

Pangea
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(Creative)
Pangea and Almost Back

By

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Pangea

and almost back

as told by

M.A. Singh

Author's Note

I can't say how I met Freddie O'Toole. That would put the lives of too many good, and some not so good people, in grave danger. Even though many of them are already dead, it is a risk I am not prepared to take.

It is enough for now to simply say that I have met Freddie and that at the end of that amazing encounter, he looked me in the eye like a Lycaenops at lunchtime and cried, 'Singh, you are the most splendid fellow I have ever met!' (He was a very perceptive young man.) 'I beg you; write my story for me, before it's too late!'

Having not much else to do, I felt obliged to say yes.

'But there is a catch,' I quickly added. 'We are both only human and there will be times, when even your memory'—I tapped his head—'let alone my memory of your memories'—I tapped my head—'may be a little iffy. At those times, I can promise no more than to simply make do as best I can. At other times, to join the whole thing up, I may need to add a little here and there. I can see no other way round the thing than that.'

'That will do me Singh,' cried Freddie, shoving a scrappy and curiously stained and smelly notepad into my hands. 'Just write the blazing thing near enough, and I shall be happy enough.'

I stared at the notepad for a few moments, wondering about the crusty stains splattered across its cover, and when I looked up, he was gone.

This is a story without a real beginning so I might just as well start with the day that the travelling carnival arrived in town . . .