

Inkslingers Blended Session

17th June 2023

The Prompt from The Bag Was:

“You Can’t Believe Everything You Hear, But You Can Repeat it”

And the Visual



*Carl Giles -
Cartoon Archive University of Kent*

You Can't Believe Everything You, Hear But You Can Repeat It.

Angelina Kelly

Snow came early to the village that year. When everyone went to bed the roads were clear and passable. By morning a heavy blanket of snow had descended covering all access and blocking all the roads. They were snowed in.

Bundling themselves up in warm clothes, heavy padded jackets and snow boots, the townspeople went about their business as best they could – on foot. Those who couldn't go out watched through their windows from their cosy homes. Joey, the RNLI volunteer hurried to the boathouse to make sure the vessels were correctly moored and secure – it wouldn't do to have some boat release itself and go sailing off into the sea. He also wanted to make sure that, if an unexpected boat had arrived during the night, that it, and its occupants, were cared for. Thankfully, nothing had arrived, so he contented himself to sit beside the radio and keep watch. His colleague, Fred, joined him a few minutes later and brewed up some hot beverages.

The village took on a picturesque appearance – real picture post card stuff – the paths were carpeted with white, fluffy snow and the roofs were blanketed with soft snow. The air was crisp and cold making their breaths form white vapour clouds in front of their faces.

As I walked through the town, I overheard a conversation between two villagers.

"I hear a bigger storm is coming. We're going to be caught in a new ice age, bigger than the first one and we'll be isolated for years to come," Charles said.

His next-door neighbour, Jack, replied, "Well, I don't know about that. It seems a bit far-fetched to me. You can't believe everything you hear but you can repeat it. And that's exactly what they did. Later, after picking up their necessary provisions in the shops, they made their way to the pub and recounted their tale. The villagers, now snuggled up in the hostelry discussed the rumour and drank a toast to 'the New Ice Age'.

Womanless World

Miguel Angel Rivera

The rustling movement was what first awoke Jeremy. He knew it was a Saturday and normally a day of rest in their now sad and womanless world. It had been nearly a full year since the invasion, the event that marked the beginning of the end for the human race. Every day was worse than the last and even the cherished scent that his mother had left behind on her blanket was now fading into memory.

Since they had invaded, the entire planet had changed. Every single living female of any age from newborn to elderly, had been taken. Our technology and best military weapons had proven useless against the “Yamo”. Most scientists assumed it was the extra-terrestrials’ way of stopping the human race from breeding.

This morning was different. Jeremy could sense an enthusiasm, even giddiness in his fathers voice. An odd thing when weighed against the depression and sadness he’d tried to hide from his son since the disappearances. He could hear frantic searching and things being thrown about the already untidy, feminine-deprived house.

“Where the hell is it?”, His father screamed.

“Where is what, Dad?”, Jeremy answered while trying to wipe the eye-snot and sleepiness from his face.

“Aha!”, His father blurted out. In his hand was an orange life preserver, the type he’d used during his time in The Navy. Even their dog, Scruffy now sensed excitement as boots could be heard running on the pavement just outside their house.

“Dad?”, Jeremy repeated, seeking some clarification of what was transpiring.

“The women, Jeremy! You Mom, your female friends at school, all of them! They’re in the ocean about fifty miles offshore. We need to rescue them, STAT!”, He released as he donned the jumper that once upon a moon may have fit his body loosely.

“Fix yourself some cereal. We have to meet the boat in 10 minutes. It’s all hands on-deck, Jeremy. No more lonely nights, crappy meals, or empty homes. Momma’s coming home! Momma!”

“Dad...The Yamos took down the world wide and all satellites were destroyed, how are you getting this information?”, Jeremy said, as though he were talking a madman off of a ledge.

“Eyewitnesses, son. Eyewitnesses! Fishermen off the coast have spotted them. Seems like they drove the Yamos nuts, and they’ve been returned.”

