

Footsteps

The alarm beeps me up into the darkness of a snow-clad pre-dawn glimmer shimmering in the streetlights. Sloughing off the dream-story of 'Bob and his Amazing Rescue', mayhap a future scribbling effort, a familiar arm reaches from the duvet to quickly quell the clock and slip down to "ON" the light-switch before retreating under the duvet.

6.01.

No heating until 6.30.

At 6.06 'Snooze' and bladder combine to drive me up, homos erectus, to face another wintery Monday.

Bob's story returns to fire the neurones. I will give it a go today, or soon, or? Hopefully before it is lost to another orbit. Bob deserves his memorunderum. *(I know, but it does sound nice and you know what it means. After all Shakespeare was at it all the time! Go with the flow dear reader, fly high and low, swoop as a swallow. Go ann! Go ann! Go ann!)*

Autonomically, (now this *is* a 'real' word, even though spellcheck readily and indignantly says 'No!'): autonomically I dress, medicate and descend carefully down into the stadium brightness of our newly installed, ultra-low energy, ultra-bright rear garden. These new for old lamps dispel the dim at the bidding of the day/night sensor.

When first activated, four months ago, we were rudely awakened from our slumbers. A helicopter en route for Glasgow Airport mistook our deck for his little piece of heaven and hovered for several minutes until our neighbours combined with us to overcome the sputtering din of his rotor to drive him off with that well known vernacular phrase,

'Bugger Aff, ya stupid ejit. This isnae the Airport ,ya dummy!'

(It is our every present challenge to live amidst the intelligentsia who have such an erudite command of language.)

M and I quickly scurried back to hide under our duvet and sallied forth only by car until the focus of their communal furore moved onwards to some other irritation, leaving our night-to-day garden to our two competing We-Never-Sleep Robins.

There are dozens of Robins along my daily path and when I go E-Pod-less on occasion I hear their shouts to each other, male to male, male to female, you've got the picture, in Robinese, 'F*** Aff ya C***'s this is here *my* very own dear patch of Paradise!' Over and over again and over again: how many times in one Robins-span is such a shout ceaselessly hurled?

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Now that neighbourhood calm has been restored, we are still daily receiving emails from the far flung reaches of distant galaxies, such is our night-light attractiveness. Marketing must target us brighter folks, based on the weak premise that 'brighter means greater removable income'. Such dimmies!

Twinkle Twinkle, distant Star.....Here in Bearsden, where we are..... Now you see us from afar.... and to quote my Robin friends.....(No, I will not, even when provoked, swoop to that Robin rant!); but you *Dear Reader* may, add the words inside your head: 'they' will never know and I will never tell, we can keep a secret, Eh?

Now, after the first of many sideways forays, (you have been warned!), I return you to my early morning trail this frozen dawn.

I leave home to swap a Herald voucher for the Daily Epistle to us Weeggies,

Five paces later I am skidding slightly on the light covering of wet snow. It flashes back, across my remaining brain cell. I shudder anew.

Distance from death or disaster? Less than 1"!

ooOoo

On Friday last:

I trod these same footsteps over a hoar of ice, across the driveway past the car to the beckoning safety of the wet pavement. Horrible false friend! I crash heavily to thump upon that sly tarmacadam. Winded and stunned by enormous pain I can but lie prone, but not unthinking.

Is this the beginning of my demise? Am I to be another casualty of minor carelessness, like my neighbour Malcolm of many names who six years ago slipped on wet grass to become a housebound/hospital-bound near paraplegic, wreck of himself? Or will I be consigned to join my long lists of limping/wounded friends and friends of friends who now trail sadly, painfully behind the herd of those who remain fit and as yet undamaged by slips and trips.

*They say **everyone's** life flashes before everyone's impassionate inner eye and that time slows or extends during such traumas. **This one** can verify this phenomenal fact.*

I crawl in pain and trepidation towards our little garden wall, to sit on the edge of it, to stare at the edge of it, the very sharp edge of it. I calculate with an Engineer's precision to 15 decimal places that I was less than 23.456.....mm

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from spilling these still warm skull contents onto the cool platter of the pavement.

