

# • UNDER • THE • WIRE •

## *(Editorial - from centre column)*

WOL: *(checking out legs and arms)* All in working order.

JILL: Yes — you're fine too... except for the bump.

WOL: I feel as if I'm coming out of it now.

JILL: *(giggles)*

... five hours of the same basic conversation later ...

JILL: Here's Julia. She's come to take me back to Edinburgh. I'll see you in the morning. I've left a note on your pad so you know I'm OK."

WOL: What time is it?

JILL: *(looking at clock across the ward)* Quarter to eight.



## INTERLUDE

Jill is wearing a very attractive collar of foam rubber and gauze, and sporting imaginative bruises on imaginative locations throughout her body. Wallace has a more conservative costume, comprising merely a lump on the side of the head. This was caused by carelessly thumping the side window of the car before it had shattered and blown out, rather than afterwards, when it wouldn't have been there to thump back. The car was the most enthusiastic participant, however, and we're thinking of selling it to the National Art Gallery for several million pounds! Wallace is dressed in a rather fetching hospital-issue blue striped pyjama jacket, worn over his jeans, with matching pyjama bottoms folded neatly on the bedside table.



**8:15** They brought me an extra pillow. And tea. I'm quite thirsty.

*(continued Column 3)*



## *(Editorial - from left column)*

Have I drunk all that jug of water? I feel as though I'm coming out of something.

The staff are messing around with one of the other patients, but I can't see what they're doing as they've pulled the curtains round.

They gave me another pillow. I'm in hospital ... and writing ... bit of a bump to the head ... thankyou, Jill, for leaving me the pad so I can make notes as it all goes along. Thank you for leaving the pad ...

**8:25** PM - I guess so. First time for everything ... eh? ... should I publish this in *UTW* just as it gets written down? Just as well there's a few pages in this notepad. Have a bump on the head. It hurts a bit ... but did somebody give me a couple of paracetemols earlier?

*(looks at markings on pillow)* Law Hospital, Carluke - that's where I must be. I have a sore head - bump to the right, but otherwise - stiff neck.

Do I have the memory you were here until recently, Jill? The tea is gone and I'm warm. I suspect I may get through a lot of water here, or painkillers. Feel as though I'm just coming to my senses ... but looking what I've already written, maybe I'm going round and round.

**8:32** I recall writing something. They took the cup away, but reading back I see I'm repeating myself ...

There's a patient wheeling the tea trolley — these NHS cuts must be having a major impact.

Did I write the last two pages? Feel woozy. Will be interesting to read back once I'm whole again. It's bad enough reading while I'm here. What will it be like when I'm whole again? Thank you for leaving the pad...

They're getting me more water ... and opened the curtains round the bed.

**8:45** Feel as though I'm just starting to be aware again. I don't remember writing three pages worth - 1 perhaps, but not three.

**8:55** This is bad - very much round and round repeating myself. And I'm now noticing I'm

*(continued on Page 3)*

WOL: *(looking around)* I take it I'm in hospital. *(feels head and points)* Lump. *(looks anxious)* Are you OK?

JILL: Yes, I'm fine.

WOL: *(looks down at his own, crossed, legs)* Well — either my legs are very broken, or they're OK.

JILL: *(smiles encouragingly)*

WOL: *(checking out legs and arms)* All in working order.

JILL: Yes — you're fine too... except for the bump.

WOL: I feel as if I'm coming out of it now.

JILL: *(giggles)*

WOL: But maybe I've said that before.

JILL: Once or twice.

WOL: Was it a car accident?

JILL: Yes.

WOL: But we were in the car and not on the bike?

JILL: Yes ... but next time we'll wear crash helmets anyway!

WOL: Was it my fault?

JILL: We were hit from behind. The witnesses say the other car was going very fast.

WOL: *(looking around)* I take it I'm in hospital. *(feels head and points)* Lump. *(looks anxious)* Are you OK?

JILL: Yes, I'm fine.

WOL: *(looks down at his own, crossed, legs)* Well — either my legs are very broken, or they're OK.

