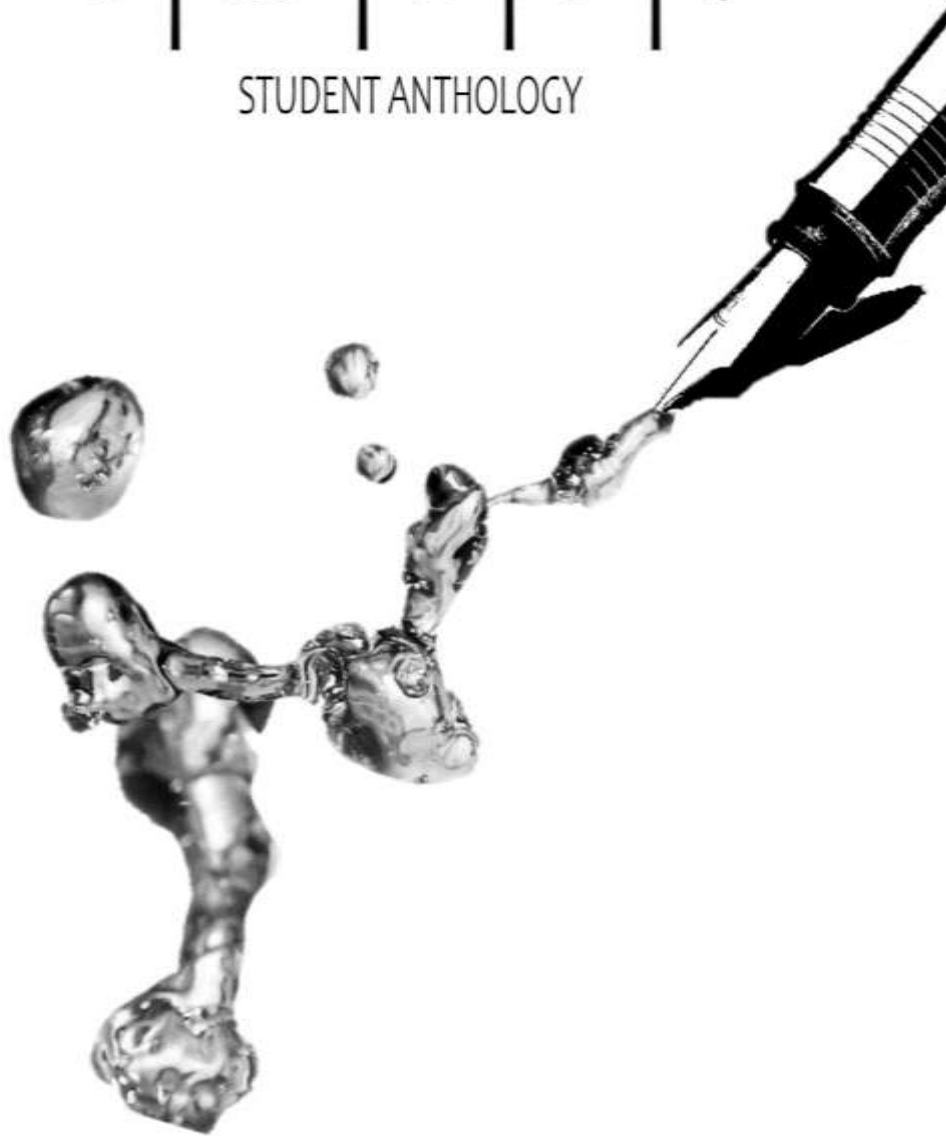


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STUDENT ANTHOLOGY



This is a sample of the Met 6 anthology.

*To order a copy of the whole anthology
please visit Lulu.com.*

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First Edition: 2020

ISBN 978-0-244-58326-2

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Introduction

by the Met 6 Team

We were given the opportunity to be creative with an enjoyable learning experience that has helped to develop our professional skills and insight on publishing. It has been challenging but fun, fruitful, interesting and insightful. Gaining confidence and understanding of how the creative industry works, we are now more excited and less apprehensive to step into the real world.

