

# Inkslingers Blended Session

**13<sup>th</sup> May 2023**

The Prompt from The Bag Was:

“Four Word Challenge”

“Roiled, Détente. Cirrus, Zirconium”

And the Visual



*Mount Tequila, Mexico*

## Dingle

**Matthew Tubridy**

Going to Dingle,  
I'll go by windsurfing!  
I windsurf down the east coast of Ireland,  
Around Hook Head,  
Past Cork Harbour,  
Around the west coast of Cork,  
And into Dingle Harbour,  
When I get to Dingle I eat a fish,  
I stay in a hostel,  
I take a slower,  
The local museum puts my windsurfing board on display,  
I live many years in Dingle,  
I'm accepted by the locals,  
They call me 'Windsurf dude!'

## At the Summit of Things

Greg Fields

Conor Finnegan stepped along the upward pathway, navigating the branches and roots that crept into the narrow trail littered with the detritus of trees, bizarre shrubbery, and an aggressive undergrowth that seemed to hush all sounds beyond his footfall. Ahead of him, Adrienne, thoroughly energized by the morning air, fairly bounced along the trail. Conor did no bouncing. He plodded, trying to appear as light as he could whenever Adrienne turned her shoulder to look back at him.

This was her idea, and, as with most of her notions, Conor went along with it willingly. A delicacy to this woman, something about her that compelled him to protect her from any disappointment, that wanted to nurture her happiness, and Conor had learned quite early in their time together that his own happiness revolved around Adrienne's. Rightly so. She had given him far more than he had given her, and she was altogether too precious to bruise.

"Are we near the top?" he called up to her.

"I can see it from here," she replied. "Keep on, Conor." She seemed to be floating.

'Great,' Conor thought. 'I can see the moon, too, but I wouldn't want to hike to it.'

"Have you seen any evidence of anything that might eat us?" he called to her. "Mountain lions, pumas, anacondas?"

"All I've seen is a bunny, and he just hopped back into the woods."

"Was it a big bunny? Did he look mean?"

"Nothing you couldn't handle, Conor. Come on, let's get there."

He had proposed a getaway, a retreat from the density of their days and their duties. Cabo San Lucas, at the tip of Baja. Cheap flights, and some fine accommodations right on the water. For the first three days they swam, they snorkelled through the off-shore reefs, and spent their evenings investigating the incredibly wide range of Mexican tequilas.

And at the end of each day, there was Adrienne, smiling and alive, to let him know that the fullness of this life was theirs for the taking.

She had suggested this hike. ‘Something different,’ she had offered, and Conor knew that it was the difference, the chance of discovering new sensations and new reactions, that lay at the heart of it. Adrienne had grown up in Minnesota, where mountains did not exist, nor did oceans, or headlands, or barracudas swimming just beyond their touch. Now, after a short drive into the backlands, they had struggled their way near the crest of this small mountain.

When they got there, Adrienne swept her arms in a circle. “God, this is so gorgeous. We can see all the way back to the ocean.”

And when he saw her joy on the top of this modest ridge, Conor’s fatigue evaporated, and the throbbing in his calves disappeared at once. Adrienne on a mountaintop, as radiant as the sun itself, and the sky behind it.

They had packed a lunch, and there they ate it – some local produce, tortillas, some cheese, a bottle of wine. Afterward, drowsy and completely alone, they made love under the afternoon sky, and heard the birds shuffling their wings around them. Not another sound came to them, until Adrienne rose to her knees, readjusted her clothes and whispered, “We should head back down.”

“So we should. I expect the hike back will be easier than the trek up here.,” and then he reached for her hand. “But I think I would have hiked up here on my knees just to see you like this.”

She smiled back down at him, then gathered the basket. “Come on. If we leave now we can have an evening swim before dinner.” He rose then, fitted the basket and blanket into his backpack, then took her hand.

