

Opening extract from
**A Certain Point
of View**

Written by
Eddie Hall

Published by
Matador

All text is copyright of the author and / or the illustrator

Please print off and read at your leisure.

GET OFF THE DAMN PAVEMENT

Eddsport's Time of the Month, May 2009

**They hog the pavement, they terrorise pedestrians in
those horrible buggies, they walk slowly
and they smell of cabbage!**

The world has become overcrowded. This is a fact emphasised by the number of times people physically bump into each other. It seems that every time I try walking through a door, someone is coming the other way and we either both give way or bump into each other. It happens all the time in the street as well. There is that everyday occurrence where you end up sharing the same bit of pavement as a fellow pedestrian coming the other way. It happens to everybody. You both do that funny little shuffle dance, one of you makes a stupid one-liner before establishing which one of you is going to the left and which one is going to the right. You then go your separate ways with a friendly smile. It is usually quite harmless and funny.

However, that exact same thing happened to me the other day but it was distinctly unfunny. Why was it unfunny? Well for starters the pavement was wide enough to fit the entire von Trapp family in a line across it. Secondly this 'near miss' was easily avoidable.

I could see the guy approaching from about half a mile away and realised that we were both on the left hand side of the pavement and would ultimately collide if one of us didn't move. Being the intelligent and considerate person that I am, I took the initiative and moved to the right. Head down, I carried on with my walk and when I looked back up a few seconds later he was on my side of the pavement again. So once again I moved and sure enough when I looked up again he had followed me. This happened about three times. It was as if I had some sort of human magnet attached to my body. By this stage we were too close to avoid the silly dance routine and supremely unfunny one-liner that inevitably came out of this guy's mouth.

I should point out that he was quite an elderly chap. As a result, I found myself unable to be my usual sarcastic self because the idea of being rude to a senior citizen just wouldn't sit well with my conscience. I just had to grit my teeth and fake-laugh at his unfunny quip.

It has to be said that old women are the worst offenders of poor street etiquette. How many times have you been walking down the street and two or more old women have been coming the other way, usually with those horrible trolleys? How many times have they even made the slightest effort to get out of your way? The number of times I have had to walk in the road and, as a result, nearly been run over by their elderly accomplice driving a Nissan Micra beggars belief.

Even when they are walking in the same direction as you they are a nightmare. Being a young, fit and rather tall young man, I tend to walk at quite a quick pace and I will usually come steaming up behind some elderly woman pushing her trolley right in the middle of the pavement at zero miles an hour. I decide I'll pass them on the left and suddenly they will veer in that direction so I try the other side and low and behold they decide to drift over again. It's like they have eyes in the back of their heads and are deliberately doing it because they are somehow aware that I am in a rush because I'm late again.

Of course, by the time they have meandered fifty times to block my path, I am practically standing on top of them and this is where they pull the last trick up their corduroy sleeve: They stop. For no reason. In the middle of the pavement. So of course I end up walking into the back of them. Now, being both relatively young and over six feet tall, I appreciate that I probably look quite intimidating to an elderly statesman or woman and they automatically hand me their wallet or handbag because they think I'm about to mug them. This week alone I made £42.36, a copy of The Daily Mail and a cabbage.

My other pet hate is when you get a group of old women standing in the street chatting about whatever it is old people bang on about whilst taking up the entire pavement with a blockade of those damn trolleys. Again, do they move out of the way when they see someone coming? No more than they do when they pull the same trick in Supermarkets with even bigger trolleys.

Is it just me or are more old people riding around in those funny little electric buggies? I'm sure I am seeing more of those things whizzing up and down the high street these days. They are another street nightmare because they don't really belong on the pavement. Nor do they belong on the road. You see pedestrians being scattered by a grizzly old timer who is grumbling to himself and thinking that, just because he fought in the Napoleonic Wars of 1803, he has more right to the pavement than everyone else.

They are even more annoying when they drive on the road because they are slow enough and wide enough to cause traffic jams and they are also too sturdy to ram with the car.

Being electric, I've often wondered how often they run out of juice when the owner is doing their daily rounds down to the shop for tea bags and a newspaper. I doubt there is a buggy equivalent of the AA and, being old and consequently confused by mobile phones, they wouldn't be able to ring for assistance even if there was. I've never personally seen that but I did once witness an old lady try to bunny-hop a curb in one and proceed to get stuck.

Now I don't want to sound disrespectful because if it wasn't for people like my granddad, I would be writing this article in German and, as everybody knows, the Germans don't have a sense of humour so it wouldn't quite have the same effect.

Given how much we are hearing about the increase in street

crime, knife attacks, underage drinking and hoodies with their trousers hanging off their backsides demonstrating their poor grasp of the English language to law enforcement officers, why don't we get old people to prowl around the streets at night instead of PC plod? No one is going to be disrespectful to an old person, they can bore the youths to death with stories about how things were different in their day and they can run the rest over in their electric buggies.

A LATERAL THOUGHT

Eddsport's Time of the Month, June 2009

Stop this nanny state rubbish and accept responsibility for yourself. Oh and stop eating, it's damaging the environment!

If you believe the tabloids, the environmentalists or any of these other crazy scaremonger types, we are all going to die. If we're not all asphyxiated by driving cars or exterminated by Swine Flu, Bird Flu, Foot and Mouth or one of the literally millions of NHS generated hospital viruses, we are going to be blown up by terrorists or the sheer weight of the illegal immigrants coming into the country is going to flip the United Kingdom on its axis and we'll all be plunged into the channel where we will either drown or get eaten by a mutant serpent that has evolved due to underwater nuclear tests.

