

Inkslingers Blended Session

30th September 2023

The Prompt from The Bag Was:

“5 am And Still No Phone Call ”

And the Visual



And just to confuse – a second set of prompts



Beloved Dog

Matthew Tubridy

Some families have a beloved dog Bobby,
They are doted on,
Given food,
Why not in school can pupils be treated like a beloved dog Bobby,
Given water when they're tongues pant?
Given somewhere to lie down?
Given some food,
It may not be the best but it's something,
Anyway the main thing is that everyone loves Bobby,
He has lovely soft hair,
He is given unconditional love,
He tests himself, can he run around the school grounds?
I remember in 1st year in school we would pick someone we all had to
chase,
And we did!
We ran as fast as Bobby would,
Anyway Bobby makes his own tests,
Not the teachers!
Bobby would lie in the corner of the classroom.

5 AM and still no phone call

Mark L'estrange

They were all taken away to a holding cell in the barracks, they were shouting and treating the army and Paddy saying "You don't know what harm you are doing to your country let us go." Paddy said to the army lads "I am going to head home now, can you ring me if you get any information off these guys please."

"We will do, and thanks so much for your help today, we wouldn't have been able to do it without you, now you deserve to have a good rest." When he got home the Super was waiting for him in his garden, Paddy explained what happened and said. "Sorry I need to get a rest, the army lads said they will keep us posted if they get any information from these lads, and I will ring you straight away." "Ok thanks for everything Paddy talk tomorrow."

They heard nothing from the army for the whole next day, and decided to give them a few more hours till the next morning, it was 5am the next morning and still no phone call, Paddy rang the soldier that he was dealing with all along, when he rang him he asked. "Who is this please?" "It's Paddy here, who helped you yesterday, you have all the spies held in the barracks." He said. "Sorry haven't a clue what you're on about, we have no spies here." And with that he just hung up.

He rang the Super and told him what happened. "Oh no they must be trying to cover this up for some reason, we need to head down to the barracks." "Sorry I shouldn't have left the barracks last night, I should have rang you first." "Don't be silly it's not your fault you needed to get home to check Julie." They headed to the Barracks, they were stopped at the security gates the Super showed his badge and explained "It's important we talk to the army lads my friend Paddy was dealing with last night please." He told them "Wait at the gate for a few minutes while I go talk to the lads in the lab."

He came back and said. "look lads I can't let you in they don't know what you're talking about you are going to have to leave sorry." "Ok. and I am going to have to talk to my boss about this, the commissioner we know you have them lads in there." They were about to drive out when one of the lads that was there that night was walking by them, he

went over to the car and said. "Look lads I could get in a lot of trouble for this, I feel bad keeping you in the dark, they don't want anyone to know we have them in here, but you take this burner phone and I will let you know what is happening latter." They both said. "Thanks so much it's important for us to know what's happening."

When they got back to the station they noticed armed guards outside the Garda station, the Super said. "I think that's the Mexicans we better just keep driving I will radio the lads in the station for an update."

To be continued.

Zoology
Matthew Tubridy

Instead of studying zoology to protect animals when he graduated he
went out a started shooting wild animals!
The mighty deer in Killarney National Park,
He would even shoot the farmers sheep,
He would bring them home to eat,
His brother and sister were vegetarian and studied zoology,

Witch way to the wine

Bernadette O'Reilly

Ten years sober this Halloween
Witch way to the wine
Afraid to go out on a bad day
The witch of wine still tempts me
She says the wine will ease my pain
Witch way to the wine
I make it back home without the wine
On the good days.

Imaginary Friend

Gerard Byrne

“Have you ever had an imaginary friend?”, Desmond asked the eight foot pink bunny rabbit, called Jessica, that followed him around everywhere.

“No”, she replied, “imaginary friends are for kids Desmond. People are age should be grown out of childish things like that”

Desmond laughed to himself, “god that would be embarrassing to have a friend that wasn’t there. Imagine if either of us was talking to ourselves right now. That would really make this toilet break awkward”

“It is bloody awkward”, moaned an unfamiliar voice from the next cubicle.