Spaghetti Bolognese springs to mind: (but still hoping to reach Bologna, that fair toon, yet again in a few days from now, life's vagaries permitting, I know that such a request for "Spaghetti" Bolognese in questo luogo would be scorned.

"Tagliatelle al ragu" or "Tagliatelle Bolognese" is what the Bolognesi do only offer.

Spaghetti is pasta non grata in Bologna. Sorry dear reader, the pedant dominie ever stalks this mind and leaps, unbidden, from this tongue, these tapping digits to control.)

*(And later still I renew my constant prayer that the reaper will slice me swiftly from ripe to tripe in one fell swoop, like those little jiggles I see my Swallows perform above the Loch of Craigallion in a sudden, unexpected and, (is it too much to ask?), with unexpected and delightful elegance. Please! Please Oh Please let me go quickly into the Cosmos, when it is my time to 'fly over'): and please let not **me** suffer the piranha nibbles of death by instalments! I do not think I would have the courage.*

(I was never a brave person. Not yet anyway. Not like Doris, not like Georgie. Who knows how brave we can be if it would be forced upon us? Like my Dad and the aftershocks of that bravery. But not like John McE a man who daily chooses to be brave; and wise with it!)

And so I assert to you dear reader, in life after my death:

***That** I wish my ashes to go upon the Loch of the Lomond where I hope that my essential **me** will re-cycle to be a trout, wild free and brown.*

***That** I may learn those demeanours deceiving that do us pescatori irritate to the edge of insanity and then, in a future re-appearance I will know innately how such trouts to tease and out-take, as my very own second nature.*

***That** then I will be part trout, part man. Such recycling I have in my bones from ages past; I feel sure I was once a cantankerous complaining camel and once a snail, lazy and languid too slow to run away when, uncovered by a delightful dame not a bit unlike my own dear wife, I was sent hither into this present elegant and exciting existence by the angry punishing crush of her heel.*

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That as time races forwards (and backwards? see below) my own present atoms and my very own neutrinos will whirl and whiz about this Universe and that mayhap in a future time dear reader we may indeed be as one?)

Gradually the tide of pain ebbs and the relief of hope surges into the empty sands of my life that seem not yet to have dribbled out, so far.

I seem to be 'nearly normal'

('Shirley Knot!' I hear hundreds of yoos cry, with enormous certainty.)

And so, skid risk averse that slippery Friday morn I decide to drive for the morning paper. Returning to la casa mia, my search for Kevin the Kar Key and finds success in that place of last resort, the pocket this jacket wot I already wear.

Kev must have felt the full force of my considerable anguish as he hit the sod milliseconds ahead of me then to feel my thumping attempt to crush him into dis-electronic-ed future, as he snuggled sleepily in his hideaway pocket only to feel the force of my gravitus orrizotali.

But no, and Honda-llewjah!

Kev, like me, seems unhurt.

Thank you Honda, God of Reliability.

Our CRV performs her non-slip miracles with ease and I wonder if a Segway can perform on ice and if Santa will get my letter this year!

Back to the Future....

And so I stand anew this Monday in dawn's darkness, pre-sensitised, wary, alert as a puma, as cat-like I place my paws at the speed of a teetering terrapin across the remaining pavers towards the perilous pavement and then to the hoped for safety of the gritted(?) road. I have real cause for concern because last night, (yes Sunday night!) we returned home in this same street across the first flakes of this same snow fall.

*We were out late at friends for Dinner. This Sunday date isolated as the **only one** which all four couples could find free, following a roundabout of emails and telephone calls. How did we ever meet when we were all taken by the world of work and had Kinderlings beck-ing and calling? The eternal mystery recedes into the dimming distance of our dulling minds.*

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Last night, we slithered homewards, initially a giggling group of six then splitting and then just us two slithering on alone, getting home at 1.05. Mad and Glad to be alive and home to safety.

We saw the fox trails near our house. Saw where he/she stood to sniff the unreachable vermin proof litter bin stuffed with tantalising food remains. I suggest he/she will come one night with his/her own little ladder slung across her/his back like that peripatetic lamp leerie of old, to dine alfresco, in the soft glow of the sodium lamp above her/him. The zig-zagging of those fox trails start us off and we giggle as we too zig-zag and slither recklessly to the safety of our abode.

