

THE BRINGER OF MESSAGES



Monsieur Atomah looked out across his Picardy fields that stretched as far as the eye could see. He had seldom roamed beyond his farm and village. Season upon season, year upon year, Atomah's routine remained the same, just as it had for his father and grandfather. And in the evening, he would retire to the Auberge in his village, Orsemeux.

'Bonjour Atomah. How was your day?'

'Bonjour Sadie. A good day but I am still getting those echoes in my head. They come as ripples of energy and explode like sirens. I hear the wires above me singing in the wind and the movement of my tractor in those undulating rises and falls are not helping.'

'Ah, the ghosts of your forefathers are speaking. The armies that dug in are in combat with those craned monsters that march over the hills ever closer to us. You've read *War of the Worlds*?'

'Sadie, this is no joking matter. The Horsdell Heat Ray machines came from Mars. We have engineered these monsters!'

'Bonjour Atomah,' said Jean-Claude entering the Auberge.

'Ah, Jean, you explain my echoes?'

'Atomah, how long have we known each other? These echoes have been with you all your life!'

'But I have a condition. Synesthesia, yes?'

‘No condition my friend. You have a gift! You are hearing our ancestors. They are talking to you. They are custodians of our land, and you have the job of ensuring protection.’

‘And the pylons?’

‘Consider them a friend not foe. They are landscape sculpture. Guards that are carrying the power that helps defend our nation. Communicators.’

‘Pah! They are blighting our land. Pah! Sculpture indeed. That visit to the Louvre has done something to your brain! Sadie, a beer for my cultured brethren.’

‘Have you not considered, what is actually happening to you is that you are tuning in. An alignment of manmade and spiritual energy; and that the wind’s voice from the wires is merely bringing messages? I know no one who is more in tune with the beauty of the land and its resources. So what the pylons create an unwanted blot, without them you would still be using candles in your gite. Your tools would not be charged every day for use. Even your phone would not work. Where would you be then?’

‘From what you are saying is that I need to accept these great manmade bastions as friends as they stride across our land?’

‘Oui’

‘Another beer for Jean! He has gone mad!’

‘Haha! Atomah, France has been rather a backwater when it comes to technology. These pylons are merely a marker that assures as one generation says farewell, a new generation takes over with new ideas. Things may not have changed much in our lifetime, but you only have to go to Amiens or Paris my friend and you will not be able to catch your breath for change.

Next day as the sun bathed his fields, Atomah smiled at his pylons and tuned in.