

The Manchester Writing School at Manchester Metropolitan University presents:

**The QuietManDave Prize 2020**  
**Flash Non-Fiction Shortlist**

# 2020 Flash Non-Fiction Finalists

## David Calder

David Calder was born in Canada and raised in the United States. He completed a PhD in Theatre and Drama at Northwestern University before moving to the UK to teach at the University of Manchester. His essays on theatre have appeared in *Contemporary Theatre Review*, *Theatre Journal*, *TDR: The Drama Review*, and several anthologies, and his first monograph was published in 2019 by Manchester University Press. 'These Insane Animals, or, A Strange Interlude' is his first piece of flash non-fiction. He lives in Manchester with his partner Daniel and their hypothetical cats.

## Zenobia Edge

Zenobia Edge grew up in Birmingham, graduating from Oxford University with an MA in German and Philosophy. Having spent four years learning the language, she then spent six years working in social care and slowly forgetting it before taking the opportunity to refresh her German with a three-month work placement in Berlin. Seven years later and Berlin has become home, where she lives with her husband and son. Currently half way through her maternity leave, she is delighted that it has afforded her the opportunity to reconnect with her love of writing.

## Alex Eiseman

Alex Eiseman is a software engineer living in New Orleans, Louisiana. They practice many hobbies including writing, pottery, biking, roller-skating, juggling, stilt-walking, fire spinning, crocheting, drawing, gardening and are always open to new projects. This is their first published work of writing. They have taken classes through the New Orleans Writer's Workshop and some other writing classes while studying biomedical engineering at Tulane University.

## Jude Higgins

Jude Higgins' flash fiction has been published in many anthologies and literary magazines including *Fictive Dream*, *Flash Frontier*, *FlashBack Fiction*, *Moonpark Review*, *New Flash Fiction Review*, *Ellipsis Zine*, *Pidgeon Holes*, *The Cabinet of Heed* and five NFFD anthologies. Her flash fictions have been selected for BIFFY50, 2019 and 2020. and nominated for a Pushcart prize and *Best Small Fictions*, 2020. Jude's flash fiction pamphlet *The Chemist's House* was published by V.Press in 2017. She runs Bath Flash Fiction Award, is a Director of Flash Fiction Festivals UK and the short-short fiction press, Ad Hoc Fiction.

## Sarah Jasmon

Sarah Jasmon lives on the Leeds/Liverpool canal in Lancashire, which is also the setting for her first novel, *The Summer of Secrets*. Her second novel, *You Never Told Me*, was published in March this year. In 2018 she was shortlisted for the Harper's Bazaar short story competition, and last year her creative non-fiction essay 'In Search of the Port of Manchester' appeared in the *Port* anthology from Dunlin Press. She is an Associate Tutor in Creative Writing at Manchester Metropolitan University and is currently studying for a PhD in Creative Geography at MMU's Centre for Place Writing.

## **Bethany Kaylor**

Bethany Kaylor is a writer and illustrator in Berkeley, California. Her essays and short fiction can be found on Entropy, DIAGRAM, and Mid-American Review. In her spare time, she moonlights as a landscaper, paints dogs, and cooks lots of vegetables.

## **Robin Lloyd-Jones**

Robin Lloyd-Jones is an award-winning author of 15 published books. He writes fiction (mostly historical novels and short stories) and non-fiction (travel, outdoor, biography and environmental topics). His publishers include Gollancz, Arena, Hutchinson, Canongate, Sandstone Press. After an early childhood in India Robin went to school in Devon and then to Cambridge University (MA in Social Anthropology). He retired from a career in education to focus on his writing. Robin lives on the west coast of Scotland with his wife. He is a keen hill-walker, photographer and sea kayaker. His most recent book is *Autumn Voices* (PlaySpace, 2018).

## **Anne O'Brien**

Anne O'Brien is a Hennessy New Irish Writer. Her work is published in *A Short Affair* (Simon & Schuster), *The London Magazine*, *The Irish Times*, and alongside Margaret Atwood in *Bay Lén*, an anthology of international short stories translated into Vietnamese by Nguyễn Phan Quế Mai. Winner of the Bath Short Story Award (2016), Anne has been shortlisted for the Bridport Prize, the RA & Pin Drop Short Story Award, and BBC Opening Lines. She divides her time between Dublin and Skagen while working on a short story collection and reading for a Creative Writing PhD with Lancaster University.

