

Summary

The Luckiest Man in the World

Account by:	Unknown. Staff reporter.
Source:	Al Jazeera.
Location:	Cairo, Egypt.
Event:	8 May 2024.
Report:	11 May 2024.

Report

'Luckiest man in the world' dies in freak accident

Cairo resident Bassam Masih's good fortune finally runs out.

11 May 2024

Bassam Masih, a taxi driver in Cairo, had more lives than the proverbial cat. Born in Luxor in 1964, he was the youngest of five children. Almost immediately, a glimpse of what was to come

occurred when a wiring fault in the hospital electrocuted his father while he was proudly holding the baby Bassam in his arms; the shock killed Mr Masih outright, but Bassam survived unscathed.

At age six, the young Bassam was playing with schoolfriends in the street when a driver of a tourist bus momentarily lost control and careered into the group. One child was seriously injured and three others needed extended hospital treatment, but Bassam was able to walk home as if nothing had happened.

In his early teens, Bassam attended his sister's wedding at which there were fireworks. A wayward, powerful rocket exploded among the well-wishers, blinding one man and resulting in third-degree burns to three others and second-degree burns to a dozen more. Bassam, who was close to the centre of the blast, only suffered minor damage to his outfit (which the hire company generously overlooked).

One of Mr Masih's most remarkable brushes with death occurred during his period of national service. As a military driver, he was waiting in an M151 utility truck outside a command tent during a live-ammunition training exercise when a fellow conscript accidentally misfired a rocket-propelled grenade in his direction. It struck the unarmoured

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vehicle and blew it to pieces. Observers expected that Mr Masih must also have been blown to pieces, but instead the explosion threw him into the cargo bed of a passing aggregates truck and he was found two hours later at Gebel el-Silsila.

After leaving the army, Mr Masih moved to Cairo. Further close shaves followed. During the 1992 earthquake, his apartment building collapsed killing four people and injuring many more – but not Mr Masih. Two years later, he was visiting his aunt and uncle back in Luxor when devastating flash floods swept away their house, drowning his dog and leaving one of his cousins with concussion. On the flight back to Cairo, one of the windows of the Boeing 767 he was aboard was blown out during heavy turbulence, causing the passenger sitting next to Mr Masih to lose his glasses, false teeth and hearing aid.

In 2005, Mr Masih was on vacation in Sharm El Sheikh during the terrorist bomb attacks but slept through them. In 2008, his taxi was hit by a tractor, injuring his passenger but not Mr Masih himself. Three years later, at a visit to Giza zoo, he fought off an attack by an escaped Nile crocodile. Six months after that, a swarm of bees invaded the café where he was having lunch, repeatedly stinging everyone present except Mr Masih. In 2018, he was one of only four customers of a food

cart who didn't suffer from food poisoning after eating contaminated liver (over a hundred other people were affected and needed treatment with antibiotics).

Out of luck

Unfortunately, Mr Masih's extraordinarily charmed life ended on Wednesday, when a rooftop water tank broke free of its mountings and rolled off onto the street below just as Mr Masih was walking past after partaking of his morning coffee. He was killed instantly.

Some witnesses claim that they saw a white-haired man wearing a loose cotton suit looking from the roof moments after the event, but police were quick on the scene. Their investigation soon established that no-one matching this description was present in the building nor had exited it before their arrival. Mr Masih's death was therefore declared to be an accident.

Mr Masih often quipped that he was either the luckiest man alive for avoiding tragedy or the unluckiest man alive for being subject to tragedy in the first place. It would seem that he now finally has his answer.

SOURCE: AL JAZEERA

Notes

This report appeared on Al Jazeera's English-language web site but not on those in other languages.

Matter 32

Summary

Undisclosed Location

Account by:	Sarah Lakeside, 36. Recess teacher.
Source:	TV news report.
Location:	Shields Valley, Montana.
Event:	8 May 2024.
Report:	9 May 2024.

