

The One That Got Away

They always said that the Titanic couldn't be sunk. But what about broken? This particular Titanic was an opportunist. It had been, literally whisked out of the shop in a last minute ditch for freedom. Lucky Titanic, saved from the sale bin by a carefree tourist.

It all started on the Monday. Davey, the carefree tourist was having a pre-nightcap stroll around the 'open till late' shopping centre; when all of a sudden -wham. There it was, bold as brass, on a shelf directly in front of him. The stuff of boyhood dreams, not any old ship, this was the Titanic.

"LOOK AT ME DAVEY - BUY ME BUY ME" it shouted to him.

Davey walked up to the model and cooed at it. He peered closely, he marvelled at the paintwork, and he marvelled at the rudder. In fact, to Davey, it was perfection. The four funnels lent backwards at just the right angle and the life rafts were crafted to the highest standard. Anyone observing could tell that Davey really wanted this ship, but he knew it just wasn't a good time to be buying things that wouldn't fit into his suitcase. There was the small matter of excess baggage to consider. Then of course, there was his wife. She would have something to say about the Titanic joining them on a tour of the Far East. So, with reluctance Davey turned and walked away. But, it didn't stop him thinking about it. Oh no, in fact, he thought about the Titanic so much he made an excuse to go back to the very same shopping centre the next night.

Guess what? The shopping centre was in the midst of being demolished for a new department store. People were running around with boxes full of stock. Shelves were being torn from the brightly painted walls by sweaty looking labourers. Horns tooting, ladies shouting, but worst of all, no boat shop. Davey stood forlornly on the spot where the night before the Titanic proudly sat. All that remained was a glass shelf, smeared with tea stains and a crumpled up crisp packet. He put his hands in his pockets, kicked the empty crisp packet and swore with disbelief under his breath.

"Can I help you sir?" said a voice from above. Davey looked up in surprise. Balancing on top of a ladder was the salesman from the previous evening. Instead of a duster, he was brandishing a very large tooth hammer. He grinned as he jumped down.

"The Titanic is at my sister's shop, my brother can go on his scooter to get it for you if you want." He said grinning. So that was that..... Sold.

Davey's fears were well founded. Titanic didn't fit into his suitcase, but they let him off paying any excess baggage. It's amazing how nice airline staff can be when you smile nicely at them. It joined them on a steam train, bobbed around on a small boat and nearly got squashed in a mini-bus. But Davey managed to get Titanic home to England safely. Every so often he stands and looks at it. It was worth all the hassle, worth all the funny looks, and worth all the sniggers of his fellow travellers, because now Davey can look at his boyhood dream whenever he wants to.

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