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Author/Interview subject: Paul Lyalls (PL) Elspeth Murray (EM)

Dizraeli (D) Lemn Sissay (LS)

Interviewed by: Janice Forsyth (JF)

Other speakers: Audience (Aud) Time keeper (TK)

JF: Hello there, a very warm welcome to Authors Live and indeed our poetry slam, we're incredibly excited about this today, Authors Live is a series of virtual author events organised by the Scottish Book Trust in conjunction with BBC Scotland Learning and it's funded through the First in a Lifetime Fund which is administrated by Creative Scotland.

I'm Janice Forsyth, now I know that if you've watched this loads of times before or even just watched anything on the internet, you'll know this, but you might be a first timer and not know that with a broadcast like this over the internet, sometimes the screen might just freeze or judder, basically the message is, don't panic, because it will all adjust itself as your computer catches up.

Now we are really delighted, thrilled, excited to have with us here today for Book Week Scotland, three extraordinary poets, Dizraeli, Elspeth Murray and Paul Lyalls. They're going to wage verbal battle against one another and not only do we have a poetry slam for you, we also have a renowned superstar of the spoken word and I tell you something, that's not easy to say! He is Lemn Sissay and he's going to be here today to helm things and make sure everything runs smoothly.

Now, as well as the thousands of children who are watching this right across the UK on Glow and in schools and libraries and all sorts of other venues, we also do have real live school students with us today, because we like to do that, we like to have the real thing here, they're very nice, they're very smartly dressed, they're from two Scottish high schools, Oban High School and Lenzie Academy, do you want to see them and say hello to them? Go on, do it! You two, we've got two cameras here, you can wave into, this lot wave there, say Hi! Hi! Big smiles, hello, they can hear you, it's lovely, I'm filling up!

Aud: Hi.

JF: Right, now that the audience have met one another, are you all happy? Yeah, good. Would you like to meet our poets?

Aud: Yeah.

JF: Would you like to meet our poets, louder, you would okay! Well, our first is the star of CBBC's Big Slam Poetry House and is currently working with Arsenal Football Club to help them and their young fans celebrate the club's 125th anniversary. His poetry is funny, it's moving and his poetry workshops produce extraordinary poems from children of all ages. He was also selected as one of the London 2012 Olympics Shake the Dust Poets and 2012 Smile London Poets, please give a huge massive welcome to Paul Lyalls!

PL: Incredible, thank you!

JF: Nice shirt, much taller than me, but fortunately sitting down! Right, our next poet's job was touring in France with a jazz band from Yorkshire, as you do! And her most recent job has been touring in America with a puppet company from Edinburgh, in between, she's worked on cancer care policies, at the NHS, and elsewhere with woolly monkeys, endangered frogs and recycled flip flops! She's been poet in residence at conferences, businesses, charities, schools and libraries, please give it up, a warm welcome to Elspeth Murray!

EM: Thank you!

JF: Hello! And to complete our trail of poetry slammers, we have a Bristol born rapper, poet musician, his name is Dizraeli and although rooted strongly in hip hop traditions, his work draws inspiration from old folk music, he leads the seven piece band, Dizraeli and the Small Gods and he has performed all over the place and won both the Farrago UK Slam Championships and the BBC Radio Four Poetry Slam, he's also written several hip hop plays including the award winning rebel sell. Please give it up for Dizraeli! Hello! Oh, it's very exciting!

Now, we've never done this before, so let me just fill you in on a little bit of what's going to happen. Our three poets are going to battle it out, each will perform a total of three times and they'll take part in two three minute battles against each other, performing their poems on a subject that we've already told them about, so that's not too difficult, is it?! Now, after each performer has it's three minutes, the audience here will raise their face cards to vote for their winner. Let's see the face cards, they're very nice, the people in the front are going to hold up their face cards, you see, they're cards with faces on them, that's why they're called

face cards, it's all making sense isn't it?! Right, so they will do that to vote for the winner and we'll work out who has won and we'll ask all of you out there to shout the name of who you think has won the battle.