Report

Anchor: Maxine Trough (MT).
Reporter: Bailey Macclesfield (BM).
Interviewee: Sarah Lakeside (SL).

MT: Our next report concerns a bizarre incident that took place yesterday at an elementary school in an undisclosed location. Our reporter Bailey Macclesfield is live on the scene. So Bailey, why is the location undisclosed?

BM: Hi Maxine, well, the local sheriff requested that we didn't identify where the incident took place because of concerns that, I quote, "legions of

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Tik-Tokkers might descend on the area and exceed the capacity of law enforcement to protect the public”.

MT: Surely the public has a right to know, though?

BM: The sheriff assured me there’s nothing about that in the Constitution. Besides, once you’ve heard what happened, it does seem a reasonable request.

MT: So, fill us in.

BM: I’m about to. I have with me Sarah Lakeside, who’s a recess teacher at the elementary school in question and was there when events unfolded. Sarah, can you tell the viewers about the incident in your own words?

SL: Well it was all very strange. It began when three excited Indian women approached the schoolyard during recess.

BM: You mean Native American women.

SL: No, I mean women from India, the country. They spoke with British accents and were dressed, well, I took a photograph, I think you have it?
(photograph displays on screen)

BM: They look as if they should be in a church choir.

SL: They didn’t appear dangerous, I mean even in this part of Montana we’re all aware of the security dangers facing schools today, but I don’t think women do the shootings, do they?

BM: So you let these three get close.

SL: I couldn't really stop them. They came through the school gates and zoned in on a little boy – I shouldn't give you his name for privacy reasons – then pointed at him as if he was some kind of celebrity.

BM: Weren't the gates locked?

SL: Yes, you have to buzz to be admitted, but that didn't seem to stop them, they just waltzed right in.

BM: Was the little boy frightened?

SL: Not at all, none of the children were, he was more curious than anything, they were quite the sight. He stopped playing ball with his friends and watched as the women approached.

BM: What happened next?

SL: The women asked his name then began asking weird questions on oddball topics, like is the size of raindrops good? I tried to intervene but they ignored me, it was as if I were of no more importance than a squirrel or a crow or something.

BM: Did you call the School Resource Officer?

SL: I didn't need to, he saw what was going on and came right over, he's very professional, he takes his job seriously.

BM: So he managed to remove the women?

SL: Not really, he tried to usher them away but he couldn't control them, they came back or changed direction. You know what it reminded me of? Walking through foliage. They regarded him as some kind of natural obstacle of no consequence that they could just ignore as they passed by.

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BM: Did he take out his firearm?

SL: After a minute or so, but it might as well have been a hair dryer for all the difference it made. The women were taking it in turns to stand next to the young boy, smiling into space as if they were taking selfies, except they didn't have a camera.

BM: And the boy, he just took all this in his stride?

SL: I think he was enjoying the attention. His mother's a single parent, he doesn't have any brothers or sisters, so this must have felt empowering from his perspective.

BM: Do you think the women might have been paid to treat him like a movie star?

SL: No. You see, these three women were just the first. It turned out there were more of them, like maybe twenty, twenty-five or so. I didn't see where they came from, but they walked right through the gates and made straight for the boy.

BM: Were all these women from India, too?

SL: Some were men, but they mainly women. It was hard to tell, they were all dressed the same, like monks or something. They all spoke with British accents.

BM: That's, wild.

SL: I know, right? There was nothing we could do to stop them, they were too numerous. We tried to protect the boy, but truth be told, we weren't sure what we were protecting him from, I mean

none of these people were fixing to harm him, they just wanted their selfies or whatever they were and to ask him peculiar questions.

BM: Can you give some examples of the kind of thing they wanted to know?

SL: Sure. Does he like his skin? Where does he keep his food? Is one moon enough? Can he see into the future? Why is his hair yellow? Are bees too heavy? I mean, they asked a ton of questions like that. Oh, are mammoths real? That was one of my favourites.

