

MY LEFT-HANDED SAGA

WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED

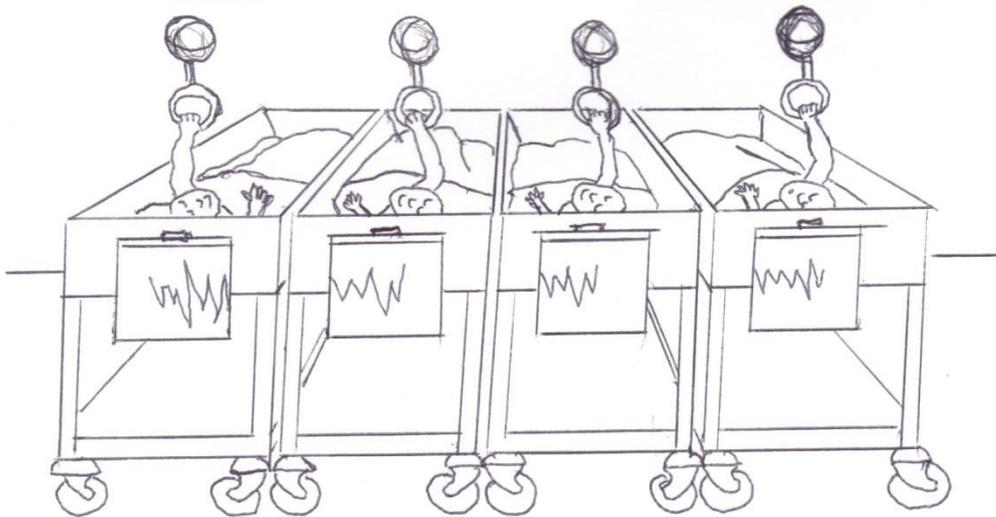
BY

DAVID BRITTAIN

ASCENSION SUPPORT TEAM



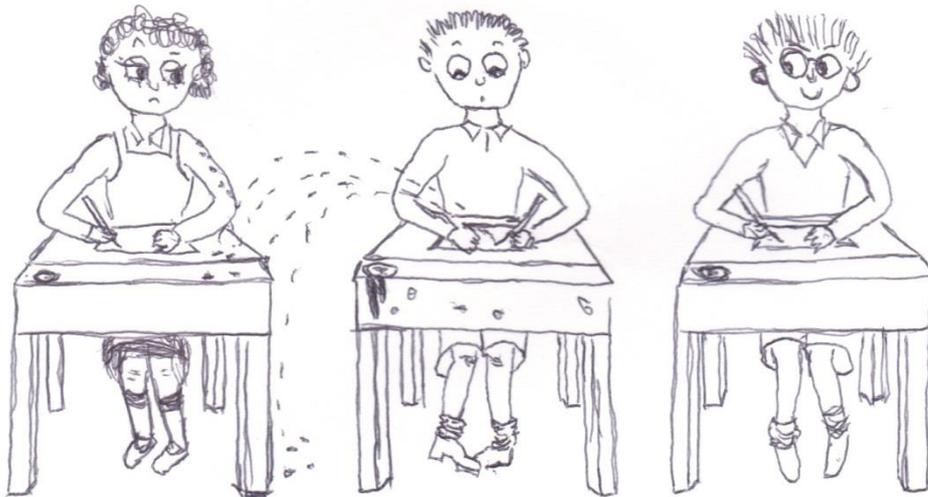
In a world designed by a right-handed race
I appeared in their midst, a left-handed disgrace.



© Britain

With fingers that falter I write this verse now,
My pen points to the right; acts more like a plough,
Instead of a feather drawn across the pad,
I've etched ink this way since I was a lad.

With fingers that falter I write this verse now,
My pen points to the right; acts more like a plough,
Instead of a feather drawn over the pad
I've etched ink this way since I was a lad.



John Britton

When I was young, my headmaster said,
Ambidexterity could screw up my head,
He was progressive he thought he was right,
so unknowingly condemned my life to a fight.
A fight? You may ask, what rubbish to speak.



NO, NOT A FREAK
BUT.....

