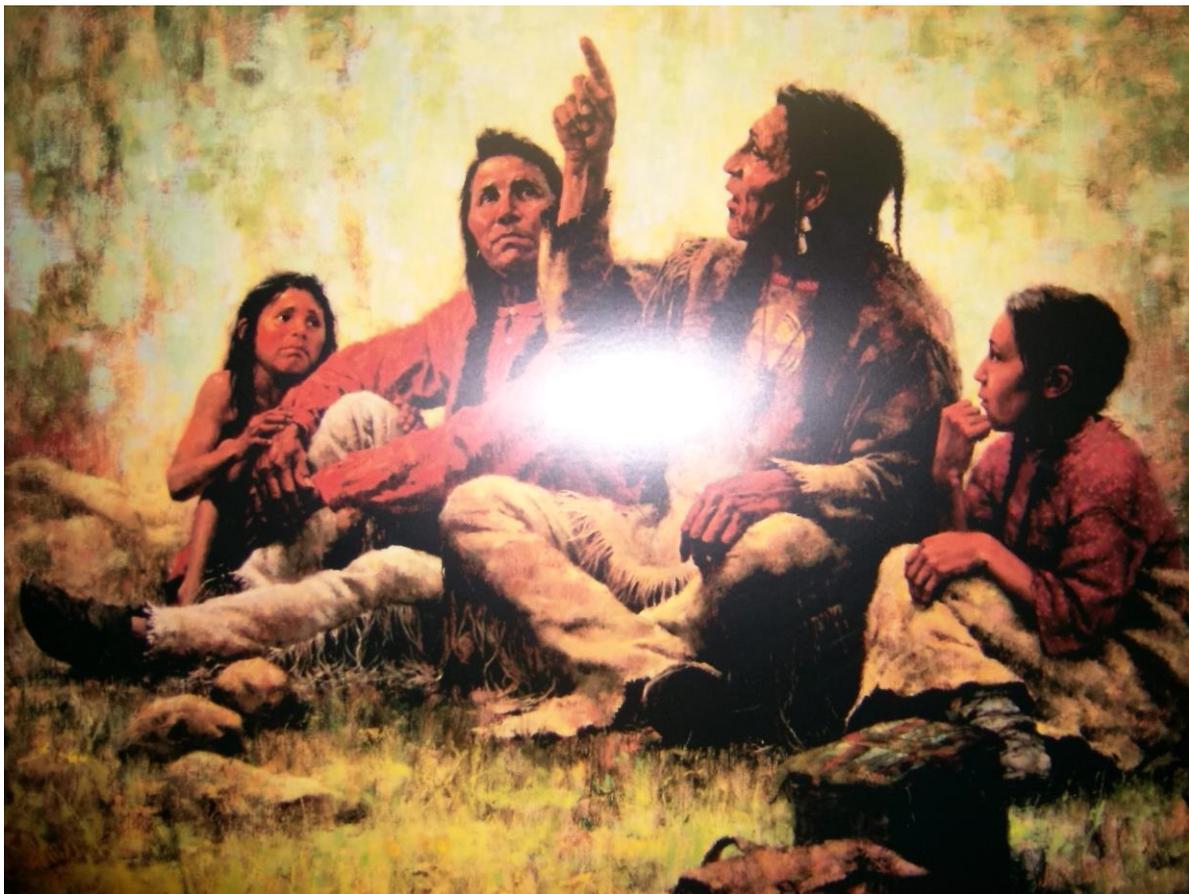


THE LEGEND DETECTIVE

Legends are legends but they hold the truth

The ending of our world.

Imagination is more important than knowledge and the important thing is, not to stop questioning **Albert Einstein.**



The story teller of days gone by.

The ending of our world.

Rather than a foot note, I hereby add a header note, for it came to me on the 29th of July 2017 in an article by the Daily Mail which reported that Mark Zuckerberg co-founder of Facebook and Elon Musk, founder of PayPal are in disagreement, insofar Mark say machines, i.e. computers etc, will enrich mankind, whilst Elon says it will destroy us.

