

Inkslingers Session
23rd November 2024



*‘It always seems impossible
until it's done.’ Nelson Mandela*

Nature

Ciaran O'Melia

Nature is a beautiful thing; if we look at a man who goes to work every day and leaves his wife to look after the children, yet he always has time for them; when he comes home, the children and the wife will shower him with kindness.

The wife is a pinnacle of beauty; she will fight to get what is right and ensure there is no bad in them. Yes, the children will go off the rails, but a little of what ails you will get you back to basics.

Take the swans in Marely Park; they mate for life. Love in nature is a wonderful thing. By the way, have you ever seen a swan cry, take away its mate, and it will fade into nothing?

On the other hand, Roosevelt, the leader of the free world, sat and made decisions about life and death.

The wife's immortal phrase, 'Do one thing every day that scares you.' How apt is that?

Impossibly possible

Miguel A. Rivera, Jr.



Her name was Natalia Goins-DiBenedetto. Today was the fifth time this month she'd sat in the welfare office with her screaming two-year-old. Waiting amongst the thousands of others for her number to be called so she could speak or even plead with a counsellor about her sudden loss of benefits and food stamps. A loss that had sent her to bed with a growling stomach, lately.

She tried to comfort Jake as best she could, feeding him from the last existing cereal box she had, trying to quiet him down while also fighting off the wave of human smell that some folk in that room produced by way of substandard hygiene. Finally, she heard a groggy, governmentfed, and extra lazy voice call her name. "Natalia DiBenedetto", a brutal mispronunciation coming out of the mouth of a public-school-educated woman, but it was also a dinner bell in her current impoverished state.

Nala dragged her baby and bag to sit in the hard metal chair in front of an even harder and more distant looking so-called counsellor. It took all of 30 seconds for her to callously advise Nala that she would be denied relief yet again, as she was still pending her deceased husband's pension from the military. It was her latest reminder of the sacrifice her husband had made in Afghanistan for his country. The dark hole they'd lowered Patrick's casket into, and the neatly folded flag she'd been handed by a uniformed Marine Commander before her world spiraled into chaos.

Nala left that building in tears, walking through the crowded streets of Manhattan, holding Jake, while literally not knowing where their next meal was coming from. A dark, somber thought invaded her mind as taxi's, busses, and

cars raced by. “What if I was to plunge myself and Jacob under one of these cars or buses?”

As she fought back that demonic temptation, a crisp, clear, almost familiar voice, called out her name from behind. She turned to behold a man with a wrapped face wearing an overcoat and fedora. He said no further words, nor uttered a sound. Instead, reaching in his left breast pocket, thereafter, handing her a stack of brand new hundred-dollar bills. Before Nala’s stunned face could conjure an expression or her mouth could engage, the man’s driver pulled up and opened the door for him. While stepping in his fancy car, he gave Nala a salute that seemed a bit soldierly in nature, and then the car was gone.

A short time later Nala was in her small, run-down apartment, with Jacob, and the three bags of groceries she’d purchased. She honestly wondered if the mystery man had been sent down by God himself. Her curiosity was insatiable, but she figured that for now, her good Samaritan’s identity would remain a secret.

She walked to the bedroom and the window was open. Fortunately, it was not one of the ones connected to a fire escape and a moment later a white dove flew threw, landing peacefully on her bed.

The bird then walked to the edge of the mattress and leapt off. Before her very eyes it became the shape of a man, standing some six feet tall. Barely able to digest the impossibility of what she was seeing, Nala began frantically backing toward the kitchen. Her eyes bounced between Jake and the sharp knives and other possible weapons she might need in order to repel this super-natural intruder. It was in fact the same man who’d given her five hundred dollars for no apparent reason. Now he was seemingly here to collect, and Nala could not imagine what form such payment would take. Her cell phone had long been disconnected and so she could not simply dial 911, but she was willing to die to protect Jake.

The man, sensing her alarm, began peeling away the mask and then removing the hat. Nala’s mind swam with shock, and she found herself unable to move, speak, or even breathe for a few seconds. It was none other than her husband, now dead one year, standing in her kitchen smiling.

“It all seems impossible until its done, Nala”, he said with a grin and then began removing his coat.

It Always Seems Impossible Until It's Done -Nelson Mandela

Angelina Kelly

I remember when I started driving that I was completely overwhelmed by the learning process. Back then we only had stick-shift cars, an automatic was a rare breed and a privilege of the rich, so the logistics of changing gears, together with the foot pedals, indicators, wipers and steering wheel, all at the same time, was a daunting task. On many occasions I became so flummoxed that I swore I'd never drive.

I was lucky that I had good teachers who patiently guided me through the learning process and showed me how to co-ordinate my hands, feet and eyes and put it all together. My driving instructor told me that it always seems impossible until it's done.