“What’s his problem?”, asked Jessica as she played with her fluffy ears.

“Nothing”, replied Desmond, “he’s probably just jealous that he hasn’t got a good friend to talk to while having a shite, like me and you are right now. Jealousy can be a terrible thing”

“Too true”, replied Jessica as she passed the toilet paper under the wall of the cubicle.

Desmond laughed to himself, “my poo looks like a couple of chocolate digestives”

“Same here”, replied Jessica with a smile.

“Please shut up”, moaned the unfamiliar voice once more, before flushing the toilet and leaving the restroom in a hurry.

“Somebody didn’t wash their hands”, announced Jessica angrily.

Have you ever broken anything

Sandra McCowen

Tom dropped his three-year-old daughter, Poppy off at her crèche. He hugged Poppy at the door into her allotted playroom then let her run towards an orange child-sized table to join her friends.

“Hello, Mister Coppinger, do you know anything about memory chips?”

Doris, the glamorous owner of Busy Bees Crèche asked while holding up tiny board.

“No, I’m an accountant.” Tom Coppinger replied.

“Do you know anyone who can fix a memory chip?”

“No, try taking it to an I.T repair shop.”

“That would cost too much. Have you ever broken something?”

“Yes, my wife’s heart when I took full custody of our daughter.’

5Am and no call
Bernadette O'Reilly

Squinting at the clock
5am
Grabbing the phone
No phone call
No text
It's been hours since
They left
Ambulance siren screaming.
Shaking fingers text his number
No news yet
The phone lights up with the reply

Ambition

Matthew Tubridy

Are people supposed to have ambition?

A nice house?

A garden?

Their name above a door...

Dentist Murphy!

Sargent Dewy,

He was the CEO of a massive brewery!

He manufactured the tyres of a popular car brand-Toyota,

He got a 1000 people off the streets,

He got people back to life after a cardiac arrest,

He painted school buildings,

He tutored students to become doctors!

He polished up dancers moves so they could be on YouTube.

Witch Your Way to Wine

Clíodhna Joyce-Daly

The day was foggy, with that persistent mist that blurred the sightings of the road. Frogs croaked in the distance, creating a song as their voices travelled throughout the night.

Sybil had been walking for nearly two miles now and despite casting her wand over her soaked cape, the wet drops would find their way through again.

It had been three weeks without her beloved broom and three weeks of wretched walking. The normal dress for a witch was inertly contrasting from the non-magical folk and when she shuffled her way through the town, the humans just stared at her. Witches of her kind were normally draped with a long cloak or cape with colours interwoven into the fabric highlighting the most powerful spells that had cast. Sybil's was blue, green, yellow and one line of red for bringing her 17 year old dog back to life.

Contrary to the public perception, witches, fairies, warlocks, giants lived within the non-magical folk's orbit. The unfortunate thing Sybil found was that they were so engrossed in their daily lives of stress, the beauty and magic of life beyond their realm seemed utterly impossible.

Every year on Halloween, her coven hoped that their world would be exposed and perhaps, be accepted by the natural world. Thousands of years later, no such luck. Despite the hope, there was also fear and dread that if their world was discovered, they would be shunned or worse hanged for the misunderstanding. Sometimes the oblivion was better than the alternative.

The water squeaked as she walked through the fog's wrath – getting saturated with every step. "Released" she muttered flicking her wand as she became dry – the rain persisted.

It was the third time, she returned to Mr. Haddocks Broom & Fix. Her broom needed restuffing – kept flying her off in various directions across the city. At one point, it became so uncontrolled she nearly slipped off mid-flight. Mr. Haddock ensured he would have it fixed in no

time. It was three weeks. Each time she entered his shop, he begged for another week to sort out the apparent bewitched broom. Sybil was devastated.

As she continued to mope and walk, she remembered what she learned while at school – a very complicated spell that transported her to another location without the need for a broom. What was it ? she thought Transendo. Anything was better than standing in the rain.

