

The Manchester Writing School and Manchester School of Theatre
at Manchester Metropolitan University present:

The QuietManDave Prize 2022

Flash Non-Fiction Shortlist

2022 Flash Non-Fiction Finalists

Kathryn Aldridge-Morris

Kathryn Aldridge-Morris is an emerging flash fiction writer living in Bristol. Her flash narratives have been published in many literary journals and anthologies, including *New Flash Fiction Review*, *Pithead Chapel*, *Bending Genres*, *Janus Literary*, and *Ellipsis Zine*. Her work has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize and she was a finalist in *Flash Frog's* international award and *New Flash Fiction Review's* annual Flash Fiction contest. She has been shortlisted and highly commended in the prestigious Bath Flash Fiction Award, shortlisted for the Aesthetica Creative Writing Award, and she won the flash fiction contest organised by Welsh publisher *Lucent Dreaming*.

Sara Hills

Sara Hills is the author of *The Evolution of Birds*, winner of the 2022 Saboteur Award for Best Short Story Collection. Her stories have been selected for *Wigleaf's* Top 50, the BIFFY 50, and *The Best Small Fictions*, as well as widely published in anthologies and magazines, including *SmokeLong Quarterly*, *Cheap Pop*, *Fractured Lit*, *Cease Cows*, *Flash Frog*, *Splonk*, and *Reckon Review*. Originally from the Sonoran Desert, Sara lives in Warwickshire, UK and tweets from @sarahillswrites.

Benjamin Judge

Benjamin Judge completed his Creative Writing MA at the Centre for New Writing at The University of Manchester. His fiction has been shortlisted for, published in and/or rejected by various awards, anthologies, magazines and websites. His creative non-fiction story, *Drinking Coffee with My Father in The Most Expensive Cafe in Manchester*, won the Real Story Award. But nobody likes his poetry. Not even his own mother. Not even him.

Kate Karko

Kate Karko grew up in Hertfordshire. Her first book, *Namma* was a memoir about living as a bride in a nomadic tribe in the grasslands of Tibet. She has published features on Tibetan culture in *The Independent*, *Tatler* and *Selvedge* - where she was News Editor, and poetry in the competition anthology, *Beyond the Storm*. She has a degree in Cultural Studies and was awarded distinction for her MA in Creative Writing from Manchester Metropolitan University. There, she wrote her mythological YA novel, *The Nomad's Song* for her sons. Currently, she divides her time between writing and primary teaching.

Annie Lord

Annie Lord is an artist and writer based in Edinburgh. Annie has been commissioned to create a range of environmental public artworks including an exploration of river pollution and fish migration for Forth Rivers Trust and a network of 160 apple trees planted across coastal Edinburgh. A book telling the story of that project, *The Neighbouring Orchard*, was written and illustrated by Annie and published in September 2022. She has performed at the Scottish Storytelling Centre, Edinburgh Science Festival and Hidden Door Festival and in summer 2022 was artist in residence at Kinghorn Ecology Centre. She studied sculpture at the Slade and is currently studying for an MA in Creative Writing (nonfiction) at Manchester Metropolitan University.

Ruby Martin

Ruby Martin is a working-class writer and performer originally from Cornwall now based in Manchester. She is currently working on her first non-fiction book *Fussy*, a memoir about food that is coming out in summer 2023 with Saturday Boy Books.

Patricia Newbery

Patricia Newbery is a British-Irish translator and editor. She has lived abroad for much of her adult life, for the last 20 years or so in Cairo.

Peter Scales

Peter Scales lives in Derby. He is a retired university lecturer in Education. He graduated from the University of Bath with a BSc in Social Sciences in 1980 and completed a MA in Education in 2010 at the University of Derby. As a retirement project he undertook a MA in Creative Writing at Nottingham Trent University, graduating in 2019. Having written successful textbooks on teaching and learning in higher and further education, he decided to try something more 'creative' in retirement, with a particular interest in life writing.

Susan Wigmore

Retirement has given Susan the space for reinvention and she takes great delight in finding herself – in her sixties – an emerging writer. She walks, canoes and writes enthusiastically, and enjoys challenging herself in all three. Her work has been published, placed or listed by *Fractured Lit*, *Globe Soup*, *Reflex Fiction*, *Oxford Flash Fiction*, *The Daily Telegraph* Short Story Competition, *Fish Flash Fiction* and *Sci Po*, an initiative exploring the creative common ground between science and poetry. She is currently working on a novella-in-flash.

