

# THE **BUGLE**

A watercolor illustration of several pink flowers with green leaves. The flowers are rendered with soft pink washes and dark outlines, while the leaves are green with dark veins. The background is a light, textured wash of purple and blue.

**An arts magazine by people with lived  
experience of homelessness and its  
surrounding issues.**

**ISSUE 56**



# About The Bugle

The Bugle is our mouthpiece which alerts readers to matters which we feel need attention, while at the same time allows us to explore our creative skills—whether through writing poetry, artwork, cartoons or other means of expression

## Our History

The first edition was let out on an unsuspecting public in November 2005. At that time it ran to eight pages only, with limited colours. The first edition was sent round Bethany units—such as Bethany House in Couper Street, and encouraged people to put their thoughts down on paper. It was sometime later that The Bugle would have its own dedicated slot at the old Learning Centre on Jane Street, a converted church hall right opposite Rikky's Music Shop.

People come and go, depending on what life has to dish out to them, yet it's encouraging to note even while the pandemic has forced us apart from meeting in person, we have maintained nearly a dozen regular contributors. As the reputation of the magazine has grown, people now send in work from all over Scotland as well. We always try to give everyone who submits work the space for their voice to be heard.

We are always learning new things in order to keep improving. The magazine you now hold in your hands has grown into an impressively colourful and glossy production which we are proud of and which we hope you enjoy. We gratefully acknowledge all the financial help which has come from several sources.

## Our Mission

We are a creative, welcoming, open-minded and supportive group of people who may have experienced homelessness and are supportive of the issues surrounding homelessness.

We aim to promote free and open communication which connects with others through creative writing, journalism and visual art. We hope to encourage others to think about issues that are often hidden. We produce a magazine which reflects real issues but goes deeper than the current trend for 'reality.'

## Our Reader Agreement

In keeping with our mission, we have developed guidelines to help encourage an innovative and trustworthy environment in which to publish our material. We promise to...

- Provide hope, honesty and positivity
- Refrain from making discriminatory comments
- Place warnings on articles that contain adult content

We ask you to...

- Respect other people's viewpoints
- Give us the benefit of the doubt regarding spelling, grammar and writing
- All authors and artist retain copyright. Do not use our images or writing elsewhere
- Credit the artist or author when quoting them





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# Poems Page 21

## Thanks to our Funders

Our Community Development work is made possible thanks to the generous support of many individuals, communities, partner organisations & supporters.

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Front Cover: **Flowers** *by Alan Young*

Back Cover: **Cross and Prayer** *by Ally*

## Your Feedback

If you would like to know more about the Bugle, comment on what you have read or to submit an article, then please contact us at:

- [samrowe@bethanychristiantrust.com](mailto:samrowe@bethanychristiantrust.com) / 07818 893093
- The Bugle, 65 Bonnington Rd, Leith, Edinburgh EH6 5JQ

## Disclaimer

The views expressed in The Bugle are not necessarily those of Bethany Christian Trust.



## Confessions of a Waste of Space by aja

**Content Warning:** *In this article the author describes his experiences of homelessness, its contributing factors and his survival, which may be upsetting to some people...*

Do yourself (and me) a favour; read this through and see if it might just offer you a way to give yourself a means to communicate and show people **why** you should be helped. I am writing from my own experience, wondering, if the following will have any bearing on you?

For most of my early adulthood I believed myself to be a waste of space, one who would never achieve anything worthwhile, that I was an embarrassment to my family, with a history of being physically punished by my mother. Because that was the message driven into my head and being told that enough times it made me believe that I was a waste of space and I deserved nothing good, that life was not worth living through **but** jail times and suicidal failures left me alive and even more sure I was a failure as a human being, and for sure just a waste of space.

One time, just out of jail, sat in a café, nursing a cold coffee because it stood between me and being outside in the rain, I was approached by a stranger. He told me, "I think we are both in the same boat, nowhere to go, sleeping rough and just surviving. What would you do if I showed you how we could get a warm meal and a safe place to sleep the night away? If I watch your back and you then watch mine we can go our separate ways come morning?"

I had nothing to lose and felt good about guarding this stranger as he slept. I had been arrested for shop lifting and on my release I had enough cash to book into The Salvation Army hostel for men. I heard that a woman was coming to read her poetry to anyone that came to listen and as I had nothing more interesting to do I went to hear her recitation.

I still don't know what it was she said, but, I found myself crying and wondering could I create poetry and when I tried, my thoughts came out as rhymes and verses. As I wrote them, readers read them and wanted to buy them from me, but knowing how important pennies were for some of them, I gave them away instead and felt less of a waste of space.

Again homeless, once more back in the city, I returned to that Night Shelter for hot food and a sleep, but was able to talk to workers, sharing my life history, and before I got down to sleep for the night, I gathered dirty dishes and soup spoons for washing.

At leaving time I was asked, "Do you have anywhere you desperately need to be?"

When I said 'no' I was asked, "Can you go to the Fruit and Veg Market and beg for the makings of tonight's soup?"

Seeing it as a good thing to do I went and begged hard enough to get a good strong soup made and some fruit for the workers. For that I was taken into the care of the workers and saw I had a reason to care what happened to me. I wrote poetry and talked to others about an alternative to life on the streets. Because of that, I was asked if I would make my way to an address in London because if I did I could have my own bed and help more homeless people be fed and see how they could achieve a happier life.

A young woman came to do a night's social work and I saw how she was getting ever more anxious of the man who was chatting her up. Without thinking things through, I went and



put my arm round her shoulder, looked him in the eye and asked him, “You aren’t chatting up my girlfriend are you? He got all guilty and she relaxed under my arm and come morning she asked if I might want to go to a birthday party with her?”

That led to many dates and a working relationship that led to a wedding.

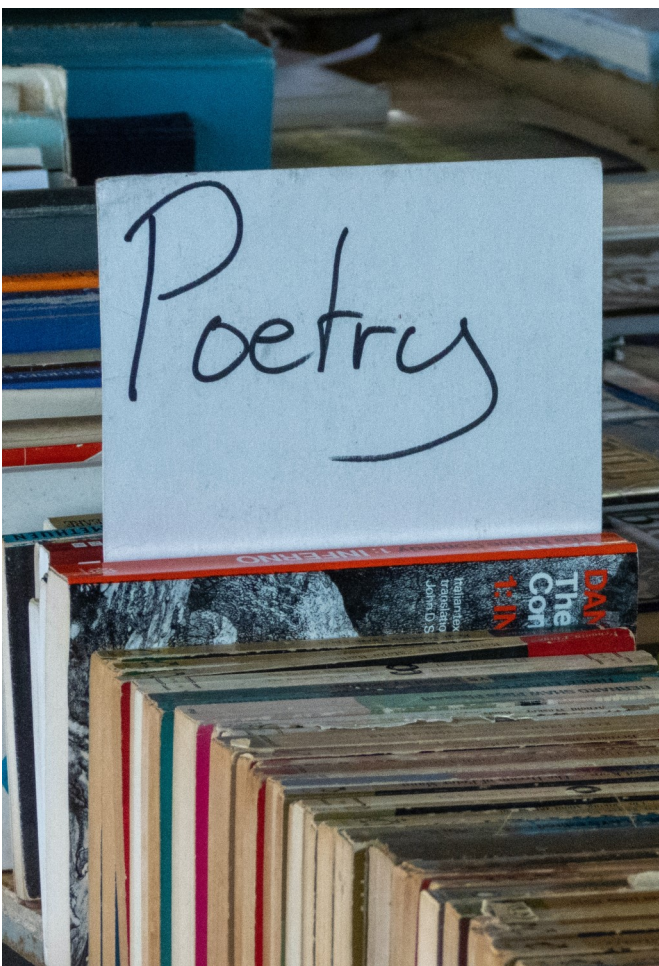
As a married man I had to be a wage earner, like she was. We had a great life until she gave me a second child, and being a parent of two children, I panicked. At that time I was totally unsuited to parenting and I felt that the best I could do was to be an absent parent.

