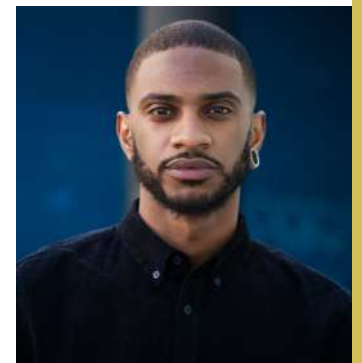


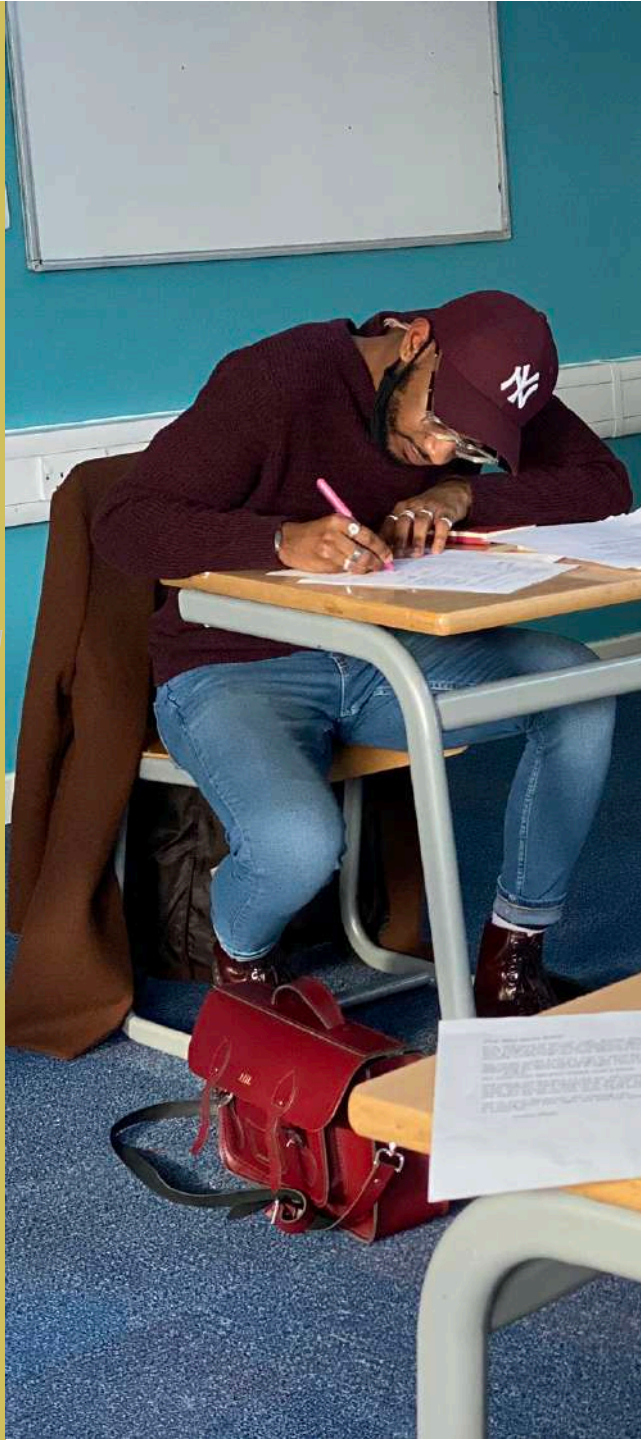
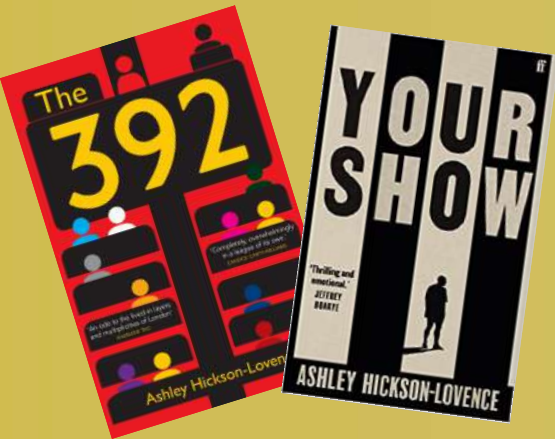
HOW TO...

