

MINOLOGY

First Published in Great Britain 2014 by Netherworld Books an imprint of
Mirador Publishing

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First edition: 2014

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A copy of this work is available through the British Library.

ISBN : 978-1-910105-11-5

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Minology

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Netherworld Books

Chapter One

Introduction to 'The Min'

Have you ever wondered what makes you click? What makes you tick? How do you walk, talk, run or breathe? How do you eat, drink, sleep or think? How do you feel, seem, need or dream? What makes you get up in the morning? You? Your wife? Your mother? Your life? Or is it just your alarm clock?

Ok, let's say it's your alarm clock. You set it before you go to sleep and it goes off the next morning.

'Briiiiiinggg!'

7.30 a.m. sharp, you're awake. You reach out, turn it off and get up. You get washed, dressed, have your breakfast and leave. You go about your daily business and that's it. You don't really think about how or why you heard the alarm clock, you just heard it. It's simple biology, right?

Your ear picks up the sound frequency, sends a message to your brain, your brain tells you it is a sound, in this case an alarm clock, and you hear it, right?

Wrong!

Well your ears do hear the sound of the alarm clock, there's no question of that, and the message does get sent to your brain, everyone knows that. Otherwise, how would your brain know? But what actually sends the message, your ears? Those little two inch lumps of flesh stuck to either side of your head? Can an ear actually send anything anywhere? I'm sure if you cut your ear off, gave it a pound and sent it down to the shop for a loaf of bread, then you'd be waiting a long time for your supper tonight!

There are a lot of things in this world today we don't understand but simply put them down to an -ology. When some whiz-kid somewhere invents a super car which doesn't need fuel, doesn't need oil or water but will go from 0-100 mph in less than a second, and comes in every colour as long as it's black, then we just put it down to technology.

When a leading scientist invents a human-like robot that will do all of our housework for us, make a pot of tea every morning and routinely mow the lawn on a Sunday afternoon whilst we lay snoozing in front of the telly, then we put it down to homology. Although some would put it down to being downright lazy.

When a top professor discovers the reasons why a hardworking, loving and dedicated family man would turn his back on his life to run off with the

neighbour's wife and live the rest of their lives in Tahiti, then it's put down to psychology.

Even when a man wakes up for work one morning with a blinding headache and is violently sick all over his wife's new furry slippers, with the fluffy lions faces on the front, at the side of the bed, then it is simply put down to biology. Although his workmates will tell you that it might have had something to do with the twelve pints of lager and the prawn vindaloo that he'd had the night before.

In short, most of us don't even try to understand how things work, especially the human body. But what none of us realise is that the thing which sends the message from the ear to the brain, the thing which makes us hear the alarm clock, the thing which actually drags us kicking and screaming out of bed in the morning is not biology, nor is it psychology. It's not micrology, nor is it mycology. It's not autology and it's not even audiology but it is in fact called minology.

Well it's a min. No, that's not really true; it's more than one min, quite a lot of min actually. In fact, sending a sound signal to the brain is the job of the many min who live and work in the Ear Department, or one of the Ear Departments depending on which side the sound comes from. Very strict about that, the Ear Departments.

'Can't have a left sided sound coming through the Right Ear, It's against union rules!' Snap Potts always says.

Snap Potts works in the Left Ear Department and, in fact, loves to quote union rules and regulations whenever he possibly can. Apparently he'd been voted Senior Shop Steward for the Left Ear Department some years ago, although the rest of the department couldn't quite remember when. Maybe it was that time when the ear got bunged up with wax and they all got emphatically drunk on wax brew, leaving the ear out of order for four days. Oh the stories some of the older folk would tell about The Great Wax Brew episode of '14! Some of them even sing songs about it to this day!

Old Mrs Drum who lives on the canal, well some say she's permanently drunk, and she'll never recover. Not that it seems to bother her in any way, or anybody else for that matter, apart from maybe Snap Potts. He sometimes gets a bit miffed as he's a firm believer that nobody should enter the workplace whilst being remotely under the influence of alcohol. Not that he could ever prove anything of course, as it happened such a long time ago, but if he were ever to catch anyone drinking on duty again then he'd throw the book at them!

Everybody had their doubts if this election actually took place but nobody really had the courage to confront him about it, even though deep down they were all quite happy that they didn't have to do it themselves. Too much responsibility all that union stuff; anything for a quiet life was the overall consensus.