Britain

No! Not a freak, but decidedly odd,
To dear ones who watch, a fumble-fist clod,
Who shreds their nerves when he opens a can,
With a can opener designed for a right-handed man,
They stand by with bandage to swiftly apply,
Onto this misfit this cack-handed guy



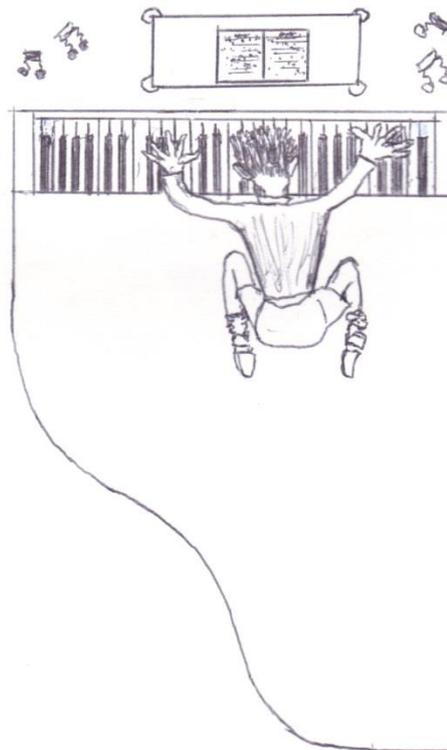
D. Bretherton

School compulsory sports day; a hideous farce,
I would have been grateful to make myself scarce,
A gratitude no doubt shared by one and all,
They never knew next where I'd kick the ball,
The same thing applied for the boxing contest,
In my droopy blue shorts and sagging white vest,
Where a muscular lad; the pride of the school,
Was convinced I tried to make of him a fool,
Sound of the bell, sprung at me in a rage,
To find that he hit a mirror image,
He swung with his right; he couldn't have missed,
I swung with my left; nearly broke my wrist,
Gloves crashed in mid-air, oh what a thing,
Then both of us danced in pain round the ring,
We gave them a laugh, and this I admit,
But the look on his face, I made a tactful exit.



A MIRROR
IMAGE

To play the piano with professional ease,
A hopeless task for such people as these,
I could even say, an impossible feat,
It's strung all wrong from the piano seat.



BBritain

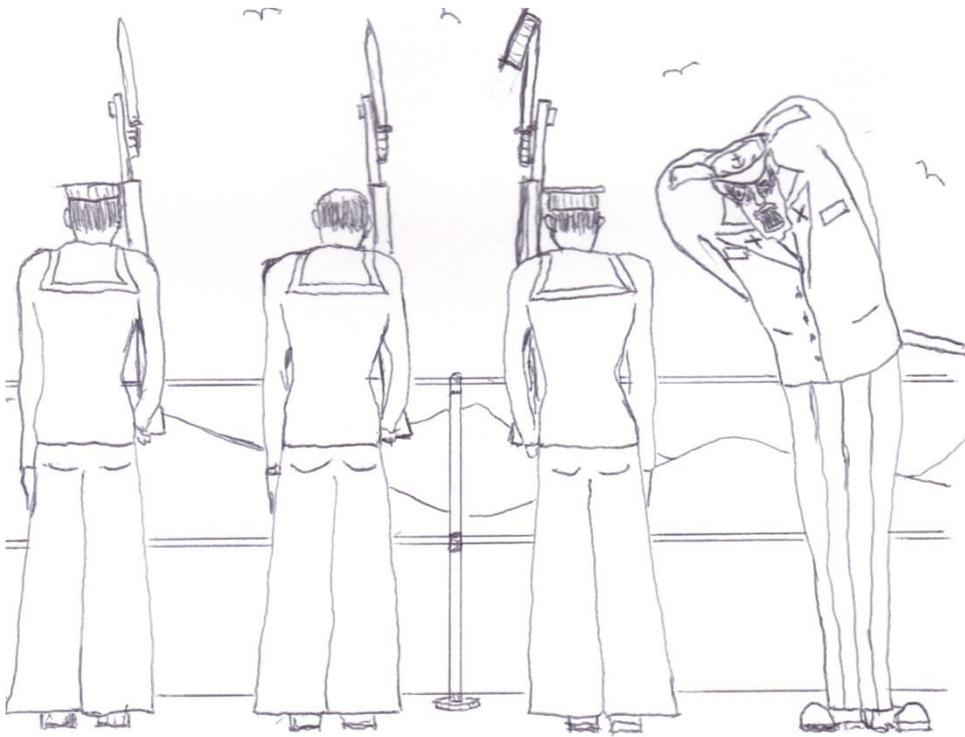
The same thing happened when dear Father tried,
To teach me his skill on the banjo; his pride,
To string it up so that I could strum,
Made him; the teacher, all fingers and thumb.
Together we tried chords, full of Ernest intent,
But he eventually retreated in bafflement,
To replace the strings in the way he would know,
I never did learn to play the banjo!