WRITE A WHOLE CREATIVE COLLECTION IN UNDER AN HOUR!

Ashley Hickson-Lovence
www.ashley-hickson-lovence.com
@AHicksonLovence



INTRO



- Author of *The 392* (2019) and *Your Show* (2022)
- PhD student in Creative Writing at the University of East Anglia & Lecturer of Creative Writing.
- Former secondary school English teacher. Currently First Story writer-in-residence at Haringey Learning Partnership: Commerce House and Skinner's Academy.

www.ashley-hickson-lovence.com

@AHicksonLovence

SESSION PLAN



- We have **1 Hour** to write as many poetic pieces as possible. The aim... to try to put together a complete collection of original creations
- Every new creative effort to be composed on a new page, new document or new sheet of paper to give the piece its **own identity**
- Every creative piece must have a title
- Very often, it's best to write the first thing that come into your head, you can always edit later...
- Structure your piece how you see fit: with line breaks, enjambment, margin to margin prose – the choice is all yours. It's always OK to be bold and experimental!

**Number
1:
My
Name
is...**



My name is...

PROMPT QUESTIONS:

- Where does your name originate from? A famous actress or a family member perhaps?
- Do you have any nicknames and why are you called them?
- Does your name mean something in a different language?
- What smells, colours and textures do you associate with your name?
- If your name was an item of clothing, what would it be?
- If you could taste your name, what would it taste of?
- If you could be called another name, what would you call yourself and why?

**Number
2: Five
Minute
Freewrite**



Five minute first line FREEWRITE

1. He doesn't feel like Bob Marley

(**POEM** - *Bob Marley in Brixton* – Roger Robinson)

2. The barbershop was strangely quiet.

(**NOVEL** - *Open Water* – Caleb Azumah Nelson)

3. He was the only one who didn't laugh.

(**NOVEL** - *That Reminds Me* – Derek Owusu)

4. Jean's smile stretched wide like arms opening of a hug.

(**NOVEL** - *No Place Like Home* – JJ Bola)

5. All Saturday I sit viced between Mum's legs.

(**POEM** - *Jail Letter* – Rachel Long)

TASK – FIVE MINUTES: Use one of the first lines from above to do a quick **FIVE** minute freewrite. Keep writing for the **full five minutes** using the initial line as inspiration – go wild!



**Number
3:
A little
story
about...**



First...

**Focus on
one
figure**



Number 3: A little story about...



- Where did they wake up this morning?
- Who did they wake up with?
- What was the first object they touched?
- What job do they have?
- What footwear are they wearing?
- When was the last time they cried?
- Where did they go on their last holiday?
- What's in their pocket?
- When was the last time they laughed?
- What is their greatest fear?
- What was the last sport they played?
- What bad habits do they have?

**Number
4:**



**Ten
things
he's
saying
to
her...**



**Number
5:**



9 Possible Reasons for Throwing a Cat into a Wheelie Bin

(after Caroline Bird)



1) You mistook the cat for a crisp packet

2) _____

3) _____

4) _____

5) _____

6) _____

7) _____

8) _____

9) _____

9 Possible Reasons for Throwing a Cat into a Wheelie Bin

(after Caroline Bird)



9 Possible Reasons for Throwing a Cat into a Wheelie Bin

The RSPCA has said it will be speaking to a woman caught on CCTV dumping a cat into a wheelie bin in Coventry – BBC News

- 1) You mistook the cat for a crisp packet.
- 2) You believe the cat spoke to you and requested a lift to the inside of the wheelie bin.
- 3) You mistook the wheelie bin for a house.
- 4) You wanted the cat to relate to your own suffering.
- 5) The cat was on fire.
- 6) The wheelie bin was full of cream.
- 7) Your mother was a cat-lover and she hated you.
- 8) The owner of the cat put your child in a wheelie bin.
- 9) The cat was planning to steal your husband.

**Number
6:**



I
remember

...