Conor breathed deeply once more the clear and clean air of a Mexican mountain. ‘There is no summit that can be reached without a hard climb,’ he thought to himself. ‘And once captured, can that summit ever truly be relinquished?’

## **Us Aircraft McGinty**

**Matthew Tubridy**

On the US aircraft carrier McGinty,  
Sailing in the west Pacific Ocean,  
But then the Chinese Navy,  
They communicate with McGinty,  
Cease your direction!  
You're headed towards the Chinese mainland!  
We have submarines under you!  
McGinty replies 'Let's see who's bigger!'  
10 warplanes take off from McGinty,  
The Chinese Navy drip bombs either side of McGinty,  
To show how powerful they are,  
Warplanes fly around for a bit,  
We all know the US had the best military,  
But China is catching up!

## **Tequila Mountain**

**Laura Alves**

I was browsing through a travel agency catalogue and came up with this spot: Mount Tequila! That's where we're going for our next holidays in July.

I didn't give much attention to that picture full of vegetation. I closed my eyes and imagined Temple Bar full of Tequila Pubs and Taco cafes. That was the scenery of Mount Tequila on my mind.

I got an all-inclusive two-week package with transport and accommodation and there we went. A group of four tequila-mad youngsters all extremely excited about going to tequila land for a holiday.

As we got there, we were surprised that Mexico City was not our final destination. We thought Mount Tequila was a suburb there. We had to take another plane to get closer and then a three hour drive to arrive at a farm full of tiny cottages for guests.

It was a lovely place, just not the kind of place we were expecting to get to. As we arrived in the evening we were greeted with a nice dinner and ate it as quickly as we could so we could get to our favourite part of the day.

"Now for some Tequila!", we said all four at the same time like we were quadruplets!

"Sorry, folks! We don't serve any alcohol here... How about some passion fruit juice? The food and drink here are all grown locally and passion fruit will give you a great night's sleep".

In the end, we thoroughly enjoyed an experience we will never forget!

## Uncle in law Adrian

Matthew Tubridy

Uncle in law Adrian,  
Works in his Furniture store,  
Then he sits in front of his TV,  
Watching the sport,  
Asks Aunty Jean for a ham sandwich,  
Get your own sandwich she shouts back at him,  
He goes into them kitchen and gets a can of beer,  
My cousin Harry comes in,  
With a Hurley and slitter,  
Have a beer! Adrian says,  
Harry had been hitting the slitter to a wall.,  
He says to his Dad Adrian,  
I won't! I want to play for Waterford!  
Up the Deise!  
Aunty Jean comes in,  
'You play your hurling' she says,  
'Don't have any beer'  
Harry goes out and hits the slitter against the window,  
Smashing it!  
Arian gets distracted from his sport- snooker,  
'Damn you Harry' he shouts  
But Harry says  
' I'll continue to play hurling,  
For the Waterford team!'  
Harry's dog looks on.

## Mount Tequila

Anna Horgan

“you’ll never have an adventure- you are too cautious” said my so-called best friend Josh

He had really railed me up now

“Cheek of you I am adventurous”

“Ok prove it”

“Right -you pick a place in the world and I’ll go there”

He looked around the bar for inspiration

“Tequila” he said, “that’s it – go to mount Tequila”

“There’s no such place “

“There sure is”

Josh asked the barman to bring over a bottle of tequila and sure enough there was a drawing of mount Tequila Mexico on the label.

I took a deep breath.

“Ok Mount Tequila it is”

I asked the barman for 2 shots

“it’s a deal then” I said “when you get a photo of me at mount Tequila you will buy me a case of Tequila”

“Deal” said Josh

Josh and I lifted and clinked our glasses

Naturally, the worm had landed in my glass

I wrinkled my nose, closed my eyes and we downed the Tequila shots in unison

I recalled that night some months later as I sat in a Mexican bus during my summer break from college.

My destination was in sight -Santiago de Tequila. I had convinced my girlfriend Zoe to come with me as Mount Tequila has the biggest



zirconium mine in the world. She was a geology student and was actually keen to see it- amazing really what can light your fire!

