

Built to last



'Just listen to the clatter of that. Uncle Pa you must get a new motor', said a demanding Mark. 'Shut up Mark, this is a piece of quality engineering by the daddy of motors himself - Henry Ford', said a sarcastic Uncle Pa. 'The daddy! Are you trying to get with it Pa', said Mark. They got out of the car and got the gear that they needed. 'What will I carry?', said Chris. 'Nothing, Mr Muscles' stated Mark who was dying with laughter. Splash! Splat! the mud went over the boots. Mark was annoyed as his new boots were as good as ruined. Chris followed Mark trail laughing at him as he stumbled along grunting, 'Look at my good boots'.

Uncle Pa was leading the way. He was a short, stout man with a oval-shaped head. His nose was bulbous and when he wore his glasses they matched in like misfit pieces of a jigsaw. His hair was grey and silvery, coarse and tangled, his eyes were brown and almond-shaped. His skin was pale and blotchy, his lips were irregular and thin, his teeth were stained and decayed.

However, his appearances were misleading because he was a humble, kind and generous person and nobody knew this more than his two newphews. They called him 'Pa' because he was more of a father than an uncle. He always spent alot of time with them and he treated them as if they were his sons.

He took them on outdoor adventures. This trip was a hunting and camping trip. Uncle Pa planned to kill a fox. Mark looked back and the car was nowhere to be seen. Like many teenage boys, he was interested in cars and was confident like them also. 'So Pa would you said your tin can on wheels, sorry your piece of quality engineering by old Henry is built to last?,' said

Mark sarcastically. Pa replied 'Yes, of course. Like all old things, it is built to last'. 'Stop! Look! Look! there is the fox' said an excited David. 'Well done, Son,' said an anxious Pa who was lining up the shot,' That fox has been a menace to my chickens for the last time'. With a rush of adrenaline he fired the shot. The fox was hit. The bushy tail did not move.

The mossy stoned wall where the fox lay dead was a bloody red colour like the ground upon which it bled. 'Yes, result' said Pa who was relieved that this parasitic pest would never live off his chickens again. 'Right lads where will we put it, probably in a place where other parasites will get the message', Pa said with a sound of harshness in his voice. They went towards the carcass and Pa withdrew a worn cord sack from his backpack. He put the dead animal head first into the sack. His hands were covered in blood and the hands were carefully studied by Chris. 'Mark go on up the mountain, you know the way and take Chris with you. I'll be up later.'

He put the carcass on a hedge well out of the view of drivers and tourists. This was to warn of the foxes from his farm. He looked for a stream to wash away the blood. It didn't take him long to reach one knowing the area like the back of his hand. The stream was sparkling and crystal blue which turned dirty when he rinsed his hand. He began to make his way up the mountain. He went up it as fast as a cheetah only to be stopped by the built up of lactic acid in his body. His fleshy face turns red like the blood on his hands earlier. He continued walking but at a slower pace. Finally he reached them but stood at a distance watching Mark trying to make a fire.

'You! forgot the fire lighters didn't you? Give us them sticks! I'll show you how it is done.', said an exhausted Pa. Later that evening they all sat around the fire. They recalled all the other times they had done this. Chris was tired after coming up the mountain earlier on and he fell asleep. He was woken up by the sound of laughter of Pa and Mark. 'What's funny?' said Chris. 'Your brother here was acting a smart ass. He thinks that my car will break down. No chance!' Defensively Mark replied 'I know what I'm talking about' They laughed all night until the fire burned out then they went asleep.