

Magic Cloth
by
Simon Wiedemann

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A couple of months ago, my dad gave me a damp cloth to clean my car windscreen. Interestingly, he handed it to me as if it was nothing, possibly so I didn't get overexcited and go crazy like Bilbo Baggins did when he was given his supernatural ring that turned him invisible. Or maybe he under-reacted because he didn't want me to tell everyone, resulting in countless crowds pestering him for other cool devices. Yes, as you may have suspected, the cloth my dad gave me is actually magic. Why? Because it is perpetually damp, meaning I never have to bother taking it to the kitchen to soak it. Ok, that may not be as cool as pranking people without being seen or whatever, but it is still low level wizardry at very least. Has it driven me crazy? No! Ok to be fair, I am telling everyone about it, though. And I'm hearing voices. No, only joking.

For whatever reason, sometimes it stinks and sometimes it smells really nice. So nice, that I can't stop sniffing it. It's as if it has some kind of control over me. I want to sniff it right now. My precious. It makes you ask the question 'is the time I save from not leaving the car for a water top-up really worth it?' What will happen in the future if I'm not careful? Will I end up wearing my special item around my neck 24/7 so I can keep breathing it in? How will that make me look? At least rings are fashionable. Maybe I should stop being so nihilistic. MAYBE the cloth smells bad sometimes so I don't have to completely obsess about it. As it's got my back, I guess it's only fair I stick up for it, too. If a group of rowdy teenagers came my way for example, and said something like 'Hey! Dumb cloth!' I would have to punch them in the face one by one. If my cloth had limbs, I know it would do the same for me. Well that's the theory.

What's also cool about my mini towel is the way I can see into the future when I look at it. Maybe that's the thing I should have mentioned first, but to be fair it does smell really nice. Yes, to be clear that's still my favourite thing about it. As far as I'm aware, I'm just smelling water but maybe my dad sprinkled magic on it. I don't know. Only joking, I can't really see in the future at any time. So for the schizophrenics out there, don't come and find me. All you get from mugging me is an unusually wet and fragrant bit of fabric. Though as explained, pretty swish. What's not quite so swish is the way marks are often left on my windows when they get the super-towel treatment. Yep, the main thing the item was made for (I think) is actually what it does worst. How about that? Having considered all areas, what do I mark my aromatic washer? I think on average 6/10, but at its best... 9/10! Bit of a short monologue this one, but can you blame me? Bye!