JILL: *(smiles encouragingly)*

*(continued in column 1)*

Editor: Wallace Nicoll  
 Address: 3 Alnwickhill View, Edinburgh EH16 6XZ  
 Tel: 031 664 7893 (home), 031 469 5343 (work)  
 Work Fax: 031 469 5335  
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CITY & SUBURBAN  
**MOTO-MORINI**  
TURN 4

**TRACK BUILDING**

Player	Company	Colour	Builds	Town	Green Belt
Bill Becker	BWR	Blue	(A06)-B02; (B13)-C12-D23	C11	B11
Eoin Rutter	INT	Brown	(B13)-C06; (A04)-B12; (B04)-C22	B04	C03
Iain Smedley	LOTS	Green	(B03)-C25; (B16)-C03-D34	B03	D15
Clive Davenhall	METRO	Red	(D21)-E24-F32	-	C12
Ulf Jiretorn	JIR	Purple	(B02)-C26; (A01)-B01-C01	C26	B13
David Watts	PEMBS	Orange	(D31)-E12; (A02)-B15-C03	B15	C23

† - see Game Notes below

**DEVELOPMENTS**

New Towns : B03, B04, B15, C11, C26.

New Green Belt : B11, B13, C03, C12, C23, D15.

**COMPANY FINANCIAL STATEMENTS**

Player	BF	- Build	± Pay	+ Rev	- Dev	= CF
Clive Davenhall	10	-4	-	+10	-1	= 15
Ulf Jiretorn	8	-6	-	+7	-6	= 3
David Watts	11	-12	-5	+5	-6	= 5
Bill Becker	10	-6	+5	+6	-6	= 9
Eoin Rutter	9	-6	-	+5	-6	= 2
Iain Smedley	10	-6	-	+5	-6	= 3

BUS BOSS  
**NEVAL – BB108USA**  
TURN 9

**RACES**

Races not possible: none      Races not entered : none

No	Route	TECTIC	DIS	NAFF	BOSS	SLICK
11	Indianapolis - Cincinatti	-	-	-	30	-
19	Detroit - Buffalo	-	-	-	20+2	10-2
20	Minneapolis - W Canada	-	30	-	-	-
21	Milwaukee - Knoxville	+1	16+7	-	5-3	9-5
22	San Francisco - St Louis	20	-	10-3	+3	-
23	Portland - Boston	-	+4	10-6+5	+1	20-7+3
24	Charlotte - Reno/Vegas	5-4+6†	7-2+2	3-9	4-3+13†	11-3
25	Miami - Cleveland	+6	16-4	7-7+1†	7-3+6†	+1
26	SLC - Washington	7+2†	7-2†	-	-	16

NOTES: † means these companies tied, and the points were shared out between them, odd halves given to the team with the lower score at the time.

**ROUTES PURCHASED**

**Frank Burns - The Engines Cannae Tak It Cap'n - TECTIC - Lurid Orange**  
Pittsburgh - Cincinatti - Knoxville

**John Breakwell - North American Folk Ferriers - NAFF - Green**  
El Paso - Tulsa; Cincinatti - Indianapolis

**David Watts - Buses On States Sevices - BOSS - Yellow**  
St Louis - Memphis; Los Angeles - San Francisco

**Bill Becker - Dispatch Illusion Service - DIS - Blue**  
Las Vegas - Los Angeles; Denver - Albuquerque

**Eoin Rutter - St Louis Indianapolis Cincinatti Knoxville - SLICK - Black**  
Albuquerque - Tulsa; Nashville - Birmingham

**FINANCES**

	Start	Races	Builds	End
TECTIC	39	+43	-10	= 72
NAFF	96	+11	-12	= 95
BOSS	98	+82	-11	= 169
DIS	111	+81	-11	= 181
SLICK	183	+53	-12	= 224

**GAME NOTES**

• Apologies for not getting the interim adjudication done (see editorial for an explanation) but I'm sure you'll understand why not. The deadline had passed and I was short of Bill's orders. I meant to give him a call during the week after the deadline, but with all the other hassles at the time, didn't. And then, when he called in (Saturday night) I was in hospital after the accident, and thus wasn't in a fit state to adjudicate it. Let's try again for an interim turn. The interim deadline will be noted at the end of *UTW*.

• There has been a request for occasional printing of the game map. While it is relatively easy for me to print the base map with the town, hill and parkland hexes marked, I found it almost impossible to quickly do the rail lines on the computer. If you'd like, I can either send out a blank map, and you can fill in the rail lines yourselves, or else I could be persuaded to do the lines myself. I know, though, that when playing, I would like to use my own map each time. Please let me know what you'd like. I could send a blank map sheet out every turn, or a coloured in one every other turn.

• The intention with the interim adjudication is to send you back a report to allow a second turn to be done before the zine deadline, and hence speed the game up. Original intention was to have Moto-morini end at the same time as Neval - prob not so now! The interim deadline ought to be two, or ideally three, weeks before the main deadline.

