

HUT EXIT 128



Few people stop to wonder

By

Nigel Ford

WHY I LIKE IT: *Fiction Editor JOEY CRUSE writes...I think Nigel Ford's, "HUT EXIT 128/Few people stop to wonder," is about change. The change people experience from an emotional evolution. When I read this piece, I couldn't help but ponder the existential in-between, where you know the exit that you came from and you feel you know the exit you are at, but the road is long. There is cadence and rhythm and poetic movement, Ford's structure and line lends to this confessional tone where the words seem to come out faster than you can read. These exits seem to be stopping places in life, a place where one can reflect and decide where to travel next. What I like about Ford's piece is the subtle anxiousness combined with will. Whether from beneath or whether few stop and wonder, there is a tenuous foundation on which the speaker in this story speaks to us. There is a will to continue, to change, to break out of the shell, but there is an undercurrent of fear that rests with us at each exit. I think that would be what makes one stronger. Sitting silently with what scares us and moving on. Ford has captured a feeling that is worth reflecting on.*

QUALITY QUOTABLE *(for the love of language...)*

I get it now, all things are revealed, home is where my bum is put. A situation which is entirely satisfactory. No worries, no hopes, no desperation, no disparities, no nothing.

HUT EXIT 128

Few people stop to wonder

Couldn't care less, no life, no death, the in between a chore, awful delightful boring.

Sit down and be quiet! Gaze over the sea of collective choices glitters with next, slashed in shadows of past, reaches of the future, nobody knows, nobody cares, all is random, why should they, not one ever changes their mind once chucked into existence.

What goes up comes down.

Who the hell cares.

I'll sit here (it's quite comfortable) until something arrives.

Sulking?

Wot?

Sulking are you?

No, I was born like this, this being the last time, I do not care to wonder, nobody cares to wonder, not really, it was all meticulously planned, there is no direction apart from the position upon the tree stump used as an occasional table upon which I park my bum. I get it now, all things are revealed, home is where my bum is put. A situation which is entirely satisfactory. No worries, no hopes, no desperation, no disparities, no nothing. A farcical seat from which I sit firmly and swivel about. Included in the 360° of vision I spy my plank bed, my log stool, my log table, my open doorway across which rushes the kaleidoscope of busy life, my smoke hole through which pours the vicitudes of my nonsense. For this was a line not much frequented by others, there are plenty of seats, it is not difficult to come across an empty space, a situation for which I have been, are and will be truly thankful. It is my turn to turn the handle of the wheel. It is here and now the reticement, the strictest endearment of the canon law behind the curtain of laughter stream the lightest curses of mistakes. It is time to exit from the shell.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *My mother left me a beach hut on Brighton Beach UK where I spent a lot of time doodling. I was partly inspired by my Eng. Lit. teacher and whose name is Hollis. Hollis features as a spy in my second novel The Process and I have been assisted somewhat by a good friend, who happens to be a professor of political science. Most recently I have been inspired by a Finnish writer Lisa Liksom, but I'm not sure that is her real name. Anyway, apparently she spent a lot of time in a railway carriage accompanied by a gloomy professor of literature who religiously drank four bottles of vodka per day while crossing the steppes of Russia. I'm not sure if she has continued to write or not. PS: both of these are true tales.*

AUTHOR BIO: Nigel Ford works as a translator, writer, visual artist and dramatist. He is English and lives in Sweden. His stories, poems, short performance scripts (for art show venues), flash fiction and essays appear fairly regularly in literary magazines in Germany, USA, UK, Ireland, Norway and India. At the time of writing, he is trying to sell his first novel Angel's

Road and promoting his second novel *The Process*. His third novel *Hermit in Glass* is about halfway there.

He writes with a fountain pen and draws rude pictures in a sketch book while lying on Malaga Beach. Sometimes he collaborates with a Finnish professor of political science who occasionally disappears into dangerous peace-keeping areas and who was recently incarcerated for exchanging stamps with a Russian spy.