Dear reader, it isn't a case of it will or it won't, it already has, for the fate of billions, rests on a slender thread, a thin thread called electricity. Just 120 years ago my grandmother had just heard of electricity and didn't like it, for she thought, if you forgot to switch it off, it would trickle unseen, all over the floor. She and her mother were brought up on a coal fire and gas lighting whilst her grandmother was brought up on oil lamps, in short if all was switched off, their life would carry on much as it had done for the last 6000 years. So, you see, it doesn't matter about fancy phones or robots, all someone has to do, is cut the cord or rather shut off the electric supply and our world goes back to the stone age. He, that holds the key to electricity, will be the master of the world.

As for enriching us, it will do so by making life easier and in making it easier, makes us lazier, not so much in mind but in body. This wonderful creation of evolution, our bodies, will, within two generations, be so fat and flabby that 40 years olds will be walking with sticks. Beware of machines but be more aware of the stuff that fuels them and that's electricity

No dear readers, it's not the ending of the world, which will soldier on for another billion years but your world, as you know it.

I was on the train from Kidderminster to my Station of Haddenham & Thame 19th of May 2011. There was a young man opposite and one to my right. Whilst over the corridor were two more, all fingering feverishly through their iPods, not for 9 minutes but for 90 minutes. I strongly suspect when sleep overcame them, their fingers would still be at it and just hope they weren't married but then again, I doubt it, for these iPods seemed to be their only life. I looked down the train and they were not alone in their fingering. So, I looked into their eyes and although the train was full, they were alone, it would have taken a roaring lion to have attracted their attention. True they could have been working on things for the following day but my observations indicated this was an exercise in scanning photos, of which Facebook could have been high on their list.

Now having just had an experience of communications with British Gas, discovering the only way to do so was by a recorded messages on their behalf, of which the first message was, 'This conversation is being recorded for quality control, educational purposes and will be passed onto to other agencies', which can be translated into as, don't swear at us due to your frustrations of making contact, for if you do, the agents it will be pass onto, will be the 'Boys in blue'. Next, we hear they're governed by some government agency and do we need Nectar points, all in all, a waste of time, especially as I, an 80 year old, needs all the time he can get in this world before I trot off to the next.

So, we start off our reply, call it a conversation, with the button pressing, of which there were 5 then you have 3 more to choose, then 5 more. Going down this maze of buttons, mine ended up with, 'Sorry we are not able to help you at this time, good bye' and the phone goes dead. Of course, you swear but you're swearing into nothing. So, you try again with another set of numbers only to hear we are suffering from a high rate of calls, please ring back or press 3 and we'll ring you back in 30 minutes. This of course was 3 days ago and no such call ever came.

Now all this ringing by telephone was due to a British Gas maintenance contract I had, on 4 of my flats at Marlow. Here British Gas wrote to me saying, 'Pick a date for their gas safety check visit, to Flat A'. I'd rung them back, via all the things above, when eventually I did speak to a real person, I asked them what time they'd be there, as my tenants worked and couldn't be there, so tell me the time and I would be there, to let their man in. I further suggested to save them time and money, why not do the 4 flats all in one go, which

they liked and would do. So, a date was fixed but with the proviso they could only give a time of between 12 and 6 pm. Nevertheless, I agreed to be there at this time.

True to form I was there at 12 noon and he was there at 12-30. Except he'd only been booked to do one flat. So, he left and I was about to go, when the other chap arrived to another flat and so it went on, one visit after another, except the last visit there were two men. Why I asked, 'Can't they do it in one go, with one man', 'It's the computer mate', came their answer and so there we have it, we have foolishly let the machines in, in our laziness, the age of the machines is upon us. If the computer says 'No' then it's no, the age for reason by man himself is going fast, for this is not an isolated case. Try contacting your electricity supplier, your water supplier and any of the big firms and you'll be greeted in exactly the same way, 'Your message is being recorded for quality control etc'. These firms are like Dinosaurs, you speak to their rear and 4 days later, your message gets to their brain. In the meantime, the computer is sending out letters demanding you make contact or else.

