

The Neverending Story

It was a bright cold day in April and the clocks were striking thirteen. The third policeman settled his hat down over ears and got on arresting the clock thief in the jewellers shop. It was high-time PC Comiskey made a collar as his colleagues had been ribbing him over his poor arrest record. He smiled. As he walked out of his door he looked around his road and sniffed. He was miffed.

But suddenly from around the corner came a red rabbit. "Who are you?" asked PC Comiskey who had never seen a red rabbit before. "I am the second cousin, once removed of the third policeman's cat, who incidentally is a tabby...that's where I inherited my colouring, if not my heritage...but 'it' never arrived. This is because a big flood stretched across the road in front of her *Citroën Diane*.

I could see seagulls approaching. They were just searching for a perch, and they found it on the bonnet. "Shooo!" I shouted, and waved my Hermes scarf. The seagulls on the landing strip were waiting to take off. Suddenly a huge marmalade cat approached. He stopped and took up a crouched position. The cat started growling, growling rather than meowing. His hair rose and his tail got tense. It looked at me and I could read in his eyes, "Don't mess with me lady!"

"Oh no" I thought. So I ran from the cat with the spikes on its back. I sat on the chair while cat went wild. I ran from the cat like a tiny wee child. I heard a shriek from the tower. I looked up at the tower and saw a strange man. He looked at me silently and finally speaking to me he said, "*Hodor*". "*Hodor?*" I said questioning him. The man became enraged and began throwing hedgehogs at me. I didn't know what to do or how to respond, so I started weeping. I wept until streams started forming beneath me, and trees started growing where they landed. The hedgehogs climbed the trees, seemingly intent on creating a glorious communist utopia.

But! Suddenly the main characters from the film *The Neverending Story* entered the room and sued the authors of what you have just read for copyright infringement, and made a royal sum of €0.01. The end...or is it! Because then the ship sank [Yes, *it would appear that the room was actually on a boat*]. However meanwhile in Canada...the moose were gathering to decide how they should be pluralised...

And meanwhile a Mr George Orwell returned the clock with thirteen hours to the store which he had bought it in.

The End

The team at the Irish Writers' Centre wish to thank all who contributed to the phantasmagorical tale which you have just read. The story came into being on the evening of Friday 20th September, Culture Night 2013 whence people of all ages came together to unleash their inner storyteller, to inspire one another and to wow readers' imagination. By each adding a new line to the scroll (and having only read the line previous) you have created something altogether bizarre and wonderful. To all of you, thank you and keep writing.