After many attempts I did finally get the hang of it and one day, halfway through the journey, I realised that I was doing it without even knowing. Over time I perfected the art and became a good driver and actually liked driving.

Thankfully, Ireland discovered automatic cars and instead of being the privilege of the rich, became popular with people in general for a while. As soon as I could I purchased an automatic and haven't looked back since. I've been driving automatics for so long now that, if ever I had to drive a stick-shift, I would have to learn how to drive all over again.

With the new cars that drive themselves coming on the scene, it may not be long before I can get into the car and let it do the driving for me. That will be a real luxury and something to look forward to.

The Law for Dummies

Tina Marshall

It's true that when you start an adventure you never know what is going to happen. They say it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive. Sometimes the arrival can be an anticlimax. It's like "what now" – I will have to find a new adventure.

It is certainly the case with the matter in hand which has been ongoing for three years now. Four years since the first signs of aggravation which were of course, duly ignored. What will I do when it is all over. "It" started with a set of unoffensive plant pots and, at the moment, there is a writ sitting on the judge's desk in Strasbourg. We have had everything from threats of violent (studiously ignored), attempts at intimidation (so I have to get Police Scotland and the postman to monitor any packages coming from Belfast), and a judge in a Tribunal demanding that I appear before him for reasons unknown, but the defendant is not invited. Indeed, despite having gone through two levels of the courts, he professes to not know who the Northern Ireland Human Rights Commission is. I have refused to attend. After all, what can he do. Even if I were to agree to attend, all I have to do is switch the camera off as he is in London and I am in Scotland. Of course, this pensioner has no money to travel to the big smoke, or the inclination to travel at all anyway.

Then there is the Court of Appeal who, because I refuse to pay £266 for the mistake they made in the first place by allowing an Extended Civil Restraint Order (ECRO) on a Human Rights case. I won't pay, so they refuse to talk to me and block my emails. They say they don't but the evidence is there in the form of screenshots to prove it.

More recently, though, I put in a case to the small claims court against the Northern Ireland Housing Executive who, after all, should have rehoused me when I was summarily ejected from my home using the gorgeous (Catholic) Constable McInnes to do it. Anyway, a guy from the said Housing Executive apparently also works in the Small Claims Court and has signed an "order" to have it struck out. So, that will be the tenth complaint to the Executive then, and they still have not dealt with the other nine, despite their "processes".

In 1998, the Belfast Agreement was drawn up to great acclaim. Excuse me, I am a British citizen and English, but then that is the problem isn't it. The "English" bit. Those in the north can say they are British, but can never say they are English unless they were born in the country which introduced the Morris Dancers, not to mention the excellent CAMRA ale. Is then, the Belfast Agreement then not breached? Well, the Ombudsman had not thought of that, so he went on holiday for two weeks to think about it. That is to say, not the solicitor for the Ombudsman, as he was caught out in collaborating with PSNI to

fix the database in 2021, and, probably again in 2023, to say that I was arrested in the Province in April and July 2023 when I wasn't even there. My sisters are alive and well at home, and look nothing like me anyway. Well, actually PSNI probably did need the solicitor, as they would not have the brains to know how to fix the database themselves. Oh, hang on a minute. Look what happened after the last data leak. Poor old Chief Constable Byrne – well the next one was in the High Court in London, but for the flippin' ECRO I would have had him banged to rights. Well, now I have paid the £119 (it costs less in Birmingham to lift an ECRO than in London, so I am glad I waited to get the real figure). They certainly have no brains if they think they are getting away with this outrage. All the talk of "homelessness" and "no violence against women" they they do it themselves. Hypocrisy personified.

Those plant pots are expensive you know. The bill is about £3m and rising daily as I make them do their jobs. Police Scotland are fed up with the reports I put on their system. It makes them look as they don't do anything. What can they do, the Kings Guard are out of jurisdiction. I say I am keeping it in the public domain in case some enterprising journalist decides to investigate and start looking at Freedom of Information requests. At the moment I think they are being paid off by the housing association to keep quiet. Good. That is another way of breaking them down. They can make sure they spend their money on bribes and explain it to the auditors. Currently they don't have an auditor. The last one resigned when I found out who they were, and two more have resigned since. I don't expect the Charities Commission of Northern Ireland will care. They will just get more money from the UDA.

It is not impossible and it is not over until the fat lady sings. I have a few more tricks up my sleeve that they don't know I have of course, not to mention my arsenal, HM Treasury, who are certainly interested in the waste of public money, even if the politicians aren't. HMRC are also very interested of course, as I point the finger at the culprits. The joy and contentment and satisfaction I get out of winding them up may, to some, sound childish, but hey, what else is there to do while in exile in a remote part of Scotland. At least the plants I brought with me are doing well, resplendent in the offending plant pots.

The farce continues, and the Ulstermen cannot see the joke is on them.