

Flowerpot

When we got the Dansette my brother bought one single, *Flowers in the Rain* by The Move. He played it over and over. Mum smashed it. He bought another copy, set it up so the needle went back to the beginning as soon as it had finished. Only seconds of crackling silence, then a click as the arm returned and hovered above its cradle before floating back to the booming start, regular as a heartbeat.

Boiling water this time: she moulded the disc into a wavy sculpture, filled it with earth, planted it with a bizzy lizzy – the centre hole perfect for drainage – and placed it on the doorstep to catch the rain.