## **Mariem Omari**

Mariem Omari is a writer and activist committed to promoting stories that strengthen the voice for human rights and equality. Her first play, 'If I Had A Girl...' focused on honour violence in Scotland. She was awarded the National Theatre of Scotland's Starter for 10 to develop 'One Mississippi' on men and trauma, and in 2019 she wrote 'The Trojans' based on the stories of Syrian refugees, and 'Paper Memories', based on stories of migration and displacement. Her writing also spans radio drama, essays, and creative non-fiction. She lives in Glasgow, Scotland, and is Co-Founder and Artistic Director of Bijli Productions.

# These Insane Animals, or, A Strange Interlude

## David Calder

We probably shouldn't be here.

The lockdowns haven't started yet; the shops and the restaurants and the bars are still open. But we watch the news, and we know where this is headed. And still we're here, at HOME in Manchester, before our long confinement at home in Manchester.

*Insane Animals*, Theatre 1, closing night. The last night, the night it all ends. Camp-fabulous space aliens Bourgeois and Maurice emerge from the smoke and sing us a song:

"We think you might be on the brink of extinction!"

We laugh. We probably shouldn't be here.

What is theatre for, right now?

What is a queer musical rendition of the Epic of Gilgamesh – yes, really – for, right now?

It is not to forget. It is not to escape.

Partway through the second half, Gilgamesh's emotional ballad is interrupted. The actors are instructed to leave the stage. They do: a brisk, neutral, professional exit, characters dropped somewhere at their feet. The house lights come up. From my seat in the circle I can't see what is happening, but beneath me, at the back of the stalls, someone is crying. They are in distress. I remember the time I fainted in Theatre 2. Sometimes theatre is distressing. Sometimes we're just unwell. Sometimes something is wrong in our bodies and we don't know what it is yet. We lack the language for it.

They are crying, down there. Mostly it is quiet. An embarrassed silence – we shouldn't be here, and now we have time to reflect on it. We shouldn't be here, hearing this. The weeping spectator is embarrassed, too. We hear them sob, "I've ruined it for everyone."

"No! You're fine! You're okay! Don't worry." An audience become a chorus. That, at least, we can do.

The person in distress is helped from the auditorium. HOME's Director, Dave Moutrey, thanks us for our understanding. The performers re-take the stage. The audience cheers. Lockie Chapman, Gilgamesh again, turns to the band and plays the diva.

"From the top."

We laugh. We don't know how long we'll be away from here, how long the next interlude will last. Will we remember where we left off? Will we take it from the top?

What is a queer musical rendition of the Epic of Gilgamesh for, right now?

To teach us about loss. To show us what to do with what remains – the traces of ourselves. Coat them in glitter and wrap them in lamé, which, as any camp-fabulous space alien can tell you, is not the same as covering them up. These fragments, these remnants. They might be beautiful.

Rendition: from the French, *rendre*, to give back. To give again.

In the closing number, the same refrain: "We think you might be on the brink of extinction."

We shouldn't be. We are. The theatre has been here before. How many plagues has the playhouse withstood?

We applaud and disperse into the night. It's time we were getting home.

# From the children's ward, Berlin, March 2020

## Zenobia Edge

Tears fall. Hair falls. Sometimes I catch a glimpse of my reflection in the bathroom mirror. I don't recognise the blotchy, swollen face looking back. It doesn't matter. My baby does.

Ampizalin, Gentimazin, Meropenem. Vesicoureteraler Reflux, Periphere Venenkatheter, Endoskopische Unterspritzung der Harnleitermündungsstelle. Foreign words in a foreign language. A language I am still learning, but must master. I would say I am about a level A2. Possibly a B1 by the end of this stay. It's not enough. I need to be at least a C1 to advocate adequately. Must learn more. Object more. Concentrate. More.

How are you? Fine. Is there anything I can do for you? I'm fine thanks. Some ask with more persistence – looking, concerned, into red-rimmed eyes. Think. Is there anything? A healthy child. A new drug with no side effects. A certain future. No, these are not things you can ask for. Think smaller. Something practical perhaps? But my thoughts are too slow. The pause between the asking and an answer now already too long. No, I'm fine thanks.

