

Rope Camp by Alexander Lee-Rekers - Mack - A - 40s

At a book signing, MACK reaches the front of the line to speak to the author F.I. Holden.

MACK: Hi. Can you sign it to Mack, please? Mack Randall.

It's good to see you, Fred. I won't keep you long. I can see how many people you have to talk to today. Everybody's got their thing ready to say to you, hoping they might stand out. So this'll only take a minute.

The hold up the book.

The book's, uh, it's amazing. I'm not much of a reader, don't get much time to read, but I thought I should read this one. You really captured it all. The town, the people. Us. I don't know if I'm pissed off you changed my name or not! But I can see why you might have wanted to, I dunno, save my feelings or something.

There's some things you definitely got wrong. And I'm not talking 'artistic license', just some times when you could've thought a little harder. Patrick Little never stole your bike: I remember the day that happened and he had chickenpox. And, sure, I gave you some shit sometimes, but I never made fun of when your mum was sick. My mum told me to be nice to you when that was happening I dropped right off.

But I just wanted- I'm almost done- I just wanted to say that bit in last chapter about Rope Camp? Where we all used to hang out by the river? That was a lie. I never hit you first, that was you. And when I did hit you, it was because you'd... I bet you don't even remember what you said. You've got a real selective memory, Fred.

I've taken up enough of your time. I just wanted you to know that wasn't fair.

Say something. Will you?