“Ok...Dad.”, Jeremy responded, considering that while the bug-like off-world trespassers had kidnapped his mother, some sort of lonely-man’s dementia was now claiming his only remaining parent. His father was out the front door and looked back seeing his son’s doubt and concern.

“It’s true Jeremy, it’s true. Remember, you can't believe everything you hear but you can repeat it!”, He said, as he and thousands of men from their sea-side village raced in a state of madness toward an awaiting ship.

You can't believe everything ...

Deirdre Powell.

Giles was a bit worried. He came from a small family, and to be honest, until he had had his own son Carl, he really didn't know too much about children. He knew that each child was different and he often lamented the fact that when children were born, they didn't come with a set of instructions. You had to figure out the parenting process yourself, by all accounts.

He relied heavily on his wife, Mary, when it came to raising Carl. She seemed to have a good emotional connection with the child, which Giles sometimes felt that he lacked. As the boy grew older, Giles tried to fit into his fathering role better.

One day, Carl asked his Dad if there was a man in the moon and was it true that it was made of yellow cheese. No, replied Giles, there is no man in the moon and, no, it is not made of yellow cheese.

Carl had heard this story in kindergarten and had to check it out with Dad at home.

Well, said Giles, you can't believe everything you hear in school, you know. But school is important – it will help you to grow into a learned and strong young man someday.

Carl thought about this for a second. He had rather liked the idea that the moon was made of yellow cheese – he would like to take a bite out of it, if he could.

Carl wondered about growing up – he wondered what do grown-ups do – he knew his father mowed the lawn and painted the house, but he wasn't too sure what else his Dad did. Carl had a pal at school called Kent – his father worked at a university doing something. Carl knew that Kent was very proud of his Dad at university but when Kent asked what Carl's father did, Carl wasn't too sure. Carl knew he worked at the house when he was at home but it never occurred to him to ask what he did during the day – maybe he did nothing.

In fact, Giles worked with the RNLI as an administrative assistant and often volunteered as a lifeboat rescuer at weekends, but Carl didn't

know this. Giles didn't like to explain that his work as a lifeboatman was sometimes dangerous. He didn't want his son to worry about him.

Besides, it wasn't necessary for Carl to know everything about him, thought Giles, at least, not for the moment.

But you can Repeat it

Mark L'estrange

As they touched down in Dublin airport they both felt a sense of relief, Paddy said. "That's great we are home now we can relax." "Yes thank God for that." Stephen said.

They were met by the Super at the airport joined by Jenny Paddy's girlfriend.

"We are so happy to be back, what a nightmare we don't want to go back to Mexico for a while." Jenny said joking. "But what about the holiday I have booked us both to go there next month." "Sorry you can go on your own I would rather put myself in a spin."

The Super dropped them all home. The next morning when Paddy woke up he turned on the telly and the news was on, the headlines read that the Mexican authorities are looking for two suspects that did a bank job last week, and it said the suspects have thought to have fled to Ireland and have had help from officials at the embassy.

Paddy couldn't believe what he was hearing he phoned his friend the Super who said. "Yes I heard they have been on to me, I think they are trying to pin this on you, but don't worry I have your back there is no way you are going back there." "How can they do this, they know I am working for you guys back here."

"I know that but they are saying you can't believe anything you hear, but I have your credentials to prove it so I don't need to repeat it." "What about Stephen he has nothing to do with this, he is clearly been set up?"

"Leave it to me Paddy I will keep you posted but don't worry you are both safe now." "Thanks Brendan let me know if I can do anything to help."

Paddy got call for Stephen saying. "This is a nightmare I thought this was all done with, what on earth is happening now." "Don't worry, Brendan the Super knows what's going on, he is sorting it all out leave it to us, this type of thing can happen sometimes but we don't have to feel worried about it we did not in the wrong." "Ok thanks Paddy, keep me posted please." "Will do."

To be continued.

The RNLI escapade

Anna Horgan

We needed a ruse, a plan, a scheme.