As the weather worsened, Sybil pulled out her wand spiralling it above her head. “Transendo!” she screamed, hoping the non-magical folk did not hear her and think she was deranged. As the words echoed throughout the trees, Sybil’s body began to rise and at rapid speed project itself across the unforgiving sky. She felt sick. The journey became so zig zagged and she was bopped up and down as the speed picked up.

With one final soar, the journey bolted to a halt and a hard slam fell against her body. She was at The Broken Pumpkin – a pub only up the road from her. A sign that hung about the pubs dated decor ‘Witch Your Way to Wine’ with bits of cobwebs encapsulating it’s black letters.

I suppose I can stay for one, she thought. Afterall she did not have the broom to get her home and the goblins would be out giving tickets for drinking and driving. I guess that is one good thing about not having the broom, she thought.

Still

Deirdre Powell.

In the sweet stillness of the evening,
The grey clouds gather,
A feather drops to the ground,
Caressing the underlying grass,
The bird places its head in its wing,
Still is its song.

A mild wind blows from a place unknown
Threatening the stillness at day's end
Bare branches flutter in the wind,
Shyly, sleepily, softly, sombrely,
Hidden in plain sight
Still is their song.

As the late evening turns to night,
The stillness is cut by an owl hooting,
Whoo-hoo in the distance,
Its large wings envelop and encircle,
The predator has its prey,
Stilling its song.

In the sweet stillness of the evening
The grey clouds gather,
The light is shut out,
The darkness has fallen,
My eyes grow heavy with sleep,
Still is my song.

Dinosaur Bones

Matthew Tubridy

Donation 1euro it says,
To see the dinosaur skeleton,
Tommy puts the coin in the slot,
Tommy walks around T-Rex,
Suddenly he kicks the foot of T-Rex!
The whole structure comes crashing down,
The security guard runs over,
Noo! He splutters,
The bones fall on him,
The cafe lady comes up to him.
Cup of tea? She asks,
Like Missus Doyle,
They get to fork lift in,
To put the bones in the corner,
The show must go on they say!
The visitors to the museum must walk around the bones,
It's just like modern art?
A boy says to his mother!
Security guard is weeping at the sight of T-Rex,
A good thing for bone broth!
So they give the visitors soup made with stock made with the dinosaur
bones,
Lovely they say!
The politicians get some too!
It's magic broth!
We can fend off the British!
Leo V punches a wall,
It smashes into pieces,
Like Neo in the Matrix,
Grrrr says Leo!

Did you ever have an imaginary friend

Sandra McCowen

Lexie, Louise and Concepta, all eight-years-old loved to play together. While Louise and Lexie were cousins who lived with their grandmother, Concepta lived in a dirty flat with bad grown-ups.

Concepta wore strange clothes and said odd words like 'scrubbing board' or 'oil lamp'. Neither Louise nor Lexie ever felt welcome in Concepta's home. The cousins' grandmother would never look at Concepta

when she would call over to play.

Years later, it transpired that Concepta was a ghost who had died in the old days. The grandmother, a grown adult, couldn't see Concepta and assumed that she was an imaginary friend her granddaughters. She pretended that Concepta was real to spare Louise and Lexie's feelings.

Suicide in Ireland

Matthew Tubridy

What about the 1000's of people who have committed suicide in Ireland,
Government says let them go!

Just like with abortion,

Leo's trusty aid, Roger does too,

There's a walkway you can walk down to jump off a cliff,

But government doesn't fence it off!

In school Bobby gets 49 points in his Leaving Certificate,

Teachers think 'He's headed for a life provided for by the state...he will
need a helper,

Would it be better to forget he existed?

Cremate him ASAP?

Or someone with no legs?

Billy?

There's a building somewhere you can pay the government to go in and
a fatal gas is pumped in,

The people inside keel over and have an instant death,

Before it happens they say Thank you to government.