Now, after that, each poet will then get one minute to perform on anything that hey fancy, any subject at all and at the end of that, we'll ask our studio audience here to tell us who they think has done the best overall job today and they will win this, well, wait until you see this, come on, have a look at this, it's quite stunning! Yeah, it's the coveted, much admired world famous golden microphone, it's incredible, isn't it?! I mean, they're so excited about it! There you go, so the winner will take that away with him or her today.

Also, just because we're the BBC and we like to make sure that you know that we're obeying all the rules, the order in which the poets will be appearing today was chosen by drawing their names out of a big hat. Okay, now, before the battle begins, I am delighted to introduce you to the person I mentioned before, the spoken word superstar, he is, amongst other things, the associate artist at Europe's largest arts complex, The South Bank Centre and the first poet commissioned to write for the 2012 Olympics, apart from all that, he wears brilliant clothes! Please welcome, the one and only Lemn Sissay! Thank you!

LS: How are you doing, are you well?

Aud: Yeah.

LS: Are you well?

Aud: Yeah!

LS: Are you well?

Aud: Yeah!!

LS: Are you WELL?

Aud: YEAH!

LS: Are you WEEELLLL?

Aud: YEAHHH!

LS: My name is Lemn Sissay and I write poetry and poetry is the voice at the back of the mind, it doesn't matter however you present yourself at the front, it's the voice at the back of the mind, it's where the truth is, it's where the truth is, it's where you laugh, it's where you cry, it's where you...it's where the truth is. Did I say

that? It's where the truth is. The first poem that I'm going to read for you is called Pass It On. Tell Brian, to tell...and it's, like you know when two people, like, fall out, you know when you fall out with somebody and then you don't, sort of, like, talk to them for a little while, it's a bit about that, it's called Pass It On.

Tell Brian to tell...and it's very serious, just so you know. Are you alright, are you ready?! Tell Brian to tell Jane...to tell Janine...to tell Jermaine...to tell June...to tell Maxine...to tell Linda...to tell Lucinda...to tell Mel...to tell Ginnat...to tell Mezrat...to tell Del...to tell Asra...to tell Atkin...to tell Jimmy...to tell Nadia...to tell...Nazrine...to tell Timmy...to tell Lyn...to tell Jim...to tell Anne...to tell Jill...to tell Joanne...to tell Jan...to tell Joe...to tell Jack...to tell John, eeeerrrr...right, I'm not talking to him or anyone! And that's the end of that poem, very short and very sweet, don't even bother clapping, don't even bother, I saw some of you go like...eerrrr!

Anyway, this next poem is called Invisible Kisses and it's a love poem, I wrote it and I love it and...if there was ever one whom when you were sleeping, who would wipe your tears when in dreams you were weeping, who would offer you time when others demand...just think of somebody that you love, right, in your mind, think of somebody that you love, this poem is for them, Invisible Kisses.

If there was ever one whom when you are sleeping, who would wipe your tears when in dreams you are weeping, who would offer you time when others demand and whose love lay more infinite than grains of sand, if there was ever one to whom you could cry, who would gather each tear and blow it dry, who would offer help on the mountains of time and who would stop to let each sunset sooth your shades of mind.

If there was ever one to whom when you run, who would push back the clouds so that you're bathed in sun, who would open arms if you would fall, who would show you everything if you lost it all.

If there was ever one whom when you achieve was there before the dream and even then believed, who would clear the air when it's full of loss, count love before cost.

If there was ever one whom when you are cold who will summon warm air for your heart to hold, who would make peace in pouring pain and make a laughter fall in falling rain.

If there was ever one whom when you are cold, if there was ever one who can offer you this and more, who in keyless rooms can see open doors and in open doors can see open fields and in open fields see harvests yield, then see only my

face in the reflection of these tides through the clear water beyond the river side,
all I can send is love and all that this is a poem and a necklace of invisible kisses.