Our local pub had been taken over during the summer by 2 bearded men. It now had a coffee machine, cocktail shakers and a big blackboard of vegetarian and vegan food.

These Barbary pirates had callously cast us from our mothership. With old fashioned British pluck, we mustered weekly in each other's houses with bottles of bitter and steak and kidney pies from M&S.

But Christmas approached and another invasion loomed. Our homes were to be commandeered by returning adult children, their partners of all varieties, grandchildren and in one case a son's mother-in-law.

An Englishman's home would no longer be his castle!

We looked to Peter to devise a strategy- he was the one with the big brain.

When we had been snotty schoolboys in the local Comprehensive, Peter had got us through exams, devised ironclad excuses for missing school and generally been the leader of the "dirty dozen"

All 12 of us were back, living in or around the village where we had grown up. Some returned on retirement, others like me, had never left.

We watched Peter reverently as he sat and thought. Charles suggested feeding him fishfingers "good for the brain what?"

Peter wrinkled his forehead, scratched his nose, sighed heavily and then at last a smile appeared accompanied by the familiar devilish gleam in his eyes.

Peter was on form- a plan was hatched.

"We need to get the Vicar to let us use the church hall. We have to set up a branch of some society, something like the wives have joined. What is it? knitting coats for stray dogs?"

"It's mats for stray cats." introjected Norman, he was a stickler for accuracy.

“The Vicar lets ladies use the hall the hall twice a week.” Continued Peter. “We will tell the vicar we are setting up a branch of the RNLI”

“But we live in Shropshire” said Norman “the biggest body of water around here is the duckpond”

“We will say that Rishi Sunak made an agreement with the EU to have a branch of the RNLI beside all bodies of water greater than 10 metres in diameter. The Brexiters about here will believe the daftest things about the EU” Peter replied

“But that’s not true,” said Norman

This is why Norman is our weakest link, he has a problem with the truth. You see he really likes being truthful. It’s a terrible burden for the poor chap.

“You can’t believe everything you hear Norman, but you can repeat it.” Said Peter “All you have to do is say that I said it and that’s actually true”

“Righto” said Norman dubiously.

All went well. The Vicar gave us a key for the hall and on Boxing Day we muttered about RNLI training, donned our RNLI uniforms and ran to the Church Hall where we had stashed beer and Walkers’ crisps.

We flung open the door, but horror of horrors, our wives were there before us. They did not have a knitting needle between them. They were making cocktails and generally having a topping time.

There was nothing for it- if you can’t beat them join them.

I tried all the cocktails- “the fuzzy Navel”, “sex on the beach” & the “Porn star”.

Myself and the missus even invented 2 new ones- “the kitten’s blanket” and “the tickling lifesaver”.

If I can remember how to make them when I’m sober, I’ll send you the recipes”

A Day In Inishbofin

Magda Velloso

When I stepped down into the bus station in Clifden the sun was still high in the sky. I was told by the Tourist Board in Dublin, where I had booked my board, that I would have to walk for about 2 miles to reach the B&B I was supposed to stay at in that small town.

I cannot honestly say what led me to Clifden, except that I loved the West of Ireland and had decided to spend a week travelling around with only my backpack for companion. I was going on 60 at the time, but feeling as young as a schoolgirl on my own, which was a challenge, for I had left five children behind in my country of origin – albeit all of them over 20.

So I found the right direction and started on foot up the road which I felt was leading me closer to the Atlantic. After quite a good walk, I envisaged a middle aged man at the gate of what appeared to be an inn, and asked “Have I reached Heather’s Lodge?” He amicably answered me that the Lodge was a little further ahead, and added “If you’d rather, we have vacancies here”. But I had already paid for the other and I told him that, thanking him anyway.

