

Alcohol

by

Vixxy Fox



“But I’m telling you it’s the fuel I need to fly my aircraft and I need to get out f here before the sun goes down!”

The police officer leaned into his car and picked up the radio microphone. “We got us a greenie at the south east gate Gretta.”

Pssshhhhckkk... “Greenie... gotcha... You need back up?”

“I’m not sure yet. I’ll let you know.”

Tossing the microphone back onto the seat he motioned to the pilot to put the two five gallon containers on the ground. “You do know this is a secured area?”

“Yes... we’ve been through this. It’s an airport. I have an aircraft in there and it uses alcohol for fuel.”

“What kind of alcohol, Gin, Vodka, or Whiskey?”

“It’s Tequila,” the Fox said sarcastically.

“A’h suppose there’s a dead bug in the bottom of those cans then?” the Hound asked slowly.

“That’s a worm not a bug!” the pilot yelled in frustration, “And I was being sarcastic! It’s 100 percent grain alcohol and it burns bright blue!”

“A’ yuh. I s’pect it would scotch yer throat pretty good when ya slug it down too. Sorry Buzzy but like the sign says; no alcohol beyond this point. If ya need fuel they’ll get it for you. That is, of course, if you really are running that fly’n thing on alkeehol I doubt they would give it to you in any case cuz it’s too dangerous to handle.”

“My aircraft is a very special type of aircraft,” the pilot explained slowly as if talking to an idiot, which he rather felt he was. “It’s an ‘experimental’ and the powerplant runs only on pure grain alcohol. It is an ecological breakthrough of the highest degree. It’s virtually emission free and gives five times the horsepower.”

“Is that a fact?” the police officer asked, fishing in his pocket for a plug of tobacco from which he bit off a good piece. Holding it out to the pilot he nodded towards it, offering a chew.

“That is a fact, and thanks but no thank you, I don’t partake.”

“Keeps yur teeth clean,” the Hound told him as he chewed.

“So does brushing them. May I go to my aircraft please?”

“Sure... just not with the alcohol.”

The Fox finally set the jugs down and crossed his arms. “Let me get this straight. I can pass through with gasoline?”

“Yup.”

“I can pass through with kerosene?”

“That’s jet fuel, so sure.”

“And what if I was carrying a good haul of rocket fuel?”

“Solid or liquid?”

“Liquid.”

“So long as it ain’t alcohol, sure.”

“Why?” The pilot asked, his face a mask of frustration.

“Cuz the sign says so,” the officer replied affably, after which he spit to one side.

“All right!” the Fox told him in exasperation, “I lied! It’s not alcohol it’s just ionized water.”

The old Hound raised an eyebrow. “And I’m supposed to believe that why?”

“Have a taste,” the pilot told him. “It’s water.”

The Hound placed his paws on his hips and gave the pilot his hardest look. “After you,” he said with a downward smile.

Pssshhhckkk... “You got a problem over there Burt?”

The officer moved back to his car and picked the microphone up from his seat. “Nahhh, I got it handled. I’ll call ya back later.”

Pssshhhckkk... pssshhk... the dispatcher acknowledged by clicking his microphone.

“Drink up,” he said to the pilot, nodding to the jerry cans.

Undoing the cap to one, the Fox hefted it up and took a good swallow. Making a strange noise, he coughed once and then set the jug down. Wiping his mouth on the back of his sleeve he nodded to the Hound. “Your turn,” he challenged.

Spitting out his wad of tobacco, the old hound came over and hefted the can upwards to his nose and sniffed at it. “Smells funny,” he muttered and then took a large swallow. Setting the can down he too wiped his lips on the back of a sleeve. “What is it,” he asked, “Mineral water? It’s kinda weak... I mean bland tasting.”

One of the Fox’s eyelids began doing a dance and he had to still it with one paw. “You haven’t got a hair on your backside if you don’t try a mouthful from the other jug,” he challenged, figuring to out with the small town deputy one way or another.

“Why?”

“It’s really rocket fuel and it’ll light your tail on fire sure enough.”

“Sounds in’trest’n. I don’t su’pose that challenge goes both ways?”

“Do it,” the pilot told him. “What the heck... seems I can’t fly because of some stupid local rule so what’s the difference?”

“Water; right?”

Unscrewing the cap the pilot told him, “Right.”

When the Dispatcher finally found them night was well fallen. The pair was sitting with their backs to the police car, arms around each other’s shoulders as if they were long lost buddies. Both were snoring loud enough she couldn’t even hear the crickets. Taking out her flashlight she illuminated them and then the sign proclaiming ‘No Alcohol beyond this point’.

Turning back to the pair she came close, bent down and screamed as loud as she could. The Hound and the Fox both sat bolt upright and screamed with her.

When all the screaming was done she shouted at the Hound, “What were you thinking?!”

He blinked and then looked up at the 'she' who was also his wife. "You said post the sign so a'h did like you said. This punk'n head was trying to smuggle in two big cans of the stuff... said it was fuel for his airplane."

"I told you hang the sign 'No ball playing beyond this point'. How in the..." The Dispatcher almost swore but caught herself. Instead she kicked her husband in the leg. "You make me so mad sometimes Elbert!"

The Hound managed an 'ow' before he was again fast asleep using the pilot's lap as a pillow. Gretta, having been married to Burt for a good number of years, was wise enough to leave him right where he was which kept him from getting any more black and blue marks from her anger.

As for the Fox his 'ow' was held off until the following morning, though it certainly came out more as a groan. After pouring what was left into the fuel tank of his small aircraft along with two bottles of vodka Elbert acquired from somewhere along with a lot of apologies. He then took off into the morning sun swearing he would never attend another 'fly in' at this particular small town airport ever again.

Of course he did. He had to find out what happened to Elbert after he left. Over coffee the Fox and the Hound actually had quite a few laughs. Never once, however, did they again sample the fuel.

Pssshhhhckkk... pssshhkk...