Now, in years to come, you're really going to get that and you're absolutely going
to get it and you're going to go, God that was a great...but you'll be in
Sainsbury's and you'll think, do you know what, that poem was great! Anyway,
shall we get on with the competition? Shall we get...I can't hear you, shall we get
on with the competition?

Aud: Yeah!

LS: Come on! Shall we get on with the competition?

Aud: YEAH!

LS: Thank you, you are absolutely wonderful, it's time to let battle commence, our
first battle today will be on the subject of equality, going first will be Paul Lyalls
and he will be up against Elspeth Murray, Paul will have three minutes, Elspeth
will then take to the stage, I'll be back to help with the scoring, okay, you ready?
Okay, are we ready? Time keeper, is your stop watch ready? Fantastic! Paul,
your three minutes starts now!

PL: Thank you! Hello everybody, my name's Paul, here's my poem about equality. I
live in the City of London and I think in a city like that, you can often see how
equal or how unequal people are, if you go down one street and on one side of it
there's all the wealth of the world and on the other side of it there's the complete
opposite. This poem is called Progress in Progress.

There are no horizons in a city, only those within yourself, I couldn't tell where the
city ended and the people began, there were only individuals with crowd like
tenancies and eternal hopefuls dreaming of equality never ending, I went through
every street in the city and I couldn't find two people who were remotely equal,
the revolving doors of human happiness were jammed shut with people pushing
in every direction, except for the one that would let them all go through.

To escape the city's inequalities, I took to the country only to find that the city had
got there first, flanked on all sides by ivory tower blocks, I felt like driving my fist
into an oncoming train while trying to hold back the reign. I turn on the TV which
tells me, apparently, everything is drifting towards a state of equal perfection, but
never quite getting there, modern living is getting faster and there are more twists
in it than novelty pasta, we prefer a little truth and a little lie to a more bigger
factual picture and life and death take on different aspects depending up which
side of the street they are viewed from, inscribe the child with the equality of the

tribe or welcome to evolution Hello magazine style. We have nothing to fear but soaring prices, global warming, economic collapse, government by the Liberal Democrats and the dream of equality becoming a thing of the past! Thank you very much.

Aud: [Clapping]

PL: Cheers guys! Hey and keep your hands going, would you welcome onto the stage Elspeth Murray please, thank you!

EM: Nice one Paul! Words are important and one of the things that really bugs me is when people in a professional privileged position, when they use, kind of, jargon and fancy language to hold on to the power instead of sharing it and patients and carers and people who are dealing with the effects of financial small print feel that especially acutely and this is a poem called, This is Bad Enough.

This is bad enough, so please don't give me gobbledegook, don't give me pages and dense pages and this leaflet aims to explain, don't give me really dodgy photocopying and do not remove for reference only! Don't give me drafted in collaboration with a multi disciplinary stakeholder partnership consultation short life project working group! I mean, is this about you guys or me?

This is hard enough, so please don't leave me oddly none the wiser or listening until my eyes are glazing over, don't leave me wondering what on earth that was about, feeling like it's rude to ask or consenting to goodness knows what, don't leave me lost in another language, adrift in bad translation, don't leave me chucking it in the bin, don't leave me leaving in the state I'm in, don't leave me feeling even more clueless than I did before any of this happened.

This is tough enough, so please, make it understandable, readable or reasonably readable at least, why not put in pictures or sketches or something to guide me through, I mean, how hard can it be for the people who are steeped in this stuff to keep it up to date? And do you know what I'd appreciate? A little time to take it in, a little time to show them at home, a little time to ask what's that? A little time to talk on the phone. So give us the clarity, right from the start, the contacts there at the end, give us the info you know we need to know, show us the facts, some figures and don't forget our feelings, because this is bad and hard and tough enough, so please, speak like a human, make it better, not worse. Thank you.