Unvoiced

Kathryn Aldridge-Morris

My Spanish mother-in-law tells me at three my son should be eating rice, chorizo, bocadillos and pork, that all the children of my husband's cousins eat better than my son, and María at the cemetery? her grandchildren eat paella with squid, *hostia!* find her a Spanish child this age who can't peel their own prawns. Carmen's grandson —I've never met Carmen, who the hell is Carmen? —gives her grandson a slice of watermelon, the whole barrio have heard about the kid with the watermelon, how I've got to see it before I leave, watch him take a bite the little rascal, and always such a huge bite, the juice gets everywhere, *joder* that kid can make a mess, but wait for the best — he spits out the pips, one by one, sorting the flesh from the pips with his tongue — it's like a gift he has and the dad of this tongue-prodigy is a prison officer in Bergón, that village on the outskirts of town, and there's always an opening at the prison, a solid career and a good pension and why did she have to have the son that moves abroad to marry an inglesa.

I poke at the untouched carrots on my son's plate. There's stuff I want to say too. Stuff like: you think I care about fussy eating? He can't speak! You think he's not speaking because he's bilingual? This delay is normal? You know how much time I've spent with specialists with picture cards and stethoscopes, clipboards, and questions? Checking how he walks, how he sleeps, how he holds his pen and ties his shoes? For twenty-four hours I stayed awake at his side, watching the lines of his EEG like a horror movie set at sea, watching the waves on the screen roil and break, watching my son's speech drown in that sea of red spikes.

But I don't say anything. What good would it do to break her too? We both sit there in silence, my son and me. She pulls a towel from a washing up bowl crammed with writhing crayfish and puts water on to boil. She wasn't just eating crayfish at his age—*madre mía*, she was *fishing* them. All you need is a net and a hook and some rotting meat.

I stick a godforsaken piece of carrot on the wretched fork. He opens his small mouth and what I'd give for it to be crammed with mashed words, vowels round his mouth, consonants stuck between his teeth. His lips shut before the carrot touches down. Man, I hate carrots too—that's not fussiness, it's genes. I wink. Spoon the lot into my mouth in one go. He giggles and threads his fingers through mine. We'll be out of here in ten. There's a pizza place on the plaza.

She turns from the hob, scoops up the empty plate.

See? she says, He got there in the end.

Door Slam, 1980

Sara Hills

In my memory my family is still inside the ivoried-yellow Oldsmobile, engine idling in the driveway. Dusk has already broken outside the windows, plastering the summer sky in fluorescent pinks and muted purples, while we sit in contented silence, the five of us full-bellied, eyes hazing after an evening out.

In this frozen moment, before we exit the car, we appear Sears-catalog perfect—from my father's Freddie Mercury mustache to my mother's Faye Dunaway waves. I thump my red-flowered faux-Keds absentmindedly on the middle hump of the backseat floorboard. To the right of me, my sister squints at an opened book through thick-framed glasses, and to my left, my brother's stilled fists hold Matchbox and Hot Wheels cars, the telltale orange paint of General Lee flashing against the fabric of his brown corduroy jeans.

My father has yet to switch off the engine, has yet to spend the night sitting by the door with a bottle of scotch and a loaded gun. He doesn't yet know that in the next five minutes he'll try to take my brother's life, and years later, his own. My mother has yet to lift her purse off the leather bench seat between them, yet to pack our belongings into boxes and lift our lives away from his, over and over again. For now, her thin face is turned toward him, lips rising at something he's said.

In my memory, we are happy in this moment. I can fool myself into thinking that my mother's eyes brimmed only with love and that my father wasn't entirely untethered by my grandfather's death. I can almost imagine us stepping into a sweet cricketed night of brushed teeth and goodnight kisses. I can pretend my sister keeps wearing her glasses; my brother, his smile. I can erase each runaway night, each beer or bong, each fistful of quaaludes—all the myriad things each of us swallowed trying to recapture this single moment, this perfect peace inside the Oldsmobile.

In the next minute, we'll exit the car. My brother will slam the door, catching my hand, flattening my fingers white between the close-fitting metal. My wide-necked scream will snap us out of our reverie. In three minutes, I'll suck in another snot-filled breath, fingers smudged gray from metal, pulsing as they slowly purple back into shape. I'll accuse my brother of having done it on purpose, causing our father to march through the house and slide the loaded gun from his bedside table, causing our mother to push my brother back out the ripped screen door, into the darkening street, urging him, "Run. Hide."

