

## A Verbless story

‘Good afternoon. Nice day.’

‘Not bad for this time of the year.’

‘What a lovely necklace.’

‘Ooh, you bold boy.’

‘How about a drink?’

‘Well, just the one.’

‘A pint of lager, and a gin and tonic for the lady, please. And one for yourself, barman.’

‘Your place or mine?’

‘Down boy!’

‘What about tomorrow instead?’

‘Jam yesterday, jam tomorrow, never jam today.’

‘Never.’

‘No, but really?’

‘Well, since you insist.’

‘Coffee?’

‘OK. Thanks!’

. . .

‘Oh!’

‘Ohhhh’

‘Oh! Oh! Oh yes! Yes!’

‘Aah!’

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‘Mmm’

‘Mmm’

‘Cigarette? Or a joint?’

‘How about another?’

‘Already?’

‘No time like the present.’

‘You randy devil!

. . .

‘What about tomorrow night then?’

‘No chance.’

‘No chance?’

‘No – but next week perhaps?’

‘Thursday again then?’

‘Lovely!’

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‘Yoiks! Tally ho!’

‘The unspeakable in pursuit of the uneatable.’

‘Bleeding peasants. Gee up Dobbin.’

‘Wot about the workers then?’

‘You there, boy. No fireworks near the horses.’

‘Oh my god!’

‘No bones broken. An ambulance? Perhaps. Good old National Health.’

‘What about the horse, though?’

‘Past all hope. A job for the knackers.’

‘You heartless bastard.’

‘No, just realistic.’

‘Oh! Oh! My head!’

‘Hello your Majesty. Only your head? No bones broken anywhere else?’

‘No damage really. Just concussed. But my horse, what about my horse?’

‘Dead as a doornail, your Majesty.’

‘My horse, my horse, my kingdom for a horse!’