

NUDITY AND THE FRENCH POLICE FORCE.

Joe Walk was a loner, and a free man. But, he had a fault; he was on the street, and without a home.

Joe had no friends, what was the point in goin' on, there was no light at the end of the tunnel and life was just existing as a worthless piece of, well, nothing.

“Well! The only thing to do is take the long swim to China.” Joe said to himself as he sat on Hastings Pier, begging for ten pee. The long swim to China, in fact, being a philosophical term to a suicide attempt of swimming out to sea, with the hope of drowning. In fact, obviously, the swim was outward bound for death, and towards France.

Joe stepped off the pier and trundled down towards the pebble-stoned beach. Life to him seemed to be as boring as the nothing stones, splattered out in front of him. Although people say that money isn't everything, it is! And Joe had but thirty pee, and no home, and nobody.

As Joe took off his clothes, in the depths of cold winter, as it goes, he thought of his family and the funeral with the wholesome mass of about two people, if that, when he was in that coffin to beyond. “I don't need this life”, he said to the world. “A bunch of hypocrites, lepers and crooks”, and in fact he was probably right.

The water was, obviously, freezing, but which was worse, the pain of life, or the pain of hypothermia.

As Joe sank into the fluorescent, silky smooth, sea, he started to think of what his fate could be. “Will I die at one thousand yards, be suffocated by a freak wave, drowned by exhaustion, or will a lost shark take me for supper.” In fact, this was it. Joe had taken that huge plunge on a very solid decision.

As he swam out, his suicide attempt began to make him feel so warm and happy, probably because hypothermia was setting in. He was getting an adrenaline rush on this great decision. He thought of his mum weeping at his funeral, alone, and aware of it. No one cares for you when you're a nothing, accept your mum.

“How far have I gone”, he thought to himself. He looked behind, but his mind was wrapped in the panic stricken storm in his mind. “I’ve finally done it. No more pain and torture”.

He swam every way he could think of; breast stroke, front crawl, even on his back. The agony of wanting to die just wasn’t becoming waged. It seemed to him that he was going to eventually reach France and never die.

Joe started to fantasise. He thought of all of the fame if he should miraculously reach France. “Wouldn’t it be funny”, he said to himself. The papers, the TV, the radio, and everyone. Joe started to think euphorically. A power in his mind, not part of him, took over the show in his mind. He became delirious.

After what seemed to be hours, but only seconds, of an over whelmed mind of angels and fairy tales, and after swimming for what seemed like forever, he suddenly decided to take a look around him. It was dark but he could see land. He had swum nearly all the way to France, as he could see a port, or harbour, with the French flag waving in the wind, lit up by some port lights. “A miracle”, he whispered to himself. “The golden winged ship that Jimi sang about, (his favourite musician, known to most of us as Jimi Hendrix) is finally passing my way”.

Joe decided that life wasn’t so bad after all and that he would change his spots, and make a new go at life and its small pleasures. He was about a hundred feet from the shore, and pleased about it. Suddenly, a motorboat shot past and chopped his head up in the propeller. It was dark and there was no way of seeing him. And the golden winged ship just kept on going, just like in the song.

The moral of this story is, that you will always change your mind before you hit the bottom, no matter how much pain and torture you have been submitted to.

END.

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