**PLAY ORDER (5)**

Eoin, Iain, Clive, Ulf, David, Bill.  
Town planning available in rings A, B, C and D (during turns 5 and 6)

**PLAYERS**

Clive Davenhall, Flat 59, Stoneygate Court, 298 London Road, LEICESTER LE2 2AJ (0533 701691)

Ulf Jiretorn, Västergatan 12B, 332 32 GISLAVED, Sweden

David Watts, 102 Priory Road, MILFORD HAVEN, Dyfed SA73 2ED (0646 692752)

Bill Becker, 1515 Ridgewood, JENISON, Michigan 49428, U.S.A.

Eoin Rutter, 233 High Street, EDINBURGH EH1 1PE (031 226 5214)

Iain Smedley, Top Flat, 170 North Gower Street, LONDON NW1 (071 387 8687)



**GAME NOTES**

In race 26, NAFF's route was more than twice the length of the shortest route, and was thus ineligible.

Regarding my question last time about race 11, David replies that the route, and thus I assume a route passing through the same town twice, would be illegal. Major shift this time, with John (NAFF) losing a lot of ground to David and Bill. Eoin keeps ahead, but can he stay ahead for the next three turns.

All five of you went for the Charlotte to Reno/Las Vegas last time, with David picking up quite an amount in line use. However, he only tied for third place with TECTIC. The five lines were all within a few points of each other, so it was a very close run thing. On the others, things went pretty much as expected with a tie in race 26 (SLC-Wash.DC) for second place between DIS and TECTIC, while in race 25 (Miami-Cleveland) though DIS had the slightly longer route, they edged in ahead of NAFF and BOSS who tied for second place.

Frank sends his apologies for last time, but says that, as I surmised, the wedding and honeymoon plans were just taking up so much time.

**ROUND 10 RUNS**

You may enter upto five races each turn - 9 new races this time, as we start through the pack again.

- 27 Milwaukee - Kansas City
- 28 Atlanta - Tampa
- 29 Mexico - San Diego
- 30 Jacksonville - San Antonio
- 31 Billings - Knoxville
- 32 Denver - Albany
- 33 Chicago - El Paso
- 34 Memphis - Indianapolis
- 35 Minneapolis - New York

**PLAYERS**

Frank Burns, 51/26 Caledonian Crescent, EDINBURGH EH11 2AT

Bill Becker, 1515 Ridgewood, JENISON, Michigan 49428, U.S.A.

John Breakwell, 62 Shackleton Way, Woodley, READING RG5 4UT

David Watts, 102 Priory Road, MILFORD HAVEN, Dyfed SA73 2ED (0646 692752)

Eoin Rutter, 233 High Street, EDINBURGH EH1 1PE (031 226 5214)

**GAME OPENINGS**

UNDER STARTERS ORDERS - Simon McInnes' horse racing game is distributed with **UTW** to players only. Contact Simon at 236 Sydenham Road, West Croydon, Surrey CR0 2EB ((081 689 6817)

CCTFL - TouchDown! American Football league run by me, separate from **UTW**. Sometimes deadlines clash - which delays one, or both. Now at the end of its third season I'm looking for anyone to act as standbys in case any of the current coaches opt to retire. Address etc on Page 1.

**(Editorial- from Page 1)**

repeating myself repeating myself...!!

**9:05** Just feel I'm a bit more aware ... (*looks through the other pages in the notebook*) but I see I wrote it above ... I have a memory of writing the prices for the shelves and garden equipment (*also in the notebook*), but I don't know if I/ we bought anything - maybe shelves for my room, and did I buy the strimmer?

We were out looking for kitchens, I recall... (*turns to start new page in notebook*) Page 5 already, have I written 4 pages?

**9:12** I don't recall having written so much, but since I'm now at page 5, I must have ... just had a wee stretch. We were looking at kitchen design I recall - stream of consciousness writing - or is it unconsciousness?

**9:45** Time seems to be passing in fits and starts. I don't really recall what happens in between, but they left a couple of bottles on the chair beside me. Do they expect me to fill them? Am I allowed to go to the toilet, or do I have to stay in bed "under observation"?

Another jug of water ... this time with ice ... mmmmm ... and the nurse is here again to get my pulse, blood pressure, asks me if I know where I am, puts a thermometer under my arm — oops, dropped it, but nurse says not to worry — and shines a bright light in both eyes. Seems like they've done this to me a number of times already, but I can't be sure. But I do know that I'm getting fed up with them asking me if I know where I am! I know it's for my own good, but ...

