

Joanne Thompson
Patchworking Exercise
Autumn 2018

Book 1

Where are you Going?

“Where are you going?” Asked a father of a son.

“Out.” Said a son to a father.

“I know you are going out!” shouted a father, “But where out?”

“To Ancient Greece.” Replied a son to a father, as he closed behind him a father’s house door.

A father stood up, got out of his chair, picked up a shoe, as if the boy were still a child and opened the same house door and followed a son down the path.

“Your shoe!” He bellowed, after a son.

A son waved from a distance and was gone on HIS journey to Ancient Greece.

A son walked to meet his gang of friends. They met in the park at the climbing frame structures, one shaped like a ship. Often on his visits he would fill in the scaffolding like structure with imaginative details of old ancient ships, like those belonging to Jack Sparrow or Sir Francis Drake. Tonight his ship was made from myth and magic. This shit is strong he thought as he rounded the corner where his crew gathered on the climbing frame scaffold. Jason extinguished his joint and then hollered to his mates. They were all high or drunk, or both and that would make them more susceptible to his suggestions.

The boys laughed and joked;

“Yeah! Right! Whatever Jase!”

“I’m in!”

“I’m in!”

Their voices echoed;

“Radgi gadgi!”

“Dick head.”

“Aye man, wee aye, ancient fucking Greece!”

“Lost the fucking plot this time mate.”

Harry piped up;

“Let’s just humour him.”

They mocked further;

“Aye reet, gods & goddesses, sea monsters and lasses to fuck.”

“Wine and fighting and animal sacrifices!”

“I’ll have whatever he’s taking.”

Jason continued his tale of adventure. He couldn’t half spin a yarn and his mates enjoyed the drunken banter that saved them from urban mediocrity and boredom. They climbed on the frame

pretended they were pirates and hardy sea faring men. They laughed and cagouled with each other, pretending their cheap lager cans full of rum and their bong pipes spyglasses.

A few boys felt sick, sea sick, one vomited over the side and fell back on some wooden boards suddenly disorientated by motion; a rocking swirling motion in his head, in his stomach, in his limbs. The boys looked up from deck and saw a huge mast with its billowing sail, like a cloud being blown by God's face. Silence fell among them and aside from the roaring and swishing of water surrounding them, not a word could be heard.

Three days passed; three timeless days on board Jason's mythological ship; three nautical days at sea and the boys sobered up and learned quickly all that the ship could teach. Their protestations had come to naught, their disbelief had transformed into wonder and their fear they had harnessed into sailing skill.

The ship reached an island inhabited only by women. The boys were welcomed. They partied and copulated, (some for the first time), delaying their voyage.

Eventually Harry challenged Jason and insisted they leave the island and return to their mission. They sailed on, after parting themselves from the women. Some of the crew thought the play park trip had gone too far. They felt different. They looked different. More muscular. More manly.

The ship reached an inlet near Bear Mountain and the men climbed the mountain to pay homage to the gods. Jason seemed to have become all superstitious. So, the team built an altar, then sacrificed a sheep and poured libations upon her in the name of the gods and the goddesses. They felt strangely calm and reconciled by the ritual.

After their descent, Harry, single handed fought and killed six tall, giant like other worldly creatures. They had six arms and ugly faces and had attacked the crew. The team of boys were stunned at Harry's new found strength. They hurry to the ship and set sail again but are thwarted by adverse weather conditions and are flung back to the inlet at the foot of Bear Mountain where the other inhabitants mistake them for enemies. A bloody battle ensues. The boys fight and kill any person in their way. They are all overcome with gigantic super human strength. Their enemies now slain they turn to Jason somewhat disconcerted by the unfolding of recent events? What have they become? Murderers? Sailors? Warriors? Where are they going? And why? Who are we now? We do not recognise ourselves anymore!

"We are Demi - Gods!" Proclaims Jason triumphantly.

"We are destined to sail to Aia, where I have been championed by the gods to retrieve a holy garment and return it to my homeland." He declares

"You have been chosen to assist me by our ancestors. It is all pre-ordained." He continued.

The crew of men were dumbfounded and yet what else was there to believe. Their lives had been permanently altered by booze and drugs and innocent playground shenanigans. The men were quiet and thoughtful. They decide that Jason must go to another holy place, Dindymon Mountain, to again appease the gods whom they had recently learned were their ancestors

Jason ascends Dindymon with three other companions, Harry, Jack and Popeye. He creates an altar, sacrifices a sheep and pours libations upon it in worship of the gods and to atone for their slaying of the innocent men who wrongly mistook them for enemies. His three companions wander off. Jack is seduced by a water nymph and Harry and Popeye try to find him and are lost. Jason returns to their ship and the crew sets sail unaware three of their mates are missing.

The crew is still relatively young and inexperienced and when they realise their mistake they begin shouting and in fighting and blaming each other and just when they were thinking this trip of a lifetime couldn't get any worse; Nereus, a sea god raises himself up out of the waves and the darkness and declares all that has happened the will of Zeus that they cannot go against.

And with that thought settled in their minds, they sail on.....