PROMPT QUESTIONS:

- What is your first memory?
- What were your favorite foods growing up?
- Where did you like to play and who did you play with?
- What smells do you remember growing up?
- Did you have any favourite toys to play with?
- What were your favourite bedtime reads?
- What were your favourite television programmes to watch?

**Number
7:**



I Come From

'I Come From'

I come from shepherd's pie and Sunday roast
Jerk chicken and stuffed vine leaves
I come from travelling through my taste buds but loving where I live

I come from a home that some would call broken
I come from D.I.Y. that never got done
I come from waiting by the phone for him to call

I come from waving the white flag to loneliness
I come from the rainbow flag and the union jack
I come from a British passport and an ever-ready suitcase

I come from jet fuel and fresh coconut water
I come from crossing oceans to find myself
I come from deep issues and shallow solutions

I come from a limited vocabulary but an unrestricted imagination
I come from a decent education and a marvellous mother
I come from being given permission to dream but choosing to wake up instead

I come from wherever I lay my head
I come from unanswered questions and unread books
Unnoticed effort and undelivered apologies and thanks

I come from who I trust and who I have left
I come from last year and last year and I don't notice how I've changed
I come from looking in the mirror and looking online to find myself

I come from stories, myths, legends and folk tales
I come from lullabies and pop songs, Hip Hop and poetry
I come from griots, grandmothers and her-story tellers

I come from published words and strangers' smiles
I come from my own pen but I see people torn apart like paper
Each a story or poem that never made it into a book.

– Dean Atta



I Come From

'I COME FROM'

I come from shepherd's pie and Sunday roast
Jerk chicken and stuffed vine leaves
I come from travelling through my taste buds but loving where I live

I come from a home that some would call broken
I come from D.I.Y. that never got done
I come from waiting by the phone for him to call

I come from waving the white flag to loneliness
I come from the rainbow flag and the union jack
I come from a British passport and an ever-ready suitcase

I come from jet fuel and fresh coconut water
I come from crossing oceans to find myself
I come from deep issues and shallow solutions

I come from a limited vocabulary but an unrestricted imagination
I come from a decent education and a marvellous mother
I come from being given permission to dream but choosing to wake up instead

I come from wherever I lay my head
I come from unanswered questions and unread books
Unnoticed effort and undelivered apologies and thanks

I come from who I trust and who I have left
I come from last year and last year and I don't notice how I've changed
I come from looking in the mirror and looking online to find myself

I come from stories, myths, legends and folk tales
I come from lullabies and pop songs, Hip Hop and poetry
I come from griots, grandmothers and her-story tellers

I come from published words and strangers' smiles
I come from my own pen but I see people torn apart like paper
Each a story or poem that never made it into a book.

– Dean Atta

QUESTIONS

- Where did you grow up and what images do you associate with the location?
- What food did you eat often and where did you eat it?
- What smells do you remember from growing up?
- What clothes did you wear and where were they bought from?
- Where did they go on weekends and why was it memorable?

**Number
8:**



Mushrooms

Sylvia Plath



Overnight, very
Whitely, discreetly
Very quietly

Our toes, our noses
Take hold on the loam
Acquire the air

Nobody sees us
Stops us, betrays us
The small grains make room

Soft fists insist on
Heaving the needles
The leafy bedding

Even the paving
Our hammers, our rams
Earless and eyeless

Perfectly voiceless
Widen the crannies
Shoulder through holes. We

Diet on water
On crumbs of shadow
Bland-mannered, asking

Little or nothing
So many of us!
So many of us!

We are shelves, we are
Tables, we are meek
We are edible

Nudgers and shovers
In spite of ourselves
Our kind multiplies

We shall by morning
Inherit the earth
Our foot's in the door

Joy- Riders

Grace Nichols

'JOY-RIDERS'

Evening, and the six o'clock beetles
come riding in on the wings
of the six o'clock wind

to do their nightly circuit
round and round the imaginary city
of our glowing country gas lamp –

until giddy of the excitement of it all
they begin to fall shiny and hard on
their backs
like so many overturned black taxi
cabs.

The following morning they'd sweep
away
the wreckage, noting the little wheels
of their legs drawn up, burnt to a
crisp.