At night, I sit in the dark and listen to my son's breathing. At 20:30 the bins will be emptied and I will be ready and waiting at the door to intercept: No, we don't need a new bag, thank you. Yes, I'm sure. Yes, we have everything we need, thank you. You too, good night. At 22:00 the night shift starts and the nurse comes to introduce herself. Yes, we're fine thanks. Sorry, do you mind being a bit quieter – it's just, he's sleeping. Thanks, you too. At 00:00 the first antibiotic infusion. Boob to settle. At 01:00 the second antibiotic. Second boob to settle. At 02:00 the nurse returns to detach the beeping machine. No more boobs available. I rock, shhh, pat and will my baby back to sleep. Please sleep, darling, please sleep now.

Dots track across my vision. I close my own eyes. See the glitch of old VHS. VHS. Will my son even know what that is? Was? Sometime between 02:00 and 03:00 the static in my head merges with the static of my baby's white noise machine and sleep claims me, dragging me down, down, down, until – a cry. I am wrenched, dragged, pulled back up through treacle layers. I am here, my love. What hurts? How can I make it better? I am here.

A sleeping child permits a trip to the bathroom. Is there anywhere more lonely than the empty corridors of a children's ward? Last time, there was a Christmas tree, desolate in its festive cheer. This time, Covid-19 keeps us yet further isolated. The sound of children's pain the only indication of the residents behind closed doors. Newborns squark. Babies wail. A toddler moans. Unheard: the anguish of parents' desperation. United in the same, burning, desire. To get our children healthy and to get them out of here.

It's night again. I listen to my son breathe.

# Mud

## Alex Eiseman

### Mud Fights

At Bay Saint Louis, no matter how far you walk out into the ocean, the water stays shallow. Between the bars of sand there is this mud that will sink between your toes. It's impossible to resist. We bury ourselves, we wipe it across each other's skin and laugh. We get it in our hair on our faces, skin against skin moves smoothly now and we submerge ourselves before the sun can crack this mud dry.

### Koliva

When someone dies, in the eastern orthodox church it is traditional to make koliva, soft like clay, cinnamon flavored boiled wheat. Sometimes it's dry and flakey like the dirt my grandmother had me plant tomatoes in. When someone dies, each person in the family shovels one heap of dirt onto the grave. The koliva reminds me of that dirt, I shoveled on my mother's grave. Death demands packed lunches for the gravediggers, the elderly, and anyone in need. My religion advises you to bury yourself in helping those who are still there and enjoying the sweet texture of this earth.

### River Baths

Summer camp in the mountains we all slept in cabins. A young German girl named Astrid, told me that if a boy stared at her for too long she would beat him up. She said if anyone tried to touch her she would kill them. She showed me the best path to get to the river, and naked we walked in. We cupped our hands and bathed with the ice water, all the while there was warm mud between our toes that would keep you grounded while the river tried to pull you forward. Her hair was soft and straight and I was afraid that I too might begin to stare. That thought was a secret, I buried beneath my muddy toes, and only remembered when she poured milk in her tea, because the color would slowly turn from the brown of dry earth to the soft color of clay.

### Marching Bands

Mardi Gras morning the fog is so thick you can hear the marching band in their somber tone on the riverwalk but you can't see them. As I approach what sounds like a haunted carnival I begin to see the sousaphone and the trumpet. The water is low as they approach it by walking down the steps, many of them holding candles. They push off two rafts, with small burning flames into the fog. I know they are saying goodbye to their recently departed. I consider my own, through the fog, and then embrace the shoulder next to me, passing the flask. I know that through the fog she is also imagining the same departed, a similar past full of Mississippi mud, on our naked bodies around a warm fire in those urban woods where we both came of age.

# Night Demons

## Jude Higgins

So your mobile alarm goes off at random and you're jolted out of a dream in which you've lost your credit cards while being chased by a murderous criminal when people are milling around coughing and too close together without masks, so it's too dangerous to run through the crowd and you know it should be good to leave the dream behind, except you can't find the phone in the tangle of your duvet and why did you ever think the swelling tones of a summer dawn chorus would be a peaceful way to wake and what was wrong with the old fashioned alarm clock with a button you could slap hard to shut it up and now you're fully awake, the room is lit with moonlight so bright it could be day, the door of your wardrobe is leering open and when you sit up, shivering, wondering whether to close it, you catch sight of a long shadow in the mirror, which frightens you, not because you think the murderous criminal is in the room, but because it's a reflection of you, much older than you think you look and if you had a time machine, you'd go back now into the morning of your youth to that thread of photos on social media you joined, with you in your twenties – yeah, way back then – and hope for a dose of 1970s optimism which these days only briefly appears at breakfast after a pot of strong coffee and a conversation with your husband, who, frazzled himself by night demons and today's news, tells you there's no point in worrying.



