

Let us put aside all our worries and woes of global lockdown (personally I think it's time that virus picked on someone its own size) and for just a wee moment to ponder on the case of one man and his plague of one rat.

I had been living in my wee home for just under thirty-five years when a rat entered my kitchen – this was the first ever rodent to appear in all this time. I promptly whacked it with the best ever invented rat trap – invented by Nelson's own Ka Mate Traps. The animal was a very beautiful chocolate colour (and this is the nicest thing I have ever and will ever say about rats of any species). In my gut I knew this was an ill omen. Four days later, global lockdown.

That first day, I sent off a Mickey Mouse card (one of a set of BP promotion cards depicting very early Walt Disney movie posters). He seemed to be taking care of a lot of nephews and nieces. The next day, I went off to post a card from the same collection to some folks. There was a small thunderstorm going . . . During a bit of a break in it, I made my way to the post box. Suddenly it pissed down again – I ducked under a tree- and noticed hanging from it a brand new Mickey Mouse disguised as Santa Claus. Unfortunately – curses of curses – I took it home, and he seems to have wedged himself into my brain. He calls himself a lightly disguised Prometheus – I try to secretly think of him as mickeyRATasshole – but he can hear my every thought. He tells me that HE made humans, and befriended and champions their cause . I say 'Lies. . all lies. . there is but one magic invisible magician who created it all (hey everyone knows that). He denies such dribble (as he calls it) most categorically! Then he starts again upon his favourite subject – something about physics – string theory – going on and on at such detail – and because of all this complexity – somehow- there's a very BIG possibility of multiple universes – HA blah blah. I block all this out of my inner ear, humming away and thinking of the most glorious invisible magician – personally I suspect that he is just full of synthetic stuffing (that's Prometheus, of course).

Let me step aside momentarily from this rigmarole to introduce myself. I am the only son of Sycorax (the-but-once-mentioned) yet still very much alive – you can always hear her laughter, background noise behind all of human's puny endeavours

Back to the main theme. .

Prometheus rat-tles on about how he – a giant of titanic proportions and the only one of his race to support the multiple gods basking in their sheer opulence upon Mt Olympus – I grab him by the ears, shouting all the while (deep within my mind's eye) 'There is but one invisible magician – all three great books confirm his very existence . . .' As I drag him down the hallway – up the stairs – and dropkick him into the carpark (die fleder-rat overture) where conveniences of conveniences, the eighteen-wheeler rubbish truck is doing its rounds – I hear a very satisfying furry crunch!

First thing next morning (and I swear, your Honour, that my home was locked up to hermetic regulations due to Stage 4) he was at the breakfast table (we all know that rodents can get through even the smallest gaps).

'I Prometheus,' he rats on, 'befriended Albert Einsteinduring his long phase of what Albert now calls his greatest mistake' which or course now has been proven as sound fact. . 'Blah. . .' me- loud as I can in my mind 'You are but rattas anius syntheticus' and feed him through the blender, proving once and for all his stuffed toy status, compress him with my one-ton vice at the end of my writing

desk (hey, every writing desk needs a vice) pack his immortal remains in that very small portable money safe and fast courier to the Kiwi rocket launch site up north.

A little over forty eight hours later, it wasn't my insomnia that wakes me at 2.37am, it's Promethemouse going on about tiny little humans – who are rapidly turning their planet into an inhospitable desert – plan to escape to Mars – an inhospitable desert . . will never get past the vast radiation in the Van Allens Belt. Meanwhile, I most secretly plan – without thinking, a zen trick I learnt from the back of a Weetbix packet – to escape the flat, regardless of lockdown, even if they – the undefined they – shoot me dead – I will continue to pay the rent - tricking ratshit into believing that I'm still here.

Aside: Do you know – what I've noticed – while all this is going on that – that koala on my writing desk (I call him Buck by the way) hasn't said a fucken thing in my defence – that's bloody marsupials for ya – every time an echidna!

