

## Biographical Details

Name : Aaron "Harry" Mycock  
DoB : 1<sup>st</sup> April 1908  
Height : 5'8"  
Weight : 11½ stone  
Eyes : Grey  
Religion : Methodist  
Starsign : Don't believe in 'em  
Next of Kin : Geoff Mycock (Nephew)

Despite being born on the first of April, Aaron Mycock's name was not some bizarre April Fool's joke. Aaron, or Harry as he later preferred to be known was the first child of Sidney and Mary Mycock. As seemed to be traditional with Sidney's family, he had married late to a younger woman.

It had been their intention to have a large family, and being devout people had decided to give their children biblical names. Aaron's brother was called Booz. It had been intended to call him Boaz (who begat Obed out of Ruth if you're interested), but the vicar had been drinking and one thing led to another.

There was a rare flowering of sense when Harry's sister was called Christine.

The early Edwardian age was a more innocent time and the implications of giving someone with the surname Mycock the forename Aaron had not been obvious to them. (Booz Mycock sounded smutty, but probably wasn't, but there again it was bad enough being called Booz).

Harry's father was killed in World War I. He had been one of the 66,000 murdered by General Hague on the first day of the Battle of the Somme. Although seemingly unaffected by the death of his father, certain life choices seemed to have been influenced by this and he often chosen a path opposite to that of his father.

For starters he had moved away from the church. This had upset his mother, who had sought solace in organised religion.

Harry's father and his father before him had both been small time clerical workers in the accounts section of Spriggs and Spriggs, a large clothing firm on the outskirts of Nottingham. Harry had been promised a job there, but instead he had opted to leave school as early as possible and look for a job involving manual labour.

He had been apprenticed to a local blacksmith. He had found the work a little easy, but the smithy was a huge friendly chap who knew everyone and he enjoyed going to work. His enjoyment was made more so by the workforce of the bakers across the green from the smith. One particular employee was his joy. Miriam Sanderson was four years his senior and he was infatuated with her from day one. At first she hadn't really noticed him, but as he grew older and started to bulk out, all that changed. They had married young and made an immediate start on the family. They had decided early on a small family. Geoffery, their son had been born within a year of their marriage, but after a miscarriage in their second year they had decided to leave him as an only child. You'll note that he was given a none biblical name – he was named after Miriam's Godfather who had also died during the first world war - and that it was deliberately mis-spelt to ensure that if there was a biblical Geoffrey, he wouldn't be named after him.

When the bottom - or the foot – had fallen out of the horse shoeing business, Harry had made the easy sideways transition into the steel works. This proved fortunate during the Second World War, when Harry found himself in a reserved occupation. His son had followed his dad into the steelworks and so also found himself in a reserved occupation, but had chosen not to accept this. He had signed up for the navy and had been on a frigate escorting a convoy across the Atlantic when he had an intimate liaison with a torpedo.

Two world wars had taken care of his father and his son.

Harry continued to work in steel, and Miriam continued to work for the bakery. Both jobs paid well for their trade and their lives were comfortable. After the death of Geoffery and because of the earlier miscarriage and Miriam's age, they had decided not to start a second family. Miriam was an only child, and Christine had become a nun, but Booz – who had managed to avoid the perils of nominative determinism<sup>1</sup> - and was the father of a family of eight. Harry and Miriam were favourite Auntie and Uncle.

When Miriam retired in 1961, they were sufficiently well off for Harry to be able to retire as well. They had lived in the same house for nearly thirty years and as a result of the jocularity he had inherited from the blacksmith and her constant presence in the bakers, always been both well known and popular in the local area.

Once retired, they had done much for the local community. They had started a pensioners club in a local church hall and acted as baby sitters for all and sundry. When they arranged a trip to the military cemeteries in France, they had taken their coaches full and their first trip abroad.

Miriam had died in 1974. She had fallen over in the heavy snow of winter and broken both legs

Many people had grown so used to Harry and Miriam together, they had thought that Harry would die soon after, but he had not. Harry discovered two things – one he had lost and one he had never really known – religion and beer.

His work with the OAPs club had taken him back to the church when a new evangelical vicar had visited. This vicar, the Reverend Damon Davis, had gotten to know Harry and Miriam, despite the fact that he insisted on calling “Harry” “Aaron”. When Miriam had died, the Damon's speech had been both personal and moving and Harry had found a new respect for the vicar. Damon had invited him to a weekly group for the newly bereaved and Harry had been surprised to find solace in the belief that Miriam had “gone to a better place”. He had since become a regular attendee of the church.

After the funeral, Harry had felt unable to cope with having people back to the house and so Booz had invited the mourners back to his home. When everyone had gone, Harry had taken a cab home. Not wanting to go back to the empty house, he had asked the cab to stop at the nearby pub.

As a steel worker, a couple of beers after work had always been part of the job, but coming to the steel works later in life meant he had never really been a gallon a night man and although he had never really been anti-social, he had preferred his stable home life.

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<sup>1</sup> Nominative Determinism is the theory that someone's name determines their eventual end. Colin Flood becomes a weatherman, Eric Fang becomes a dentist and Brian Wright-Bastard becomes a PE teacher. Booz Mycock was not an alcoholic.

When he'd entered the Nag's Head, he'd been surprised to find two of the guests from the funeral – ex-workmates – sat in the snug. They were sat with two other elderly gents who introduced themselves as the Dee-Double-You-Cee. The DWC all had lost wives in the last six months (hence the name – Dead Wives Club), but were happily meeting up in the Nags every dinnertime to live a bizarre Last-of-the-Summer-Wine type existence. There was a vacancy for a Cleggy (they already had two Compos) and Harry fit right in. And of course he was still a favourite Uncle.

In 1984 he had been diagnosed as having prostate cancer and this had taken him into the Queen Elizabeth Hospital.

As well as the cancer he had two other medical problems.

The first, chronic constipation, was cureable by short fuse suppository every night after tea.

The second was more of a mystery. Harry Mycock had very real problems with his ears, but no-one could understand the cause. This build up led to the Mycock Ear Ritual, which took the form of a chant every morning. It goes like this:

How are your ears this morning, Mr Mycock?

What?

I said, "HOW ARE YOUR EARS THIS MORNING?"

WHAT?

I SAID "HOW... oh, forget it. Sarah, pass the syringe.

The clue to the mystery came when a junior doctor noticed how compact the wax was. It turned out Harry had always been pretty fastidious about his appearance and the fact that he was now bed ridden had been something of an affront to him. One thing he had always done was to clean his ears using cotton buds. When he had first come to the hospital, he had been taken to an examining room where he had found a bowl full of the strange finger condoms used for rectal examinations and a beaker full of the long cotton bud like swabs.

He had taken a pile of the swabs back to the ward with him – in fact he had helped himself to a pile of them whenever he had been examined. Deprived of his other cleaning rituals, he had over indulged on this one, "cleaning" his ears two or three times a day. This cleaning had stimulated wax production and compacted it at the back of the auditory canal.

Because Harry was such a quiet patient, no-one had noticed him digging away with the swabs.

The cure was simple.

Steal his cotton buds.

Sarah McCormack looked forward to telling him what was wrong and have him able to hear the explanation.