Everybody generally seemed to get on well with one another in the Left

Ear though and most min agree it's one of the nicest places to live and work. The general feeling amongst them is that that a happy ear is a healthy ear.

This particular ear belongs to a man. A man who is thirty-four years old and is called Will. And just like everyone else in the human world, he doesn't know that there are thousands of tiny little creatures inside his body, pulling the strings of his routine and ironing out the creases of his everyday life. But there are, and they are called min.

The smaller of the two figures was knelt on the ground, sobbing through cupped hands.

'Please don't do it, Sir, please don't do it. My family, they need me! Please, I'm begging you!'

The other stood staring, ignoring the cries of mercy. He snapped his fingers, and then there was silence. He stood for a while, staring at the spot where the sobbing figure had been, thinking about what had just happened and thinking about what he had done. He would never forget the words he had just heard, forever echoing around inside his head, but that was something he was just going to have to live with. After a few minutes, he turned and walked off into the darkness.

Friday 26th October, 7:42 p.m. Left Ear.

Penelope was bored. She was always bored. This is the most boring place in the whole wide world, she thought to herself.

'Bored, bored, bored,' she said out loud, knowing it would probably wake her father up. At least if she had someone to talk to, then it might bring a crumb of excitement into her drab and boring existence. He was still asleep. She tried a bit louder.

'Bored, bored, BORED!' she said.

Her father stirred slightly in his chair but her efforts so far had not paid off. He was still snoozing.

She tried again. She crept up to the chair, leant over the back of it and almost straight into his ear she shouted, 'Bored, bored, bored, bored, BORED!!!'

This time it worked. Her father sat bolt upright and opened his eyes like a startled rabbit.

'Whas-as-aa-what, shop floor, right everybody out!' said Snap as he awoke from his nap.

He always had an evening nap in his favourite chair and hated being woken up. Penelope knew this but was willing to incur his wrath just so she could talk to someone. She quickly ran to the other side of the room so as to

avoid blame.

As he looked up, Snap noticed his daughter standing rather awkwardly next to the bookcase with a somewhat guilty look on her face.

‘What time is it girl?’ he snapped, now recognising he was not dreaming about work any longer but was once again back in the land of the living. He leaned back in his chair again.

‘Oh you’re awake, Father,’ said Penelope, with the innocence of a lamb. ‘It’s, er, a quarter to eight.’

‘Quarter to eight, is it? Where’s your mother gone to, girl?’ said Snap, in a rather less angry tone than before. He realised that now he was talking to his daughter and not that spotty little good for nothing errand boy from his dream.

‘Bingo,’ said Penelope. ‘Boring, boring bingo.’

‘Yoooaarraah!’ Her father yawned out loud. He always did this for some unknown reason. To anyone hearing this for the first time, it sounded like he was in pain. He wasn’t, it was just the way he yawned. His arms stretched out above his head. The union rule book he was reading before his nap slid down from his chest and dropped on to the floor.

‘I thought you liked bingo,’ he said his rubbing his eyes. ‘You liked it the first time you went, didn’t you? Your mother said you had a great time, wouldn’t stop talking about it for weeks. Said it was the only interesting thing to do around here, in fact.’

‘Yeah but that’s coz I won the first time I went. I won a brush for my hair, and a whistle,’ muttered Penelope.

‘Well, there you go then,’ said Snap. ‘Good prizes them, if you ask me.’ He was now sat up in his favourite chair, still rubbing his eyes and wondering where his spectacles were.

‘Yeah they were, but I never bloomin’ won since, did I? Bingo’s boring when you don’t bloomin’ win innit?’ said the girl, as she stood there with her hands cupped behind her back. She was looking down at the floor and swishing her long blond hair from side to side, as if to say to anyone who happened to be watching, that this was the body language of a girl who was very, very bored right now.

‘Ah, so that’s why you’re not going anymore, coz you’re not winning all the time. Isn’t it?’ said her father judgingly. ‘You can’t always win at everything you know my girl. Folks don’t always come out on top in this life. With the greatest will in the world, someone’s always gonna turn out second best.’

Penelope thought about this for a second, but couldn’t really be bothered to utter an intelligent response, so she just said, ‘Phfft.’

