

Bourne toWrite...

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It's An Ill Wind

by Pauline Walden

In his line of business it was essential to remain anonymous, unobtrusive and thoroughly boring. After many years of applying his extraordinary intellect - not to mention his devious and some would say criminal mind - to this vexed problem he succeeded in being considered totally uninteresting.

This he achieved by adopting local dress, for which detailed description is precluded by the stifling nature of modern mores and those two little words which silence with fear even the most intrepid. Suffice to say that he often tripped himself up - not being used to long skirts and, of course, emulating the man in the iron mask didn't help. However, this garb did allow for concealment of his merchandise, until he had occasion to expand his business to a land inhabited by pygmies.

This posed a problem on two levels: 1) as the locals were not used to tall women undulating about, flapping like condors, their curiosity was excited to a dangerous degree and, 2) none of the locals undulated or flapped as loin cloths tend to preclude such manoeuvres.

He hastened away, in fact scuttled would be a more accurate description of his undignified retreat, and holed up in a hole to polish his extraordinary intellect etc. etc.

It so happened that he had trespassed into the territory of a rather smelly little creature whose interest also was excited by this undulating flapper who poured out his tortured soul to his smelly new friend who, after long debate, came up with a solution: the little people are repulsed by smells and he had just the remedy!

The remedy proved to be not only his salvation but also his undoing.

Certainly the little people were repulsed by this olfactory assault - unfortunately the local dogs were not, particularly those who brought their handlers with them.