So I rewind the moment.

I put us back in the car and play it over and over again, pausing on our faces, the loose stillness of our cheeks, our satisfied eyes. And before the door slams, I pull back my hand.

The Child Can Not Touch the Owl

Benjamin Judge

A four-year-old girl and her grandmother are walking around an art gallery. An exhibition of art inspired by spiritualism. Other-worldly dream paintings and odd, misshapen sculptures made under hypnosis. The girl is becoming impatient with her grandmother's slow pace. She wants to explore. Not everything needs to be looked at for so long. Her grandmother is becoming impatient too, though not as visibly. The child wants to touch everything. She's four. It's normal. But the signs are clear. You aren't allowed to touch the art.

In a corner of the gallery, a small square is walled off. A video of an owl is being projected from above the doorway onto the far wall. The owl is stood on a perch. It barely moves. It ruffles its feathers occasionally. Its eyes open and close.

"Look at this." her grandmother says. "You can touch this."

She has told her granddaughter she can touch the owl because she cannot touch the owl.

The owl is not there. The owl is just light and the absence of light. An illusion. A black-and-white image beamed onto a white wall. But the child isn't being cheated either. If she raises her arm toward the owl the image on the wall shimmers where her hand is, part of the owl is projected onto her. She can touch the owl without touching the owl. She runs her hand gently along its feathers.

"Hello, Owl," she says.

The owl moves. It flaps its wings and looks to one side. It opens its beak slightly. From a hidden speaker there is a short burst of computer-generated speech. Words that approach meaning. Not quite language.

"You, this is, are, we."

The girl laughs.

"It talks!"

The owl is still again. The girl tilts her head to one side.

"Hello, Owl," she says again.

The owl turns its head fully toward the girl and opens its beak wide. This time the speaker plays an angry surge of white noise, clicks and whirrs and screeches, that make the girl jump. She runs out of the room to the safety of her grandmother, then drags her back toward the paintings. Away from the owl.

Alone in the room, the owl starts to fidget on its perch. At random intervals it talks, half sentences and jumbled prophecies. It flaps its wings. It hoots quietly to itself. It preens.

Finally, it falls asleep.

The owl is just a tape on a loop. It didn't respond to the girl's words. It was a coincidence. Dozens of children must say hello to the owl every day. Some will get a reply. Most won't.

The child cannot touch the owl.

The girl walks back into the room, newly emboldened from shaking off her fear. She approaches the owl. Stares at it. The owl is still asleep.

"Open your eyes, Owl," the girl says.

The owl opens its eyes.

Ghost Walking

Kate Karko

I am eager, flushed from the sun. The walkway is dry as driftwood. The dog's paws make quick clicks, like your lips down the phone line, or that stove of yours contracting as it cools. Below the bridge, the honeyed river spills over the lip of the weir. I take a picture of the canal boats in the basin, the water, the sky.

Last night the sky was empty. The ghosts of the old land were silent, though from my window, marsh bushes rose like ghouls in the mist. Now the dog sniffs the sedge and a man is ahead on the path. He sits on a camping chair by his moored boat. His grey hair is tied in a topknot, his legs crossed, like yours. The smoke from his fag drifts over the fence into the allotments. He is quiet and I don't want to disturb him. I will walk up the embankment to the carpark, take the route round the cottages. Or I will approach him, say *excuse me*, look into his eyes. Is that how people meet these days? I don't know anymore. I only know there was once you on a path selling bread outside the Dalai Lama's monastery, the Himalayas towering behind with crystal light and blinding snow.

I take the embankment. The dog follows me up the slope away from the water to the shaded trees. I take another picture looking through the beeches across the neat squares of bean rods and onion stems and small sheds. The white dovecotes flash bright on the roofs of the houses behind, though this is not the Roof of the World.

But the dog stops in his tracks. I pull the lead. He is rigid, eyes fixed on something. I turn to follow his gaze.

Nothing.

'Let's go.' I pull again. He resists. Something is there, though I see only stillness and tarmac and trees. He cowers, ears back. His protruding fang juts out – a souvenir from those later days, a broken jaw after our landlord's toddler threw him off the roof. You saved him, bought him for our homesick son.

'There's nothing there. Come on,' I say to the dog.

