

Flight 634

by

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An unusual bolt of lightning strikes a jet just after take-off, and it never reaches its destination.

Kate lay sunbathing, almost asleep, on the banana lounge beside the small pool in her backyard. She had just finished exams at university and was pleased to be able to enjoy the warm weather, at home and without worries. It was so quiet, and nothing but the sun was to be seen in the blue sky. The grass smelled good and trees rustled with the slight breeze.

She was disturbed from this tranquil dozing by a small plop in the pool beside her, and glancing over, she saw something shiny in the slowly lapping water. It reminded her that she had been out long enough, and ought to return back indoors before she got sunburnt. Before she did though, she concluded to retrieve this projectile which had disturbed her. Even by leaning over the edge she couldn't reach it, so she stepped slowly into the cool water which quenched her boiling legs. Wading over to the object, she saw that it was an aeroplane, some kid's toy, probably thrown over by the little brat next door.

It was about ten centimetres long, Kate noticed as she reached down and plucked it from the water. Drops ran off it and onto her hand. It had four engines, but that was all that was remarkable to her - she had seen planes like this at the airport (only much bigger, of course). Tucking it into the top of her red and white striped bikini she waded out and dried her legs with a towel.

The morning's newspaper lay on the bench as Kate returned to the kitchen from dropping her towel in the laundry, and she picked it up to read. She sat at the table and plucked the uncomfortable toy from her breast and lay it on the edge in front of her as she flicked through the paper.

After a few moments she glanced at the shiny model and noticed something odd - little yellow tubes had fallen out of the sides of the tiny jet and rested on the table, just like on movies when a plane crashes and the people jump down the big

bouncy slides. There were two on each side, and the slides facing her went over the edge of the table. Upon closer inspection, she saw that tiny little specks were tumbling down the tubes; that was a really odd thing for a toy.

From the tiny yellow slides that faced her, these specks fell straight past the table and into her lap. Some fell onto her stomach and rolled down until they were stopped by the red seam of her bikini, and other fell straight onto the bikini bottom and tumbled down between her legs. Kate then crossed her legs, and tiny red spots appeared between her thighs.

Dozens of little specks were piled up at the seam, and when she pulled it up to adjust the soggy bathers, the tiny things rolled under the elastic of her bikini bottom, and some became tiny red patches as she released it. All over her abdomen were the rubbery little specks, but they simply smeared as Kate tried to rub them off.

They had to be some kind of jelly lolly, she thought as more of them poured out of the sides of the aircraft. She shifted the plane to see them, and noticed they had conglomerated into a few groups. When she placed her finger onto one of these little groups, the specks stuck to her wet skin, and she held it up to her face. It almost looked like they were moving. Kate put her finger in her mouth and sucked the tiny lollies off - they didn't dissolve but rolled around her tongue until going down her throat. She didn't think they had a great taste, but they were nice.

Scores of the small candies sat in groups on the table, and Kate bent down and licked them up with her tongue. They stuck to her lips and some even to her teeth, so she licked them off and rolled them around her mouth before swallowing them.

It was quite an odd toy, she thought. There were heaps of little novelties that had lollies inside them, but this one was a bit quirky. She picked it up between her fingers and held it close to her face. More tiny specks fell out as she rolled it from side to side, and they tumbled down the top of her bikini, some falling on her breasts but most ending up between them. Kate pushed her finger in between her breasts to try and retrieve them, but most of the specks that were piled up at the bottom of the elastic simply smeared into tiny red smudges with her sweat. She decided to keep what was left of the tiny lollies for her sister coming home from school, so she brushed them onto a page of the newspaper and shook them into the centre, leaving the plane with them, in case more came out.

Fifteen minutes later she heard the front door opening and her mother and sister entering. After a few more minutes the girl came into the kitchen, still clad in her uniform. She was in year twelve.

"Hey Kate," she said.

"Hey Lib," replied Kate, "come and have a look at this, I thought I'd keep it for you,"

"Well I'm a little old for that," said her sister Libby as she saw the toy plane. Kate explained that it had sweets in it, and while she poured the ones in the newspaper onto her hand, her sister placed the aircraft in the breast pocket of her school blouse. More little specks fell into the bottom of the cotton pocket.

"What're they?" asked Kate's mother, who had just entered the room with a bit of shopping.

"Tiny jellies, I think," said Kate as she held out her hand in offering, "Have some,"

The woman moistened her finger with her tongue and planted it in her daughter's palm. She raised it back to her mouth and licked off dozens of the tiny jelly-like specks that stuck to it, pressing them to the roof of her mouth as she tasted them squishing on her tongue. More still stuck to her finger, which she put to her mouth, and cleaned with her lips as she sucked the remaining tiny spots off it.

"Hmmm... they're okay, though nothing special," she said while running her tongue around her mouth to collect the stray jellies.

"Hand them over here," said Libby as she cupped her palm. Kate tipped the tiny lollies into her sister's hand, but some still stuck to her own. She wiped her sweaty hand down her side, leaving a few tiny red smudges on her skin.

The young girl looked at the dozens of tiny pink specks in her palm before tipping them into her mouth. They fell onto her lips and on her tongue.

"I reckon they're pretty good," she said as she ran her tongue over her lips, collecting the tiny bits.

"Try and open it if no more are coming out," suggested Kate as she returned to her paper. There were a few little specks scattered over the seat as she sat down, but her bikini pressed them into small red dots.

Libby acted on the suggestion, and pulling the plane from her breast pocket she placed two fingernails in the middle and split the tiny aircraft in two. Minute dots scattered everywhere and fell to the floor, but she quickly held the ends up to her face, and tipping her head back, shook the miniature bits of metal over her mouth.

The pink specks fell into her mouth and onto her cheeks and chin, and rolled down the open neck of her blouse. When she finished her hands had more specks stuck to them, and she wiped them off over her breasts and chest. As she did, tiny red dots appeared at the bottom of her breast pocket.

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