

And Mice Are Men

There are more things in Heaven and earth, or how ever it goes, it's kind of foggy now. Y'know, back then, back then when I was in the rat race I just went with the flow, I did what all the other guys did and life was pretty sweet as long as you played by the rules, you know, not like hippies and those people who want to mess it all up for everyone; weirdo's.

I had a wife, kids, an ok job and a house. Me and the boys would have a laugh at the weekends, yeah sometimes it got a bit rowdy, but that was ok, no one ever got really hurt.

Then I had the accident, everything's different now. I never used to be this scared, I'm pretty much scared all the time, even when I'm sleeping I'm only half asleep. You gotta look out for everything, there's always something that's gonna get ya if you're not on it all the time. It's exhausting. And my heart, it beat so fast now, like really fast, these days I can hardly keep up with trying to count the beats. The hunger's the worst, it gnaws at you. I'm hungry all the time. I just spend my time just looking and looking for something to eat and when I find something good there's always a catch, always something in the way, and that something usually just wants to kill you.

Frank got hurt yesterday, he got nearly chopped clean in half. He thought he could beat it, but he couldn't. If only these people could see what they're doing and who they're doing it to...I tell ya it would certainly make them stop and think. I wish I could tell them. I want to shout out, I want to make them all listen but they couldn't hear me even if I could. I'd say, Hey! There's something I need to tell you, and then I'd lay it out in front of them until they couldn't deny the god's honest truth any longer.

I remember, back then, seeing this programme, there was nothing else on and Julie and the kids had gone to bed and I just curled with a beer and few snacks. A man came on the TV and talked about becoming turned into something else after you're dead, it was a religious thing. I remember thinking at the time that I would like to come back as a tall blonde with big tits so that some one would buy me a Ferrari. Yeah, you could say I didn't take it seriously. It's like if Jesus came back.

Poor Frank, he was just hungry, he just wanted the cheese, he thought he could beat it but he couldn't. I wonder where he is now, what he is now. If he's a man again I hope he tells 'em, I hope he tells 'em what its like to be cut clean in half. But they wouldn't believe him.

By Colin Gardiner