I told Prometheus that bastard rattus disneylandass – that I consider – as a phillllanthropist it was within my moral right to invite twenty of my friends over for dinner every night (hey he is a titan) and that we could sup away to our stomach's content - on fresh liver, very fresh liver. He answered with a cheesy grin (yes you guessed it, he hadn't wiped his whiskers after masticating my blue vein) "You do realise. . I'm just stuffed. . with white polyester fibres."

In reply, I suggested that one of us (at least) was speaking in metaphor here.

This rambling somehow reminds me of a joke my sister told me about a billion years ago – when I was young lad.

Mickey Mouse and Minnie Mouse were bored so they decided to play a game of hide and seek throughout their home. It was Minnie's turn to hide. Mickey turned his back and counted to ten , then started to search. First in the spare room –"Minnie, are you under the bed?" No – behind the pillows? No – Amid the old spare clothes? – No. "Minnie are you in the cupboard?" No. He moved into the hallway – no sign of her in there. Then, losing a little patience, he looked into the bathroom. "Minnie are you behind the towel rack?" No. Checked in the drug cabinet – still no Minnie. He enters the lounge and proceeds to ransack it, more pissed off than patient. He goes into the kitchen, slamming the door to look behind it – no! He's about had enough and stamping his feet Mickey calls out: "Minnie if I find you I'm going to fuck you." In a clear voice, Minnie calls out, "I'm behind the biscuit tin."

I have noted of recent days that the rat that deems himself Prometheus is very hesitant to the point of totally avoiding me if I happen to be wearing the scarf My Love (a Swamp Witch of much standing – no relation of course to Sycorax the but-once-mentioned) left behind.

An update – just this morning, when I went for my early dawn bike ride, ratfink was sitting on my bike seat, glaring – so I drop-kicked him down the hallway. He hit the hanging 'no phones past this point' sign dead center – a perfect 10 in my book. And when I arrived back from a much enjoyed ride, the ratass was still tangled there amid the sign, muttering something about my liver being torn to shreds for an eternity.

A more recent update – I’ve had enough of this confined rat space (hell, it’s the third Saturday of Stage 4 lockdown) I decide to visit my most favourite café Lambrettas, so I take some of my furry friends, my bar stool, my coffee, a cup, a wee bottle of much deserved and needed whiskey and set up my favourite high bench – ahhh just what I needed! After half a cup of those two – caffeine and alcohol – godlike. I take a look around – at a table about three or four ahead of me sits that bloody Mickey Ratfink Bastard- all that euphoric pleasure – destroyed!



Upon returning home I skewer die rattus to the tongue and grove floor of my work space with one of those fine reproductions of Narsil ( the sword of Eledil). Of course he wiggled out within moments “tis but a pin prick.” Well it would be for someone who has had his liver munched upon for half an eternity. Maybe the outcome would have been different if the sword was a copy ffrom later in that story, when it had been reforged, and with Tolkien’s runes down the length of it.

With Stage 2 about to appear tomorrow, I thought of celebrating by using that long piece of splintered wood, dipping the sharp end in tar, shafting redfluffieratass, lighting it and wandering around the town square, and to answer any “What the hell are you up to?” I’d say “I am seeking a man”, borrowing from Diogenes of old – probably with as much luck. But on second thoughts, I am a modern kinda guy and would have been concerned about the toxic implications of my actions.

So it comes time to hang up my pen, ending this ‘true story’ – but we shouldn’t call it that, after reading that it is a contradiction, well pointed out by the lovely phillologist Stephen Fry. No, I’ll use the term by the great Nikos Kazantzakis and call it an autobiographical novel ( novella?) because I’m sure if you had witnessed some of the above mentioned happenings, you would say “ No, it didn’t happen quite like that. . . “

“you must read . . . you must read. . . you must read Nikos Kazantzakis’ books . . . at least ‘Zorba the Greek’ and ‘Report to Greco’ . . . you must!!!” Whoops I am standing upon my writing desk yelling (cabin fever methinks). I’m back now.

Meanwhile . . . I must remain anonamously (eeek!) Philll