Oor ain wee hoosie remains the only one in the street still ablaze. How careless, wanton and forgetful we are. But at least these are low energy, high efficiency lamps and, like the pulsing of our streetlights, help the load factor on the grid as we mystify those aliens out there watching, waiting for a time to come when they might lend a reluctant helping hand, but holding off as yet, still trying desperately to comprehend our behaviour and decode our digital gobbledegook, although I am sure that they are already fully aware of our stubborn selfishness.

ooOoo

But now, today, the first Monday after my Fall, today's, like most that pre-occupy the time-rich retired, is unfounded.

The snow is soft and, for snow, warm and inviting to the sole. I walk slowly, testing each step, still wary of that treacherous tarmac skulking underfoot, still alert, observing all. This vigilance lasts but seconds. The Robin cacophony distracts as do the glistening globules of snow meltings that do drip and dangle and say:

“Hello John. Don't you think we are looking awfy grand-like this in this near morn glow. Don't ye think that we iridesce, (spellychecky is not happy!), like shattered diamonds in a flood of photons that do beam ootfae Kathleen and Ronnie's 1000W 'safety-scarey you aff autolight?’”

There are no other steps human so far in this virgin snow. The unwise sleep: I will eat every worm not yet swallowed by my Robin friends. Ah, now my inner light comes on. The Robins are at me a shouting!

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'Shsst. Awa ye go! Go roond to my well lit feeding station and eat your fill of seeds, bonny wee lads and lassies.'

My eye is draw to many new and numerous foxy trails. She, (he is put to bed now), with her many sisters, has been everywhere! There is a veritable feast of foxy trails, hithering and thithering but no sign of slithering. Sure-footedness in a fox is first nature. No need of Yak Feet in Fox-land. These snow-trails seem to suggest that in Bearsden there are more foxes than sane minds. And these trails have a common tread, which includes all-night shopping to the hinter parts of nearby Asda, ever aglow green and bright, competing for extra-terrestrial attention with our garden deck.

Thank God for the Fox, I say, the Queen of our Vermin, lest we would be over-run with smaller mice/rat vermin too, those less desirable and less easy to repel from inside our homes and which, we trust still, are free of them? I found a dead wee one inside our garden trug three days ago, suggesting that it swam frenetically until expiring in about 3" of water. I laid him out to rest on the deck for **our** fox and it was soon gone. No note of thanks was left. Ungratefulness is also a foxy trait.

I see first footsteps ahead of me. My God! Where did they start from? He/she must have descended from above already striding. I stop, look back, and no, they just start, here, in front of me, with no prior tell-tale trail. He/she is the Angel of the Morning, come to lead me astray. I hope he/she is a she, easier for my psyche in this present incarnation and so I am tempted, and do not resist. I speed up to try to glimpse this ethereal earthling-like thingy. I slither, stop and re-pedantically re-start SSSSSLOWLY.

Wither goest thou fellow Pilgrim? If not Angel cast down upon il vostro paradiso, art thou male or female, a worker or a gadabout and if so do you gad like me and head for the filling station for a top up of newsprint or to the Station of the Train at Bun a' Chnuic (Hillfoot) scene of my recent crime, my digital collaring?

'May I digress?'

'Please?'

'NO?'

'Tough!'

ooOoo

A few days ago I decided to place a double-sided A4 colour poster heralding the important information that our Kelvin Choir would, upon Sunday 18

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December in St Andrew's Church, be offering our Christmas Carol renditions, with accompanying Choirs from local schools, (always wise to have children near at Christmas, that's where the money is): at 3.00 pm and great value if this reaches you before that glorious date.

I have encapsulated two posters, back to back, in a plastic envelope. I clean the glass just above the Metro tray inside the huttie and use six (no expense spared) ddodds (spelling uncertain) of Bluetack, (Product Placement, NotaBene, wonderful stuff, like cable ties and potty putty, intrigued?; also 'Tough' that is MY secret!), this notice to affixed firmly, using my spirit level; (OK, I lie I use only my squinting eye, (now ah huv dun two crimes against humanity)).

A couple even older than me, and out alone it seems, without sticks or zimmers, are seen from the corner of my eagle eye looking anxiously in my direction from just outside the huttie and then looking up to a pole, from which I now perceive the grumble of angry words.

