives - you get a pair size smaller and two left feet.

Paying all your bills on visa app direct debit!

What happened to the day when we didn't have to keep up with the Jones'. Just, please ourselves. Enjoying our moment, live for that day and take time out, just relax. As, I have got over all that anxiety wanting to have the perfect house, new microwave, the blender, walking in wardrobe. My life has been a journey from addictions to my recovery to an adult, nearly 60 next April!

I shall check my door lock twice, taps off at least twice, who knows after coming here for a while, doing creative writing, I will start to live and be happy, self-care!

Gill Harris

Soil



The very place I stand has meaning that goes way past my comprehension and understanding.

The soil in the field gives life to a green blade of grass.

The soil in the field gives life to a flower, its colour please is my eye.

The soil in the field gives life to the apple tree, which I eat its fruit.

The soil in the field gives life to a cabbage, which I eat its leafy goodness.

The soil gives life to the minerals that feed every fibre of my being...

The soil, the essential worm who is a part of the soil's ecosystem. In essence soil gives me life, and so I must be proactive to see, feel and respect the soil, that transcends my consciousness into being me.

Cogito Ergo Sum – I think therefore I am.

Michael Henry

Nature

Strong and subtle, breath of wind

Nature is in all its glory

Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter

We see the seasons change in a flash

Lilacs and crocuses, honeysuckle and birch

They all have their say in nature's great plan

The dying of Winter and renewal of Spring

Nature brings with her all her mixed tidings

Frog spawn in the pond, the new laid eggs of the bluetit

The growth of saplings and the rise of the sun,

The water to dandle us and the waves to speak to us

The vixen and her Cubs and the buds on the trees

The flaming reds and oranges and browns

Of the old and worn leaves of autumnal trees

The power of the sea and the power of the wind,

They all speak to me.

David Horn

Lazy

I love having a duvet day.

Chilling with my friends especially playing hide and seek on my Xbox. I play Red Dead Redemption II and I go on my horse called Ryan. We also have a chippy. I even watch Family Guy.

On rainy days, I sometimes listen to my Alexa. I even play on my Alexa Fozzy, KSI, Westlife.

I also watch Halloween, Friday the 13th. My favourite is chilling with my friends, watching Netflix and have a pjs day. I love it when it rains.

When the raindrops patty on my windows. So I snuggle down with my cat Arthur. And let my smile come and I listened to Fozzy. I still burn, burn me out, SOS, Sane, Drinking with Jesus. It makes me happy to listen to heavy metal, Fozzy are my favourite heavy metal band.

Chelsea Deer