

The Big Air Strike

by Fairfield

An exciting action sequence.

Chapter 1 of 1

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It all depended on skilled espionage. Our double agent had a friend whose sister had a neighbor who had overheard her mother talking about two ladies complaining to others in a knitting circle that their husbands planned another late poker night. It was obvious that it was a secret raid. We had hid near our double-agent's friend's sister's neighbor's mother's knitting-companion's husband's buddy's house and waited until the group appeared.

We sprang out of a copse of trees and sped toward the formation in the sky.

I was muttering the only appropriate mantra I knew. "Oh shit oh shit oh shit oh shit oh shit."

Okay, so I'm not the bravest wizard on the planet.

It didn't help that I was flying The Contraption.

"We need something to give us an edge."

I soon wished I hadn't said that.

Everyone thought that pyrotechnics would be just the thing and who better to deliver them than the person who had the brilliant idea, who happened to be the least agile flyer.

They concocted crystal spheres with impressive properties and attached them to my broom with strings. We went out to practice, but there was a problem.

"We can't have his balls dangling."

I agreed, in principle.

They would construct a special flying device.

Push brooms?!

They lashed three of them together with cross braces to form a flying platform with a rack for the spheres. The others were impressed enough with The Contraption that they decided I could attack the enemy straight on and occupy them while they, with their superior flying skills, struck from the flank and annihilated them.

Once out of the copse of trees, my barge of push brooms rose in the twilight sky to meet its rendezvous with destiny. When I was almost within launching range, the gang of

raiders spotted me. They pointed at The Contraption and laughed.

“Laugh at this!”

The six crystal globes exploded in their midst. They were busy putting out the fires in their cloaks, brooms, and hair.

Then they were coming straight at me. Where were the others, the aerial acrobats who were supposed to hit the opponent in the flank before I was in any danger? I squealed and fled. I was out of balls. Then I imagined the jeers and scorn at my cowardice. I turned and charged. I was screaming in sheer terror.

Suddenly, as clear as day, I could see it in the faces of the group I was charging. They thought I had harassed them and had pretended to flee, and now I had turned on them, screaming in triumph and fury because they were caught in an ambush. I must have been a fearsome spectacle. They panicked and scattered. No opponent was in sight.

My fellow warriors were unhappy. They told me they were almost upon the enemy when I turned and scared them off. The plan had fizzled thanks to me.

Later, after a few beers, when they were more forgiving, they looked hopeful and asked if I had any more clever ideas.

I kept my mouth shut.

From the chat room: what is the drabble of no prompt.