BM: So how did you persuade them to leave?

SL: Don't you want to know about the gifts?

BM: They gave him gifts?

SL: Yes, all kinds of things. Old-style wooden toys, green candy, tiny little animals – rabbits, kitties he could hold in the palm of his hand – metal clickers with pictures of whatever he pointed at on them. Oh, and gold coins!

BM: Actual gold coins?

SL: Well they were blank discs, but they were the size of coins. The sheriff took them, I think a court of law will have to decide on their future.

BM: Does he still have the little animals?

SL: No, he let them go.

BM: Let them – they were alive?

SL: Yes, they were the cutest things! I have a video, I can send it to you.

BM: Yes please, if you would. Did the little boy eat the green candy?

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SL: No, he didn't like the look of it. His friends made short work of it, though.

BM: This is ... well I don't think I've covered anything like this before. Did any more of these people from India show up?

SL: Not so far, no. What happened was that recess ended and the little boy said he had to go to class now. The Indians were following him, but he told them please not to – he's very polite, very well brought-up – so they stopped. They left the school grounds and headed for the highway, they must have had a bus waiting for them or something.

BM: That was it? That's how it ended? No violence? No drama?

SL: Isn't that a good thing?

BM: Er, yes, yes, of course, I just wanted to make sure that everyone was safe, no long-lasting effects.

SL: We're good. It was a little disconcerting at the time, but there was no harm done. The kids are completely over it. The clickers can be annoying, I have to confess, but they'll soon grow tired of them.

BM: Great to hear that, Sarah, and thank you so much for sharing your story with us. This is Bailey Macclesfield, KBZK News, at an undisclosed location.

MT: Thank you, Bailey. That really is freaky. ...

Notes

The Clovis culture thrived some 12,000 years ago in the Americas. In 1961, the only human remains yet found of an individual from this culture were uncovered less than a mile southeast of the unincorporated community of Wilsall, Montana.

Matter 33

Summary

Camping in Glencoe

Account by:	Valerie Buchanan, 51. Cook.
Source:	The Waking Dead cache.
Location:	Glencoe, Scotland.
Event:	9 May 2024.
Report:	15 May 2024.

Report



Valerie Buchanan



18 May 2024 at 17:02 · 🗣️

I'm very reticent to post this, because if any of my friends were to read my story they'd think I'd lost it. However, what happened to me shares similarities with what others have written here, so I felt I should present the details in case it helps someone work out what on Earth is going on.

This incident took place on Thursday 9th in Glencoe in the Highlands, where my husband and I

were on a camping holiday. It involved two men and a woman, all three of whom looked to hail from either North Africa, the Middle East or perhaps India. Each one wore a long, flowing gown. From this description alone, you can perhaps appreciate why I thought it important to overcome my reservations and go public.

Before I describe what happened, I'll mention two other people who had major parts to play: Pabst and Ellis. These young women were travelling together in a camper van, but were not exactly what you'd call carefree spirits. Pabst was German or perhaps Austrian and Ellis was English, a southerner but not from London. They only ever called each other Pabst and Ellis, which to me sound like surnames. I don't know what their relationship was, but I'm not one to judge.

The sequence of events began at around four o'clock, as folks were beginning to return from their day trips and new campers were arriving. I'd estimate that somewhere between ten and twenty people were around at the time.

Everything kicked off when a slick, black car crossed the bridge into the campsite and parked right in the middle of the open space that everyone instinctively keeps clear so their fellow campers can get their vehicles in and out. This act didn't amuse any of us, but things took a shocking turn

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for the worse when the three robe-wearers emerged from their transport: they were all toting Kalashnikov assault rifles – instantly recognisable from their distinctive, curved magazines.

Immediately, people scattered. My husband and I hid behind our Fiesta, hoping that no stray bullets would hit its fuel tank. We were to the back of and to the left of the three robe-wearers, so I peeked over the bonnet to see what was going on – we might have had to make a run for it.

