

# Inkslingers Blended Session

14th September 2024

The Prompt from The Bag Was:



*I Sailed Through My Driving Test,  
Thats Why I Failed It*

## How am I going to get the cows head out?

### Mark L'estrange

Larry then said to Johnny "What are you going to dress up as this year?" "Dracula or something and you?" "The Hulk he is my favourite superhero." While they were talking about it they found themselves feeling happy again.

In the airport Johnny saw a costume shop with a cool vampire costume for 20 dollars, and he remembered he still had the money his teacher gave him, so he bought it,.

Larry said. "That was lucky you were just talking about that." Next thing Larry was just talking about how much he loved the Hulk.

Johnny asked, "Are you not a bit scared of the hulk?"

"No why would I." He didn't get to finish his sentence when he saw a huge man dressed as the hulk, He jumped behind the seat with the fright, Johnny couldn't believe his reaction saying.

"I thought you liked him?"

"I do but not that much." He finally got the courage to come out from behind the chair, and saw Johnny getting a photo with him, they said.

"Why not get a picture with us, you are dressing up with the same costume aren't you?"

"I'm ok here thanks." The man who was dressed up was very kind he saw he was scared so he gave him a free costume of the hulk.

That made him change his tune and he even got a photo close to him. Then it was time to start heading to their gate, before they did Jonny's dad saw something very funny there was a man trying to get his cows head from out of a tree outside the airport he told the lads, and they agreed to go and help the man and so did the guy dressed as the hulk, luckily it only took a few minutes to set the cow free, because they were worried they would miss their flight.

Larry was so happy he got his free costume he put it on before he got on the plane, a few of the passengers said. "It's not October yet son, but it's a cool costume bet your going to do well at Halloween.

When Johnny heard this he put his on too. Johnny's mam said. "You look as happy as Larry."

Then Larry handed his friend ten dollars because he got his costume for free and Johnny had to pay, he was very grateful for that and went and got some goodies for the plane. Johnny was also very happy because there was no footwear with his costume.

## Passing the Test

Greg Fields

'God, I hate this part of it,' and with a groan Willie Meadows rolled to his side and raised his head enough to look out the window at the burgeoning morning light. He blinked it away, then sank his head once more onto his pillow. After a time he turned to look at the woman lying next to him. 'God,' he murmured again.

He had been sent to cover a debate among the army of candidates for city council. Predictably it had been a circus, with nothing of substance and an abundance of posing, feigned outrage and typical political preening. He would have to make some sense of it the next day, with an evening deadline so that it could make the Sunday edition.

He had stayed to the side at the reception afterward, listening to the banter between aides, candidates' wives, and the occasional well-wisher. Willie always thought he could learn much more by being as invisible as he could make himself, and so, with a glass of wine and a careful ear, he stood by himself for much of the after-event.

It was towards the end of it that he had met this woman. She went up to him and introduced herself. Pamela, her name was, and she was adamant that she not be called 'Pam.' "That's a little girl's name, she had said. "I've earned the right to be called 'Pamela.'"

Willie had been taken aback by the boldness of it, this pronouncement at a woman he was only meeting for the first time. He responded glibly, "And I'm Willie, short for 'William', which has always sounded to me like a name well above my station."

"And what's your station, Willie?"

"The Fourth Estate, Pamela. I'm nothing but a humble reporter."

She smiled and leaned toward him. "There's no such thing," and with that Willie recognized that this might be a woman of some interest, possibly carved from a different cloth, maybe even a challenge.

They had closed the reception, then found a place to continue their dance. Willie drank scotch, too much of it, and Pamela drank some red liqueur that looked dangerous. The danger lay beneath the drinks, and

after both had had enough to break away anything resembling an inhibition, they stumbled their way to Willie's condominium.

Now it was a new day, a deadline to be met, and a strange woman in his bed. "God," he mumbled again, and with that Pamela roused herself to look at these odd new circumstances.

"Ah, Christ," she said, and her voice sounded as if it had been dragged through gravel. "What time is it?"

"Coming on to 8:00," Willie rasped. "Hell of a night, no?"

"A hell of a night," and Pamela sat up and gathered the sheets around her. "Any chance you could feed me? I always wake up hungry after a night like that."

"Nothing here you'd want to eat. There's a café across the street."

"No," she said. "I'll just grab something on the way home," and she was up and in the bathroom before Willie could respond. When she emerged, her hair was wet and dangling to her shoulders. She crossed the bedroom and picked up her clothes. "I'll only be a few minutes," she said as she reentered the bathroom to dress. As she did so Willie went to the kitchen to brew coffee.