Now I was putting on two new gas supplies to properties and have to go through National Grid which is easier due to the fewer calls they receive. Yet even now the computer runs their lives. To get these two supplies, was going to cost £275 each, which I paid for with my credit card, thereby saving time and postage. I was also told I'd be contacted within 14 days and 14 days later there was no contact, so I rang to discover my payment had been rejected by the computer at the bank which had informed National Grid's computer, which failed to inform me or the personnel at National Grid.. So, there it would have stayed, if I, a human, hadn't rung them. In my conversation to a real person at National Grid, I joked about these computers being fond of saying 'No'. She agreed and with a chuckle said she would put me through on a new telephone system they'd just installed, directly to, The top Man himself. Dear computer, dear telephone, can I be allowed to tear my hair, for as soon as she tried to connect me, the telephone went blank, leaving me, this rapidly balding man, to start all over again, with that button pressing business.

But then again there is good news, for I was in Abergavenny, drawing out £300 from one of those cash in the wall machines. Some weeks later I got my credit card statement and see that the computer had of course deducted £300, then promptly credited my account back with the said £300 plus the fees to take it out. If it wasn't for the fact that a month had passed by and Abergavenny was some 200 miles away, this computer called me, would have returned to try the system again. Which brings up the question of, how many computers would have thought of that?

Now logic says, the more times a situation is handled, the more times there is room for error. Consequently, as I buy all my materials via my credit card, I notice a few transactions don't all go onto my statement, whether it be the merchant has lost my slip or the computer had a twitch and erased it, all I know is I haven't been charged for it. So here again, it is the computer, who is in control?

But how come this is the end of the world? Well the world will always soldier on, it will be man who sees the end of his world. Man has lost the ability to survive, he leaves it to machines and if the computer says 'No', he's left fingering his iPod with not a clue as to what to do next. Give it 50 years, in the life time of my grandchildren and without a computer to wipe their noses, will result in them having a runny nose, for they will be lost without computer guidance on how to do it.

Worse still, if the computer says 'No' to the electric suppliers, then the generators or pumps won't start up and our world comes to an end, as automatic doors refuse to open to our hunting ground, our supermarkets. Petrol pumps will refuse to pump, no central heating, no lights, no TV and so lots of sex in the dark. Why even the electric London Underground

won't work but that's nothing, the Thames Barrier won't operate. It won't open or close, because it needs electricity to close those great dams. So, if it doesn't close and when the tide, the barometer and the winds are right, the North Sea will come rolling in and the first place it will rush into, will be our much below the water line, the London Underground. But then again, the great barrier may have risen but will it lower, for we must not forget our Father Thames. Water will still be coming in from the Cotswolds, millions of gallons by the minute, rushing down to London's fair city. But the barriers won't go down, so our dear Father Thames will overflow its bank and once again, downhill it must go, to the Underground rail system.

However, if this lack of electricity continues more than 3 days, then hunger will drive us forth from our warm beds and man will find he has to start off all over again, just as our ancestors, those hunter gatherers did, 4000 years ago.

For me, this is no great problem for I can do my mathematical calculations in my head, I can read, write and even ride a motorbike. I can make a hut, I can make a fire, hunt and cook my rabbit. I know good water from bad, but by the time the computer says 'No', I will have gone into eternity and as Odysseus said to the Cyclopes, 'Kill me and you'll never know the knowledge I hold in my head'.

But there is even worse to come. Remember when your grandparents told you of their experiences, their knowledge, as did your parents. Remember how you were taught at school, how you had to remember and in remembering passed it on to your children. Why did they do this? They did it because they knew they were going to die and they'd got to download it to their future as best they could. But give it a generation of two and this won't happen, because the computer will have it all in its memory banks, and as computers can almost live forever, your parents and grandparents advise cum knowledge that should reside in your will dissipate as the morning mist in the rising sun. Because each generation will now rely solely on that computer. You want to make bread, so the computer will tell you, but it probably won't bother to, as it will relieve you of that chore and make it for you. So, you see there is no need to remember, if you want to know something, the computer will do it and you will learn to put your trust in it. There's no need to remember 3 times 3, which makes 9, for the computer can do it and after a generation or two, you'll probably not know what Nine stands for. As for trust I trust nothing but my brain and my right arm this maths business I can do quite well in a machine that resides in my head. So, there we have it, the slippery slope, there will be no need to remember, for the information will always be available, that is, until the computer says, 'No'.