Soon enough I came to Heather’s Lodge, which immediately enchanted me with a modern two-storied house painted in white, surrounded by a flowering garden with a small pond in front. The bell was immediately answered by this tall handsome smiling man who welcomed in, wondering why I had not telephoned him for a ride from town as soon as I acknowledged I was the new guest. I was shown into a large sunbathed room on the second floor and soon offered some tea, which I accepted.

There was another guest in the house, a Dutch young woman, and the host, Mike, soon invited me to take a drive around, as he was taking the girl to have a view of the Atlantic. I gladly accepted and he acted as the tourist guide we had not expected to have, showing all the wonderful sights until we reached the Atlantic Ocean, blue and deep, and my heart was filled with such a warmth I had not known since I had lost my husband two years before. Mike was telling about a cousin of his who

lived in the cottage we could see from where we stood. When asked whether he would like to go down and say hello, he said they met every weekend, and he was at the beck and call of us two women, so after a while we started back. As he was so available to help, I asked him about pubs in the city which might have some traditional Irish music, and he took me to one, as he assured me the time was ripe for it. I had thought it was still early, but the sunset coming so late was due to the summer nights being shorter as far North as we came. He also assured me that I would find a taxi home later in the evening.

Well, I spent the evening in Clifden, had some adventures there, but that is for another telling. When you know it, you can't believe everything you hear, but you can repeat it.

Next morning I woke up early, took a bus north and from the next town took a ferry to the island of Inishbofin. It is a very small island with a few houses and establishments scattered here and there, and after looking around I decided to take a stroll around the island, which I was told would take me about two hours.

I did not go around the whole island, walking at leisure following the line of the Atlantic. Some few minutes after I started I met a herd of sheep being led by what appeared to be an old man. I say appeared, because his face was all wrinkled up, which might have been caused by the weather and not completely by age. He held a stick in one hand with which he led the herd. It was summer, but not actually hot, and he had on a worn out brown coat of rough wool, mended at the back and elbows with pieces of different colour, and he kept mumbling either to himself or to his sheep, I could not fathom which.

One of the herd had a rope tied from its left fore leg to its hind one, and curiously I approached the shepherd and started a conversation, asking him why the animal had its legs thus bound. He answered me explaining at length, I thanked him and went my way.

For the life of me, I, who had boasted about understanding all kinds of accents, from the American Southern to the Indian one to the Scottish and the Irish, was dumbfounded by the old man's explanations: the only word I could grasp from what he was saying was "ram", or at least I thought it was. It quite humbled me, the West of Ireland accent did.

And it made me understand a little better when Joyce considered the West as wild and untamed.

Helter Skelter

Ciaran O'Melia

"Christ, get a move on, you what's your name, get the oilskins on, there is a catastrophe down in the docks, we have to get out to sea.

"What," said Arthur, but continued ", I was having my breakfast, and the wife is miffed."

"Never mind that you will be back in no time. Then you can have whatever you're having off the wife."

Jim called out. "Will we be gone for a long time? It is just that I need to tell my gaffer that

I am gone and will not be back."

"I don't know. The hooter set the emergency."

As Jim put on his oilskins, he said, "This is a volunteer outfit, and whatever they give at

Christmas will not cover the inconvenience."

Said the coxswain, " Just get a move on."

So as one, just like on the lifeboat, they arrived at the pier to see the sea all gone.

They asked in unison, "What the bloody hell is this? Where is the sea?"

An old man who used to be on the lifeboat; in fact, he was the coxswain before said.

"Climate change"

"There is no such thing as climate change," Jim said.

The old man removed the pipe from his mount, "You can't believe everything ye hear, but you can repeat it."

Gossip

Bernadette O'Reilly

You can't believe everything you hear floated into Aideen's head as she listened to the story her sister heard at a bus stop and now repeated. But you can repeat it she thought. Aideen refused to believe this rumour as she stuck the sewing needle into the hem of her sister's curtain. His hand on her cheek that night some time ago had been so gentle. Her head turns avoiding his kiss.