(My Dad's name was Ernest)



DBattain

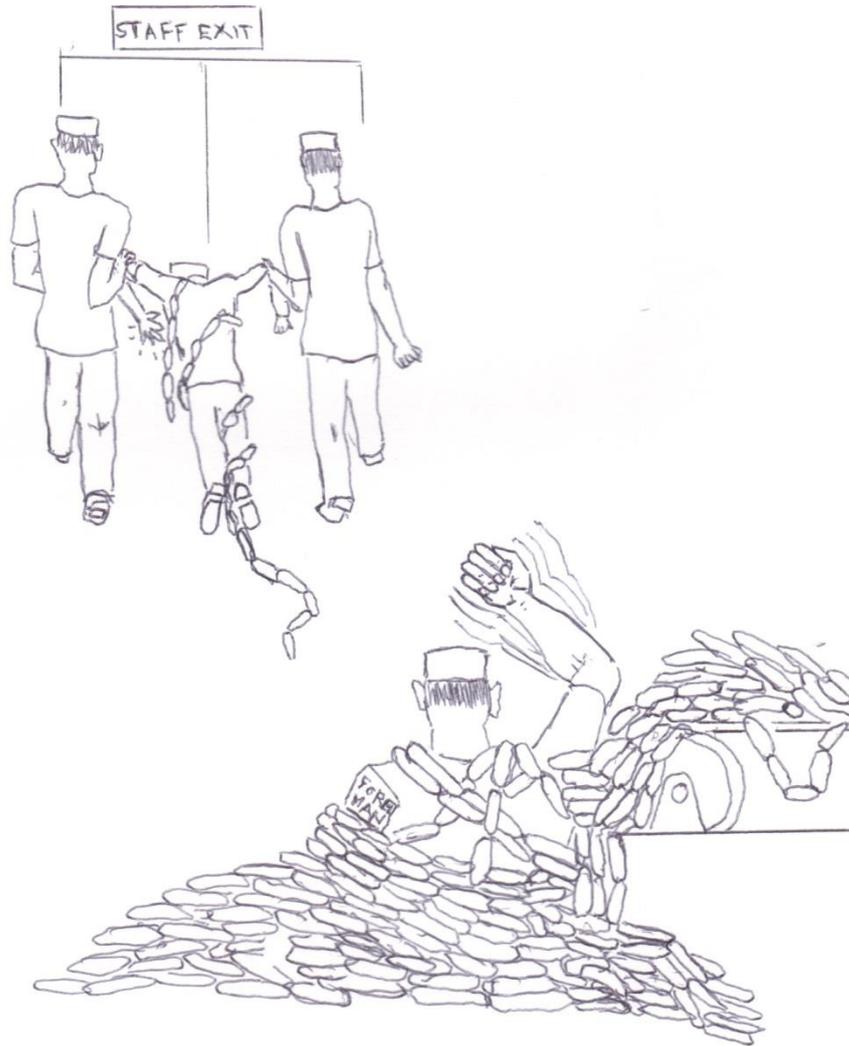
When in the Navy, we had rifle drill,
The gunnery officer put me through the mill,
I perfected the drill; with the rifle grew bolder,
But always mistakenly to the wrong shoulder,
Unlike my headmaster, he wasn't progressive,
In fact I thought he was downright aggressive,
Whilst clutching his head as before us he reeled,
He rudely suggested I try some other field,
Like farm or mine work, or some factory,
Or anything I like, but please not the sea,
From conscripted service men we expect not a lot,
But I draw the line at a left-handed matelot,
Who converts a smart turnout; a gunnery parade,
Into a children's party charade



JBretkins

PLEASE !!!
NOT
THE SEA !!!!

I worked in a factory, I did my share,
I packed sausages, quite unaware,
That my left-handedness put the belt out of gear,
I never did rise to foreman.



Britain.

