

Who Do I Think I Am? By Garry Egger

I typed the last full stop and sat back. Content. Since retiring, I had applied myself to writing my memoirs (“*Between the (bottom) Lines*”) because I knew, like all men of my ilk, that the world was waiting to hear of my exceptional life as a clerk. So, I gambled my pension on self-publishing – 50,000 copies for starters, but then to be more after these sold out. I had just enough left for a stall at the Self-Publisher’s Fair where, to my surprise, I was surrounded by similar retired aspirants striving for a second strike at life. (‘*Shhhh... The Librarian’s Tale;*’ ‘*The Laying of Hands – on Bricks;*’ ‘*Garbage in: Garbage Taken Out*’). I decided that I too was probably just ordinary. So, I bequeathed my publishing run to the Smith Family. At least they could recycle the paper. my life had not been totally wasted.