**9:55** The curtains have been closed as it's getting dark outside. They just checked my temperature and blood pressure, but it's just a vague memory already ...

No, I helped shut the curtains behind me ... I recall ...

**10:10** I read the above ... dreadfully repetitive. I don't recall how I came to be here - a car crash - trying to turn up an awkward road hit from behind I banged my head you have a collar for whiplash Julia and Joe came and took you away come back soon. I don't recall how I got here.

**later** I need the loo - they left two "bottles". Nearly filled one, but don't know when it is as they pulled the curtains round my bed. Relief. Won't let me go to the loo yet...

**11:15** There's a daddy-long-legs floating around. I'm warm ... I'm going to take my socks off.

**11:45** Time is passing most strangely. Flipping along in half hour jumps - don't recall what happens in between times - obviously I just sit and let the ward go by!

**LETTERS**

**Iain Smedley :**

"Who is your page 4 fella? I assume it was someone connected with Culross, but Bunny reckons it is Martin Luther. Which of us is right?"

*WOL: Neither I'm afraid. The woodcut was taken from a Dover Publication entitled "The Complete Woodcuts of Albrecht Dürer" According to the blurb for each illustration, this one was of Magister Matias of Lincopenus, and was one of*

*the illustrations in "Revelationes Sancte Birgitte" (St Bridget), published in Nuremburg in 1500. Some doubt exists as to whether Dürer made all the woodcuts in the publication, as his traditional monogram appears in only one of the 58 woodcuts, and that a later separately printed version dated 1504.*

**Anthony Dickinson :**

"I've actually left the fair city of Edinburgh - and yes, somehow I managed to pass my degree, the BSc Chemistry (Napier University) is mine, so to speak, though I shan't be signing my name with the initials - far too pretentious. So I've just to get a job now."

*WOL: Congrats on the pass, and best of luck on the job hunting front.*

**Anthony Dickinson :**

"Congrats on the acquisition of the newest abode - my tip for the garden is borrow a flamethrower! Seriously though, it seems a shame to hack it all to bits - but if you don't like it ..."

*WOL: We don't!*

(continued on page 4)

**(Editorial- from Page 3)**

I keep reading back to what went before.

**12:15** Pissed again - the lights are out now makes it harder to write. Should try to get some sleep now hope you are well. Relief again. What day it is I don't know - I guess a weekend. We had a holiday up north - Ullapool - Gairloch - Lochcarron. After that I don't know what happened - vaguely remember all of these.

But I keep wanting to drink. Morris (*in the next bed*) is getting a tube inserted through his nose into his tummy - he doesn't want it! Heard someone say he was a Downs Syndrome kid with appendicitis. Nurse made comment to doctor that "unless we sit on his face, we can't get the tube in."

**12:45** Two more paracetemols. Pull the pillow down, and time to sleep. Hope to find that if I wake up it was all a bad dream!

**8:15** Breakfast has been and gone. I remember being helped there by one of the orderlies, and sitting there with my cornflakes, roll and tea, and being the last one there, but I don't remember how I got back to bed.

**later** They moved my bed during the night to where I can't see a clock. I seem to have a short term memory problem - I know where I am, but the things that seemed clear half an hour ago - like breakfast - now seem very fuzzy. It was a very hot night - woke twice needing the toilet, but also very hot. They took my temperature and looked in my eyes and blood pressure. There was a big disturbance on the second occasion - brought a new patient in - kept moaning about how sore his bones were - they gave him morphine shots - if it's the guy across the ward from me, he looks to be fine now.

**later** Had a shower and went to the loo on my own - shower was too hot, and there wasn't any way I could see to turn it down, so I knelt - the towel they gave me left me covered in white fluff. No brush, no toothbrush or toothpaste, no razor.

**later** The "now" events are quite clear. The "just past" like the shower, are fuzzy like a dream. Blood pressure tests every two hours - I asked nurse.

*(looks at hands and notices pink fingernail)* That was where I got covered in pink felt pen from trying to get it out from behind the radiator in the living room in preparation for a painter coming on Monday.

**later** They told me Jill phoned to see how I was. They actually said "your wife called". I think.

**later** Little things keep coming back - like our trip to Guernsey at the end of September - clashes with a friend's

wedding and my Mum's birthday...