Who knows where they came from –
those joy-riding ephemerals or why
like kamikaze pilots they choose a
glittering death

– Grace Nichols



Joy- Riders

Grace Nichols

'JOY-RIDERS'

Evening, and the six o'clock beetles
come riding in on the wings
of the six o'clock wind

to do their nightly circuit
round and round the imaginary city
of our glowing country gas lamp –

until giddy of the excitement of it all
they begin to fall shiny and hard on
their backs
like so many overturned black taxi
cabs.

The following morning they'd sweep
away
the wreckage, noting the little wheels
of their legs drawn up, burnt to a
crisp.

Who knows where they came from –
those joy-riding ephemerals or why
like kamikaze pilots they choose a
glittering death

– Grace Nichols

QUESTIONS

Think about things that are small, but mighty.

- What's the creature/item like on the surface?
- What's secretly special about this creature/item/object?
- How does the creature or object reveal its inner power?

Young writers should attempt to imagine something that could be considered insignificant but when personified, is actually more powerful than first imagined:

- an ant that can carry an impossible weight
- a necktie used to save someone's life
- a shirt button that helps a homeless man get a job
- a key used for a new homeowner who used to be homeless, a watch symbolising the burden of slavery, etc.

**Number
9:**

**Ode to
My**



Ode To My Hair

'ODE TO MY HAIR'

When a black woman
with straightened hair
looks at you, says

*nothing black about you,
do you rise like wild wheat
or a dark field of frightened strings?*

For years I hide you under hats
and still, cleanly you cling to my scalp
conceding nothing

when they call you too soft,
too thin for the texture
of your own roots.

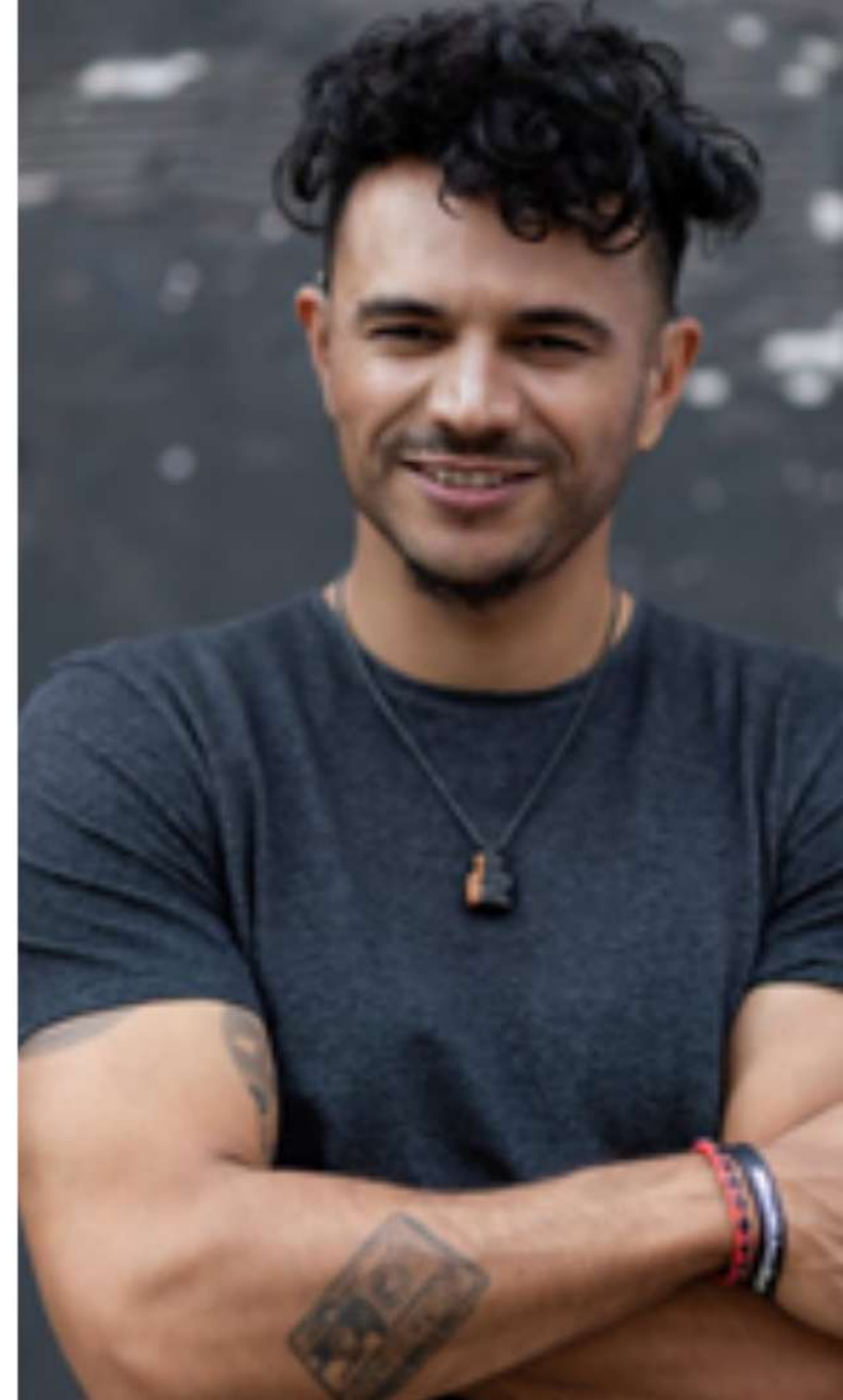
Look, the day is yellow Shea butter,
the night is my Jamaican cousin
saying your skin and hair mean

