

NEVER SAY FLY

Time - 10.30 a.m. Sunday morning.

Situation - Car park, West Wickham.

Subject proceeds into car park showing slight signs of previous nights entertainment. While proceeding to car park with godforsaken hunting bow subject collided with portly gentleman whose gaze was averted skywards, his face bearing an expression of maternal concern.

Reason - the offspring of his sixty years of creative ability, namely a large high performance (25 horsepower) kite, was running riot complete with three-hundred feet of high tensile terylene cord with winder. On interrogation portly gentleman revealed that the untimely placing of his foot in a rabbit hole had allowed his otherwise tenacious grip to slacken momentarily its control of the aforementioned winder, which with a pull and speed equal to that of a GT 40 at full throttle leapt from his grasp. The current situation being the result of a rapid two mile pursuit into a built up area, where the controlling line now festooned itself about roofs and chimneys dipping in gently swaying loops across freeways, highways and dingy alleys.

Subject - took in situation at a glance and taking total command summoned up the technical resources of the establishment where he had his lodgings. After but two minutes discussion the action was decided, the subjects head clearing immediately as deft fingers, previously uncontrollable, rapidly attached a long length of twine (very) to nock of a 28 X5 heavy piled carbon graphite hunting shaft and in one smooth movement nocked the arrow onto the previously strung weapon. Drawing it firmly back to a cheek anchor and, instinctively elevating the bow to the correct trajectory, unleashed the pent up energy stored in the supple limbs, projecting missile in a barely curving arc skywards over the entangled threads. Christ! What happens when this strikes the hard shoulder the other side of the block of tenements, too late to worry now, the bloody things gone, its landed somewhere.

The trailing line settled onto the web of kite string. "You've done it!" the portly gentleman puffed as subject rapidly split for the main drag.

Its still in one piece! he thought as avoiding hooting coast bound traffic he retrieved the projectile, eager hands deftly manouvered the lines to bring them within the reach of the portly inventor. Swiftly dragging terylene in handfuls, heedless of tangles and of the string burns searing through his eager fingers. Doggedly heaving the straining tearing airborne parasol towards terra firma, where it was pounced upon by its portly owner. Regaining an upright position he regarded the subject, a twinkle in his eye and a smile playing around the corners of his mouth, "Powerful things those bows! Terrific show, I'll get an article in the next issue of kite flyers monthly....."

The subject turned, the tempo of the Sunday morning returned to the sound of church music, bells and sunday roast. Dickens turned in his grave.
Time - 10.45 a.m. Sunday morning.

THE END

There are 10,000 such stories in West Wickham and this has been one of them.

(TS)

Ed's Note: This story is factually true only the names have been changed to protect Tony.