

Flash Fiction 2403

Real Life Series - Short Stories by Terry Miles

Scenery

Niki was the receptionist at Hull University where I was the Post Boy. I was sixteen and the lowest of the low. She had something to do with an amateur dramatic society in Cottingham. She asked me if I would like to go along. I agreed.

She had this bright idea of hitchhiking to the venue which was just to the west of Hull. She also had a brighter idea of pretending that we were Swedish and that I was her brother, who couldn't speak English. If she spoke to me I had just to say, Yar. which she pronounced very emphatically. I practiced saying it with a mock Swedish accent. We started hitchhiking.

A truck driver picked us up and Niki and the truck driver started chatting. Of course the driver suggested that I should be dropped off so they could get to know each other better or words to that effect. And more, too.

I had to keep a straight face. Perhaps my performance would come in useful in amateur dramatics.

I said, "Yar, yar," a couple of times when Niki spoke to me in mock Swedish.

Niki said she couldn't because we should have been at our destination by now.

The driver let us out shortly afterwards.

When we got to the venue, there was scenery painting to be done. I don't know if you know anything about painting scenery backgrounds but it is done with hot paint mixed with glue. Niki and I were set to work.

There was this big tin of orange paint before us. We started painting the background bright orange. I saw a woman in a grey suit, very fashionable she was. Red shoes, too.

"That's the financier of the show," Niki said.

Every so often, whilst painting scenery you have to move the paint pot to carry on painting.

"She's coming in our direction," she said.

I had to move the paint tin so I picked up the tin with one hand and lifted it, to just over a meter. My hand didn't go a third way around the tin. The lady in the grey suit was closing in.

The hot tin of paint fell from my hand and landed right in front of her. As it landed on the floor a bright orange tongue shot upwards the tip of which landed on her immaculately permed hair. She was spluttering something awful. Her mouth had hot orange paint laced with glue in it. The front of her grey suit wasn't grey anymore. Her shoes too, weren't red but orange.

I looked at Niki. She had pursed lips as if she was trying to keep a straight face. Staring into my eyes she was, too.

I couldn't help it. I burst out laughing. How could almost two-thirds of the contents leap so high, I wondered. Just at that moment, too. The financier of the show was assisted to go for a clean up. I wondered why she had dressed so finely.

Of course, I wasn't asked to go back, in fact I was told never to return. And that was my short sojourn into amateur dramatics.

The End.

Here and Now

In the here and now.

Oh, the windmill Tree.

I don't think it looks remotely like a windmill.

Oh! Perhaps for some it does.

Just a possibility I guess!

Just in time

An idea comes to mind.

Transported into something tangible.

There's time to broaden it.

To develop it.

Comb the big idea.

Into a style.

Never seen before.

Have a little faith, in something.

A time table perhaps.

Just in time,

I'm usually in a hurry for some reason.

An incident! Out of the blue!
Shipping, in the Suez Canal, held up.
A ship has run aground.
Blocked The Suez Canal it has.
One hundred ships. Waiting.
The vessel had to be unloaded.
Oh! The time it took!
The western world awaited deliveries.
Shortages! Components!
Will they never come?
Production lines halted.
I have,
I have, not.
I have what it takes.

I have to wait.
Something to know
Is there, someone there,
just around the corner.
Perhaps he's just over
the horizon.
only, if he's walking
just as quick as you,
you'll never catch up with him
Just remember, that.

When I was a young one
many years ago,
I had some marbles,

A bag of them.
Long, Long ago!
Now the kids
Have smart phones.
Knowledge is now
a fingertip Away.

Grandma wants to know a thing or two.
Ask your grandson.
He knows without a book to read.
He knows how to do it, the kid by himself.
He can assist.
He'll want to show how bright he is.
Approach him.
It's like that nowadays.

In a flash, the boy has his device, to hand.
He switches it on.
Flashy, yes!
Flashy fingers tap away.
Brrrum, brrum, brrum.
A search engine is found.
He, the kid, is waiting for you.
Go. Don't you hesitate, now!
The boy has his fingers ready.
Go, go, go.

Is time too quick for you?
You want to meditate?
You want to distance.
Yourself from the negative?
There, in an intermediate silence.
A space to be.
Untroubled. Ready for the next hick up

A seat, a throne,
Someone is always waiting for something.
Musical chairs,
To take away the things you once possessed.

See the world aboard a ship.
The sun is shining.
But isn't it boring?
I mean, the sea and more of it!
Until the storm, that is.
The swaying of the boat. Afraid!
The rocking of the boat becomes severe.
Are you feeling sick?
No!
You will! And the up and downing!
The world you thought secure
Sideways, this way and that!
And it doesn't stop there!
You're all at sea.
Passengers are throwing up around you.
Was the cruise, expensive?

Never mind, the memories
or the selfies!
A reduced being in time.
A friend to greet you
before you disembark.
He'll be awaiting on the quay.
It's waiting will be worth it.
Passing through a storm is unpleasant.
What can one say!
An experience is something to remember.
Sure it is. But, the present is something too.
Just being in the here and now.
Now, the here and now, too.
That is the place to be. Aware of the moment.
And your reaction to it!
No matter what it is!
Moments are passing by!
Are you aware of time?
The all around view,
the exposure to all!

Being there.
Your hands, not to mention your fee
Something,

you'll forget the worst of it.
The mind is selective, after all.
You'll get the hang of it!

I'll leave you, then,
to get on with it!

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