

Travel Papers

*A Short-short Story by
HORansome*

“This is your passport, is it, sir?”

“Indeedy.”

“An autographed picture of Ghandi?”

“A beautiful portrait shot delicately signed by the master himself.”

“Tony Curtis.”

“Hmm?”

“This picture of Mahatma Ghandi was signed by Tony Curtis, father of the possibly-a-boy-masquerading-as-a-girl Jamie Lee Curtis.”

“It certainly looks that way, yes.”

“And this is your proof of identity for boarding this flight from Auckland, New Zealand, to LAX.”

“It is.”

“Have you any supporting identification, sir?”

“No. Not really. Would it help if I told you I was a pirate?”

“Not really, no.”

“What about a matador?”

“So you’re claiming to be a pirate matador whose only proof of identity is a portrait of Ghandi signed by Tony Curtis?”

“Called Enrico Polyester Samuels.”

“I think you should probably speak to my supervisor. Harold!”

“Yes?”

“The Dread Pirate-cum-Matador Enrico Polyester Samuels wishes to show you his passport-cum-signed-not-autographed-picture of Mahatma Ghandi prior to boarding this flight to LAX.”

“It’s a good likeness.”

“I know. It’s served me well.”

“Travel often?”

“I’m not a frequent traveller.”

“Do you actually know Mr. Curtis?”

“Not particularly. I did almost rent a video featuring him, though, if that counts.”

“Oh, which one?”

“Something about a Greek slave, I think?”

“Porn or non-porn?”

“Who call tell these days.”

“True. So very true. Look, this is highly irregular and I can’t really let you board this flight, but I can let you on to plane heading to Dargaville.”

“Sweet.”



The End