The government reps say thank you back because those people all got
less than 50 points in their Leaving Certs,

They were headed for a life of sleeping in tents by the motorway,

Their classmates headed for Dublin,

To work as stockbrokers,

And so the teachers continue to judge their pupils!

A despondent child!

A flop. A failure,

He should walk the walkway down to the cliff,

Jump off! Yes! Teacher says!

He did something useful!

Well I tell you now I won't be overdosing,

Your all headed for an icy death anyway,

If you keep identifying with who you think you are,

Nobody has a right to encourage someone to kill themselves, even if it's
highly subtle.

Loose Women

Gerard Byrne

“What would you like to invent?”, asked Ruth who was the head panellist on loose women that day.

Denise as always monopolised the conversation, “well I’d love to invent a device that opens doors for me, so that men won’t do it for me instead, making me feel inadequate to do it myself, but also because I don’t like physically opening doors”

“They have invented sliding doors Denise”, Ruth suggested. She hated her job and the pint of vodka she had under the desk wasn’t getting her through the whole show anymore. She’d have to start asking for a gallon container instead.

“I’m on about a device that opens any normal door without me touching it”, Denise wasn’t giving in.

“I’d like to talk about my latest failed marriage”, Katie Price hadn’t talked about herself for all of three minutes and was feeling left out of the conversation.

Denise tried to over talk Katie and it soon turned into a punch up. Ruth just swivelled the cap off her vodka bottle and downed the rest of its content. She thought to herself, “why can’t I present this morning like that skinny bitch Holly?”

A Tentfull

Matthew Tubridy

A circus tent full of people with mental illness,
The doctors have been inventive,
They pump a gas containing anti psychotics into the tent,
It pacifies the people in the tent,
It pacifies the animals too,
The rhinos and horses,
The rhino was going to trample a poor girl,
But he got a whiff of the gas,
And calmed down,
A horse was going to leap into the crowd,
But after his whiff of gas he calmed down too,
Altogether it's a much calmer affair now the gas is pumped in,
They calmly make a fighter jet,
To fight the Russians.

What Would you Like to Invent?

Sandra McCowen

Fitzzy wished that someone would invent a tracking device for cars as he tried to locate a jeep in a substantial hotel carpark in Ibiza. The Sun shone but Fitzzy did not care. Gasping with panic, he imagined having to purchase a new jeep for the rental company that he and his friends had rented the original vehicle from.

They had all been

drinking the night before but Fitzzy had vague memories of leaving the jeep in front of their budget hotel. As a techie, he decided to try using his phone to track the whereabouts of his friends' phones. One of them would have left their phone in the jeep. He just needed to download the right app on his phone.

Something Broken

Gerard Byrne

“Have you ever broken something?”, asked Elaine as she held up the lever to launch the space shuttle.

Eric’s mouth dropped open, “what in god’s name did you do?”, he was still trying to unclamp the locking mechanisms from the side of the shuttle. That was the last time he ordered stuff from China. He just hoped that the Irish space federation didn’t find out about him cutting corners. This was supposed to be their first shuttle launch and it was going from shit to worse.

Suddenly the lever was the least of Elaine’s problems as an engine exploded and covered her in rocket fuel. Unfortunately she was smoking at the time and she went up like a Roman candle. Her screams could be heard all over the launch site, until she fell to her death below.

Eric didn’t notice any of this as he was far too busy trying to unlock the clamps. Thankfully the fired open and the shuttle took off. Unfortunately because Elaine didn’t unlock her side, the shuttle flew off in a hundred and eight degree angle and the last thing Eric seen before his untimely death, was the captain of the shuttle, a captain Donald Fleming, giving him the finger with his last breath.

Consciousness

Matthew Tubridy

Consciousness was my imaginary friend,
It would tell me to leave my parents' house,
And go to parks and libraries,
But then I told my psychiatrist about Consciousness,
So in the land of Consciousness- forests-
It would attack me,
Make me see fishermen and men in bowler hats in the trees,
Then it was a battle between Consciousness and MHS,
I became my form being
and started taking the medication.