

STEVEN F

SEAGULL

&

THE MISSING CHIPS



Kitty May Gruchelska

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Magnetic Lion
PRODUCTIONS

Kitty May Gruchelska

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For Jacek

A true seagull fan, who was there from the beginning

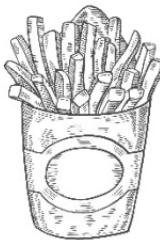
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Serving One

Starchy Fingers of Heaven



Portion 1

A Brief History of Chips

Life without chips, I mean, who could ever imagine that? Living without that scrummy salt and vinegar essence coating lightly fried oblongs of potato?

My grandfather, Steven Abraham Seagull, used to take me under his wing and tell me stories under the stars. His home was in a hole at the base of a chimney, right near one of the places where chips are created.

“Some seagulls believe that chips are forged by giants,” he used to tell me. “They use tools fashioned by the gods to slice the potatoes, then throw them into the forge. Alchemy happens and potatoes emerge as chips. Some seagulls believe chips are created by hoomans, but no one has ever been able to prove this.”

“We’re so lucky to be blessed by the mighty chip gods,” I said.

My grandfather extended a wing towards the sea.

“Steven Fitzgerald Seagull, my words will strike fear into your heart. In the times referred to in the seagull bible as B.C, Before Chips, seagulls had to hunt their own food. It was a time devoid of our potato subsistence.”

I ruffled my feathers in alarm. It was a shocking tale.

“There was a time of no chips????”

He patted me with a wing.

“It’s true, we had to dive into the sea to catch fish. Some days, we caught nothing and we starved. We suffered terribly, but were noble in our pain.”

I sputtered, “But how could seagulls live like that, in such terrible times?”

He lifted his beak and placed one wing on his chest.

“One day, we dragged ourselves along the ground, hungry and destitute, begging the gods to help us in our time of need. Then, we heard a chorus of angels...like the sound of chattering hoomans, gorging themselves with food, scattering their gifts from the gods.”

“Was that when we discovered chips?” I gasped.

“Yes, Fitzy,” he said. “It was the almighty salvation. The great seagull god in the sky must have seen our suffering, and decided that our efforts should be rewarded.”

He drew me close, and I nuzzled my beak into the soft white feathers on his chest.

“You were born in the time of C.E, Chips Era,” he said. “Never again will seagulls experience the horrors of starvation... to live in a chipless state.”

Oh, the yumminess of the scrummy starchy fingers of heaven. I imagined tipping my head back while endless chips fell into my beak. They formed a blanket of potato rectangles all around me, and I rolled in them, delightfully covering my feathers in salt, vinegar, and ketchup.

“Steven Fitzgerald!”

Shaking my feathers, I opened my eyes. What a daydream! My father, Steven Petronius, was beating his wings at me. It was present day, and my grandfather had long gone to the great cliffs in the sky.

“Don’t forget, you have a chip reconnaissance shift tomorrow morning. Don’t be late again.”



Portion 2

Home Sweet Home

The sun's rays reached into our cave in the cliff, and I blinked. It was morning. Late morning. Ohhh, what day was it...? I stumbled from my bed of sticks and leaves, waddled to the edge, and looked out to sea. My fellow seagulls were flying circuits in the sky. Everyone else was awake, bright and early.

My room was really cool. It had nice décor, with lots of shells pushed hard into the soft rock. A piece of ketchup, mustard and brown sauce art was the centre piece. It was a picture of the famous singer, Stephanie Germanotta Seagull, otherwise known as Lady AhAh. My best friend, Stephanie Charlotte, had painted it.

I wandered into the next room. My dad sat on a rock, chewing his morning twig. My mum, Stephanie Portia, was busy dusting around him with a bunch of old feathers. She worked part-time in the afternoon, while my dad had retired from a life in the seagull police force. Neither of them noticed me enter the room.

Meanwhile, Steven Patrick, our neighbour, was already out delivering the post. He fluttered to the edge of our cave, dropping a shell onto the rock, along with a piece of old newspaper stained with ketchup.

“Morning, Fitzy,” he said, “I thought you had a chip reconnaissance shift today.”

My eyes bulged wide and my wings quivered. Oh no, the postgull was right, I did have a shift, and I was going to be late! I quickly flipped the shell.

“Dad! Post!”

He jumped off his rock, twig hanging out of the corner of his beak, and peered at the shell.

“Just a bill,” he muttered. “Ah, excellent, the daily news.”

He used his beak to open the ketchup-stained paper, and scanned it with his eyes.

“There are rumours that the Artful Dodger is back in Fry Cove,” he grumbled.

My mum stopped dusting.

“Really?” she said. “His adventurous tales are so exciting! I hope he’s going to appear at the Annual Chip Festival.”

My dad rolled his eyes, and continued to skim the news.

“Hmph! Another advert trying to convert us to pizza and pasta.”

I hopped over to see.

“Isn’t that a picture of Stefano Giacomo Seagull?” I said.

“It is, my dear Fitzy, in all its gastronomical audacity! The guts of that gull, honestly!”

He cast the paper aside, returning to sit on his favourite rock to finish his twig.

“Hmph! Seagulls will never accept pizza and pasta as our saviours! I even heard that the rich businessgull, Sheikh Steven Sayeed Mustafa bin Mahmoud wants to invest in his factory!”

My mum interrupted the outburst.

“Steven Fitzgerald, don’t you have a shift today?”

I tipped my head back and cried, “Ah, ah, ah, stop nagging me!”

Why did everyone have to remind me about my new

job? I sighed, stretched my wings, touched my toes with my beak a few times, twisted left and right, and took off from the edge of the cliff.