# Found in Nora's house after her death: sections of a diary kept by her mother, Margaret, taking in February to September 1955, and January to September 1957

Sarah Jasmon

The first page (loose, torn edge) shows gardening tips for December. '1955' has been added in blue pen, above the advice to sow tomatoes in heat for an early crop. On the reverse, a memorandum:

Image: record of peaches picked daily on Canvey Island over August and September. Numbers range from 2 – 27, with a line indicating none on Sept. 14<sup>th</sup>

*The family has a bungalow on Canvey Island, out by Oyster Creek. I have photographs of the family, young and laughing and playing tennis and croquet in a 1930s world. Salty wind blowing from the North Sea. Not a place for a bumper peach harvest.*

The gap in harvesting on September 14<sup>th</sup> is explained by 'a terrible storm' on the afternoon of the previous day during which 'hail beat pebble dash off walls' leaving 'the whole island white as snow.'

*Nora is my first-cousin-once-removed. Margaret was the eldest in the long James family, and my grandad the youngest but one. This means Nora, in generational terms, is more like a great aunt. I call her GA Nora in my thank you letters. She's a headmistress, and sends blocks of paper, made from the leftover forms of school business. I don't remember what was on the printed side, even though I must sometimes have filled the boxes with words, but I do remember the colours – pink and blue and green – and the infinite possibilities those blank pages offered.*

1955 has its ups and downs. There's a newspaper strike and a rail strike and, on April 6<sup>th</sup>, Churchill resigns, prompting 'fears for his exit, pride for the honour of having lived as his contemporary through such a mighty career.'

*A niece is married, trips are made to the theatre. Life revolves around housekeeping and family visits made by rail. Nora will travel widely and live a long and vibrant life. As an old lady, she will discuss Lego figures with my son, her deep interest not faked.*

1957 begins with a synopsis of Christmas visitors, including elder daughter Glenys and her husband Geoffrey. It's the only time Geoffrey is mentioned. Over the following weeks, Margaret is afflicted by a painful thumb. She makes circumspect notes about Glenys. There is one 'very great day,' with Nora 'interviewed at Weston-Super-Mare for post of Headmistress. She was the successful candidate.'

Image: Good Friday. A note suggesting that all is not well in Glenys' marriage.

*A generation of women in the aftermath of war. I would choose to be Nora, single and living at home at 39 but with a career and a fulfilled world. It's possible her sister was once seen as the lucky one.*

At some point, May and June are excised from the diary.

*Were the words within them too wild? Perhaps the erring Geoffrey returns, and it is no longer seemly to have a record of opinion. Or perhaps the final event in the diary makes the energy expended on him seem ridiculous.*

Image: September 21<sup>st</sup>. Margaret records the death of her husband, Frank.

*Nora at 98, time disappearing from her memory. 'I haven't a clue who you are.' She examines a photograph of herself and Glenys as children with their mother. 'My sister. I haven't seen her for years. We didn't fall out. I just haven't seen her.' So many years.*

# The Hotel Družba

## Bethany Kaylor

The Hotel Družba smelled like sweat and cabbage. My room on the ninth floor was stuffy and dark. The previous tenants had plastered pictures of presumably famous Slavic bodybuilders on the dirty walls. Every morning, I woke up to Štefan Havlik glaring down at me, his biceps glistening unnaturally.

The view from the balcony was beautiful, though. Down below, the Danube River swirled and eddied in thick brown waves, snaking through the floodplain. Despite its proximity to downtown Bratislava, the Hotel Družba was surrounded by a riparian forest. In the distance beyond, the Little Carpathian mountains rose like smooth knuckles. The evening trill of crickets and frogs was so similar to the soundscape of my Ohio childhood that if I closed my eyes, I could almost believe I had returned.