I made her throw me out.

Again I felt like I was that waste of space until, coming out of jail, living in the Salvation Army Hostel for men, somehow my name was put forward for the tenancy of a flat. That has led to my having 22+ years of a settled and happy life, writing poetry for Bethany Christian Trust’s *Bugle Magazine* and creating articles that are meant to show people how life might still have a good surprise in store for you. That is why I ask you, if poetry and caring helped give me a good life, might it not do the same for you? Writing poetry and articles has given me three or four books, almost ready to be published! Ask yourself, what have you got to lose from thinking about what I have shown you here and what might be won if you try for yourself. *Could poetry help you to have a better life?*

It is not too late. It will be you who is doing the communicating and making friends who see what this new way has to offer.

So, having read this far, did you see if and how our lives could echo each other.



Seeing my day as time spent *just surviving*,  
I got fed up with all that ducking and diving.  
Seeing how I was getting nowhere  
But by showing others, I do care  
I saw that it won me a useful, happier, life

Now sat with a roof overhead,  
Sleeping in my very own bed,  
I find it so very good  
To be eating hot and fridge-fresh food!  
My neighbour has become my friend  
Helping bring my loneliness to an end.  
Does that not make life well worth living?

It helps to communicate,  
Poetry and talking are a starting gate  
That can lead to a much happier life.  
As smiles and laughter replace constant strife  
Living, more satisfying than *just surviving*.

So what have you got to lose?  
It is up to you to choose  
*How* the rest of your life will be lived?



## More Adventures With Bertie and Tom by *Rosalind Alexander*

Poor Bertie the dragon felt really sick. I bet he'd been up to his tricks again, pinching his friend's chocolate.

Tom woke up to find Bertie feeling sorry for himself.

Tom asked "Bertie, whatever is the matter with you now?"

"I feel rather sick," he answered.

"Bertie, You haven't been eating my chocolate again?" said Tom.

"Oh, just a little bit," Bertie mumbled.

"Well I should jolly well hope not," said Tom.

"Oh, I am ever so sorry Tom."

"Let's hope that you have learned your lesson, Bertie."

Bertie lay on the floor with a tummy ache. Tom sighed and longed for another adventure with Bertie. But for now it would have to wait until Bertie got better.

Tom had loved all of the adventures they had together. Tom began to dream about the last adventure. Soon he was flying up high up on the clouds with Bertie. Over a little village with very odd little people. They were busy buying vegetables from the stalls, which were all shapes and sizes they came in all sorts of colours. The little people moved so quickly, and soon the market closed. Bertie flew over some queer looking houses with the chimneys upside down, the doors crooked, everything looked odd in fact. The little people wore their clothes inside out. Tom found it exciting.

"Oh let's stop here for a bit," Tom said.

"Are you sure," replied Bertie.

"I'd rather like it if we both went exploring."

Off they headed towards the village.

The sunset faded, and a cold chilly wind blew Tom's hat onto the ground. Tom looked surprised when a little person appeared wearing his hat. The little person smiled at Bertie and asked him what his name was, and that of his friend.

"Bertie is my best friend, and we don't live around here."

"Oh, I see," replied the little person, "You had better come with me you're cold and wet through. Come over to my cottage and dry yourselves off, and I will rustle up something to eat."

"Why, that is so kind of you."

Bertie trod recklessly into the living room and knocked over the table.

"Oh Bertie," Tom said, "Please be careful. I am so sorry my friend is a bit clumsy."

"Oh don't worry," the little person said.

"What is your name?" asked Tom.



"Tweedledee, Tweedledum".

"What does that mean?" Tom inquired.

"It means I'll eat you for my breakfast"

"Oh..... I think we better be leaving!"

Up, up and away over the hills and faraway.

Soon they were both back safe and well.

Bertie was eating his favourite soup.

What an exciting and dangerous adventure it had been.

**Illustration** by *Rosalind Alexander*



## We Are Never Alone In Anything

It is so easy to feel alone in many ways, for many reasons, even fake reasons. There is no one who has never experienced this. There is always light at the end of a very dark and long tunnel. There are times when things do not seem to be changing positively, but that is when they can and do change, even in ways we never thought of. It could turn out far better than we hoped. Never give up hope, even when all seems lost and hopeless. Be strong in mind and attitude always. People in World War Two did it.

## Three Articles By Graham Forrester



### How can we bring ourselves more together?

Sometimes it's about looking deeper into ourselves, in different relevant ways. If there is something in us that prevents us being more connected with others, then we need to look at what, and why, and so on, in ways to prevent it doing what it is doing. So we can rise above it.

If it is something in others, then we may need to positively rise above it with understanding. It will not work for everyone fully, or at all, but the times it does work is better than none at all. It may all seem like a brick wall is in our way, but insight can be used as a power to break down that brick wall.

Failure is not when you try a few times and give up, it is when you don't try at all. There are many examples of this and for different reasons. There are people who face huge challenges and never give up. Mind over matter is what it is all about.

### Next Five Minutes and Tomorrow

There are some old true sayings about the next five minutes and tomorrow being promised to no one. My dear mum used to say, 'We go out when we do, but we don't really know if we are coming back.' People make plans, but some act like they are all set to happen.

