



Stories of Stuff



The Green Girl **by Liz Berg** **From a tale told by Gillian**

Gillian is a green girl. She stacks boxes in Intercontinental for £3 7s 6d a week. The boxes are full of cabbages, leeks and lettuce. She is 17. She wants to be a nurse but Dad said no. “You don’t want to be emptying bedpans all day. Be a hairdresser.”

Gillian is a green girl. She loves the colour. She sees flecked green wool in the wool shop in Fore Street. Her eyes light up with desire. “Can you put by the rest of the dye lot for me?” she asks as she buys her first three balls. Her name is written in the book in green ink.

Gillian is a green girl struggling with her knitting needles trying to wrap the wool around the points and create another stitch, another row. Her family scoffs. “You’ll never finish.” “Look at all the holes you’re making.” But

Gillian is determined. She aims to wear her green cardigan at her baby sister’s christening.

Gillian is a green girl. Day after day, week after week, she battles with her weapons of steel. She dreams of wearing her green cardigan. Slowly it takes shape: the back, two fronts and the sleeves. One night she sews them all together. She sighs with pleasure. Then her face falls. She can’t do it up. She has forgotten to do the edging to hold the buttons. She won’t be able to wear it at her sister’s christening the next day. Gillian’s heart breaks. She sobs until she sleeps.

Gillian is a green girl. She doesn’t know that love can mend a broken heart. Green tendrils slither through the window, entwining the cardigan and the remaining ball of green flecked wool.

At her sister’s christening, Gillian stands in church, proudly wearing her green cardigan. Gillian is a green girl.

Stories of Stuff is a community arts project discovering the stories inspired by treasured objects. It has been created by The Writers' Block.