\*

My days were filled with learning Slovak at the local university, where my enthusiasm paid off. “You’re my best student,” my instructor Júlia told me, only to quickly correct herself. “My best *American* student.” But I didn’t care. I loved how the hačeks rolled off my tongue, how my world could be reduced to simple, concrete nouns: *chair, desk, girl, book, train*.

My nights, however, were empty. I read my books slowly, trying to make them last. I masturbated, careful to avoid glancing at the Slavic bodybuilders. I listened to my instructional Slovak CD, *Križom Kražom*, on repeat, mouthing the sentences like an ancient hymn: *Hello. I would like two coffees and a gelato. I do not know the way home, can you show me?*

Occasionally, other students invited me out for drinks and foosball, but I declined, choosing instead to stare at the waterstains on the ceiling. Although painful, my loneliness intrigued me. It seemed to reveal some inner truth, a complexity I’d always hoped to find.

But the loneliness could overwhelm, too. One night, I mustered the courage to walk down to the Mark Twain, a small dilapidated bar on the edge of the Družba property where Slivovice (Slovakia’s infamous plum brandy) was sold for only a dollar. At 50% proof, it was cheaper than water, stronger than dirt.

Outside the bar, people sat around a campfire, laughing and flirting in languages I couldn’t understand. An older Slovak man was playing guitar, flanked by two drunk men who were singing Pink Floyd’s “Wish You Were Here,” their accents warbled and thick, the song familiar only by its stark chords. “*We’re just two lost souls swimming in a fish bowl, year after year*,” the men crooned, swaying back and forth. The audience clapped and hollered for more, their voices wrapped in a tenderness I yearned to touch but couldn’t. Alone on a stump, I stared out at the shape of the dark forest beyond, where the last shards of evening light scattered on the Danube. I drank my brandy slowly, letting the sharp sting gather at my throat. I wanted to cry, but I wasn’t sure what might stumble out.

# Welcome To England

## Robin Lloyd-Jones

When I was ten the family returned from India. Term had already begun at my new school in Bristol. My very first lesson there was about India. The beautiful, colourful country I had left behind, full of fascinating, exotic sights, sounds and smells bore no relation to the place in the textbook with its rainfall graphs and statistics about imports and exports. Towards the end of the lesson came the weekly test. The teacher had devised this system whereby whoever came top in the test one week got to set the test the next week. The boy asking the questions on the chapter which had been studied for homework was coming up with questions like, 'What was the name above the shop in the picture of the market place on page twenty-three?' I, the only one in the class who had lived in India, scored nil.

Science followed Geography. This was held in the Science Lab which had tiers of seats banked in a semicircle round the front table. As we entered the room I was aware of my class-mates whispering to each other and glancing at me. We sat in the bottom tier at ground level while the teacher rattled on about things which meant absolutely nothing to me. Suddenly, the entire class jumped up and rushed to the highest seats at the back ... the entire class, except me, that is, who sat there looking around in utter bewilderment. The teacher beckoned me forward and, ignoring all protests, gave me three strokes on the backside with a bamboo cane. I found out later that, to keep the class alert and hanging on his every utterance, he had told the class, at the beginning of term, to listen for the word 'heat'. It was the signal to race for the back seats. The last one there got beaten.

Today was the the day for our weekly boxing lesson. The instructor, known to one and all as Sarge, was a small, wiry man, not much bigger than me. In his day he had been army champion at light featherweight.

'New blood!' he exclaimed, looking at me and licking his lips.

'He's from India,' someone said, pityingly.

'Ah, the Lion of Kabul,' Sarge said, 'Let's see what you can do, then.'

I had never put on boxing-gloves before. They have an unforgettable smell – the odour of dried blood on leather and, from their dank interior, the tang of stale sweat, the kind that stinks of fear. Sarge's weaving gloves mesmerised me. He seemed to be able to hit me wherever and whenever he wanted. I landed a lucky punch ... a bad mistake. I opened my eyes to find Sarge bending over me. He helped me to my feet and patted me on the back.

'Welcome to England,' he said.

# Anne O'Brien

## The Speed of Sound, Skagen, Denmark

I woke just before dawn to the great honking calls that signal one thing – whooper swans.

Over the past few weeks, flocks have been gathering on the marshlands in Northern Jutland; they are preparing to migrate further north. The waterlogged areas suit them. They need shallow lakes; on dry land their legs struggle to support the weight of their bodies.