Deep down, she knew he was right. There were some people who were so competitive that they wanted to win at everything they ever did and finishing second best was just failure. Henry was like this. Henry Grip was her best friend. He lived over in the Right Ear. They were the same age as each other

and they were always together doing something or other, apart from now. Henry wasn't hanging out tonight because he was getting ready for the contest.

Stupid bloomin' contest, thought Penelope. Bloomin' waste of time, if you ask me.

'Where's them ruddy glasses got to?' said Snap to nobody in particular. He had now got up from his chair and begun the hunt for his spectacles. 'Where's Henry tonight, anyway?' he added. 'Like two peas in a pod you two normally. Like Siamese cats, yez are.'

'Twins, Father,' said Penelope.

'Eh?' said Snap, rooting through cupboards and drawers looking for those damn glasses of his.

'Siamese twins, not cats,' corrected Penelope.

'What are you going on about, girl?' muttered Snap. Piles of papers were falling out on to the floor as he rummaged.

'Ah found 'em!' he said, fishing a pair of spectacles out from underneath the chair and placing them towards his rather rounded face. The spectacles he had found had a long thin wire frame, they were green in colour, and had what looked like some sort of floral design on the top of each lens.

'Oohh, no, they must be your mother's, girl, definitely not mine them. Where *are* my damn glasses?!' he said, rather running out of patience with himself.

'On your head, Father,' said Penelope.

'Eh?' Snap reached up to find his spectacles perched on top of his hat. 'Oh so they are, girl,' he said, rather embarrassed. He began to clear away the mess he had just created. 'I really must get my eyes tested one of these days, can't see past the end of me bloomin' nose sometimes. Now what are you going on about cats for anyway?'

'Siamese cats are cats that originate from Siam,' she paused for a moment, and then ventured, 'or whatever it's called now.' She was slightly embarrassed that she couldn't remember a fact. 'And Siamese twins are twins who are conjoined. You said we were like Siamese ca..., oh never mind.' She gave up trying to explain.

She knew about a lot of things did Penelope Potts; she was a very intelligent girl, in fact. When you spend most of your life being bored then you tend to wander around a lot looking for things to do. And it is whilst you're looking for things to do, that you tend to hear things and see things and generally learn things about things. Stuff, she called it. She knew about stuff.

Stuff was something which could get you through life a lot easier than if you didn't really know much about stuff at all. Stuff like never wake your father up when he's having his evening nap because it will put him in a bad mood, or stuff like never try and drink a glass of ale leftover from a party the night before because it doesn't taste very nice, especially with tobacco in it.

She did, however, learn something which many min could not learn. It was an art form only a handful of folk could do. Although she never told anyone about it, her mother knew she could do it, even though her father was oblivious to her talent.

Nerves. You could learn a lot from listening to the nerves. You see, the nervous system seems a very complex system at first, however, when you learn how to use it then it becomes quite a simple one. It carries information. It tells the body what the brain is thinking, and vice-versa.

If the left foot needs to move because some bumbling delivery man is about to drop a ruddy great piano on it, then somehow it needs to get a message from somewhere else to tell it to move. The left foot can't move on its own, can it? And even if it could, it can't see anyway because it hasn't got any eyes. The order of events is thus: Said piano is about to squash said foot, the Eyes Department see the danger and send a warning to The Brain. The Brain sends a message to the Left Foot Department saying 'MOVE FOOT SIX INCHES TO THE LEFT IMMEDIATELY!' and the Left Foot Department duly obeys.

Simple minology.

Sometimes things didn't run quite as smoothly as that, mind you, which is why the odd accident occurred every now and again. Apparently when The Will was ten years old, one of its so called friends told it that it could walk across two high fences on just one thin piece of cardboard. The attempt didn't go quite to plan and it fell eight feet-six inches through the wet cardboard, cracking its head open on the concrete below and had to spend two weeks in hospital.

This was its will however and the min could not do anything about it. Even though everyone had a pretty good idea of what was going to happen, the min could never change The Will. That was the most important rule of all. 'We can never change The Will'. 'Nos Numquam Immutare Voluntaten'. This motto was written on the walls in Central Head for everyone to see. It was the law. The written law, and the unwritten law, but it was the most important thing a min would ever learn. If the silly bugger wanted to throw itself to the floor and crack its head open, then so be it. It was its will. Will was everything to the min, and it could never be tampered with.