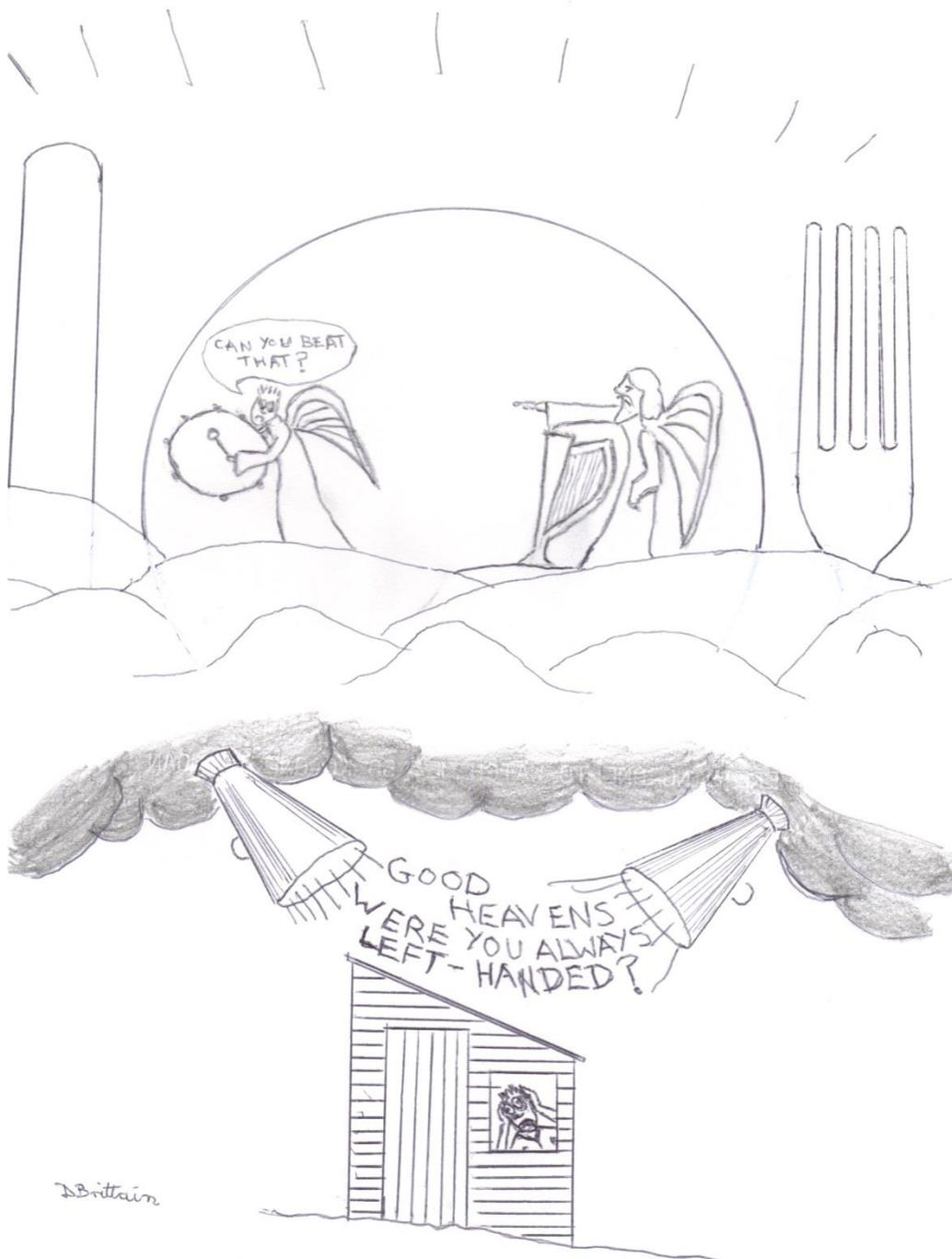
My entire social life, through gates I have stumbled,
In vain to unlatch the hinge I have fumbled,
To sit at "Mine Host's" a resplendent spread,
To see it spoiled by a sight that I dread,
In kindly regard to my known crippled state,
My knife's on the left of the well-filled plate,
Oh! I long to make an embarrassed flight,
When I see my fork rests there on the right,

In the kitchen I help "The Light of my life"
Though I'm gently but firmly steered from the knife,
To carve, Master's privilege, thus denied me,
I'm allowed to mash potatoes, and also stir gravy,
Because I carve to a system, hear her so often say,
That leaves right-handed mortals in a state of dismay.



Brittain

The same thing applies, dare I cut up the bread,
Quite often I'm tempted to slink to my shed,
I'll get no joy in Heaven, though I hate to carp,
For me they won't have a left-handed harp,
But I do not despair, though perhaps I should,
Even today I'm not out of the wood,
But now I'm retired, and our lives are our own,
There's no one to watch me, so no one to moan,
Good Heavens! Were you always left-handed?



My Left-handed Saga

What a silly poem, but the silliest part is that it's all true.