But his black eyes are still fixed on the space, full of cautious awe.

We are not alone.

'Is it Daddy? Do you see him?' The words catch in my throat.

The wave is total. A glacial melt, a viscous torrent, metastasizing like the cells that blazed through you. Are you there? Can you hear me? I stand above the river and the sky is ground and the ground is sky; a mountain god has cursed me for trespassing in your lands and I can never love another. I can barely even breathe.

I breathe. 'I miss you.'

But the dog moves on.

And when I pass the boat man sitting by the river on the way back, his voice is high-pitched when he says good morning.

He does not sound a bit like you.

Cyst – Hand – Spine

Annie Lord

Cyst

The probe is pressed between my legs – a cold, slip of an object. It pushes against my full bladder, and I am told to breathe. I crane my neck to see the monitor – to see my interior. The nurse works with quiet precision, scanning my innards. She captures an image of a small cyst in granular monochrome. The medical report describes it as ‘ground glass’, and I appreciate the sharpness of this naming. Here is the mass of cells that masqueraded as appendicitis, that twisted my body into a curled ball on the bathroom floor. I am momentarily blissful to see it – to track the source of years of intermittent pain to this tiny lump. But as soon as I am away from the probe and the screen, I am unnerved by my lack of knowledge of it. *What are you doing in there?*

Hand

It is 1895 and Anna Bertha Ludwig is 56. In darkness, her husband Wilhelm Röntgen leads her into his laboratory. She is asked to sit for ninety minutes in utter stillness – her wrist and hand laid flat on a photographic plate. As the rays silently and invisibly pass through her, an image forms of the interior of her own hand. Anna observes scaphoid, trapezium, metacarpals. The proximal phalanx on her fourth finger is obscured by a solid, oval shape – her wedding ring. Here are the bones that will remain when her heart stops, when her lungs no longer fill with air, when her skin, muscle and flesh decompose. To be married to Wilhelm is to know your body with an intimacy that is sometimes unwanted. To be married to him is to be stripped back – flesh made transparent – your underpinnings exposed. The picture is reproduced again and again, first in scientific journals and newspapers, photocopied by medical students, placed in exhibitions. A little over one hundred years after it is taken, it is digitised, posted to scores of websites, so that anyone can summon up – or stumble upon – Anna Bertha's hand, stripped back all the way to her bones.

Spine

I am lying on the treatment table, my belly exposed. The acupuncturist is making his measurements and marking out a constellation of dots on my skin using a shimmering silver pen. ‘After you’ve gone,’ he says, ‘you’d make a good specimen. Your spine. I always forget how long your torso is.’ He spends a while trying to summon up the name for the department who would gain something from observing my dead bones. He goes quiet as he taps the needles into place, giving them a slight twist, which sets off my nerves and then lulls me into deep relaxation. ‘Orthopaedics!’ he exclaims. He feels my pulse and then leaves me alone, my skin prickled with needles. He returns half an hour later, picks up my wrist, feels for my pulse again and nods in contentment. ‘Better’. My heart beats.

A Review of Big Boys in One Impossible Act

Ruby Martin

Lights up. Two chairs. RAY sits on one. ELLIOT sits on the other. They are sitting far enough apart so they cannot touch each other. RAY has a microphone in front of them, ELLIOT does not.

RAY

I saw a show I thought you would like the other day. It's called Big Boys, it's by Jack Rooke. Did you see him at the Fringe? His posters were everywhere. He's the same age as us, which is depressing. Anyway, he's got a show on Channel Four now.

ELLIOT says nothing.

RAY

It's pretty funny. There's a lot of *actual* jokes, which is refreshing. I feel I need to rewatch it to get all of them, it's like Bojack Horseman in that way. You liked Bojack right? Feels like something you would have liked.

ELLIOT says nothing.

RAY

Also it's weird because it's set in a university when we started uni and it's already shown as a throwback. I feel like it captures that time well, but also strange to have our recent past becoming a period piece. Are we getting old?

ELLIOT says nothing.

RAY

I guess I am. Also, warning, it's about a guy who loses his dad, and then makes friends with a straight guy, who has mental health issues. It was based on a couple of his real friends apparently. I knew one of his shows was about his friend who committed suicide, so I was worried.

ELLIOT says nothing.

RAY

It must have been difficult writing that. I guess that's why Danny is an amalgamation of several people. It

feels wrong putting words into a dead person's mouth. But it's not like you can get it from them now. It would be easy to just make them say what you want them to say.