When I think back to 1982 when I sold some timber to a young man, armed with his pocket calculator, for he couldn't do his maths in his head. Here I was charging £7 a foot and we measured up some 156 ft. This he entered into his calculator, but I could see this was going to be an easy sale, so I said, 'Don't forget to add on the VAT, which he did. Then a light came on in his head and he said, if I pay cash, (which I was after, not a cheque) will you knock off the VAT. This I agreed and so he fingered his calculator again and came up with a figure. I was astounded, for it was greater than the previous figure and I instantly knew he'd not deducted the VAT but added it on again. So you see, his computer was correct, it was his finger which was wrong as well as his brain, for the first question he should have asked himself was, should it be more or should it be less. So here is something the computer can't do. It can't ask him, can't question his findings. Here he was, totally relying on what the calculator showed, he didn't question it and there's the danger for future generations. As for me, who instantly worked it out within my little grey cells, it was a bonus, for it was indeed more.

These wonderful computing machines, that can do everything except apologize. It was on Thursday the 28th of July 2011. I was in Lloyd's bank's very full car park, with a dead end at the rear of the bank. In drove a very big car, the window went down, the driver asked me where was Dunn & Bradstreet's offices. As there was nothing to indicate there were offices in this car park, my computer in my head said, 'No'. 'But this is where my Sat Nav as brought me', mumbled my questioning driver, giving the said object a hard blow with his hand, once known as the Russian spanner. 'What's their address', I asked. He didn't know, as he entered it in to this, his navigator, then forgotten it. Consequently, his Sat Nav had decided to bring him here and his destiny of meeting me. So, he was lost but was he, for he delved into his bag and low and behold, up came an iPod and the fingering began and continued interspersed with at least three sorries, to which I couldn't restrain myself from saying, 'Sorry it's a form of weakness'. There was no reply, for the fingering wasn't over. It was his mumbling of, he couldn't understand it, that prompted me to remember this adventure, for he'd put Park Street into his Sat Nav machine, to which this instrument had got him into this very full car park. So full, I doubt a Sat Nav could get him out. Then with a burst of enlightenment his iPod revealed all. The address he should have put in to his Sat Nav was Marlow Business Park. He thanked me as I gave him the old-fashioned directions. Then looking up from that instrument of the devil, his face fell, for his big impressive car wasn't going anywhere, unless it could be turned around, which it couldn't. Computer or no computer, I knew what the next question would be and I was right. Smiling he asked, 'Can you help me get out'. So, with the aid on my computer, which sits within my head, we got him out and with a cheery wave and not a penny in my pocket, he was away. Yes, I thought, not only can computers say, 'No', they can also get you lost.

But I am not the first to be thinking this, for wasn't there a film, Terminator, where the computers took over. This was not a case of the computer saying 'No'. This was where computers controlled machines, to eradicate a certain pest, a virus, that like rats multiplied and multiplied, and that pest was us. It was a good film, for those who thought.

So, I beg you, my children of the future, teach your children everything, from how mathematical figures work, how to write, how to read. Teach them the outdoor experiences of life, teach them how to survive by man's natural abilities, honed to perfection by millions of years of evolution, for it's coming, the Stone Age is coming.

