

Creative Task I – The Curse of Kuglemass

“Well, old sport, it seems like you’ve gotten yourself into quite a predicament.”

Gatsby leaned over the homeless man, who was laying in the entryway to the now abandoned BHS, dressed in nothing but an old tracksuit that looked like he fetched out of Ali G’s bin. Gatsby was a new arrival in Wolverhampton, having somehow emerged from a cupboard in the back of the British Heart Foundation shop around the corner. Maureen, 54, a Sagittarius who likes Debbie Harry, Take That and long walks on the beach, was working in the British Heart Foundation shop that very morning when a man, a very strange, thin, pale American man brought in said cupboard.

“Three taps, and you’re in,” He said.

“What?” Maureen replied, confused as to who this man was and why he was attempting to peddle an old, burnt cupboard to her.

“Anywhere, any when, any book. Throw it in there, three taps, then BAM,” At this Maureen jumped, “You’re in.”

“My word. What’re ya blathering about?”

“Excuse me?”

“You ya nutter, what’re ya goin’ on about?”

“It’s a magic box. Thought you Brits loved a bit of magic. With your *Harry Potter* and so on.”

“What?”

At this point the man sighed. He reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out a stack of small cards, licked his finger, and then began to rapidly skirt through the cards, before exclaiming “Ahah!” and pulling one out of the pile.

“Take this,” he said, handing the card to Maureen, “And call me when it works.”

Maureen cautiously took the card from the man, who nodded with approval before leaving. She looked at the card and read aloud what was written on it.

“Persky, for all your wildest literature fantasies. Never met a man named Kuglemass. Don’t ask.”

Maureen thought Persky was insane. Who wouldn’t? So she dragged the cupboard to the back of the store, and used it to store some of the second hand books that the shop had collected.

It was later that day when Maureen was talking to her colleague Karen, 48, mother of two, addicted to caffeine and has a fetish for young black men, when something strange started to happen.

“Well then he handed me this card right,” Maureen said, taking a small sip from her cup of Greggs coffee, “Said his name were Pervy or summit like that, and mentioned something called a Kugelma-”

It was at this point Maureen was interrupted by the sound of a loud banging. Karen had been leaning against the cupboard Persky had brought in, and had started gently tapping against it. Three times, in fact. There was another loud bang and the doors of the cupboard burst open, causing Karen to jump and spill her tea.

The two women took a step back as a young man, dressed in a nice tuxedo, dragged himself out of the cupboard and pulled himself to his feet.

“Ladies,” he said, smiling from ear to ear, before taking his leave out of the shop.

## Humour Writing

“Karen, what the bloody hell was that?”

“I dunno, Maureen. I dunno.”

And now Gatsby finds himself towering over a defenceless homeless man.

“Come on then, Old sport,” Gatsby said, before reaching down and pulling the homeless man to his feet, “We’ve got a party to plan.”

Word count: 549.