

Question 5 - from the perspective of Quoyte.

"Who says your way is right?" Billy growled.

"Modern technology is always right Billy. You need to accept this if you are going to survive in the approaching global world." Tert Card stuffed his mouth with the deep fried chips ~~that I had ordered him~~ that I had ordered him, spraying Billy with a mixture of spit and potato as he talked.

"If you agree with it Tert, it must be bad."

Angry Men Argue Pointlessly. I don't really know how I fit in to this argument. Every time we come to this Diner Billy and Tert always start arguing about their views. Billy believes in the traditions of our local community of Fittick. (law) While Tert embraces the economic power of globalisation. They never ask me how I feel about such things. I sit quietly, my hand creeping over my chin when they glance at me, eating my lunch.

"In ~~the~~ global world we need to embrace



science." Tert sprayed me with clips this time and I wiped my face with my sleeve as ~~Tert~~ continued.

"Science is the new religion..."

"Science and religion contrast so greatly, you idiot. They can never go hand in hand. Religion plays a great importance in my life." Billy stood up as if to leave. I had never seen him so offended.

"You can keep your damn religion. I don't need it where I'm going."

"Where are you going Tert?" I asked, Billy and Tert looking at me as though I had just arrived.

"I've had enough of this backwards community. I'm going where I can make money. Where I don't have to listen to old fools like Billy who've never been further than Newfoundland. The global world is the only place to live."

"Your way will never be right, Tert," Billy growled again, "Who says it is right?" With this he threw a handful of coins down on the table and stormed off into the snow outside.



"I'm sick of the way that idiot carries on. He just doesn't see that there is more to life than fishing." Tert snarled, also throwing some money onto the table to cover the ~~the~~ bill.

As I watched him drive away in his truck I thought about their conversation. Billy was right, his way was right. Tert was embracing all that I had fled. I had retreated from the very world that he is going to. All I found there, in the global, was pain and anguish. At least here, in Killick-Claw I am accepted. I don't really mind if Tert leaves though, he can take his global views away from our local world and share them with people who will agree with them. Billy is the one out of the two of them who made me feel accepted at The Gaming Bird, and it would be a much nicer place without the grumpy, oily, typist who cannot type that Tert is.

One man retreats from global while other retreats from local.

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~~Later~~ Later, when I arrived home, the



Aunt was trying to get Bunny to come out from under the kitchen table where she had barricaded herself from the "white dog".

"But it's going to get me if I come out" Bunny screamed, fists banging on the floor.

"Don't be stupid. There is no white dog and it is not going to hurt you, neither am I for that matter. Just come out and say hello to your father."

"Daddy?" I saw Bunny's face peering out from under a chair, <sup>her</sup> ~~her~~ streaked face suddenly lighting up. ~~It was~~

"Daddy". Bunny crawled out and threw herself on me, ~~resting~~ ~~resting~~ ~~resting~~ resting her head against my neck as I picked her up. ~~It was~~ ~~was~~ Times like these make me realize how very lucky I am. I have found a closeness with my children that we never had in Moechingburg. Ever since we've come here to Killick-Claw, my family has become so much closer, the children happier with me than ever before.

"Why are you so late?" The Aunt wanted to know.



"It's been hell trying to get these girls to behave, then once you're here, angels."

"I was at the diner with Tert and Billy," I replied "They were arguing again. You know, Tert is leaving. Going to the "global world" as he calls it."

"Amazing," The Aunt said, ~~she~~ shaking her head, "To think that he is going to the place we so needily retreated from."

"That is exactly what I thought. I spent a lot of time sitting there, just thinking about it." And I had.

Ex-global Man punches over chips.

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As I got ready for bed that evening I thought about how lucky I had become. I also thought about the conversation from the diner.

"Who says your way is right?" Billy said over and over again in my mind. I could see Tert's snarling face in my mind as Billy's voice echoed ~~that~~ that phrase.

When I finally slept I dreamt that I was forced to go back with Tert. The whole time I was screaming at him "Who says your way is



night?" as his evil face loomed up before me, cracking into an equally evil grin.

I woke up suddenly, in a cold sweat, relieved to see my familiar bedroom, and to hear the crash of waves upon the rocks. I stood up and looked out my window.

Local Man Has Nightmare.

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~~The atmosphere at The Gannery~~ The atmosphere at The Gannery  
Brook the next day was tense. Ted was locked up in his office, silently fuming while Billy sat at his desk, writing an article about the art of over cleaning.

"Your way is right" I said quietly to Billy.

"I know," he replied, "a look of grim determination on his face" "Don't let anyone tell you otherwise."

"I would rather die than return to that world." I recalled the events of my life in Mochingberg in my mind and decided it was finally time to share some of these horrors with Billy. His eyes opened wide as I told him about Peter, my parents and my cruel brother, the words "Lordclass", "Worthey" and "stupid pig"



echoing in my ears.

"They'll tear you apart in that place," Billy said, venom in his voice, "It's only here that you'll find comfort."

What Billy said was so true, and he made me think of our local community: compassion, warmth, comfort. I felt all these things here in Killick-claw. I felt all these but above all I felt loved.

Man Feels Loved At Last.

My whole life flashed before me like newspaper stories and it was only the stories of Newfoundland that brought a smile to my face.

Tert stepped out of his office, glaring at no one. Billy stood up to say something but whatever it was, I beat him to it.

"Who says your way is right?" Tert looked taken aback, but before he could say anything I added, "It's not."