Aud: [Clapping]

LS: Wow! That was very special, thank you both! It is now to the audience, that's everybody who is watching and that is all of you in the audience to tell me who

they think gave the best performance during the battle, remember, it's not just about the poem, it's about the style in which it was delivered as well. So for the first time today, could you hold aloft the poet that you think did the best during the slam? Everyone out there, you can shout out a name of the poet that you think did best in the slam, okay, so if you can hold them up like...you don't have to...fantastic, so, time keeper, are you counting those there? The first round goes to, time keeper, what have we got there? I can see them all, but I can't count them all...

TK: Elspeth.

LS: Elspeth. Okay, the first round goes to Elspeth, let's give them a huge round of applause, both Elspeth and Paul Lyalls, please a round of applause!

Aud: [Clapping].

LS: So now is Dizraeli, this battle is on the subject of heart, Dizraeli will be going first, Dizraeli, ready? Time keeper ready? Ladies and gentleman, Dizraeli.

D: Cool. I went to my nan's house the other day and she was telling me about the moment that my grandpa died, she was sat there holding his hand, looking into his eyes when he died and suddenly, she remembered all the things that she'd been meaning to say to him, all the things that she'd left unsaid and now she could never say them and she said to me, don't leave it unsaid. My nan is 95 years old, so I listen when she talks, right, don't get into trouble.

My nana told me it's the little things, she held his hand the second that he slipped away and something in him shifted like a lifted weight, the little things, the imprint his back left in the mattress even when she brought him back as an urn of ashes, for the mantel piece, the whole...beneath the picture of the whole family in gold leaf frame before they scattered, she let her husband go close to Logan's rock, waved her sweetheart away and waited for her own to stop. Beating the bottom of the urn until the last burnt bone cinder fell, she'll tell, if you ask her, the little things, she can spin them into epic webs, the waves break stones without diminishing her tenderness, but her address book is filling up with dead friends, her chest filling with the things she never said to them, the little things, so now the old girl is blatant, you would be too if you had watched the whole world fading, do with the truth what you will, she will hold hers blazing, cancer took her left breast, grandpa took her patience, but nobody took her pride, clear mind, so she turns a 100 in five years' time, a century is a whole lot of repetition to live through, a lot of channels to television to flick through and her limbs function less efficient than they did do. Still it's the little things that stick with you, it's all for

you, it's really all for you, it's all for you nan, it's really all for you, it's all for you, it's really all for you, it's all for you nana, true, things are never said enough.

This is my brother Toby, you're a legend brov, keep your dander right, you anchor me, there's no granite tough as love for family and even if a cancer comes for one of us, the other one will carry on the legacy, we're our daddy's sons and that's a heavy flag to wave, but look Geez, you're doing, however many Saturdays you took E's and chewed your lip, your love is far bigger than the drugs are, sit and prop up the bar with me, we've been living too quickly. That's part of the mission, isn't it? I guess it's alright, but I wish we spent more time and brov, listen, I'm chuft for you and Miriam, you make a lush tree for your kids to live in and sorry I never bought a present or sent a card, I meant to, the life I lead the seven nights a week ripping head screw, but, whatever, there's that other stuff to get through, just know how much it is that I respect you and listen, it's all for you, it's really all for you, it's all for you, brov, it's really all for you, it's all for you, it's really all for you, it's all for you, Toby, true. Thank you.

Aud: [Clapping]

PL: My poem is a love poem, I wrote...it's inspired by Valentine's Day when my wife was in tears and she was unhappy about Valentine's Day and she said, Paul, make it alright with a poem. This is the poem I wrote and it's called ask the audience, phone a friend, go 50, 50 or listen to your heart.