The saying is adapted from a line in 'To a Mouse,' by Robert Burns:

*The best laid schemes o'mice an' men / Gang aft agley.*

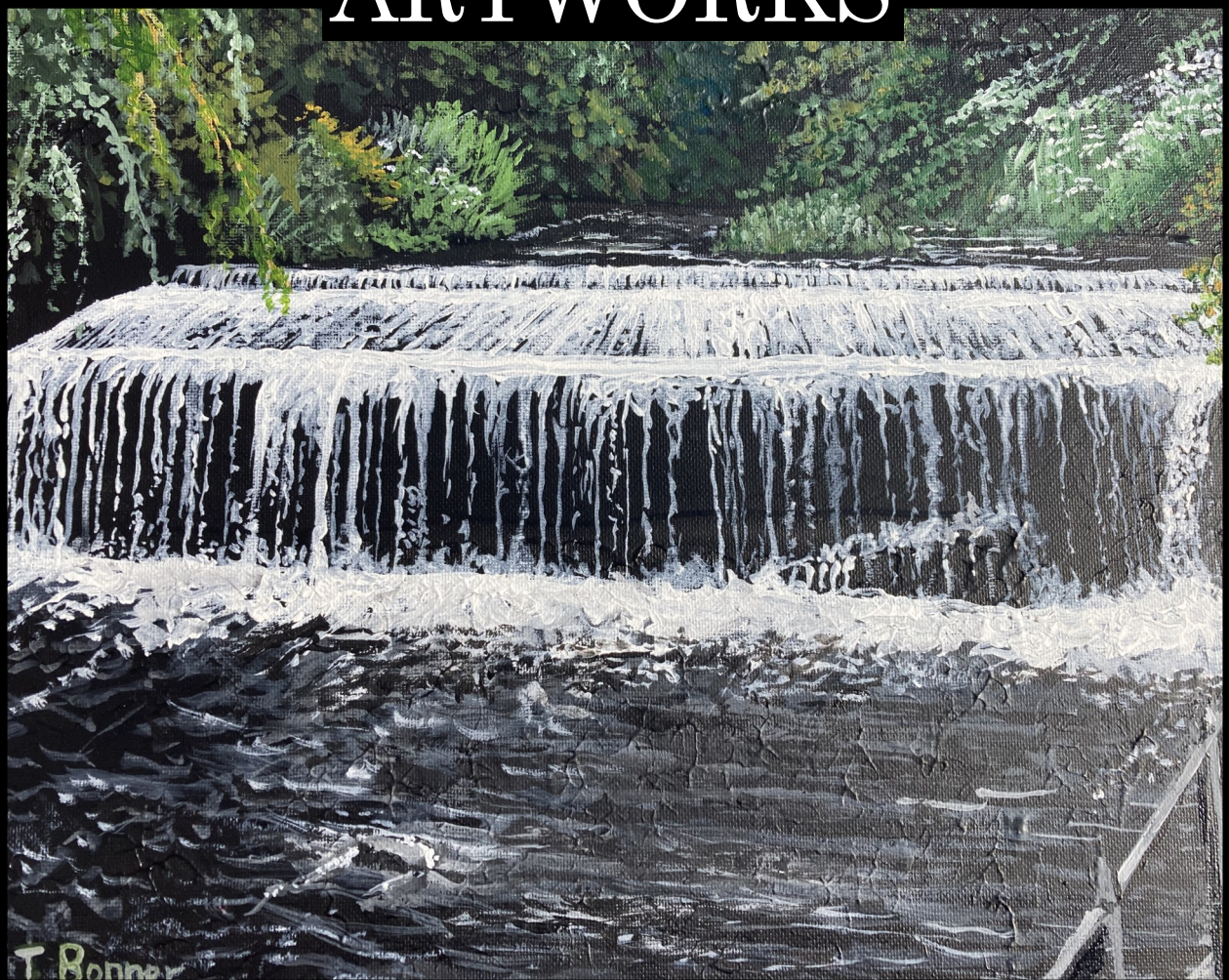
The other way to put it is, 'The best laid plans of humans often go astray.' Some don't go fully as hoped, and others not at all. The next five minutes and tomorrow belonging to no one, fits with not only be mice and men saying but also others. It is still good to hope.

God willing, it may all go to plan, even partly is better than not at all. The other saying is what is meant for you will not go by you, and what is not meant will pass or not happen. Those who don't believe in God, may say if it all goes our way, our plans will happen. It can be good then to build up our hopes too high or too much.

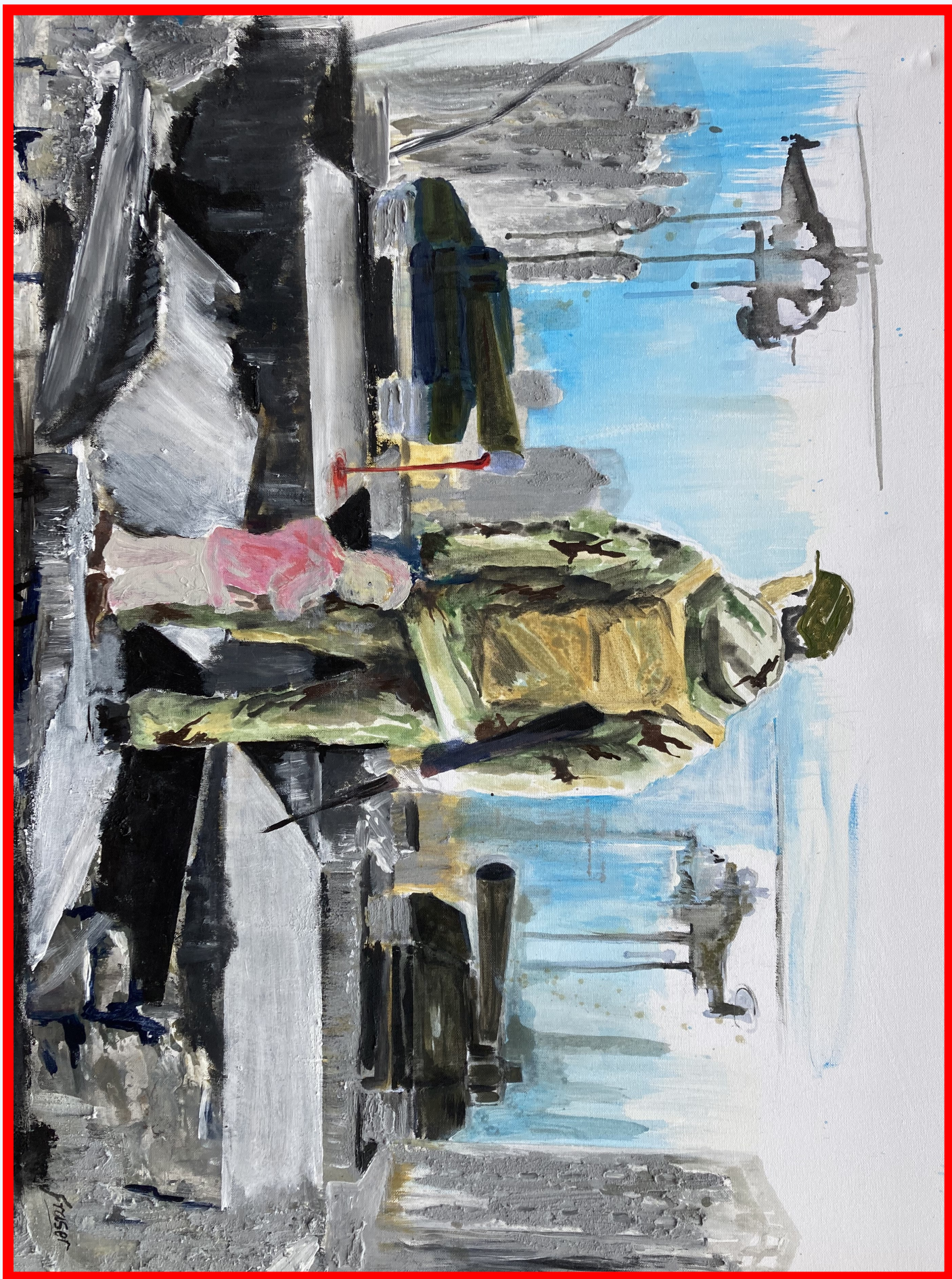




# ARTWORKS







This page: **Image of War** by *Keith Fraser* / Previous Page: **Two Waterfalls** by *Tony Bonner*





