

## The Falling Marble of Ker Street by Jane Spurr

Even when she got a black eye, when the marble was dropped from a few floors above into her eye ball, there in the street.

Even then, her black eye was a most pleasing complimentary shade of pinky purple Mount Wise sunsets. It complemented her shiny black Spanish Armada influenced hair.

She wanted to get it cut off.

She was fed up with it.

She went to the hairdressers just down the road.

They wouldn't do it, she went to another and another. No one.

Not a scissor nor stylist in the area would touch such bewitchingly glossy Grade A hair, let alone dare to snip off a strand of such fairy-tale lovely locks.

So she went home, got the kitchen scissors out on the table, and proceeded with a snip and a swish, and a slight grating of metal on silk sound, to chop off her locks, sending them tumbling to the floor.

"There - that's better!" she uttered, and went skipping off down the street.



*Inspired by Debbie Spurr, and tales from her childhood, when visiting her Nan on Ker Street*



# DEVONPORT: *Stories of Stuff*



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This story was written as part of a *Writers' Room* in Devonport, Plymouth led by Anna Maria Murphy and The Writers' Block Cornwall. For more information and stories please visit [www.thewritersblock.org.uk/the-library/](http://www.thewritersblock.org.uk/the-library/)