"Something before you leave?", he asked when she once again emerged, looking only slightly more put-together.

"No thanks, Willie. But it was sweet, you know? Last night."

"So I'm thinking this was a one-off thing and that it would be foolish to ask for a number. Am I right?"

She sighed, and sat down. "Ah, Willie," then looked out the window. She turned to him after a few seconds. "You know, when I was sixteen I was so excited to get my driver's license. I practiced all summer with my father. Spent hours it seemed learning the signals and parallel parking and merging into traffic, then merging out again. All that.

"So when I finally got the chance to take the test I was so wound up that I couldn't concentrate. I did everything wrong. I failed it. I went home that day and sobbed, even though I knew I'd retake it in a week or so

and pass it this time. I told myself that from that point forward I'd pass every test I took.

"You were a test, Willie. And I passed it. I found a handsome man, a cute man who had a sense of humour. And I spent some lovely time with that man, and not create any entanglements. Now it's time to go. That's all it was, Willie. A test."

"And I failed?"

"It wasn't up to you to pass or fail. It was my test, and mine alone," and with that Pamela rose, kissed Willie quickly on the cheek, and was gone.

Willie Meadows poured his coffee and sat back down at the table.

'Damn,' he thought to himself. 'That was easier than I thought it would be.' After his small breakfast, he went to his study and began to put together his notes from the night before. The deadline would be met, his head would clear, and Willie Meadows would go on being Willie Meadows.

## **A cow's head in the tree.**

**Ciaran O'Melia**

Far, far away, a horn blares. It is not the sound of immediate danger; it is the sound of a train going through my town, heading eastwards.

Every time the train comes it gives five or six blasts to advise the people it is coming and they should be careful when crossing the tracks. Every 11 or 12 minutes

It could be its load, motor cars, battery parts for assembly, or plane parts for the Ukraine.

I'd like to daydream it is cows heading for a new destination, following the rich lands of New York State, heading to the lush Green fields of water-laden NY or maybe Vermont, Maine. Out East in any way.

Since the storm in the Gulf, it has brought heavy rains up the coast and dumped a lot of rain in the likes of the states above. But that is not why I mentioned the trains or states.

You see, I will say the prompt for today. But it started to set me thinking of cows and things that go bump in the night. What do you do about it when a cow is stuck in a tree with horns en all. It is impossible to see how this could happen.

I mean, how did he work to get the horns? Now, the farmer has to cut the tree down or, if he is so inclined, kill the cow by cutting her head off, but that could be messy; Jesus thinks of the blood and the farmer in a hurry to get to IFA A.G.M. where there is loose talk about him or if it her being elected to the president office. Cutting the tree down would mean I have timber for a year or so.

Ye, see, he or she needs a lift to the meeting.

"Why?" you ask.

She/He put it off on the long finger, "Sure, I have everything here, within easy reach, why bother?"

"Reaching out for something I do not want is out of the question until tonight."

I sailed through my driving test. That's why I failed it. If I could find the f#@\$er Smith, I'm sure I'd wring his neck.



## **I sailed through my driving test.**

**Angelina Kelly**

Recently, when I took my driving test, I discovered it coincided with my first sailing lesson. I couldn't cancel the test because it had taken me so long to get the slot, and I didn't want to cancel the sailing lesson because it was my first time and it was a birthday present gifted to me by my best friend.

Luckily the test centre was situated beside the yacht club so I took my sailing lesson first then, at the allotted time for my test, I sailed passed the test car and waived at the instructor with a cheeky grin on my face and shouted out to him "This is far more fun than driving tests."

For some reason, he failed to see the humour and scribbled something on the page attached to his clipboard. As I sailed past I saw him getting out of the car and going in to the office.

I finished my sailing lesson, handed in the voucher and went in to the test centre next-door. When I gave my name to the Receptionist she handed me an official envelope with the name and emblem of the centre embossed on it inside, signed by the test instructor, in big red letters, on a sheet of headed notepaper, it gave my name followed by one single word:-

**"Failed"**

## **Lazy day**

**Deirdre Powell.**

The wind whispers through the arms of the tree,  
The branches nod to and fro,  
As though acknowledging a hidden wisdom  
Unknown to itself and to the world around  
But a wisdom no less inherent  
In the land of nature.

A cow moos in the distance  
As it brushes its side against the bark  
Longing for milking time  
And the familiar call of the farmer  
Who will chuckle at eventide  
Calling the animals to himself.

The wind whispers through the arms of the tree,  
The branches nod to and fro,  
It has been something of a lazy day  
With soft zephyrs and withered grass  
At a lonely outcrop, and a new-born baby cries  
A melody known only to the Christ-child.