Landscape by Paul Flemming









Opposite Top: **Unlucky Whistle (Lottery Ticket)** by *Antonio Fernandez*

Opposite Bottom: **Crying Lady Tropical Dream** by *Antonio Fernandez*

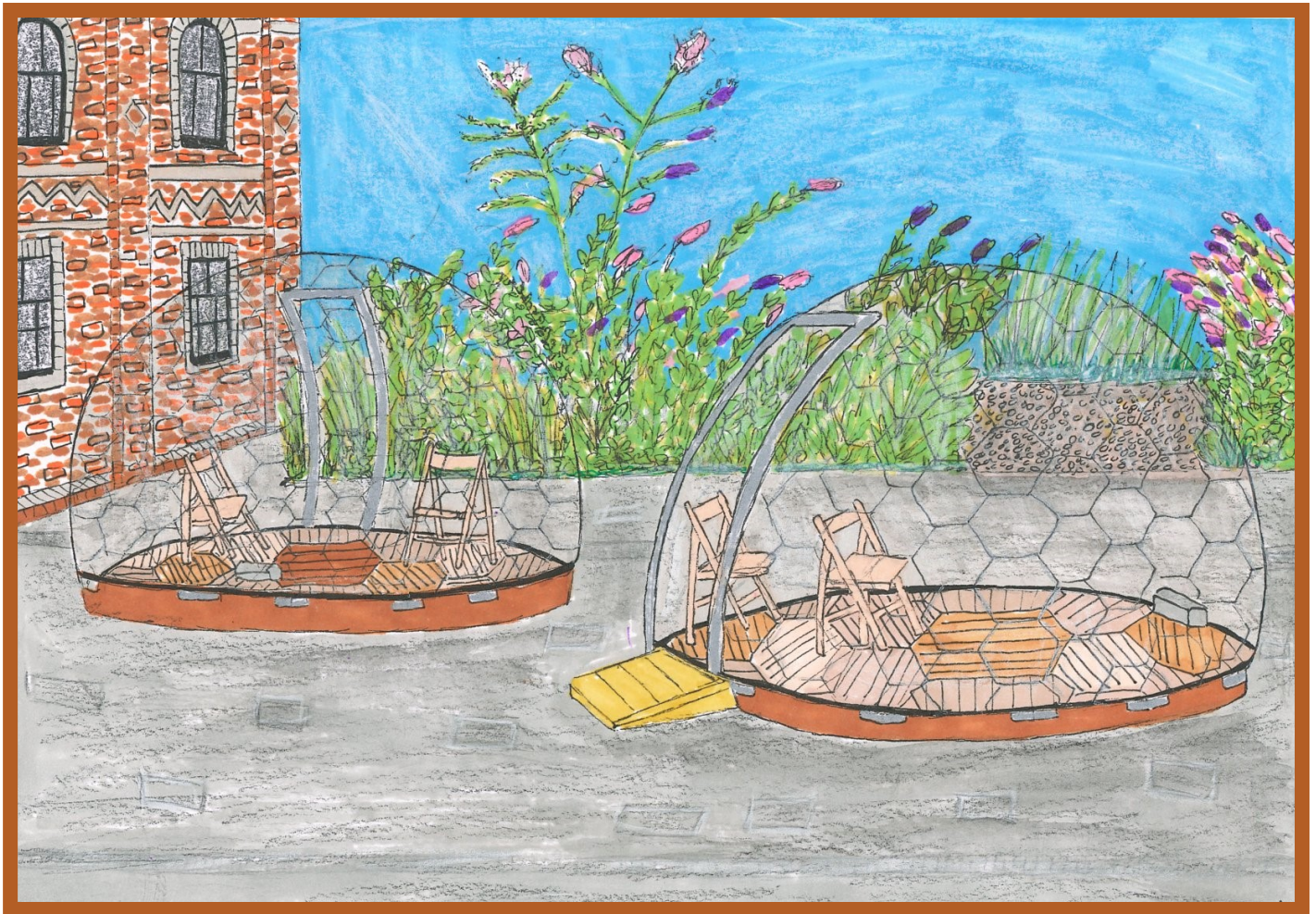
This Page: **The Narcissists Machete (with Cloud Raining)** by *Antonio Fernandez*

Instagram: @antoniofernandezh12









Opposite: **Zebras** by *Monique Van Aalst*  
 Above: **Edinburgh Printmaker's Courtyard** by *Monique Van Aalst*  
 Below: **David MacBeth Moir, Musselburgh** by *Monique Van Aalst*