And then my beloved of many, many years, the mother of my small child, asked me, the most powerful question that any woman can ask her man. She asked me, what are you thinking? And now I'm thinking, why did you have to ask me what I'm thinking? But, more importantly, I'm thinking, what should I be thinking? And when I find myself thinking about what I should be thinking, I find myself thinking that in the 10 years and more that we've been together, there's a thousand things I could have done differently, I'm thinking that I should have thought more about you and less about me, I'm thinking about all of the things we did, all of the things we didn't do, all of the things that went right and all of the things that went wrong and all of the things that never got done. I'm thinking about all of these things as she stands there looking on expectantly waiting for an answer, but if I'm really honest with you, the one thought that is flashing backwards and forwards across my mind, the one thought that is flowing through my heart and filling my thoughts, the one thought that is overriding every single thought that I could be thinking, the one though I'm truly thinking is that the next time that we go to the Ikea Superstore furniture place, wouldn't it be great if I got inside one of the wardrobes and closed the doors and kept real still and quiet and

just waited for two shoppers to come along and look inside, just so that I could LEAP OUT and go, hey man, what country is this?!

Aud: [Laughing]

PL: But I know I shouldn't be thinking this. So instead I say, I'm thinking that if a thousand years is just a blink in time then I want to stir into your eyes forever and she looks at me and says, ah, were you really thinking that and I say, kind of! And then she takes me by the hand, puts one hand on my heart, kisses me on the cheek, looks deep into my eyes and says, come on, let's go to Ikea! Thank you very much, cheers!

Aud: [Laughs and claps]

LS: Well, you did such a fantastic job, beautiful, they were brilliant and I think that they both deserve another round of applause, so come on!

Aud: [Clapping]

LS: Once again, audience, can you hold aloft the poet that you think did best during the slam? And everyone out there, if you can shout out the name of the poet that you think did best, okay? So, time keeper, can we get a count on this? I think...

TK: Dizraeli.

LS: Dizraeli. Dizraeli ladies and gentleman, that's the one it's gone to on that one, give him a round of applause! Okay, it's time for the next battle, it will be between Elspeth and Dizraeli. The final subject of the day is technology, please welcome back to the stage Elspeth who will be going first, time keeper are we ready? Elspeth are you ready? Let's go!

EM: This is called Imagine the Opposite. What can be done? Look around at waves swelling beyond the shifting shore, the sun burning in the desert, the awesome power of the wind.

Listen, life is not completely hopeless in spite of everything, I don't believe that, we are out of time, somewhere down the line, big business will go the same way as small farmers, eventually, leaders will admit that the next election is a bigger concern than the future of the planet. Activists have long been adamant that our 20th Century ways were a blessing and a curse, time has moved on and industrial giants are immune to ecological persuasion, I can't believe that efficient technology can solve energy problems, it's more than possible that humans are too stupid to stop climate change. Don't be fooled into thinking that governments can use science wisely to protect the web of life. Respected thinkers agree that

innovative alliances will make little difference, I, for one, cannot accept that we can dissolve our boundaries and really work together.

So what if we dare to imagine the opposite, we dare to imagine the opposite, so what if we can dissolve our boundaries and really work together, I, for one, cannot accept that innovative alliances will make little difference, respected thinkers agree that governments can use science wisely to protect the web of life, don't be fooled into thinking that humans are too stupid to stop climate change, it is more than possible that efficient technology can solve energy problems. I can't believe that industrial giants are immune to ecological persuasion, time has moved on and our 20th Century ways were a blessing and a curse. Activists have long been adamant that the future of the planet is a bigger concern than the next election, leaders will admit that eventually. Big business will go the same way as small farmers somewhere down the line, we are out of time, I don't believe that, life is not completely hopeless in spite of everything.

Listen, the awesome power of the wind, the sun burning in the desert, waves swelling beyond the shifting shore, look around at what can be done. Thank you.

Aud: [Clapping]

D: Did you clock that that was a palindrome? So it's written from start to middle and then from middle to the end it goes exactly back from the middle to the beginning again, line for line, so...very, very clever poem, very, very good! Alright, this is a poem about phones and I just finished it last night, so I've still got my little book in front of me.

