

Inkslingers Blended Session

21st October 2023

The Prompt from The Bag Was:

Five Words Challenge

“She Always Thought That Rolls-Royce Was Overrated ”

And the Visual



She Always thought Rolls Royce was overrated

Mark L'estrange

They got in touch with the government office in Mexico and they got talking to one of the people that helped get Paddy and Stephen home from there a few months ago. He said "I'm sorry you have had so much hassle with these guys I have to be careful who I am talking to here it's hard to know who to trust its very corrupt. Leave it with me and I will call you back very soon." "Ok thanks for your help"

When they got off the phone Julie phoned Paddy saying, "There is a Rolls outside our house with a few strange characters, they look like they think they are the bees knees and you know I think they are very overrated." "Ok just sit tight Julie and I will be home in a few minutes these guys are dangerous." He told the Super what was going on and said "I am going have to fly home I think there outside my house." "I will go with you to help" They drove to Paddy's house the rolls was blocking Paddy's entrance to the house they sat in the car to see who they could see around the place the rolls was empty at this stage. Paddy phoned Julie she answered saying. "Where are you? They all got out of the car a few minuets ago and ran into our neighbours house three doors down." "We are just across the road Julie remain calm we have this under control."

"I am going to go over to our neighbours house, do you mind staying in the car I will signal if I need help." "Ok no problem Paddy, just be careful." He ran over to the house and looked in the window, they had the family tied up in the sitting room and they were tearing the place apart looking for something,

he thought they must have go the wrong house. Paddy broke down the door and had them all spinning around in a matter of seconds and untied the family. He said to them. "I am so sorry this has happened to you they must have thought it was my house." "No problem you seem to have it under control now anyway." He called the Super out of the car. He stopped them spinning and tied their hands together to start questioning them.

To be continued.

Luas

Matthew Tubridy

Man wants to get on Luas,
But he's too grumpy,
The grumpy police are there,
Sorry sir! Can you smile?
Feck off! Says Grumpy man,
Sorry sir, we must detain you,
They bring Grumpy man to a secure detention centre,
But every second Irish man is there!
The mutter to each other about how their wives treat them badly,
Now there's no woman about.

My aunt Alzira

Magda Velossa

My aunt Alzira blamed her mother until the day she died for her spinsterhood. She was always mumbling about her lack of opportunities for meeting young men, or for the defects her mother would find in her prospective future husbands.

My grandmother never uttered a word about the affair. As a matter of fact, she was a woman of few words and brave deeds, as we might say. She was a wisp of a woman, short and slim, lived in the country most of her life and, although she had a giant of a husband, it was her turn to kill snakes, sacrifice pigs, do all the chores and raise the 14 children she gave life too, my father being one of the last of the brood. My grandfather was a great story teller, which I can attest out of the times galore I heard his telling his stories – he was like Forrest Gump, who did not mind who was listening, as long as he had an audience of one grandchild or another, he kept talking while preparing his old straw cigarettes.

But back to my aunt Alzira. Every time his humour turned to the black side, and that was nearly as often as the sun rises, she would spend the whole day mumbling and complaining about the absence of a male companion in her life, for her two sisters, one elder and the other younger, ha married young and both had a bunch of children to fill up their lives. I remember my mother taking her for a shopping spree in one of these occasions, which make her a little happier before another day would dawn to restart her grumbling.

My mother told a different story. She said Aunt Alzira was too proud in the instep and never found a candidate she considered up to her standards. One would have a farmhouse with too many windows to open in the morning and close as evening came; another was too poor; one other was too prone to women company, yet one another was too short, or too tall, or too thin or too fat. She was probably waiting for a charming chevalier to arrive on a white horse brandishing a sword, sweeping her off her feet and disappearing in the horizon with her perched in front of him on that beautiful white dreamy horse.

