

# **Inkslingers Blended Session**

**17th August 2024**

**The Prompt from The Bag Was:**

**Jurisprudence Fetishists Gets Off on Technicality**

**And the Visual**



**El Capitan Mountain Texas**

## **Because I Would Not Stop For DEath**

**Tadg O'Brien**

Homage to Emily Dickinson

Because I would not stop for Death  
He made a bed for me,  
Inside my cell there was a bell  
If nurses were of need.

We held a wake my friends brought cake,  
And so the stories flowed!  
We laughed and cried as if I'd died,  
A sweetness in such woe.

The videos of little shows  
My nephew made for me.  
My college mates, my old ex-dates,  
and long-time frenemies!

The Tadg of old his story told  
yet still each day they came.  
A wake so long a worthy song,  
My life so well exclaimed.

Since then, 'tis centuries –  
Seems shorter than a day,  
The party now it's over,  
The phone rings not for me.

## **El Capitan Mountain Texas**

**Mark L'estrange**

When I look at the picture today it reminds me of a trip to the Sugarloaf with my son yesterday. we set off early with excitement in our step, as we sang songs walking up the hill we thought to ourselves this is a stroll until we hit the rough terrain of rocks, we thought about turning back, then we looked back at how far we walked, so we kept on climbing, I was very proud of my son with his little legs climbing to the top as we talked about all the goodies that we would have when we got there.

Then we were at the top, there was a mist that filled the air and the top of the mountain which made me worry about our climb back down. I never let on I was worried to my son. As we sat down to eat our lunch we were joined by millions of our buzzy friends that smelt our goodies which made us rush our lunch to prevent the pain of being stung which would have made our trip down the mountain a lot worse. We just took our time climbing back down. It's important to show your kids fun things to do take them away from the screens and breed nice fresh air.

I will show my son the picture tomorrow, I'm sure he would like to climb in Texas as well. Looking forward to our next hike vert soon.

## **Flying Solo**

**Aine O'Neill**

Over the years I had been on a lot of different holidays, family breaks, volunteering, weeklongtrips away with friends. But there was one thing they all had in common, we were together. As I grew older I felt a longing to travel on my own, to have my own space and most of all not to compromise.

Some may call this selfish or unusual but not me. When I saw an ad in the Sunday newspaper for a walking holiday in Tuscany my heart skipped a beat. The very next morning I bit the bullet and decided to book myself in with a group of like-minded hikers. All's that was left for me to do was to show up at the airport with enough clothes and cash to last me the week.

I bade farewell to my mother, checked my bag to make sure I had my charger and hopped into a taxi at an ungodly hour to catch a flight on my first solo journey to bella Italia.

I didn't know any of my fellow travellers and we would only meet at the other end of the flight.

But I was naturally curious about who they were and what they might look like. So I had a good peek around at the boarding area to try and work out who was in my crew. The hiking boots and thick socks were a dead giveaway. The few I noticed looked nice, sprightly and up for a challenge.

Once on terra firma in Italy the tour guide ferried us on to our bus where we all got chatting.

Delighted with myself I realised that the ice had been broken and that this would be a great gang to spend a week of my life hiking with.

Sure enough as the week progressed we all got to know each other on our daily trips through the outskirts of dusty towns and the rugged undulating hillsides of Tuscany. It was the first of many adventures I was to undertake on my own. I relished my freedom and space so much that I decided to book another hiking holiday to the Austrian Alps. This was a present to myself for a milestone birthday I had coming up.

The terrain was much more challenging this time and self-doubt began to creep in that I wouldn't manage to keep up with the others. I was mercifully distracted by the breathtaking scenery.

The only way I could describe it was Heidiland, as we hiked through lush meadows and drank straight from water springs high in the Alpine air. Most of the group were lovely apart from one woman who gave me the impression she was of an unhelpful and rude disposition. I remember asking her the time one day and she quickly quipped back at me that there was a clock on the wall if I'd only care to take a look.

The conversation took a sharp nose-dive after that but as they say "there's always one to look out for!".

By the end of the holiday with a tanned face and full of crisp Alpine air I was delighted to have bitten the bullet and am enjoying flying solo ever since.

## **My body lies in wait**

**Gerard Byrne**

My body lies in wait,  
For a death that never comes,  
For a hardship that never happens,  
Always overthinking my next move,  
My next inaction,

My quiet contempt for all those around me,  
Burrowing into the background,  
Watching from the sidelines,  
Never wanting to make waves,  
But always wishing that I can make a major change,  
Leave an ever lasting mark on the badly damaged and emotionally  
scarred world we all live in,

But do the pros outweigh the cons???,  
That's a risk that unfortunately I'm unwilling to take,  
For now that is,  
Better to keep my head down and move with the pack,  
Let others peak up above the parapits and get shot down as quickly,  
Waiting for my perfect moment that may never come or has silently  
past me by.