Belief and Repetition

Fiona Deaton

There was only one parishioner in the village of Rathnew in the 1960's who couldn't believe what she heard. She was a devout catholic and long ago got the calling. Marion, was dazed, shocked and enshrined with guilt when she heard what had been done to her. But unlike the parish priest's other victims she did not remain silent as instructed. Why? Despite suffering the physical pain of being raped at 13 years of age, the 'facts of life' were a mystery to her. She was aware the general concept was a sin and maybe even a mortal one that the nuns had drummed into her. But the mechanics had never been understood by an innocent and pure mind. So despite the perpetrator the Parish Priest demanding her for it to remain a secret, her disgust of the act, what she had done was instantly repeated to her parents.

Marion's mother Nora hated the catholic church but there was no way she was not going to repeat this to all in sundry. A victim many years before of the Magdelin Laundries, she knew only too well what lay potentially ahead for Marion. Three other young girls from the parish had been sent to those Laundries within that year. Their downfall and the subsequent stories everyone in the Parish believed but until now they were whispered amongst the congregation were stated as fact. Nora as a victim and now the mother of a victim decided to take a stance. The women of the village and Marion's father repeated to everyone what had happened and as it was a small village everyone did believe it.

The talk rushed through the village and repulsion started to flow and ebb from the men in the pub. It was decided that action had to be taken. Carefully planned revenge was the new topic. The parish priest got up as usual in his frock to say mass and on sipping the wine noted a vicious smell and violent taste when he ingested same. In front of the whole congregation he simply dropped dead. Nobody was dismayed the parents of the other three victims carried his body out of the church and disposed of it.

Justice had been severed and nobody missed the parish priest. The body buried and his death in front of so many witness, none of whom

intended on repeating what actually happened, was swift. The local guards asked no questions and the church having moved him around several parishes for the very reason that caused his death asked no questions, but Marion took months to believe what had happened to hear. But like the rest of the parish knew not to raise suspicion and never repeated it. Justice served, the village was now at peace.

The Lies We Tell Ourselves

Greg Fields

Near East Lyme Dan Rosselli pulled off to stop for coffee. Starbucks, or Peets, or Caribou, something like that, tucked into an upscale strip mall just beyond the exit ramp. Rosselli pulled the Jaguar into a spot well down the lot, apart from any other cars. Better to walk a few extra steps than risk a dent from someone trying to open a car door while balancing a tray full of lattes.

He ordered a simple espresso with a cranberry scone then walked to the end of the counter. The barista finished the steaming, pushed the drink his way, and Rosselli looked at her for the first time. Young, maybe late 20s, with a shock of thick blond hair tied back of her neck, crystal blue eyes and cheekbones that could carve ice sculptures. The green apron rose proudly in all the right places. She smiled behind the demitasse.

“Espresso. Dark and hot.”

Rosselli smiled, said nothing, took the cup and turned away, but as he did so, she said, “I saw what you were driving. Very smart. F-type convertible?”

“Coupe. A bit less flashy, but a whole lot of fun. I’m impressed you noticed.”

“I love fast cars. My fantasy is a Ferrari. Somewhat out of my price range for the moment, but a girl can dream.”

Rosselli stepped back to the counter.

“The acceleration is unbelievable. Up to 60 in about 3.5 seconds. Can yours do that?”

“It can do great things, but I’ve never really tested its acceleration. I’ve had it up to 140, and it was tight. Nothing shook, and it felt like I was leisurely cruising the Garden State Parkway. My toy.”

“I’m envious. You must be doing okay, then,” and she flinched with the words. “Oh God, forgive me. I have no business saying that.”

Rosselli laughed, “No worries. I’m doing okay. For now at least.”

“You’re not pouring coffee in Nowhere, Connecticut, that’s for sure.”

“Truth be told, I’m a doctor. Plastic and cosmetic surgery, which is a nice way to pay the bills and buy some toys. I try not to take it too seriously.” Rosselli noted that he was the only customer in the store. Late afternoon didn’t draw the crowds apparently.

