

NO BALL IN THE HOUSE

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It was a Sunday evening. Four travellers were relaxing in their shared first floor French Riviera apartment. All week the piercingly loud and annoying sounds from a badly maintained pack of scooters passing by had interrupted conversations, woken people from slumber and naps, destroyed peaceful moments and had been a general cacophonic disturbance.

The four had all commented on how bad it was. At one point they all joked about standing on either side of the road with a loose rope, ready to snare the loudest buzz bandit.

It was common for the house members to make shotgun sounds, mid-speech, when they screamed past infuriatingly.

Scooters are big in Western Europe. Very popular.

Anyhow, the group was playing indoor soccer with a rubber ball, having a great time. The music was up as high as the travel-sized speakers would allow. The vibes were high.

It was Jungen in offence with Perkins and Austin manning the hall doorway as goal defence. Crowe was moving in to receive from Jungen but the pass didn't come.

Simultaneously the scooter gang took the beach stretch straight, glid through the fresh red lights and mustered out of the corner up the famous Boulevard Foch at a speed, which was very unsafe.

Jungen's pass bounced off the multi-coloured kids trolley, holding the aforementioned stereo set-up, having slid past Austin's defence, past Perkins and the bewildered Crowe, helplessly out their first floor balcony window.

The thing with ten pin bowling and dominoes is that if lined up properly, a keen participant in either will have the chance to knock down more than just the first object hit.

The gang of scooterists proved this theory by being living examples when Jungen's pass finally landed. Goal!