ELLIOT

Like I'm sorry?

RAY

Yeah. But who do you cast for that? How do you bring them back to life respectfully?

ELLIOT says nothing.

The thing is that's not the purpose here. This is a story for people to watch and enjoy, or at least get something from.

That's what is really admirable. It never occurred to me as a writer that Danny didn't have to die. It seems obvious saying it, but that's the one privilege you get as a writer. You can rewrite history to make a new future. And that's the thing with suicide, it happens because in that moment, that person couldn't imagine anything better. But here it is on the screen, a storyline which shows that when you hit that point, that there is still an option to keep going and things can change. I wish everyone could see that alternative.

ELLIOT says nothing.

Anyway, it's a delicate balancing act, but I think they pulled it off. You should have watched it.

(beat)

I'm sorry you didn't.

RAY and ELLIOT hug, before ELLIOT walks off the stage. RAY stays on, facing the empty chair. The lights go down.

To the man sitting in the row behind me at UGC Odéon when I saw *Amadeus* all those years ago, who, soon after the film began, started making rustling and scuffling sounds and then, about twenty minutes in, moved into my row, which was empty apart from me, and sat – or half lay – three places to my right, buttocks on edge of seat, legs splayed, flies undone to the waist, and wanked (emitting little grunts) and who, when I said – disturbing the people in front of me – “For Christ’s sake, piss off,” got up, stumbled to the other end of the row and scuttled towards the *SORTIE*, almost tripping over his trousers, which he was clutching at half-mast

Patricia Newbery

I wasn't angry with you, just as I was never angry with the man who brandished his blushing cock at me on the back path from the station to the school, or the much younger man in a green jacket, who must have been on the landing outside my flat on the Butte-aux-Cailles, heard me approach the door from within and started down the stairs. He looked up when I came out, was presumably relieved and delighted I was female, and paused to wave his wand. Or any of the others: the boy who was suddenly next to me one night when I turned to tap in the door code at Avenue de Breteuil, the scruffy bloke on the RER in Marne-la-Vallée, the young man on the pedestrian bridge in Ramses Square, the flasher on the Corniche, or the one on the bridge over the Nile, displaying himself and laughing. That was the time that, when I reached the bottom of the slip road to Zamalek, a very handsome police officer approached me in sparkling white summer uniform and asked if the man sprinting away had been bothering me. I tried to explain what he'd been doing, but had to resort to gestures when my Arabic failed at the crucial point. To their credit, neither he nor his two subordinates displayed the slightest *manque de sérieux*. Unlike the man sitting in front of me with his wife/partner/whatever that evening at Odéon in the autumn of 1984, who, when I told you to piss off, turned round and asked what was going on. He laughed when I told him, and that annoyed me. It wasn't that you'd upset me more than as a distraction from the film, but there was something about that man's laughter that felt insulting in a way that being wanked at never has.

A house fire

Peter Scales

Winter 1963

Home is where the hearth is. Grate fire set match catches paper flickers tickling kindling splutters popping yellow resin crackling paper over grate draws a draft to roar the wood shiny coal black glowing red stoking blue and purple flames licking leaping up the chimney twinkling soot dancing fairies bearing ardent Christmas wishes tongues of fire up to Santa through the flue red with rage in nooks and corners heating bricks and little licks of flame peeping out of chimney-pots to see the starry sky and liking what they saw jumped and took the sparks along the ridge glowing crimson growing bigger burning beams and battens gable endings sending flames flashing high snapping at thatch scalding cats rats spiders and mice scurrying fire hurrying through every room catching curtains searing sofas watching television exploding beds of fire sheets of flame finding kitchen feeding greedy blaze burnt toast smoked bacon done to a crisp white heat wave cracking plates breaking glass melting mother's mixing bowls pots to potash laundry drying in glowing stacks and sacks of potatoes baking hot roasted pork crackling fast last supper time tables turning to ashes crockery smashes timbers tumble into rooms open to sky high jets of water damping down soaking smoking black blistered embers remembered in the freezing night.

There's no place like home - now.

August 2018

A long, hot summer. No rain for weeks. Sitting at a picnic table by the tree that grew outside my brothers' bedroom.

I look across the field where white and brown cows grazed, breath looping in the damp autumn air; cow-pats crusting and baking in the sun. Towards the gate my father passed through and into the woods on his journey to the office.

