

Verbal Exchanges With Everyday Objects

Vossage- the vegan Sausage Roll with A LOT to say...

Diane, 9:37 am, February 5th.

Flaky, golden, crispy crust, shimmering in the light brought in from the window, like love at first sight, but this time without the eyes or awkward exchange of mobile numbers. Placed on an immaculate blue and white china plate the lone vegan sausage roll. A nearby glass bottle of tomato sauce, just in-case he got dry in a small, yet cosy student flat prepared for the interview. "You know darling, all of this attention, I must admit has got to my head recently, I've never felt so much love before in all my life!" pronounced in a high-pitched squeaky voice Vegan Sausage Roll, or Vossage as he's known to his friends.

What does it mean for you to be vegan and not meat?

It has come as a surprise to a lot of people, it was a huge shock to me at first, there's a whole build-up of being a meat-based roll. One day you're just flour, eggs and milk expecting a sausage to be placed between your flaky pastry and then you find out they've opted for vegetables instead, how would you feel!? Then you get a guy called Piers Morgan bashing you down, what did I ever do to him?

Vossage, now getting emotional about the whole situation, handing him a tissue he calmed down.

What are your plans for the future?

I probably shouldn't say but I ADORE Yum Yums! Her glimmering icing sugar, the curves, the pose, sitting so elegantly in the glass shelf and what a laugh, she's just the best! A she I hear? Vossage, now blushing, "Yes, we're moving in together next week, a lovely one bedroom flat in Kensington but I really shouldn't say any more.

end.



Marky Mark: the gnome with a chip on his shoulder...

Diane, 5:49pm, February 9th

"(Hoot hoot), you alright love? I'm Mark." Sitting on a red and white mushroom, with a fishing stick in hand by a small fishing pond, an East End gnome shouted out, not the introduction to be expecting for an interview. Fiery red coloured pointed hat, chubby cheeks, a long curly white beard and grassy green shirt paired with big grey boots, looking like one of the seven dwarves. Staring each other down, this is a gnome with an attitude problem, he has messed with the wrong journalist.

"Let's not mess around, I don't like you, you don't like me, so can we just begin this silly thing, I've got the footie to

watch at four o'clock?" he announced in a deep East End husky voice.

Talk me through your day to day life...

Alright, well not much happens around these parts, a few beers with the lads Jerry and Jim who like to call me Marky Mark, don't know why though. Then getting out the pole and going for a fish, maybe a swim if I feel like a thrill seeker. The most amount of excitement I get is when the missus and I get the racket and balls out to play some tennis, I'm not talking about the game either. HAHA! Get it?

What do you do when you aren't fishing?

Funnily enough I'm a fishmonger, got my own little shop and everything, had it for about 20 years now. I am thinking of a career change, a model, always liked the idea of 'strutting my stuff' in a bright green leotard for 'Pwadda', 'Gummi', or 'Sanel'.

Prada, Gucci and Chanel?

"That's what I said innit!?"
End.



Netty the net curtains who have seen A LOT

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Diane, 11:29am, February 9th.

Net curtains, usually the quietest feature of the house, not much to say but certainly listens in on your conversations. "Cup of tea? Perhaps a biscuit? I know there's a slice of lemon drizzle around here somewhere! I must tell you about all the gossip." declared Netty, sounding like an old lady in your local charity shop. All while looking a shade of dusty grey rather than a shimmering white like her predecessors, Netty certainly has seen A LOT.

Where are you based?

Well deary, I am proudly set in the living room of a four-bedroom Guilford home of my 10-year owners Rose and Jim who I shan't give the ages of.

Bet you've got some interesting stories to tell...

I thought you would never ask! Well, it was a Tuesday afternoon about 5 years ago when Jim stormed into the living room,

with another woman, the things they got up to would give you nightmares! Then, a year later I was fast asleep when a crazed man in a blow-up elephant costume began screaming down the street, followed by 5 men dressed in clown costumes chasing after him.

Any retirement plans?

Retirement! I have at least another 5 years in me, I have no plans to retire. I'm going to be featured in granny weekly, the most popular net curtain magazine to date!

What's your biggest fear?

Ooh, I am terrified of being thrown out, imagine the rubbish, spiders terrify me with their long eight legs crawling through my holes, but most of all, the thing that scares me is car boot sales. The smell in the back and not knowing who you'll end up with." End.