Left: **Geisha** by Alan Young

Below: **Three Birds** by Alan Young

Opposite Left: **Fragile Moments** by Rosalind Alexander

Opposite Right: **Washed Out** by Rosalind Alexander







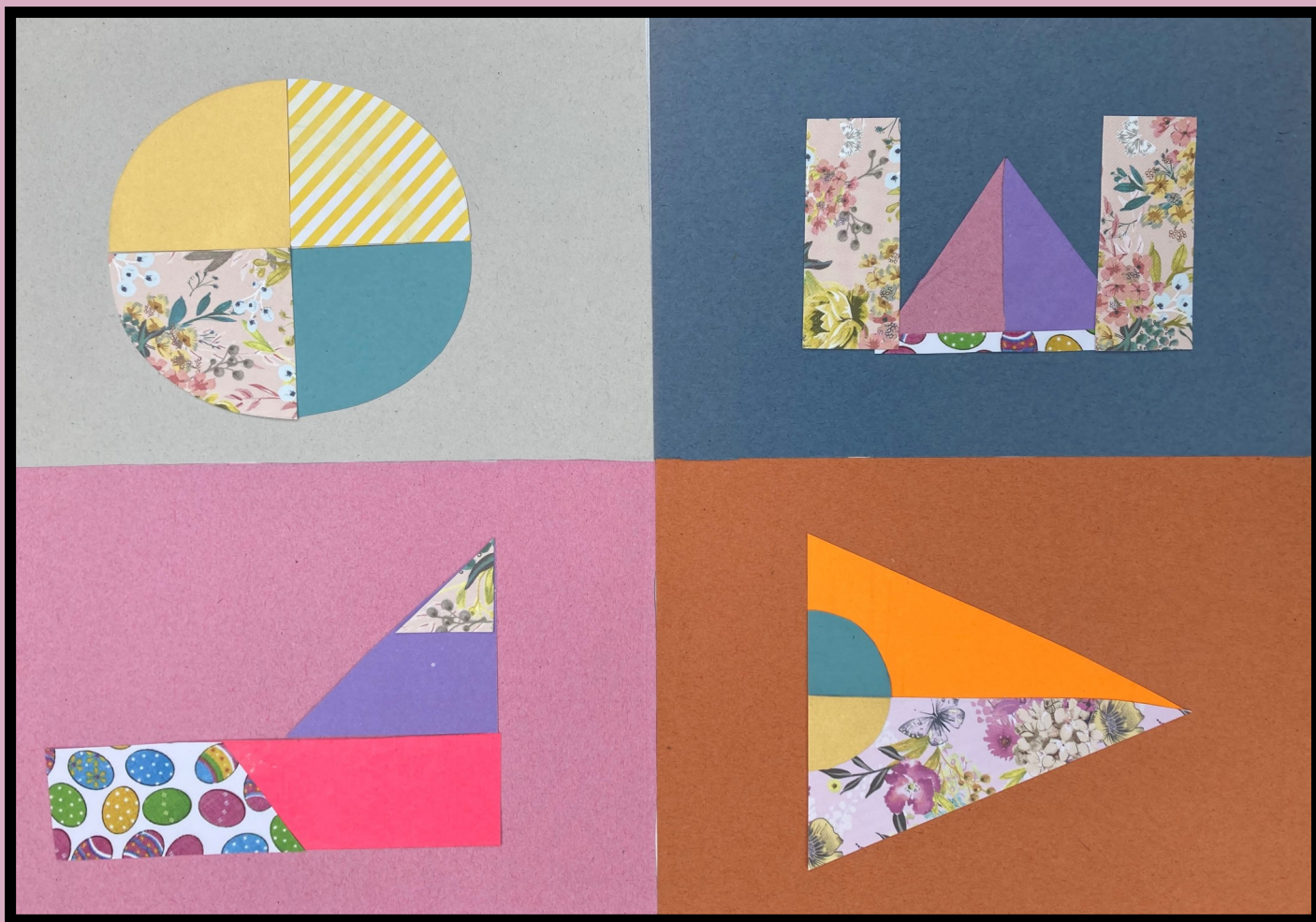






These Pages: Love is... A collection of three collages by D  
Watson BA

Next Page: Cat and Spiders' Webs by Anna Perzynska



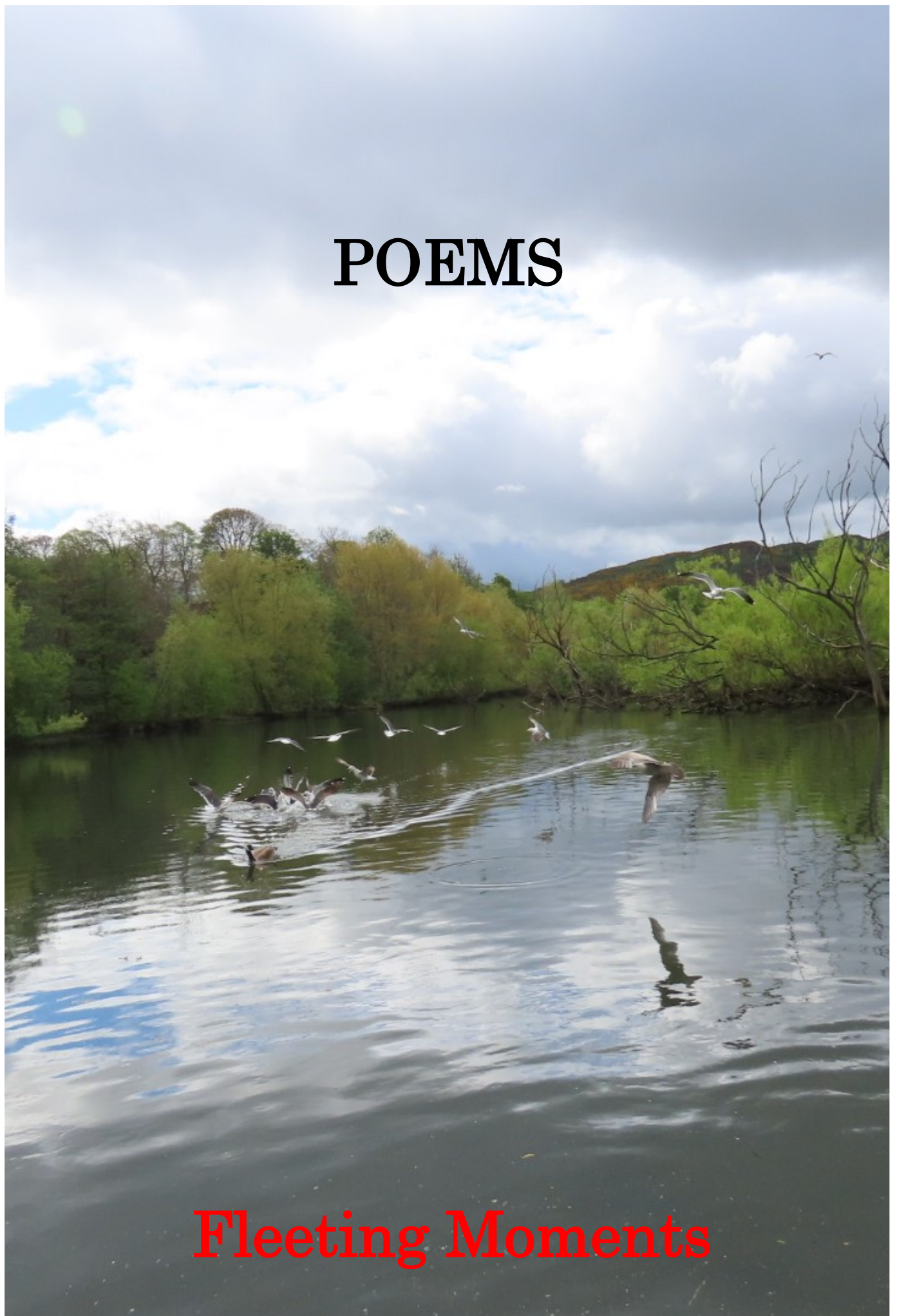






# POEMS

**Fleeting Moments**





## Stone Curtains

By Allan Buchan

This gothic city  
Is a cradled concrete block  
Sculpted by the invisible **hand**  
With its chiselled **waste**

Swept under frayed rugs  
Hidden from the sun  
Denied and forgotten  
As forsaken **lands**  
And the forsaken **race**

There's shapeshifting  
In a world of disorganised **crime**  
Beneath a manuscript of **sin**

The backstreet gargoyles  
Are cage fighters

While the vigilantes in the night  
Wear business suits in the **daytime**  
Smiling when the profits **come in**

In deep shadows  
Haunted faces **groan**  
Distorted by **profanity**

While their paranoid eyes  
Look down at their addictions

They lower their heads  
And climb high onto their **throne**  
Escaping their **insanity**