'Defacing' deed done, de facto, I sidle out to the platform and to hear Mr DisEmbodied 2011 intone:

'.....your image is being recorded. You must remove that thingy from my huttie. You are a criminal, I am about to unleash an invisible squadron of flying SAS (retired) volunteers who will shortly be dropped on you from a great height.....'

I remove my very stupid winter warmer hat and smile up to my Mr MacNemesis, stand to attention and salute. The Voice is infuriated into impotent silence. I have called his bluff. The Invisibles do not descend on ma heid.

The train arrives. I make my escape with my guiltless companions and explain to them that this Voice-man shall soon come to a very sticky end in one of my short stories. He simply cannot call my bluff. Sorry; he will not escape his dreadful fictional dilemma. No train of escape for him. His only chance now is to 'do nothing' and then I might be lenient. Only might. I can be deceptive, seeming to be mild, but with digits deceiving I can kill and maim. So be warned or you could be next. Be ever kind and you never know, you too could live out your dreams just here !

But, (I live a life full of many 'Buts'), DON'T be greedy, I'm a busy man!

I explain to my fellow travellers that I am a Voluntary Vigilante who delights in removing 'commercial' posters, being determined Canute-like to resist

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this garish graffiti at every turn, even sharing with them a glimpse of the Swiss Army knife, always secreted about my person for this very purpose. Aye Ready!

My poster persisted for three and half days and I was happy, as many of my fellow choir keepers were reminded of their forthcoming moments of glory while puzzling over who did dare to desecrate this hallowed place of daily congregation? The Voice may only suffer a stubbed toe, or finger hit carelessly with his littlest hammer. I think self-inflicted wounds are definitely the kindest of kuts, don't you? Careful now, disagreeing with ME will have consequences.

ooOoo

Hello again follower of my digital daunderings, back to Monday and the mystery of the footsteps in the virgin snow.

(Smelly Spelly again is unhappy at "daunderings" but WE know he/she is rong! and we Scots is write, Och Aye Wha's Write Us, Dam Few.....:no smart ending comes. Have a go yerself if yer that smartypanty!)

I am now outside ASDA in the Green and I note some other 'prints pedestrian'. My previous companion is still ahead but others are now interfering, some in contrary motion. Some turn into ASDA. I see my first other walking human; a tall, elegant chap, dark and handsome, vigorously listening to his E-Pods and not in the least willing to donate a glance towards the just still ambulant elderly of his parish. Was I once he? Somewhat smaller, somewhat fatter, a mite more friendly?

Ye who know me; Ye shall judge me.

I continue to track my trail-buddy.

At the traffic lights I spot my daily lady runner.

I see and admire her almost every day, if I am early enough. She has a very attractive figure, buxom, and runs for most of the year in a sort of sports bikini which I find pleasing on **my** eyes. I have tried on several/many occasions to catch **her** eyes, to exchange a smile, but she listens to music with E-Pods and always runs away with a purpose. (Does she hope to catch my previous tall dark man?) I have also seen her at other times of the day, flaunting herself, I must say it, to others; and I have witnessed several near accidents as drivers, (both sexes), are distracted when she chooses to run at busy times. If she runs on the spot at the traffic lights, as on this morning, cars whizzing through and holding her up, and me at her diagonal, I wonder for the million-eth time (a new word of mine), just how her bra does it, how does it hold her, you know, bits most buxxxxum, UP? Long hours of considering this leads me to the conclusion that

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she is one of a select group out to test 'special high tensile strength sports bras' in a joint venture with our very own Michelle Mone who to my mind must be in league with NASA and their 'special inner space materials' Group.

(<http://www.michellemone.com/about-michelle>).

My daily lady is dark of mane and, seeing her close-tooooo, she is not as young as she seems from a-faaaaaar: In fact, well, shall we say in all kindness, that she is a youngish 49? This morning she is striding along in her usual way, seemingly oblivious of the skid risk.

I make it to the Station turn off where the footprints of my Tonto of the Tarmac disappear towards a train. Just at this point I see a set of prints coming straight from the Letter Sorting Office and then stop, turn, and retrace themselves. 'Return to Sender' fills my totty wee brain. *Easy to fill* at any time - just had to beat you to that one, eh?