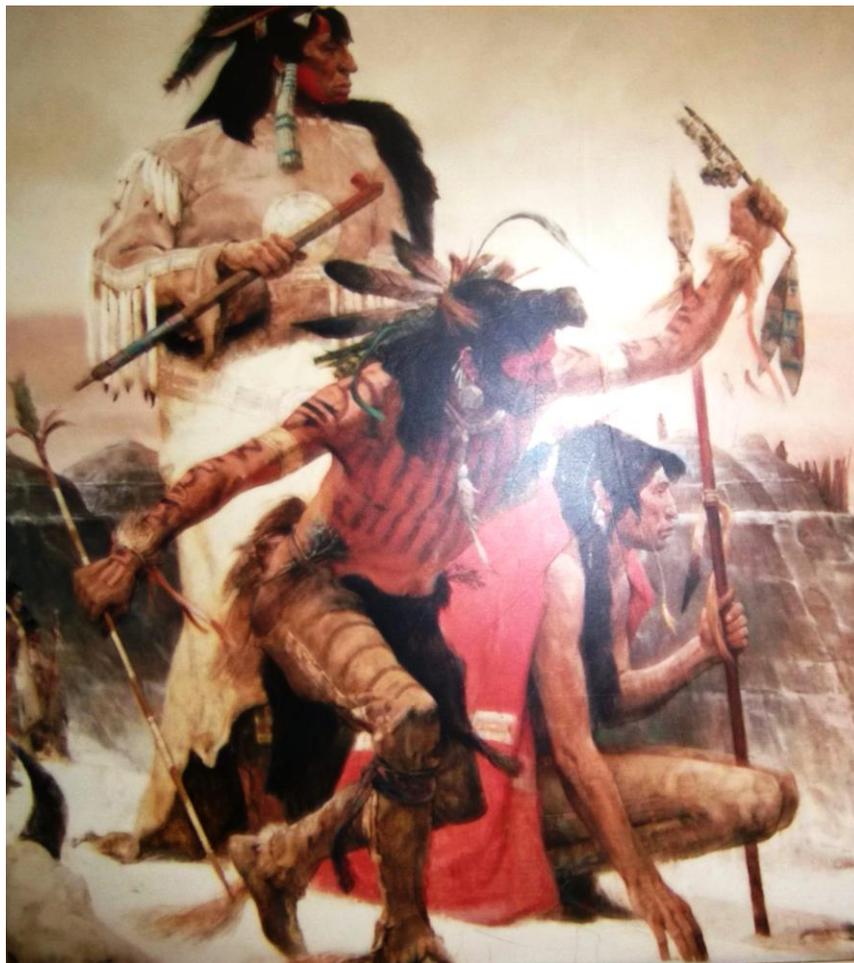
Coming quicker than I think, for now they have evolved a mobile phone than can organise your lives, that at a switch of some button, your future is made, except that button is the slimmest and weakest of life lines, the continual want of electricity, be it battery or mains, it is this by which your future hangs. God help you my children, for God only helps them who helps themselves.

But my grandson Oliver came up with the solution. Solar power Granddad he exclaimed. Sorry dear heart but if a power cut takes place the solar energy that you may collect from your solar panels cuts out immediately, for the simple fact you can't have electricity flowing down the lines when the linesman goes to repair the fault. Likewise, solar panels only work in the day time. For this to work you need to have solar panels directly to your computer and how many of us have done this. Either way it still doesn't get the freezer to work or the petrol pump to make the juice to flow.

Now we read that China and the USA are getting fusty with each other and have devised ways where their computers can enter the others. This reminds me of that film Independence Day, where the Alien invaders were getting the best of mankind, until we thought of introducing a computer virus into the Aliens computer system. So, what happens if, as is already happening, that an aggressive warlike nation, does just this to our computers,

a virus that tells our computers to say 'No'. Worse still is your freedom, that freedom of, 'Wee Wallace', fame, which was never great at the best of times but now is even less, for he or she who can control your electricity generator, controls you and your nation.

Only a week ago my bank couldn't do a bank transfer, due to a 'Glitch in the system. Three days ago, BA's computer went down and stranded people for 3 days at the airport. Whiz kids are hacking computers for your money, so how long before they think of higher things. Could there be a worse scenario? What of solar flares, the same solar energy that batters our planet every second of the day, the same energy that gives us our Northern and Southern lights. Nobody in the last 200 years knows what could happen, because electricity wasn't around 200 years ago. Could we have a freak high-powered burst that just neutralizes the earth's magnetic field, so that electricity could be off for a week, a month or even 6 months.



The guardians of the camp

Of course, I hear someone say, this is nonsense but then there's not many of you who remember the things we 82 years olds remember. Yes, I am a story teller of the days gone by. I remember when food was as scarce as the hairs on a bald man's head. I remember when young and old became the mighty hunters. This was no electric power cut, this was the U-boat cut. The year is 1940 and German U-boats were sinking ships faster than we could build them, ships bringing food to Britain, for we could not support our populous from our own farming industry. Kidderminster and the great Wyre forest, where Deer, if not Antelope played. Habberley Valley, and the Rifle Range, home to pheasants, partridge and rabbits, the

River Severn for eels and our fish. How lucky we were to have our own happy hunting ground and every boy over 8, a poacher. So, goes the song of the Lincolnshire Poacher, *'Till I took up to poaching as you will shortly here, for it was my delight on a shiny night in the season of the year'*.

