

SPACE and OUR-KID

GO TO



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Thailand

SPACE AND OUR-KID GO TO PATTAYA

E-book, 1st edition 2012

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eISBN 978-616-222-111-8

Published by www.booksmango.com

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INTRODUCTION

Some men, for no apparent reason reach their middle-ages having done absolutely nothing at all with their lives, what so ever. Locked behind an invisible wall of self made solitude, and stuck in the deepest rut that could possibly exist within living breathing mankind. They have themselves to blame, of course buried in the self belief that they were happy existing without any friends or the experiences of a relationship with the opposite sex.

They tend to have miserly instincts and cram all their money into ridiculous savings plans, and private pension schemes that some scrupulous financial adviser has told them to do so. These plans only boosted the bank accounts of these advisors with their high commission fees, depositing the hard earned cash of the investors in risky stocks and shares, instead of giving the good advice to get out of their tiny cramped flats, that will never go up in value at the same rate as a house, and invest in the property market.

Mainly because of their solitude, some of these mid-forties men engage in activities that they can enjoy on their own, and some times this is to portray that they have a lot of money, due to the fact that they are not married and don't have any friends.

'Space' as he likes to be called falls 100% into this category. He buys the latest electrical device, and gimmick that he can carry around with him to show people, with digital cameras and laptop computers being the main items. In the small living room of his flat he has a 46 inch flat screen TV with a satellite dish the size of the 'Jodrell Bank Radio Telescope' fastened to the outside wall of his flat. He tells his workmates that he has travelled all over Europe with his younger brother, who he calls, 'Our-Kid', however for all of his cameras there has never been a single photograph displayed, or shown to anyone, to prove the fact.

His diet would frighten the living daylight out of any cardiologist as it consists of locally baked meat and potato pies with a thick suit crust pastry, chocolate fudge cake with clotted

cream and copious amounts of real ale. Fruit and vegetables he considers to be only eaten by guinea-pigs and rabbits.

He passionately defended his lifestyle saying, “What do I need friends for, all they do is borrow my money and never give it back to me. I’ve got ‘Our-Kid’ to go out for a pint with on a Friday and Saturday night. I’m happy.”

Well..., maybe so, the story starts in the works canteen at ‘Snail Printing and Graphics’ one summer’s morning...

CHAPTER ONE; THE LADS ARE PLANNING THEIR HOLIDAYS

“How’s your chocolate cake Space,” Paul asks with a smirk.

“Very nice, thanks,” he replies while licking the cream from his moustache.

“Is there any more tea in the pot Jock?” Martin asks the labourer.

“Yes there’s plenty, pass me your cup,” Jock replies with his Scottish accent.

“What did you have for your breakfast then Space, a bigger slice of chocolate cake?” Paul continued while he was eating a tuna salad.

“No, I had two Wheering’s meat and potato pies straight out of the oven, there much better for you than that rabbit food you’re eating. What fish is that anyway, it stinks?” Space says screwing up his face.

“High protein low fat tuna,” Paul shouts, “QUIET EVERYONE, QUIET.”

“Why, what’s up Paul,” Martin asks curiously.

“Can’t you hear that,” Paul continues as the canteen falls into silence.

“Hear what?” Jock says with a puzzled expression.

“Space’s arteries are hardening, listen!”

Pointing his ear in the direction of Space’s chest, and cupping his right hand around it,

“Yes... ha-ha-ha... it’s time you went to see the doctor Space, with all the fat that you eat. I bet your cholesterol’s sky high?”

The canteen bursts into roars of laughter.

“Very funny Paul, I’m as fit as a fiddle with walking to work everyday unlike you sitting in that polluting car of yours, getting no exercise.”

“You only walk because you’re too tight fisted to get yourself some form of motorized transport,” Martin declares, “with all your money tied up in pension funds, and eating what you eat

I can't see that you're going to live long enough to spend it anyway."

"And what do I want expensive transport for everything I need is right on my doorstep here in Mason-field?"