A life of adapting to use what the majority of people take for granted is the norm. No complaints because it's been great fun, but it has made me different to, although not better than, other people, simply because I've had to find other ways of doing things and this has required other ways of thinking about things. Left-handedness has compelled me to seek and observe. After many years of seeking and observing I now know there are many ways of doing and thinking about things. Not just the way used by the majority of people who have never felt compelled to seek those other ways, and couldn't imagine any advantage to gain if they did.

Always there are people made to feel different; by other people. So the last line of the poem could equally read "Good Heavens! Were you always: Black! Gay! Asian! A career woman in a man's world! A psychic! A Poet! A vegetarian! A Catholic! A Protestant! A wheel-chair bound cripple! Blind! Deaf! Dumb! And so on. Always with that air of baffled astonishment that behind the label affixed by the thoughtless majority, is a sensitive, warm human being whose hopes and dreams, fears and worries are very probably similar to your own. The difference is that though you can be like everyone else, they cannot, or may not wish to be.

What are the advantages of seeking different ways of thinking? A big advantage is mental flexibility that allows you to realise you have freedom of choice. You don't think you are a rigid thinker? But if you are ill you consult a GP who will prescribe some sort of chemical; often with its side-effects. Yet only a phone call away is a whole world of alternative practitioners, equally well qualified who would treat you as a whole person, not with chemicals but nature's remedies. Similarly, you don't have to become a vegetarian to take advantage of the countless delicious meals that vegetarianism offers; with the emphasis on improving your health through your normal diet.

Flexibility of thought is God-given; it's your right. There is no law chiselled in granite that states the path to God is only through the orthodox church, no matter which denomination. The only real path to God is inside you, not a church. So why not look deeply into yourself. I promise you will be surprised and delighted. Then to others you may be heard to say, Good Heavens! Were you always one of the majority thinkers? Best wishes from David and Yvonne Brittain.

[Other Ascension Support Team Books And Articles](#)

Hints for all special granddaughters

A helpful booklet written by David Brittain available as an amazon/kindle inexpensive E-Book.

After national service in the Royal Navy from 1955 I've worked at a multitude of jobs over many years nearly always dealing with and caring for the general public, including London emergency ambulance crew, Postman, Telephone engineer at Colchester, and now retired in my 80s, I'm an unpublished writer who has been writing New-Age articles, booklets and full-length books continuously since the 1970s. Latterly since the birth of comment columns on political and spiritual themed websites I have taken great joy in expressing my opinions solidly based in +7 decades of jaundiced-eye-observing.

I've always had great sympathy for folks just entering their teen years, especially young girls. So much of a conflicting nature is expected of them by all and sundry that understandably they become confused and vulnerable. My goal is to help them to value their selves, their own thoughts and opinions, and in fact to encourage them to be free thinkers.

The booklet has eleven short chapters written in a relaxed, friendly, and non-patronising style. On such a limited income as ours I have never tried to get it published. Instead, as and when required, I printed copies of it from my PC as a 58 A4 sides booklet, and I did this until infirmity and highly expensive printer ink cassettes brought this to a halt. Do please do read on, and if you feel the booklet could be helpful to someone of yours I will gladly forward by e-mail a complete copy of the booklet in PDF format completely free of charge for you to read and print. david_brittain@talktalk.net

In **chapter one** I describe the misunderstandings caused by the generation gap. In **chapter two** I urge teenagers to develop their imagination and sense of curiosity.

In **chapter three** I encourage teenagers to enjoy reading and to question what they are taught.

In **chapter four** I encourage teenagers to understand their selves and to look deeper than the surface appearances of others.

Chapter five: a brief list of tips helps young ladies to understand how young men think and quite often how young men don't think.

Chapter six: You living with you gently explains the parental viewpoint to teenagers and also what is required of them while living at home or expected of them by others while living elsewhere.

Chapter seven: The price of drug addiction, takes the form of a short, grim story entitled 'The fatal trap' in which the main character is the young reader.

Chapter eight: Illusions, explains how public thinking is manipulated by blurring the line between needs and desires.

Chapter nine: The illusion named fashion explores mass-produced garments bearing top designers' names etc.

Chapter ten offers the teenager eight general hints

Chapter eleven: A mystery, why do we exist?.

In this last chapter briefly we explore the confusion caused by conflicting belief systems, and methods of seeking truth.

Best wishes

David and Yvonne Brittain www.ascensionsupportteam.com