Aromatic smokescreens of incense  
Had dried their holy **scripts**  
Into crisp fragments of bitter **complaints**

Tall dark temples  
Became stone curtains

And the memory of how to pray  
Was left to the bowels of **crypts**  
And old forgotten **saints**

An army stands at the city gates  
Is it treaty or war they **bring**  
What is their trumpet **call**

Are they the gathering of an empire  
Or a vision from the past

Come to march around the city  
Led by a servant **king**  
Until the stone curtains rupture and **fall**





### Musical Visions

By Allan Buchan

Music moves

Into ethereal tones  
Of egocentric melodies  
And solo boosting groans  
Applauded with extravagance  
The exhibitionist acknowledges  
As the meandering bassline walks  
Blindly and deeply into the night time  
Like a train fading slowly in the distance

While listeners are entranced by their visions

Are you really listening or are you just lost inside  
Hounded by the emotional volleys of discorded timbre  
Hypnotised and spellbound then led eagerly back in time  
Past experiences are exhumed from their dark resting places  
And replace the experience of the musical ideas and dynamics  
Until wine glasses clink and you are awoken to the music's grind  
How long have you journeyed in the inner world of the absolute  
You look to the others who are watching the band on stage  
They are all drifting in and out of their own timelessness  
The piano player takes his turn to revolve the motifs  
His own display is well seasoned and automated  
But you are once more adrift in another time

A place so demanding of your attention  
That you surrender to its hospitality  
You open your eyes to the scene  
The soporific chatter of people

### **The hateful abandonment**

'Where is your mind at'  
A friend touches you  
'Where were you'

Music moves

### I Am Music by Tony Bonner

I am music in all it's forms  
Rock and punk, soft and warm  
Sometimes calm, oft out of tune,  
From fumbled chords to "Clair de lune"

From whispered hymns heard through church  
doors

To stadia bands- hear the roar  
I am music, clear and loud.  
Make you weep, make you proud.

I am music, gentle sad  
A maelstrom score that drives you mad  
Some may hate me, some adore  
Stir all feelings, please explore.

I am music, I am me  
I won't be held, forever free.



### **My New Flat** *by Prue Fox*

My new flat is great  
Its has its up and downs at the begin  
But its great its like a 100lb weight has been lifted off my shoulders  
It's perfect even though the living crisis has been a struggle for everyone  
It's still hard right now  
I have four cats  
Sidney, Buffy, Harley and Jasper  
I didn't think two male toms would get on  
But they do  
Sidney notices him right off  
She knew him from the old place  
Buffy was a bit wary at first  
But they get on great now  
The place is perfect  
Had my teeth taken out  
Getting dentures in October  
I am gummy the now so I can't eat hard stuff the now  
Life is perfect.



### **Just For Today** *by Monique Van Aalst*

If I were to pass myself in the street  
Would I walk on or  
Would I stop for a moment and say  
Hey do I know you?  
Would I hesitate for a moment before I speak?  
Thinking I may come across as intrusive  
Would I say I'd like to get to know you?  
Let's meet for a coffee  
Or a tea if that is more appropriate.  
People always say 'don't be a stranger'  
But sometimes I can't even figure out myself  
Maybe it's time to greet this stranger I see  
Having a quick glance  
At the shop windows she passes.  
This stranger called ME  
And start getting acquainted.



Message from Mr. Bumblebee by *Monique Van Aalst*

I was given to her as a gift  
From the other tour guides as she was such a busy bee  
Rallying around and making sure the others were prepared for their roles.  
My owner doesn't often wear me as much as she used to when  
She worked as a tour guide.  
I can't say that I'm too pleased about it.  
As I like to be out and about.  
So today I am feeling very chuffed to see new faces  
And feel honoured to get an actual mention by her.  
Well, that will serve her right (only kidding).  
When she was entertaining the visitors she once had a funny  
Incident happening: carrying a microphone with yellow muffler  
A bumble bee (one of my many cousins I guess) flew out to her  
And landed on her microphone.  
I'll give her that she started to improvise and introduced 'Buzz ' to the audiences  
Saying "Oh we have an unexpected guest speaker!  
Does Mr Bumble bee perhaps like to add anything to my story?"  
People burst out laughing and she gently let him go.  
She loves to crack jokes that one! I like that.  
But it is a bit quiet in the house now,  
And most of the time I'm locked away with other keepsakes.  
Now and then I hear her singing. She seems to enjoy it.  
I just wish I could be out and about a bit more (hint hint).



Chrysalis by *Lauren Smith*

Darkness.  
Congealed and formless.  
Bursting but contained.  
Motionless yet evolving.  
Expanding within one's self.  
The magic of what is to come.  
Anticipation of a reveal  
Energetically aligning to its purest form.  
Completion is on its way.  
Bursting colour and patterns emerge.  
Clapping and pressure to enlighten.  
Revealing.  
Light.



**Transient**  
***By J. Ronay***

Just passing  
    Through  
Alone  
    Outside it all  
Belonging no where  
...  
One the motorways  
Moving  
Always moving  
From city to city  
From town to town  
Railway stations  
Airports  
It never ends  
...  
Looing observing  
Taking it all in  
    “This beautiful messy world”  
So much to see:  
I’ll never stop  
And settle down  
For I might wither  
    And die  
...  
Tomorrow  
I will cross the border  
Into Mexico  
The land of my dreams  
A ‘State of mind,’  
A ‘Feeling,’  
Where I can  
    Start again

**Looking Up**  
***By J Ronay***

Always you’d  
Lift your eyes  
To the hills  
So far away  
To the high places  
Where the snow lies  
Even in the height of  
    Of summer  
...  
In the heat haze  
The white beckons  
Pulling you up  
And you long  
    To lie  
On the snow beds  
Along with beetles  
And the cooling deer  
...  
The subarctic land  
Of wind and rock  
Moss and lichen  
    And boulder field  
The tundra  
    And the birch  
...  
Your beloved mountains  
Never to conquer  
But just to be there.

**Take Time to be in God's Creation *by Rosalind Alexander***

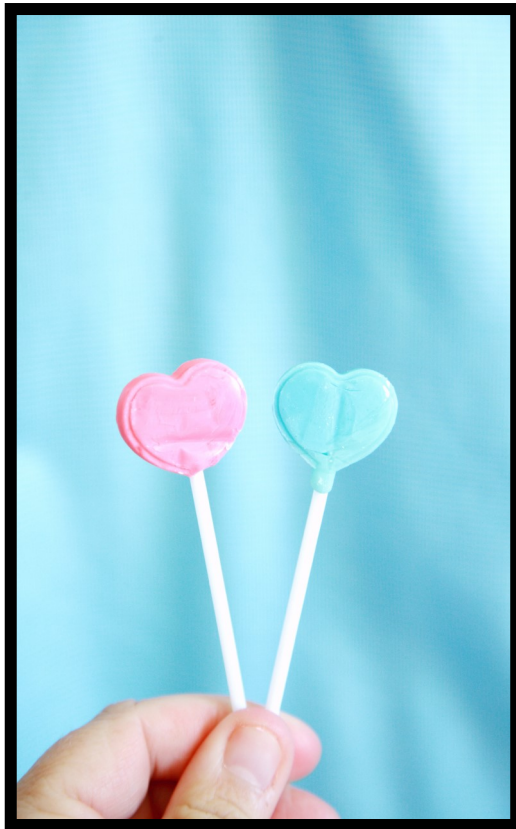
Allow yourself time to be nourished with the beauty of  
God's creation completely surrounded by God's holy presence  
A beautiful and glorious golden sunset beaming down with pride  
songbirds singing underneath the willow tree,  
children playing near by in the park and having fun  
children are a precious gift from the Lord  
be still for a while and know that I am with  
you every step of the way my child I see your pain  
come my child hold out your hand come with me to  
the secret quiet place.....