One of the men drank something from a small bottle then looked around. He pointed in the direction of Pabst and Ellis. The two women seemed to be expecting this, but looked more annoyed than frightened. Ellis stood up and told them to – pardon my language – fuck off back to where they came from. Pabst, meanwhile, was edging away, towards their camper van.

The robed woman directed her weapon at Ellis and fired, but had so little control over it that she hit one of the men instead, in the arm. He cursed and dropped his own gun, while the other man – the one who had pointed at Ellis – reached into the air and produced something, I couldn't make out what, like a magician doing a card trick.

Immediately, Pabst – who must have been ten yards away – sprinted forward and threw herself onto him, grabbing his arm, the one holding the whatever-it-was, as she did so. He was completely taken by surprise, and although he also fired his Kalashnikov he had no better idea of how to handle it than had his colleague, and hit only the ground.

Pabst must have been some kind of martial arts expert. She soon had the object out of the man's hand and was standing on his throat while she karate-chopped at the other man as he tried to retrieve his weapon.

Ellis was now crouched, head down, with her back to the action. The remaining robe-wearer, the woman, opened up with a sustained burst of fire that sprayed wildly all over the place. She hit her colleague again, but she also hit Ellis a good few times, too.

And ... she hit me. Well, a ricochet hit me, I don't know what it came off. My husband told me later that he thought it had struck me in the temple, but I wasn't aware of it. I was sitting up in my sleeping bag in our tent, looking at the same scene as before but from a different angle.

The robed man who had also been hit – now how can I describe this – disappeared in a cloud of slowly-rising lights of different, changing colours.

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Pabst was now holding a knife, she must have pulled it from somewhere while I was dead. She stuck it into the robe-woman's neck. Blood spurted out, then the woman also disappeared, in a similar cloud of lights.

Next, the man whose throat Pabst was standing on disappeared as well, but without the lights. Pabst nearly fell when he did this – she hadn't been expecting it.

Ellis was standing now. "Noobs", she said, or something like that.

"You are OK?" asked Pabst.

"Yeah, another shirt ruined. Did you get it?" She sounded hopeful.

"I did." Pabst was almost happy when she said this.

People were beginning to emerge from cover now.

"What the hell happened?" a man in faded jeans demanded to know.

"Just another tiresome attempt to kill me", replied Ellis. "I'm fine, I'm wearing a bullet-proof vest."

"You were amazing!" said a young girl, addressing Pabst.

"We have to move", said Pabst to Ellis. "That one logged off, he could be back any minute."

I know it's weird, but I'm pretty sure it's what she said.

"How'd they find us?" asked Ellis, as she started to collect their things. "A tip-off?"

The man in faded jeans became assertive. "Wait, you knew there were people after you?"

Pabst ignored him and joined Ellis in packing up their things. "There are no ancient sites for tens of kilometres, they must have driven here."

I don't recall exactly what Ellis said next because her sentences were fragmentary, but she basically concluded that the car was a Tesla and the robe-people had made it self-drive because they were too incompetent to drive it themselves.

"You endangered our lives by coming here", said the man in the faded jeans, angrily. "My wife and kids are – "

"Grab yourself an AK-47 if you're that worried", said Ellis.

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"What? You're leaving them here?"

Ellis shrugged. "They're not ours, I only have a licence for a shotgun."

"Ready", said Pabst as she put the final fold-away chair back into their camper van. "I think that is everything." She inspected a bullet-hole in the side of the vehicle that was close to one of the rear tyres.

"I'd better drive us out, that Tesla's going to be tricky to get past."

"You're not going anywhere" said the man in the faded jeans. "That Kraut just killed a woman, and we want answers."

Pabst treated him to a look of contempt, but said nothing as she walked to the front of the camper van and climbed into the passenger seat.