you're treated better than us,
the clippings of a hot razor
trailing the back of my neck.

Scissor away the voice of the barber
who charges more to cut
this thick tangle of Coolie,

now you've grown a wildness,
trying to be my father's fro
to grow him out, to see him again.

– Raymond Antrobus



Ode To My Hair

'ODE TO MY HAIR'

When a black woman
with straightened hair
looks at you, says

*nothing black about you,
do you rise like wild wheat
or a dark field of frightened strings?*

For years I hide you under hats
and still, cleanly you cling to my scalp
conceding nothing

when they call you too soft,
too thin for the texture
of your own roots.

Look, the day is yellow Shea butter,
the night is my Jamaican cousin
saying your skin and hair mean

you're treated better than us,
the clippings of a hot razor
trailing the back of my neck.

Scissor away the voice of the barber
who charges more to cut
this thick tangle of Coolie,

now you've grown a wildness,
trying to be my father's fro
to grow him out, to see him again.

– **Raymond Antrobus**

ODE TO MY _____

The idea, as in Antrobus' poem, is to personify the body part and begin to detail the relationship between the young writer and their chosen body part. They should address their body part using the second person 'You'.

Building on the warm-up activity, this task asks young writers to develop their metaphorical descriptions of their body part and consider how it represents who they are or how they are perceived in some way, using the appropriate figurative language to heighten the poignancy of their piece.

Prompt questions:

- How do you feel about your chosen body part?
- What does your body part resemble?
- What would your body part say about you if it had a voice?
- How does the body part behave in certain situations?
- How do other people respond to the chosen body part?

e.g - belly button. 'Not quite an in-ny or an out-y, more like an eye or a pellet-gun wound in the centre of my stomach, belly buttons are rarely seen and never sewn on, just there watching, ready to be pushed but not probed'

**Number
10:**

IN



BOB MARLEY IN BRIXTON Roger Robinson



'BOB MARLEY IN BRIXTON'

He doesn't feel like Bob Marley. He doesn't feel like Bob Marley, the great reggae singer, as he walks down Brixton Market looking for some saltfish, plantain and cassava. He does not feel at home. He is not at home. The market vendor wants to give him the food for free, but he still pays. He can still feel his wounds healing, just below his chest under the bandage. People are starting to notice him. he has to keep it moving. He heads back to his girlfriend's house in Chelsea. He does not want too much attention. He is wary of people right now. He cannot trust anyone. He smells of weed and coconut incense. His wife and family are back in Jamaica. You can't get this type of food in Chelsea. He gets a feeling for some peanut punch. As the seller throws the milk and nuts into the blender, he's content to let the noise fill up the shop. The seller's saying something but Bob pretends he can't hear over the blender. He doesn't want to talk to anyone. People start peeping in the patty shop. The seller tries to give Bob Marley the peanut punch for free. Bob Marley leaves the money on the counter anyway. He walks towards the station. No, he doesn't feel like Bob Marley because the old Bob Marley has to be reborn. If it's a war they want, then it's a war they'll get. A war of the spirit, a spiritual war. On his next album, he has to come back like a revolutionary. On the next album he's coming back with bullets and brimstone and fire.

