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Danny Boy

by Catriona Millar

Danny loved his Skoda Fabia. 'Fucking cooking man,' he thought to himself, as he polished the car's wing mirror with the elbow of his jacket.

Danny sighed contently as he sunk into the car's gleaming front seat and began to press his foot hard on the accelerator. A loud satisfactory purr emanated from the Skoda's souped-up engine. He pressed the accelerator again and the car repeated its loud flatulent sounds. Although the vehicle was still stationary Danny already felt that well-earned sense of satisfaction at the anticipation of showing everyone what he was made off.

The weather was hot and Danny wiped the sweat off his brow with a black thong he found on the floor, the remnants of last night's frolicking with his latest squeeze Carla. Fondly remembering his antics with adventurous Carla on the back seat, he banged the wheel several times and repeated, his well-worn mantra of, "fucking cooking baby."

As he pressed his foot down even more ferociously on the accelerator, he decided to rest it longer on the car's floor allowing the Skoda to ferociously bang and splutter, thus irritating his envious neighbours.

This time the reverberations shot up into Danny's groin. 'Better than sex,' Danny agreed, moaning ecstatically at the sensation. Then he looked reluctantly at his watch, 'quarter to three, and another boring wedding to attend at three-thirty,' he thought miserably.

'Nothing but sodding funerals christenings and weddings,' Danny grumbled, 'and I've got to look like a good boy and attend every one.' If he put his foot down on the A24 he'd just make it before three-thirty, before big Brenda made her appearance dressed in the purest white trying to impersonate a vestal virgin, 'which is the last thing Brenda is,' he surmised ruthlessly.

'Thirty thousand smackers, thrown at the average crap wedding, these days, why can't folk just have it off on the sofa in the privacy of their own gaff without all that bloody drama? When I kick the bucket, I'll ask them to bung me in a black bin liner and chuck me in the sea. As for all these bloody christenings...keep it in your pants boys, you know you want to.'

Before Danny swung onto the main road he took a long drag from some skunk his mate Jazz had given him for Christmas, swigged a can of cider and checked out his supply of Haribos in the glove compartment, for the munchies that soon followed his smoke. 'I'll need this,' Danny agreed, 'to see me through this shit.'

Danny sniggered cynically as he passed his old neighbour Jim McKay who was dead-heading flowers in his garden. 'Loser,' Danny thought, but decided to wave in a friendly enough fashion, 'if old Jim told his mum,' Danny thought, 'there would be hell to pay.'

As Danny sailed past Jim the Skoda's exhaust pipe spluttered dramatically leaving the frail old man looking confused in the centre of a dark and murky cloud of acrid air.

"Bloody hypocrite!" Jim shouted shaking his trembling fist at the souped-up car, "what's the world coming to these days?" he continued, shaking his head and tutting with sympathy at a young mother whose screaming toddler had been woken in its pram by the dreadful din.

The A24 was busy with school traffic, it didn't bother Danny though, 'he'd show who was boss,' he thought arrogantly.

Chelsea tractors sailed past Danny on the other side, "get a bloody life," Danny mumbled.

As a gap in the traffic appeared Danny tried to overtake the slow moving jaguar in front...the Jaguar's driver, an elderly man smoking a cigar, smirked at Danny as he attempted to drive past.

"Pompous git!" Danny screamed out his open window as the jaguar began to speed up..."get a fiesta and join the real world you bastard!"

Danny glanced down at his watch and realised he was running late. The Jaguar had decided to teach Danny a lesson and was taunting him by slowing down to twenty, forcing Danny to travel behind him at a snail's pace. At every opportunity Danny tried to overtake, but the cars on the other side of the road were coming fast and thick. With an enormous effort Danny speeded up to about a hundred miles an hour and eventually overtook the Jaguar.

Turning into the small village of 'In Bred Hicksville' - as Danny referred to it, at three-twenty-five, Danny rushed through the back door of the church and into the vestry.

"Oh Jesus!" he shouted at Sam the church elder, "have you got my gubbins ready? "these plebs are getting married in five minutes and I've got to be out there before the bride."

Danny took some deep breaths as Sam helped him attach his dog collar to his cassock, then Danny ran to his place in front of the altar and watched Brenda walk slowly down the aisle arm in arm with her father.

"Dearly beloved," Danny said loudly and graciously, "we are gathered here today to join this man and this woman in holy matrimony."