The man positioned himself in front of them, blocking the way.

"You know that tents aren't van-proof, don't you?" asked Ellis, opening the driver's-side door. "Which is yours?"

He hesitated, then moved aside.

"The police will hear of this", he said, taking out his phone and ostentatiously taking a snap.

"I'm sure they'll believe your account", replied Ellis, drily.

She started up the camper van, edged it round the Tesla, then drove over the bridge and turned left.

"We'd better go too", said my husband. "There's another site a couple of miles down the road, we can pitch there."

I was about to object, because decamping is an effort and I quite liked where we were, but I saw other families also concluding that moving out was the prudent thing to do, so I changed my mind.

Well, that's my story. I don't know if anyone can make much sense of it, but if I'd kept it to myself then for sure no-one would.

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Mark Cranshaw

Thanks – lots of food for thought there.
Robed people from the Middle East
definitely can't be a coincidence.

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Notes

The Tesla was reported stolen from a pub car park in Kilmartin, some sixty miles south-southwest of Glencoe. There are many neolithic sites in that vicinity.

Matter 34

Summary

Gig

Account by:	Ben King, 29. Stand-up comic.
Source:	Youtube transcript.
Location:	Birmingham to Glasgow.
Event:	9 May 2024.
Report:	10 May 2024.

Report

Hi, good evening, it's great to be here in Glasgow – and that isn't a platitude, it would be great to be anywhere that wasn't the train that I took to get here.

(polite laughter)

OK, so I'm from Birmingham, the only city in the UK that's larger than Glasgow. We ignore London, because London ignores us.

(polite laughter)

Trains are slower than aircraft, more expensive, more likely to be late, more prone to strikes, but I

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took one all the same because. ... I should have flown, shouldn't I?

(polite laughter)

Ah, no, I remember, I came by train because trains allow luggage to be larger than a biscuit tin and to weigh more than a pigeon.

(laughter)

So the train wasn't busy, because few people from either Birmingham or Glasgow want to go to the other place,

(polite laughter)

and I nabbed myself one of those sections with a table. I had it all to myself, nice window seat so I could look out and see the arsehole of every town and city we passed through.

(polite laughter)

I was thinking, I could have a kip here, this isn't bad, all things considered, it could be worse. So I nodded off.

That's when it got worse.

(polite laughter)

This bloke sat down next to me. Not opposite, where both the seats were free, but next to me. Unless I could punch my way through the window – and believe me, later on I would have done so if I could have – I was trapped.

(polite laughter)

I glanced at him with that faint look of disapproval that the English adopt while they're deciding whether someone who's just made a social *faux pas* is mad or foreign. It turned out he was both.

(polite laughter)

I'd ask you to guess what he said to me, but I've only got a 15-minute set.

(polite laughter)

What he said was, "May I touch your hair?"

(laughter)

Now as a comedian, there are a number of ways I could respond to this.

I could make a straight pun. "I don't have a hare, but my sister has a couple of rabbits."

(polite laughter)

I could have made a weaker pun offering a critique of the situation. "That would be a hair-raising experience."

(polite laughter)

I could have exhibited a comically-bad misunderstanding of grammar. "I don't know, may you?"

(laughter)

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I could produce a *non-sequitur*. “Wǒ bù huì shuō Hànyǔ”. That’s “I don’t speak Chinese” – in Chinese.

(polite laughter)

I could have demonstrated a false sense of superiority. “You’ll have to speak to my agent.”

(polite laughter)

I could have turned it into a double entendre. “That’s what she said”. Problem there was, his question might have been intended as a *single* entendre.

(polite laughter)

So which of these options took my fancy?

I went with ... “No! Get away from me, you creep!”

(laughter)

Well I’m a professional comedian. I wasn’t being paid, so no quips for *him*.

(polite laughter)

“But it’s different”, he said.