Penelope had learned how to listen in. She would often wander over to the Spinal Meadows and just put her ear to the ground and listen. For hours and hours she would just listen and listen. Every second of every day there are thousands of messages travelling up and down the body to and from the brain, relaying information to hundreds of different departments within the body. That's how it works, you see, and Penelope Potts knew how to gather information. That's why she was so smart, that's how she knew about stuff. That's how she knew about The Brain. That's how she knew about Siamese cats, and that's how she knew about Siamese twins.

'Conjo what?' said Snap, retrieving his union book from the floor and

sitting back in his chair, happy now he could see who he was talking to.

‘Conjoined,’ said Penelope. ‘Twins that are conjoined. Oh just forget it anyhow, Father. I can’t be bothered tonight, anyway. I wish I had gone to bloomin’ bingo now.’

She shuffled across the room and sat down on a stool on the corner, not before picking up and opening up the book which was sat on top of it.

‘Henry’s swatting up for the contest next week. He thinks he’s gonna win,’ she said, through a disappointed frown.

‘The contest, that no good bloody contest! Ha! He thinks he’s gonna win does he?’ said Snap mockingly. ‘He’s not even old enough to bloody-well enter it! Not turned sixteen yet, the boy. Opened up a bloody junior gig now, have they, eh? Poisoning the minds of our children now as well, are they?’

‘I know it is stupid, isn’t it? He knows he’s too young to enter but he insists on doing it anyway. He likes to play along with it. He says it’ll prepare him for when he enters it for real!’ scoffed Penelope. ‘Do you know he actually believes that he would’ve won it last year? He said he was better than that boy who won.’

‘Oh yeah, what was his name now?’ said Snap. ‘Never liked the look of him, shifty looking little so and so, if you ask me. Fit right in up there, he will. Feel right at home amongst that shower. I’ve told you before, my girl, you’ll do well to stay away from anyone who messes around up there. I’ve seen a lot of good min turn bad on account of that place. Poor old George must be tearing his hair out knowing his only son wants to go and get himself mixed up with that lot. The boy is all he’s got now since he lost poor old Mary. God bless her soul.’

Penelope was messing with her hair. She was making ringlets by twirling her fingers round and round. Starting at the bottom of her beautiful blonde locks and working her way up until her finger had wound up her hair, tight to the top of her head.

They heard voices coming from outside the door.

‘I’ll see you Thursday, Winnie, love. Mind you don’t fall in the canal on your way home again, darlin’.’

It was Penelope’s mother coming back from the bingo, her pockets laden with sweets.

‘What are you going on about now, Eric Potts? Spouting more of your union nonsense to our little girl again, I bet? She’s not interested in bloody lone working hours, fire drills, tea breaks and what-not. Ain’t healthy for a girl of her age knowing all that stuff. She should be out with her friends enjoying herself, shouldn’t you my love?’ She kissed her daughter on the cheek. ‘Mwahhh!’

Penelope tried to surreptitiously wipe the kiss from her cheek without her mother seeing.

‘Excuse me, Maggie Potts. Firstly, I was not filling her head with union nonsense I’ll have you know and secondly, it is not bloody nonsense. It’s

important bloody stuff!’ snorted Snap. ‘And thirdly, don’t call me Eric!’

He hated being called Eric. He was called Snap because he was so good at cards. He was always winning at cards and in fact, he was so good at cards that nobody would ever play him anymore. He wasn’t a cheat, he was just good; and he liked the name so much that everyone called him it. It was down to moods, you see. If you called him Eric, it always put him in a bad mood but if you called him Snap, then that would generally put him in a better mood. He was never in a good mood.

‘Ah shurrup, you miserable old sod,’ said Maggie. ‘Look what I won for you my little princess, sweets and bloomin’ loads of ‘em!’ she said, pulling bag after bag out of her apron pockets and loading them on top of the pages of Penelope’s open book. ‘Well, actually, it was Winnie Drum what won ‘em really but she can’t eat ‘em on the count of her teeth you see, so she gave ‘em to me.’

‘What’s wrong with her teeth, Mother?’ said Penelope

‘Nothing wrong with ‘em, she just hasn’t got any, my love,’ said Maggie, emptying a full bag straight into her mouth.

Penelope looked confused. ‘Cant she suck them?’ she offered, somewhat puzzled.

‘She’d be sucking ‘em if they were bloody wine gums, alright!’ said Snap sarcastically from his chair. ‘And you for that matter, both as bad as each other you two are.’