But this was still not enough. My Bennett Street school, turned its playground into gardens, with not a flower in sight. The grass verges to Marlpool Lane, were turned into vegetable plots, each street setting up its own sentries to protect their labours from the marauding night raiders, from other streets. Inter street war was only averted, because we were already at war.

The guardians of the camp. Now some will say, 'So I can't go a hunting but I know a man who can', and he probably will, for a price, until he realises you can't eat money, pound coins are hard to chew and so naturally he takes your money and goes to bank it, only to find he can't, because the computers aren't working. Money as now become, 'Not worth a lot'. If electricity is off for a month, then money will be useless and only barter will do. Barter which involves food, petrol, cigarettes and dare I suggest it, women, all worth more than Gold.



The great buffalo herds before the white man arrived.

So now we have those who have and those who have not. We also have a police force that can't do a lot. It is the perfect situation for left and anarchy to thrive because now is the time for him who dares and when your hungry those who once dared not will dare.

What will they dare? To survive you need shelter, which although lifeless without electricity, you already have. Water is not so pressing in a land where rain is more plentiful than Sun. It will be food we all need and there in the countryside you'll find sheep in the meadows and cows in the corn. Imagine no electricity, the cows in these vast milking

parlours cannot be milked. Hens can lay but they can't be collected. Farmers won't be able to feed their herds or flocks. Cows, with swollen udders, will be lowing out in agony, the only recourse is to turn them loose. Now they are prime for the cattle rustlers unless you have guardians of your farms. Guardians soon become war bands, doing unto others what was done to them and from war bands to armies, armed with spears and bows.

Talking of rustling haven't we just given control, to these iPods? Would I be wrong in saying, a good hacker, the rustler can enter into your very soul, your iPod, where you keep all your memories and banking details? In the olden days, you saw your crook coming, now you don't, one minute your bank manager is friendly, the next he wants to know when you'll pay the bank back, as your now in debt. All gone, in a twinkling of an eye, because these computer machines make it so easy, so easy there's no need for you to use your brain.

Yes, I could and can make my bow, my flint tipped and pigeon fledged arrows, I could set my snares for rabbits and baited fish hooks for pheasants, whilst my mate Derek Poulton, could tickle trout, down in that stream which ran through the Foxholes. Hungry days they were, but healthy active days, for we were all now living with a purpose.

I remember those brave days of old, before Health and Safety took away the spunk of youth. Was it not said, *'To every man upon this earth, death comes soon or late but what better way of dying than facing fearful odds, for the ashes of your fathers and the temples of your Gods'*.



The brave days of old

Boys have got to be adventurous, they have to take risks, they're going to get hurt but the amount of risks they take and the amount of pain they get, is governed by what their parents can teach them. When Health and Safety governs your life to be risk free, then parents leave it the H&S to protect them, then when the risk does arrive, as it always will, simply because we've never experience it. Besides when you fall into the swollen river, will that body called H&S, spring in to save you? The world will never be risk free so start taking calculated risks and learn from it.

I was watching a young boy slamming the door to and fro. I informed his mother that he was going to get his hand caught. She replied, 'He'll only do it once'. How right, how Spartan, he'll hurt his hand but he most certainly will learn. Nature didn't give us pain for us to forget how we got it.

Whilst climbing trees, playing at Congers, making camps and fires, tobogganing, scrumping, mushrooming, chestnuting, blackberrying and fireworks, were all part of your seasons. I remember pulling a girl out of the Wolverley canal lock c 1948, after she'd gone down for the second time. I was sweet 14, but I knew what needed doing, as I lay down thrusting my arm down into the depths so has to grasp her hair, whilst she looked up at me with wide open eyes, then on returning to the air, blew snot all over me as her lungs burst free. Oh dear, what would H&S have advised? Call the police, when she only had 30 seconds of air left. Call the special police, as they did in Wigan, for a child in a pond, only for these stalwarts of the law to retort, they couldn't, because it was against Health & Safety.