Love

*by Mikael*

Love,  
Just like dust,  
It comes  
And settles,  
Faintly.  
But love  
Also glistens  
Quietly  
Smiles  
And leaves  
Tranquillity  
Love is subtle  
Love is sublime  
And enters  
Your world  
From the unknown.



Our Paths *by J Ronay*

You were the apple  
Of my eye  
And you gave me  
Your heart  
For you came into  
My life  
A strange and wonderful thing  
...  
Was all this  
Meant to be?  
I don't need to know  
Only that  
You came  
...  
So it was you  
You were the one  
With your funny  
Little ways  
Just you

...  
And when I  
First met you  
I knew then  
'Let me do  
This right  
With the best  
Of me.'  
And I hope  
I did

The Human Soul *by Rosalind Alexander*

The heart is the most sensitive work of art.  
It's cares nurture the soul.  
The eyes are the window to your inner most being.  
Whether you are in the midst of a storm,  
or flourishing in a meadow  
it craves the peacefulness of the valleys.  
The tender care of lambs.  
He is the wise shepherd.





## Sculptor By Allan Buchan

Such courtesies  
Such drama  
The elegancies that we savour  
Yet every marble statue casts a shadow  
Cosmetic urgency  
That occupies a home  
Speaking only of a hidden life  
Illusions and representations  
Of silent suffering  
Pulling the eye to different quarters  
An elegant lady, delicate  
Satin draped, and cold to the touch  
A powerful man, dominant  
Laurel crowned and cold to the touch  
Honed to perfection by its creator  
The sculptor strives for the ideal  
Through his own sacrifice  
And passions:  
A power  
Stemmed from the blistered hands  
Of remorse innate  
As he shapes his own conscience  
A prisoner of hard labour  
Leaving behind a monument  
A tragic consequence  
Of beauty  
Bled from a soul's frustration  
That cannot  
And will not lie  
So, let art be wonderful  
And the artist's pain  
Proven and exercised

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**All other photography by Rosalind Alexander**

## Leaving Something Behind by aja

Do you wonder just who you are and sigh  
Seeing no good reason to care or to try  
To do something that says you have some style  
That just helped make your life seem worthwhile.  
You want people to remember your name  
And being remembered is your claim to fame  
Even if all you want is to leave *something* behind.

The first to see the value of flame  
May have started that 'remember me, game,'  
Kept alive by each finding something new  
As those that saw the finding as the clue  
That could win them a moment of fame  
And get to feel they're ahead of the game  
By being seen to have left something behind.

Look at the number who sang you a song  
The words you heard, that pulled you along,  
To feel their message was worth remembering,  
So now you feel glad they chose to stand and sing,  
Because they needed to leave something behind?

The soldier, as your nation's defender,  
Has no thought of any surrender  
Knowing his efforts can leave you free,  
Able to think for yourself and get to see,  
Even a poet wants to leave *something* behind.







## First Night at The Well\* by Tony Bonner

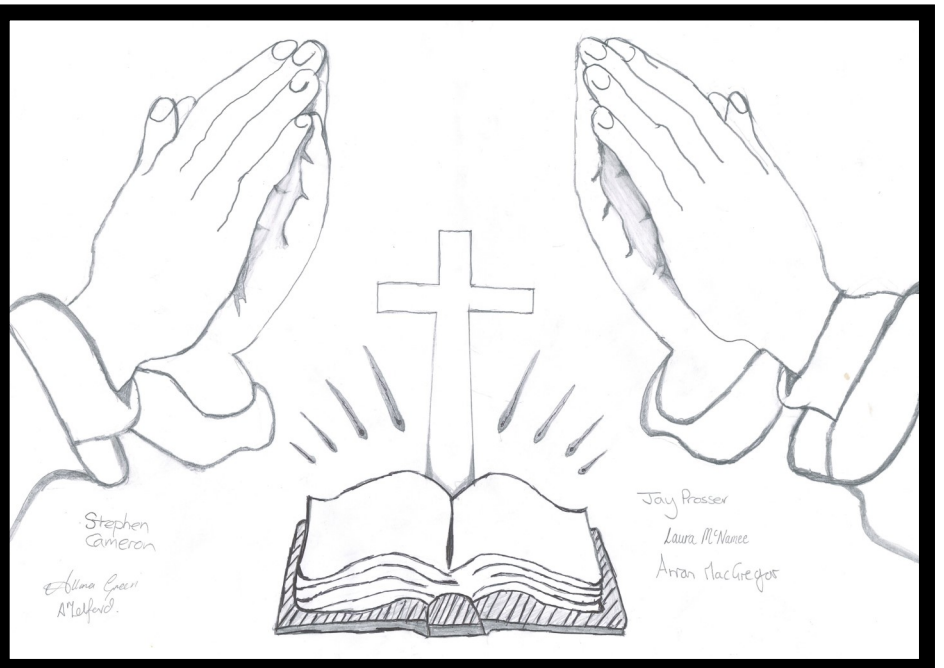
'Come along to The Well,' said Colin, out for a walk,  
 'A few guys with guitars, bit of a jam, some talk.  
 You don't have to be good, no one cares or will laugh,  
 Tea and biscuits, a gentle hour and a half...'  
 I ventured down to The Links, wondering, 'What's the score?'  
 As a guy dressed as Roy Orbison stood by the door.  
 I thought, 'Wait a minute, what's going on here?'  
 No one mentioned costumes!' But I swallowed my fear  
 And sat near the back with trembling hands  
 While up on the stage two young guys from a band,  
 Miked up their electrics, 'A bit professional' I thought,  
 Then, 'You must be Tony?' Damn, I was caught!  
 'Standing or sitting?' He miked my guitar,  
 I tuned it and strummed, wishing there was a bar!  
 I went back to my seat, but soon heard some one speak,  
 'You're up next Tony, after Monique.'

I had played in public, but three decades ago,  
 Could I remember it all? I just didn't know.  
 I introduced 'The Boxer,' as a kind of personal song,  
 At the start of the chorus, some folk sang along.  
 As more folks joined in, my confidence grew,  
 I couldn't be too bad, hadn't heard any boos!  
 Applause at the end, I returned to my chair,  
 And though still trembling, I was glad to be there.  
 And so Colin, thank you, despite false pretences,  
 I'll be back at 'The Well,' a joy for the senses!