Now this is all pretty scary stuff. Watching the news these days is so depressing it has got to the stage where I feel I would be better off just sitting at home and waiting for the world to end... or watching Big Brother.

But hang on a minute. These doomsayers have been telling us the world is about to explode everyday since the beginning of

time and it hasn't happened yet. I thought the hole in the Ozone layer was supposed to have roasted us alive by now. Weren't computers supposed to rise up and attempt a world taker over at the Millennium? Isn't Bruce Willis supposed to save us from a giant meteor?

Not a day goes by where we don't hear about how bad the recession is, how unhealthy we all are, how dangerous the internet is and how using mobile phones will give you cancer of the head. Personally, I have taken the rather novel approach to help me get over the pressure of my impending death. I ignore it.

Global warming is the subject on all the eco-warriors' lips. I'm not going to sit here and deny that global warming is on the way, although I'm still confused as to why, if the earth is supposed to be warming up, our summers are getting colder.

What I really object to are these tree-hugging hippy types who are blaming the human race for everything that is wrong with the planet. I mean, sure, the fact that every fifteen seconds a section of the rain forest the size of Elton John's wardrobe is destroyed probably isn't good and all the greenhouse gasses we are ploughing into the atmosphere is surely having some sort of negative effect on the natural balance of things but are the fractions of a percent we are talking about really the cause of all our troubles or are we just accelerating the inevitable natural climate shift?

There is evidence of huge climate shifts in the past. There are

vast stretches of desert where oceans used to be, oceans where desserts used to be as well as countless lost civilisations buried under miles of debris caused by some natural disaster of some sort. Will it really make that much difference if I go out and buy a G-Wiz?

It is a scientific fact that Cow farts and sheep burps produce more methane between them than humans do in cars. So what is the answer here? Assassinate Daisy and Dolly the Sheep? Because I'm sure that will go down well with the animal activists.

It is said that we have now consumed nearly all of the earth's natural resources so perhaps the boffins of the world should stop wasting time sewing ears onto mice and electrocuting chickens in a vain attempt to find a cure for baldness and do something about finding a renewable source of energy. Why, when all these huge advances in technology have taken place over the last few years, has no one managed to come up with an alternative to the century old internal combustion engine? Seriously, when you compare the rate of automotive technology to that of development of mobile phones, it is clear which one is falling behind. My iPhone for example can play music, send emails, download porn at 72,000,000 Kbps and teleport me to Turkmenistan.

The fuss people are kicking up because of the speed of the melting polar ice caps is based on... well not much, frankly. There is no evidence to suggest that this is a direct result of human intervention. Firstly, man has only been monitoring

them for the past fifty years or so and it is quite possible that they have been melting at a hell of a rate for a few thousand years. Secondly, why can't they accept that it is part of the World's natural life cycle?

The fact that we even have polar ice caps suggests to me that we are still in the process of recovering from the last ice age. Maybe once they have completely melted, the resulting rise in sea levels combined with the imbalance caused by the fresh water dumped into the sea will push us back into another ice age and the cycle will just repeat itself (oh yeah, I've seen 'The Day After Tomorrow' so I know what I'm talking about).

Perhaps rising sea levels is less to do with climate change and more to do with the change in humans. Apparently, twenty percent of people in the UK are now obese and over thirty-six thousand percent of Americans. Perhaps it isn't sea levels rising but the land sinking under the immense weight of these horizontally challenged individuals? It's an interesting thought.

The sheer size of people these days is getting such that a new government initiative needs to be raised whereby we stick public health warnings on people with a waste line over a certain diameter... or fit them with those 'wide load reversing' alarms you get on HGV's.

The plight is not helped any by the nanny state convincing them that it's not their fault, society is to blame, the stress of modern day living, pressure from supermodels to look like coat stands and countless other excuses made up by people

who have nothing better to do with their lives. The answer is actually very simple: Eat less and exercise more. People who disagree or come up with some obscure scientific reasoning behind the ever expanding nation are simply making excuses for the fact that modern technology has made us all lazy, fat bastards.

So how is this for a lateral thought? If we get rid of all the fat people, we can use their bodies as an alternative source of fuel. This way we don't have to kill all the flatulent farm animals and all the activists can sleep well at night. It would also have the added benefit of reducing the human population and allowing all the unemployed people to get jobs. There you go; I've solved three of the world's biggest problems in one fell swoop.

I'M A CELEBRITY, KILL ME NOW!

Eddsport's Time of the Month, July 2009

Most of them have no talent whatsoever and why in the name of Greek buggery do they insist on naming their poor children after fruits of the forest?

I remember a couple of years ago sitting outside the local café with my boss during one of our extended Friday afternoon Cappuccino fuelled lunches. The topic of conversation was of the demise of one of the most influential pop icons of the 20th Century: Michael Jackson.

The once legendary King of Pop was being hauled up for the second time for child molestation charges, he was apparently on the verge of bankruptcy, stories about his strangeness were becoming more bizarre, he was dangling babies from balconies and his face wasn't even funny any more. He had literally transformed himself from a relatively normal African American male into a pasty faced middle-aged white woman. Basically he had become the King of Poop.

I remember saying to my boss (who is something of a rock god himself don't you know) 'That bloke will never die an old man. He will either commit suicide or be murdered.' To which