

Letter to Yarra Trams

Oliver Mol

To WHOM IT may concern,

I am mortified. Normally I would not divulge my feelings so candidly, but I feel the time for niceties has run out. What happened to humanity? When did it wither and die as a flower doused in acid? When did globalization copulate with technology to breed a nation of robots? I could see his metallic sheen, or was it my concussion. I had been mugged, wounded on my back. I had seen a hand extend towards me, the hand of an angel, it seemed, that would pull me from the dirt and blood of your tram's floor. I was flummoxed. I could see this angel's leather boots. Actually now that I think about it, first he had spoken, though you must forgive me for I do not remember what was said. Then there was the hand. I was plucked from depravity and placed onto one of your fine tram chairs. 'Quick,' I had screamed. I looked around. 'We mustn't let him escape.' But my attacker had vanished. The man, your employee, wore a finely pressed green shirt, this much I remember. Together we gazed out of the window, searching the streets, hunting for clues. Yes, he was writing in his notebook. Smart man, I thought. He said something to me. 'Did he escape over the far wicket?' Over the far wicket I thought? Why would he run through a cricket field? Even the dumbest junkie with a Tyrannosaurus Rex jaw would surely think to avoid open spaces. You must remember, fixer of my problems, that the concussion must have affected my hearing. Indeed, what your employee had said related in no way to a *wicket*, or for that matter a cricket pitch. Your employee squinted. Perhaps I was giving the beast too much credit. 'Your wicket,' the man with the

finely pressed green shirt said again. He had probably gone to score, I had thought. 'Victoria Street or Hoddle Street,' I blurted out. That is where people score smack isn't it? Your employee then said, rather loudly, 'Your ticket sir.' 'My ticket?' I questioned. 'Yes your ticket . . . where is your ticket?' But public relations officer of Yarra Trams I ask you: could your employee not see my pain? If not in the dried blood caked to my skin then surely in my anguish, pockmarked like cystic acne to my face. I reached for my bag but the junkie had made off with it. My eyes, frantic and large, panicked. My laptop was gone. 'So you don't have a ticket sir?' 'Look at me!' I yelled. 'Look at me. I've been robbed, beaten up, bloodied—and you want to see my ticket?' And herein lies my mortification, for you know what he said? Can you guess? He said, 'Sir . . . rules are rules. Unless you can provide me with a ticket I will be forced to issue you with a fine.' He neither smiled nor frowned. He merely stared. He stared the stare of a robot. It was at this point that I began to doubt the reality of the situation. Surely I was dreaming. A world filled with muggers and uncompassionate robot guards? I would wake up. And wise and benevolent director of the Yarra Tram, indeed I did wake. I woke in hospital, neatly tucked into my pocket a fine for \$180. So it is on this basis, that I ask for the fine to be nullified. Please find it in your human heart to rectify this situation.

Yours honestly,

Oliver Mol

Former avid tram passenger

Dear Oliver Mol,

We apologize for your situation and your financial loss. However, you must understand our need for prudence in such matters. After all, if we were to acquit you of your charges we would set a dangerous precedent, one that would give a free ticket to anyone with a bruise. All the best with your recovery.

Sincerely,

~~Peter Stoke~~

Yarra-tram constable,

Overseer & man in charge of tram deployment