



# Mouse talk...

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I'm writing mouse talk with pen and paper in Sheffield five hours drive away from home visiting friends. My day has been filled with the scents

and sounds of Autumn while walking in the Dales. After a night of heavy rain we have been blessed with a deep blue day of sunshine. Streams full to overflowing, with deep brown peaty water squeezing through gullies and bridges taking all before it. We walked, we talked, we trudged silently over hills, through sheep track and open moor. We caught up with each others' lives and laughed as we slid and slipped over on the squelchy, slimy paths. I'm tired yet feel fed deep into my soul.

And best of all, my mouse has been quiet for the whole week-end and I've loved it. I haven't been online, received or sent a text, or felt the absence of my inbox or computer all week-end and it's been wonderful – if a little strange – will I be missing something?

This experience has got me thinking how technology has wheedled its way into all sorts of corners of my life like a small Trojan Horse and I'm not sure I like it. I miss the 'cut off-ness' of a long train journey with a good book and my journal, despite the convenience a phone affords. I resent the fact that I can, therefore I do, work on emails and reports late into the evening. But worst of all: letters. I don't write or receive letters much any more except as attachments to emails.

So I am resolved clean up my technology boundaries a bit and push that horse back outside. I might even dust off my old Parker pen and find that bottle of ink I last used in 1999 and write some letters again...

