Written by Dave Cartwright

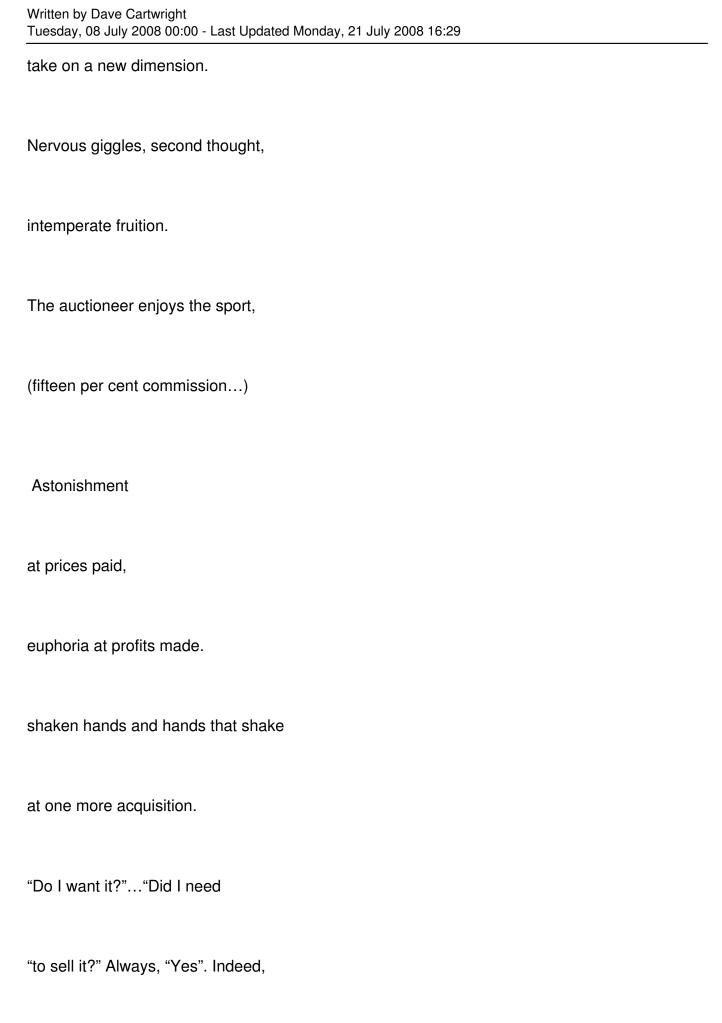
(The bidding has not started yet...)

Tuesday, 08 July 2008 00:00 - Last Updated Monday, 21 July 2008 16:29

(Auction fever) We attended many auctions at a green corrugated shed somewhere off Bye Street. I think Ledbury AmDrams also used it. Rubbing shoulders, crushed inside this shed we mingle; shifty-eyed. Making orna-mental notes amid the competition, as numbered lots of polished oak mirrors, chairs and books provoke discussion; flippant, vague, well met.

heads that twitch and limbs that itch

Written by Dave Cartwright Tuesday, 08 July 2008 00:00 - Last Updated Monday, 21 July 2008 16:29 Prompt at noon the hammer cracks attention! Avaricious packs of maiden aunts and newly-weds fight the opposition, as bargain seekers, second-hand dealers, traders (item-planned), shuffle forward, pointing chins. Hush. The bidding now begins. Sideward glances, nodding heads, fingers wave attention;



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a sale of goods is bound to make

us manger-dogs, for money's sake.