As for schooling, you learned or you didn't, depending on your parents and teachers, whilst bullying, you sorted this out yourself. No amount of H&S can make you the man and when the need arises, it will be men who will stand fast in the front rank and step forward when the bugle blows.



The gathering, the Pow Wow

But those war years of want did bring the people together and yes horses came back into fashion and at five, I too could mount up. As for our dogs, both big and small,

became the poacher's friend and probably the happiest and healthiest hounds within the land. So you see in my picture above if this lack of electricity goes on and on then their will be the gatherings again. The people must come together, at least annually, just as these Native Americans did. For although wanders of the great plains they needed to pass on their genes, here at these Pow Wows the young boys danced and the young girls strutted, whilst the old introduced new ideas or discussed their adventures or the passing of friends. So important was this that when the white settlers moved out the Red Man, they too suffered the same dilemma, of how to pass on your genes, when your nearest neighbour was miles away. What did they do? They created the Barn Dance, where families brought their children to meet another. It may not have been love at first sight but it was the only chance they were going to get, in this game called 'Go forth and multiply'.

So, what's all this got to do with mobile phones and computer? Let me put it this way. Some 400,000 years ago, we learned to throw stones, this was the old Stone age. This lasted until about 30,000 years ago, when we started to make stones into tools, the middle stone age. 4000 years ago, we polished and formed those stone, this we called the new stone age. Then things started to speed up as 1000 years later we entered the Bronze age, then 1000 years later still the iron age. By now we'd learned the trick that we could kill each other in great numbers. 1000 years later Empires were being built, So, here we are, at the beginning of the Christian era, 2000 years ago and 1500 years ago, we were entering the Industrial revolution. The age when killing our fellow men, became an art of who could kill the most the quickest.

So here we are 1700 AD, and by 1901 AD we had taken to the air. By 1969 we were dancing on the Moon and 10 years ago we had robots working and thinking for us. Dear reader, can't you see it's all getting faster, just think what can happen in your life time.

I trust you can see what I mean. Like it or not, we are progressing so fast we are forgetting where we came from, we are forgetting everything, how to write, spell, do mathematics, converse, and be sociable. We're come so far forward we're giving up our lives to a computer. We can still go hunting but now it's to our super markets, by computer. Children needn't get wet or cold when fishing, because they can do it on a computer, but can they put a worm on the hook or skin a rabbit?

Does it matter now, of course not, but what about tomorrow, tomorrow when the computer says 'No'. Then you'll need to know and you'll need to know fast.

So gentle parents, teach your children the ways of your fathers, then they in turn, can pass on what they know onto theirs. So, when that time comes, the ones that have thought, can at least make themselves a hut, a fire, find water and catch their next meal. Even be able to converse with the girl in the next hut and believe me, if he's achieved this and got this, she'll definitely want to converse with him, be he old, fat, ugly or not.

Now we read that China and the USA are getting fusty with each other and have devised ways where their computers can enter those of the others. This reminds me of that great film Independence Day, where the Alien invaders were getting the best of mankind, until we thought of introducing a computer virus into the Aliens computer system. So, what happens if, as is already happening with computer failure in 2017 with Brit Airways and the NHS that an aggressive warlike nation does just this to our computers. A virus that tells our computers to say 'No'

Worse still is your freedom, that freedom of, 'Wee Wallace'; fame, which was never great at the best of times but now is even less, for he or she that can control your electricity generator, controls you and your nation. Could there be a worse scenario? What of solar flares, the same solar energy that batters our planet every second of the day. The same energy that gives us our Northern and Southern lights. Nobody in the last 150 years knows what could happen, because electricity wasn't around 150 years ago. Could we have a freak high-

power burst, that just neutralizes the earth's magnetic field that electricity could be off for a week, a month or a year. If that happens, you, who have given up your old-fashioned way of learning, are now devoid of knowledge, you can't even make a bow and arrow and therefore can't go a hunting. If this is to happen then the end of your world is nigh. So, who will be the top dog of industry and banking? Who will be the big boys we go to for help? It will most likely be the Kalahari Bushman.

Don Cox
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