Who needs a life, when we've got literature? Reading the variety of pieces was invigorating; seeing the difference in approaches by writers was refreshing. Each piece allowed us to produce a work filled with creativity and imagination. This is an anthology made with love, hard work, lots of tears and lots of talent.

To be a part of something that lets people be heard is fantastic, the idea flow was full of passion and it was fun to hear everyone's voices. Relying on others has been daunting but rewarding, introverts stepping outside their comfort zones and working through confusion and doubt to pull together and create something truly worth making, something worth the work we've put in. We faced innumerable trials; illnesses, learning curves and fears over isolation keeping us company throughout the creation process. Patience was vital for creating a positive team building experience. Working together and working united - maybe the real anthology was the friends we made along the way.

Thank you for purchasing and reading this anthology, for profiting towards the future, and for all of your support. We hope you enjoy and remember to

laugh, break boundaries, swerve obstacles, and be patient.

High-ku Hopes

by Katie Edwards

i hope maybe if

we keep writing shit, *something*

good will come from it

Seven Minutes

by Joe Thomas

It's such a breath of fresh air. There's not one person checking me out. Nobody wants a piece of this, and it feels awesome. "Would you rather: Fuck x, Pull y, or Shag z?" No. No I wouldn't. "What do you find attractive in women?" Smart. Kind. Funny. I'm not fussy, I like those qualities in men too. Generally, if you've ever thought 'Fucking Idiot' in our relationship... you're set.

Truth be told, if you could already be in a relationship, that'd be a load off my mind. You'd really be doing me a solid, all the pressure would be off. Imagine one of us falling head over heels and the other

laughing because “you tripped over your own feet”. Lush isn’t it?

“So and so fancies you.” Excuse me. Umm... I appear to be lost. Could you point me towards Friendzone Street, please? Thank you, much appreciated. “Boobs or bum?” I’m interested in what’s between your ears, not your legs. Write a poem. Play an instrument. Paint a picture. I don’t care, as long as it’s expressive. I’d take an “I love this” over girls drooling at me, strutting my nothing any day. What a dream come true. As for a favourite body part...? What’s the most creative bit? I guess that would be... hands?

I was no good at shitty nightclubs, so Billy Big Bollocks saying: “She’s over there” was the icing on the cake. Alright mate, I’ll pop over and say “Hi”. But NO ‘boy meets girl’. Their hormones are a mess, and I think

they're a bit drunk. Toilets bound. Oh Christ! I need a piss, but I don't want to risk walking in on anyone. The only thing that could be worse would be a house party. You'd be surprised how long people can make Spin the Bottle last. In case you've ever wondered: What's your idea of Hell? It's up there.

Thank God Seven Minutes in Heaven didn't catch on in the UK. The Americans can keep it to themselves... no, no I insist. Imagine that, some popular twat going

“Your 7 minutes start now!”

So, what do you want to do for 5, 10 minutes? I've got some snacks for this party if you want some. We all know the nosey, shit-stirring dickhead that breathes gossip, not air. The one who roped us into playing. “3... 2... 1... Say Hello to the happy couple”. I'd try and talk

her into playing video games. But why we're only allowed to play them sat in a cupboard, I'll never know.

Seven Minutes in Heaven? More like - seven minutes of getting my ass kicked on 2-player. I'll be right back, I'm off for a playful sulk. Who does she think she is, beating me at Nintendo DS games like that? Jokes aside, she's sound. We'd have to play on a Gameboy or a Switch. I couldn't very well sneak a TV and a Nintendo Wii into this party, could I?

Sometime after twenty

by Katie Edwards

Don't feel as free as I used to
which is odd really
because now ***I'm an adult***
aren't we supposed to be?
Seven-year-old me was wrong.

Sink Holes

by Katie Edwards

There's food stuck in the sinkhole. I can't see it through the shit-coloured water.

“But I don't wanna...” *use my hand*, is what I leave out.

Mum gets the idea. She eyes me. “Go on.”

I scowl. As if that'll unclog it.

She says, “this is what being a woman's about; sticking your hand in shit and *cleaning it up*.”

**A collection of creative writing from the students
of Cardiff Metropolitan University exploring
themes such as love, grief and health.**



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