

Inkslingers Blended Session

21st September 2024

The Prompt from The Bag Was:



**What Would WE
Do Without
YouTube**

The new-you fountain

Miguel A. Rivera, Jr.

Henry McAlister had been a simple soul for most of his life. Born with an I.Q. of eighty or so, he'd struggled in all things scholastic and been bullied severely for most of his life, including by his own brother. Now in his forties, he served his days as a janitor at a local school. It was the only job his well-to-do brother and Mayor of the town could spare for a man of humble talents. A favor of which his brother made certain to remind him at every turn. Henry lived alone in a small room, sleeping on a small cot in the basement of the school where he worked. He'd thus far been unable to attract the woman of his dreams or have any romantic attachments whatsoever. Henry however, was not a man without dreams. He took a trip to a country he'd only read about. It was the first and only flight of his life, one for which he'd saved twenty years. His interest had been captivated by Brazil. He was told that there was a mountain area deep in the jungle where the last indigenous tribe guarded a fountain and that that fountain was special for special people like Henry.

With a little help from a guide and much trekking through insect infested jungles, within a week of landing, Henry was entering the gates of a village the likes of which he'd never even dreamt. Few if any Americans had ever wandered this far into the wild Amazon and the villagers looked on Henry with a mixture of curiosity and amazement. Some wore modern clothes, but many wore loincloths, and hand-made jewelry. The women had no tops and Henry nearly fainted at the sight as he had never seen a woman without clothes in his life. His red-faced reaction caught the attention of a small, elderly man. He walked over to Henry and his guide, introducing himself as the Chieftain of the tribe and then took Henry by the arm. He walked him along a small trail that ended behind a waterfall, where a small door was hidden from sight.

The Chieftain pointed to the door and Henry understood his gestures, briefly looking back at his guide, who's face told Henry that he could not accompany him into that space. The sound of the water crashing down behind him was hypnotic and Henry suddenly felt a pull deep in his soul. He stepped through and there were beautiful flowers, trees, a warm

welcoming breeze, and in the midst a beautiful fountain. Henry looked up and a ray of sunshine broke through the canopy of trees, almost pointing him to the water of this odd but splendid sight. Quickly stripping out of his sweaty clothes, Henry dove in and much to his surprise sank deep inside as though this fountain was twenty feet deep. Henry could feel himself sinking to its bottom and then water rushing into his oxygen-starved lungs. A moment later, he was back in the village, fully dressed with the Chieftain and Pablo, his guide, standing over him.

He returned to New Jersey but day by day felt his mind and body changing. Twice he had to buy new pants as his stature was expanding and after a week he found himself solving complex calculus problems and reading every sort of book the school's library had in a matter of hours. Within one year he left the school and began his own software company, much to his older brothers anger and jealousy. Two years later he was the Governor, married to an attractive former model, and now his brother's boss.

What would we do without YouTube

Mark L'estrange

They were talking all the way home on the plane to Dublin about all the things they were going to do on Halloween, Larry said. "I hope they have a party in the school, we will surely win with our cool costumes won't we?" "Well I think you will with that cool hulk costume."

It turned out that their teacher was sitting across from them and heard them talking, and said. "That's a good idea about the party, you will never guess what I got?" "What, What?" "A hulk costume just like yours Larry, my son wants me to dress up." "Don't think you should wear it to school Larry wouldn't like it." The teacher asked why. "I thought you loved the hulk Larry?" "I do but not when adults dress up as him."

"Ok I will keep it for home don't worry." Next thing they heard something playing in the background, there was a big roar, Larry jumped saying. "I don't like the sound of that." Johnny said "it's grand, It's just someone watching the hulk on YouTube." "Ah, what would we do without YouTube?" "Don't be such a scaredy-cat, I would say he put it on because he likes your costume."

They both laughed saying it is a good movie anyway lets watch it, Johnny's mam said "No, you can't use internet on the plane, that child will be told to turn it off."

To be continued

What Would We Do Without YouTube?

Angelina Kelly

Growing up in the 1970s I was a real music fan – prog rock bands like Deep Purple, Led Zeppelin, Uriah Heep, Pink Floyd – were my gods. Living in Ireland, where these bands didn't tour, I missed out on seeing these deities live.

In the 1990s some of the bands began to tour here and I got to see some of them but there was still a significant number, of the really big guys, who didn't include Ireland on their tour circuit.

Then along came the Internet and YouTube and, for the first time, I was able to see my heartthrobs performing live. Wow! What a joy. What a pleasure. What a wonderful experience. Now I was able to see them and have the best seat in the house.

I still go down the YouTube "rabbit hole" from time to time and wile away many an hour. In the case of the ones who have passed on to "The Great Gig In The Sky" I am still able to see and hear them as they were when they were alive, and I can continue to enjoy their music and visuals.

I'm not a great fan of technology but, when it comes to seeing my gods on stage, I wonder what would we do without YouTube?