I open the bedroom window and stand shivering as I scan the sky, my breath vaporising on the icy air. This far north, sound seems to travel faster than light.

Soon I glimpse the tip of an inverted V which quickly becomes distinct. Then another and another. On they come, like a squadron of bomber jets. Despite their weight, they're powerful flyers. Their calls are louder now, resonating from the long, coiled windpipes, set deep in the hollows of their chests. They use their voices to signal to each other, to keep the flock in formation as they fly.

One ragged V after another passes overhead. Now they are close and it's a riot of sound, busy and joyful. How much they have to say to each other!

I am here and I and I...

They fly over the house on towards Grenen where land ends and the North Sea meets the Baltic, the waves crashing against each other far out towards the horizon. They will soon leave the European continent behind and travel over one thousand kilometres to Iceland where they'll breed and raise their young. Like me they have wintered here – unlike me they know the time has come to leave and where they must go.

But more than their sense of purpose, I covet their voice.

As the swans fade out of sight, I draw the early morning air deep inside, feeling the cold travel down my neck and into my lungs until I am quite filled with it. I open my mouth and echo their call, the sound less sonorous and much too quiet.

'And I. And I.'

# Mirrors Lie

## Mariem Omari

Feel my face. Eyes a little puffier than usual. Check neck. Left, right, left, right. Feels ok. Check lower back. A little tweaky. Might need a good stretch. Breasts are premenstrual central. They feel huge. Don't roll onto them. Sit upright. Take a few breaths. Peek under the little blue curtains. 6.04am. Be careful not to wake him. It's too early. Lie back down. Pillow over my head. Block out the light. Try and sleep.

Not that side. 6.27am. Quietly, feet over the bed and onto the floor. The weather is beautiful. Walk outside, bare feet on damp grass. Perfect temperature. Need to stretch. Side, back, front. Forward bend. Back bend. Can't feel my skin. Go back inside. A whole hour to myself - till he gets up. Creep into the kitchen. Earl Grey tea in the pot. Two bags. Sweet smell of bergamot in my nose. Creep out to the living room. That's strange. Can't hear rubbish bins being collected. Or police cars up Parramatta Road. Can't hear the world.

Warm tea in my hands. Visceral comfort. No speaking. No interruptions. No faces. No nothing. Just me and the tea. It's my sanity. Love in a cup. Think I'll die drinking tea - and reading books. Maya Angelou, Louise Hay, and Anne Lamott. Their titles a little blurry this morning.

Photos everywhere. The wedding. The honeymoon. And his eyes. Struck by those striking, green eyes. The kindest man you'll ever meet, his friends said. Thought kind was boring. Wanted to destroy kind. Never knew kind from my parents. Better to be kind than right. Read that somewhere. Must put that on a Post-it note.

Earlier, 3.03am. Pints and whiskey. Two at a time. Acrid breath. Near my mouth. Gently nudged him away. He didn't like it. Forgot the routine. Made a mistake. Should have been still. Should have been silent. He lies. He loves drink more than me. He said I talk too much. That I lack self-control. His fists are fast. A quick one two. I was out like a light. He needed to sleep. He didn't feel well.

Looks worse than it feels. Blood in my left ear and one swelling eye. Mirrors lie. Need a Panadol. Open the hall cupboard. My travel bag. Half packed from the time before. Reach for it. 7.24am. He'll be awake soon. That boyish look on his face. And he'll say, hey you, as he grabs me and pulls me into his chest and smells my hair. And I'll say, it's clean! And he'll laugh and say, oh babe your face...good thing you're so beautiful. And he'll ask what I'm doing today.

Pour another cup of tea. Make his toast the way he likes it.

**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 internationally 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, and you can also sponsor an entry (or entries) for someone else.

**About QuietManDave:** Dave Murray entertained and informed many through his blog [www.quietmandave.co.uk](http://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 Kate Feld, Tania Hershman and Shane Kinghorn.

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If you have any queries, or would like any further information, about the QuietManDave Prize, please contact [writingschool@mmu.ac.uk](mailto:writingschool@mmu.ac.uk).

Press enquiries: Laura Deveney: [l.deveney@mmu.ac.uk](mailto:l.deveney@mmu.ac.uk). The judges and finalists are available for interview.

The QuietManDave Prize will return in 2022.