## **Jurisprudence fetishist gets off on a technicality.**

**Anon.**

Bumble buzzed with manic silence, slices of impartial contact, tiresome attacks of tractions.

I wrote in sadness and begging, and my response was vacant  
homelessness

And I have one fetish, one green light. An imagination. One dark urge that I find a mirror to interplay to heights of infatuation, the drug of promising love, a taste sears the soul.

I burn this meat of a connection to overdone, not rare, not medium, I incinerate feelings to drag their map of the brain to the projections of my words.

I

started on Bumble seeking one thing, YES. Can I hold your hand, YES. Can I kiss your cheek,

YES. Can I breed you? YES.

And I do, I pound, I fuck, I penetrate and take. Then I look in their sideways closed eyes, feel the silence of their heat and the deranged satiation that sunders their soul.

I play fast, a symphony of YES, the cacophony of blind agreement and the stomach poison of the duplicitous.

I project the fetish of my frenzied future, and the present becomes a ghost mirror, haunting with possession.

The reality is my wish to terminate the future and enfold them in the pressure of this moment.

It's a loaded dice when I lead a girl a step beyond what they can trust.

The scar is tattooed on them when they type YES.

Coin toss:

A baby.

Or discarded.

A legal crime hiding like a corpse behind dating apps.

(philosophy of law) Jurisprudence fetishist gets off on a technicality.



## Meeting Lenore

(excerpt from Lenore)

Heloisa Prieto

Translated into English by Alisha Rice

A group of guys were coming from the beach. They were laughing a lot with their wet

clothes from the sea and sandals in their hands. Ian stopped playing to greet them.

After so much time, I remember every detail of that night up until today. I felt like I had

memorized every gesture as if my memory had recorded their walk, their looks, their

smiles, everything in slow motion.

Ian put his guitar on the table gently. He touched his colored pants as if he wanted to

clean them and gave them to the first person that came through the door. There was a

group of about 20 people. Some girls ran to the bathroom directly towards the kitchen

to ask for a cup of water, and others flew to the table to eat casually like how people did

in those days of communal gatherings, love, and peace.

I felt a strange, scented breeze as I walked towards the door to close it. Again, that chills

up my spine. The touch of a hand on the back of my neck. The strange feeling of an

invisible being. I turned the knob and I became paralyzed. In the darkest hours of the

night, a different voice, an inexplicable gentleness, asked me in this way:

“Hey, wait, I want to come in too.”

Ian and I kept silent, with our mouths wide-open and dumbfounded, in front of this

ghost.

She had red, frizzy hair down to her back, and wore a flowy, floral skirt, with a

pink-colored shirt, and a headband around her forehead. Her innocent smile lessened

the overwhelming presence of her wide, lucid eyes.

“I’m Lenore,” she said. “Can I come in?”

Ian reached his hand out to take her to the living room. She moved to the rhythm of a

melody. I observed her movements and it was as if her body produced sounds like a

song hidden between strands of copper-colored hair. I ran to the kitchen and separated

out all my new instruments, the pots, and the wooden spoons. I thought about asking

Ian to take out his guitar but it wasn’t necessary as he already had it in his hands. Lenore

sat on a stool next to him and right away Ian started to play. She smiled as she swayed

her body and I got the impression they both had been sucked into some unique and no

return dimension.

Ian reached his hand out to take her to the living room. She moved to the rhythm of a

melody. I observed her movements and it was as if her body produced sounds like a

song hidden between strands of copper-colored hair. I ran to the kitchen and separated

out all my new instruments, the pots, and the wooden spoons. I thought about asking

Ian to take out his guitar but it wasn't necessary as he already had it in his hands. Lenore

sat on a stool next to him and right away Ian started to play. She smiled as she swayed

her body and I got the impression they both had been sucked into some unique and no

return dimension.

"Lenore is the name of my favorite poem," he said. "I created a special melody to go

with it. I haven't played this song for anyone. It was like it was my secret mantra but

now it's different. You arrived."

"Maybe the song is mine," she said laughing. "Perhaps I came looking for it. Isn't it

funny that all this happened today? On the eve of the New Year?"

Ian got ready to start playing and I waited attentively for the signal to go when the door

slammed open again.

"Did you guys actually think you could get rid of me?"

It was Peninha.

Probably he had driven on the road for a while and later came back to try and regain his

normal social status. He looked around, clearly surprised with the new guests, when

afterwards he noticed Ian sitting next to Lenore. Now, the two were caught up in an

engaging conversation.

