

Whit a fleg!!

Some true life experiences is best forgotten – this wis ane.

Geordie Jooks wis feared. He didnae ken whit in the warld wis happenin tae him. He juist kent he wis feared an it wis thon kinna fear that gripped his thrapple ticht wi cauld hard baned haunds. He gaithered up aw his maucht tae let oot a mighty yowl but the grip on his thrapple wis ower ticht an aw that cam oot wis a kinna whispered peelie-wallie groan. This frichtened Geordie aw the mair for he didnae ken whae's vyce it wis that cam oot his mooth. It wisnae the ane he wis expectin an he juist kent that it wisnae his ain.

A muckle swall o blinn terrification sweeshed ower his hail bein an he makit anither muckle maucht, this time, tae warsle hissel free frae the airn grip on his thrapple but he cuidnae move a muscle an, the mair he tried, the mair his hail body felt juist like a stookie. He cuidnae move a finger or ony ither pairt o his body, aw that is except for his een. He cuid move his een. Strecht aheid, he cuid see naethin but mirk tho whiles, oot the corners o his een, he cuid see like wee sparks o licht fleein by.

Geordie felt his body wis deid frae the thrapple doon an it wisnae awaur o onythin, but his een wis tellin him, bi the wey the wee lights wis movin, that he wis fawin intae a muckle mirky naethin. Noo he cuid see wee coloured lights afore him as weel as tae the side an thae anes wis gaun oot an in as they gaed by.

The haund on his thrapple wisnae thare ony mair an Geordie cuidnae mind it gaun awa. He cuidnae mind aither hou he haed gotten intae this situation an a when o oory antrin thochts kept on fleein in an oot his heid as his een sterted tae feel blinn wi sleep.....wis this whit it felt like tae be deein? ALIENS?ABDUCTIONS? UFO's?DWAM?WHIT THEN?WHIT?

Geordie crinched his teeth thegither an tried tae wauken up. The lights afore his een got brichter an he crinched his teeth aw the mair. He sterted tae feel his chafts bitin harder an thocht if he didnae stop, his teeth micht brek but the mair he tried tae stop, the mair he crinched till shair enech his teeth gied wey an aw the lights afore him exploded in a muckle bleeze o colour.

Geordie kent he wis deid noo, but haud on – whit wis thae twa white craitors hingin in the air afore his een? War they angels or.....no, mighty me.....no Aliens? He felt he wis in some kinna chaumer an the souch o the place wis gey misty like haein a haar inside the hoose. The twa craitors wis like bogles wi muckle big heids, bumfly een, wee airms an wee shanks. For the first time Geordie felt his hert lowpin in his chist an he wis awaur o the feelin comin back intae his ain airms an shanks an o the sun glentin abuin his heid.

The twa craitors wis lookin strecht at him noo an came ower nearer, thair heids camshauchelt like ye wis lookin at them through the bottom o a ginger bottle. Ane o thaim pit a haund forrit an gruppit Geordie bi the shooter an the orra thing wis that,

though it juist hid a wee haund on the end o its airm, as the haund wis gettin nearer tae him, it got bigger an bigger till, bi the time it gripped his shooter, it wis muckle. It wis mair than a shoogle. The haund fair dirled his shooter an ane o the craitors sterted tryin tae communicate. It wis aw fremmit noises tae Geordie's lugs then, aw o a sudden an glamoury like, the soonds sterted tae form intae words that he kent.

"Well Geordie, ye'll not have any more bother with that tooth." Geordie looked up an seen the dentist's licht abuin his heid.

"Thank Guidness!" he thocht, "Whit a fleg tae gie onybody!"