Snap was teetotal. ‘On account of his responsibilities and all’, he would say, ‘have to show an example to the workforce.’ Maggie, however, was not. She was anything but teetotal, in fact. If she could get her hands on liquor of any sort then she’d be only too willing to try it.

Alcohol for the min was something of a luxury item for a number of reasons. The Will never really drank much alcohol so whatever it consumed would have to be stored and preserved for as long as it could, just like any other liquid, then hopefully it would still be ok for the min to re-drink. Also Central Head didn’t really condone the drinking of alcohol amongst its min. It wasn’t illegal as such, but it tended to interfere with the day to day running of things.

The general order must not be upset. If something went wrong, and you were drunk on duty, then you better start running, because you would probably have to spend the rest of your life in exile, and it wasn’t very nice down there.

Just like in all walks of life, however, there is always somebody that will find a way to get drunk. There were many different concoctions which people had tried over the years, and min have tried to make a brew out of many a different thing, some ideas being more successful than others. Maggie and Winnie Drum had their own recipe, and luckily enough, the main ingredient for their illicit quaff was in abundant supply. It was wax. Living in an ear tended to provide you with a lot of wax, in fact most Lugland folk were

surrounded by it at all times.

‘Nowt wrong with me, Eric Potts, and nowt wrong with Winnie neither! You take no notice of him my love, he’s just got a bee in his bonnet, always has this time o’ year ain’t he?’ said Maggie, settling down to sit.

‘I ain’t got a bee in my bonnet about anything, and it’s got nothing to do with the time of year neither!’ said Snap. ‘And there ain’t nothing wrong with you and Winnie, eh? Ain’t nothing wrong with yez? Both bloody pickled, that’s what’s wrong with yez, bloody pickled yez are!’

‘Alright, keep your hair on,’ said Maggie chuckling to herself and Penelope. ‘Oh you can’t, coz you haven’t got any have you?’ she continued.

Snap was completely bald, and always wore a hat to cover it up. He even went to sleep with his hat on. He squirmed in his chair, sat back and continued to read his copy of ‘Shop Steward Do’s and Don’ts Revised Edition ‘34’ this was the latest copy of the regulations. He almost knew it off by heart and he’d only had it for two days.

‘Why is Father always grumpy this time of year then, Mother?’ said Penelope intrigued by this apparent revelation.

‘Your father is always grumpy this time of year because of the contest dear,’ said Maggie. She wasn’t looking at Penelope while she was talking; she was looking at her husband, trying to wind him up. She was succeeding. ‘He doesn’t like the contest dear. He thinks that anyone who aspires to better themselves is an idiot, dear. He thinks that Central Head are out to get him, dear, because he’s bloomin’ well paranoid, isn’t he dear?!’

Penelope looked embarrassed. She didn’t really know which side she should take. Her father was a bit of a stickler, but her mother was rather making fun of him in front of her, which she didn’t think was right. She carried on eating the sweets from the bingo and listened. She always felt comfortable listening to people.

Snap decided to respond to his wife’s accusations. He was remarkably calm. ‘Look, petal, you know why I don’t like Central Head. They’re not the same as us folk. I’ll never stand in anyone’s way if they wanna better themselves, you know that, but that place changes people, they’re never the same again. Look what happened to... Well you know how I feel about the place. It’s too creepy up there. Too much information confuses things, too much going on. A lot of knowledge is not good for ordinary folk like us, we’re not meant to know.’

Penelope twitched nervously on her stool as her mother gave her a knowing look. She knew a lot of information, and she knew stuff. What did he mean we were not meant to know, why are we different than other folk? she thought. Why is too much knowledge a bad thing? Surely if we all knew about stuff we could help people. Organise things a bit more, have some fun! Listening to the nerves can open up a wealth of knowledge for us all. If The Will sees something then through the nerves we should all see it right?

‘Cobblers!’ replied Maggie, ever the understanding housewife. ‘Right,

bedtime for you young lady,' she continued. 'We've got a long day ahead of us tomorrow, we've all been summoned to you know where.' She turned to look at her husband. 'Someone's for the chop around here, and I know who my money is on.'

'Why, what's happened?' said Penelope, pretending she'd not heard.

'Well somebody's department didn't do their job properly this morning, did they? The Will never heard the alarm, did it? Missed half the day apparently, caused all sorts of confusion I hear. Going bloody bananas up there by all accounts!' said Maggie.

