

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Divided

by Catriona Millar

Some people say I'm a bit thick...ooh I have to laugh. They say we shouldn't be divided! Just wait one moment pal...if we weren't divided I thought to myself how in heaven's name could we walk? If we 'weren't' divided I thought to myself how could you take your God given hands and wave them about like so...this hand and this hand...look...I have to laugh.

So what are they going on about eh eh? Gives you the bloody creeps it does... They say that the sooner we all join up and stop being divided we will be happy, well it won't make me happy that won't...I thought to myself.

Happy Happy? Give us a break how the bloody hell can you be happy all joined? that's more than mental that is, more than mental, I said more than mental that is .

I've got two little kiddies for an example and I can assure you there's no way me or Sheila could have ever have gotten them from not being divided.

There's No pleasure in being like that...is there? and another thing I'm sure Sheila would have something to complain about at the weekend if I said "I won't be a moment darling it's here somewhere!" I thought to myself.

P.C. gone mad that is...what's it all about? I ask you?...blooming nanny state gone into overdrive if you ask me.... I thought to myself....and I'll tell you another thing there's no way I'm gonna be a blooming pogo stick all joined up like and collect Disney and Ferrous from their school...I'd look a right mental case...folk would laugh, they would shout "here Eric how come your not divided? and then they'd wave at me with one of their divided hands and say jeeringly " look at us were still divided."

No no no no no it's not right...it's unnatural that sort of thing...another thing, what would happen if Ferrous said, "dad, dad can you help me with me string theory?" what do I say then to my little kiddie? I thought to myself...I'm sorry son but I can't use my pencil properly, "I made a mistake and stopped being divided?" Eh eh?

What if we all said YES PLEASE we ALL want to be joined together...I thought to myself? Well who goes in front of the queue at the bus stop then? Football? who scored the goal? It seems it doesn't matter a toss "we ALL scored the goal!" the experts would like us to say)... all pals together with our big joined up legs...

What happens when we're down at the chippy with our one big gigantic mouth? how the bloody hell can we shove anything in our mouths? I thought to myself...problemo... yes a big one there my friend.

DEAR EXPERT' I thought to myself...you know buger all !

Just as I sat back and went phew I'm glad I didn't fall for all that bloody nonsense and went phew again, relieved somewhat that I was still 'split' up, some bloody geezer comes on and says "what people DESPERATELY need is joined up thinking"...'joined up thinking?" what a load of bollocks that is... for gods' sake how the hell can you join up things in your head?