Space remonstrated as he wiped some chocolate from off his moustache with his handkerchief.

"That's you're problem," Chris shouts from the adjoining room, "You never go anywhere stuck in the rut of your sad life. Get out and see the world while you've got the chance, for goodness sake."

Space didn't answer, because he couldn't think up a suitable sarcastic reply. Realizing that all the factory workers were giving him a hard time that morning he got up and walked back into the workshop. With him gone a sense of normality returned to the canteen, as none of them actually liked him for one good reason or another. After some quiet mutterings about Space's sad life, Chris asked Paul,

"Have you got any holiday plans sorted yet Mate?"

"Yes, Chris I'm going to go to Cornwall for a change. It's a long drive, but I'm looking forwards to it."

And so the rest of them talked about what they had got planned that summer. Space..., well, he would be doing the same thing that he has done for over the last twenty-five years, and that is..., nothing.

Even his social life never altered after finishing work on a Friday afternoon he would always stop by his favourite bakery and purchase a large family size, three inch thick rich dark chocolate cake. Sit in front of his big screen and watch some Swedish hard-core porn movies that he could easily receive with his enormous satellite dish, drinking some bottles of real ale eating his cake. At exactly seven o'clock he would have a shower, the only one of the week, get dressed in the same black shirt and pants that he always wears on a Friday night, and meets his brother precisely at eight o'clock in the White Lion Pub, which was only a ten minute walk from his flat. Both of them

were always similarly dressed, and would stand in the same spot at the end of the bar drinking the same beer that they always drank, with identical facial expressions, grumpy sad void of a smile faces. Space and Our-Kid were two peas in a pod, only their professions were different. They both were single men living in similar accommodation behind their very own wall of solitude. Conversation for them was difficult as they never had anything different to talk about. Space would greet his brother with,

“Alright Our-Kid?”

Our-Kid would reply with,

“Yes Brother.”

And that would be the end of there conversation all night. After drinking two pints they would leave the White Lion at exactly eight-thirty and walk up the hill to the next pub, the Hanging Gate and go through the same procedure, standing where they always stood in that bar, looking like they had just attended a funeral in their black attire with miserable faces. From pub to pub they would go until last orders, and then they went to the same night club that they always went to, only when they first started going there they were young men, and looked out of place now as it was full of twenty-year olds. The young women looked at them, as if to say, “Piss off and stop trying to look down my dress!” Everywhere they went people talked about them. If only someone would spend some time and film them to show them what they actually looked like and how they behaved. Maybe then they might change their strange attitude to life. The following week however Our-Kid said this out of the blue,

“What are you doing for a holiday this year Brother?”

“That’s odd,” Space commented, “you don’t usually say that when we’re having a pint in here, are you ill or something?”

“Well . . . , yes maybe I am, because I’m sick of doing the same thing day in day out. I’m tired of being stuck in this rut and you’re partly to blame for it. . . Two more pints please Sheila.”

“Why have you ordered another pint Our-Kid? We only have two in here normally, and it’s time to go to the Hanging Gate

now,” Space questioned with alarm.

“I’m not going to the Hanging Gate, that’s why. We, my Brother are going to have another pint or two in here, and break this pathetic routine that you insist on doing every Friday and Saturday night.”

“Have you got a temperature Our-Kid, as you’ve gone quiet red in the face? It doesn’t feel right standing here at a twenty-to-nine on a Friday night. Never done it before?”

He picks up a freshly pulled pint of beer and takes a drink, which leaves a large amount of beer froth sticking to his moustache. He puts the glass back down on the bar top and shakes his head tut-tut ting,

“There’s something wrong with that pint it doesn’t taste right Our-Kid. It must be the end of the barrel?”

“There’s nothing wrong with it and you’re only trying to make an excuse to leave here and go to the Hanging Gate. Wipe your mustache for goodness sake you’ve got beer froth all over it. Isn’t it about time that you trimmed that thing you look like a blooming walrus?”