“My name’s Janna, if you haven’t noticed from my very elegant name tag,” she said through a smile that almost gleamed in white. “I usually don’t dress like this.”

“And my name’s Dan.”

“Dr. Dan?”

“Dr. Rosselli. But I’m Dan.”

“And I’m done with my shift in about twenty minutes, Dan. You’re the best conversation I’ve had all day. Forgive me for being bold, but can we continue it somewhere?”

“I’m going to go sit in the corner and sip my espresso and nibble on my scone. I’ll probably get a few crumbs on my shirt, and I may even spill a drop or two. But I’ll be over there when your shift ends, and I’d welcome the company. We can tell each other lies, and repeat them to our friends.”

A few minutes later she took the chair opposite. “So what brings you to these parts, Dan? No one around here drives something like that.”

“Days like this beg for a drive, and the cat needed to run. It’s been a long winter. We both had to stretch a bit.”

“I know the feeling. There’s little worse than being consigned to East Lyme, where the scent of rotting fish fills the air and diseases fester. I’m being harsh. It’s quiet, that’s all, and I get bored. This is no worse than anywhere else.”

“What keeps you here? What do you do, besides make exotic coffee drinks.”

“Family, of course. We all have our anchors. Divorced for about a year, with no place else to go that felt safe. What did Robert Frost write in one of his poems? ‘Home is the place where, when you have to go

there, they have to take you in.’ My parents, bless their hearts, still see me as their little girl. Plus, they had no use for Jake, who proved true to every one of their prophecies.”

“I’m sorry. How long were you married?”

“Long enough to learn the nuances of abuse and draw up the blueprints for a serious drinking problem. A little more than two years. But I knew I had made a huge mistake right away. At the wedding reception one of my bridesmaids told me that Jake had hit on her the night before, and begged her for one last sympathy fling. Because she was a friend, she told him no. But because she was also a bitch, she told me what happened, with just a hint of glee in her voice.”

“But you stuck it out for a while”

“What choice did I have, really? I think I might even have been in love. And besides, we would have had to return all the gifts and I genuinely liked the espresso machine my aunt gave us. So perhaps my career here was predestined.”

She continued, “Jake had a wonderful smile, and a ferocious scowl. He worked construction, so the money was pretty good, but he’d come home tired and mean. He drank. He hung out with his old high school friends, almost all of whom were still single. Predictable, all of it. The end came soon enough. I could have done without the slaps and shouts, though. That got old real quick.”

“So after all that,” Rosselli said, “You’ve gone back to being a small-town girl. You’ve pushed the Reset button.”

“No need to romanticize it, Doctor. I had nothing to do, and no place else to do it..”

“And this is your safe place? This job?”

“It’s extremely easy, and there’s no stress. That’s what I need right now. No stress. And a few laughs when I can find them.

“And now that I’ve revealed the shoddy state of my current existence,” she continued, “tell me your story, and why a rich, handsome doctor with a hot car wandered into my coffee shop on a lazy spring afternoon? A woman?”

“Am I that obvious?”

“Isn’t it always a woman? Or a man?”

Janna paused to look directly into Rosselli’s eyes. She reached out her hand and traced a line very lightly along his hand, up to his wrist, barely touching his skin. “Where can that Jaguar go, Doctor Dan?” she purred. “Do you think it races to paradise? You think?”

Rosselli paused, then smiled and stood up. “Paradise,” he murmured. “Another lie we tell ourselves.” He offered his hand to Janna, who smiled in return and took it, then together they walked into the late afternoon.

Things That Should Not Be Attempted By Rational People

Harry Browne

- Repeat the Unrepeatable
- Eat the inedible
- Attempt the undoable
- Question the unanswerable
- Remember the unmemorable
- Mention the unmentionable
- Climb the unscalable
- Demand the impossible
- Contemplate the unimaginable
- Protect the unsustainable
- Purchase the unaffordable
- Sign a blank document
- Open a dubious email
- Entertain the unforgiveable
- Avoid the inevitable

And never, ever, facilitate a writers group, that way lies Despair, Distress, disillusionment and Disaster.

