

The Express

“You should paint.” The rat thought.
“I should, and I could, especially now I’m sitting
all good.” Wiggling his thoughtful tail he
wondered listening to the rhythmic gimmick
provided by the Marakhy train.

“Trees—birds with a hint of teal,” the rat
Selfishly ratified an appeal. “Grapes—oranges
in a scent of veal. I’d paint it all if I could but
I’m wondering, if I should.” The door opened,
ruining the rhythmic gimmick to rubbery
rubble.

“Marakhy!” A drunk man jumped inside spilling
his cannister. “Slippery won’t you say?
How they make cannisters this carelessly and
sinister. Those dirty-dirty little Fingersters!”
The ponderous man sat down opposing the
rat’s ratty rascally look.
“You suppose, on purpose?”

The rat stared in dismissal circling circles with
His tail as to point out his ramping sizzle.
“Sure.” The rat thought wondering what’s next.

“One of those aren’t you,” The drunk man Continued with a sparkling twinkle in his right eye. “I always wondered—kind Sir why do all rats smell of paint and dye?”

The rat didn’t answer. “A pleasant look?” The drunk man ponderously asked. “A pleasant wink? I’d drink to that—my ratty inky dinky.”

The drunk Man jumped up cheering the wrong riddle. A turn in his arm and a splash of his stinky drink, ruined the rat’s green canvas ink.

“You—ever!” The rat spat looking at his canvas. Jumped up and charged with brush and ink. “Ever—you! The rat screamed poking his brush Onto the drunk fat man. “Aaaah!” The drunk Man screamed, I’m dying—I’m killed—the rats Scissoring me!—It’s done it!

“You suppose?!” The rat spat snatching the drink. “No drinks.” The rat tried emptying the cannister. Not realizing the building anger the rampant bellied man had. “Green...I thought.” The fat man fumed staring at his wet painted fingers smelling the perfume.

“What? Give me my drink! You Fingerster.” The drunk man wobbled onto the rat hearing his Favorite drink emptying quick. “It doesn’t end, it Doesn’t.” Screamed the angry man. “It doesn’t end. It’s Zum-Zum you fool—you rat!”

At the mention of Zum-Zum The rat stepped

back, letting the cannister fall onto the floor.
In doing so both pushed each other Blurting
words that made no sense or difference at all.
“My painting paint—you Floshunga!” The rat
screamed and fluttered angrily. “Its your fault
you little, Wibbly-Wibble!” The drunk man
blurted wobbling his bellied self smacking the
rat with his bellied belt.

After releasing the much needed steam,
Both the conflicted parties smelled the Zum.
A tingle of lemon with ginger and pepper.
Sparkling just a tiny bit, that Zum-Zum hint.
“My cannister, my Zum! Screamed the
panicking man, “Where’s me Zum-Zum, you
filthy rat!”

Confused about the sudden change of heart the
rat Looked around the floor to only see a
rising puddle of Zum-Zum pour. “Find me
Zum-Zum find it!” The drunk man screamed
swirling his arms in the Zum-Zum puddle.
“Half a year’s worth of bread, for this Zum-Zum
belt, and look at that!

As the Zum-Zum puddle grew so did the rat’s
Fear of puddles and pools. Before he knew he
as well began looking for it. “Where is it!
Where is it!,” The rat panicked and swirled his
paws and tail.

The Zum-Zum puddle grew to become a pool,
Nearing the bellies of both the parties lifting
them up. After another moment it rose again
turning both the parties to one. “We ought to
seek help.” The rat cried, “Surely a train this

size has got a drainage plan?”

The drunk man stopped swirling and laughed,
opened his coat and pulled out another
cannister of Zumish brand. “Always think of
emergencies, not my words.” The drunk man
drank floating around,
“Wake me when you find it. You did it. Not me.”

“Time’s running out!” The rat panicked.
“Door’s closed for that.” The drunk man
laughed. “Our time!” the rat spat.
“Timmy’s always running ratty friend, I rather
whistle.” The drunk man burped looking
around drinking Zum-Zum pour.

“If we don’t find a way we’re gone for!” The rat
panicked floating across the drunk man.
“Gone where?!” The drunk man laughed,
“I’m going nowhere.”
“We’ll drown!” the rat spat answering.
“I always wanted to visit Blurisha.”
“This is going nowhere,” the rat thought.
“To reason with a mad Zumish man!”

“If you were to drink the fifth leaving me the
third...” The drunk man blurted confused, “we
could leave here In half an hour before lunch—
midnight. With my Zum-Zum in me tummy
and you glad and all happy!”

The Zum-Zum pushed both the parties higher
up, pressing them into the roof. “This is it,
this is It.” The rat cried, “the fool I am—I’m
turning to sip-sip without ever being Mr

Risious.”

The rat took one big gulp of air and down he went and as soon as he went, he understood what to do in the other end.

A purple plug hung loosely from the roof, its cord swirling in Zum-Zum swoof. As fast as his tiny strong legs could move him the rat swam and pulled the plug. A sound popped as the plug shot out and flew Down.

The Zum-Zum rushed through the open hole almost sucking both the parties in and out. The rat clung onto a banister as the drunk man clung onto the rat. And after Another moment the Zum-Zum was gone, leaving them all Zumishly wet.

The cannister flew up the wagon and plugged the open hole shut as the Mobeler clacked on the door. Both the rat and the man fell down on their wet Zum-Zum seats breathing all the heavily in unison. Benched—drenched in Zum-Zum stench both stared at each other with their wretched glances—all quenched.

“Yes,” the sober man muttered towards the door

“No,” the rat gasped looking at his canvas and Paint. The door opened.

The Mobeler stood tall.

A yellow barrel in fine costume.

Wearing a fine blue top-hat.

With a message pinned on its woody chest,

That read:

Dear Ms or Mr.

Please prepare to leave our Sit-Sits.

Its over.

Train ride is done.

Certainly and most seriously.

— Your kind train pilot.
Ms Groos.

The paper was signed with her signature.
As both the rat and the man stared at the
Mobeler the train slowly slowed down,
Indicating the ending for all their Zumish
adventure.
The end