Today I don't answer the phone, let it ring off its hinges, let it whinge of its injuries, let the midget tinting, because then it will tinkle their dinky [inaudible 28:33] until their fingers splinter, today, I won't answer the phone.

Flat draw after the tone if you must, it don't matter, I'll walk whatever the seashore is mine and to my mind, the phone is a trap door for time that I haven't got, I've seen friends carried off, boxed up, I walk where the drifters are washed up, here now, watch, brov, the waves want to swallow me, so I will not be subject to some text, someone in my hands to flutter up and just check my messages, one second, I will be all now, all present, not half my head in a pale blue reflection, eyes down, one of a whole train carriage sat messaging, look up, the silence is deafening, communication age.

Today I won't answer the phone, no invisible strings, I am a flesh body on a planet of physical things, chucking pebbles, look, the waves want to swallow me, me and the wanton colony I live in, just like the prophecy envisioned, they must

drown who are morally deficient, wash us all down, go further, tomorrow bone yardus, but today I won't answer to no God or prophet, I'm a dancing a dance of my own, so don't try it, I won't answer the [mobile ring tone]. Hello!

Aud: [Laughs and claps]

LS: Yet more brilliant poetry folks and performances from our poets, big round of applause to both of our poets again, go on, go on go on go on! At home as well and school! Audience put your cards in the sky for the poet who you think gave the best performance, for everyone watching in school, give us a shout! Time keeper can we get a count on these? I think that I can broadly say myself that that round goes to Dizraeli!

Aud: [Clapping]

LS: Okay, we've got time for just one more round, the final round, it's slightly different to the previous three rounds, so this time, the poets will have one minute each to talk about the subject that they wish. First up will be Paul, followed by Elspeth and, lastly, Dizraeli. So, ladies and gentleman put a round of applause for Paul Lyalls.

Aud: [Clapping]

PL: Cheers now. Yeah, so my quick fire poem is about religion and it's about clothes. This poem is called The Label's Prayer.

Versace which art in Harrods, hallowed be thy label, thy Kings Road come, Eve Saint Laurent as it can be seen in Cosmopolitan and touched down High Street South Kensington, give us this day our daily cred and forgive us our overdraft excesses as we forgive those who refuse us a refund as within 28 days passes and lead us not into TK Maxx or Primark and deliver us from Diesel, for thine is the Calvin Klein, the Prada and the Gucci for Dolce and Gabany, Armani. Thank you.

Aud: [Laughs and claps]

PL: And please welcome Elspeth.

EM: A quick definition before this poem, curating is not just about being in charge of a museum or a gallery, it's about what we do when we choose what looks good together, what sounds good, when we choose what we want to share.

In the blink of an eye on an ordinary day when your pocket spills a picture that says it all, when the street you're in is a scene from a film, when you soundscape whirlwinds in a single kiss, your life is work of art.

The shine that you bring to the story, the way that you wear that hat, the faces you saw in the cracks on the floor, your life is a work of art.

When you and your friend strike a pose, the reason that you chose those rhymes, the angles of your arms at the end of the dance, your life is a work of art.

Your own reflection when you least expect it or colours caught in your drawer of clothes, a collage of everything you've ever left behind, your life is a work of art.

How you frame it when you see it, because you sense it and how you edit, it's yours to interpret, it's yours to exhibit, you are the creator, you are the curator, your life is a work of art. Thank you!

Aud: [Clapping]

D: The riots and how we responded to them, with no swear words!

