

# Inglorious Recollections of a ‘Bruncle’

***A diversity of being, cooked up in a melting pot of nature and nurture, delivers a unique result: a remarkable blueprint that cannot - and will not - be duplicated. From our first tottering steps to those last dodderly stumbles, we carve a track that defines our actuality on this blue orb.***

How does one define his or her life? Is it through learning achieved or places visited? Could it be a family formed, or work accomplished? Does our heritage say who we are, or is it more to do with friends we keep, the faith we maintain, the place we live in, or politics we prefer? All these assorted parts go to make one whole being, for better or worse, richer or poorer. (“So help me God”, some might add, if they have cause to resort to belief in such universal, long held myths).

We are a product of nature and in that respect a significant portion of life is already defined and fixed, even before that glorious moment when we poke through the pubic hairs to sniff the air around. Looking on from the aspect of that environment which greets us when we do finally make our entry onto life’s stage, we find a very different perspective. For this new world which surrounds us is also a very fluid thing, and the choices we make will come to define our being, perhaps even more than those genes inherited from our forebears.

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We all have a tale to tell. That’s what life is all about, isn’t it? Whether a ‘high-flyer’, or living a life in abject poverty, it is a life: your life, my life; his life, her life. Immersed in each life - underlining every existence - there is a story to be told that has relevance to the sphere of its world. In multiple domains beyond the person whose life is the focus of attention, some stories are perhaps less engaging than others. But it depends to some degree on how the story is told; how those important elements of a life are selected and joined to form a complete portrait. A life story is a painting of countless brushstrokes: a Mona Lisa of our being; a Da Vinci code which only the painter can decipher with certainty.

For every individual, his or her own tale is the most enthralling story of all: more important than any president, or footballer, or film star. This is because the being in the spotlight has lived every minute, every second, of his or her story: the highs, the lows, and the myriad of in-betweens. No other person's account of life can match our own story, but for it to be fascinating - even enriching - to others, depends on how that story is painted; how it is developed and displayed to the world beyond our own reality.

This is the story of one glorious journey, starting from the cradle, with some remarkable events along the way, including near-fatal occurrences, by air, at sea, and on land! This life in focus – this *bruncl* - did not gain the fame of a high-flying politician, or prize-winning entertainer; neither did it find infamy through incredible wrongdoing, but it has enjoyed a long and winding road. At this time of committing narrative to print It has reached the age of aching bones and sore feet: things it would not wish on anyone (but which it imagines almost everyone who passes the muster of middle age, has to endure). This is the phase where accumulated knowledge - at times - enables clearer insight and better understanding, thus, in retrospect, the highlights and lowlights can be seen in the setting of a greater whole, encompassing past, present and future. Life's challenges are diminished when viewed in context: like fish observed in a glass bowl, we see more from the outside looking in, than the unsure fish looking from inside out.

But the fact is that this one life can only inhabit a miniscule slice of the available whole, and from that tiny portion carves out its own story. What if this life had been born in another place, had inherited an alternative background or had travelled to different domains? Then its story would have been unrecognizable from the one which is told here. We each whittle our own niche: the embodiment of our being.

### ***Whittling our niche***

*Imagine what one doesn't see,  
Or hear, or feel, or experience,  
Through any one life  
On this blue-green globe.*

*The choice we have is limitless,  
The path we choose to take,  
Governed by a potent mix  
Of genes and circumstantial fate.*

*Reality comes individually:  
A short, sweet glimpse, a minute amount,  
From oceans of people  
And deserts of place.  
Within some overall time-set frame  
We carve and whittle our niche,  
Discarding the remaining sequoia tree  
For the other seven billion to reach.*

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### ***And so, to ‘Bruncle’ ...***

Some might ask, “So *what is this peculiar word ‘bruncle’?*” And the response would be that this unusual – perhaps even odd – word is chosen for the fact that it defines and underscores the story told, more than any other word in existence.

As you read on, you will find that the person assumed at the start, is quite different to the character who emerges a quarter of a century later; the earlier form had been misled by loved ones over the length and breadth of the intervening twenty-five years. Whether those cherished family members who were part of the fabrication felt it was good for the life in focus, or for its mother, remains a mystery.

One major result which came from the hoodwinked central character knowing the truth, was that brothers and sisters became uncles and aunts, nephews and nieces became cousins; our central character became the oldest in a younger generation, rather than the youngest in a much more dated clan. And even more critically, one particular nephew became a brother ... and in doing so, coined the decriptor: ***‘bruncle’***.

**Thus, the story begins .....**