Now I must find my own way through virgin snow, over the rail bridge. Fox free here, foxes always defy *Railtrack* and never use bridges to cross the tracks. Shame on them.

Now I arrive at the Bun a'Chnuic Filling-Station and greet Ronaldo dei Giornali and Pat (full name Patricia Ann Elizabeth V*****). Her Dad is Lithuanian and, although I take Pat to be not much less in age than me, she tells that her Tetis' (Papa) V***** still lives and breathes in America. The very old are very persistent and very irritating. Just ask anyone.

Seeing Pat takes me at once to a tale too sad and too true not to be told.

ooOoo

Yesterday I met my friend Ian, a former dentist who, with his lovely wife Elaine, (they are DINKY's), and with their two small dugs flung in the towel here in Bearsden two years one months and 27 days ago and went to America to seek fortunes new- at age 49!!

Brave enough, rich enough and fed up enuff of filling the voids dentalis; he advised that he would not be permitted to Dentalisate in the US of A but had an 'idea' for a dental related business.

No news of this 'idea', thus far. This first re-meeting with Ian and his dugs was curtailed by heavy rain, but we stood dripping as he insisted in telling this salutary tale.

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Sit back, strap in, and prepare yourselves to be shocked.

They 'settled' eventually in Florida and bought a 'going concern', a Landscaping Business. (When they last lived here in Bearsden, but a stone's throw da noi, his gardening seemed to be delegated to his neighbours' gnomes jardinaire who operated on the Halley's Comet principle, you know, coming around once every 76 years.)

I cannot not ask Ian if he is OK, he looks so thin and 'ill'.

But all of him is well, he avers, avidly. He likes being thin and his pallor is of the sun and not of the liver. He has lost two stone over the last year, working in 130 F high humidity of Florida. (I always thought he was mad. He does his very own drilling and filling on himself. Fitted lots of caps too, perfect teeth now. Elaine told me, so it's true!)

Dunque, or however:

It seems his workers, about 15 in number, were employed on a no show no pay and without any contract and no health care etc etc basis.

MexTEX?

No!

BIG Black fellas?

No!

Who then?

Dirt poor white guys (DPWGs).

*He **tried** to 'improve' their lot but the 'system' militated against him and indeed the veritable DPWGs resisted such 'commie/socialist ideas'.*

Give us dollars in us mitts, Masser.

None of this crappy paperwork, Masser, lets miss out on the Tax Overheads etc., Masser.

As they intoned sotto voce:

"This here is the Land of the Free! (Masser).

Ya Big Scottish Ejit! (Masser)"

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*A few weeks before he left that fair land, his Chargehand Mick, 49, large to overweight, etc etc was found by Ian lying in Ian's 4*4 in a heart attack spasm. He would NOT permit Ian to take him to ER- 'Give me 5 minutes, I'll be OK, I've had it before (Masser).' Ian called Mick's wife. Histrionics- 'Do not DARE to take Mick to hospital, give him 10 minutes, he'll be OK, you wait and see, this has happened to him before! (Masser)'*

Death knocked ever more loudly and Ian took Mick to ER.

Two days later Mick discharged himself with a hospital bill which of \$14,000, which must be paid off from his \$500 per week wage. It seems that Mick's personal financial Armageddon is on the near horizon. Mick returned to work six days after his heart attack.

'Do you support Obama's Health Care ideas now, Mick?'

*'No way man! No way. I want **my** dollars spent on **me**, not on fat black folk and drug addicts. That Obama is a Communist!'*

Ian said that mental health care is provided by the Prison Service.

Elaine worked as a Grant Writer (for free), trying to help Doctors who did pro bono work to access near non-existent Grants in aid. Such Grants are never from the Government, always from Charities and Wealthy Individuals.

So Ian, Elaine and the Twa Dugs are back with us.

Ian is just as tall, thinner, and a great deal wiser. He was always nicer. Elaine is still gorgeous. Brodie and Mitzie now bark in Americaaan. They will come back tae their ane mither tongue, given enough Haggis. I did notice that Mitzie no longer chews my fingers as she used to? If only I could know her story? Brodie is the small white silent type. We'll never get anything out of him!

