

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/4

Wayne Adams
Broken Wand

LARRY'S MAGIC WAND WAS BROKEN. He didn't understand why. It was a top of the line, state of the art wand. Anything he attempted to change turned into a toad! Imagine that!

He walked over to the wand repair service owned and operated by Emmitt. If anyone could repair it, it would be him. Emmitt examined the wand. He looked at from stem to stern. He frowned. He grimaced. He clucked.

"Could be the motherboard is not relaying to the serving unit. Then again, it could be a chip is not sending the right message to the delivery unit. Tell you what, come back next week. I hope to have it repaired for you."

What else could Larry do? He had to wait of course. It wasn't easy. Larry felt naked without his magic wand. When he went out in public there was nothing he could do for anyone. Nothing!

Larry waited.

The week passed and Larry walked over to Emmitt's repair shop. He showed Emmitt the work order. Emmitt shook his head.

"I'm sorry but I had to order a part out of Dallas. They said it would take 2 weeks. Can you come back next Tuesday?"

Larry agreed and he was forced to wait again.

And again he felt totally naked in public without his magic wand. But, what could a person do?

And so, Larry waited another week. The time passed slowly for him. It crept along if you will.

Finally, Tuesday came. Larry walked over to Emmitt's with hope and a checkbook. Emmitt was at the counter, as usual. Larry showed him the work order.

"It's ready," Emmitt said.

Finally, Larry thought to himself.

"Somehow," Emmitt continued, "A virus was introduced into the CPU. How that infernal virus got there, no one knows. But, it was there. Now then, I've itemized the bill for you. Transparency is my policy here. With tax it comes to \$495.00."

"How much?" Larry asked, not believing what he was hearing.

"\$495," Emmitt repeated. I run a highly specialized service for those with magic wands."

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Larry produced his checkbook and reluctantly wrote the amount.

"Did you want a warranty? It's good for a year."

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"No thank you," Larry said in an attempt to be polite.

Larry took the magic wand and walked out of the store \$495 poorer. He hoped to do a good deed before the 6 o'clock news.

He chanced upon a young boy of 6 or 7 who was counting change.

"Would you like to have those coins changed into gold, young man?" Larry asked with eagerness.

"You bet, mister. My mom's birthday is tomorrow."

"OK," Larry said with anticipation, "10W40, Lordy, Lordy. Change the dime into gold sublime."

The coins changed in to a head of lettuce. The boy cried. Larry wished he had paid for the warranty.