“I know this poem. I also love Edgard Allan Poe, “she said. “Check this out. My parents

have his complete work and named me after this poem. What a coincidence!

## Midlife Crisis

Gerard Byrne

Casualty was packed more than usual for a Saturday night. It had been one of the hottest days of the year and several concerts, festivals and shows had been all on at the same time. This had a knock on effect to public transport. This is why it took Dermot so long to get to the hospital that night. He'd had to deal with the drunks on the train, the heroin addicts on the Luas and the hooded thugs on the bus. Pretty much your usual Dublin experience

Dermot poked his head in behind several white curtains in the casualty area. He'd been told to fuck off twice already by the loved ones of other patients. Thankfully it wasn't long until he found his father Seamus. His old man was lying down on a bed. He looked weak and sweat was still pumping from his body. His clothes were lying on a small metal chair next to him.

"Can you hear me dad?", Dermot moved the clothes off the chair and put them on the floor beside it before sitting down.

Seamus slowly opened his eyes and looked up at the fluorescent light above him, "damn it. I'm still feckin here. Was having this beautiful dream about me, Pamela Anderson and Teri Hatcher. We were sitting in a giant hot tub full of baked beans and we were playing spot the submarine"

"Please dad", Dermot wasn't in the humour for his father's idea of lightening the mood. Ever since Dermot's mother had done a runner six years ago, Seamus had gone downhill. Trying to reclaim his youth. Unfortunately that didn't mean wearing tight fitting clothing and going out every evening on a racing bike. No, Seamus had found another way to try and recapture his youth, "no more jokes. You nearly died. Your heart actually stopped for a few minutes. Do you need any more of a warning than that?"

"I'd rather die doing something I love, than bow out slowly in front of the telly watching endless episodes of only fools and horses", Seamus still hadn't looked his son's way yet. He was waiting for the lecture. It was coming. Only a matter of time.

“Nothing wrong with living life a little”, Dermot noticed a badly bleeding patient passing by their small little alcove, “but going to the Prodigy and dropping an E is not the kind of behaviour a man of your age should be up to. You’re fifty four for god sake”

“I’ve been into the Prodigy since the very start”, Seamus finally looked at his son for the first time, “this could be their last time here in Ireland. No way I was missing out on that”

“But dropping an E dad. You shouldn’t be taking drugs at your age. It’s not good for your heart”

“It wasn’t just ecstasy son. I dropped speed, a few lines of coke, some weed and these little blue tablets that made me feel really weird”

“For the love of god”, Dermot rubbed his forehead roughly, “you can’t even handle drinking two cans of red bull back to back. You said you could feel your heart pumping fast after that. You would have known what speed and coke would have done to you. You could have died”

“I would have died happy”, Seamus rested his head back down on the bed.

## **The Vatican's Hitman**

### **Miguel Rivera**

Father McNally walked through the alley, two very old keys jingling violently like the bells of Saint Peter on his belt. His steps were pressured and out of tune, his lungs screamed for both air and mercy as he pushed his eightyish body, long past its warranty date, to its limit with this frantic pace. The Pope himself had requested an audience with him but he had some cleaning up to do before his trip to Rome. His mind spun from the madness of that written request, handed to him by the trembling fingers of a Cardinal. The sealed golden envelope had contained a simple but elegant invitation that no priest ever dreamt of seeing, much less being the recipient of.

There were however, one or two matters that required his attention before making his way to the airport. As he walked, the unique scent of old urine and decay crawled up his nostrils and stirred his intestines. With great caution, he approached the brown door that his informant had provided during confession.

He knocked in the very precise rhythmic pattern described to him by his congregant. A few minutes and a tirade of muffled curses later, rock-heavy steps approached the door. With violence it swung open. In that doorway stood a mountain of a man. Bearded, showered with tattoos and nipple piercings, a beard that concealed a life of liquor consumption and drug abuse as well as several insect species. His face was a mask of hate with one, dark, dead eye.

“What the feck do ya want? Did I miss the feekin’ collection plate or somethin’”, was the less than subtle diatribe that poured from his severely unwashed mouth.

He was exactly as Jane Mendez had described him. The brute responsible for the deaths of thirteen women and their children. Related to just the right politicians and a frequent surfer of the criminal justice system, he’d manage to keep his head above the waters of incarceration thus far.

Father McNally’s hands moved to the two keys, while reciting the ancient Celtic poem and touching them together.

He began.

“Good things come to those who wait. To Holy ones a glorious fate. To the thief, agnostic, fool and liar, a plot in hell with medium fire. But to you, brutish Sir, I swing the gate of pain and anguish. A sinner’s fate.”, Father McNally unleashed in his broken, worn, but authoritative, voice.