(polite laughter)

Different to what? Rhubarb? Motor oil? Vape smoke? Fair do’s, it doesn’t smell like candyfloss or petroleum. Maybe it is a bit rhubarby.

(polite laughter)

Anyway, I didn't want to start a conversation, so I just told him, "I don't care. Touch your own hair!"

Now at this point, he seemed to sense an opportunity to strike a bargain.

(polite laughter)

"Do you want to touch *my* hair?"

(laughter)

What? "No. I don't want to touch your hair."

"But I just want to touch a *little* of your hair, in return for which you can touch *all this!*"

(laughter)

It's like he thought it was some kind of currency. You can buy Mr Kipling fruit pies with hair touches or something."

(polite laughter)

"No! In the mane, I don't like touching people."

He didn't get the pun.

Yeah, neither did you by the sound of things.

(polite laughter)

"What's that?" he said, pointing at my phone.

Ha, well see Mr Weirdo, I'm from Birmingham. I'm streetwise – which I guess extends to being trainwise, I haven't really thought about it.

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(polite laughter)

Anyway, I know that the second I look at my phone, you're going to sneak a stroke of my hair.

(polite laughter)

"It's an iPhone 15." It's not, it's some kind of knock-off out of Taiwan, but it looks like an iPhone 15 and that's what's important, right?

(polite laughter)

It's so muggers are satisfied with your phone and leave you with your credit cards.

(polite laughter)

Ah. I probably shouldn't have said that, should I? When one of you mugs me after the show, you're going to take the credit cards and leave me the phone.

(laughter)

"What's it for?" he asked.

Well I'd had enough at this point, so I thought I'd give him the silent treatment.

"It's for hanging up on spam callers", I said.

Er, yeah, the silent treatment started *after* I said that.

(polite laughter)

So the bloke doesn't seem to be fazed and starts asking me questions.

Lots of questions.

(polite laughter)

I mean lots and lots of questions.

(polite laughter)

"How often do you have to eat?"

(polite laughter)

That was probably the least bizarre of them.

(polite laughter)

"Why do chickens look like that?"

(polite laughter)

"How many colours do you see?"

(polite laughter)

"Why do you wear different clothes to other people?"

(polite laughter)

"Is that your moon?"

(laughter)

"Why are there helicopters?"

(laughter)

"What's wood made of?"

(laughter)

"Do you want bigger rain?"

(laughter)

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"Who thinks the most?"

(polite laughter)

"Where are your robots?"

(polite laughter)

"Have you ever pulled out your ears?"

(laughter)

And my personal favourite, "What do you do in sand?"

(laughter)

He was relentless. It was like a stream of consciousness for someone who had driven for consciousness.

(polite laughter)

Anyway, finally I'd had enough. I wanted to escape. I asked him to let me out, claiming I needed to go to the toilet.

You'd have thought that would have worked, right?

(polite laughter)

Here's how it went.

"Can you let me out, please? I want to go to the toilet."

"No you don't."

(polite laughter)

"Yes I do."

(polite laughter)

"No you don't."

(polite laughter)

"Yes I do."

(polite laughter)

"No you don't."

(polite laughter)

"Yes I do. How do you know whether I want to go to the toilet or not?"

(polite laughter)

"Prove it!"

(laughter)

"I can't prove it until it's too late!"

(laughter)

"Well, there you are then."

(laughter)

OK, so I *didn't* want to use the toilet – I mean, who does on a train?

(polite laughter)

– but that's not the point.

Anyway, I thought I'd climb out anyway, over the table, it's not as if train tables have never had feet on them before.

(polite laughter)

Bhéwonom

You'll maybe have noticed I'm tall, though. I couldn't get my leg up. Or over, but that's a different story.

(polite laughter)

The bloke starts up with the questions again.

"What's it like being dead?"

(laughter)

Now here's a handy hint. If a crazy person asks you what it's like being dead, put it back onto them. Say something like "You tell me".

(polite laughter)

Whatever you do, don't say what I said, which was, "I'm not dead".