Later that same day, yesterday, I meet Robin, my very own age.

He also has started a Landscaping Business, here in Bearsden & Milngavie. After years of a 'softer' life felt he 'had to do something' in retirement? Anyway, I tell Robin of Ian's tale.

He tells in return of his son David, Marine Engineer (30+) who is now resident and 'Working in Oil and Gas' for a Canadian Company and travels World-Wide and so has WW Health Insurance provided by his Company. This cover provides David with a monthly cash credit of US \$1,000 which he can to

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'disburse' as he sees fit on health products and services such as acupuncture, physio-therapy, and " " . Fill in the blanks for yourself

David is on a different planet from Mick. There are other similar tales we tell each other.

My view of the US of A is forever tarnished.

Obama has not won with his Healthcare Reforms yet. Will he ever?

Why do THEY, Gli Americani, think that what THEY wish to export is better for US, the rest of the World?

Alleged text from Bush to Saddam ahead of the Gulf War Two:

"Saddo babe, don't you dare underestimate me, boy."

oo00oo

Again we return from my further digression to Monday of the virgin snow over black ice.

I tell Ian's tale to Pat at the Foot of the Hill News-provider. She is happily here in Scotland now, married to a Scot, but was born in America where her family remain.

"I know! You don't need to tell me that! I lived there!" she retorts, just a little indignantly, as if I should already know her views.

I say I feel that my best piece of Luck in Life was to be born here, in Scotland, UK: for all its faults, hame **here** is Best, especially in the West.

She says. 'Right ON! But remember John, there are lots of places worse than the US of A.'

She is right.

We are agreed.

So sad a thought that is, though.

Maybe the happiest people I have ever met are the Malaysians? Then immediately my mind cringes at the images from our UK/England Summer 2011 riots, and the student who was robbed on video while being 'helped'. He was Malaysian. How can I say 'sorry' for this?

Go gently, be kind and try to walk in the others' shoes.

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The Sermon is over, the new day begins, new opportunities:

'We must do less better'.

Thank you Mr. Jack McConnell.

Oops, sorry, 'Mi Lud!'

Hello yet again, persistent reader. Not tooooo go long now.

I leave my newsy friends to their labours and skitter back along the far side, to the West of Milngavie Road. I look for the tracks of Jim Mitchell, (confirmed bachelor of many years and now 80ish) who cares for many women, fetching and carrying and gardening. His sister is now demented and lives in Milngavie, recently discharged from the DemWard with Full In-Home Support. This I take to mean mainly James. I now call him Jim as we are old friends but he is of the old school and lapses regularly into tales of his WW2 service in Army Communications in India. I could write several books of his adventures and some may eventually 'insidle' into these them tales of mine, (you've guessed! yes *insidle* is another new one, Na Na Na Na Na old Will S!).

BUT, there is no sign of Jim today.

Strange?

Is he OK?

I worry he is not OK. I do not know where exactly he lives but it's just along there. I stare. I see a figure hove near. Hope rises. No - it's a younger Ear-Podder.

Jim has become more vague and repetitive over the last months since his sister went to Ga Ga Land.....Best to hope for the Best.

I am on her side of the road now, (wunder-bra-wuman) and I see the enormous pitch of my dark daily lady footsteps striding ahead of me and look for signs of slips all the way to the lights traffico at Via Roma. No; she is as sure footed as a gazelle. I gaze down at the run-on-the-spot where der wunder-bra-wuman ran on the spot for aye as I studied her bra(r) from afar.

There is NO evidence of this spot running! This snow is still virgin!

I MUST be going mad.

Did I imagine her and if so why do I see her tracks at mighty pitch without slip or skid?

On the other side pavement her steps re-start.

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She has attraversa-toed Via Roma without stopping it seems.

BUT I SAW her run on the spot.

It must be those nutrininos again. Let me tell my tale convoluted but as true as I sit and type.

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http://www.bbc.co.uk/science/space/universe/questions_and_ideas/dark_matter/

I saw the programme about them on the TV the other night.

Suddenly there is NOT NOTHING between the Galaxies.

The old NOTHING is gone. Replaced by the new NOTHING which has SOMETHING in it called BLACK MATTER. This is very disturbing to Scientists world-wide because it seems that all our Galaxies are slowing drifting further from each other.

