

# **RESULTS DAY**

Written by Ciaran Forrest

Read by Ruth Madeley

*Come on then*

*Yer lil...!*

Yer remember those old blokes  
Scrappin like two bin bags in a  
Hurricane?

*I'll smash yer head in!*

Well one of them has a rhubarb river running  
From his head Full of glass

First night out in Bolton We're smashed

*Chloe come on!*

Chloe's doing her usual  
Necking some orange block of flats  
Being a brat

*We goin Shahs then?*

*Chloe!*

*What? Oh my god!  
Shut Up!*

*Come on. Let's jus leave her.  
Go Shah's.*

*If the Eiffel Tower  
Was made of Jelly  
It would be me*

*Whilst you're an underwater daffodil  
Un-drenched*

*She's doin me head in.  
swear to god*

I'm lookin at that bouncer at Shots from before.  
Cuppa tea face.  
Road crash glare.

Ci

I'm lookin at Dicky from Parish.  
Not seen him for time.  
His face was a salty sink.  
Now his haircut a machete

*Ci. Come on. I want chips*

Yer smokin a fag  
Yer teeth an engine left on

Flo Rida smacks Bolton like  
A rock on a pond

J2 was a fruit salad  
With everyone from Rivi  
Where you were so popular

Yer eyes were a green Pluto  
My tongue was a telescope

*Ciaran! Please!  
Just listen to me!*

We kiss not our first but  
Properly our first

*Scuze me Really sorry Luv  
Don't suppose yer could  
Help us out could yer?*

*I'm jus really desperate  
For somewhere to stay  
Tonight yer see*

You drop coins in her mug  
Like a kid hugging their pup

*Thank you so so much*

In Shajs Yer stuffing yer face by the window

You hold a chip to my mouth A bit of raft arriving lost land

I open

*Can't wait to go Uni* I tell you

You wipe yer face

A meek smile

A mellow stare at your birth town

You ask

*How come?*