(laughter)

At this point, the bloke pulls an enormous knife out of somewhere and sticks it into my chest.

(gasps)

You weren't expecting that, were you? Neither was I to be honest.

(nervous laughter)

It really hurt, I must have momentarily passed out or something. When I came to, there was blood everywhere and a gash in my Harry Potter T-shirt – pretty well-aimed, I have to say, right where his scar is.

(laughter)

I thought, now hold on, stabbing someone with a theatrical knife and ruining a T-shirt is not on, even if it was already tainted by J. K. Rowling's anti-trans views.

(polite laughter)

"Well?" said the bloke, expectantly.

(polite laughter)

"See for yourself!", I replied, grabbing the knife from his hand with the kind of strength only maniacs possess.

(polite laughter)

Let me tell you, now he wanted to move out of his seat.

(laughter)

Anyway, I lunged at him, shivving him in the back. I may have let out an accompanying full-blooded yell to let the other passengers know there was a crazy person at work.

(laughter)

It was as if I'd smashed a piñata full of radioactive confetti. Coloured light everywhere, I couldn't see a thing. It was like at my sister's wedding, except without the rabbits.

(laughter)

Bhéwonom

When the lights cleared, the bloke was gone.

It occurred to me at this point that I may have been duped for someone's Youtube channel.

(laughter)

I rather hope I was, to be honest. I'd like to watch it back in slow motion to see exactly what happened.

(polite laughter)

Anyway, I still had the theatrical knife. I thought maybe I'd keep it, because the next stop was Carlisle and you never know with the people of Carlisle. One of them might have wanted to sit next to me.

(polite laughter)

There's a biscuit factory there, did you know? The whole town smells of biscuits. Maybe that's where they make those biscuit tins that weigh the same as pigeons.

(laughter)

As it happens, sitting in a blood-stained T-shirt exhibiting a gash through Daniel Radcliffe's forehead is a good way to make sure that even people from Carlisle don't want to share a table with you.

(laughter)

So, my final piece of advice for tonight is that if you find yourself on a train sitting next to someone who's palpably insane, *don't argue*. Crazy people sitting next to you are *always right*.

That way, maybe I won't stab you with a knife the size of a shinbone.

(laughter)

My name's Ben King, thank you and goodnight!
(polite applause)

Notes

An unofficial recording of Mr King's set appeared on Youtube just before midnight on the day he first delivered it. It was taken down three days later after he complained over breach of copyright. He re-used the same material for the entirety of the six-week duration of his residency.

Ben King is the stage name of Benedict Aiden-Price. He is not a member of Equity.

Matter 35

Summary

The Ignorance of Generation Z

Account by:	Penelope Carraugh, 72. Retired.
Source:	Letter to <i>The Telegraph</i> .
Location:	Egypt.
Event:	9 May 2024.
Report:	16 May 2024.

Report

SIR – The ignorance of Generation Z is thoroughly astounding.

Last week, I visited the Great Pyramid at Giza, the eternal tomb of Cheops – an experience I usually relish. On this occasion, however, my enjoyment was somewhat tempered by the presence of a young man dressed in loose, Egyptianesque robes, who insisted on telling everyone within earshot that the pyramid was a ruin in dire need of repair.

The way he was talking, it was as if he had arrived expecting it to have a pristine, marble

finish and be capped with sheets of gold; he was seething that these details had been lost over the course of several thousand years.

Had the man been American I could perhaps have understood his dim understanding of the wider world, but by his accent he was clearly English, albeit probably a second-generation immigrant.

What do we teach our children today, I wonder, when ancient monuments are decried for not looking as if they were constructed yesterday?

Penelope Carraugh

Gravesend, Kent

Notes

It appears that Ms Carraugh's letter escaped into the wild after she inadvertently emailed it to the left-leaning telegraph.com instead of to the right-leaning telegraph.co.uk.