

## **The Motorbikes**

### **David Bond**

Looking to the shimmering, white noise horizon on a long, tree-lined road, a motorbike approached. The rider, in black, was unidentifiable. Riding towards me, closer and closer, faster and faster, I stood my ground.

Inside the motorbike were two colonies of bees. The colony living in the carburettor (as opposed to the fuel tank colony) were from another dimension. They were on holiday, if you will (or will not, or Will.i.am). This was apparent in that they were in possession of sun loungers with parasols. The bees had journeyed to our dimension via the following, in a randomly precise, precisely random order:

- A wormhole
- A vortex
- A whirlpool
- A whirlpool with a funny hat
- A bus
- A bus but with lived experience of poor mental health
- A cat
- Something else that isn't a cat
- Something else that is either a cat or a boat
- A beanstalk
- A warp pipe from *Super Mario: Partners in Time* (a seriously underrated Mario game)

Some of the bees were very tired after their long journey. Others were not. Others professed to be either tired or not tired, depending on which bee they conversed with, swaying to the conversational wind. Some of the bees were, in fact, wasps. Some were White Anglo-Saxon Protestants, and some were of the pre-Buddhist Tibetan animist tradition. They also seemed to be hugely keen on football for some reason. As far as I understand, football and/or soccer was not a popular pursuit in pre-Buddhist Tibet, but more research is required, and some of our best minds are working on it.

The directions for the bees' long, arduous journey were set by the following:

- A sorcerer
- A wizard
- A magician
- A stand-up comedian from the 1970s who somehow didn't manage to offend anyone
- A venomous frog
- A non-venomous frog
- A frog (venom capacity unknown, and I do not care to know, thanks very much, Gladys!)
- A frog that was born venomous but decided to donate its venom to needy frog children after experiencing:
  - A voyage of discovery
  - A heroic dose of psychedelic mushrooms
  - Indigenous Australian walkabout
  - A long(ish) train journey

This particular frog had the ability to shape shift in to a motorbike, which was home to at least two colonies of bees. In a shocking twist sure to titillate our readers, it is not the same motorbike as featured at the outset of this story, despite what Gladys may say. This motorbike has four cylinders. The aforementioned motorbike has two. This motorbike is called Rameses the minus fourth. The other motorbike is called Derek.

The two motorbikes eventually met, on the hard shoulder of the A11, just outside of Thetford. They kissed, using their headlights, fell in love and lived happily ever.

**The End.**

## **Experimental Writing Prize - Shortlisted**

**Head Judge:**  
Clare Fisher

**The University of Sheffield's  
Creative Writing Journal**