Big Brother

Michael O'Brien

As Steven left his house at 7:45 am to catch his morning train to work he stared resentfully at the cameras that followed him on his way. Julie the receptionist in the office where he worked had told him that all the street cameras around their office had been fitted with new artificial Intelligence software, and had high definition lenses that could read registration numbers from outer space as well as facial recognition, they could even notify the authorities if a car was not insured or being driven by someone not authorized to drive it, Big Brother was watching, Julie heard this from Mary in accounts, "And you know Mary, she wouldn't say it unless she was sure it was true", everyone in the office including himself had been indignant at this violation of their privacy and were actively looking into the GDPR implications of this.

When the 8:am to the city centre arrived Steven forced his way onto the packed train and stood in the aisle cheek by jowl with his fellow travellers, the expression on his face showing his clear dissatisfaction with his uncomfortable surroundings. This diesel train, called the 8:am for now, will feed these people into the city to power the economy, and then when they are exhausted and depleted, this same diesel train, now called the 6:00 pm will excrete them back out of the city to their suburbs to replenish themselves, and get ready to repeat the whole process tomorrow.

As Steven contemplated his resentment at being constantly surveyed on his way to and from a job he disliked, he disembarked from the train not paying much attention to his surroundings. As he absentmindedly bumped and coaxed his way through the crowds, he could be seen following the crowd to the exit turnstile, much like cows migrating to the field gate at milking time. At 8:43am he exited the city centre train station and walked up the quays to his office. At 8:55 am he turned down a narrow alleyway which led to the entrance of his workplace, noticing the pedestrian light was green, he crossed the narrow road looking up at the street camera resentfully, again thinking how pissed off he was at this intrusion, even on this little laneway they were watching. As he daydreamed onto the narrow lane, he heard an

unmuffled engine roar and felt an incredible pain as he hurtled up in the air and landed on the unforgiving cobblestones, lying on his back he looked to see what had hit him but there was nothing, the car had joined the traffic on the quays. He passed out with the pain and woke two days later in hospital alone, and frustrated, the driver never stopped. The nurse had told him the police were here yesterday and would be back again, but what could he tell them, he'd seen nothing. He ran through all that he could remember, going step by step through his day as they do in cop shows when the detectives take the victim through what happened in minute detail, and all he could remember was the anger and resentment he carried each morning to work about what Julie and Mary had told him. Then his cardiac monitor beeped, his heart jumped with excitement, he remembered what that resentment that had accompanied him all through his commute for weeks now was about, the cameras, he would have something to tell the cops after all.

With all these thoughts about artificial intelligence cameras and high-definition lenses he envisioned that the two police officers who would come to visit him would be sharply dressed professional types like FBI agents. And, when the next day he was informed that the police were here to see him, he sat up as enthusiastically as a man with two broken ribs and a broken leg could to greet his Agents, his smile faded when instead of two hot shots, in walked a chap who resembled lieutenant Columbo, When Steven mentioned the cameras the cops response was as dour as his appearance, "Yeah we heard those rumours too, there all over the station, the fact is those cameras don't have any intelligence let alone the artificial kind, they weren't working that day, and even if they were they'd be no use, they don't record, they live feed only, and high definition they aint, those lenses are about as clear as a stained glass window".

What saddened Steven most about this was the time he'd wasted feeling resentment, the anger he nurtured, day by day, hour by hour, for no reason, they weren't watching, never were, weren't interested in him. His physical injuries were sore but minor and he would make a full physical recovery, it so happened that an eyewitness had seen everything from the entrance of the laneway, a real human had solved his problem, more importantly, he decided his recovery would be more

than just physical, a new mindset would go nicely with his newly healed body.