



YOU DON'T KNOW

bonus: two cups of coffee

Read by Lizzy Turner – **LT**

Produced by David Turner – **DT**

Transcription by Lizzy Turner

Intro:

DT: Hello. Welcome to a bonus episode of You Don't Know, I'm David Turner. A bit of context, Lizzy and I have decided to complement our main episodes with some shorter bonus episodes. All of which will feature writing published by publishers that are... well... not us. We've got some writing coming out in anthologies and the like next year and we thought it might be fun to put some sounds to the words without the pressure to make a book.

This episode features two pieces taken from 'ten cups of coffee', a pamphlet that Lizzy and I put out with Hesterglock Press. This pamphlet came about as I was spending so much time drinking coffee in the brilliant Full Court Press coffee shop in Bristol. I was struggling to write at the time so I set myself a challenge to write something... anything, in the time it took to drink a filter coffee. Using the shop's tasting notes as a sort of random word generator and prompt for the writing.

I put a framework around it and allowed myself the benefit of writing a second draft a bit more neatly before sharing the writing on Instagram. The idea was to not be so precious about the writing and try to gain a bit more confidence in my own instincts by just putting first and second drafts of stuff out in public. Enough people liked the writing and asked if it might go out somewhere so we decided to put it together in some way.

Lizzy illustrated the ten pieces with collages and Paul and Sarer at Hesterglock Press kindly published it. At the time we produced fifty hand-stitched copies of the pamphlet but they're

all sold out. Though, you can still get the 'print-on-demand' version from Hesterglock. I'll put the link to that in the description. They're like £2.80 or something. Anyway, these are going to be very short episodes as a bit of an antidote to the longer [main] episodes where we yak on so much. So... here are those two cups of coffee.

[02:30]



Flavour Glossary:

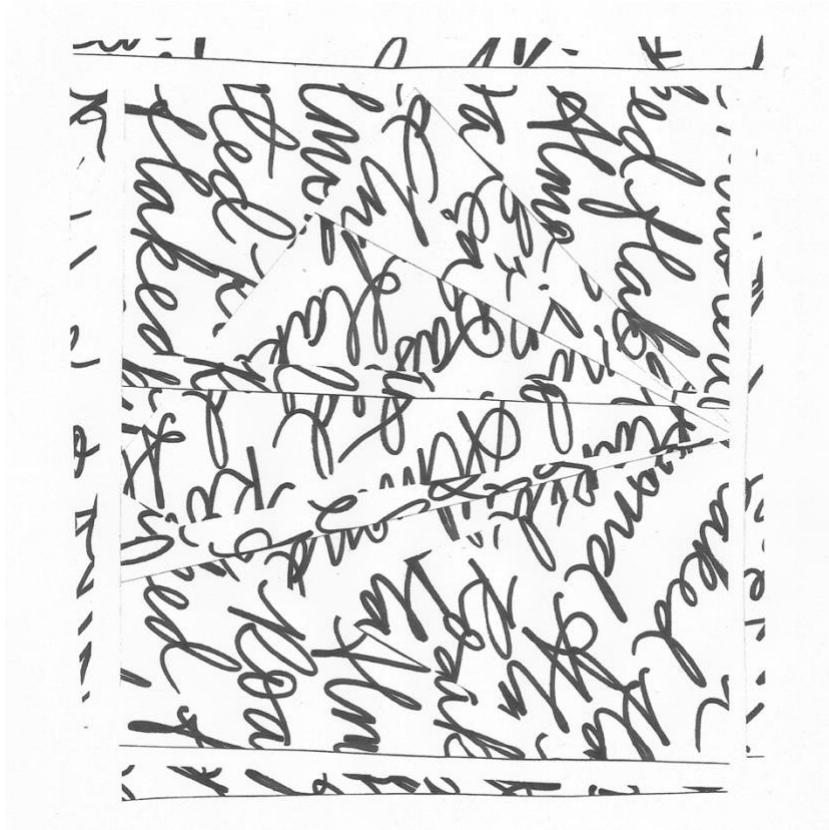
[The sound of somebody switching on a Mokka-master filter coffee machine can be heard. The machine then kicks into action and the sound of filter coffee being made continues beneath both of the following sections of text, spoken by Lizzy. The initial section of the sound cuts out intermittently, as if flickering. Water can be heard bubbling up through the machine, and then dripping into the coffee jug. The overall sound has been distorted so it has a deep, fuzzy, 'digital' quality.]

Taste, associated with extracted acids, usually the dry grounds, tasting of burning. Harsh, often acrid and unpleasant. Bitterness, however, usually attributed to weight of viscosity, as opposed to smell – clear and intense. Thick, buttery mouthfeel, little... think cranberries.

The end of taste.

Immediate, fuzzy mouthfeel finish.

Sugary sweetness in the middle, a compliment to body. Like lemon juice. Luxurious in nature but often linked to texture... sourness? Lots of watery, stale old beans. Like floral orange zest.



(((27 x 3) x 3) x 3) x 3

[The sound of the coffee machine continues. The fuzzy quality of the sound becomes more intense for a time, before it fades away during the next section of text. The dripping sound becomes more pronounced as the last of the water runs through the machine, before slowing and eventually stopping. As it fades out, the quality of the sound is further distorted, so it sounds like a loud crackling gargle.]

I started a short story recently about miniature mountaineers scaling the side of an almond croissant. The middle two pages were going to consist of the words 'roasted', 'flaked' and 'almonds' cascading down the pages. I only finished the middle pages. I don't even eat almond croissants. Instead, I hide the fact that I dip cinnamon buns into my filter coffees. ■ actively rejected Catholicism (some incident involving ravioli) so I've replaced priests with baristas as the ever-present judges (it's them or Twitter). Watching me. And I need to keep reminding myself *that's just how*

coffee shops are laid out. They're not actually watching me. And beyond the paranoia (would you like some caffeine with that?) there's the craft-thing... I once made a BEAUTIFUL Sapele door for a customer and on a subsequent site visit found they'd painted over the thing! (eff.eff.ess!) They spend so much time selecting the beans and perfecting the grind only for me to plunge a cake into it. – *Just because you've paid for something doesn't mean you can ruin it* – And in several months... or years I'll find these two pages in the 'writing' folder on my desktop and wonder what it all means and probably won't even notice that the words appear at the same frequency as the layers in puff pastry. And I'll wonder what it all means.

End of transcript.