Our relationship had been put in jeopardy by the 9-hour trip in the hot, overcrowded bus with sticky plastic seats. In Vento del Asterllo she threatened to get the bus back to Mexico city. I'd have had to go with her – I really couldn't let her travel alone and that would have been the end of my adventure.

We managed to arrive at a détente when I convinced her that the photos from Mount Tequila would be amazing on Instagram. Rocks and Instagram were Zoe's 2 passions so putting up Instagram posts which would convince her friends that she was having a marvellous time made the uncomfortable long trek worthwhile. She could put up with any discomfort once her friends thought she was living the dream.

It was night when we arrived. In the morning we went outside to see the mountain. Mount Tequila was a perfect triangle against a pink and grey morning sky with a few cirrus clouds clinging to its summit. A truly wonderful sight.

Zoe took endless selfies with the mountain as a backdrop, then more with the abode houses, then at the entrance to the Zirconium mine, then with our Mexican tortilla breakfast and finally with our unwilling but suitably Mexican looking hostel owner.

All was well in the world – I had a photo to prove I was an adventurer. She was an Instagram queen.

I had only one problem- what to do with the case of tequila that Josh owed me- you see I have never liked tequila!

## The Pelican Bar

Angelina Kelly



Jamaica, Jamaica in the Caribbean Sea,  
Verdant, hot with stunning scenery.  
'Let's go to The Pelican Bar,  
It's in the sea, it's not too far'.

On a boat of white and red,  
Excitement at what lay ahead.  
With glistening sun light in our eyes,  
We hugged the coast with childlike cries.

Thatched, wooden, slatted hut,  
No door in here that could be shut.  
Marijuana joints to hand,  
Alcohol to beat the band.

Rum punch, instead of lunch,  
Only crisps and nuts to munch.  
Sun, sea and Caribbean sound,  
In this place was what we found

Beautiful people everywhere,  
Drinking, laughing without a care.  
Sun kissed skin all aglow,  
Living life in the flow.

Human dolphin loop the loops,  
Cartwheels done without the hoops.  
Whistles, cheers and applause  
Lots of fun, without a pause.

Then, unfortunately, as we know,  
Time for us had come to go.  
Back on board our trusty boat,  
We bobbed the waves and kept afloat.

Memories, memories of that day,  
For us all, they will stay.  
Chatter, laughter in our ears,  
Still ring loud after many years.

## **Tequila Volcano**

### **Magda Velloso**

Zara was amazed at what she saw before her – miles on end of luxurious vegetation which she could not begin to name or even dare to explore. At the very back, she could see a mount, and it immediately came to her mind that it was a extinct volcano or at least a dormant one.

The day was not a glorious one, with cirrus clouds hanging overhead, but the view was striking all the same.

She was later told that zirconium could be found galore in that region. As she advanced along the muddy woods, her tennis shoes roiled, but she didn't mind.

It reminded her of her last experience with a volcano, late in 2022, when she was vacationing in Hawaii, and the Mauna Loa erupted for about 12 days. Not that she had stayed the whole twelve days, frightened as she was of what was coming next – she had read about it in the newspaper back at the hotel in California.

That hadn't stopped her in her wanderings throughout America. She had already visited Canada and the Northern territories of the United States, having flown to Hawaii from San Francisco, and soon had decided to come down to the Southern states and from there to Mexico.

She had enjoyed Mexico City a lot, in spite of the excess of people in the streets and all the noise even at night.

And now here she was, facing what she later learned to be Mount Tequila, tracking all those kilometres carrying her rucksack on her shoulders, having found a small group from Sweden following the same route. They had become acquainted in the B&B at the small town they were putting up at and immediately struck a friendship, although they all knew it was a fleeting one, to last as long as they were roaming together.

There had been no need of the use of *détente* between them, even though they had come from different countries, because they had found each other congenial from the beginning. They were great travelling companions.