He never came. She never married. Her mother had to put up with her complaining temperament until her last days. She died alone, poor soul, reminding one of Eleanor Rigby who

Picks up the rice in the church where a wedding has been

Lives in a dream

Waits at the window

Wearing the face that she keeps in a jar by the door

Who is it for

Max McCoubrey

Rolls Royce

She always thought Rolls Royce was over rated
And Caviar too salty on the tongue
And taking pearls from ocean perfect oysters
To hide a craggy neck was simply wrong

No. She'd rather have a listening ear at midnight
Or a kindly invitation to a dance
Or a chirpy 'Anything I can get you?'
Or a 'you look well today' admiring glance

She always felt that happiness avoided
Palaces and yachts and second homes
Instead my mum valued a cuddle
Or a tray of tea with freshly baked scones.

Rory

Matthew Tubridy

Rory in writing group goes
I'll read!
I'll keep going! I'm 80!
I have my car,
I'll drive it to Wexford!
Get the ferry to Roscoff,
And on to La Rochelle,
And Biarritz,
I want to experience Morocco!
And when they say it's time for your grave,
I drive even more!
To Cape Town, South Africa,
He wants to dance with Shakira,
But he's 80,
He goes to her house and dances outside,
They say 'Time for your grave!'
He taps the grave, then runs away,
He becomes a roadie for Shakira,
He drives the bus,
He drives to Niagara falls,
He says, 'Finally my time is up!'
He jumps off the waterfall,
As he falls in the water he remembers his life,
His first motorbike,
His first girlfriend,
He remembers his trip to Cape Town,
His body impacts the rocks at the bottom of the waterfall,
It's swept away,
And just because they said he can't keep reading.

A Turning of the Game

Greg Fields

“The damnedest thing.” Willie Meadows shook his head, sipped his scotch and leaned forward on the bar. Next to him John Reddington – colleague, friend and confessor – sat silently and let Willie ruminate. The role he played these days, watching over Willie’s confusion and occasional melancholy. But, like Willie, he was a reporter, and so he knew something about listening, about absorbing facts silently and then moulding them into an interpretation. He sipped his own drink, and nodded a silent encouragement.

“The damnedest thing,” Willie said again. “What do you make of it, John? I mean, really. Here was a woman as fine as any I’d ever met. Smart, attractive, bold and sassy. And maybe because of all that, she’d been nothing but a plaything. Men used her, let her go, teased her, all the rest of it. Then I come along.” He paused to sip again at the scotch. “I come along, and do none of that. None of that game-playing. I liked her, John. I mean, I really liked her. For who she was, and how she made me feel.”

“Maybe you scared her, Willie. Did you think of that?”

“How the hell could I scare her? I gave her everything she might want – fancy dinners and quiet time, space enough to be herself. I indulged her sarcasm. I listened to her stories, and sympathized when she bitched about her friends. Everything, man. I was hooked.”

Willie paused again, then went on. “You’d think after everything she’d been through, after all the hurtful, empty relationships, all those losers, she’d be pleased. She’d be ecstatic. Finally a man who wanted her for who she was, and then did everything he could to give her what she wanted.”

“Ah, Willie, that might be the problem right there.”

“The problem?”

“Did you ever consider that Carrie wanted it that way? That she played her own games, and was drawn to others who knew the rules? No entanglements. No risk of emotion or involvement. Just play the game.

Then you come along and smother her with all those things she never asked for. Did you ever think that that's why she walked away?"

Willie Meadows looked down at the bar and said nothing. John Reddington went on. "And all those things you thought you were giving her. Think about that. Those were the things you wanted to give. But maybe they weren't the things she wanted to have. Maybe instead of a nice dinner all she wanted was a quick toss and a goodnight kiss. Or instead of a day at an art museum she'd rather sit around in her sweats and watch old movies. Seems to me, old friend, that you two might not have been the match you thought you were."

Willie lifted his head, finished his scotch, then turned to his friend behind a quiet smile. "Ah, Johnny." He gestured to the bartender for another round. "Too much wisdom for someone who just wants to feel sorry for himself."

They sat silently for a time. The new drinks arrived. "So you've not seen her since that last night?"

"No. She practically ran out of the restaurant when I told her I might be falling in love. She never looked back, and I knew enough not to chase."