'Parch marks' are the result of vegetation growing over buried archaeological features, such as stone walls and foundations, where there is less depth of soil to retain moisture. In these hot dry weeks, a ghostly footprint of the house has bleached onto the grass: the straight lines of the garage, woodshed and coalhouse; the curves of the kitchen and the lounge.

I survey the ground imagining what might lie beneath: saucepans; cutlery; a bike frame; spanners and screwdrivers; door handles, window latches; the little china animals my sister collected; Dinky toys; Meccano; knitting needles; a stainless-steel spittoon; some collar-studs.

In the Tao Te Ching, Lao Tzu tells us that the most important part of a cup is the part that doesn't exist. The cup encloses a space into which the tea is poured. The fabric of a house encloses spaces where lives are lived and died. I try to establish the exact space where my mother prepared Sunday dinner; where the chickens roosted; the space where I lay in bed listening to the hollyhocks tapping on the window, watching the clouds bloom and diminish.

All gone now – buried, decayed, lost, looted. The ground is levelled and the grass is mown. Everything is smoothed over.

Balancing Act

Susan Wigmore

You sit on the ledge of a cloud and look down at yourself on the ledge of a window. You dangle your feet over cloud and sill. A jackdaw sits, too hot to fly, beak open, his catch-catch call silenced. Cloud thins; paint peels. There is an inevitability to the passing of time. The clouds are cumulous. This you have learned.

*

The girl says: 'Them clouds there' and 'It's a jackdaw it is'. Her vowels are the vowels of another country, flat as sadirons, consonants soft as spume. At school she misses lunch on Tuesdays for the extra class not everyone takes. She learns how to enunciate and say be quiet. At home Tad says shut up and learns her good and proper. He bangs and saws and drills. Soon there will be shelves in her room for the books she imagines balancing on her head. She tries to point her toes like a trapeze artist but they are obstinate and won't obey.

*

Missionaries gave Trobriand Islanders numerals; ancient counting systems died with tribal elders. But behind desks children twitch as spear fingers alight on wrist and arm crook, shoulder, breast flesh and sternum, then down the other side in a strange mathematical St Vitus' Dance. The past tugs wordlessly at the present, and children speak two languages at once.

*

A kindly man with dark-rimmed spectacles shows her a pile of socks. Later she'll think of him when she watches *Joe 90*. For now, the socks must be hung over a line strung between two chairs. It's a game, he says. She can only use her toes. Later she'll think of this when she's too lazy to bend down to pick up her knickers from the floor. For now, she plays the game and her pigeon toes strengthen. She learns how to walk mostly straight.

*

Missionaries gave Trobriand Islanders calico for church and axe-heads of metal to make canoes. But still stone cleaves to a palm's contours and cricket matches cut a dash when iced buns give way to warrior chants.

*

You sit on the ledge of a cloud and gaze at yourself on the ledge of a window. You dangle your feet over cloud and sill. They move *tick tock tick* like a pointed pendulum. It's a jackdaw, you say, book in hand, as a bird startles and takes flight.

The QuietManDave Prize celebrates short-form writing and the life of someone who loved to experience new places, art and events and write about them. The Prize offers awards of £1,000 for Flash Fiction and £1,000 Flash Non-Fiction as well as runner-up prizes.

Both Prizes are open to writers aged 16 or over – and we are particularly keen to encourage, discover and celebrate new writers. Sponsored entry is available for those who might not otherwise be able to participate.

About QuietManDave: Dave Murray entertained and informed many through his blog www.quietmandave.co.uk. He was a keen theatre critic, performed poetry at open mic sessions and loved flash fiction. He embraced writing relatively late in life but did so with a passion. The QuietManDave Prize, named in honour of his memory and achievements, will seek to enable and promote new writing. The QuietManDave Prize has been supported through the generosity of family and friends of Dave.

This year's QuietManDave Prize was judged by Dima Alzayat, Kate Feld and Shane Kinghorn.

The copyright in each piece of writing submitted remains with its author. Views represented are those of the individual writers and not Manchester Metropolitan University.

If you have any queries, or would like any further information, about the QuietManDave Prize, please contact writingschool@mmu.ac.uk.

Press enquiries: Laura Deveney: l.deveney@mmu.ac.uk. The judges and finalists are available for interview by request.

The QuietManDave Prize will return in 2024.