

WRONG PLACE WRONG TIME



Damian Roache

(*Story: The Birds; Character: Capt Jack Sparrow; Task: Lawn needs attending to*)

Peering skywards as dusk descended on an exceptionally cold December's day, Captain Jack Sparrow raised his tankard of rum to applaud the exuberant antics of the seabirds circling above him.

"Entertained by gulls by day..... entertained by girls by night" he mused to himself before returning inside to the warmth of the seaside cottage, home for the young lass from the inn that he had charmed into allowing him to lay his leather tricorne hat.

Around midnight, Jack was woken by strange tapping sounds coming from the back door. Upon investigation he saw nothing on, or near the door, but took this opportunity to take a much-needed tinkle.

However, a stabbing pain in his posterior suddenly interrupted his moment of bliss. Spinning on his heels he found that momentarily he had been beak to cheek with a winged assailant who now was just taking flight after a few quick steps getaway.

"I'm not sure I deserved that," Jack bellowed at the bird as he scurried back inside from the dark.

His buxom hostess had stirred slightly and one eye was slowly opening as he returned to the welcoming woollen blankets.

"M'lady, I feel it is my duty that I must warn you.....there be a mighty pecker in your midst."

Eventually they both settled back to sleep, however this was short lived as once again there was tapping at the back door. However this time it was louder and had no pattern of consistency.

"Ooooooh, please do something about that racket," the hostess sleepily mumbled as she dragged the bedclothes from the Captain's side to hers.

Grudgingly stepping onto the chilly cobblestone floor the Captain once again made his way across to the door. He had barely opened it when a cacophony of noise erupted and birds of all shapes and sizes swooped into the cottage. Knocked off his feet he was soon attacked by the intruders who took aim at him in quick succession.

"Shiver me timbers, I be under attack. "

Regaining his feet Jack scrambled his way back to the bedroom where his landlord lover had also been targeted and taken cover under the blankets.

"Jack, what is going on with all these crazy birds?" she yelled as he searched for a weapon.

“Aaaaghhh....it must be the sudden cold snap. Makes the ravens restless and the kestrels crazy.”

Screaming hysterically his hostess suddenly threw back the blankets, revealing a couple of Blue Tits that had been hidden by the bedclothes.

Seizing one of the blankets Jack began madly whipping around at the birds hearing them thud as they careered into the walls and floor. This one-man war against the feathered foes continued for an hour or so, then the birds were gone as quickly as they had come. Slumping to the floor, he wrapped the blanket around them both and closed his eyes.

Not long after sunrise they made their way outside. Dozens of birds lay dead around them strewn amongst the overgrown grass that circled the cottage.

His host let out a large sigh but then turned to Jack with a lascivious smile.

“Help a poor helpless young lady clean up this mess?” she flirtatiously asked whilst handing him a long handled scythe.

At the very moment he took hold of the scythe and surveyed the lawn, he saw them.

A flock of seagulls.

And he ran. He ran so far away.