"Well, then," John said, and began on his latest scotch. "Maybe there's a lesson for you in all that. Let the game come to you, Willie."

Willie chuckled in response. "It's all a game, then, isn't it? Men. Women. The hunt, the chase, the pursuit. Ah, but it's a glorious game, Johnny. It's the game of our lives.

John Reddington nodded once more. "A game very few of us ever win, Willie. You think you lost Carrie, but face the fact that you never had her. She was never yours. And so, in the end, there's no loss, is there?"

Willie took a deep drink, smiled again and put his hand on his friend's shoulder. "There's a dart board over there," and he gestured to a corner of the bar. "Let's go play a game where both of us know the rules."

Bernadette O'Reilly

Rolls Royce

She never rated money

She never rated diamonds

She never rated luxury holidays

She never rated expensive clothes

She never rated fancy houses

She never rated Rolls Royces

She rated the love he could never give.

The Best Present is the Present

Glauber Andorinha

It was our wedding anniversary, and I almost forgot it... again.

“Just give me something that I do not have”, she cried.

God dammit! How can I please this woman? What an impossible task, she owns my universe! We are not but drifting souls orbiting her sublime essence. I could not send to her diamonds or any other shining stone, cause you never saw her smiling... a kaleidoscope of colour. She is my precious, the brightest of the stars.

I can't give up with expensive gift, it is everything that I have, she thinks rolls Royce is overrated, how dare you to say that? What else she could want? “two wheels is suitable for me, we go for a cycling and watch the sunset”, she said. It is boring, a sunset in Dublin? When we can go to Greece on a cruise.

I can give a private jet, “ I already have wings, my love” she replied softly. What could I do? I am damned and i gave up, I was begging! Please tell me what I can buy for you!

She sat down beside a cushion, invited me to seat beside her, and said, “can you stay with your family all day today?”

I couldn't. I work all day and every day to give everything she needed, and our kids of course, what else she could want from me? Well, I could not give what she was implying, how can I give something that does not belong to me? Looking to our past, sadness, I was never there. Could I give her my future instead? It should be mine... who owns it? I don't know and this I can't buy for us.

Flowers
Elaine Reardon

He didn't know yet
that bouquets of flowers
or a lovely box of handmade
chocolates from her favourite place

no longer healed
wounds made
by harsh words
and short-tempered
exchanges.

What did she want
expect he worked hard
didn't he. She had so much done for her.
They weren't kids anymore.

And yet.
He remembered when they were just out of school,
dating. He bought her a small ring
and it lit up her face.
He basked in her light.
They warmed each other then,
simply with looks,
with hands brushing
as they walked down the street.

Now they only touched
accidentally,
when they both reached
for the coffee pot
at breakfast,
passed each other in the hall,
when her cold feet found his warmer legs
under the blankets.
He missed her.

He missed himself, who he was before,
when days had more time.
When they both loved flowers.

Corpus Delecti

Miguel Angel Rivera, Jr.

Detective Brad Kosinski stared at the young woman. A broken and helpless creature whose lifeless eyes stared blankly upwards as she sat in the back seat of an expensive car. Blood was flowing from multiple chest wounds that had turned her white dress crimson and were now drenching the vehicle's leather seats while also forming dark, sticky pools on its floorboards. On the car's outside, smoke rose from its engine and bullet-riddled metal exterior. The driver was equally dead. Having crashed into a pole, his cranium was now fully open and decorating the front portion of the dash. Based on the identification that Detective Kosinski found in the passenger's wallet, she was only 24.

Ms. Julia Cantarichi had boarded this vehicle oblivious to the dangers it entailed. Now, yellow crime scene tape surrounded this Manhattan location near 34th Street and 8th Avenue.

Tourists, business people, and a legion of local bums, bike messengers, and others all stood curiously on the other side of that Police line while Brad examined the contents of a Rolls Royce Phantom now turned into a metal version of Swiss cheese. He was fairly certain that Julia had not been the intended target, but her father had allowed her the use of the vehicle for the day, at least that's what the Italian Consulate was saying.