## Light of the World

*By Rosalind Alexander*

I am your calm  
 Rest  
 Peace  
 In me you will find  
 Joy  
 Love  
 Hope  
 In me you won't find darkness  
 But a quiet place to rest your  
     daily troubles  
 Come my daughter  
 Come to the secret quiet place  
 were you belong  
 Rest in my arms  
 Listen to my voice  
 I long to embrace you  
 Come rest your troubles  
 Soothing your weary soul  
 Find rest in me



**Illustration** by Ally

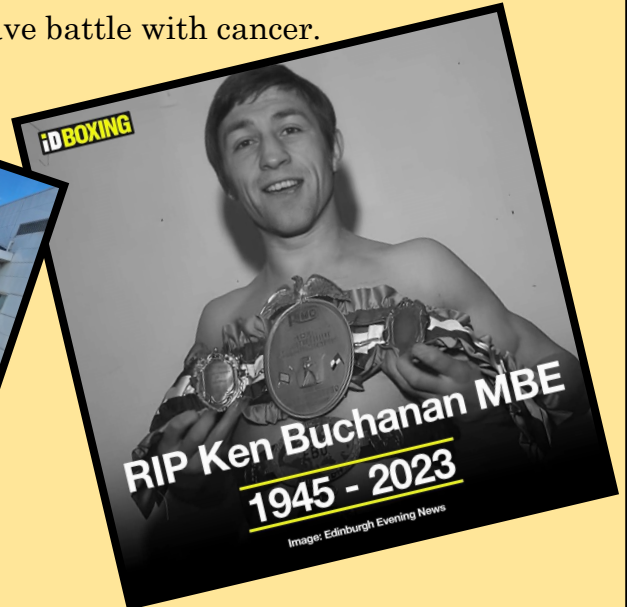
\*The Well is a monthly Open Mic Night held on the first Saturday of each month at St James Episcopal Church, Leith. Contact Colin for more information: 07919 557691



## Douglas's Diary



In Hibernian news, a new top was launched and manager Lee Johnson was sacked. Easter Road also mourned former chairman Ron Gordon, who died aged 68 after a brave battle with cancer.



Boxer Ken Buchanan MBE passed away. RIP Ken.

Was back in the R.I.E. with chest pains. This was my view, during the day and at night.

Rod Stewart was down in Leith, outside the The Spey Lounge, because his father came from Leith. He used to stay above the Spey Lounge







## Joke Corner with Angus

How do you wake up outer space?

*You Rock-it*

What do you get if you cross a pointy thing with a joke?

*A Pokie-Jokie*

What do you call a moody train?

*A Huffie-Puffie*

Why should you never cross ships, boats and submarines?

*Because you'll create multiple a-sail-ants*

Why could the kite not move?

*It was too highly strung*

What is the best cereal for Christmas?

*Snow Flakes*

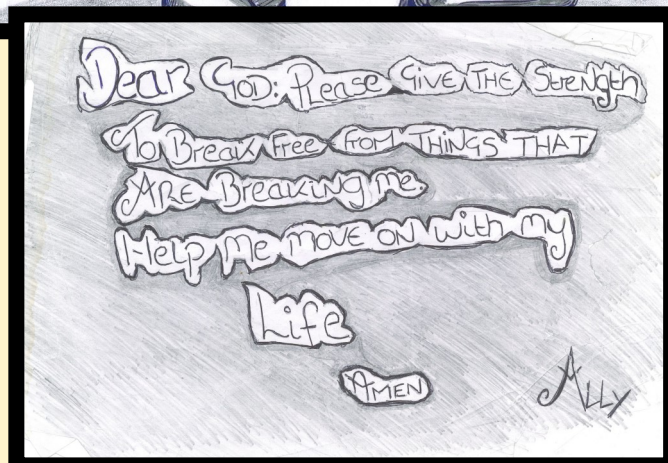
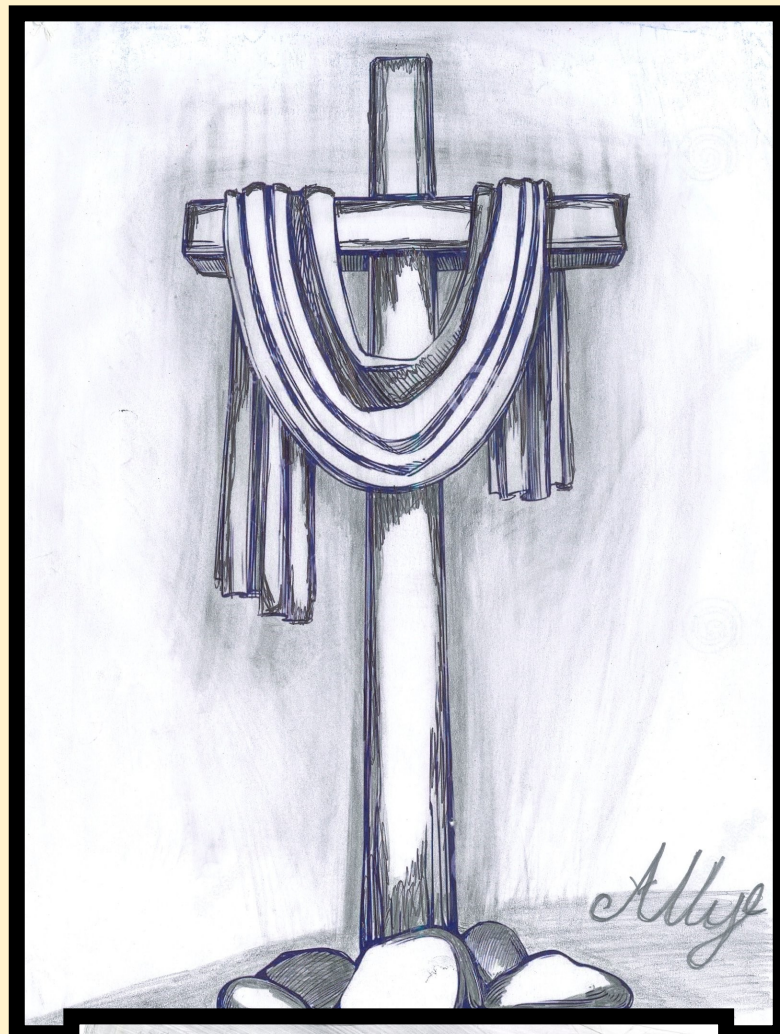
What is faster than morse code?

*Horse Code*



**The Bugle** group meet most Wednesday afternoons. We meet for workshops, to write, to catch-up and to go for trips. If you or anyone you know would be interested in coming along or finding out more please email [samrowe@bethanychristiantrust.com](mailto:samrowe@bethanychristiantrust.com) or call **07818893093**. If you just have a piece of writing or art that you would like to submit please email [bugle.edinburgh@gmail.com](mailto:bugle.edinburgh@gmail.com)





## Creative Expressions