'Look, it was nothing to do with me, I never...' started Snap.

'Save it for the inquiry tomorrow, my lover,' Maggie interrupted her husband before he could say anymore. 'Time for bed eh, darlin?'

'Aye, perhaps you're right,' conceded Snap. 'Long day tomorrow, eh? Come on then, petal.' He held out a weary hand as Maggie pulled him up from the chair. 'Nighty night, Penelope, love,' he yawned.

He and his wife walked to their bedroom, hand in hand. Despite all of the talk between them, they loved each other very much, even though they didn't often show it.

'I wish you'd take that bloody hat off though, it falls off anyway when you drop off you silly old sod,' a distant voice said from behind the door.

'Nag, nag, bloody nag!' came the instant reply.

'Night, Mother. Night, Father.' Penelope sat for a moment, thinking. She was thinking about what her father had said about knowledge. A few minutes later she was interrupted by her mother who had come back out from the bedroom in her night gown and cap.

'You still up, love? Ooh I'm busting for a wee, me and Winnie had a drop of ale on the way back, best not mention it to your father though, eh?' she said as she passed Penelope on her way to the lavvy. Penelope looked embarrassed. Why do old people always tell you when they're going to the lavvy? she thought.

A few seconds later Maggie returned. 'Ooh, that's better,' she said. 'If I don't go before I go to bed, I always wake up in the middle of the night, but can never seem to drag myself out to go until morning, plays havoc with my sleep it does.'

'Mother, can I ask you something?' said Penelope.

'You should be getting to bed you know, we've got a lot of travelling to do tomorrow, it's a long way to Central Head from here, my love,' said her mother.

Penelope persisted. 'You know what Father was saying about knowledge, and knowing too much, well what did he mean by that?'

'Oh never mind about that now, love, it's getting late, off to bed now, eh?' she said, trying to avoid the question.

'But it doesn't make any sense. Why would anybody not want to know stuff? Why would anybody not want to learn?' replied Penelope

Maggie walked over and sat down next to her daughter. ‘Now you and I both know you’re an intelligent girl, don’t we, my love? And we both know that you can...’ she paused for a moment, ‘...well, you have a talent for, er, finding things out, let’s say. But listen, take it from me, there are some things in this world that are sometimes better left unknown.’

‘I don’t understand, Mother,’ said Penelope.

‘When I was a girl about the same age as you are now, in fact, I had a friend. She was very similar to you in many ways, and she, like you, always wanted to know about things, always wanted to learn. And she could also find things out by watching and listening, just like you can. But what she didn’t realise was, a little knowledge is a great thing to have if used correctly, but too much knowledge can be dangerous,’ said Maggie.

‘Who is she, Mother?’ asked Penelope.

‘Oh we don’t see each other anymore now, we sort of lost touch a long time ago. She went down a different road, one which her curiosities lead her to. But it was too much for her, you see, the knowledge took her away from herself. She wanted to know too much. Like your father said, some things we’re just not meant to know.’

She threw her arms around Penelope and gave her an enormous hug. ‘You’re the most precious thing that your father and I have in the world, and we love you so much, you know that don’t you?’

‘Yes of course I do, Mother, you tell me all the time,’ said Penelope.

‘Well that’s alright then,’ said Maggie, releasing Penelope from her grip. ‘Now off to bed with you girl, come on. Got to be up early in the morning you know, got to make butties and everything before we leave, loads to do.’

Maggie walked off to her bedroom. ‘Might even take a drop of ale for me and Winnie. Yes, a nice drop of ale to take with us, that’d be nice, take some of those sweets I just won and all. Ooh yeah, quite looking forward to it now,’ she muttered to herself as she went.

Penelope strode off to her room with a bag of sweets in one hand and her book in the other. She lay in bed thinking, as she so often did. Thinking about what her mother had said. None of it made any sense to her. She couldn’t understand why anybody would not want to acquire knowledge. After all it couldn’t harm anyone could it?

Penelope wasn’t the only one who thought like this, and she wasn’t the only one who could listen to the nerves. There were others who thought that they could use the knowledge, there were others who thought that they could harness the information. Somebody else thought they could help people, help The Will. So why did he fall and crack his head open? Why did he have to spend time in the hospital? Why did we let it happen if we could stop it from happening? Wouldn’t that make things better? Just like stopping the piano from crushing the foot, right?