## Spin Man Prompt 13th May

### Mark L'estrange

The Sergeant came in to see what was taking so long Paddy explained what was happening. Thomas said "I have one more idea to cure this guy." They both asked, "What is it?" There is a place In Mexico it's called Mount Tequila, and I heard it's such a beautiful place and a lot of people have been cured from all sorts of issues."

They went and told the guy and he said. "I would try anything at this stage to get back to normal." Paddy said. "I don't know if you would be let on the aircraft looking like that." "I will give the procedure one more go and see if I can get you back to normal to get you on the aircraft." Luckily it did work this time and he booked flights to Mexico he was also lucky with the flights he booked one in an hour's time. He said. "Thanks so much for all your help am I free to go now?" The sergeant said "Not so fast we need someone to go with you because you are still a suspect, Paddy you go with him."

They got on the plane no problem they were about to take off and he said to Paddy. "I don't feel too well." Paddy looked down and saw that his hands had doubled in size, he rang Thomas and explained what happened, he said. "Remain calm make sure he drinks lots of water and that should keep his change to a minimum."

That was all that had changed for the first ten minutes but then two huge ears popped out of his head, the airhostess was going around with the trolley and the poor girl fainted when she saw him. Paddy was getting worried he called one of the other staff to explain what was happening so there would not be any more panic on the plane.

He made an announcement. "Ladies and gentlemen can I have your attention please one of our passengers is not well and he is going to Mexico to get cured please remain calm if you see him he is a friendly guy but he may look a bit different." Everyone seemed to be fine with this. Luckily it was only his appearance that was changing otherwise he

was fine. They landed in Mexico and the staff got everyone off the plane before Paddy and Stephen who was the guy with the problem. When he got off Stephen started getting aggressive and saying he is going to rob a few suitcases, Paddy had to spin him back to normal, he was so sorry to Paddy when he was back to himself again, Paddy said. "don't worry I know it's not your fault.

They got a cab to Mount Tequila, and Thomas was right it was fine looking place. There was some funny looking people hanging around the place, Paddy was told by Thomas to look for the magic man, he asked a lady near the mountain. "Excuse me where can I find this guy?" he showed her a picture of him. "Oh the magic man he is up that mountain good luck." "What are you doing here" he asked, "He cured me a half an hour ago and I feel great." He didn't want to pry and ask her business so he brought Stephen up the hill.

There was a cue of people that led to this guy but he noticed people looking really refreshed walking down back down the hill.

To be continued.

## Zirkey

### Miguel Angel Rivera

The couple's four children sat by the fire as their Dad read a book to them in the usual playful tones and exaggerated character voices. But Zirkey, the smartest of their quadruplets, raised her hand so as to interrupt her father. "Yes, Zirkey.", Her Dad said, momentarily laying the book aside.

"Dad, how come we have these weird names? We get teased at school and often get into trouble for fighting in the playground. What were you and Mom thinking when you named us?", She asked, her large, curious, brown eyes now fixated on him while ignoring the angry looks from her siblings for having interrupted reading time.

"Well, I wasn't planning on sharing this story with you until you all got a bit older, but..", He struggled to imagine how he could craft a tale into the "G-rated" version that these inquisitive nine-year-olds could handle.

He began. "A long time ago, when we were in college, your mom and I went on a camping trip to Mexico during Spring Break...", His mind wandered off, recalling that fateful day....

As he and Betty sat in a tent alone, Josh was at a loss for words. He stared at this super-hot, model-like girl, who'd agreed to come camping with him during spring break. She was holding the flash cards and smiling as though this were even remotely his idea of fun.

To Josh this was some perversion of nature, an imbalanced equation. He reviewed the facts as though he'd made a mistake. "Hot chick, plus tent, plus remote area equals some serious love-bumping! So, what's the deal with this trivia shit?", He thought.

