



A Journey to the Depth of...??

by Suchismita Roy



HIS name is perciwal. He looked like it too.

A pale, snub-nosed, freckled-faced seventeen year old male human with the vacuous expression of a modern day Don Quixote. His hair stuck out like the piles of a newly washed carpet hung out to dry, and all the city steam rollers had found their ultimate opponent in his unique looks. Add to this scarlet frilly wafers to the sides of his head [i.e. his ears] and you had a congo-merate; no man, woman or least could stare at for long without getting their respective eyeballs twisted. Add also to this the physique of a malnourished scarecrow and you'll get a rough idea of Percy-boy's phenotype.

Now for his genotype which was [Tantara....a....all] Magnifique! Exquisite! Smashing! Wow! [I've run out of adjectives] Cor blimey — was 'e sumfink or what? He was unpresumptuous, considerate, generous, kind, thoughtful [past! past!] hard-working, earnest and sober [ere pass that feeler over to me] Yet woe betide him, he aroused no trembling in any female bosom [we mustn't forget his whopper of a mug must we?] life is unjust, [what is just? — even the justice system is unjust, see? so there!]

As I was gabbing, Percy.... yes Percy had a fascination for WOMEN! [You fell as you heard that one right]. But 10 beheld! Vat is this? Ach neon! neon! ze female of his choice was not one of ze common pale, huge-eyed, fairy ones but a flashing, snapping crackling female with snaking black locks, glittering black eyes and a this carmine mouth that sneered arrogantly at all but him. The sheer thought of her made him quiver with ecstasy.

'Pop'! a drop of water landed on his nose, lounged about in a possessive manner and gave what Percy thought was a challenging look Percy gave back an appropriately defiant look and thwacked the drop of water from his nose. what was the world coming to nowadays when even measly drops of water thought they were upto your level, huh?

Percy looked up to see where the offender had sprung from. And instantly.... instantly.... in the time it took a goat to cross the road Percy had figured out the answer. it would have taken us morons years to find out. What was it? It was from (Tantara Zong! Clang! Boom!) the Sky! Percy was overwhelmed and dazed by his intelligence. He recuperated by staring up at the sky for a while when his super smart brain recorded the fact that the sky looked like whipped cream. Very old whipped cream. Very mouldy whipped cream.

Percy opened his mouth to holler.... 'Broudaboom Boom'. No he did not say that, it was just the loony thunder geeking about.

Everything became still. Only his ears fluttered in a slight draught. His face acquired the irritating expression of a sleepy cow. He sighed. A sigh that came from the depths of his tangled intestines. The corners of an inane mouth drooped and out trickled some transparent stuff. He rocked slowly on his heels. Slowly his amplitude increased and there was a Whoosh! followed by a CRASH! He had hit the floor. Yes pardners, you're right again. He was suffering from the classic symptoms of Love.

Tac! Tac! Tac! Imperious heels clicked on their way.

Percy contemplated very hard. Percy contemplated his time with one eye shut and one eye screwed up. He wheezed out a sigh of relief. He had decided at last. A dry Percy was better than a wet one any day. He tucked his shoes under his armpits and headed for the nearest shop in that quaint little side street. He stumbled in and wiped ze rain from ze tired brow. When he blinked around he found himself in one of those tiny family owned antique shop.

Percy levered himself into a standing position. Krunch! (that was one of his miserable ribs). The proprietor stood squarely at the counter.

His cochlea shot out of his ears, unwound and then shot back in. He stood there stunned as if he had been hit on the head by an unkind thunderbolt. He was actually (bomb) shell-shocked. (Snigger! snigger!) For you see, in front of him stood the living copy of the ebony statuette.

Ms Medusa looked at him very carefully. He was wearing the expression of a frozen leg of chicken. She inserted her thumb into each ear and after slight hesitation said, "Booga Wooga Booga Wooga Hunga Hunga Bunga Hunga Bunga". His features remained as immobile as before.

She sighed deeply and took up an antique knitting needle and shouting Alyaa-aah, he thrust the point underneath his sternum. She stepped back to observe the results.

"Gak! Gak! Gak!" Percy spluttered into life once more.

He cleared his throat. It was the sound of a cold-ritten vacuum cleaner. He then lifted his index finger and wheezed out "are you...." and pointed in the figurine's direction. It was all too overwhelming for his spoorangium sized brain.

"Yesss.... I modelled for it" came the voice — over a hypothermic glacier — it seemed to Percy.

Percy ransacked his brain [it didn't take too much time] for something to say. He had to show the filament lamp of his life that he was a man of substance.... very substantial sub-

stance....

stance [we.e...lll.... he was rather dense] He had thought of it! Romeo's all over the world would be quoting this line to their Juliet's. He cleared his voice and said, "Have a jelly bean?"

"Indeed no," came the frosty answer. Percy realized his mistake. He should have offered toffee.

He plopped his bag of toffee into the waste paper basket. He hated jelly beans. Toffee rose to No. 1 in his love offering list.

Percy glanced up shyly and asked, "How much is that beautiful lady in the window?"

Ms Icicle thawed perceptibly and said, "£200".

Percy's nose quivered slightly and his eyes started to fill. His lambkins noticed this and hastily said, "Okay, okay make it £100." Percy wheezed out a sigh of relief. Just a little masculine weakness. It worked all the time.

On Saturday, Percy traipsed gaily into the shop, a cheque in one hand and a bag of toffee in the other.

Ms Medusa soon appeared her tempestuous black hair off set by the green of her shirt. The transaction was quickly made and cradling the statuette in one hand, Percy made his offering of love.

Ms Medusa exclaimed and said, "Toffees are the most elegant darlings in the world". She beamed sweetly at our Percy and blushed an unbecoming pastel orange.

Percy collected all his elusive scraps of courage, pasted them over his heart and gushed out "Oh my sweet Aph...ape...urmm... Aperode, these toffees wither and fade beside your lovely face. Your eyes twinkle like two doves — I mean two stars and...."

He was interrupted by a tugging at his sleeve. A small face, strikingly like the one which bewitched him, begged him to lift her up on to the counter. Percy saturated up to his eyeballs in love obliged and babbled out to his darling, "Indeed my popples, your parents are fortunate to have two such raving beauties in the family. Your sister does you justice."

"You flatterer," exclaimed his love grinning toothily, "calling my daughter my sister, but wait and must meet the rest of my family." Saying so she called out, "sheepskins... yoo hoo sheepskins... bunnikins wants you to meet this nice little man here, the one who bought that monstrosity you carved, sheepskins... yoo hoo shee-

shee-