– Roger Robinson (*A Portable Paradise*, 2018)

BOB MARLEY IN BRIXTON

Roger Robinson

5 MINUTES
THINKING TIME



'BOB MARLEY IN BRIXTON'

He doesn't feel like Bob Marley. He doesn't feel like Bob Marley, the great reggae singer, as he walks down Brixton Market looking for some saltfish, plantain and cassava. He does not feel at home. He is not at home. The market vendor wants to give him the food for free, but he still pays. He can still feel his wounds healing, just below his chest under the bandage. People are starting to notice him. he has to keep it moving. He heads back to his girlfriend's house in Chelsea. He does not want too much attention. He is wary of people right now. He cannot trust anyone. He smells of weed and coconut incense. His wife and family are back in Jamaica. You can't get this type of food in Chelsea. He gets a feeling for some peanut punch. As the seller throws the milk and nuts into the blender, he's content to let the noise fill up the shop. The seller's saying something but Bob pretends he can't hear over the blender. He doesn't want to talk to anyone. People start peeping in the patty shop. The seller tries to give Bob Marley the peanut punch for free. Bob Marley leaves the money on the counter anyway. He walks towards the station. No, he doesn't feel like Bob Marley because the old Bob Marley has to be reborn. If it's a war they want, then it's a war they'll get. A war of the spirit, a spiritual war. On his next album, he has to come back like a revolutionary. On the next album he's coming back with bullets and brimstone and fire.

– Roger Robinson (*A Portable Paradise*, 2018)

THINK OF A LOCATION THAT YOU KNOW WELL...

Imagine writing about yourself in a location that you know well. It can be inside a building (e.g. your home) or it can be a public place (e.g. your school or a market). It can, in fact, be anywhere, as long as you can picture it in great detail!



MAKE A LIST OF...

- Things you can **see** and **touch**. Make a note of colours, textures and contrasts...
- Things you can **smell** and/or **taste**. What memories do these evoke?
- Things you can **hear**. Are these noises familiar or unusual? What do they remind you of?
- How this place makes you **feel**? It can be a jumble of emotions –that's fine!

' _____ IN
_____ '

WRITING TASK

Using your name and a place as the title e.g 'Lia Martin in Dartford', write about walking through a particular location, thinking about the sights, sounds and smells you experience.

For descriptive texture, incorporate some **compound adjectives** to modify some of the nouns you include in your pieces.



QUESTIONS

- How does your character walk around this space? What other people do they see? How do they react to your character? How does your character react to them? Do they interact with one another? If so, how?
- Why is your character in this location? Where are they going to? What are they seeking? Where does this location lead to? (Literally and metaphorically!)
- How does your character experience this place? Is it friendly or hostile? Busy or peaceful? How does that impact the character's feelings?
- Does being in this location remind your character of anywhere else?
- Where would your character rather be if they could be anywhere else?

COMPOUND ADJECTIVES

sun-tipped
scar-marked
crowd-pleasing
headline-grabbing
soul-destroying
lip-splitting
heavy-handed
risk-taking
self-centred
attention-seeking
rain-drenched
stern-faced
loud-mouthed
black-hearted
well-worn
bald-headed
long-legged
quick-thinking
tight-fitting
cut-priced
short-tempered
ice-cold
baby-faced
freckle-faced
mass-produced

Next Steps

- Type your pieces up: add to them and edit as you do so
- Add a title for your entire collection
- Think about your front cover
- Be proud of them: print them out and perform them to your peers!
- **KEEP WRITING!**