**later** Mum phoned apparently - sister has the nurses wiping over all the bedside cabinets with disinfectant.

**later** I'm going through to see what's along the corridor. Maybe see what's on TV.



I was quite happily sitting watching Land of the Giants on Channel 4 when one of the nurses came through and said Jill had come to see me. She'd been brought out from Edinburgh (Carluke is almost at Glasgow) by one of her work colleagues, and was able to get permission from the nursing staff (they actually disregarded visiting hours to allow it) to stay all day, before another work colleague took her back. We spent the day doing a jigsaw together, and watched some sports on TV (bike Grand Prix from Donnington and women's cricket). We talked and Jill re-established a lot of the index links for me. As soon as a keyword was mentioned I immediately knew all about it. Things or people I did not know of until that point in time - suddenly the memory was there. It was like having a blank Table of Contents with page numbers at the start of a book. Slowly, as the chapter and section headings were added, randomly, to the Table of Contents, the body of the book (my memory) slowly began to take shape and fill out. Disjointed, inevitably, at first, but gradually a few pooled together, and as one thought led to another, sections became complete.

We asked if I could go for a walk outside, but since it was still less than 24 hours since admission, the nurses wouldn't allow it, so we opened the windows in the TV room to let in some air.

Jill was able to fill in a lot of the information I was missing about what had happened. It had been a very wierd week.



Work had been a hassle for both of us - I'd been busy with my own planned tasks, and seemed to be the only one suitable to do a few jobs which cropped up which needed immediate attention. I could have done without the extra jobs, as I felt they were screwing up my own priorities. We'd been back a week from our trip up north, there were painters due on the Monday, and furniture waiting to be delivered once the painting was done. None of the rooms in the house were really "finished" since we'd been moving

furniture and boxes around as we had work done. I'd bought a border frieze for the main bedroom, and had been pricing shelves and furniture for my room. Our plans for the weekend were also pretty hectic, with trips to Glasgow, St Andrews and Arbroath for Jill's Mum's birthday lunch out. And on top of that, we'd individually bought enough food for the weekend, even though we weren't going to be there.

We're obviously now a part of suburbia - ice cream vans come round daily their xylophonic chimes giving a tinny rendition of the theme from Dr Zhivago, and kitchen designers and double glazing salesmen come to the door on a regular basis. As our kitchen is not really in the greatest of condition, and since designs are free, we'd taken up one such offer, and were on our way through to the company showroom to see the design. We were also going to look at some office furniture for me in Glasgow.

The drive to Glasgow was strange. Instead of taking the motorway, we took a scenic route. I got us lost, several times, in fact, and this is definitely unusual for me. We visited the furniture place, but didn't buy anything, preferring to wait until we'd had a look elsewhere, and nearer to Edinburgh. Then, since we'd slept in late, and had rushed to get through to Glasgow before lunchtime, we skipped lunch, and headed for the kitchen place. On the way we missed a turning (again) and as I was trying to execute an about turn (having come upon a T-junction, and the place we wanted not sign-posted) we were hit from behind. We were probably doing about five miles an hour at impact, but the speed of the other car as it hit the rear corner behind me spun us through 360 degrees. Jill felt it all happen, and thoughts flashed through her mind - "what was that noise?", "this must be a car crash", "wonder if we'll die", "Wallace is too busy now, I won't bother him."

Then the car slammed against the kerb/verge, and I may have slapped my head against the driver's window and knocked it out. We sat dazed for a little while until someone came over, and asked if we were OK. Somebody handed me my glasses from outside, and I stuck my head out through where the window should have been, and noticed the front wheel had come off. We asked about the other car sitting bonnet-up in the middle of the main road. The witnesses said it had been going very fast, and that the driver was OK, but in shock.

Then the police arrived, and though I knew some things (my name, for example) it was obvious to Jill I had no idea where we were. I tried to pull the handbrake on, but it was broken - not that the car could have run far. I took the key,

(continued on page 5)

*(Editorial- from Page 5)*

while Jill collected our things from what remained of the rear seat, and we climbed out the passenger's door, being the only one working. An ambulance was called and we were taken in for X-rays and observation. After determining I had concussion, and Jill some minor whiplash, I was taken to a men's surgical ward, and Jill allowed to sit with me all afternoon. Jill sat and talked with me, despite the very repetitive nature of my conversation (see above), but occasionally she'd introduce some new thing in an attempt to get some flash of recognition. Because of all this the hospital decided I had to stay in, at least, overnight, for observation.