(POI (point of information): do NOT trivialise this by thinking of milk chocolate Galaxies, or else... If you do, the real Galaxies will surely start to implode of irritation: they are VERY BIG and even the biggest of the biggest milk chocolate Galaxies are small in comparison, and, if the REAL Galaxies do it, implode, we would all be CRUSHED TO DEATH!).

NO, this increase is worrying the hell out of these people who sit about in labs and at SMART Boards doing hard to read big funny equations. The GIST is that the DARK MATTER (Symbol = DM) is INCREASING which is, ATE, (according to Einstein), not possible. So now we have a DARK FLOW (Symbol = DF)

DF for want of a better phrase, and they have had many Conferences to agree this new phrase, so just accept it, OK, even if you are a genius, because MY TV geniuses are bigger and brighter than totty wee you. So there! Stick that up your jumper!

Now DARK FLOW describes the INCREASE in DARK MATTER and it seems to me that my dark daily lady aka wunder-bra-wuman, is about her task of DISTRIBUTING our Earthly share of DM as she goes about her quiet non-smiling business aka DF-ing the DM to all of us in Bearsden.

Me and now yoos, are among the very few, possibly the only ones except NASA and Michelle Mone, to know of this; so Keep it SECRET.

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But don't worry about it. It's NOTHING to worry about. The new NOTHING I mean, not the old NOTHING.

If you must worry about SOMETHING, try worrying about DM divided by DF = NOT NOTHING.

Back to the present. I see ahead that wunder-bra-woman strides have disappeared. Has she been taken UP by THEM?

Did THEY read my thoughts and REMOVE her. I will watch for her tomorrow.

The pavement here is foxilated (is there a better word) with tiny pawprints. It seems that foxes prefer to live just across from ASDA the Green. They are jay walkers, refusing to use the Pedestrian Lights at ASDA.

Shame on them.

Casa Bontroni hoves into view.

My designated place of safety: my refuge against icy slips and trips but not against other self-inflicted damage. My fake Irish Dancing induced a twisted knee which loupeth still 5 weeks on as one small example of this man's inhumanity to this man.

I spy my driveway in the near far. I see the very large footsteps of a taller man stride towards me. I would give way to **him**.

This must the Stride of Ken, the ex-marine turned C.O.O. (Chief Operating Officer, ya dimmy!) of not one but two Busy Businesses Financial? How can he do it for TWO when I needed help to just about nearly help to manage one much tinier business?

Ken is a Kolossos. He knows the art of command, the use of Man to man/Woman talks. Scary comes to mind, with Yessing Surring and immmediate obbbbedience.

I would never dis-obey Ken the Fierce. Komply or Die is his Motto.

But no! It is very hard to believe. Dark Flow and Dark Matter come to mind again.

And now, at last I see that these prints are of someone I purport to know, someone who is not young and virile or fierce and

These Footsteps are NOT of Ken the Kolossos, these Footsteps are *mine own*, coming out from mine very own driveway.

There are NO OTHER FOOTSTEPS around yet.

Footsteps

It is so too early.

They **MUST** be mine. How did I do these non-doddering long stride, large pitch marks upon this virgin snow.

I just do not know.

Another mystery to carry with me to the laptop table.

Arrgh!

Displlicable!

(Sorry Wills, you have infected me! There may be no way back from my future inventorating and disventilising words.)

And now I am here at last. Home. 22 minutes in total from leaving to returning.

I slip (oops!), nae I **step**, carefully, inside the back door.

Forgetting most of what has just passed and I have breakers: soup, banana and coffee strong.

Had I not stopped drinking alcohol at 7 September 2010, I might have thought that this was some sort of hangover mirage wot I have just experienced.

But NO, I promise, it did occur as reported.

I open up Lennie the Laptop.

Here I am, back again in LapTopWorld, where Harry Secombe-like, I am in charge?

This was my first and very possibly my last first person autobiographical piece.

It is part true and part fiction but it does provide some truth of my daily life and thoughts.

If you have made it thus far, thank you. Good Bye.

When, if we meet again I will be in disguise.

I will seem 'nearly normal'. My name might be 'Shirley Knot'.