“What trim my mustache? I can’t do that it’s my image, its got sex appeal,”

Space says grumpily with a huge frown causing the crows feet wrinkles at the sides of his eyes to turn into deep crevices.

“I’ve always had a moustache and I’m very attached to it.”

“Yes, and that’s your problem in your life Brother, always this and always that, the same thing all the time. You’ve had the same hairstyle cut by the same barber for over twenty-five years. How long have you worked for Snail Printing and Graphics now?”

“Thirty-two years,” Space answers proudly.

“See, that’s what I’m talking about, the same thing, the same place, at the same time always.” Our-Kid picks up his glass and drinks the remains of his pint. Placing it back down on the bar he asks the barmaid, “Two more pints please Sheila.”

Space protests, “Another pint in here Our-Kid, but it’s five-to-nine. I’m getting itchy feet. This is most unusual and I feel

quite faint.”

“We are not moving on until we’ve got some things straightened out Brother. I’m fifty this year and it’s time to ring the changes, so tell me what you have got planned for the holidays this year?”

“Well..., nothing other than the canal boat,” Space answered sadly as Our-Kid had never before spoken to him this way.

“That’s what I’m talking about Brother the canal boat is a classic example of what I’ve been trying to say. You can only go down the canal or up it. Travelling along the same stretch of water and stopping at the same pubs, drinking the same beer, and eating the same food that you did last year, and the year before that and so on... En-route to nowhere. The same as your life is Brother, going nowhere.”

“Well this is most peculiar I must say..., cough..., cough,”

He clears his throat, which is a sign that he knows what someone is telling him happens to be true words, but he doesn’t want to hear it,

“I really don’t think that you are well at all today. Are diesel exhaust fumes getting in to the cab of that lorry you drive all day? I’d speak to your boss if I were you and ask him to have it checked. This is most odd, I have to say... cough... cough. What’s brought this on anyway?”

“I was in the yard this morning waiting for my truck to be loaded and I overheard three of the lads talking, and do you know what they were saying?”

“Of course not, what’s that got to do with me? How should I know what they were talking about?”

“They were talking about us Brother..., yes..., you and me. They call us the ‘two scrooges’ and the brothers ‘gloom and doom’.”

“Cough..., cough... Why are they saying that?” Space frowns again.

“You don’t know why? Last Christmas at the trucker’s party you almost got into a fight with Big Ron over the subject about

the ‘end of the world is neigh’ and that we are about to be invaded by aliens. You sit in front of that big telly of yours watching all the science fiction movies. They’ve brain washed you I’m certain of it. Who are you expecting to walk through that door and order a pint, any minute now, ‘Darth Vader?’”

“I’m entitled to my opinion and that bloke was talking a load of rubbish.”

Space’s frowns are now an inch deep as he screws up his forehead in disgust at what Our-Kid’s telling him.

“Big Ron talks a load of rubbish? He’s written several books and has a University Degree in Astrology. He used to work for NASA when he lived in America. You don’t know who you are talking to sometimes.”

“If that’s true, then what’s he doing driving a truck?” Space says shaking his head disbelievingly flapping his big ears like a Dalmatian.

“Because he has a lot of money and enjoys driving through the countryside. It’s in his contract; they only give him the scenic Pennine runs otherwise he wouldn’t do it. He doesn’t need to work, I’ve seen his house, and it’s a mansion. If you are convinced that the world is going to end soon then why are you ploughing all your money into a pension fund? Tell me that Brother?”

“Cough..., cough, are we staying in here all night?”

“There you go again changing the subject when you know that you’ve lost an argument, or when someone’s telling you something that you don’t want to hear. I’ve never known you say you’re sorry or apologize, after that big mouth of yours gets you into trouble when you’ve had too many pints. Stop thinking that you are a walking encyclopedia of the world’s knowledge, and accept someone else’s point of view just once in your life. You overhear a conversation between two people that you have never met before, and start telling them that what their talking about is nonsense, and then you pull your soap box out from nowhere, stand on it, and start given them a lecture that is so far fetched and ridiculous everyone falls about the place laughing at you. I have