

LIVING WITH A WOODEN LEG

The title would imply this account was set in the era of Long John Silver, but in fact the man living with the wooden leg was thirty year old David Fry, he was athletic with two working legs. A single man with a woman in many northern cities that he visited as a representative for a successful range of mature ladies' underwear. Many of his conquests were postmenopausal customers burdened with impotent partners obsessed by failing prostates, leaving the ladies to emerged from their mid life crisis blushing with a few hot flushes and reawakened libido. David was a very lucky toy boy.

His sales area stretched from Yorkshire to Inverness involving a staggering seventy thousand miles of motoring a year, he loved driving responsibly. Self discipline prevented him from drinking, even during his meal at night, which made the following event even more unfortunate.

David's boss was an autocratic character, quick to criticise and slow to praise, but he had to accept that David was good at his job and to show his reluctant appreciation he arranged to have a management night out to include David, who was less than happy at the prospect of listening to fawning lap dogs creep round their master, but it was a good job, with jolly perks so dressed for the occasion he joined the, hollow- laughing crowd for food and sparkling water.

' Why aren't you drinking David?' The boss asked in a demanding voice.

'I have brought the car.'

'So what. I didn't lay this on for you to sit in the corner like a bloody nun. Drink this.' David was handed a tumbler of whisky that he drank under strict supervision, followed by a second. The third he thoroughly enjoyed, allowing him to express himself to an appreciative audience of fellow employees who had become human.

The night was a success and without any reservations David jumped into his car and confidently headed home. Being well over the legal alcohol limit made no difference when the man stepped out in front of the car. David could not have stopped, he just had to watch the split-second event play itself out while adrenaline overcame effects of alcohol. The man collided with the nearside wing with a sickening thump and he had time to stare David in the face before sliding down to disappear.

Another thump as the rear wheel lifted and it was over, well almost. David was obviously braking hard when he saw the limb in his rear view mirror, flying through the air. It was obviously an artificial leg as it catapulted across the road, but no excuse for him to speed off without attending to the man laying in the gutter.

David arrived home only to be overcome by remorse and fear. Euphoria collapsed as he paced the floor until guilt became unbearable, then climbing into his car he headed back to the accident spot. It was quiet and deserted except for the wooden leg. Why he stopped to pick it up is a question that will never be answered. It was as if removal would absolve the crime. Pushing it into the roof space amongst suit cases and the like allowed slight relief, but of course it would only be time before the police came

knocking, but two days passed and nothing. No police, no report in the paper or on television, in fact David began to relax; obviously the man was not dead. It was a week later that a startling report appeared in the local paper.

'Man with wooden leg raped two young housewives.' Police are holding a thirty five year old man who was hiding in bushes outside one of woman's houses. He ran in front of a car, received minor injuries and lost his wooden leg that was thrown across the road. The bizarre thing was that the hit-and-run driver returned later, picked up the leg and sped off. Police have little hope of finding the motorist as the rapist failed to take details of the driver's number plate.

John Frostick