It was far from the most grisly crime scene Brad had ever seen, but one that had many implications and very likely would bring a plethora of questions and phone calls from both upper brass and politicians that he had no stomach for. The traditional investigative steps, the canvass, search for footage, witnesses, search of the victim's cell phone content and social media, ballistics, and autopsy report acquisition, could all be handled by his partner, but there was one thing Brad could do that no other Cop could.

It was something that he hated. Something unnatural but necessary if he was going to get a hold of this rapidly devolving situation. It always felt like cheating. Solving crimes by using that gift passed down to him from his maternal side and nurtured during a childhood among many kooky relatives.

He stared at the blonde, slender woman in the white, silk dress. Her hair matted with blood and the unfairness of her life cut short. She was turning pale, and soon rigormortis would settle in. He calmed his spirit, touched her wrist, and then in his mind's eye began seeing a picture of two men in a hotel room somewhere across town. One of them was the victim's father, Don Chico Cantarichi. The other Brad recognized as an aid to the Mayor. The Mayor's aid was speaking with red, blood-shot eyes and snot pouring from an equally blood-filled nose. "She always thought Rolls Royce was overrated", were the slurred words pouring from his swollen mouth. Don Chico Cantarichi nodded to one of his henchmen and a large, gorilla-like fist struck yet another blow against the aid's battered face.

The vision broke off, but Detective Brad Kosinski had the clues he needed. He was sweating and unaware of how much time had gone by during his "reading". It was always a trying thing that left him feeling like he just ran a marathon with a broken back. Looking at Julia's lifeless face and neatly manicured hands he knew it was worth the pain. He would soon deliver justice for Ms. Julia as he had for many other homicide victims.

Waves

Matthew Tubridy

I'm ploughing through the waves in my fishing boat,
I was in a calm fjord in Norway,
But then I drove to the open sea,
The waves get bigger and bigger,
I wanted to catch some mackerel,
Head back to the Fjord?
I ask myself,
No! I'll go all the way to Iceland!
I plough through the sea,
I see dolphins after the maceral,
I see other fishing boats,
Eventually I get to Reykjavik.

Rolls-Royce was Overrated?

Clíodhna Joyce-Daly

The wax glimmered highlighting the creases on the bonnets untouched frame. The crisp sunny day bounced off the car's colour and illuminated a path of red along the drive. This became a Saturday ritual for Mark. He would set up the wax beside the rim of the tires and dip a corner of a tattered handkerchief into the concoction. It was more for effect really. Mark had no interest in shining the care himself, but rather basked in the delight of watching people walk with envy in their eyes. The satisfaction of possessing the most luxurious vehicle in the estate was a feeling of pride for Mark and he would not let this accomplishment slip through his nimble fingers.

Mark's wife, Heidi, glared out at her delusional husband as he dipped the wax and lightly rubbed the mixture between the cloth. He did this every weekend – pretending to shine the car with the ambition to obtain the neighbours impressions. Heidi despised this act. In fact, she despised that vehicle. She always thought a Rolls-Royce was overrated and the mere reality that her husband spent thousands of euros on a mode of transport made her stomach crawl.

Throughout their marriage, Mark had been impatient with the growth of his business and continued to long for his next achievement in the projection of acceptance. He would work long hours, cut back on holidays, and worst of all purchase lavish goods with every checked box as he climbed the ladder into further oblivion.

Despite his commercial success, Mark's personal life was in shambles. He spent regular holidays padlocked in their shared bathroom having panic attacks about work. The night would result in Heidi leaving a plate of food outside the toilets doors that would go untouched and cold by the end of Mark's fit. Heidi felt isolated, alone and in all honesty, she began to think she hated her husband. He barely spoke and when he did it was about his success or the fact that he bought her a expensive watch. Their tight knit marriage was slowly becoming undone with Mark's persistent need for impressing others.