There were a few things I knew - had a clear picture of - which Jill didn't. I knew, for example, the name of the company that towed the car away. The police had given us a card with the company name and phone number on, and I could have described the layout of the card, and both the name of the company, and the proprietor. Jill had slipped it into her bag, and was amazed I had noticed, and remembered, the detail. It was a bit spooky though - like déjà vu.



Jill left after evening visiting time, and I finished the jigsaw, and watched the second part of "The Prize", a BBC2 series on the history of the oil industry. It has been very fascinating already, and I'm seriously considering getting the book. The first programme covered the growth of the oil industry in the USA in the early part of this century, the second the development of the business in the Middle East.

Had an unbroken night's sleep, and after breakfast and a shower - same problem with the towel - discovered the doctor would be round in the afternoon, and when he came said if the X-rays were fine, I could get home with Jill in the afternoon. When she arrived I mentioned this to her, and she asked if I'd been X-rayed again. I said, "No". so we asked the nurse for more info. Apparently, the original X-rays had been sent to the radiography department for a final check, and they were very busy with all the weekend's cases. Anyway, within the hour, they'd given it the all-

clear and I was able to go home.

The hospital was an old army barracks, out in the middle of nowhere, with no public transport. But I suppose because of that, it was a bit quieter than a city hospital would have been, and thus it was much easier for the staff to allow Jill to sit by me all day. Food was a bit dodgy on the first day - half cooked cauliflower, poorly reconstituted powder potatoes, packet vegetable soup, soggy fish dressing, cold vegetable goujons, but after a formal complaint the catering manager came round, had a word, and suddenly the food was better. Maybe it was simply that the catering staff are reduced over the weekend, and must rely on pre-packaged products. But certainly, the lunch on Monday was pretty good (for mass catering).



We took the rest of the week off work, and tried to take it easy. After being virtually bed bound for two days, I was keen to be doing things, so took the train through to Shotts to collect our belongings from what remained of the car, a Ford Escort.

It was a bit of a shock, I guess, to see what a mess it was in. The front was fine, the roof slightly buckled, the passenger seat at an angle leaning across towards the driver's. The rear window had gone, and in fact, the boot/hatch section behind me (the point of impact) was missing, crushed up where the other car had gone under, leaving a forty five degree slope to the rear axle. The other car, sitting next to mine, had a similarly angled front end, the slope of the bonnet/engine continuing up the cracked and buckled windscreen. I'm sure both will be write-offs.

With the painter having done his stuff in the hall and living room on the Monday/Tuesday we were able to start unpacking the boxes of books into the bookcases, and start putting pictures up. Then, with the new living room units delivered, we set the hifi and tv up, and moved over the records and CDs into their new homes. Despite it being intended as a relatively quiet week, with so much done by the end, we now feel the house is in a fit state for visitors to see, and for us to be reasonably happy that the bulk of the upheaval is now past.



Looking back on the whole experience, it has been both interesting and disturbing. No matter how good, or careful a driver you may be, there's always going to be someone who's just gone over the edge. I'd been through it before in a pushbike accident I had about 12 years ago, when (I think) the front wheel went into a pothole, buckled, and threw me over the handlebars. In my concussed state I carried the bike three miles home, and, according to my mother, went into a very short repetitive loop of picking up, looking at, then putting down the local paper. Again I have no actual memory of what happened other than what people have told me since.

It was my first night (ever) in a hospital, and despite the moaned about NHS cash cuts, the service, and care shown by most of the staff, was great. The loss of memory is scary - luckily there were enough independent witnesses so that my own recollections are not really needed by the police. But what might have happened had I been in the car alone, and no one else on the scene within seconds of impact?

Coming out of a void, with a gradually restoring memory was also a strange feeling. I could never be sure if a thought or memory was real, or just a fantasy.

And looking forwards to the next few weeks, there'll surely be hassle associated with the various insurance claims - it looks as though the other party **was** insured, which should make things a little easier.

We never did get to see the kitchen designs - it's OK, though, as the money will now be needed to pay for a new car!

Sadly there's not the space to include details of our few days up north. Maybe next time, though by then we'll just be back from a week on the island of Guernsey (*which is why the deadline is pushed back by a week from where it ought to fall*). I'm quite looking forward to that since we're flying out, and it means I don't have to drive there. And even when we're there, it's small enough that I won't have to drive all day just to get somewhere. Maybe I can take it easy on holiday for a change, and relax!

**DEADLINE FOR UTW 12 ORDERS – 1st October 1993**

**(City & Suburban Interim Deadline 10th Sept 1993)**

**(USO Deadline 24th Sept 1993)**