The kids are loose again, they're nicking shoes again from Debenhams, it's burning hard and coppers pass on intelligence, Boris said, in my day, we sat and read Tennyson out loud and wrote about clouds with extra sentiment, bring back the birch and compulsory church, it's the fault of the parents, it's the salt of the earth, it's the culture of caring, it's PC gone mad, it's Google, it's noodles, it's TV comeback, it's the tree hugging human rights brigade, it's an isolated incident, it's the plague, it's the incy wincy teeny weeny dresses girls wear, it's got bums on display and mums on welfare and I'm not a racist, but...I'm not a racist, but...I'm not a racist, but it's everybody but us, so ban cous cous, bring on the British beef, ban Ban Ki-moon and ban history, bang doors shut, in prison everybody possible roll out, reform, cut hospitals, forget your experts, forget your research, cut the key workers, banish bandanas, brandish key words, it's all in the language. Drugs stricken Britain, thugs [inaudible 34:47] politicians, watch while the bankers get platinum statues and you get eight years for jacking a track suit, save!

Aud: [Laughs and claps]

LS: Weren't they just fabulous?! Round of applause again folks, come on, let's have a massive round of applause for Paul Lyalls, Elspeth Murray and Dizraeli. For the final time today we're going to do the scoring, have a quick think about which poet you think has performed the best across all three rounds, have you got your card ready? Got your card ready?

Aud: Yeah.

LS: On the count of three raise your card. Okay, okay, that's a...that's a lot of cards and I was going to say you could put them all down and then we'll go poet by poet, but I think that it's clear that the winner here is Dizraeli, is that the same at home? Dizraeli, warm round of applause folks.

Aud: [Clapping]

LS: The audience here at Pacific Quay have only just voted for as the best performer today, Dizraeli, how about everybody watching, did you agree with our judges, yes or no. I'd like to ask the winner to come forward and accept the golden mic. Come on, let's give him a round of applause!

Aud: [Clapping]

LS: And can we give a huge round of applause to Paul Lyalls and Elspeth Murray.

JF: Yay! And let's also hear it for the wonderful Lemn, thank you very much.

Aud: [Whoooo!].

JF: And our time keeper, counting up all of those votes was very difficult! Did you have a good time?

Aud: Yeah.

JF: Did you have a good time out there? Thank you very much indeed, sadly that is all we have time for today, but after seeing the slam, well, the whole point of this is that these guys have enthused you and encouraged you to go and do your own thing, which you could do amongst your class or different classes could take on other classes or you could take on the whole school, or what do you think? Maybe pupils and teachers? Would it be good to...

D: Pupils versus teachers, yeah!

JF: Yeah, yeah, so all of that, we're issuing you with the challenge, are you guys going to take part in slams? Do you think you're going to do it? Yeah? A shrug of the shoulders, some nodding, how about a yes?

Aud: Yes.

JF: Or possible a not.

Aud: No.

JF: I don't want to persuade you either way! Anyway, the Scottish Book Trust, with help from Anita Govern, who is Stirling's macca have created learning resources to help you organise your own poetry slam and those are available to download for free from the website. Now this is the last event of the year, because Christmas is just around the corner, which is a terrifying thought! It'll be quite good for you guys, you'll be on holiday! But we will be back doing these in 2013 with master of horror, Darren Shan who will be talking about his new series Zom-B's, which sounds good, doesn't it? Yes. Now, that then is on Thursday the 24th of January at 11.00 am, full details of how to register to watch or indeed to be in the audience for that one, you just got to the website, which is scottishbooktrust.com/authorslive. In the meantime, don't forget, you can watch this event again or indeed any of the other ones we've had with the likes of David Walliams, Julia Donaldson, Eoin Colfer, Jacqueline Wilson and David Armand and lots more on the BBC iPlayer and the Scottish Book Trust website too. All the Authors Live event are free to watch and the classroom resources, as I say, are free to download.

So, finally, I would like to say a huge thank you to Dizraeli, Lemn, Elspeth and Paul and I think we should hear a huge round of applause and cheering from our guys here and you out there if you've enjoyed it, thank you very much indeed, see you next time! Thank you.

Aud: [Cheering and clapping].