Saturdays for most people was spent relaxed, unfazed by the chaos that ensued throughout the week. Not for Mark. He spent half of Saturday shining that car and Heidi spent the day miserable. She hated that car, Mark and all the goods surrounding her and what they represented.

Heidi wanted a normal Saturday. She wanted that vehicle taking up space in her drive to disappear. Perhaps, she thought, when he is asleep, I will drive the car and leave it in a place he will never find it. She laughed at the thought.

Mentor Pilot

Matthew Tubridy

Mentor Pilot Peter is flying from New York to Los Angeles,
He's on final approach into LAX,
He says to his copilot flaps up,
Suddenly they see a Bull on the runway,
He had no chance to avoid,
The front of the plane ploughs into the Bull,
The airport fire service race to the plane,
They survey the Bull,
One of them say
'You could make a good few beef burgers with that!'

R+R and President Ciaran

Ciaran O'Melia

Out for a walk this day, we, my wife and I live adjacent to the Phoenix Park. It was a surprise when she said, "God that Rolls - Royce is overrated," and the forceful way she said it.

I replied. "But honey I love the style and the room in the back seat, do you remember—," She interrupted, but, her words had no meaning as it included things like stamping her feet on the ground and walking off, she turned left and I turned right as we got the park gates.

So I wandered on, in the rain and wet leaves, until I stumbled on a tiny chestnut, that put a stop to me gallop, I looked around for the wife and R-R. But there was no sign of her.

Then I heard a squeaky voice saying, "Are you in trouble."

And who do you think it was, none other than the President, so I replied.

"Not as much as you with the comment about Israeli, and the Palestinians."

He rose in statue and his face got red said, "What do you mean by dat."

"Now, hold on for a minute, if you don't mind, I am in agreement with you."

I could see these words were well received. "O, no offense taken." The President said. "Great"

He had a chain saw in his hand and a spade strapped to his back.

I added then "Do a bit of gardening are we?"

He stood off on this and replied. "What's with the we, thingy, I have plenty of gardeners here,"

As if to emphases a point he motioned with sweeping free hand.

"It is only a phrase I use, like we do this and we do that."

He broke down and believe this or not, he cried, as a matter of fact bawled before saying, “what I meant to say was— are we in trouble.”

“Trouble, if I had a microphone like you, I would blast it out to the high heavens.” Here he and I nodded to a passing walker, who seemed to know both the President and I. He nodded back in recognition and said “Are you lads going for a pint in the Hole of the Wall.”

I have to tell you I was amazed he talked like that to me, as a sophistic drinker of pints,

I was put out by his formality to me.

The President on the other hand was up for it, as he said. “I’ll tidy up here and be with you shortly,” I could see he was excited at the prospect as he rubbed his hands with glee.

“Right I put on order two pints for youse.” As he got on his bike and peddled off to the pub.

“What were we saying, I lost my train of thought at the prospect of having a pint.” “I was saying if I had a position like you, I would shout it out to the World.” I said confidently.

“That’s the thing,” he started the chain saw, with a pull of the cord and asked. “Where’s that tree?”

“What tree?”

“The f——in chestnut tree. Please excuse my French.” He said.

“I thought you were talking about the Israeli and Palestine thing and nothing about the chestnuts, one of the fall downs broke my ankle, I didn’t know how emotional you’d get.

So we downed tools and headed to the Hole in the Wall, to broaden the subject.

Mont Blanc

Matthew Tubridy

Climbing up Mont Blanc,
But I have my cereal bars,
I see the Billy goats,
It's all snow and rock here, I get into a pickle
at the top,
Soma helicopter is tasked
To save me,
The problem was I didn't have any cereal bars,
I tried to catch a billy goat,
But they ran away,
Helicopter comes and winches me away,
In the chopper the paramedic goes
What happened to you?
Broken leg, or ankle?
I go I ran out of cereal bars,
And I couldn't catch a goat to eat!
Paramedic gets mortally offended and pushes me out of the helicopter,
I land on soft snow,
I make my own way down the mountain,
At the bottom I get a beer,
And a goat roll.