This Ogre of a man stood, tilted his head, and barked out a cruel laugh. “I never done no man of the cloth before, Father. But since you graced my doorstep, I’ll be happy to add ya to my collection.”, he unleashed.

At that moment Father McNally touched the keys together and the thing happened. A thing which he often dreaded but which also bore the fruit of pleasure in his relentless pursuit of moral equity. Instantly, his elderly body ripped apart the fatherly garb. His frame morphed into a 7-foot blonde man with rippling muscle, now a fair bit taller than the thoroughly astonished ogre before which he stood. The two normal looking old keys were now golden gleaming objects.

A lightning-like blast left McNally’s body and an eyeblink later, a large, gaping hole occupied the chest of the child-killer where his organs, spine, and beating heart had sat only a moment before. The wall behind him was visible through the new window of flesh newly created in his torso. This murderer of children sported a look of bewilderment as he collapsed to his knees, his body now a steaming, useless, pile of flesh for the local police to sort out.

Yet another monster had been removed from the ranks of the human race by way of Father McNally’s thumb being squarely pressed on the scales of justice.

The old priest then touched the keys together once more and gone was the angelic form. Replaced once again by his well-worn and familiar one, now naked as the day he was born. He made the sign of The Cross and then put on the extra clothes he’d brought with him to replace his tattered ones. His chore completed, he headed for the corner where an uber was waiting, keys still jingling on his belt. The Vatican had provided a flight with extra leg room.

CONTINUED UPON REQUEST.





## **The Little Mermaid**

**Paul Browne**

There was once a Danish misogynist called Hans Christian Anderson. Hans wrote a few stories. One of them was about a mermaid. She had the hots for some human bloke, but couldn't get it together because she had a fishes tail and therefore no legs. After a lot of twitching, wishing and doing she shed the tail and grew a more than decent set of pins.

The bit that we all now realise is that it wasn't the tail that was the problem. It was the fact that it started in her midriff and therefore she had no vagina. And as we all know princesses only exist for mid-17th century princes to get their end away with. Anyway with the tail out of the way she was free to be subjected to the weirdest of his sexual proclivities. And they all lived happily ever after. With her vagina.

Cut to today and there are no fewer than three, three, movies called the little mermaid. Recently our youngest son persuaded me, and his older sibling, to bring him to the local cinema where it was being shown. Ice cream was bought, sweets were precured and we were given a pair of 3D glasses each. That's right, as if this wasn't enough of a horror story, it was being shown in 3D.

We're then introduced to Ariel. She's the youngest of several, I didn't count them, half fish, half cuties who live in the ocean. She has a controlling father, judgemental siblings and an air of youthful self-righteousness that sees her inner Californian pre-Madonna have an absolutely fantastic time doing exactly what she wants, whenever she wants to. She does this regardless of how much unhappiness her overbearing father is subjected to as a result.

The movie goes on. There's a chase scene with a shark, her best friend is a grouper fish and her chaperone is a Jamaican crab. Meanwhile, and I almost forgot to mention this, her mother is dead. This is because all Disney films have little kiddies featured who have lost at least one parent. There is a lot of singing all the way through the movie with a song every three to five minutes. All these songs are sung in the same key and all are appallingly bad.

Then a passing ship sinks while simultaneously going on fire. A prince called Eric, who is definitely a closeted homosexual, falls overboard and is rescued by Ariel. There's a lot of unrequited love. A lot of singing. There's an evil sea witch. The little princess temporarily loses her voice at the same time as she grows legs. This is problematic when she meets the prince as she is unable to explain that she now has a vagina. Also he doesn't really take to her. Probably because of the whole being gay thing.

The movie stars Halle Berry. She was hired in an effort to make Disney look like a more culturally aware media giant. Adjusting her skin tone in post-production so that she looks like a white person with a tan is incidental. At the end of the movie she gets to talk, dispose of the sea witch, bring her father back from the dead and she grows legs. Her mother is still dead. The gay prince and she get married. As they're being seen off on their honeymoon by his grateful subjects a whole lot more mermaids and mermen, the mermen all look a bit dim, show up to also wish them the best of luck in their new life together.

Ariel and Eric get to head off into the sunset where they spend the rest of their life in perfect bliss. The only issue is that because Eric is as gay as a Victorian Xmas, she never gets to use her newfound vagina. But while they don't ever get it on, they do get to spend a lot of time picking out internal paint colours and bespoke furniture.

Two hours and 15 minutes later we were released out into the sunshine. If we'd just got out of Guantanamo after 25 years both my eldest and I just couldn't have been happier. The youngest, meanwhile, had let his chocolate ice cream melt and dribble all down his hoodie and pants.

The Little Mermaid is showing at a screen near you.