He'd been lucky enough however, to get a peek at the flash cards while his date had stepped out of the tent to go pee. When she returned he had a proposition to get the wheels of his love train in motion.

"I'll make a deal with you. You take off one piece of clothing for every word I am able to define, cool?", He said. She agreed and he quickly defined all four words, "muddy waters, a peace agreement between

nations, some fuzzy clouds, and a metal that is resistant to corrosion.”, He said, ever so pleased with himself for finding the solution to his carnal dilemma.

Betty was stunned at his sudden super-natural wit and cleverness, but nonetheless proceeded to fulfil her end of the bargain. Nine months later their quadruplets, Roiled, Détente, Cirrus, and Zirconium were born.

That, however, was NOT the Disneyesque story version which he shared with his kids this evening, nor would it be. He could see dissatisfaction in Zirkey’s overly wise eyes upon hearing a much more “watered-down” variation of that tale, and that she was not buying it. However, a stern look from his wife combined with his own common sense, won the day. Zirkey would have to wait.



## **My brother's eyes**

**Heloisa Prieto**

(Excerpt from The Storyteller)

Akin, my new found brother loves to talk. I invited him over, and having him at the house has filled my grieving heart with songs, tales and teachings about Ifa traditions. I loved to learn about the ancient wisdom of this Nigerian philosophy. So the more he told me about it, the more I wanted to know.

I have already memorized several Nigerian proverbs. "Never set sail under someone else's star" being my favourite one.

Back home, Baba used to tell me, says Akin or else In Lagos, as a boy, I loved this song, (and he sings it) or still, back home, a Griot told me a tale (and he tells me the story at least twice in a roll).

My mother's family came from Italy, that means I am used to people talking around me, at me, about me.

Mom used to sing as well. All the time. She was either talking non stop, or humming all sorts of music: rock songs from her youth, pop music, Italian lullabies, samba, Brazilian traditional songs. Whenever

I asked her questions about our family life, she just told me a fairy tale. I couldn't always find the connection between my questions and her narratives, but I have always loved her magical stories.

I feel at home with Akin. I love the way he moves around my living room, finds his way into the kitchen if he is hungry, and his cooking is just unbelievable.

But there was this time when he stared at me. Silently. We had just finished dinner. I thanked him for being around. I knew I had to clear the table, but I just wanted to linger for a couple of minutes nursing my warm coffee cup. He must have felt the same way because he would not stand up, nor offer to do the dishes, as usual.

He sat across from me and stared at my eyes. In silence. I know I tend to attract people's attention. I am taller than most girls my age, my blue eyes shine bright against the strong colour of my face and my braided hair reaches down my waistline.

People constantly tell me how beautiful I am. But I cannot say they actually see me.

Akin's stare reminded me of Toca's.

I fidgeted. I tried to leave the table, but could not. His eyes held me there, looking back at him. Speechless.

Then he grinned.

I reached out for his hands.

"I wish I had met you before." I told him. "It hurts me so deeply not to have known our father. Please, don't come up with those wise proverbs of yours right now. Just listen to me."

"No, Sis. It's you who must listen. To the silence. Feel the void. Be brave. I can hold your hands..."

I stared back at his large, strikingly beautiful brown eyes and I was taken somewhere else. I could see a large family at the dinner table. I could smell their spicy food.

The window was wide open and I saw the dark green leaves of a mango tree outside. I could listen to the dogs barking and the sound of the warm evening breeze. Suddenly, I knew I was not sensing his past, nor catching up with his memories. I was seeing my own future.

## **That Good Night**

**Harry Browne**

“Do not go gently into that good night, but roil, roil against the dying of the light\*.

If that doesn't work, then establish a Détente with the dwellers in the Cirrus clouds, not the cumulo-nimbus ones, they demand payment in Zirconium which is a product of the Tequila Volcano in Mexico, which is more expensive than real diamond.

So Cirrus it is roiled or otherwise.

\*Apologies to Dylan Thomas.