

Silence

a timed exercise

by Ivor John

I am writing this account in another man's book, by candlelight, in the belly of a fish. A fish, a fucking fish, and I hate fishes. I have never liked eating fishes, and so now this has happened, it seems wrong. I mean karma, what is that, I don't eat fishes, well not often, and now I have been eaten by a fish myself. I am not even at all sure how it happened. I had been fed up being on my own in the bedsit and took a train to Bridlington. Well I should have realised, I knew I recognised the ticket collector on the train. She asked me for the other part of my ticket and I know I had given her the correct one, not the return. Why would I show her the return ticket. But then I realised, where I had seen her before. She had been driving a cab in Doncaster. I had seen her when I went in to Wilco to buy the new kettle. The one I showed you, the grey plastic one which I had to get to replace the one which melted because of the satellite activity. When I went into Wilco she was there too, wanking by the pet food section. It was definitely her, and now here she was asking for my bloody train ticket. But what can you do, I had to show it to her but knew something wasn't right. Do you think it's right? That she'd be wanking in Wilco, driving the taxi and now on the train asking for my ticket. So it was obvious wasn't it that I was being followed.

She wasn't expecting me to recognise her so, when I got off in Bridlington, I kept my eye out, and spotted her again, outside McDonalds. So now I knew she was following me so I went to Spoons on the promenade, the Prior John. I thought If I go to spoons and have a pint, if she followed me when I went for a piss I could catch her out.

I would definitely see what she was up to.